

CATHOLIC WORKER



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BALTIMORE

By MICHAEL KETCHUM

On May 17, 1968, Fr. Daniel Berrigan, his brother Fr. Philip Berrigan, David Darst, John Hogan, Thomas Lewis, Thomas Melville, his wife Marjorie Melville, George Mische, and Mary Moylan, entered Local Board No. 33 at Catonsville, Md., seized the Selective Service records and burned them outside with napalm manufactured from a recipe in the Special Forces Handbook, published by the U.S. government.

On October 7, 1968, these nine men and women, now known as the Catonsville Nine, were brought to trial at the Federal courthouse in Baltimore, Maryland.

A group of men and women from local Baltimore peace groups planned a week of marches and demonstrations to show support for the Catonsville Nine. This group called themselves the Baltimore Defense Committee.

I was present at every march, demonstration, and rally, planned by the Baltimore Defense Committee. I was especially impressed by the discipline of the BDC and the emphasis they placed on non-violent response to violence.

The Baltimore Defense Committee planned a large march for Monday, October 7, through downtown Baltimore. The purpose of the march was to express support for the Catonsville Nine. Non-violence was stressed before and during the march. Gren Whitman, co-ordinator of the march, suggested that if people wanted to shout at cops they should shout, "More pay for cops." We were urged by parade marshals to discipline ourselves; to stop other marchers from answering back to hecklers; and to be constantly on the lookout for infiltrators (agents

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MILWAUKEE

Milwaukee County Jail
October 10, 1968

Dear Marty, Rita, Deane, Dorothy, Monica and everyone:

Our unrepentant community here has been in prison half a month now, a consequence of the ball's totalling nearly four hundred thousand dollars. As we are unwilling to pay a bondsman's fee (he would keep 10% of the total ball figure), we will be here until the trial unless lawyers are able to obtain a drastic reduction in bail. We learn again: prison is for the poor. Because of present bail practices, unless one has money—with us it would mean considerable wealth—punishment begins with arrest. Assign to the word museum another Free World slogan: "Innocent until found guilty by one's peers."

Of course it is to be expected that our punishment would be delivered with particular enthusiasm. Had we raided one of those "adult" magazine stores and burned its contents on a public square, we would probably have been freed that night on our own recognizance and the following day started receiving applause from church and civic groups for "a brave and necessary action." But draft files are another matter. "A strike at the very bedrock of our society", one of the city's judges put it, though the charges are less spectacular: arson and burglary. And so bail was set, man by man, in the \$25,000 to

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Now on a mild and sunlit afternoon in late October, I hear the migrant workers' children playing outside the day-care center. A chickadee sings so happily near the birdseed feeder at my eastern window that I conclude he must have found a particularly luscious sunflower seed. When I step to the open window, I hear leaves rustling, scurrying before the light breeze like little woodland creatures in a fairy tale. The breeze that stirs the leaves comes laden with the incense of fall. I breathe deeply, and suddenly my mind fills with a riot of color—red, gold, brown, and all the dappled, mottled variations thereof. For a moment I linger in the painted picture of my mind, remembering many autumns glorious with color, thinking again with awe of Him who is the author of all beauty.

On another beautiful October afternoon, the Feast of St. Hilary, to be exact, Father Charles English, who had driven up from his New Jersey parish for this purpose, performed in our chapel a most important ceremony. Dorothy, Maggie, and Sallie Corbin, and Johnnie Hughes stayed home from school for the event; and rightly so, for is not such a happening of more consequence than innumerable dull facts embalmed in textbooks? Mrs. Marge Blum and her helpers and the children of the day-care center came in to wonder and behold. Most of the members of our own community, including Dorothy Day, who had come up for the Catholic

Peace Fellowship conference, and Peggy Conkling, back from the hospital, much better and happily ensconced in a wheel chair, were on hand. Marge Hughes acted as godmother and made the necessary response. Marty and Rita Corbin remained calm, proud perhaps, but not overwhelmed with this new charge on their parental responsibility. Finally, Mrs. Carmen Ham seemed filled with that special kind of pleasure which is the reward of grandmothers. Sally Corbin, now no longer youngest but big sister, fidgeted, trying not to miss a single detail; and at one point shed a few quiet tears when she could not see the water being poured. But little Coretta Corbin did not so much as whimper. Outside some chickadees made a joyful noise to the Lord. And somewhere, I think, an angel sang: alleluia. So thanks to Father Kane, our parish priest, who gave permission and lent the oils, and to Fr. Charles, who performed the rite, little Coretta Corbin was baptized in our chapel, into the Christian community, into the Life of Christ.

On yet another beautiful October day—the Sunday before the baptism, in fact—the New Jersey and Long Island chapters of the Catholic Peace Fellowship held a meeting at our Farm. This meeting, which was organized by Jean Keelan, who is, I think, a dynamic worker for peace, featured the showing of two films made by Greg Hildebrandt, who was present at the meeting. The first film, titled *We Two Are One*, empha-

sized most graphically the terrible contrasts between life in our affluent society and the death-in-life kind of existence found among so many who live in the areas of destitution, both in the ghettos and rural slums of our own land and the impoverished, undeveloped countries all over the world. The second film showed the demonstration in Baltimore at the time of the Catonsville Nine trial. Several persons present at the meeting, including Dorothy Day, had attended the Baltimore demonstration. More than one commented on the contrast between the behavior of the police at Baltimore and Mayor Daley's police at Chicago. The Baltimore demonstrators, it seems, went to some trouble not to arouse hostility in the police. Instead of yelling insults at policemen, they yelled: "More pay for cops." It is certainly true that many police do not need to be provoked to violence. It is also true, I suppose, that all police, by the very nature of their training, are quick to respond in a spirit of hostility and aggression. It would seem then very important that peacemakers should try not to increase but to diminish police hostility. Peace, I think, can never thrive in an atmosphere of hatred and invective.

Since it was a beautiful afternoon, discussion which followed the films was held on the lawn, with the view overlooking the river and the mountains beyond. Jean Keelan led the discussion. There was good participation, and a lively confrontation of the currently popular technique of con-

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PRAGUE

By RICHENDA MARTIN

My husband and I have just spent nearly three months in Czechoslovakia, including several weeks in Prague. Earlier this year we visited, as guests, East Germany, the Soviet Union and Romania. Since leaving Prague, four days after the invasion, we have spent much time in writing to friends and contacts in the Soviet Union and the German Democratic Republic, trying to tell them the facts as we saw them in Czechoslovakia, because the Czech people were anxious for everyone to do this. The sad truth is that people in the Soviet Union and the other invader countries have no adequate means of finding out what really happened.

Before I actually went through the frightening experience of waking up in the morning to hear on the radio that Czechoslovakia had been invaded and occupied by troops of five Warsaw Pact powers, and later confronting hundreds of tanks in the streets and squares of Prague—before all this I had thought that there was too much talk about "freedom" in the Western world.

Now I am here, in a quiet little northern Italian town. I am free to enjoy the Italian sun and the sky and the mountains. I am free to read what I like, discuss and argue, and to wander through Italian cities and villages. But all the time my thoughts are in Czechoslovakia, with the wonderful people we met everywhere—in the countryside and in Prague—and who had suddenly, abruptly, to face once more a life of unbearable restrictions and limitations, even of fear, and of having to be careful of every word spoken. (Anna and Stefan, too, had

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SHALOM

By BARBARA DEMING

(A talk given in Baltimore during the trial of the Catonsville Nine)

I have felt a little—especially last night—like burning the talk I wrote just before I came down here. It is such a matter—as Howard Zinn put it—of talking to you about what you know. But in that spirit I talk to you.

Daniel Berrigan speaks of "that public order which is in effect a massive institutionalized disorder." It is urgent that more and more Americans come to see this, as you clearly do—see that the so-called "order" so many people are in awe of, so many are anxious to sustain, is disorder.

What is real order? It is that which allows each one of us a place, allows each one of us life. But the "order" that we have lays waste to lives. It lays waste to the lives of the Vietnamese people—though they offer no threat to us. It lays waste to the lives of many people in our own country, allowing them to live in miserable—and unnecessary—poverty. This is disorder, and nobody should be in awe of it, nobody should give it obedience. We must name it what it is and struggle to change it—from the "order" simply of the way things are into that true order that establishes human community. For that community is being violated everywhere we look, in ways that are literally insane.

I have said that you know this. (Continued on page 8)

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FALL APPEAL

St. Joseph's House
36 East First St.
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Beloved fellow workers:

Last year at this time I wrote my appeal from our old house on Chrystie Street and the apartments on Kenmare Street. I wrote then about Cesar Chavez' farm workers, who were living with us then, organizing the boycott in New York, of table grapes, 95% of which are grown in California and picked by hand by the most neglected of the poor in the country—the agricultural workers. The strike is still going on, the boycott is still in effect. Here in greater New York the pickets are being given hospitality by the Seafarers International Union in Brooklyn. I spoke of their hard work, their non-violent resistance to injustice, their patience, the long suffering of the poor.

This Fall, I am writing you news about our new house, into which we moved in July. The house is full, we are all under one roof and aside from paying rent on a little store across the street which will be our clothes room, and for two apartments for two of the women who have been with us for years and need to be alone, the cost of housing is covered by quarterly payments on our two mortgages. Hans Tunnesen, who has cooked for many years at our Tivoli farm, said once, "No matter what happens, nothing matters as long as we are together!" Peggy wrote once that the question God will ask each of us as we pass beyond and come before Him is, "Where are the others?" The others, of course, are the neighbors we might have passed on the road, those fallen ones we encounter. I mean those who are termed the unworthy poor, who may never be able to help themselves. I must confess that it is a more reasonable work to help the poor to help themselves, as the saying is, or to work for justice rather than charity. But we are taught in the New Testament to go beyond reason, and live by faith—faith that it is Christ Himself in the poor whom we are helping and loving.

"To recognize that we love calls for a great act of faith, of which there is only one thing to say: do it. Believe that God has created you and renewed you in such a way that you love. Believe it, and you will discover that it is true." (A New Catechism, Herder and Herder) Dear Lord, I believe in love. Help Thou mine unbelief.

They say that the early Christians got tired of hearing the Apostle John, the one who lived the longest of all the apostles, telling them to love. "Dearly beloved," he wrote, "Let us love one another . . . Everyone that loves is born of God and knows God. He that loves not, knows not God, for God is charity . . . My dearest, if God has so loved us, we ought to love one another." So we love Mike and Scotty, and Paul and Arthur and all our fellow fools for Christ, as St. Paul puts it, and sometimes we grow in love, and sometimes it seems a hard struggle to love and we have to remind ourselves that we love God as much as the one we love the least. Certainly living together, working together, eating together helps us grow in love. It is good to see the fellows take turns to wash the feet of an old sick man every night. It is good to see the young and beautiful serving with gentle kindness the miserable and corrupt who have not yet "put on incorruption." To go on in the faith, hope and love which makes all things bearable.

It is our friends and readers who have helped us buy this house, which has two mortgages and has cost an immense sum to rebuild according to law for occupancy. Our creditor, the bread man, for instance, has let our bill run to five hundred dollars or more. The grocer's bill is almost two thousand. There are the quarterly payments on the mortgages, and can anyone take a third one to help drag us out of the deep debt which oppresses us? Every dollar sent in counts, and a dollar buys a lot of beans for the soup. So help us again, as you have helped us these past years, since 1934!

With love and gratitude,
DOROTHY DAY



BALTIMORE

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provocateurs) who might try to stir up trouble. The Baltimore Defense Committee successfully avoided any senseless confrontations between demonstrators and police during Monday's march and throughout the entire week. Furthermore, the orderly and disciplined march that Monday morning of over 1500 Americans of all ages and from all walks of life was a good witness for peace at home and abroad.

Tuesday was devoted to actions against the Selective Service. Three hundred persons marched to the Customs House where all of Baltimore's draft records are guarded. A black coffin, symbolizing American and Vietnamese lives lost in the war, was carried into the Customs House and presented to Selective Service officials.

The marchers then separated into ten groups in order to visit ten members of the local draft board at their places of business. I was present when a group led by Bob Dalsemer of the Baltimore Defense Committee asked Mr. Henry Schuh to resign from the draft board. Mr. Schuh objected and said that he had a responsi-

bility to serve his country and to determine which men should be exempted from the draft. He cited the Scriptural verse, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," as justification for his actions.

Despite the fact that neither Mr. Schuh nor any of the other draft board members visited resigned their positions, this was a good, constructive action. It offered one the opportunity of discussing with individuals, who enable the Selective Service to function, why they should not be a part of it.

Thursday evening was a good example of the non-violent nature of the entire week. Around sundown a spontaneous candlelight vigil outside the courthouse began. When it was reported that the jury had returned the predictable guilty verdict, some demonstrators became very emotional. A young man rushed to the front of the vigil line and shouted, "If you really believe in America, this is the moment to burn your draft card." His plea was heeded by some as draft cards began to go up in flames. Adding to the confusion were the hundred or more supporters who had been

inside the courtroom and were now spilling into the street between the vigil and the courthouse. Suddenly a great number of U.S. Marshals and blue-helmeted police appeared and began approaching the demonstrators. It was at this moment that individual demonstrators and members of the Baltimore Defense Committee intervened to restore order to the vigil line. In a few minutes everything was calm, and a violent senseless confrontation with police was avoided.

Non-Violent Sabotage?

These four days of marches, demonstrations, and rallies, were in support of an action, taken by nine men and women, which could be called non-violent sabotage. It is with much hesitancy that I question the actions of nine men and women facing long prison terms for those very actions. However, after reflecting on the action taken at Catonsville and after discussing it with other pacifists and Catholic Workers, I still find that I have serious misgivings about non-violent sabotage.

The Catholic Worker believes in the gentle personalism of its founder, Peter Maurin. Peter believed that people must change before the world changes. Institutions of oppression, as all governments and their branches are, find their roots in the fears and selfishness of the people. Invading a draft board and napalming their records does not attack the roots of these institutions in people's hearts. On the other hand, it might possibly have the effect of increasing the isolating polarization taking place between Americans on the right and left of the political spectrum. This defeats the purpose of pacifism, which seeks the reconciliation of men and not their isolation into separate and antagonistic political camps.

Non-violent sabotage also brings into question the direction in which the peace movement in America is moving. The Catonsville Nine statement said that draft files are property that has no right to exist because draft records are weapons in the hands of oppressors. Are factories that produce bombers, ammunition, or napalm, similar property that has no right to exist? In California, ROTC buildings and a draft board have been fire-bombed. Power lines supplying electricity to military installations have been dynamited. Can this escalation of the protest movement to non-violent sabotage be considered a pacifist action?

One motive that led these nine men and women to their difficult decision was their personal anguish over the nightmare reality of hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese dead and dying, the victims of our own country's oppression. The second paragraph of their statement reads, "We, American citizens, have worked with the poor in the ghetto and abroad. In the the course of our Christian ministry we have watched our country produce more victims than an army of us could console or restore. Two of us face immediate sentencing for similar acts against the Selective Service. All of us identify with the victims of American oppression all over the world. We submit voluntarily to their involuntary fate." The motive is just. However, the action blurs the once clear distinction between pacifism and violence.

As a pacifist and a Catholic Worker, I shared the concern of the Baltimore Defense Committee that all marches and demonstrations in support of the Catonsville Nine stress the pacifist response to the threat of violence. All the marches planned and organized by the Baltimore Defense Committee were non-violent and orderly. However, I still have my doubts about the use of non-violent sabotage.

The One Man Revolution

By AMMON HENNACY

In July of 1946 I came to Phoenix from Albuquerque with exactly one cent. I walked in the heat to many farms asking for work, eating watermelon from a Japanese farmer, peaches from a rancher and numerous muskmelons as I walked across the fields. That night I came to the home of a Russian Molokan farmer and asked for work. The young man there had been in a conscientious objectors' camp and had read my booklet *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, which was based on quotations from Tolstoy and published by pacifist vegetarians in New York in 1943. He welcomed me and the next day I began working for his uncle, harvesting beet seed. Then I cleaned irrigation ditches for eighteen consecutive days, working ten hours a day for sixty cents an hour and sleeping in an old mosquito-infested barn.

Last month we moved to Phoenix from Salt Lake City and I began house-to-house selling the day after Labor Day. No taxes are withheld on this job. Twenty-two years ago I thought nothing of the heat, but now even this light work is harder on me than ditch-digging. For the past seven years I have run the Joe Hill House in Salt Lake City and begged for money to pay the rent and utilities so that I could shelter and feed the thousands of tramps who came to my door. Now, since I will earn only enough to keep within the tax limit, I have to live in voluntary poverty and beg for myself.

I admit that I am not humble in what the orthodox would call my "spiritual arrogance" and I don't intend to ease up on my absolutist stand against the war establishment. But I was humble enough to beg the food and push the grocery cart for miles every day in Salt Lake City and I am humble enough to ask CW readers who are willing to do so to supplement the income of this "bum" who has fed the other "bums" for years and only stopped because, after four different places, it was impossible to find a new location.

Phoenix has tripled in size since I was last here. I miss the comparative quiet of Salt Lake City. Here a fundamentalist pickets the State Capitol because evolution is being taught in the schools. Although Salt Lake City has its Birchers and racists and Brigham Young University in Provo teaches a mythology of its own, I can't

image such picketing going on at the Capitol in Utah. In discussing this picketing, a local columnist told of the farmer who believed that the earth was flat. When a professor lectured him on science, he replied, "You can talk as you please about the rest of the world, but I see the water running on level land, so I know that my part of it is flat." A true isolationist.

In his campaign for the Senate, Barry Goldwater appears on billboards looking at the Grand Canyon as if he had made it. There are also pictures showing him with a Mexican and an Indian (but no Negro) child, as if he were their special friend. My friend Bill Mahoney, who voted for George McGovern at the Democratic convention, recently debated Goldwater on the bombing of North Vietnam. A former Minute Man now has a job on the local paper and has exposed other Minute Men in Phoenix, Tucson and Sedona. Wallace has had rousing meetings in this city. One old-timer cynically explained that the Republicans began to predominate here when air conditioning was introduced. Those coming from the North couldn't take the heat and since they were usually conservatives, who could afford air conditioning, they bought it.

Remembering Johnson's promises of four years ago we should not be fooled this time by the half promises of Half a Man Humphrey or the current good manners of Tricky Dick. When Henry Clay, James K. Polk and James Birney were running for President in 1844, William Lloyd Garrison correctly said, "Truth no more relies on success on ballot boxes than it does on cartridge boxes. Political action is not moral action, any more than a box in the ear is an argument." What happened was that the votes cast for Birney, the abolitionist, in New York State, gave the election to Polk, who was a slaveholder and got us into the Mexican War. Although under Lincoln, Garrison was to modify his ideas, he always said of voting that it was "a sin for me."

I have finished sketches of John Woolman, Tom Paine and William Lloyd Garrison for the book I am writing called *The Real Americans* and have started on Thomas Jefferson, the only President I include.

My new address is: P.O. Box 9464, Phoenix, Arizona 85020.

A Farm With a View

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frontation. These are difficult times for pacifists and peacemakers. There is obviously such great need for revolution, for drastic change in the social, economic, and political structure that those who work for these changes, knowing that peace can never live in our present order, are tempted by supposed shortcuts using violent means. But violence, I think, no matter for what good end, will always breed more violence.

After the discussion, Father Matthew Martin and several visiting priests—there were four in all, I think—celebrated Mass on the lawn with the altar under the pines. With so many priests and such a beautiful setting, the Mass could hardly be other than beautiful.

The Catholic Peace Fellowship was founded several years ago by Jim Forest, Father Philip Berrigan, and Marty Corbin and is affiliated with the Fellowship of Reconciliation. It has done, and is doing, important work in counselling young men who do not wish to be involved in military activities, and has promoted many effective anti-war demonstrations. Now that Tom Cornell and Father Phil and Jim are all in jail as a result of anti-war demonstrations, I am glad that C.P.F. groups continue to meet and to plan continuing action for peace.

I am glad, too, that Mike Boyle, who brought his mother and younger brother Marty, arrived Friday night so that he could spend most of Saturday night helping Alice Lawrence prepare food for the guests of the C.P.F. conference. Mike, who teaches high school in New Jersey, has done volunteer work with us for the past two summers, and is one of our most valued helpers. With his help, and with the help of others, Alice, who is a wonderful cook, did a magnificent job.

Our C.P.F. Sunday ended, however, with a bit of drama we had not anticipated. Shortly after rosary and compline, we were sitting around in the living room talking, when Will Waes appeared, and announced that his wife, Lora, had just given birth to a son. Only the day before Will and Lora had informed us that they intended setting out for Provincetown Sunday morning, since they wanted their child to be born by the sea. Since we did not see them about on Sunday, we concluded they had started out, and hoped they would reach their destination in time. Fortunately, they had not set out. The baby, perhaps, decided that as far as he was concerned a view of the Hudson River and an upper room at the Catholic Worker Farm would do as well as Provincetown and the sea. So at present, there are two new babies at the farm: Coretta Corbin and Johan Waes.

Babies, it seems, are quite the vogue this year. Catherine Swann Miller, who lived with us during the early part of the summer, but is now living near the Pennsylvania prison where David is serving his sentence for draft card burning, has also recently given birth to another baby girl. Monica Cornell, who spent most of the summer with us, went down to be with Catherine and help care for her. Tom, we hope, will be out in November.

In addition to hosting conferences of peace groups, we are also sometimes called upon to supply speakers for neighboring groups interested in the Catholic Worker program and ideas. One night in late September, Marge Hughes, Stanley Vishniewski, and Marty Corbin set out, at the invitation of the Christian Brothers in Barrytown, to tell the novices all about our work, history, and ideas. In a work so multifaceted as the Catholic Worker, it is good to have more than one interpreter. Marge, Stanley, and Marty are all articulate and knowledgeable. From various accounts

I gather that the discussion was lively and interesting, and the Christian Brothers were, as always, excellent hosts.

Whether in appreciation of our speakers, or just out of their habitual good-neighborliness, the Christian Brothers arrived one day recently bringing gifts: thirty-five pounds of shrimp, a case of eggs, and baskets of green peppers and other vegetables. With our present straitened circumstances—we have so many debts, there just isn't much money for food—we really appreciate this gift. The Christian Brothers are Christian indeed.

As always, visitors make up much of the excitement of our days. Several priests and members of religious orders have visited. Father Charles, Father Lyle Young, and Father Murphy not only visited but said Mass in our chapel. One afternoon a busload of students from Vassar arrived, hoping to learn all about the Catholic Worker during their visit. Helene Iswolsky and I did our best to explain some of the complexities and contradictions of the Catholic Worker. Then they visited the day-care center and other points of interest. I am always glad when Helene is about on such occasions, for she is an experienced speaker, who knows how to present her material and to interest her listeners.

The weekend of the Catholic Peace Fellowship brought us several visitors, aside from the sixty or so who came only for the conference. Tamar Hennessy arrived Friday evening, with five of her children. Mary Smith came up with her fiancé, who gave us a talk about the complicated situation in his native country of Nigeria on Saturday night. A Swarthmore graduate and an engineer, he had returned to this country when war broke out in Nigeria. He hopes for peace. We, too, hope there will be peace, peace without massacre, just as we hope there will be a true peace in Vietnam soon.

We were also delighted to have a visit one weekend from Professor Eddie Egan and his wife, Elizabeth, and their two young sons. Eddie teaches philosophy at the Loyola University, in Montreal, and is as articulate, witty, and amusing as he was in his carefree student days. The same weekend brought us Professor Bill Miller, on leave from Marquette, now at Siena College, in Memphis. Professor Miller is working on a history of the Catholic Worker. Another visit which I particularly enjoyed was that of an old Staten Island friend, Grace Kelly. Grace loves herbs, plants, trees and knows quite a lot about them. She shared her knowledge with me on an interesting walk through the woods.

It is good to have Peggy back with us. Considering the serious operation she underwent, she has been doing remarkably well. Part of the credit for that must go, I think, to Mary Greve, who has been caring for her with the expertness of a devoted nurse. Sometimes, when Mary has some free time, she gets out her guitar and sings for us, which is good medicine for us all. For Mary plays really well and sings beautifully.

The saddest news we have had of late is that of the serious illness of our good friend, Dr. Karl Stern. This fall he suffered first a heart attack and then a stroke. He is still paralyzed on one side. We pray for his recovery. We cannot forget his visits here during the past three summers—the concerts he gave us, his good companionship, his brilliant conversations. We hope and pray that he will be able to visit us again.

This fall, we have been rather short not only of money but also of help. For a while, especially during the period when Rita was

in the hospital, Marge Hughes seemed to be doing just about everything—part of the cooking, shopping, driving, and in general keeping things going. Tommy Hughes is now here most of the time to help with the driving and errand-running. Alice is able to do part of the cooking again. Joe Geraci has joined us and is proving an able assistant in the kitchen. For a while, too, Lora was able to help and turned out some really wonderful cookies and other delicious dishes. With Mike Sullivan away for several weeks, John Filligar has also had a hard time trying to keep up with both farm and maintenance work. Mike is back with us, though he is still not very well. The fact that our car broke down has also complicated matters. The farm station wagon refused to budge. Fortunately, Keith Carpenter had been working on an ancient wreck for more than a year and had just gotten it to the point where it would go. Now he is trying to fix the station wagon. Our cars necessarily get hard usage.

Reggie Highhill, Mary Houde, Dunstan Coleman, Wally Kendrick (who has now returned to the Trappists) and now and then others have gone out grape-picking in nearby vineyards and have brought back delicious Concord grapes for our use.

In the quiet days of Autumn we are once again resuming some of



our cultural activities. Dunstan Coleman is conducting a French review class for those who are interested. Several of us have resumed our Russian studies under the guidance and inspiration of Helene Iswolsky. Rita Corbin and Emily Coleman are busy painting. Joe Geraci is working on his novel. Stanley Vishniewski writes, prints, and quips in humor away. Arthur Lacey, who is back with us after an absence in the city, does his work, whether as mailman, sacristan, or altar boy, with the dedication of an artist.

Now on a crisp night in late October, I can still hear the thin high song of crickets. We move toward November, toward the month of killing frosts, toward the Feasts of All Saints and All Souls. May all the saints in heaven and all the holy souls pray for us, that we may move toward the end of war, toward the end of exploitation of our fellow men, toward the end of selfishness and greed. Toward peace. Toward love.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

It is mid-October and the weather is still warm. There has been no wind and the leaves are still on the trees. The maples and the oaks and the sumac are brilliant, but in general the trees are still green. There is scarcely a hint of frost in the air; only at night a chill arises, a foretaste of the cold to come.

Aside from the pettiest of annoyances, which are part of life, there is generally calm and quiet in the morning, to do one's work. If only there were not the radio! The news of a North Vietnamese island half obliterated, bombarded by the guns of a reactivated warship. The bloody death and destruction of that land at the other end of the world, in the name of Defense. In the mail comes word from Ndubisi Egemnye, a Biafran student of journalism at Duke University, also a cry of anguish, recounting again the massacres which have occurred, the last one in 1966 of 35,000 East Nigerians, the Biafrans, and telling too of the slow agony of death by starvation of the besieged, the non-combatants, the women and the children. We have already forgotten the mass extermination that went on in Indonesia two years ago, in the name of wiping out Communism.

How to be happy in this world where even nature itself, in sudden hurricane or typhoon or earthquake, suffers and groans? How to sing of the glory of God in this strange land? "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat and wept," living as exiles, as we are.

It is only in the light of this anguish that one can understand the attempt made by the Catonsville Nine and the Milwaukee Fourteen, amongst whom are so many of our friends, to suffer with these fellow human beings so devastated by war and famine. These men, priests and laymen, have offered themselves as a living sacrifice, as hostages. Next to life itself, man's freedom is his most precious possession, and they have offered that, as well as the prayer and fasting they have done behind bars, for these others.

In case there are those among our readers who do not know why these men have suffered trial and imprisonment, if radio or television or press has not reached them—it is because they have destroyed draft records in Maryland and Wisconsin, the 1-A files, which meant the next men to be called in our criminal drafting and enslavement of young men for our immoral wars. Where we have not sent men, we have sent weapons, planes, bombs to do the work in other countries' wars. There are many other actions—of refusal to work in any industry pertaining to war or to pay taxes for war—being undertaken that we cannot include here, that are too numerous to list.

We can only thank God and try to add our prayers and sacrifices.

Because newspaper coverage of the burning of the files has been so meagre, this issue of the Catholic Worker has stories by Michael Ketchum, of our New York staff, who went to the trial in Baltimore, which took place in mid-October. We print also the talk Barbara Deming made at one of the rallies which occurred every night from Sunday until Thursday, which drew more than a thousand young people from colleges all around, and many priests and seminarians. During the day the streets were filled with peaceful demonstrators, beginning with a march of almost thirty blocks to the main post office, where the trial was being held. St. Ignatius Church Hall was given over to the demonstrators. Meals were served there and hospitality was given by the Jesuits and the Christian Brothers throughout the city. At the close of the trial and before disbanding, there was a

great clean up, not only of the hall and the washrooms, but even of the sidewalks up and down the street. I was present only for the Sunday and Monday night meetings, and sat in on the trial for the first day. It was a remarkably peaceful and intensely interesting week for all who participated.

We are going to press this month on October 25th and are finally reconciled, as I hope our readers are also, to the fact that, unlike almost every other periodical, we are not publishing on the fifteenth of the preceding month, nor will we ever. This means that we cannot warn our readers at the beginning of October about what is going to happen during the month, but only tell them what has happened. We are not really a newspaper, but a periodical coming out once a month, occasionally skipping an issue when we are broke or short-handed, and there is many a great event which we miss commenting on. We are warmed and heartened by two letters received recently from readers who tell us that ship route to India or Africa will do very well, because the articles in the CW are timeless. They add that they cannot bear to miss a copy.

The rest of this month and the beginning of November will find me travelling to Rochester, New York, and Montreal, but otherwise I remain either in St. Joseph's house, 36 E. First St., New York or at the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli. How good it would be to be snowed in at Tivoli for a time!

To give a brief resume of the past month: we had two Friday meetings when all who came joined in work, helping mail out the CW and the appeal. Plenty of work to do there still. On the other Friday night meetings we had talks by Father James Megivern, chairman of the Theology Department of St. John's University, Ned O'Gorman, the poet, who told of his days in the Addie Mae Collins Center, at 2029 Madison Avenue in Harlem, where he and several assistants help all the little children on the block from dawn till dark; and Paulette Curran, who told us about the impromptu classes and the learning which are going on during the New York City teachers' strike, where the children stayed for three hours on one subject if their attention was held, or got up and walked out and found another more interesting teacher to listen to or work with.

I visited Ned O'Gorman's place during the month and saw the two cheerful store fronts in the appalling slum area of Harlem, where the vice and crime portrayed in Malcolm X's *Autobiography* flourishes. It was so beautiful a fall day that many of the children had been taken to the parks and museums and only the littlest remained. The place is painted and papered with pictures of all kinds, and the walls are lined with books. Visitors came and went, and on the wide sidewalks in front people met together to talk. Down on the East Side, in the Italian and Jewish neighborhoods, old people and mothers and babies are always hauling out chairs and sitting in the sun and I wished that Ned had benches or more chairs to decentralize the crowd and make, as it were, another room, an outdoor one. We always used to bring out chairs on Mott Street. Our neighbors would take advantage of them, and if they liked a chair they took it upstairs to their own apartment. But then they were always giving us furniture too.

There is a big church on the corner of Ned's street which is kept locked up all day so that there is no chance to "make a

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LOVE STRONG AS DEATH

A Study of Christian Ethics

By JOHN J. HUGO

In calling this essay a study in Christian ethics, I wish it to be understood that I am not attempting a comprehensive treatment of ethics. I am in fact concerned with only one principle. But this principle is a peak; and subsidiary problems are here considered only to the extent necessary to discern and describe that peak. From it all other problems of ethics may be viewed, appraised, related, unified; in accordance with Newman's saying that "The cross is the measure of the world."

While theologians today strain language and credibility in speaking of God, Jesus Himself, the Master Teacher, needed to go no farther for pedagogical assistance than to a neighboring farmyard. For Him, the God allegedly "way out there" was in fact no farther than the barn. He speaks of divine providence (about which philosophers have such grave doubts) by pointing to the birds of the air, the lilies of the field, yes, the grass of the fields, and even to a clucking hen with her chickens under her wings. While here not specially concerned with this teaching (which is presupposed in the mission of Jesus), we do propose to consider two of His sayings, with analogies drawn from the farmyard, which, despite their homely setting, provide as penetrating a look into divine wisdom as the human mind can essay. Both teachings were given in the most solemn circumstances, on the very eve of Our Lord's death and resurrection. They were intended, for His disciples and all subsequent generations, to be at once an explanation of these events and a disclosure of the deepest meaning of the Christian life.

Nowadays, there is some dispute as to just how much of the Gospel is traceable to Jesus Himself. Yet if He had but taught us to call God "Our Father," it has been said, He would have given us a more exalted conception of man's place in the universe than any other great moral teacher. The words to be considered here are of this quality. They are almost able to stand alone (although they have a wonderful power, as we shall see, to assimilate into a living unity many other inspired passages); if we had nothing else from Jesus, they would still be a profound revelation of His thought and teaching on those events so important to man, namely, life and love and death. As witness to the fact and meaning of the resurrection, they belong to the deepest stratum of the Gospel tidings. They are also of decisive importance in formulating a Christian ethic, although in many works bearing this name they are not so much as mentioned.

Sowing

The first of the sayings is given on the eve of the passion, but it is not included in the final eucharistic discourse; its exact circumstances are not clear. It may be related to the episode in Gethsemane; in this case it would follow the last supper. But the evangelist places it before; and we here consider it first, not merely for this reason, but chiefly because it enables us to study God's plan of salvation in its central line of development.

In any case, the words were spoken after the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and of course before Jesus' own death and resurrection. The raising of Lazarus was at once an illustration and a prophecy of the yet more wonderful instance that was to come.

As yet even the Apostles could not understand or foresee what would come, despite the fact that

Jesus had repeatedly forecast His passion. "Heaven preserve you, Lord; this must not happen to you." (Mt 16:22) So had Peter spoken, voicing the human response to this dread possibility. Now on the eve of the passion, the disciples had no idea that within a few hours their beloved Master would die in a manner most painful and humiliating: no thought that it would be in this way that He would attain His glory, which they anticipated in an all too human way. Jesus began: "The hour has come for the Son of man to be glorified." Not "crucified," but "glorified." He continued: "I tell you, most solemnly, unless the grain of wheat falls on the ground and dies, it remains only a single grain; but if it dies, it yields a rich harvest. Anyone who loves his life loses it; anyone who hates his life in this world will keep it for eternal life." (Jn 12:24)

What does this mean? Obviously, and in the first place, it refers to Christ Himself. He is the grain of wheat who, in dying, will rise to a life of glory. His death, which the disciples were so soon to witness, will not be an end: it will be a beginning, a germinating, the start of growth and transformation, a movement toward resurrection.

Moreover, He will not rise alone. There will be a "harvest." His death will fructify into eternal life for mankind. Were He not to die, His glory would not be attained and the harvest would not be gathered.

This is not the logic of reason, nor of human achievement, which goes from victory to greater victory: not like Alexander's conquest of Greece, which led to the conquest of the world and left him still unsatisfied. But it is the law of life. If a man from another planet, very logical but unacquainted with our vegetation, were to see a farmer sowing seed, he would think that the farmer was discarding something he did not want; he would be surprised to learn that the farmer was throwing it away, and even burying it, because he wanted it very much and a great deal more of it. It took our ancestors, *homo sapiens*, we do not know how many aeons to discover this law of life-through-death, so simple and yet so disconcerting. St. Paul would call it, as instanced in Jesus and set forth as His teaching, "the folly of the cross." "We are preaching a crucified Christ, to the Jews an obstacle, and to the pagans madness." (I Co 1:22)

Throughout nature we see an annual death and resurrection: and the resurrection could not take place except through death. Plants mature and die. In dying they cast forth the seeds of future life. In the dissolution of death they provide the fiber and substance for a new flowering. Meanwhile, the seed itself, as Jesus says, "died"; it is buried and ceases to exist as a seed; but precisely in its disintegration it rises marvelously to life. Its disintegration is a germination.

It is only among men we do not see that death is in process of resurrection. When men die, they simply disappear from our vision. Of course their bodies may appear as flowers in the field; this is, perhaps, the tiny grain of truth—and hope—in believing in the transmigration of life. But as men they simply vanish.

Jesus now applies the law of life-through-death, universally exemplified in nature, to human life, beginning with His own. His Church will afterwards be able to exult, "For those who have

been faithful, O Lord, life is not ended but merely changed." The change is a transformation through death into glorified life.

Any hope that we have of future life, of transformation and resurrection, rests on the promise of Jesus and on His own resurrection, "the first-fruits of all who have fallen asleep." (I Co 15:20) All depends on that first Grain of Wheat.

This is the message, so concrete, so rich in meaning, so fruitful of hope, that Jesus leaves with His disciples as He approaches the climax of His life, His "glorification." They will be able to think of it during the dark days ahead. Under the action of the Holy Spirit they will later meditate on it fruitfully, dissolving their bewilderment and



incomprehension, and ready to become grains of wheat themselves in dying for their Master. They will understand that it was "ordained that Christ should suffer and so enter into His glory." (Lk 24:26) They will realize why "it is written that Christ would suffer and on the third day rise from the dead." (Ac 24:46)

They would also have the courage and conviction to preach the risen Christ. "God raised this man Jesus to life, and all of us are witnesses to that." (Ac 2:32) St. Paul would soon affirm, "If Christ has not been raised then our preaching is useless and your believing is useless." (I Co 15:14) He would add, "If our hope in Christ has been for this life only, we are the most unfortunate of all people." (I Co 15:19)

Apart from the hope of resurrection in Christ, we might as well be followers of Aristotle or Confucius or Sartre or any other human teacher. Apart from this hope, life would have no real lasting significance. It would indeed be absurd. All that we would need would be some reasonably acceptable norms ("authenticity" would be enough) to help us move with dignity across the stage of this world into oblivion. Nevertheless, it does in truth require a great leap into the dark to

make this act of faith in the resurrection. That so many Christians make it routinely should not obscure the fact that, for reason alone, it is truly an act of folly. Yet only in view of this faith does the rest of Christ's life have any real significance for us. Apart from it, He would parallel Socrates—his noble life ending in tragic and unjust death; that is all. It was a remarkable achievement of the ancient Hebrews that, living so long within the limited horizons of this world, they nevertheless retained a living and growing faith in God as the God of life.

The Other Fruits

We have already found it impossible to speak of the manner in which the law of life-through-death involves Jesus Himself without mentioning the others who are His "harvest." In the very next phrase Jesus explicitly speaks of the others and extends the law in a general way to apply to them: "Anyone who loves his life loses it; anyone who hates his life in this world will keep it for eternal life." St. Paul understood this teaching: "We believe that Jesus died and rose again, and that it will be the same for those who have died in Jesus: God will bring them with Him." (I Th 4:14)

The Apostle, although he does not cite the words of Jesus, is aware of the analogy of the sowing. He invokes it to explain the resurrection of the body: "Whatever you sow in the ground has to die before it is given new life, and the thing that you sow is not what is going to come; you sow a bare grain, say of wheat or something like that, and then God gives it the sort of body He has chosen; each sort of seed gets its own sort of body." (I Co 15:36f)

St. Paul here anticipates objections that are made on the basis of a merely mechanical idea of resurrection, i.e., "Does the same body rise? How can it rise when it disintegrates?" These, says the Apostle, are "stupid questions." The resurrection is a living process, a transformation, like that which takes place in the growing seed. "You do not sow what is going to come," i.e., the risen body, but the present "perishable" body, a "bare grain," like the grain of wheat. Consequently, "the thing that is sown is contemptible but what is raised is glorious." (I Co 15:43) Resurrection is not mere resuscitation but complete transformation, like the seed that grows, flowers, and bears fruit.

If the final flowering of this change takes place only through physical death, the beginning has taken place long before in baptism, through an impregnation of men with divine life. They begin then to "share the divine nature." (2 P 1:4) Here the divine seed is sown, the divine life implanted: they are born "through water and the Spirit." (Jn 3:5) This involves an interior renewal: "For anyone who is in Christ, there is a new creation; the old creation is gone, and now the new one is here. It is all God's work." (2 Co 5:17) Renewal, however, can take place only through the "death" of the old man. "You have been taught that when we were baptized in Christ Jesus we were baptized in His death; in other words, when we were baptized we went into the tomb with Him and joined Him in death, so that as Christ was raised from the dead by the Father's glory, we too might live a new life. If in union with Christ we have imitated His death, we shall also imitate Him in His resurrection." (Rm 6:3f)

Water is a symbol of death as well as of life. The water which saved the Israelites destroyed the

Egyptians. The catechumen's descent into the waters of baptism signifies the death and burial of the "old man," while his ascent from the water as a Christian signifies his sharing through grace in Christ's risen life. Thus the seed of new life, from its implantation in baptism to its final flowering from death to glory, is governed by the law of life-from-death.

Ethical Implications

Between the terms of implantation of the divine life and its final flowering through death into glory, there is the whole course of the Christian life, a period of growth: of growth through the grace of the indwelling Spirit, but not without the response and cooperation of the baptized. Moreover, this development cannot take place except under the law of life-through-death. Here, therefore, this law enters the practical and moral sphere—the interior region of personal response, the outer world of responsible action. Here it governs the Christian's conduct as he directs it under the impulse of the Spirit. The whole includes its parts; hence the law that governs the whole, governs also its phases, stages, activities. We will later observe how St. Paul traces the dynamism of the law of life-through-death, seen as operative already in baptism, to final death and resurrection in a practical life of daily dying and rising. Let us for the moment return to the Gospels.

"Anyone who loves his life loses it; anyone who hates his life in this world will keep it for eternal life"; these words reported by John have a universal, hence also a practical application. If they refer finally to physical death, they also include those diminutions (to borrow Pere Teilhard's term), those anticipatory and partial deaths (Pascal), which culminate in actual death. In a word, the law of life-through-death shows how those living in Christ are to understand the whole element of renunciation in their lives and therefore how they are to meet daily duties, sacrifices, challenges, vicissitudes, and sufferings: they are to "die," like the grain of wheat, in order to reap a harvest.

Although clear enough in St. John, the practical extension of the law of life-through-death is even more explicit in the Synoptics. The analogy of the grain of wheat does not appear in any of the Synoptic Gospels; yet the principle it discloses and its application are found in all of them. There is slight variation in the wording: from this it appears that we cannot be sure of our Lord's own words but must see them as they were recalled in the early traditions of the Church. There is, however, no difference in meaning. Yet in each case they are found in a different context, and each context provides its own commentary on their meaning. The several contexts serve to show how rich in content are the words and how general, not to say universal, is their application.

In St. Luke we read, "Anyone who tries to preserve his life will lose it; and anyone who loses it will keep it safe." (17:33) The passage appears within a description of the judgment; it makes clear the readiness in which we must live—a frequent theme in St. Luke—and the attitude we should take towards our earthly existence because of the judgment. Here, therefore, the principle is transposed from the sacramental and eschatological orders into the immediately moral sphere. It not only refers to our eventual death—and judgment—but shows us how to evaluate and conduct our

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On Pilgrimage

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visit." I myself like a nice big parish church, where one can get a wonderful sense of space and privacy and quiet. Nativity Church, on Second Avenue and Second Street, is our present parish and was when we lived at 223 Chrystie Street. Many a man from the Muni (the Municipal Lodging House, on Third Street) went to morning Mass and dropped in during the day to sit in the sun of the Blessed Sacrament.

If I wrote to Archbishop Cooke

and asked that Nativity church be kept open during the day, I wonder if the pastor and curates would agree. Of course, things would get stolen. If there are curtains, heavy rich red plush ones, in front of the confessionals, they might be taken home to be used as covers in the cold tenements, where too often the furnace breaks down. Or the candlesticks might disappear from the altar, to supply the light when the welfare check was used for food and

the gas and electric was shut off.

We ourselves were threatened that way at Tivoli by the Central Hudson Gas and Electric last month because we had missed paying our monthly bill. No leeway given, "Pay, or we come on Monday to shut off the electricity," which means that heat goes off and the pump that fills the reservoir stops functioning for the thirty-five people around the house at Tivoli, who now include two newly born infants and people who have passed three score and ten. Of course the bill was large, \$128, but we got it paid by collecting it here and there from everyone we encountered. Some

of our young residents who have been picking grapes chipped in a ten here and there, and one girl gave twenty dollars. We really have never been quite so broke as we are right now, but the appeal is going out and little by little the bills will get paid.

The only other time we bought a house in the city, back in 1950, it was the same, but the butcher, the baker and the grocer all waited for months and months. None of these cooperators are chain stores, needless to say.

But to return to how the church in Harlem could be used by the entire neighborhood: There is always a basement and a hall, and

what does it matter if only a handful of people get to daily Mass? There could be a good literature rack, and perhaps an organ recital a few times a week, and a choir to practice and to put on some concerts. But of course what pastors worry about is desecration of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. As though the dear Lord could not take care of Himself.

The Pursuit

But I promised to tell more about my three weeks' trip through Mississippi in August. It is not so far a cry from Harlem to Mississippi after all. What with declining farm equipment and the

(Continued on page 7)

ARE YOU READY TO COMMIT 'INSTANT AUSCHWITZ'—? TO CREMATE ALIVE 6,000,000 INHABITANTS OF A CITY

Your Government Is Ready And Can Do It With Only One Of Its

Hydrogen Bombs — In Your Name, Of Course

Indiscriminate warfare was condemned as a "Crime against God and Man"

by the world's bishops at Vatican II

THREE YEARS LATER, AMERICAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS STILL HAVE NOT
DISSOCIATED THE CHURCH FROM THE NUCLEAR POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES

"If these should hold their peace, the stones will cry out."

The American Catholic Bishops have proposed to issue "a pastoral letter which will in part address itself to the amplification of the moral principles enunciated by the Second Vatican Council to the present critical problems of war and peace."

We believe that the following recommendations must be taken into account if sorely-needed clarification is to be given to consciences gravely troubled by the ever-widening abyss between Christian teaching and practice regarding war and peace.

PAX OPEN LETTER TO THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC BISHOPS

1. We strongly recommend that our bishops act to make the Vatican Council statement on conscientious objection a reality for American Catholics. The Council urges that "laws make humane provision for the case of those who for reasons of conscience refuse to bear arms, provided they agree to serve the human community in some other way." U.S. Selective Service law incorporates religious discrimination by explicitly providing objector classification and civilian alternative service only for those who are against all wars, but not for those who refuse to participate in wars they judge to be unjust.

We recommend that the American hierarchy endorse and support the position of the late Archbishop Paul J. Hallinan that the Selective Service law be amended to include the words:

THE CONSCIENCES OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW
THE JUST WAR TRADITION SHOULD BE
RESPECTED.

The PAX Rights of Conscience Campaign based on this position has to date won the support of seven Catholic bishops, as well as the backing of many educators, editors, and theologians, both Protestant and Catholic.

2. We strongly recommend that our bishops extend to young Catholic men who refuse to serve in a war they believe is unjust and immoral the same support and encouragement that the Church gives to men who accept military service. This would include following the recent example of the German hierarchy in setting up diocesan counseling agencies to assist men interested in conscientious objection, establishing a special chaplaincy to serve the spiritual needs of those assigned to alternative service, and clarifying Church teaching for draft boards.

3. We strongly recommend that young Catholics who gain the status of conscientious objectors be assured the possibility of obtaining alternative service with the only Catholic overseas aid agency recognized by Selective Service for this purpose. This agency, Catholic Relief Services—U.S.C.C., overseas aid arm of the American Catholic hierarchy and of the corporate Catholic community, has so far not found a place in its program for even one conscientious objector. This is in contrast to other church-related overseas aid agencies which have made a special point of meeting their responsibility to these men.

4. We strongly recommend that the American hierarchy clarify the role of Christian nonviolence and support those of their community already committed to it. This prophetic position proclaims the central Christian message of love, even love of enemies. On his recent visit to Bogota, the Holy Father declared,

"We must say and re-affirm that violence is not in accord with the Gospel; that it is not Christian." Might not our bishops be equally forthright and unambiguous on this matter?

5. We strongly recommend that the Catholic and papal opposition to universal military conscription be re-affirmed as a guide to Catholics. Should not all efforts be turned towards the abolition of conscription and its substitution by a volunteer army?

6. We strongly recommend that it is not the function of any hierarchy to express support or even acquiescence in the case of any war. The French bishops at their Plenary Session in 1966 stated that "certain bishops appear to take one side or another (in a war). This is not their role. By taking sides, bishops arouse passions even further and dig divisions yet deeper . . . All victims are our brothers, and when anyone suffers, the Church suffers with him."

7. We strongly recommend that as a special national responsibility the American hierarchy must confront the basic immorality of the so-called nuclear deterrent. Even those of us who plead ignorance can no longer do so after the accident in Spain in 1966 when it was revealed that one plane carried four hydrogen bombs of 20 or more megaton power. Only

one of these bombs, dropped over a large metropolitan area such as New York, would produce an instant Auschwitz, cremating alive between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 persons. Such weaponry clearly falls under the only ban pronounced in the whole course of the Vatican Council, namely, the condemnation of indiscriminate warfare. Such bombs, whose use was described by the Council as a "crime against God and man," could only be "aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or extensive areas along with their populations."

8. Our final and strongest recommendation is that the bishops take this occasion to speak in clear terms about the already condemned nuclear warfare which our country is preparing. To those who dismiss the problem by saying that such weapons are only a deterrent and would never be used, there are two answers. First, a deterrent whose nature is to destroy a preponderant proportion of the innocent is essentially evil and should be renounced by all just men. Second, such weapons have already been used, and by our country. Furthermore, they would not be a deterrent if they were not really to be used. A leading architect of the U.S. nuclear system recently stated that American retaliation would mean total destruction to an opponent, "not merely to his military forces, but to his society as a whole."

Many bishops at the Council pointed to the immorality of the preparation, possession, and utilization of weapons of indiscriminate warfare. Among them was American Cardinal Joseph Ritter. He called for:

AN ABSOLUTE CONDEMNATION OF THE
POSSESSION OF ARMS WHICH INVOLVE THE
INTENTION OR THE GRAVE PERIL OF TOTAL
WAR.

(See *The War That is Forbidden: Peace Beyond Vatican II*, sent to all members of the American hierarchy as well as to all members of Congress.)

Now we ask that our bishops take the lead in applying the peace message of Vatican II by dissociating themselves from all forms of indiscriminate warfare and particularly from nuclear weapons that are in fact instruments of genocide. Silence means that we assent to their preparation, possession, and possible use. Such silence negates for millions of people all verbal professions about the sacredness of human life and the inviolability of the person. Since all morality is unilateral, we cannot wait for the other side to take the step of disavowing dependence on nuclear weaponry. We ask our spiritual Fathers to encourage the Catholic community and all persons of good will to join in stating about indiscriminate warfare and nuclear genocide:

THIS WILL NOT BE DONE IN OUR NAME.

PAX is an association of Catholics and others who seek to promote peace and to encourage the application of Christian principles to the question of war. Its membership includes both individuals committed to Christian nonviolence and those who accept the just war tradition.

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LOVE STRONG AS DEATH

(Continued from page 4)

present lives in relation to these climactic and decisive events.

The context in St. Matthew is immediately practical. There is no direct reference to physical death and resurrection. "Anyone who prefers father or mother to me is not worthy of me. Anyone who prefers son or daughter to me is not worthy of me. Anyone who does not take up his cross and follow in my footsteps is not worthy of me. Anyone who finds his life will lose it; anyone who loses his life for my sake will find it." (10:37f)

Physical death is here implicit, while the explicit reference is to moral and mystical death. We are united to Christ in practice by a life spent in carrying the cross. The positive and negative, death and resurrection, are still joined in the Christ-like life: we must carry the cross to follow Jesus. We live a "dying life" (as the Imitation puts it) that the divine seed may grow into eternal life.

In St. Mark the context is also moral and mystical. (By mystical is here meant the union of the believer with Jesus in practical faith, hope, and love—hence in the whole conduct of his life.) "If anyone wants to be a follower of mine, let him renounce himself and take up his cross and follow me. For anyone who wants to save his life will lose it; but anyone who loses his life for my sake, and for the sake of the gospel, will save it. What gain, then, is it for a man to win the whole world and ruin his life?" (8:34f)

For the sake, "For my sake and for the words of the gospel," given only here, make clearer the purpose which is contained in "saving one's life." With the exception of these two phrases, the same text, in identical words and context, appears again in St. Matthew. (16:24)

"Hating" One's Life

How does one "hate" or "lose" one's life in order to "love" and "save" it? All those who serve others in the spirit of love without asking remuneration—that is, by "dying" to human rewards—are "sowing." Certainly, according to the forecast and promise in St. Matthew (25:34-40), they will reap abundantly. "Come, you blessed of my Father . . . I was sick and you visited me . . ."

Understandably, the Church recalls these texts on the feasts of the martyr saints. Following Jesus, they are sowing quite literally their very lives, their most precious grain, for the sake of Jesus. Appropriately, too, since their sacrifice so closely resembles His, the Church celebrates the mystery of Christ eucharistically in His passion, death, and resurrection over the relics of the martyrs. These saints are a dramatic illustration of this mystery and of the truth contained in the analogy of the grain of wheat. "I am the wheat of Christ," wrote St. Ignatius of Antioch on his way to martyrdom; "let me be ground by the teeth of the beasts so that I may be found pure bread."

"Losing one's life" can be summed up most briefly and graphically, perhaps, in the context supplied by St. Matthew, in which Jesus enjoins His followers to "carry the cross"; this is the way to follow Him now, to share in His eternal glory. It may involve nothing dramatic or sensational; only day-in-day-out duties and trials—although at times also great and even supreme sacrifices—carried out in union with Jesus. But these daily partial deaths, joined to His immolation, will rise to share the harvest of His glory. "I die daily, I face death every day," says St. Paul. (1 Co 15:31)

St. Paul brings the matter to specifics; and he does so by citing the analogy of the sowing. In appealing for alms to help the faith-

ful in Jerusalem, he writes: "Do not forget; this sowing means thin reaping; the more you sow, the more you reap." (2 Co 9:6) The giving of alms, he is telling us, is not merely to be understood as a negative renunciation, not only as a loss, but as a "sowing." For a Christian it stems from the conviction that life comes from death, that by sowing money, and thus letting it "die" to our personal use, we reap a crop in the kingdom of heaven.

The Apostle's example obviously has a much wider application. Money stands not only for itself, but for what it can procure, including all material goods. All of these may be "sown" through helping others to reap the goods of eternity. Even time can be "sown": the time "wasted" in serving others—or in prayer—is harvested in eternity.

Not that all goods must be thus "sown," or even can be. The farmer is a good guide here also. He holds back whatever grain he needs for himself and his family, sowing the rest. He may be generous, but will not be careless in estimating his needs, for he knows that the more he sows the greater will be his crop. "The more you sow, the more you reap." The rule of sowing thus contains its own guide, to encourage generosity indeed, or rather, prudence, but at the same time to discourage excess or fanaticism. To gain an abundant crop we should sow as much as we can; but personal and family needs prevent us from actually sowing all possessions.

While we are with the farmer, we can also learn from him that sowing goods and satisfactions is not opposed to the spirit of joy that should mark the Christian. When he sows, it is not gloomily, but cheerfully and in hope. He undertakes hard work and exposes himself to inclement weather, and he does all this gladly, whistling while he works, because of the abundant harvest he anticipates. The Christian is similarly joyful: not in the spirit of the pagan slogan, "Eat, drink, and make good cheer," but rather by a readiness to sow the good things of earth in order to join the Savior in reaping for the Church life and blessedness. "Add a smiling face to all your gifts." (St 35:11) St. Paul transposes this text, as he encourages sowing money for the needy: "God loves a cheerful giver." (2 Co 9:7)

The Sermon on the Mount

The message of life-through-death, applied to the moral and mystical order and referred to an eventual actually risen life, is found everywhere in the gospel. It was said above that, if we had from Jesus only the analogy of the grain of wheat, we would have the kernel and quintessence of His most important teaching. This does not mean that the idea does not appear elsewhere: it appears everywhere, equivalently, implicitly or explicitly. Examples (besides those already given) could be multiplied. The teaching appears in His simplest sayings. The Sermon on the Mount, for example, is usually taken as a summary of His moral teaching—so beautiful, idealistic, poetic in its bucolic setting. Yet the message of the grain of wheat, at once grim and glorious, is already implicit here, as the tree is implicit in the seed. If the analogy of the grain of wheat is the unfolding and crown of the Savior's teaching, the Sermon on the Mount is the seed.

The sermon begins in the account of St. Matthew by promising blessing and beatitude to the poor in spirit, those that mourn, the meek, that is, to those free of the love of riches, deprived of this goods, and joys, those enabled by

faith to persevere with equanimity in the face of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; in a word, those ready to sow this world's goods in the hope of an eternal harvest. The contrast is even more direct in St. Luke's report of these sayings:

How happy are you who are poor: yours is the kingdom of God. Alas for you who are rich: you are having your consolation now. Happy you who are hungry now: you shall be satisfied. Alas for you who have your fill now: you shall go hungry. Happy you who weep now: you shall laugh, Alas for you who laugh now: you shall mourn and weep. (6:20f)

This is seminally and substantially the teaching contained in the analogy of the grain of wheat: to the extent that we "die"



—morally spiritually, mystically—to wealth, to the fullness of earth's goods, and to merely human joy—to this extent will we rise to new blessedness and beatitude.

Clearly, therefore, the analogy of the grain of wheat provides also the fullest explanation, of the gospel counsels and their expression in vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. To the human mind there is no reason for a renunciation of goods which can contribute so much to human welfare and happiness. Why give up material goods? Not money itself but "the love of money is the root of all evils." (1 Tm 6:10) Why renounce the unique good of marriage, conjugal love, and family life? The Scripture itself says that it is "not good for man to be alone." Why relinquish that most intimate personal good, the will, and with it the right to direct one's own life? The will is, after all, the key to the innermost regions of the soul as well as to the control of all one's outward activity. No satisfactory or acceptable explanation can be provided by reason for such renunciations; they can be explained only by the folly of the cross. "None of you can be my disciples unless he gives up all his possessions." (Lk 14:33) Sow money to reap "the treasures of heaven," sow love to reap the fulfillment of love, sow one's will to reap the beatifying will of God. "Anyone who loves his life loses it; anyone who hates his life in this world will keep it for eternal life." Jesus Himself led the way by sowing material goods, marriage, family, and His own human will. Especially in the sowing of the will, it will be seen more and more clearly as we study the personal spirituality of Jesus, we come to the most profound meaning of Christian spirituality.

Counsels and beatitudes unite the several possibilities of living

in one vocation to Christian holiness. Lay and religious, married and celibate, start from the Mount of the Sermon to follow their different path that will inevitably converge at the Mount of Calvary on their way to resurrection. The passage from Ephesians that exalts conjugal love as the sign of the love of Christ for His Spouse reveals also that this love is sacrificial: ". . . as Christ loved the Church and sacrificed Himself for her to make her holy." (5:25) The married and the religious make their pilgrimage within hailing distance of each other, encouraging each other. The married are a living example of the love which, metamorphosed through grace, leads to union with the Spouse. The celibate remind the married (and themselves) that human love, however noble, is but a fragment of the divine and a stair to that ultimate reality of love in which alone is final beatitude and fulfillment. If the married illustrate love possessed yet looking beyond itself, the celibate symbolize love desired and wholly fulfilled. The celibate in their vocation point to the resurrection where "they will neither marry nor be given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." (Mt 22:30) Yet it is here in the final kingdom that love finds its home, since "God is love." And John's statement that "he who abides in love abides in God" is equally true the other way round: "He who abides in God abides in love."

Evangelic Dualism

Underlying the Sermon on the Mount and emerging clearly in the Beatitudes, is a dualism that condemns the pursuit of one kind of good while blessing the quest of another: alas for the rich; happy the poor. This evangelic dualism is especially interesting and significant in view of the charge made by some modern writers that dualism came into Christianity from Greek philosophy. St. Augustine and even St. Paul are held responsible for poisoning the spring. No doubt there are false dualisms, but there is also this evangelic dualism that arises simply from the hierarchical order of the goods that come from God: a distinction of goods that demands a choice and an ordering on the part of man. Neither the Sermon on the Mount nor the Gospel in general are comprehensible without this dualism between goods temporal and goods eternal: "So do not store up treasures for yourselves on earth, where moths and woodworms destroy them and thieves can break in and steal." (Mt 6:19f) Not Plato, but Jesus, teaches that we must trade the one order of goods for the other: "None of you can be My disciple unless he gives up all his possessions." (Lk 14:33) Again, it is Jesus, not Plato, who says that our present life will be changed into another: "Whoever drinks this water will get thirsty again; but anyone who drinks the water that I shall give will never be thirsty again." (Jn 4:13) The only alternative to this evangelic dualism is an absolutely flat cosmic egalitarianism; in which, of course, there is no need or room for God and His Church.

The distinction between natural and supernatural is nowadays similarly denied. This denial is part of the abandonment of rational discourse which marks much contemporary theological writing. From the point of view of an earthworm, a man is supernatural; could the earthworm be raised to dialogue with men it could be said to participate in an activity that is (for it) supernatural. If there is a God worthy of the name, then from our station He is supernatural. (I may be willing to shake hands with a god who is no more than I; but I would demur if asked to worship him.) If

God intervenes personally in human life—and this is the whole point of Christianity—such intervention, from man's point of view, is supernatural. Finally, if man truly partakes of the divine nature—and this is the meaning of grace (2P 1:4)—then he participates in what is for him a supernatural life; there is a supernatural life and energy at work in him. "The followers of Christ . . . are justified in the baptism of faith they truly become sons of God and . . . sharers in the divine nature . . . (Constitution on the Church, 40).

Both evangelic dualism and the distinction between natural and supernatural are implicit also in the analogy of the grain of wheat. In fact this analogy, like the Sermon on the Mount, would otherwise be meaningless. The grain of wheat loses one kind of life to gain another. On our part, we sow temporal goods to reap the eternal good; we sow transitory pleasures to reap unending joy; we sow time to reap eternity; a merely human life to reap divinized life; creatures to gain the Creator. He who hates his life in this world keeps it unto life everlasting.

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Dorothy Day,
(Publisher)

PRAGUE

(Continued from page 1)

been looking forward to a brief holiday in Italy this September. They deserved it. Behind them lie ten fearful years. Like almost everyone else they had been overworking this summer, looking after foreign visitors. All the world, it seemed, wanted to see what was going on in Czechoslovakia, to see the hopeful experiment that was beginning to bear fruit.

I think of Maria, a novelist, capable, charming and articulate. I can still hear her voice on the telephone on the day of the invasion: "This is the second worst day of my life. The worst was when my husband died." A few days before, she had received a document from the President of the Republic finally rehabilitating her husband, who had been a high and respected government official, had been imprisoned by the Nazis and subsequently and unjustly deprived of his post under Novotny. "It's so wonderful to be able to talk," she would say. "We can talk. We can discuss. We are free. We are enjoying our freedom. We are happy." One day we sat at the foot of the Jan Hus memorial in the lovely Old Town Square while Maria told us a little of what life had been like during the last ten years until this January—of the mistrust that is engendered in a country where there is so much pressure from the top against exchange of ideas. She talked also about her two sons, one just matriculated, and of their future. A few days later, in that same square, I saw one of the Soviet tanks charge a crowd of young demonstrators and try to disperse them.

Two weeks later, one beautiful evening, I was sitting in Saint Mark's Square in Venice, watching the crowds and the pigeons, and suddenly I could only see the tanks again. Those tanks were supposed to save socialism, weren't they? Which is more likely to save socialism: tanks or the promise of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party in the January Action Program?

"The Czechoslovakian Communist Party is trying to show that it is capable of a different political leadership and management than discredited bureaucratic police methods. The Communist Party depends on the voluntary support of the people. It cannot impose its authority, it must constantly acquire it by its actions. It cannot establish its line by order but by the work of its members and the veracity of its ideals. The right to experiment is a right to the future of our nations—to their revolutionary existence."

I keep thinking of Vaclav, a young, gentle, talented writer who was assigned to take care of us when we first arrived in the country and who, with his wife, had just published a book of stories about the Nazi occupation. We spent hours discussing the new dangers just then developing. As one with recent experience of the bureaucratic police methods (although he didn't remind us of this), he insisted that the Soviet and East German governments constituted the greatest threat. We had recently visited the Soviet Union, East Germany and West Berlin and argued that the greater threat still came from Berlin. Although Vaclav hated Nazism, he was unconvinced and obviously terribly depressed about the whole situation. In my naivete, I said, "But surely it's the capitalist governments that can't allow this new Czechoslovakia to flourish. It would make Communism too popular all over the world." Although Vaclav said nothing, I remember

his look and now know only too well what he was thinking.

Big Brother

Kamel Winter, now a refugee, who was head of television news under Dubcek, said: "There was one terrifying thing I thought at that time. I suddenly started to see that if this whole system of Soviet Communism was so entrenched in hypocrisy they probably would not be able to stand for the changes in Czechoslovakia. I wanted to believe in the impossibility of their doing anything so stupid as to use violence against what we were doing. But the thought was always, not really consciously, in the back of my mind." In describing what they were doing, Winter used Dubcek's words: "To give back to socialism and the socialist idea its human face." And Winter added: "All my life Russia has been the ally of progressive Czechs. She is the big Slav nation, our big brother country . . . The Russian invasion was worse than Munich, because it was the crushing of brothers by protectors."

Dr. Josef Hromadka, leading Czechoslovakian Protestant theologian and Lenin Prize-winner for international friendship and peace, said, in a letter to the Soviet ambassador in Prague: "There has been no greater tragedy in my life than this event . . . The damage done is immeasurable. The moral authority of socialism and Communism has been shaken for a long time to come . . . The process of renewal [of our socialist society] which began in January 1968 was an impressive attempt to strengthen the authority of the Communist Party, to awaken responsibility in our people for the building of socialism . . . and to give dynamic power internationally to the cause of socialism."

So many people had said to us, "It's impossible. The Russians can't invade us. We're a Communist country." We ourselves had told everyone, over and over again, that Czechoslovakia was not turning against the Soviet Union, was not turning away from socialism, was not turning towards capitalism. More people than ever were joining the Communist Party. A prominent slogan on the walls of Prague during the second day of the occupation was: Socialism, Democracy, Freedom, Sovereignty. It is still the main slogan.

On September 4th, the first day of open publication after the invasion, the editors of *Rude Právo*, organ of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, said: "We want nothing more than to realize in practical terms the most noble ideas of scientific socialism. We want nothing more, but also nothing less. We want to retain the confidence of the people, but not by empty words, for the time is too serious. The future of our country is at stake."

I believe that this spirit united the whole nation both before and after the invasion. The factory workers and the railwaymen are as loyal to the leadership of President Svoboda and Alexander Dubcek as are the teachers and journalists and members of the Writers Union.

Last May Day, in Red Square in Moscow, I watched the tanks and the terrifying giant rocket missiles go past. At the time I thought, "I hate them. They are horrible. But I believe they will never be used, except to prevent war. I'm glad they're here, because I believe they have already prevented war." I can no longer believe this. I have seen those tanks in the streets and squares and on the bridges of socialist Prague.

Socialism without freedom is as dangerous as some of those "freedoms" that accompany capitalism. It seems to me that those who rule in Moscow have betrayed socialism. They identify communism with their most immediate

lack of educational and health facilities, more and more Negroes are moving north to the big cities.

According to *Fortune* magazine, 77 per cent of all Negroes lived in the South in 1940. Now just over half do. "Because migrating Negroes are subjected to less study than migrating birds, nobody knows how many have moved out of the south since 1960, when the last census was taken. But there is fragmentary evidence to suggest the migration is changing in direction." But they are returning not to the rural South, but to the cities. One half of the entire Negro population are in the cities, compared to one third in 1940.

There is more employment offered to the Negro now in Southern cities and when a Negro woman was elected Chancery Clerk in Port Gibson, Mississippi, a town half way between Natchez and Jackson, she found little co-operation in the county to help her begin her new job. So the local priest, a Missionary Servant of the Most Holy Trinity, went to Berry Morgan, a convert to the faith, asking her to help out with what aid she could give and her moral support. Berry promptly found herself being boycotted by her neighbors, but she was of such



established position, and was so completely happy as a convert and a writer, that it did not bother her much.

Hearing about our visit to Natchez from her friend Marge Baroni, Berry drove down one day and took Kay Lynch and me home with her to spend the night. She lives on Albena Plantation, a six-hundred-acre tract in the northern, Delta section of the state. The house and lawn are

fears. They have misused their positions of power to crush the genuine socialist ideal and have managed to do the dirty work for the enemies of socialism.

So now, it seems to me, we have to protest as wholeheartedly against Soviet aggression as against American or any other aggression. Even now Romania is threatened. (We found a good new life developing there in a relaxed atmosphere.)

How do we stop big powers from crushing small countries? How do we stop the old, conservative, fearful countries from crushing the young and their hopes?

ED. NOTE: Mrs. Martin, normally a resident of Australia, writes: "There have been many eyewitnesses of the invasion, of course, and I am not a journalist, only an ordinary woman, to some extent of Quaker background. I have written this little piece from a woman for other women, as it were, but of course not only for women, hoping that it might help some to see more clearly, and perhaps feel more deeply, what is involved in this tragedy."

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 5)

surrounded by a picket fence and then there is what I can only describe as rain forest shutting them in. Trees, trees everywhere, and when I asked her if there was no garden near the house she indicated that there was a clearing away in the back, where there was a clear field for a garden. Other such fields dotted the woods, connected by direct roads so numerous that Berry herself has not explored all of them. Some fields comprise a few acres, others fifteen or twenty-five, and there are cattle grazing, and horses. It is a strange land there along the Mississippi, a country of loess soil that is like powder, or silt, and all but impossible to cultivate, and I guess it is the trees and the shrubbery that hold it down. But the roads have been worn down so that they are between steep high banks. There is a section of Mississippi near there, fifteen by twenty-five miles, which is uninhabited. I felt trapped in these woods and am sure I would never dare to set foot in this dense jungle because of the rattlesnakes.

Berry's three children were not afraid but most at home in that countryside, and hated to go back to school in New Orleans the following week. The house was furnished with massive beds with canopies, and wardrobes, and great dressers, and there was an air conditioner in the room with the bed canopy and a television set in an alcove off the hall. The Convention was going on, but we did not stay up to watch it. Our hostess announced that she always rose at four to write, so she was ready for bed at seven-thirty.

"I am really a plagiarist," she said, "listening to Bach while I work and translating it into prose." She gave me a copy of her *Pursuit*, the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award Novel, which was highly praised by Walker Percy, a novelist whom I esteem. She is planning a book of her short stories, which appeared in the *New Yorker*, about the people of the South; the collection will be called *The Mystic Adventures of Roxie Stoner*. I'm looking forward to it.

So we went to bed early, and she passed on to me her copy of *One Dimensional Man* by Herbert Marcuse, which I in turn was to pass on to her sixteen-year-old son, who would be sitting up waiting for it. I had been hearing a lot about Marcuse recently, first at a conference in New England, and then from Brother Hugh, who asked me during my talk to the Trappist priests and brothers at Conyers, Georgia: "Isn't all the ferment among youth due to one M-a-r-c-u-s-e (he spelled it out) who is infecting them with Marxism?" And now here in this Southern plantation in the midst of the woods.

Greenville and Greenwood

When we arrived at Greenville we were met by Father Messina, a native Mississippian, who took us to the five-thirty Mass which Father Thomas Reed was offering. (Eddie Reed, his brother, had been in charge of the tutorial program in Natchez for the summer, and left for Louvain last month.)

Greenville is in the very heart of the Delta region, where Cotton is King, as they say, where the land stretches out for miles, flat as a pancake. Next to Texas, Mississippi is the greatest cotton-producing state in the country and this in spite of the fact that seventy per cent of the state is forest, according to the latest *World Almanac*. The school run by the Sisters of Mercy in Greenville is extremely well integrated. Some of the sisters had us to supper, and afterwards we drove around to see the largest housing project in the South, which was going up building by building,

with lots of space around the eighty buildings of four units each. Sister Ann from Chicago was living with one of the Negro families and was going to join some other Sisters in working with the inhabitants of the project.

It was the opinion of the blacks we met with that the best work in Mississippi, the most militant work, was being done by the Delta Ministry, which has a paid staff of 35 and annual budget of three hundred thousand dollars, so that they can afford to hire full-time workers in eight counties. They also have ties with individual and local groups in eleven other counties. Those who want to keep up with what is happening in this state ought to subscribe to this *News Letter*, Box 120, Tougaloo, Miss., 39174, which reports on the cooperatives in this and neighboring states.

The next morning, we travelled on to Greenwood to be in time for the Mass at the Franciscan Center, where our old friends Stanley Borowski and Larry Evers once worked for some months with Father Nathaniel. This was years ago, before the violence erupted over the Freedom Schools and voter registration. Father Nathaniel is responsible for starting a boycott, similar to the one in Natchez a year ago which I read about in a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* picked up in a subway. There was a front page, right hand column story of the boycott and its successful outcome in opening up more jobs to the Negro. (It is a shame we have to get our news from the subway because our fellow workers in Natchez are too busy working for the cause there to write us about it!)

Many of the Pax Christi women who come to work with Kate Jordan, who has been working with Fr. Nathaniel for many years, are getting degrees to teach in the Negro and white colleges in the south. I met our old friend Alma Taylor and a new friend, Shirley Foley, who is going to Boston University. There are many volunteers in this movement who come for the summer and stay for training for work in the south.

My only criticism of the work in Greenwood is in regard to the dogs. There were a couple of fiercely barking police dogs which the women had to look up on a porch every time we passed from one building to another of the large group which makes up the Center in Greenwood. When I suggested that I stay at the rectory, the priest assistant to Father Nathaniel said that I would not like the Doberman Pinschers which they had there either. Why the dogs? "They are dog lovers around here" one of the girls said. "To keep out those who steal" was another explanation.

But when you remember the police dogs used against children in Birmingham, and have seen the dogs which accompanied the police in Baltimore, on their short leashes as the officers patrolled the streets; and saw them being taken out of vans and hoisted up and over a fence around the little park opposite the post office where the trial of the *Cattensville Nine* was going on, you cannot help but think that the presence of dogs showed fear and distrust of the very folk one lived amongst. "If anyone takes your cloak, offer him your coat too," Jesus said.

I reproach myself, too, for my fear of dogs. St. Francis said, "Be subject to every living creature" quoting the words of St. Paul, and he added, "Even to the dog who is about to bite you." How far we are from living what we believe.

Aside from this reproach, I have nothing but admiration for the tremendous amount of work done by this group of dedicated women, and I'd recommend too their paper, *The Center*, so send for a copy, (708 Avenue I, Greenwood, Mississippi.)

SHALOM

(Continued from page 1)

One thing continues to fascinate me, however, in my own life. This is that it is possible to see a thing, and very clearly, one thinks. But then one has an experience that makes one see it so much more clearly that one wonders how one could have thought that one saw it at all before. And this experience can repeat and repeat itself. One never can see the disorder in which one lives clearly enough.

I think of a story I heard once about a writer who lived in Germany under the Nazis. He was utterly opposed to that regime and was determined not to trust anything that he read or was told. And yet when he left the country finally, he was horrified to discover how much that was false he had accepted as truth, in spite of himself.

I think that in two hundred years, if men survive that long, people will probably look back on our times with bewilderment, hard put to understand us—just for example: our willingness to risk the destruction of the human race itself, in the name of "security"; our unwillingness to share with one another—even though technology now makes possible a world in which there is enough for all.

But for those who are born into this time, it is not easy to recognize the disorder in which we live. This is so in part because whoever does recognize it, and declare it, and most especially of course whoever acts upon that perception, is promptly declared by society to be dangerous, to be himself disorderly. The so-called responsible members of society fix their eyes upon him with a certain look that demands he acknowledge himself to be just that. It isn't easy to stand up against the pressure of these looks. Among those who look at us in this way are often people whom we love, and this is hardest of all. It is very easy simply to relinquish the vision of disorder one has had. This is why we should treat with understanding those who refuse to join us.

Yes, if one sees the so-called "order" in which we live as in fact disorderly, one lives necessarily under a peculiar tension—trying to act in ways that are faithful to this vision, but aware always of eyes upon us that hold a vision the reverse of ours; experiencing this constant disjunction in our lives.

Birth of a Community

That is why it is so very necessary for us to come to one another's support, and when society says to a man, in effect, "You are no longer one of us," to let him feel the reality, the actual touch, of another, growing community that honors him. This is beautifully complicated. We have all come together here to support the Catonsville Nine. And Howard Zinn has told us of the people who gathered at the Boston University chapel to give sanctuary to two men who were refusing to go to Vietnam. But it is not as though we were already a living community that simply said to the Catonsville Nine or the two resisters, "Come be with us." The actions that they took brought the community that we now are into being—or brought it into more intense being. In the case of Boston University Howard Zinn has suggested that many of the people who gathered had never even been involved in the struggle before. So that we reach out our hands to give what extra strength we can to these who have acted; and in the process we draw more strength from them than we give. That is the magic of such actions.

And so we give each other courage. But there are also times, necessarily, when we are alone with ourselves. And at such times we have to be able to remind ourselves of what it is we know. Con-

fronted by the stare of a judge or a cop or a heckler—or a friend or a relative—who names me disorderly, I try to recall to myself any one of a long series of shocks which have made the disorder in their "order" known to me.

In December 1966 I visited North Vietnam, to see with my own eyes what kind of a war our government was waging. This was at a time when officials were still claiming that we hit only military targets. Lies. Everywhere I travelled I found schools, nurseries, hospitals, churches, pagodas, workers houses levelled. On one of the first days, we were taken to an outskirt of Hanoi where a workers' district had been bombed, and all the houses in a large area reduced to rubble. We wandered through the ruin—scraps of clothing still scattered over the ground, and broken pieces, twisted bits of household belongings. A few pigs rooted about, too, in this waste. Our guide, talking to us, poked with a stick in some of the rubble, and then he stopped talking suddenly, and we all just stood still, because he had turned up a piece of jawbone with the teeth still in it—a fragment of a person, that those who had tried to gather up the torn bodies after the bombing hadn't managed to find. For some reason the memory of this moment more than many others can remind me—when I need to be reminded—of the madness of what I am told to think of as "order."

Or, I remind myself of the day, learned that our government had bombed a leper sanatorium in North Vietnam—hit it not one day, which might have been an accident, but on a whole series of days, until every one of the many buildings in the hospital had been destroyed; and those lepers who had not been killed, and their doctors and nurses, had fled to nearby caves; and then we bombed the caves. One of the Vietnamese doctors, talking about this, told us: "And lepers are people who, if they are to get well, particularly need love."

Or I remind myself of the day, back home again, when I learned of a recent improvement made in the pellet bombs that we drop on that country. You have heard Rennie Davis talk about those bombs, and how many of them are dropped, and how they have no effect at all upon the "steel and concrete" our government pretends to be our only target; they are designed specifically for flesh. I visited a number of hospitals and saw many people who had been crippled by these pellets—many of them children; and saw the particularly long incisions in their bodies, because as the doctors explained to us it is very hard to locate these pellets in the body—though X-rays help. One day back home I read that we had now "improved" this bomb. The pellets are now made of plastic and cannot be seen in an X-ray.

Disorder. The complete violation of our human bond with other men.

Or I remind myself of things I have seen here in this country. Houses wrecked not by bombs but by poverty. Bodies maimed not by bombs or napalm but by poverty. I remind myself of Resurrection City, where I lived for several weeks. Where the poor from all over the country gathered to face this nation with their condition. But our government didn't want to look at this city, and it levelled it—with bulldozers this time. Wandering through that ruin was not unlike wandering through one of the ruins in Vietnam—here, too, scraps of clothing sticking up from the mud, and scraps of smashed belongings. And I remember what I was told by a friend who drove an old woman who had been living there past the site after it had been levelled.

When she saw the bare ground where the city had been, he said that a terrible cry burst out of her—of disbelief and desolation.

Disorder. The complete violation of our community with other men—violation of the truth that we are members one of another.

Fear of Freedom

I'd like to talk a little about our relation to those who are opposed to us—to the people we've seen all this week standing out in the streets, heckling us. In his "Meditation," Daniel Berrigan writes, "Our apologies, good friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of the orderlies in the front parlor of the charnel house." His use of the word orderlies struck me—as just the right use of a word. For those this society finds orderly, those it approves, are precisely those who are orderlies, are the obedient servants in the house, believing what they are told to believe and doing what they are told to do.

It is these people, the obedient, who endanger all our lives, because they are afraid to disobey that authority which is a murderous authority. They are afraid. We mustn't forget this. This is what I want to talk about. They are afraid of asking their own hearts



what way to take. Afraid of the new. Afraid to be alive. I think you have all seen this about them this week. Some time ago I was arguing with a man about civil disobedience and he suddenly asked me: "What kind of a world do you think we would have if each one of us followed his conscience?" I said a very much better one than we have, and he stared at me dumfounded. For him, this was the most frightening thought possible.

We have to reckon with this fear among the "orderlies." We have to try to reassure them as we struggle to change the false order that lays waste to men's lives into a more true order that establishes human community. We have to be more and more bold in our actions, as the men and women on trial here have been. We have to be gentle, too, as they are, with these who are frightened by us—trying, as we act, not to sever all community with them. Because it is for human community that we are struggling.

This is why a few of the signs that we've been carrying seem to me silly. Like the sign "SPIRO—ZERO" for example. This is the way they talk to us. They say in effect: "You're nobody! Drop dead!" But what we should be saying to them—with our lives as well as our words—is: "If you're tired of being dead—JOIN US!"

ED. NOTE: This is the text of an address given by Miss Deming at St. Ignatius Hall in Baltimore on October 9th, during the trial of the Catonsville Nine. She is an editor of Liberation and the author of Prison Notes, published by Grossman, which Dwight Macdonald has described as "a classic of prison literature, comparable to The House of the Dead or The Enormous Room."

MILWAUKEE

(Continued from page 1)

\$30,000 range by Judge Christ T. Seraphim—"to keep them off the streets," as he put it.

We decided to fast the first week, in part to maintain in some small measure identification with the world's poor, those who fast involuntarily. And we hoped the fast would help us concentrate our attention on the strengthening of community. It was a good decision. Had it not been for the fast, and the intentions in which it was rooted, our stay might have become unbearable.

After the first night in separate cells, trying to sleep under bright lights on hardwood shelves without pillows or blankets, we were stuffed in a small room with seven bunks, all but two of them in poor condition, a seatless commode, three sinks, a card table and four steel chairs. But we rejoiced in the mattresses, sheets, pillows and blankets. After the first shivering night, it seemed like the Waldorf. The unbleached sheets had the smell of rising bread.

But we had reason to be apprehensive about our emotional resources in such unrelieved proximity to each other: people constantly together day after day behind a locked steel door, windows barred and with none of the usual tension-absorbing diversions: television, radio, cards, checkers; there were no pens and no paper, hardly enough space for pushups. We did have one New Testament, a novel by Kazantzakis and a collection of essays by Thomas Merton (Faith and Violence.) We had seminars together and Mike Cullen (of Milwaukee's Catholic Worker house, Casa Maria) taught us new songs, which we performed in hallways on our occasional pilgrimages to court and back. Brother Basil O'Leary (a Christian Brother, economist and theologian teaching in Wlona, Minnesota) and Father Anthony Mullaney (a psychologist and Benedictine priest of St. Anselm's in New Hampshire) led a discussion of the theology of hope. We began a nightly custom of one person relating the details of his life—fantastic adventures in Providence, experiences which, in the telling, drew us closer together each day.

The final welding of the first week came through crisis. A lawyer who had taken an active interest in our welfare and defense, an impressive man, much respected by Milwaukee movement people, proposed a defense which might have gotten half the group off on technicalities, taking advantage of evidence that would have placed responsibility on fewer shoulders. As there are no recognizable masochists among us, it was no small temptation to say yes. We hadn't brought our toothbrushes and waited for the paddy wagons because of an attraction to captivity. After the lawyer left, we watched the sunset thicken and make more impenetrable the windows' 14 bars. Sitting in the darkness—the lights not working—we tried for hours to talk our way through to a consensus.

All the reasons were exhumed for trying to beat the system at its own legal games. After all, didn't our action speak for itself? And in any event wasn't it obvious that no court would permit evidence and testimony which might indict the Selective Service system and the ends which it serves? Were it not for a few strong-willed holdouts, including a former law student, a guy who had lived and worked in Appalachia, and a bearded Marquette graduate student, our plans for a "we did it, we're glad" defense might now be an embarrassing memory.

I'm not sure how to describe what happened. We began to talk about Providence, courage and hope. Ned O'Gorman's poem was

quoted: "The secret is to risk disaster, hope for triumph and describe the forms of the Incarnation." We talked about the courtroom as an extension of the action and about maintaining community even in a courtroom. And we talked about fear—the temptation to see freedom in terms of mobility and elbow room. In the end we were not only home safe—which is to say, back in the lion's jaws—but fitted together as solidly as a cathedral arch, even more so at the fire's edge.

Now the fast is over and we're physically returning to normal. We've been moved to large quarters. (I share a cell with Doug Marvy, who used to teach Math at the University of Minnesota and who, while in the Navy, put in 13 months in the Antarctic.)

There has been a vigil every night. By climbing the bars we can get a glimpse of a banner which reads "We Support the Milwaukee 14". Faces are lit up by candles. One night they did various formations, as at a football halftime: an omega sign (the resistance symbol), a 14, a valentine. Andy, Doug's wife, danced. Several girls sang "Blowing in the Wind" and "America the Beautiful". One night Dick Gregory and Father Groppi led two thousand people here from Marquette from a rally. We woke up in the middle of the night, knowing nothing about the march, chant thundering down the streets. "Hell no, we won't go!" "Hell no! We won't go!" Another night about five hundred came, some of them fasting with us, and chanting "Thank you! Thank you!" Our faces are occasionally tear-stained. Now we take heart in the news that local peace groups are working to close down Milwaukee's induction center on Election Day.

What else to say? We've all been made new men these last few weeks. And we sense that our message is getting through. As one parochial-school student put it in a crayoned card to Father Alfred Janicke, a parish priest from Minneapolis, "People are more important than property." Another student wrote, "Happiness is doing what you think is right." (We are indeed happy.)

A nun wrote: "When I read the news and saw the picture, I thought first of the Boston Tea Party and the stir that must have caused among the law-abiding citizens of those days. For me at least you revived American tradition in the best sense. But I am especially grateful to you for making visible to me a new dimension of Christ . . . Though it is described, I find, in each of the Gospels, Christ's disruption of the profit-makers in the temple never really meant anything to me before, nor did it occur to me what a scandal it must have been, perhaps even to his own disciples. Today our temple is flag and draft card . . . Thank you for what you have done. I hope I too can find the courage the service of life now demands."

Much love,
Jim Forest

P.S. Could you let people know that they can receive copies of our statement, news etc. from the Milwaukee 14 Defense Fund, P.O. Box 5405, Milwaukee, c/o Mrs. Linda Forest. People willing to make contributions for defense should notify Jennie Orvino, Treasurer, at the same address.

ED. NOTE: Mr. Forest is co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship and one of the fourteen clergymen and laymen who destroyed five thousand I-A files in Milwaukee on September 24th. As we go to press, we learn that all the defendants are now out on bail.