

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Paul VI on the Primacy of Charity

How could we fail to rejoice to see you in a brotherly gathering at the headquarters of Caritas Internationalis to study together paragraph 90 of the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World on the duty of the "universal Church . . . to spur the Catholic community to foster the development of poor regions and social justice among nations?"

There is no need before experts such as yourselves to stress the tragic inadequacy, both short and long term, of all programs of aid to less developed countries, whether by international agencies, national governments, or religious organizations.

What then should be done to fight against conditions of life in the world which are incompatible with human dignity? What should be done to prevent men from dying of hunger, to fill the chasm between possessor peoples and nations in misery, to establish the reign of justice in solidarity?

Experts will reply that nothing less will do than to change the worldwide economic and financial system, to seek out new sources of subsistence in a world still en friche (awaiting the plow) in the

evocative turn of phrase of one of them, to uncover new methods capable of multiplying productivity, to transform the mechanism of international trade—all this and still other things which are not within our competence but whose necessity we are anxious to stress, while congratulating all those working upon them efficaciously and unselfishly.

You are indeed in a good position to know that the Catholic Church cannot for her part aspire to spectacular action in this field. However, as we said before the General Assembly of the United Nations last Oct. 4: "We too would like to give the example, although the slimness of our means is inadequate to practical and quantitative needs. We intend to intensify the development of our charitable institutions to combat world hunger and fulfill world needs. In this way and in no other can peace be built."

What can the Church do? What more can she do except to show herself still again the tireless teacher and inspirer of the effort that is indispensable to solve an intolerable situation, a veritable affront in the face of humankind?

Given the task of bringing all men Jesus Christ's message of love and peace, she considers all as God's children, equal in human and supernatural dignity as persons who must feel themselves brothers one to another. And tirelessly she pursues the education of her sons, while pricking the conscience of all men.

So this seems to be the action to be taken: to make the facts better known in their dramatic extent, then to uncover their gigantic dimensions to help people see the means of remedying them, and above all to arouse a lively

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We are in need of a physician to be a medical director of our Farm Workers Clinic in Delano. This clinic is being planned as part of a self-help Co-op complex and needs a physician who is creative, energetic and dedicated to the ideals of bringing medical protection to the economically oppressed.

CESAR CHAVEZ
P. O. Box 130
Delano, Calif.

THE ENJOYMENT OF PEACE

By JIM McMURRY

In "The Great Carbuncle," one of his short stories published in *Twice-Told Tales*, Nathaniel Hawthorne describes the characters and emotions of seven men and one young woman as unfolded in their search for an immense precious stone ("the great carbuncle") fabled to be hidden in the White Mountains of New England. Early in the story, as they prepare to make camp for the evening, each member of the party is asked his reason for seeking the great carbuncle and what he will do with it should he be so lucky as to find it. During the course of the conversation, one of the characters of the story (who remains nameless) turns to another (also nameless) and asks, "What say you our friend in the bearskin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking the Lord knows how long among the Crystal Hills?" And the answer: "How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it; that folly has passed long ago. I keep up the

search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength, the energy of my soul, the warmth of my blood and the pith and marrow of my bones."

The state of mind Hawthorne here describes is not unusual in human history; no, it is not unusual for the act of pursuit (whatever form it take) to come to possess a greater importance in the minds of men than that which is sought, than that which originally motivated the pursuit but which in the end has become a mere excuse either for brute senseless passion or mere vanity. Such, as must be evident to every reflective man, is the state of affairs today as regards the world's pursuit of peace. The pursuit—and the form it takes is war and violence—has become the guiding passion and occupation of the human race, either through active military life or work in defense plants and the production of military weapons, aircraft, missiles and the like; or

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PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher
MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:

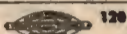
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, RITA CORBIN (art), NICOLE d'ENTREMONT, EDGAR FORAND, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH, CHRISTOPHER S. KEARNS, WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWBRER, HELEN C. RILEY, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEVSKI.

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

After finishing this column news comes to me by phone that Nicole d'Entremont (one of our editors), Terry Becker, Diane Feeley and Raona Millikin (who is engaged to Jim Wilson) are all in the Women's House of Detention, serving five-day sentences for their civil disobedience. Nicole and Diane, who refused to take bail, served an additional three days after their arrest. Whether or not our readers approve of the disobedience which brought about the arrest, which was a sit-down on Fifth Avenue in front of the Armed Forces Day parade, it is certain that visiting the prisoner is one of the works of mercy enjoined upon us by our Lord Jesus Christ. In several countries, Brazil, Belgium and Switzerland, the little Sisters of Jesus of Charles de Foucauld live in prisons for varying periods, to share the life of the prisoners, to lighten in some small way the heavy burden of misery. Just as the conscientious objectors who worked in mental hospitals during the war did something to improve the conditions of those hospitals, if only by their compassionate kindness, so these Catholic Worker prisoners who see in their brothers and sisters the suffering Christ, are helping to lighten the sum-total of anguish in the world. They are reminders, they are news, good news, of another world. They are the gospel in other words, and carrying it to its ultimate meaning, they are the Word, they are other Christs. They would be abashed to think of themselves in this way, but I am speaking in terms of the ideal, unashamedly and unafraid of ridicule saying what we would want to be.

Saul Alinsky spoke last month of how difficult it is to know what poverty is really like, even by going to jail to be a prisoner for a time. It is true that we must take ourselves as we are, and recognize that with our education, our families, our backgrounds, it is impossible for us to know what destitution really is. But by attempting at self-discipline, reducing our wants, curbing our constant self-indulgence, learning what it means to work by the sweat of our brow, and by enduring the contempt and insult only too often met with, we are learning a kind poverty. When we do not recognize the importance ourselves as sons of God, when we do not in faith esteem ourselves and recognize the importance of our work, no matter how small it may seem, we are likely to be crushed by the criticism of others and take refuge in the do-nothing attitude. I once heard a psychiatrist say, man craves recognition more than food or sex and that when he does not get it he feels poor indeed. This is a real poverty to be endured. But it

is good to be considered a fool for Christ, as St. Paul said, remembering always the folly of the Cross.

I write these things, hoping still that next issue Nicole or Terry will write about their prison experience, the first for each of them.

Morton Sobell

It too often happens that our program of work and the energies that arise in a community of the poor like ours, keeps us from participating in all the meetings that are being held by groups to which we wish to give our support. One such meeting is the Morton Sobell meeting, to be held on Friday, June 17th, at 7 p.m. at the Hotel Sheraton-Atlantic, Broadway and 34th street, in New York.

This meeting marks the thirteenth year since the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Before the rally there will be a Truth Exhibit, with a dramatic display of new evidence now before the courts pointing to the innocence of Morton Sobell and the Rosenbergs. Those who cannot get to the meeting can write or wire Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, Justice Department, Washington, D.C., asking him to free Sobell or agree to a hearing on the new court motion.

We have written about the case before, but to those who are new readers we recommend the recent book published by Doubleday, *Invitation to an Inquest*, by Walter and Miriam Schneir. The Rosenbergs were executed on the charge that they were engaged in a conspiracy to transmit information relating to national defense, to the Soviet Union. Sobell was illegally convicted on the same charge. The New York Times reviewer of the Schneirs' book concluded: "There was not enough evidence to condemn the Rosenbergs to death. And I wonder if a jury would find them guilty and a judge sentence them to death if they were tried today." "This *Louis Post-Dispatch* said: "This book is disturbing reading for any American . . . Were the Rosenbergs victims of an era? This book at least establishes that the question needs to be answered." Sobell already spent sixteen years of a thirty-year sentence in prison, six of them in Alcatraz.

Prayer for Courage

I will never forget the evening the Rosenbergs were executed. There had been many appeals, and Pope Pius XII himself had asked for clemency. But it was the time of the Korean war hysteria, and feelings ran high. Picketing of the White House had led to counter-picketing by youths demanding their execution.

As the hour approached, it was unbearable to think of these

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The Legacy of Camilo Torres

"I am a revolutionary because I am a priest and because I am a Catholic . . . Every Catholic who is not a revolutionary, and is not on the side of the revolutionaries, lives in mortal sin." Such declarations had a more than rhetorical import when they came from the lips of Father Camillo Torres Restrepo, the Colombian "rebel priest," during the last year of his life. Father Torres, scion of an upper-class family, was chaplain at the University of Bogota, and had studied sociology at Louvain University (Belgium) and in the United States. His researches into the conditions of life of the Colombian peasantry, vast numbers of whom live in unspeakable squalor, and his experience in the radical student movement at the University caused his political views to move increasingly to the left. He became convinced that he must identify more closely with the peasants and their struggle against the economic oligarchy that perpetuates these conditions; last year, at his own request, he was relieved of his priestly duties and founded a broadly revolutionary movement, the United Front of the People. In February of this year, it was learned that Father Torres had been shot to death by government forces in the course of a skirmish with a guerilla band that he had been leading. He was thirty-seven years old at the time of his death.

Although Father Torres never abandoned his Catholic faith or accepted the philosophical premises of Marxism, he became convinced towards the end of his life that Catholics had a strict obligation to support the proletarian revolution and its demands for the complete overhaul of political and economic structures.

Whatever disagreements we might have with Father Torres regarding such matters as the efficacy of violence and the dangers of statism, we believe that the revolutionary attitude he exemplified will have somehow to be reflected in future Catholic social thought. His life and thought deserve serious study by all those who are concerned to see the "social teaching of the Church" mature and become relevant to the great part of the human population, especially in the "Third World," that is suffering from chronic degradation and oppression.

The following statement of principles by Father Torres was published in *BOHEMIA* (Havana) for January 21, 1966 and was translated for us by Mrs. Julia Lutsky, of Woodside, New York. The reader should also consult: "Death of a Rebel Priest" by Alexander W. Wilde, in *COMMONWEAL* for March 18, 1966 and "The Guerilla Priest" by Adolfo Gilly, in *RAMPARTS* for April 1966.

I think it important that my relationship with the Communist Party and its position within the United Front be absolutely clear in the minds of the Colombian people.

I have said that I am a revolutionary as a Colombian, as a sociologist, as a Christian, and as a priest. I consider that the Communist Party contains authentic revolutionary elements, and therefore I cannot be anti-Communist.

As a Colombian I am not anti-Communist, because anti-Communism tends to persecute non-conforming patriots, not all of whom are Communists and most of whom are poor.

As a sociologist, I am not anti-Communist, because in the Communist proposals to combat poverty, hunger, illiteracy, lack of housing and services for the people, we find efficacious and scientific solutions.

As a Christian, I am not anti-Communist, because I believe that anti-Communism implies a blanket condemnation of everything that the Communists defend.

As a priest, I am not anti-Com-

munist, because, although the Communists do not know it themselves, there may be many authentic Christians among them. If they are in good faith, they may have sanctifying grace, and if they have sanctifying grace and love their neighbor, they will be saved. My role as a priest, even when it is not in the exercise of the external cult, is to bring men to an encounter with God. The most effective way to do this is to encourage them to serve their neighbor in accordance with their consciences.

I do not intend to proselytize among my brothers the Communists or try to make them accept the dogma or practice the cult of the Church. I do want to see all men work in accordance with their consciences, sincerely seek truth, and love their neighbors.

I am prepared to struggle together with the Communists for common objectives: against the oligarchy and United States dominion, for the assumption of power by the popular class.

I do not want public opinion to identify me exclusively with the Communists, and I have therefore always tried to appear before it in the company not only of the Communists, but of all independent revolutionaries.

It is not important that the press insists on representing me as a Communist. I would rather follow my conscience than yield to the pressure of the oligarchy. I would rather follow the norms of the popes of the Church than those of the popes of our ruling classes. John XXIII authorized me to join in common action with the Communists when he said, in his encyclical *Pacem in Terris*:

It must be borne in mind, furthermore, that neither can false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin and destiny of the universe and of man be identified with historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or political ends, not even when these movements have originated from those teachings and have drawn and still draw inspiration therefrom. For these teachings, once they are drawn up and defined, remain the same, while the movements, working on historical situations in constant evolution, cannot but be influenced by these latter and cannot avoid, therefore, being subject to changes, even of a profound nature. Besides, who can deny that those movements, insofar as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?

It can happen, then, that a drawing nearer together or a meeting for the attainment of some practical end, which was formerly deemed inopportune or unproductive, might now or in the future be considered opportune or useful. But to decide whether this moment has arrived and also to lay down the ways and degrees in which work in common might be possible for the achievement of economic, social, cultural and political ends which are honorable and useful—these are the problems which can only be solved with the virtue of prudence, which is the guiding light of the virtues that regulate the moral life, both individual and social.

When the popular class takes over, thanks to the cooperation of all the revolutionaries, our people will discuss its religious orientation. The example of Poland shows us that socialism can be constructed without destroying the essence of Christianity. As a Polish priest has said: "We Christians have the obligation to contribute to the construction of a socialist state as long as we are allowed to worship God as we wish."

The convulsions produced by

the political, social and religious occurrences of recent times may have confused some Colombian Christians. At this decisive moment in our history, we who are Christians must remain firmly attached to the essential bases of our religion.

The principal tenet of Catholicism is love of one's neighbor. "He who loves his neighbor fulfills the law." (Rom. 13:8). If this love is to be authentic, it must seek to be effective. If beneficence, almsgiving, a few free schools, a few plans for homes, in short, what is known as charity, does not succeed in providing food for the hungry or in educating the masses, we must search out those means that will foster the well-being of the majority.

The privileged minority who are in power are not going to look for really effective means, because they would then be obliged to sacrifice their privileges. For example, it would be better for Colombia if capital were not taken out of the country in dollars but instead invested within the country to provide employment. But since the Colombian peso is constantly decreasing in value, those who have wealth and power are not going to prohibit the export of money.

It is necessary, therefore, to take power from the privileged minority and give it to the underprivileged majority. To effect this change rapidly is the essence of revolution. The revolution can take place peacefully, provided the minority does not offer violent resistance. The revolution, therefore, is the way to institute a government that will provide food for the hungry, clothe the naked, educate the ignorant, and fulfill the laws of charity about loving one's neighbor, not just in occasional or transitory ways, and not just for some but for the vast majority of our neighbors.

It follows that revolution is not only permissible, it is obligatory upon all Christians who see in it the only effective and adequate means of realizing the love of all people. It is true that "there is no authority except from God" (Rom. 13:1), but St. Thomas says that the concrete attributes of authority come from the people. "When there is an authority that goes against the people, that authority is not legitimate, and it is called tyranny." We Christians can and must fight against tyranny. The present government is tyrannical, because only twenty per cent of the electorate supports it, and because its decisions emanate from a privileged minority.

The temporal defects of the Church should not scandalize us. The Church is human. The important thing to believe is that it is also divine, and that if we Christians fulfill the obligation to love our neighbor we are strengthening the Church.

I have renounced the duties and privileges of the clergy, but I have not ceased to be a priest. I believe that I have given myself over to the Revolution for love of my neighbor. I have stopped saying Mass in order to realize this love of neighbor on the temporal, economic and social terrain. When my neighbor has nothing against me, when the Revolution has been realized, I will again offer Mass, if God permits. I believe that in this way I am following the mandate of Christ:

"If you take your offering to the altar and there you remember that your brother has something against you, leave your offering before the altar and go. Reconcile yourself first with your brother and then come and present your offering."

After the Revolution we Christians will be aware that we have established a system which is based on love of one's neighbor. The struggle is long. Let us begin now . . .

CHRYSSTIE STREET

By PHIL MALONEY

The oppressive heat of the New York summer has hit Chrystie Street this week. Both patience and charity suffer somewhat, and there never seems to be a dull moment at our house of hospitality. The seasonal problems have been compounded by a temporary shortage of staff members. Bill George, a hard and dependable worker, has returned home to Ohio before continuing his college education at Saint Michael's in Toronto. Kathy Nackowski, who shaped up the women's clothing room, has returned to Salt Lake City for a month's visit with her family. Dave and Cathy Miller have moved to the Catholic Worker farm at Tivoli. Chris Kearns, still waiting for the government to wrap up final details for his alternative service, has returned from the hospital after minor surgery. Last, but certainly not least, our office manager and associate editor, Walter Kerell, is on a month's vacation, after five years of service without a break.

Nicole d'Entremont has also returned from a vacation: five days at the Women's House of Detention. Nicole, along with fifty others, was arrested at the Armed Forces Day parade for sitting down on the parade route.

The work of the house has fallen on fewer shoulders, but in many ways a high peak of efficiency has been reached. Under the capable direction of Tom Hoey, the May issue of the paper was mailed out in an unusually short time. Tom has also become a cook in the present duress.

Jim Lawrence, a diocesan seminarian from Burlington, has also contributed mightily to the upkeep of the house. Besides performing many of the regular tasks, he has also washed the walls of the dining room and cleaned up the waiting room for the men of the soup line.

Roy Llsker, under indictment for draft card burning, has been working in the office with Darwin Pritchett and Smokey Joe. For the first time in many months, the filing and stencilling is up to date.

Sharon Buckley, a student at LeMoyné College in Syracuse, has also joined the staff at Chrystie St. Sharon will work at the storefront project for the neighborhood children which was initiated by Cathy Miller.

Besides our new staff members, much of the work is done by visitors who come from various parts of the United States as well as New York City. Recent visitors have included priests and seminarians from Illinois, college girls from California, Jesuit scholastics from Nativity Mission, and students from local high schools and colleges. Many of these visitors help in the kitchen for an afternoon or perform other useful chores.

Russian Mike and Keith repaired the roof after it fell through in two places. Our building shows many other signs of disrepair and we will be happy when we find new quarters.

Millie reports that the Thursday night AA meetings are progressing slowly but surely. The group remains small, and passers-by from the Bowery tend to harass it, but the meetings go on.

Pat Rusk and Mike Kovalak sold copies of the CW at a recent Lower East Side anti-war rally. Among the speakers were A. J. Muste, Lincoln Lynch, Rev. Michael Allen, and City Councilman Ted Welss, candidate for Congress, who is opposed to America's foreign policy.

Standing out in front of Raters selling Catholic Workers, Pat saw the garbage men rolling barrels of bread and rolls to the trucks; and went into the restaurant to ask the manager if he could give his left-over bread to the Worker.

A deal was made to get the bread at 8 o'clock in the mornings.

Recent speakers at the Friday night meetings have been: Jim Wilson, who led a discussion on Christians and Pacifism; Bob Berk, who gave a very good talk on the ministry of Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village; Ed Egan, who spoke on War, Sex, and Ethics; and Dorothy Day, who spoke on the Green Revolution.

Tony, Chuck, and Tom remain in the hospital. Tony is due for release in the near future, but the other two will need further care. Pete Kurkel and Al Whitehead visit the men each night and bring them tobacco and good cheer.

It is impossible to read this column without thinking that these details are rather petty and not of much interest to the average reader of the paper. Yet it is precisely these details that form us each day. The work of a house of hospitality molds us by confronting us daily with what Judge Weinfeld (who convicted Jim Wilson of a draft-card burning charge) called the driftwood of society. These are the people who teach us how to love each day, and as we try to grow in this love, we are led to reject the realities of our society which are impediments to love: war and hate. People who send money "for the soup line, not for your way-out activities" do not realize that the same motivation which impels us to do this work also impels us to speak out against war and injustice everywhere.

Pope Paul Speaks

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awareness of the new obligation that flows from the universal brotherhood of men.

The goods and fruits of this world have been created for everyone. No one, whether an individual or a community, has the right to reserve them exclusively for himself, and all, on the contrary, have the serious duty of putting them at the service of all.

In doing this the Christian will not forget the progress for which he is working, motivated by justice and charity. What is at issue is true human progress. What is to be constructed is a civilization of universal solidarity. It is not only a matter of reducing the shocking growing inequality that puts 15% of mankind in possession of 85% of the world's income. It is not only a question of technical and economic development to be set in motion. But what is at issue is the promotion of an integral and harmonized development of the human person that will enable everyone to lead a life in keeping with his dignity as a being created "to the image and likeness of God" (Genesis 1,26).

Such are the vast horizons that open up before you, venerable brothers and beloved sons, to respond to the world's expectation. May Christ, Who "had pity on the multitude" (Mark 8,2) bless your endeavors, and may the light of His Spirit guide you in your work so that all children of God may more fully live as sons of the same Father. This is the grace we implore in giving you our fatherly apostolic blessing.

"We have required a super-human patience of the American Negro, and, when this has proved too much for his tortured person, we have been dismayed because he has answered with an excess of agitation our longer excesses of neglect. The next move must be ours, not his."

RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

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

Buddhist Monk Wages Peace

By NICOLE d'ENTREMONT

Thich Nhat Hanh, a chief spokesman for peace among Vietnamese Buddhist monks, stood in front of the burlesque lights of the TV cameras at the Church Center for the UN in the middle of May, while reporters jockeyed for positions and adjusted microphones. He had come simply to tell the American people of the torture of his people, who, for the past twenty years, have been caught in relentless wars. This act of speaking out could cost him his life, since the law of Premier Ky states that any Vietnamese who speaks aloud for peace may be executed in the Saigon market place. Yet, as Thich Nhat Hanh said on that warm May morning, "I cannot be afraid. I have the example of the Venerable Quang Duc and the other of my colleagues who have burned themselves to death to protest what happens in my country. My sacrifice is small." I felt such combination of emotions upon listening to Thich Nhat Hanh. I immediately wanted everyone to hear him, because he was like none of the others. He had no political axe to grind and he spoke of people, not ideologies. Also he was a scholar by temperament more fitted for scholarly research than for militantly opposing government policy, so that I knew that it must have taken great conviction and psychological courage for this shy man to face the barrage of questions that came to him and the unending sessions with religious leaders, students, and everyday people.

Professor Robert Browne, of Fairleigh Dickinson University, one of the people responsible for bringing Thich Nhat Hanh to this country, spoke of his friendship with him and how they first met during the summer of '63 in New York where Thich Nhat Hanh was studying and lecturing at Columbia University, a true recluse, immersed in manuscripts written in Sanskrit, Pali and Chinese. During that summer the self-immolation of the Venerable Quang Duc naturally touched Thich Nhat Hanh deeply and, as the only Vietnamese Buddhist monk here in the United States he was moved to assist in the struggle of his co-religionists in whatever way he could.

When I met him he had been in New York for about ten months, but in that time he had left the precincts of the Columbia campus not more than two or three times. "According to Prof. Browne he knew virtually nothing of this city nor its institutions. "But, in the ensuing six months, by the time of Diem's overthrow, his knowledge of the secular world around him was astonishing. He was organizing documentation for the UN, giving public talks and engaging in other such activities. One day, shortly after Pres. Diem's overthrow, I was with Nhat Hanh when he received an urgent cable from Saigon requesting him to return home to assume a role in the reconstruction of Vietnamese society. Although I do not recall the precise wording a portion of the message said, essentially, there is so much that you can do for our people that I am unable to do. The cablegram was signed Tri Quang." Thich Nhat Hanh did re-

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A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The horse chestnut trees, standing tall and impressive along the back entrance to our farm with a view, were in full flower for the great feast of the Holy Trinity, which fell this year on the first Sunday in June. Walking one June afternoon under their fragrant shade, I heard the sonorous hum of innumerable honey-seeking bees, like the reverberating tones of a cathedral organ choiring the glory of God.

At Mass at St. Sylvia's on Holy Trinity Sunday, a visiting priest spoke to us of the mystery and wonder of the Triune God, a mystery and wonder which shall remain no matter how far man pushes his knowledge of the material universe. The priest reminded us that this great mystery is one which we not only share but are also called upon to glorify. For are we not part of the Mystical Body, sons of God, temples of the Holy Ghost? It seems a wonderful and noble destiny. Then I remembered that when we prayed for the souls of the dead, the priest had mentioned the name of a young man from a nearby community who had died fighting in Vietnam, and I thought of the horror of that war where so many Americans have died, and where so many Americans have inflicted death on so many of their fellow human beings. I thought of the Buddhist monks and nuns who had chosen to burn themselves to death in protest against the action of our government, our military force, our President. I thought too of the selfishness, hostility, and fear which cause most of us to move through life as on a battle field rather than as followers of Him who taught us to love our enemies and to seek the kingdom of God. In a kind of desperation I thought of the Agnus Dei. I was glad that God is not only mysterious and wonderful but also merciful. Against the overwhelming thought—Who can know the mind of God?—one must pray. Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Yet for those of us fortunate enough to live in this particular part of the Hudson River Valley, this present month of June can hardly seem other than a month of hope. The glad songs of orioles, robins, wrens, warblers, proclaim it so. Underneath my feet the grass feels green and springy, like a living carpet. There seems a kind of frenetic activity in all nature, an urge to grow, to blossom, and finally to bear fruit. Here at the farm in these pre-conference days, there is a kind of frenetic activity, too, a rush to make ready for summer. John Filliger and Eric Marx have put in several days' hard work trying to prepare the swimming pool for the influx of summer visitors. Our pool is a source of healthy and pleasurable recreation, not only for us and for our visitors from the city but also for our neighbors—especially the children—from Tivoli. Since farming, which is John's principal concern, also makes heavy demands at this time of year, it is fortunate that David and Catherine Miller are with us; for both take an active interest in the land. Catherine, who is one of the most versatile and capable young women ever to help us, has proved a source of strength in many phases of the work.

For the routine work of kitchen, housekeeping, general maintenance, chauffeuring, and mail we must thank: Hans Tunnesen, Rita Corbin, Alice Lawrence, Mike Sullivan, Joe Cotter, Fred Lindsay, Joe Ferry, Hugh Madden, George Collins, Arthur Sullivan, Jim Canavan Bob Stuart, and Arthur J. Lacey. John McKeon has not only helped with the dishwashing but also continued to assist Marty with the driving and office work. We are so grateful to some of our visitors—Barbara Raggl, Eileen

Murray, and Cecilia Paul—for cleaning and putting in order the large annex (which, for lack of a better word, we still call the casino) which we use as a summer dormitory. In a community like ours, where there are no paid workers, where much of the work is done by persons who are neither young nor very well, visitors who can and do help are much appreciated.

In view of the hard work ahead, it is fortunate indeed that Catherine Lynch has returned to join our community; for she has already proved that she can really help in many phases of the work.

During recent weeks we have had our share of illness. Dorothy Day returned from her trip suffering from sciatica. Several of us have had colds and flu. Alice Lawrence has just returned from two weeks in the hospital. Thanks to the able and willing help of Jim Canavan, she may perhaps be induced to continue resting for a time, as the doctor suggested. Both Agnes Sidney and Joe Cotter have not been so well. Tom Murray suffered such an acute attack of bronchitis that he went to New York City to consult a family physician. These present beautiful June days, however, should bring new strength and health to everyone.

Although we have had many visitors throughout recent weeks, Memorial Day weekend brought us the most. It was good to see old friends: Marge Hughes and Johnny, who was a much bigger boy than we remembered; Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner; Ed Turner with his son Tommy; Paul Mann; Jim Wilson, Isidore Fazio; Joe and Audrey Monroe; Mr. and Mrs. Irving Rosenberg, with their children and some friends from New York City. There are many more whose names I cannot recall; and as always we have enjoyed visits from seminarians and novices who have been much help with our Sunday afternoon discussions. At present we have a guest from England: Catherine Milder's mother, Mrs. Swann.

Although we have enjoyed several round-table discussions on recent Sunday afternoons, the high point for most of us was Dorothy Day's talk on her return from her Midwest speaking trip. Whatever her subject, Dorothy always seems able to bring one to a sharper confrontation with the Catholic Worker way of life, and to instill a sense of hope and encouragement. We are glad that Dorothy is again at home with us and hope that our June sun will improve her sciatica. Our heterogeneous community, with its disparate tastes and backgrounds, its tensions and hostilities, always seems more of a true family when Dorothy is with us.

The thunder showers of afternoon have left the long June evening washed and fresh. My room is filled with the fragrance of sweet clover which Dorothy Day picked and brought to me on Holy Trinity Sunday. The sun fades beyond the mountains, though several birds still rhapsodize. Through my open windows I hear the happy voices of children seeking a final romp before bedtime, and the conversational tones of adults talking on the lawn. Soon the last twittering chimney swift will drop into its chimney home in the old mansion. Bird rhapsodies will give way to high thin cricket music, which will sound throughout the night. The days of June, long but too swiftly passing, commingle the best of Spring and early summer. It is the month of roses, the month of the Sacred Heart.

"Sanctity consists in taking our Lord's words literally. We do Him a grave injustice and ourselves much harm when we do not do so."

—Cardinal Mercier

THE ENJOYMENT OF PEACE

(Continued from page 1)

simply, as is the case with so many people in this country, by unconsciously wanting and drawing security from the fact that a war is being successfully waged by our men in another country, and thus somehow insuring that it will never reach us and disturb what we call our peace, which is actually a false peace, fraught with all the fear and precariousness of vanity.

That war and violence, under the guise of the pursuit of peace, can become a passion and a necessity to men is perhaps most obvious in the case of professional military officers, or such officers as have retired into politics. War is their business, and like all men in office and in positions of authority, they do not wish to see themselves become superfluous; therefore their actions and decisions are determined by policies which will insure that this does not happen. But even in the case of those men and women who seek to establish peace by nonviolent and peaceable means, among whose number we all hope to count ourselves, there still remains the possibility and the danger of falling in love with and living off the pursuit, and not the goal—of being caught up in the thrill and excitement of a great crusade for peace and nonviolence, and never or seldom really taking time to enjoy peace, to rest and delight in the goal. To be so restless as never to be able to enjoy peace, what a curse that would be! But what if all strife and injustice were to vanish from the world, and with them all poverty and want and all manner of things which are as they ought not to be and which now so sorely need to be remedied? What would we do then? What would we do? Of course that would be heaven; yet that is where we are headed, and a sudden and unexpected arrival there ought not to be of the nature of a great calamity. Shall we ever be happy in heaven—without a cause to live and die for? When there is peace without end dripping from every cloud of the new heaven and soaking like a wet spring rain into every inch of land of the new earth, will we at last be content? Let us hope so. For really we ought to love for its own sake and be well acquainted with—to have heard and seen and touched with our hands—that peace which we so earnestly recommend to every man and nation. So perhaps it would be good from time to time to spend half an hour, or an hour, or a whole day even (or a lifetime if you dare!) in the enjoyment of peace.

In Search of Peace

Yesterday I went outside to look for peace. It was a bad thing to do; I should have gone out to enjoy peace. But I didn't, because I had been in the house all day and could not find peace there, what with the narrowness of my room, the wind that had been blowing all morning and had only just begun to die down, the half-cooked rice that had been my lunch, the fact that my immediate plans for the future—whether or not I shall remain to live here—are as yet unsettled, and the thought that there are perhaps half a dozen people in the near vicinity who do not fully approve of me, of my existence, and whose existence, at least in its present form, I guess I am not yet able to accept fully either, or at least unconditionally.

So I went outside to look for peace, to escape the restless questioning and seeking an uneasiness of my own heart; down the road I went a piece, and then up across a hillside planted with young evergreens and into a thick woods until I came to a small level clearing within the woods half way up the hillside, a clearing carpeted with short yellow grass and several flat mossy rocks (under which are ants), surrounded by the black trunks of eight or nine large oak

trees, behind which a thick growth of pines screened in the entire area. The sun filtered down through the bare branches of the trees onto the yellow grass and rocks, the wind blew a little, and a woodpecker screeched once nearby. Surely here was peace. I sat down. Peace was here, but not for me. It lay all over the yellow grass, it was in the strength of the oak trunks and in the lightsome flickering of the sun, it flitted with the wind through the pine branches all about, but it would not come into me. I could see it and hear it, but I could not touch it: as though some barrier, though only glass, had been erected between us. But at least I was consoled that peace was, even if today it could not be for me.

So I got up from there and wandered through the woods, until I came out on the top of a high hill overlooking two valleys, beyond which could be seen two long merging mountainous ranges of hills; and then closer at hand, and on a more humble scale, just where I had come out of the woods, was a very small pond dug out in which the deer might drink. It was about a stone's throw away, so I threw a stone—high into the air in the direction of the pond; then I waited. And into the immense silence that unperceived was all about (and it was peace), the sound of a single splash, perhaps the only splash heard in the universe yesterday, was received. So peace was out here too, making love with the pond.

The sun was now very warm, and as the top of this hill—which seemed like the top of the world—was covered with thick long-haired tufts of yellow grass, and such colossal clouds were passing unnoticed and unappreciated overhead that I could not resist. So, despite the rain in April, I lay down upon the ground on the flat of my back and soon thought never to get up again; for peace seemed to be drawing nearer. The biggest cloud I've ever seen was just then immediately overhead; its upper half was gloriously white and billowy as it caught the late afternoon sun, and its slowly shifting folds and shining crevices seemed to disclose innumerable hidden paradises; but its bottom was very dark and flat, and gave the cloud as a whole the appearance of great weightiness. I wondered what would happen if it suddenly fell from the sky and landed on me. But it didn't. Instead it sailed on into the eastern sky, pulling its skirts in closer about it as it went, leaving an empty blue arc above me.

I rolled my head to the left and there above the woods was a cloud that resembled a cherub, with a head like a bulldog and a sack on its back like a mailman. I rolled my head to the right, and there over the valley was a cloud that looked like a dead dinosaur lying on its back with its feet sticking up into the air.

I rolled my head again to the left and now looked at the woods. How tall and graceful the pines and oaks looked from this low vertical angle, how paradisaic and quieting to an uneasy heart. And I knew that peace had made a wedge in the barrier that had been separating us. Each year it seems to take longer (though I know the opposite is true), this piercing and healing. Peace, I was made for peace!

But my curiosity getting the best of me, I sat up quickly and looked at the woods from a more normal angle: a drab woods it was, compared to the wonderland I had just been beholding. So I lay back down and rolled my head again to the left. Ah, paradise was still there! Who knows, perhaps this is the way we were meant to look at woods, perhaps this is the real world! But back to peace—

Only a few fine airy clouds were now passing overhead, and when I closed my eyes the world became

a soft warm golden light, shining everywhere, as though without a particular source. Nothing to chase after, nothing to flee from, all that is good and beautiful all about and near, and peace without measure. Then as I lay there did I perceive that there is at the heart of reality, that the heart of reality is, a good will and a kind encouragement in our regard. Ah, blessed thought that came as peace passed through the center of my heart and stretched beyond while yet remaining! And this we call God.

What matter if I am undecided whether or not I will live my life in these surroundings. Perhaps I shall, or perhaps it will not work out; but I need not vacillate between these two, for the very state of indecision is now reality for me—this at least is sure: that there exists a state of indecision—, so I may rest in my forced and temporary indecision and enjoy peace to the full, sure that this good will in my regard will manifest itself one way or the other in due time. And what if there are some people with whom as yet I cannot come to a mutual understanding and acceptance? Will not this kind encouragement within all things soon draw us to one another as it eases fear out of our hearts? For what is love but the mutual en-



joyment of the peace of one another's hearts, of God whom we bear within ourselves and show to one another?

Green Pastures

A bird is singing somewhere in this golden light. The heavens are glad today, this afternoon, and the earth is too. Now where is peace? Peace is nowhere—not here, not there, not out in the desert, not in the inner chamber—for peace is everywhere. Were it not so, the young and tender blades of grass and clover which the past few days have begun to give the pastures a light green cast would not dare to come up out of the earth, nor would the deer venture out of the woods to graze in the open fields. Oh, how foolish it was of me to come out here in search of peace! Had I but believed in this great and kind regard at the heart of reality, had I not doubted, peace could have been mine all morning too—but it may yet be mine all the rest of today, and tomorrow, and every day. Peace, we are not to seek peace, we are to bear witness to peace, to that blessed atmosphere which this good will in our regard bears with itself and shares with all who believe in it, the way the sky bears the warm sun and shares it with all who come out into the light.

But men no longer believe in this good will, in this love which from within them looks upon them, encourages their most secret desires, runs ahead of them racing them to the happiness they are seeking, with great respect touches their sore and suspicious

hearts and invites them to freedom and to fellowship with all men and women, with all creation. But this they no longer believe in, and so they fear and become circumspect, they distrust, they begin ever to expect the worse, which in turn they try to prevent; and so, unsure whether that which lies before them is for their good or against them, desperately putting aside indecision and possibility, they kill and destroy it. And in so doing they destroy all hope of peace and the enjoyment of peace, for true peace is experienced only when one trusts and loves despite the presence of some menacing threat.

And so as I lay there it all came home to me, the meaning of those different words of Scripture where it says that God sent Jesus Christ to us "to announce the glad tidings of peace" (Acts 10.36); and that we have heard from Jesus "the word of truth, the glad tidings of our salvation," and, believing in what he has announced to us, we are "sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise who is the earnest of our inheritance" (Eph 1.13-14); and how John the Baptist was to prepare for the mission of Jesus by foretelling "the salvation of His people in the forgiveness of their sins through the tender mercy of our God when the day shall dawn upon us from on high to give light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." (Lk 1.77-79)

In the Old Testament men were told to seek peace and pursue it, and they looked forward to the kingdom of heaven; but Jesus came announcing peace, announcing that the kingdom of God was now among us, within us, all about us. If men are slow to believe His announcement, these glad tidings, it is with good reason, for man knows that he is a sinner, one who has often sinned, often chosen not the good but the despicable and has thus lost contact with reality and is no longer sure whether reality be for him or against him. But this is precisely what Jesus means when He tells us to believe in Him. He announces the forgiveness of our sins, He tells us that reality is for us and that at the heart of reality there is a good will towards us which we cannot so offend as to turn it against us. Both in His life and in His words, Jesus reveals God to us as suffering love and forgiveness. And so He gives us—gives us!—a peace that is true; not like worldly peace, which men try to establish by violence, which depends upon circumstances and needs to be defended, but the peace He himself enjoys—because "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." (John 16.32) Therefore He says, "Peace I leave you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world gives do I give. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." (John 14.27)

Token of Faith

Peace then, peace in one's own heart, and a shared peace of heart among men, is the sign and fruit of faith in the Gospel of Christ. But Jesus himself so often met with lack of faith, as when the storm arose at sea as He slept in the boat. His apostles cried out to Him; so He arose and rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, "Peace! Be still!" And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. But then He turned to His disciples and said to them, "Why are you afraid? Have you no faith?" So even to pray too earnestly is a lack of faith! Jesus wants us to believe in the Father's love and care for each and all of us (and most blessed is he who believes when he does not see); He wants us to be still and at peace because there is every reason to be still and at peace. This is the faith He asks. And when the Son of man returns at the end of the

world, do you think He will find faith upon the earth?

The apostles might have drowned in that storm at sea. That means this faith and the peace it brings us into contact with cannot be had without the acceptance of death. Death—this thought made me wonder whether that rustling sound I heard just in back of my head might perchance be a passing rattle snake, for we have rattle snakes here (or so they say, though I have traced through every woods and across every field for near a year now and not seen a one). The rustling stops, and then begins, and then stops. Probably just the wind which is increasing again. Probably . . . But this peace, I cannot leave it to get up and look. For such an hour as this it would be a little price to be bitten by a rattle snake when the hour was up. Had I feared some snake I could never have lain down here to enjoy peace. Yes death, even death by violence, must first be accepted before we can enjoy peace. Death is sure to come; so why fear death and defend our lives with violence, when this will only postpone death and rob as well our lengthened lives of the peace we seek to enjoy? Let me die at the end of a single hour of peace, a single moment of peace—for peace is of such a nature that to enjoy it at any given moment is to be lifted up and made conscious that your inmost being transcends and embraces all time and that you cannot ever be tossed to and fro, because all things take place within you.

Men must first learn that death does not end life but is actually a part of life, life's final stage of development. Yet I wonder, and even doubt, whether I could really remain at peace in the face of violence either from men or beasts, and this saddens me. But then I am consoled and encouraged by these other words of Christ: "Do you now believe? The hour is coming, indeed it has come, when you will be scattered, every man to his own home, and will leave me alone . . ." But He adds: "I have said this to you that in me you may have peace. In the world you have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (John 16.31,33). This sadness which comes upon us at the thought of our inability to believe and to be at peace is our tribulation in the world; and yet we may be of good cheer, for Christ has overcome the world, and as often as we admit our sin of unbelief He sends His good Spirit into us to console and strengthen us. The Fathers of the Church, from the earliest to the last of them, saw the Holy Spirit as the love and peace of God brought from the Father to mankind by Christ.

To the Clouds

The wind is blowing harder, the sun is almost down, and it's getting cold lying here. But let me admire the clouds a few moments more before I return home. I open my eyes and lo, four round billowy clouds are passing overhead in formation. Another verse from the Scriptures comes to mind, this time from the Psalms: "Thy steadfast love, O Lord, extends to the heavens, Thy faithfulness to the clouds" (Ps. 36.5). Thy faithfulness . . . to the clouds! I cannot reach that far, I stretch up my hand as far as I can just to see. No, I don't even come near. How little we are—and His faithfulness extends to the clouds! We know not even what happiness is, what peace is, and joy; and yet we take up arms and violence to seek out and defend these.

And all the while there is One at the heart of reality, watching over us with faithful care, drawing us on to that which we long for without being able to name. We have been engaged in fighting for peace for so long that we have forgotten what peace is. We are so on guard

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THE LAST INDIAN WAR

By ROBERT D. CASEY

America's westernmost Indian tribes are now making what may well be their last stand against the never-ending encroachment and aggression of their white neighbors. Along the banks of the Nisqually River a band of pathetically outnumbered Indians, who have the same name as the river are waging a bitter and bloody series of battles against the police power of the State of Washington.

It all began way back in 1854, when the President of the United States sent out his official emissary to negotiate treaties between the North West Indian tribes and the Federal Government. (Actually, to spread a thin veneer of legality over the theft of their lands, which was already occurring in the Oregon Territory, as it had occurred everywhere else in the country.) It was necessary to do this prior to the granting of statehood to Oregon and Washington, for no state's constitution can be formed, or any legal foundation for statehood arrived at, unless the title to the land is securely vested in the hands of the Federal Government itself. (Americans have always displayed a fine taste for legality—no matter how you steal a thing, in the end make it look legal.)

These negotiations followed the usual pattern, a take-it-or-leave-it choice, with the whites themselves drawing up the entire document. It was called the Medicine Creek Treaty, and was signed on December 26, 1854. The Nisqually, Puyallup, Muckleshoot, and allied tribes gave up their homeland—millions of acres, today worth billions of dollars—retaining only a very small reservation to live on and their rights to fish and hunt on this reservation and their other traditional sites to perpetuity. These tribes were all "fishing Indians," and fishing is the way most of them still make their living today.

The current assault on these—the last of the Indians living a way of life that is natural to them—was legally triggered by an injunction issued last year by a local court in Tacoma. Judge John Cochran set aside the hundred-year-old treaty and forbade the Nisquallies to fish in their treaty rivers. This was done at the behest of the state's Game and Fisheries Department.

It is extremely questionable whether any state judge has the legal power to set aside or nullify a treaty drawn up between the Federal Government and the "Indian Nations," upon which the very foundation of Washington's statehood is based. Only an Act of Congress can revoke treaty commitments, but the law never seems to apply to Indians as it does to others.

Early Provocation

Following this injunction a series of clashes occurred, the first on October 7th. Two Indians were tending their nets when the state game wardens came up the Nisqually in their big power boat and, without warning, rammed the Indians' frail canoe. Both fishermen were spilled into the ice-cold and dangerous river. Fortunately, they made it safely to shore, despite the heavy winter gear they were wearing.

The next clash was more serious and led to a near race riot. Late at night the Game Department's police cornered two teen-aged Indian boys on a log jam out in the middle of the stream. Word flew out, and the Nisquallies came from all directions. The police were now the cornered ones and the enraged Indians wouldn't let them escape. Fights erupted everywhere, and emergency calls were sent for reinforcements. Every available unit of the Thurston County Sheriff's Office, the Pierce County Sheriff's Office, the State

Patrol, and even the Fort Lewis Military police—sub-machine guns and all—were eventually called out. Finally, Thurston County Sheriff Clarence A. Van Allen, long a friend of the Nisquallies, talked them into calling it a stalemate. The police withdrew, and the boys weren't arrested.

On October 13th, the Nisquallies held a widely publicized token fishing demonstration, intended to form the basis of a legal challenge to the state injunction. The scene was Federal Trust land that the Indians had liberally decorated with No Trespassing signs. They had invited all the news media in the area as well as qualified observers from interested organizations. State game police watched impassively from both sides of the river. The near force, by Frank's Landing, consisted of about forty well-armed men; a similar group was on the far side of the river. The Nisqually Indians numbered exactly 27, eight of them men, the rest women and children.

The boat itself had six occupants: two Indian fishermen, two of their small boys, the family's dog, and a newspaper cameraman. At the prearranged signal they went out on the Nisqually and began to lower their net. At this point the police on the far side of the river yelled, "Get 'em," and a group of their men emerged from the underbrush with two big power boats. Without attempting arrests of any kind, they simply raced into and rammed the Indians' boat, spilling all of the occupants into the winter-high Nisqually. (At no time during the entire incident did the police ever tell anyone he was under arrest or present even the semblance of a warrant.)

The Indians on the beach at Frank's Landing, now thoroughly incensed by the actions of the game police, who had turned their peacefully intended legal test of a point of law into an excuse to beat up and terrorize Indians, now began pelting the police boats with everything they could lay their hands on. The force of wardens on Frank's Landing closed in on the beach and the fighting became general. The Nisquallies, though badly outnumbered, gave a good account of themselves. Those in the water, including the cameraman, made it to shore, where the police jumped them.

Eventually six Indians were arrested, all pretty badly worked over. The violence continued in the squad cars, but the newsmen were kept away from them and could verify nothing. Later that evening, there was a further clash at Frank's Landing and two more Indians wound up in jail.

The top officials of the Game and Fisheries Department, Walter Neubrich and Robert Josephson, were on the scene and personally directed operations. After it was all over, Neubrich told reporters: "Our men are not trained in riot control, but I was proud of the way they handled this." Two days earlier, when questioned by reporters about the coming test of the Tacoma court's injunction, the State Fisheries Director, Thor Thollefson, had told newsmen that no unusual law-enforcement measures would be used. Everyone had assumed that the state would simply take down names, make arrests, and proceed to the courts.

Fortunately for the Nisquallies, this particular battle had been carefully observed and photographed by a small army of competent observers. These people told of the arrival of a large force of police, carrying nightsticks, long seven-cell flashlights (totally unnecessary in the bright sunshine, but formidable weapons), and at least one blackjack, which the Indians succeeded in taking away from its user. (It is now in the possession of one of their attorneys.)

The later encounter that evening was witnessed by a capable observer, Dr. Evans Roberts, of the American Friends Service Committee, who reported that he had smelled whiskey on the police, and that one of the officers had stuck a nightstick into his belly and challenged his right to be present. The Quaker had stuck to his guns and stayed.

State Representative Hal Wolfe, of Yelm (the district in which the fighting took place), told newsmen that Frank's Landing "has been used by the Indians as their fishing grounds for as long as they can remember. . . . I'm not sure, but in my mind Gestapo police tactics have been used against the Indians."

Parris Emery, a sixty-nine-year-old television cameraman, was one of the few in a good position to take pictures of the entire attack and of an Indian being held by officers while others systematically worked him over. When the state game guards spotted Emery photographing it all, they proceeded to rough him up.

Another newsmen, Darrel Houston, of radio station KIXI, was threatened with arrest by Ed Sardarov, of the State Fisheries Department, when he attempted to get the name of an officer whom the Indians had accused of striking their children with either a lead weight or brass knuckles. This officer steadfastly refused to remove his hand from his pocket when surrounded by newsmen and asked to do so. They did get photographs of him hauling a young Indian girl around by her hair and striking her. Other children displayed marks that had obviously been made by something harder than a man's fists.

Another officer, walking behind an Indian being held by others, was observed hitting him in the small of the back with his club. When a photographer tried to get a picture of this, the other officers prevented him from taking a picture.

In a sworn statement, a qualified observer said, "They were like animals that smell blood. Their whole treatment of the Indians was cold, premeditated, cruel. Whereas the Indians' reaction was normal in the face of a situation where their peaceable legal test was being used as an excuse to terrorize them."

This statement pinpoints a basic difference between the current Negro revolt and the continuing Indian struggle. The Negro faces discrimination, which sometimes turns to race hatred, as he moves toward assimilation. The Indians have faced race hatred from the very outset, because they are desperately fighting to retain an Indian Way of Life. In fact, they despise much of white culture and the values of an avaricious white society.

No Liberals

On October 26th, the embattled western Washington Indians staged a protest demonstration in front of the Federal Court House in Seattle. Only about fifty people turned up, but the Stillaguamish tribe sent a banner, and some eastern Washington Indians were also present. Once again, the total absence of liberal, progressive, or left-wing whites underlined the basic difference between an Indian demonstration and a Negro demonstration. Whites simply do not support Indians. Whether they are politically left of center or John Birch Society members, they all reside upon lands taken from the Indian nations by force and violence, and they don't intend to return any part of them or make restitution in any way.

While Mrs. Chester Satiacum was leading this demonstration, her husband, the controversial, self-styled "chief" of the Puyallup

tribe, was doing a sixty-day jail sentence for illegal fishing. He had been instrumental in bringing screen actor Marlon Brando to an earlier Nisqually fish-in. The actor wasn't arrested, but later on Satiacum was.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs then announced that only the Federal Government had the power to regulate treaty fishing by the Indians. All three major parties to the dispute (the Indians, the State of Washington, and the Federal Bureau of Indian Affairs) said that they would welcome an early ruling by the Supreme Court.

The Nisquallies have all along contended that it is industrial pollution and the attendant evils of the white man's civilization that is destroying the fish runs, and not the Indians' own well-regulated fishing industry. As one of their attorneys, Malcolm S. McLeod, of Seattle, put it: "There is likely to be bloodshed. You can't deprive a people of their livelihood and expect them to take it lying down."

On November 4th, a Tacoma jury deadlocked over Chester Satiacum's trial for illegal fishing. The foreman told reporters that, after three hours of deliberation, there were still some "who said they were willing to hold out for a week, if necessary." The Puyallup Indian was freed. On November 9th, his wife was given a thirty-day suspended sentence, on the condition that she not fish again.

On November 23rd, the Nisquallies staged another fish-in. While some fifty Indians cheered from the beach, three men put a boat into the water and fished. State game police were on the far bank, but did not interfere. When questioned, the Governor had told reporters: "there aren't any fish in the river at this time of the year anyway," so the Nisquallies took particular delight in displaying their dugout canoe, with its nets full of fish, to newsmen. Among the observers this time were two Episcopalian clergymen, a college professor, and for the first time there were some Negro sympathizers.

On December 7th, two sisters-in-law, Clara and Suzanne Satiacum (wives of Chester and Robert Satiacum) were found guilty of a series of charges stemming from a wild boat chase on the Puyallup River on September 21. The two young women had led 18 Tacoma police a frenzied race for an hour and a half up and down the stream before they were finally cornered and arrested. The judge gave one of the women sixty days and the other thirty. Their attorney, immediately gave notice of appeal and they were released on bond.

A Shot In The Arm

On February 6th of this year the embattled Nisquallies received their biggest morale boost to date in the form of one man's decision to join them unreservedly in their fight. Dick Gregory, the nationally-known Negro comedian, was appearing at a Seattle night spot, and the Indians directly appealed to him for help. He listened, then cut short his Seattle appearance, cancelled scheduled dates in Miami, Montreal, and New York, and joined them on the war path. He and two Nisquallies set nets in the river while state game police watched, but, as in the case of Marlon Brando, made no arrests.

Meanwhile, Gregory had sent to Chicago for his wife Lillian, who came west to join her husband. They were both soon in jail. On February 15th, they pleaded not guilty to charges of illegal fishing. They both chose to remain behind bars in order to publicize the case.

On February 17th, Gregory bailed himself out of jail in order to join Bob Satiacum in addressing a Catholic student gathering at nearby St. Martin's College. Gregory announced that he intended to use the State of Washington for false arrest. Satiacum accounted

the whole history of Indian and white relations, detailed the former's grievances, and concluded by saying that "almost every word the state puts out is a lie."

While the Nisquallies were busy soliciting support on campuses and other reservations, the state game men made a surprise raid and confiscated nearly all of their remaining boats and fishing gear. This was a major blow to the Indians, because it is very hard for them to replace this equipment. The state claims to be holding it all as evidence. Actually, no boat or gear has yet been displayed in any courtroom. It is just a way of trying to beat them to their knees economically, like the policy of shooting the buffalo herds in an earlier age.

On March 1st, four Nisqually Indians failed to appear in the Tacoma Superior Court to answer to charges of illegal net fishing. The judge issued bench warrants for their arrest.

It all reminded one local writer of Irish rebel days, when someone on the run was described as "a man on his own keep," meaning that the English were hunting him. A strong strain of Irish and Scottish blood (the legacy of early fur traders), is present in the Nisqually tribe, so the allusion to the moors and bogs of Eire is not so far-fetched. Only now their descendants are hiding along the thickly forested streams and hills of the Nisqually Reservation.

After two weeks in the Thurston County Jail, Mrs. Gregory bailed herself out in order to return to Chicago and her five children. However, on the next day, she and her husband answered an appeal of the Nisquallies and went fishing with them. It was a big fish-in, staged simultaneously with the Muckleshoot tribe, who are fighting to retain their treaty rights on the Green and other nearby rivers.

The Muckleshoots had a fine turnout of between two and three hundred Indians and their supporters. When the state game police descended on their fish-in and started to rough up a girl, the assembled Indians promptly stoned men, cars, and everything in sight. The police were glad to leave, made no arrests, and released the girl.

On the Nisqually River it was different. They were only able to come up with four men and two women, besides the Gregoryses. (By now, with those in jail and on the run not available, the little tribe is scraping the bottom of its barrel.) When the police moved in on Gregory, two women came to his defense, and they all ended up in jail again.

Mrs. Gregory said that she was by now as familiar with the inside of the Thurston County calaboose as she was with the interior of her own Chicago home. This time Gregory bailed them all out; the tribe could not afford to have any more of its members jailed than were actually serving sentences.

The Nisquallies desperately need every type of assistance, from food itself to funds—for lawyers, bail, fishing gear, and everything imaginable. For example, Mrs. Mabelle Bridges, wife of one of the fugitives and mother of eight young children, has just taken a farm laborer's job in order to feed her family. And this is not an exceptional case—they are all in desperate need of help of every kind. Anyone wishing to aid these Nisqually Indians should send his donation to:

MRS. JANET McCLOUD
c/o THE SURVIVAL OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS ASSOCIATION

P.O. BOX 719
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

(Robert Casey, an old friend of the C.W., is a seaman, shipping out of Seattle, Washington. He has written other articles for us on labor.)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 2)

young parents being put to death, notwithstanding the protests of the world. On their last day I thought of Ethel's agony at being parted from her children, and as I bathed one of my own grandchildren I kept praying over and over again for fortitude and courage for her, virtues which both of them had maintained, but I was thinking especially of Ethel at this time. And believing in a personal God, who is our Father, I begged this strength for her, the one last thing I could do. The next day, when the unbearable story of the execution was published, one of the newspapers carried a story of her last gesture. She walked firmly and confidently to the electric chair, accompanied by the woman prison guard. Before she took her place in history and in the chair, she turned to the guard, kissed her, and thanked her for her kindness during her last days.

Personal Encounter

I am always being surprised at the readiness to respond evidenced by some of our public officials when we wrote them as we are always being urged to do. (We do not write often enough, illiterate and slothful generation that we are.) When Morton Sobell was in Alcatraz I wrote to James V. Bennett, Commissioner of Federal Prisons, and begged that Sobell at least be transferred to a prison in the East, so that his wife and children could visit him more often.

The reply was friendly enough. Mr. Bennett thanked me for the tone of my letter, complained of the abuse he usually received from people who wrote him in petition, and went on to say that Mrs. Sobell did not seem to have any difficulty in raising the money to visit her husband, and that as for the children visiting him, he questioned whether the children should visit such a father, convicted traitor as he was. I did not publish the letter at the time, not wishing to discourage people from writing their appeals to government officials, and I hope I am not misquoting him now. I am still surprised at the intimacy, not to speak of petulance, of the response. I speak of it now in order to encourage people to write to Attorney-General Katzenbach. We should continue to make our voices heard and attend any meetings we can in the cities in which we live. The National Guardian (a weekly published at 197 East 4th street, seven dollars a year) gives news and announcement of meetings all over the country and in general provides stimulating reading. For instance this week (June 4th) there is a long taped interview with Stokely Carmichael, who recently succeeded John Lewis as the head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, about S.N.C.C.'s new policy, which has been described by many as black nationalist, and as recommending a purge of the white workers in the organization. Carmichael answers all these charges, stating that he intends to intensify the program in terms of the political arena, (with this emphasis we disagree); he urges white workers to go into white communities and "start developing those moderate bases that people talk about that do now exist."

"The feeling that Negroes have now," he continued, "is that they are psychologically wanting something of their own, something to identify with. That is why you have groups like Afro-Americans, because they cannot identify with white society. Negroes certainly see that this is the wealthiest country in the world, and they want to share in the wealth. And the feeling—whether or not the white press likes this, whether or not the white liberal likes this, is that if Negroes cannot enjoy part of that

dream, they are going to burn the country down."

Carmichael says that the Negroes living in tents, that the government had not kept its promises to them. He wants a Negro political party and would like to organize a white party too, but he goes on to say that the Negro wishes to build something of his own, "something that he builds with his own hands—and that is not being antiwhite. It does not mean that you tear down the house across the street. It just means that you are building your own house."

The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and The Poor Peoples' Corporation are both emphasizing small cooperatives in the deep South to handle the problems of poverty and unemployment resulting from automation.

A recent paperback, *Patterns of Anarchy*, by Leonard Krimmerman and Lewis Perry (Doubleday Anchor Original, \$1.98), contains this interesting comment on civil rights by the editors:

"The anarchist message is to reduce the operating room of government by laying claim to functions the movement can better perform by its own devices. What would it mean for the civil rights movement if its endowments of money and human energy were devoted to anarchist reconstruction? Instead of begrudged and sporadic protection by the federal government of the right to equal participation in second class educational facilities offered by the state governments, suppose the Negroes sought to develop new facilities of their own, with the finances and talent, now depleted by demonstrations against government, campaigns for its offices, appeals to its courts, a network of economically autonomous communities might be established which would have no place for government prejudice or oppression."

More Reading Matter

Crippled with arthritis and sciatica as I have been this last month since my return from a Midwest trip, I have had more time to read the exchange publications this last week. We try to build up our library at the farm at Tivoli, New York, and we try to have the exchange copies sent there. Individuals also keep private files of the exchanges they are most interested in. For instance, Catherine Swann Miller has a file of *Peace News* and *Anarchy*, both sent to us from England. Another little sheet, modest in appearance and not very professional, but which interests me because it describes the kind of work we are doing also is *Simon Star*. Subscriptions can be sent to 67 Barnsdale Road, Maida Vale W.9, London, England, stated price is ten shillings, but you might as well send a couple of dollars because, as with us, everything is put in the same pot: money for printing, mailing, rents, food, utilities, but no salaries, to make up the strong stew which is *The Catholic Worker*.

City and Country

All of the foregoing was written in the city, at one of the five Kenmare Street apartments, which make up part of the house of hospitality in New York. Visitors from Spring Street, where there are five more apartments, kept coming in. Besides the noise of traffic outside the windows there was the noise of all the comings and goings in the house, not to speak of the boy upstairs, who has all his friends in with their band instruments to practice. We turn up the radio as loud as possible—a symphony of course, which we enjoy, but it does not help us to think.

The following pages were

written Pentecost Tuesday, at ten o'clock of a very rainy evening on a Greyhound bus, on my way in to New York, where Pat Rusk was to meet me at eleven forty-five to help me carry my suitcase and typewriter to the house of hospitality. I always carry a stenographer's notebook with a me for just such idle hours. My account begins:

I had to leave my car in Vermont because it broke down, badly, I am afraid. I always come away from Tamar's with gifts from one or another of the family. "Grandies are nice because they always bring presents," Kathy, who is five, comments, and it works the other way too. The presents I was bringing back to the community were a great wooden bowl, suitable for a community salad, and two little bowls, from the Bowl Shop at Weston, Vermont. There was also a soapstone griddle, which Eric, eighteen, gave me. He works after school and on Saturdays and holidays, in the only factory in Vermont where they make soapstone griddles and stoves and comes home looking as though he had been sprinkled with talcum powder from head to foot. When he works in the village garage he comes home looking black. There was also a pot of catnip for Peggy at the Tivoli farm, a cats from Martha, who loves cats just as Peggy does. Martha, age ten, is going to be a veterinarian, she says.

This bus ride, which enables me to sleep for an hour before I started this, was good because I was sleepless last night, what with my sciatica. I had stayed awake reading Dickens' *Bleak House* and after three hours sleep got up refreshed enough to drive to Bellows Falls with Tamar and Becky, who is home from college for a week now. We went to Bellows Falls to offer a Mass with Father Miller at the home of Mr. Norman Harty. Norman Harty, who lost a leg in World War II works in the post office from eleven p.m. until seven in the morning. He is a man of profound faith. Once, when the rosary was being discussed and its importance minimized, he said that it was something that he had held on to when he lay wounded. I thought of the many times I had held to it as to a lifeline, in times of misery or peril or in sudden crises. Abbot Marmion says that praying the Stations of the Cross give fortitude, so I use both devotions.

I was most happy with that simple and reverent Mass, with the beauty of the red vestments, the white linen cloth, the beeswax candles, which with the lilacs outside took the place of incense, so that sight, sound, smell, taste and gesture engaged all the senses, and body and soul both were engaged in worship.

We did not have music, of course, though I have been at similar Masses where both guitar and recorder were used and which added unutterable beauty. But Father Miller's enunciation was clear and distinct, his voice pleasing,—no gravelly or nasal tones to grate on the ear. (I remember Joan Overboss at the Grail saying once, "Everyone must sing and those who can't, just sing a little lower." The same would go for speech.)

Another neighbor at the Mass has two sons in the Merchant Marine, young officers on freighters and tankers bringing munitions and oil to Vietnam. After witnessing the famine victims in India during one of his trips, one of the sons went back on board ship and wept all night.

I could not help but think of Don Milani's statement in his defense against the charges made against him of advocating resistance to conscription for war. He said that even those who cooked for troops contributed to war. How hidden we all are, what with the hidden taxes we pay for war, the high standard of living all of us enjoy, even when we refuse to pay income tax, so much of which goes

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Monk's Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 3)

turn, not to pursue the scholarly research he had wanted to do but to devote himself to his people. Since then he has come to be considered by the Buddhist lay people and religious leaders to be the philosopher of the Movement. He edits the major Buddhist magazine in Vietnam, a weekly which has a circulation of twenty thousand, an impressive number in a country where the population is small and the illiteracy rate high. He also founded the first Buddhist University in Vietnam and is the director of the Youth for Social Service School. It is the latter that qualifies Thich Nhat Hanh to speak honestly about the Vietnamese peasant, since his work with the Social Service program requires him to travel in the rural parts of the country.

As Thich Nhat Hanh says about the project, "Our monks receive no salary and carry no weapons. They are young people devoting themselves to the spiritual rebirth of Vietnam. Already, in only a year, they are having some success. The government agents and the Vietcong both hate our youth workers, but the people see that we are sincere and are beginning to protect us. This is the way Vietnam can be saved—by restoring a sense of humanity to Vietnamese life after 20 years of war and hatred. Neither guns nor foreigners can do this for us."

I heard Thich Nhat Hanh speak three times during his stay in New York, at the press conference, with a small group of religious leaders gathered together by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and to a small group of Fordham students. Each time his plea came stinging to the heel of America—"You must remove your troops." "We only ask the freedom to make our own mistakes rather than to die for the mistakes of others. Is this not what freedom means?" Over and over in a tone of voice that had about it a sad and determined wisdom he spoke of the suffering of his people. "We weep to see so many of our countrymen die, but we weep even more to see Vietnam's social fabric destroyed by the war. Many of our people have learned to love money too much and will do anything, say anything, to get money. Today in Vietnam dollars will buy everything; politicians, generals, guns, girls, even religious leaders. The size of our national economy is decided by the American Congress. We are not free people."

He spoke of how the most virulent anti-communists in Saigon did little to improve the social conditions that Communism seeks to answer and he said, with a smile, that he was not anti-communist because he was afraid of losing a car since he had none to lose. But he did fear Communism because he personally saw in the philosophy little room for spiritual growth. Yet he did feel that ninety percent of the peasants were for the Vietcong, and that the difference between the Buddhists and the Vietcong was psychological. Given a climate of peace in Vietnam they could, hopefully, work together in the reconstruction of their country. His plea was simple: "Let us try to work out a Vietnamese solution because we now see that the foreign solutions do not work. In this way you can also keep the affection of the Vietnamese people."

This is part of the greatness of the man, that he can still speak in terms of the American and Vietnamese being able to love one another. He spoke of the American clergymen who visited Vietnam in a reconciliation effort and of the American workers in International Voluntary Service who do social work among the people. I only heard hardness come into his voice once when he was asked by someone about the possibilities of "doing the job right," as it were, by

sending in more troops and escalating the bombing. His comment was an unusually terse, "you should go there yourself and see the bombing." I guess it was this break in Thich Nhat Hanh's manner of answering that focused a manner that Professor Browne had spoken about earlier when he said that the Vietnamese, especially the Buddhists, who have the least exposure to Western thought, tend to toy with ideas—turn them this way and that so as to view them from different perspectives. The Westerner is trained to think in more precise categories, in "either/or" terms. Then Professor Browne said something that seems to explain one of the reasons for our dismal failure in Asian policy. He said that it has long been his thesis that one of our major difficulties in Vietnam is that we invariably favor the spokesmen who are most like ourselves, those with whom we can most easily communicate; but unfortunately, this very quality that endears them to us is an obstacle which prevents their achieving acceptance among the masses of the Vietnamese people. "Diem was the classic example but there have been numerous others as well."

The "either/or" terms are not ours to place on the people of Vietnam. We must instead put our faith in the Vietnamese people, since they are unwilling to risk peace. We must have faith in the goodness of men such as Thich Nhat Hanh and take courage from the history of Buddhist non-violent resistance in South Vietnam. It is the Buddhists who are non-violently quaking the government of Premier Ky, not the Vietcong, just as they quaked and toppled the government of Diem. They have as part of their religious orientation all the qualities which should grace a non-violent soldier. The Buddhist priests and peasantry often seem to possess the ingredients for a massive non-violent resistance movement yet the fact remains that the longer we remain in Vietnam the stronger will the Vietnamese commitment be toward a guerilla war. One thing becomes more and more clear and that is that we must stop this genocidal war and allow the Vietnamese people the freedom as Thich Nhat Hanh said, "to make their own mistakes."

After the meeting at Fordham we drove Thich Nhat Hanh in a taxicab to the apartment he was staying at in the city. He spoke of his work with the peasants and of the Catholic Worker. He asked me about the work at the CW and the paper and we both laughed over the fact that neither of us could compose an article on a typewriter, since the clack of the keys shattered our thought. When we said goodbye he clasped his hands and bowed, a gesture he returned and then parted. He is a very slight man in build and I remember feeling quiet in the banality of a single thought that kept repeating itself over and over in my mind as I watched him cross the street—"so much, so very much for such a slight man to carry." There is a poem Thich Nhat Hanh wrote entitled "Peace." It is a poem very much like the man, the idea being almost too much for the expression to carry. Yet the poem keeps a poise and an intensity that is as admirable as the man.

They woke this morning
To tell me my brother had been
killed in battle.
Yet in the garden, uncurling
moist petals,
A new rose blooms on the bush.
And I am alive, can still breathe
the fragrance of roses and
dung,
Eat, pray and sleep.
But when can I break my long
silence?
When can I speak the unuttered
words that are choking me?

Farm Workers' Pilgrimage

By BILL ESHER

The light of a hundred candles reflected the swirling dust down the long line of pilgrims. I shuffled along in the dark, barely able to walk after the day's trek. Behind me somebody struck up Adelita on the harmonica; the song of the Mexican Revolution.

We were in Parlier, California, on the seventh day of Cesar Chavez' long march across three-hundred miles of rich agricultural land to Sacramento. The theme of the march: Perigrinacion, Penitencia, Revolution (Pilgrimage, Penitence, Revolution). Cesar could no longer walk at the head of the tired, happy band of sixty campesinos, whose numbers swelled daily to hundreds as we approached the forgotten little farm towns on the way. His foot had been injured and he had to ride about half of the time in the station wagon which accompanied us.

A beautiful silk banner bearing the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe led us along the flat endless roads through the vineyards and orchards. The ranchers were curious and frightened by these pilgrims whose sweep across California was starting little grassfires of farm-worker organization going in every town. They sat in the front yards of their fine homes. We were tired and dirty, and most of them sneered at us, or stood with their foremen in tight little groups, looking at us narrowly. Many took movie film or color slides of us. "Why are you doing that?" I asked one. There was no response. They, too, knew that this was something momentous, strange, and perhaps important, and they wanted to record it.

At noon of the seventh day we walked through Reedley, quietly down the center of the main street. Reedley, at the heart of south Fresno County's rich vineyards—Reedley, a prosperous smug little town where Mexicans appear only when they are needed. Everything stopped: the barbers and the telephone operators came out of their buildings and stood on the sidewalk. There were about eighty of us now, and we walked slowly because it was hot. The youngest were a few dark, clear-eyed children of Mexican immigrants, maybe sixteen years old, already strong from their years' long work in the vineyards, in the orange trees, in the cotton fields. The oldest, proud sixty-three-year-old Mr. King, a Negro from Delano, looked at everything with a wise studied dignity: this pilgrimage, a continuation of the great Delano Grape Strike, was the beginning of a hope for his grandchildren, at least, if not for him.

What did these comfortable merchants of Reedley see? A dozen red and black banners with the thunderbird of the Farm Workers Association. At the front the Virgin, the American flag, and Cesar Chavez, a small man, walking now with a cane, his eyes turned inward with the pain, not caring about the merchants of Reedley. They saw the long line of Mexican workers, a few Filipinos, and at the back a quiet, sad bull of a man about thirty, carrying a large cross made of 2x4's, covered with black cloth, always at the back, never talking or yelling like the others, just carrying the cross.

We walked to the park in the center of town and sat down on the cool grass in the shade. The people of the main street gathered around to watch the tired strikers wait for their lunch. With a shock of surprise I realized that the whole park was ringed with cars, the people just sitting in them to watch us eat our lunch.

After a while the lunches came: tortillas, rice, beans, and bologna sandwiches. Before the march started I had asked, "Where will all the food come from?" Cesar's answer: "If the people along the way won't provide it, I guess we don't deserve to get there." The

pilgrimage was not to be only for sixty battered Delano strikers; not even only for the hundreds they left behind. The long march was to be for the thousands of faceless, voiceless people who labor in the fields for a wage that goes from 30c to \$1.50 an hour, an average of eleven-hundred-dollars per family each year in this, the richest of all the states.

We cross the Kings River on a bridge with police on motorcycles zooming back and forth on the long line, regulating traffic, as our own monitors on foot in bright red and black jackets regulate us. A rancher, his face contorted with fury and hate, swerved his truck towards one of the monitors, who are on the road side of us. The worker deftly sidesteps and—we're singing now—sings a lot louder for a few bars. Our own water truck, a battered white Volkswagen rumbles over the bridge, and stops ahead just within sight: the ever-present carrot that keeps the donkeys going a few hundred more yards.

The six miles to Parlier go slowly. Parlier is a different kind of town from Reedley. Here there are no parks, trees, sidewalks, neon-lighted streets, auto agencies, department stores. Instead there is block after block of shacks and small houses, dusty streets with dozens of Mexican children in them, lined with old Chevys and Mercurys and a labor bus here and there.

We go to a decorated hall. The teenagers of the town serve us food. They are not used to serving food, but they are trying hard. I end up with three cups of coffee, a huge platter of steaming food, and no spoon to eat it with. These kids, clumsy, attentive, somewhat awed by the day's events, make me feel very glad to be in Parlier. Many of the marchers soak their feet in buckets of water.

Sad Valley

Eighteen months ago Cesar and I drove through this town in the dead of winter, down its dark main street in a driving rain, past bleak shuttered stores, through empty streets, whose gloom and hopelessness blurred our vision of what could be made to happen in the future of this sad valley. A depressing day: "At this rate it will take ten centuries to organize the farm workers," I had thought. They'd come to house meetings half a dozen at a time, Cesar would patiently answer their questions, make them feel a little of his enthusiasm, and then we'd move on. "This is how you have to start," he would say later as we made the long drive back to Delano in the dark. "I don't think there's any other way it can be done. Either it will catch on or it won't."

It caught on, somehow. The strike had started six months earlier, started too soon with makeshift plans by Cesar and his small volunteer staff, trying to turn defiant incoherent "strike fever" of a few thousand grape workers into something that could last and change their lives. The makeshift plans quickly turned into techniques. Now it had become the people's own peculiar battle, which didn't quite fit the traditional narrow pattern of union organizing. Here were a people who were—in a way—fighting for their lives, in the hopeless, dim backwater of the labor movement that is agriculture. The fight for bargaining rights that has turned into a movement was spelled out in the daily papers for weeks before the march. It was climaxed by Senator Robert Kennedy's dramatic questioning of Delano county police who had made wholesale arrests of strikers. "I suggest, gentlemen," Kennedy had said to the police on the day before the march started, "I suggest that you read the United States Constitution."

Next day, on the edge of Delano, a block from the ramshackle headquarters of the Farm Workers Association, the sixty pilgrims

were stopped by a cordon of twenty-five police, in full riot-squad uniform, stretching across the road, blocking their way. The city manager finally dispersed the police.

When a single farm worker is arrested in these counties, there are never any repercussions; if the farm worker happens to be Mexican, he doesn't have a chance. One of the peregrinos (pilgrims) observed weeks later: "One farm worker can't sleep in a park, but a hundred can."

So the police let them walk through Delano. This set the pattern: there was no harassment from the law afterwards. "It's not only that there's so many of them" one officer said off the record, "but the whole country is watching this thing. We can't stop 'em."

But to come back to Parlier on the seventh night of the Pilgrimage, in the momentary hush before a prayer in the packed meeting hall, there is an instant of the feeling of the strength of all the people together. The silk banner of the brown Virgin and the gaudy black eagle of the Farm Workers Association are backdrop for a little speech by Cesar—always the Organizer—but always the Person, too. His manner is the same with hundreds as it was with just two farm workers in someone's living room. "I want to tell you about the holiday," he says. "There will be a day—or perhaps two days—when, in California, no farm



worker will go to the fields. It will be to show the men who own the land that we are people, too, and that they must consider us, as they have never done. Then we will go back to work, but it will be a little different. We may have to do it more than once. We may have to make much sacrifice. But for a beginning, this holiday, which we call a general strike, will be enough."

Then Cesar introduces Luis Valdez, the "Delano revolutionary," whose deep voice shakes the hall as he reads the "Plan of Delano," explaining in moving language the high purposes of the Pilgrimage and of the Movement. The Plan was inspired by Zapata, the Mexican revolutionary, whose "Plan de Ayala" made history half a century ago. (For a few days the defenders of the Revolution retired to the hills to formulate a document which would show why they were fighting, why they could never give up, and what the Revolution meant to the poor of Mexico. It was a rationale, a platform, and a creed. It was also a promise.)

The reading of the Plan is something of a miracle: even the ever-present babies stop crying in the overflowing hall. In the long dramatic pauses, one can feel the pulse of a people united. Here tonight, the sum of years of toil is weighed and the people are faced with their own image: strangers on the land, tools of a heartless system under a merciless sun. Tonight enough men will make a vow so that tomorrow will be different.

Then, almost too soon, Augie Lira and Gilbert Rubio join Luis, they grin broadly and start singing the snappy corrido Viva "Huelga en General." When it is over Cesar whispers rapidly in Spanish: "Move the Virgin. We must not insult the Virgin." The Virgin is

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Reply To Canon Drinkwater

By REV. JOHN J. HUGO

In reading Canon F. H. Drinkwater's criticism (February 1966) of my review of Professor Noonan's Contraception (December 1965) and now in replying to it, I have the feeling of having gone through all this before, or at least of continuing a debate that has been going on for a long time. The prototypes for the debate (to go no further back) are St. Augustine and his Pelagian opponent, Julian, also a bishop. I realize of course that this comparison is much too flattering to myself and will be understandably odious to Canon Drinkwater. Nevertheless, it is the setting of the discussion. I am merely taking Augustine's position.

Julian was a humanist who felt called upon to defend the excellence of God's creation, particularly human nature. This is all very well, Augustine kept telling him, but it is not the issue between us. For Julian did not believe in original sin, or at least that Adam's sin had any consequences for us, apart from bad example. Augustine, also a humanist, and fully convinced that God's creation is in the words of Genesis, "very good," had the difficult and uneven duty of defending the doctrine of original sin and of proving that it does affect us, indeed wounds us. Since the effects come to us from Adam through generation, the debate inevitably involved marriage and sexuality.

Julian would not accept the teaching that there is disorder in man's desires, including sexual desire, inclining him to evil. It has been said of Julian that he lived fourteen hundred years before his time. He would have been at home in the company of the rationalists of the Enlightenment, especially Rousseau, who also believed in the goodness of nature, but not in original sin.

Indeed, although we like to think that only modern science has explained such matters, Julian's words, as preserved by Augustine, have a curiously contemporary ring. They could have been written the day before yesterday. Canon Drinkwater could find in them the ancestry of some of his statements, especially his utterly irresponsible remark that "concupiscence remains a grand bogey-word for orotund missionaries to roll around their tongue and terrify adolescents with."

The Church, however, has made Augustine's position substantially her own, teaching that Adam's sin reaches us through generation and leaves in us a disorderly tendency, concupiscence, which even baptism does not remove, and which thus remains to incline us to evil: "It is from sin and inclines to sin." These are the words, not of an orotund missionary, but of Trent.

In bringing the debate up to date, Canon Drinkwater appeals to G. K. Chesterton, I am quite ready to accept Chesterton as referee. Here is what he says, for example, in his St. Francis of Assisi (whom the Canon also invokes):

Sex cannot be admitted to a mere equality among elementary

emotions of experiences, like eating and sleeping. The moment sex ceases to be a servant it becomes a tyrant. There is something dangerous and disproportionate in its place in human nature, for whatever reason; and it does really need a special purification and dedication.

He illustrates, recalling the example of the Greeks:

The wisest men in the world set out to be natural; and the most unnatural thing in the world was the very first thing they did.

And the conclusion:

There is a bias in man like the bias in the bowl; and Christianity was the discovery of how to correct the bias and therefore to hit the mark. There are many who will smile at the saying; but it is profoundly true to say that the glad good news of the Gospel was the news of original sin.

It seems clear that Chesterton was not on the side of Julian.

Catholic teaching, despite charges to the contrary, has never had a fixation on sexuality. The consequences of the Fall—which St. Thomas calls the wounds of nature—affect all our desires and activities. The chief of these wounds are located by Aquinas in the mind and the will. The others are in our psychophysical desires. In so far as they belong to the physical or instinctual part of us (I am still following St. Thomas), they are called wounds only in a secondary or instrumental sense. These have no moral significance except that conferred on them by mind and will. Yet Chesterton—our referee—appears to think that sexuality is affected in a particular way.

Chesterton's wholesome optimism was not based on a denial of the wounds of nature but on the confidence that they can be healed by the Physician Christ. Our referee may indeed appear in above quotation to be unduly narrowing the meaning of the Good News: until we reflect that it is precisely the purpose of the Good News to heal man and restore him to the order intended for him by God.

I will not attempt to take up all the points Canon Drinkwater raises. No doubt the ageless debate will continue and we will be back in the bunkers. But I would like to quote a few lines from the extensive contribution made to it by the Second Vatican Council. "As a weak and sinful being," the Fathers state, "man often does what he would not and fails to do what he would. Hence he suffers from internal divisions, and from these flow so many and such great discords in society." The first sentence, obviously referring to Romans 7, is a reminder that this teaching had in St. Paul an earlier defender than Augustine, while the Council brings it right up to the minute. As to conjugal love, while the Fathers praise it generously, they also say, "This [conjugal] love has judged worthy of special gifts, healing, perfecting, and exalting gifts of grace and charity."

The Church is still not on the side of Julian.

Summer Conferences, 1966

CATHOLIC WORKER FARM
Box 33

Tivoli, N.Y. 914 (PL 9-2761)

- June 19-25 Open Retreat
- July 30-31 Pax Weekend
- August 1-7 Catholic Worker School
- August 9-11 Intercultural Institute, Negro-Puerto Rican Communities
- Aug. 20-Sept. 5 Peacemakers Training Program

DIRECTIONS: Farm is located on Hudson River just outside town of Tivoli, which is in the northwestern part of Dutchess County and accessible from Taconic State Parkway or New York Thruway. (Consult road map for details.) Train: Take New York Central to Rhinecliff. Bus: Take Adirondack Trailways bus to Kingston. (Since we have to drive about fifteen miles each way to pick up people at stations, please call us from New York City before taking train or bus.)

THE ENJOYMENT OF PEACE

(Continued from page 4)

to defend peace that we cannot take time to enjoy—and entrust ourselves to peace and discover that it has no need of our defense. That is the sorry fact.

I got up and returned into the woods, making my way through numerous light green sweet-smelling pine trees growing everywhere beneath a few dozen ancient pines which towered above even the oak trees, until I came out on the northern side of the woods, still up on the hill top. At the bottom of the hill stood a little white wooden shack surrounded by five beehives, and beyond this a small vineyard, and an orchard of small apple, peach and plum trees growing in well-defined rows. A young man was digging and breaking up the ground about the roots of a young apple tree. Did he too know, as the tree he worked beside so obviously knew, that peace was all about, within and without? I somewhat suspect he did, else how could he have spent this entire afternoon in doing so simple a task as cultivating apple trees? You . . . you mean you can spend hours cultivating apple trees when—Yes? When what? Tell me, what if all those men who fought this afternoon for peace, who fought and were perhaps wounded or even killed: what if all these men had spent the afternoon digging about the roots of a great tree whose fruit in due time they could share among themselves? Would there not now be, as the sun blazes behind the trees and disappears beyond the hill, more peace on earth than yesterday knew? What beautiful faith that man must have who in these desperate times can spend his day cultivating apple trees!

But now he has stopped digging; he grasps his spade and fork in one hand, and lifting a small garden basket from the ground with the other, he begins walking toward an opening in the thick hedge of multi-flora rose which surrounds the orchard and vineyard. And I am reminded that I too must be on my way home to my supper—which tonight will be an apple, some bread and a cup of milk.

But before I start down the hill, I must take a moment, dear reader, to give you a word of warning about the dangers of literature. Literature is a wonderful thing, by it a man can inspire his fellow man to share in his own ideals and

aspirations: the enjoyment of peace, for example. But you should understand that while literature may inspire us and lead us on toward such an enjoyment (for which we were made), it can only bring us so far; and not only can it take us only so far, it actually holds us back at the last moment from attaining that to which it has led us. And this is so because all literature, however sincere, is nonetheless always, and necessarily, "compromised"—so that we tend to "compare" the ideal described by literature with the reality of our actual life, much to the depreciation of the latter. And so we begin to dream about peace instead of believing in and bearing inward witness to this good will at the heart of all things, which is the cause and source of peace. The enjoyment of peace comes and goes like a passing thought as we walk along or go about our daily life, and we know not whence it came or whither it goes. And yet it cannot really leave us, for when we saw that it was so, we saw that it must always be so, that it is by nature of the stuff that endures forever. But if we think of and long for the enjoyment of peace as for some splendid rapture which shall hold us spellbound for half an hour, then, even if we should get it, we would not be satisfied with half an hour but would want and yearn for a whole hour, and then two hours—and where would be ever stop? O God, deliver us from such a slavery! But if for a moment we perceive this good and mighty will of God in our regard—and everyone experiences this from time to time—and if at that moment we simply assent to this truth and say, Yes, it is so: then in time such moments will yield in the field of our lives a rich harvest of peace, such as we could never have imagined and which we may enjoy almost whenever we please—yes, even for half an hour, if you wish. And all this shall come about slowly gradually, peacefully, unobserved, until one day we shall, as it were, look from our window, blink our eyes, and say, "You know, there are young pine seedlings growing all through that field over there across the way in which I thought nothing grew but wild grass."

Jim McMurry, who was a monk of Gethsemani Abbey, Ky., for five years, has been living close by Mt. Saviour Monastery near Elmira, N.Y. for the past year.

On Pilgrimage

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for war, and when we build prisons for draft refusers.

We are all exploiters, as Orwell said in one of his essays. Workers who consider themselves exploited are the exploiters of others. The general strike in Belgium, when the workers revolted against the austerity regime that followed the loss of the Belgian Congo, was evidence of this.

One of the most stirring statements Pope Paul has ever made was his call for a new economic order, and new institutions. Who will rise up to work out a just and wise solution to the problem of the money holdings, the investments, the money power of the Church, which is an occasion of suspicion, mistrust and of actual scandal to the world.

Which reminds me to recommend the books of Seymour Melman, who is a professor of engineering at Columbia and has written on the problem of converting the war economy to a peacetime economy. As it is, communities fight for government contracts, even for the manufacture of napalm, gasoline jelly, for

noxious gases, not to speak of bombs, planes, helicopters, trucks, and all the armaments that go into devastating wars. How many countries we arm—to keep the peace, as they say. What insanity! If we keep coming back to this subject always in these pages, it is not only because Peace is the most important cause of our time, but because too, I have found on my travels so many people who not only do not question the morality of war (any more than an Eichmann questioned the morality of the extermination of a people) but do not even know that napalm is a fire that burns the flesh from the bone and that there is nothing that can put it out.

God did not forgive the sin of ignorance, as Father Paul Hanley Furrey pointed out once, calling the 25th chapter of St. Matthew.

Lord, when did we see you burned with napalm? Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these my littlest ones you did it unto me.

My only comfort sometimes is that saying of Our Lord's: "God wills that all men be saved." "Ask and ye shall receive." May His will be done.

LETTERS

Peaceful Invasion

1514 Seward Street
Evanston, Ill., 60202

Dear Miss Day:

First of all, I want to express my gratitude for your advice and your advice for I.C.A. after my return from California. You sensed my deep sadness at seeing my people so humiliated.

Secondly I want you to know that I have taken your advice and started Operation "De Colores to California." We intend to continue our peaceful invasion of that closed society by sending two nurses to spend their vacations serving these people and also giving Peggy McGovern a well deserved rest. One of the nurses—they both volunteered—is one of the girls from the Auxiliaries here in Evanston; Miss Lori Dostal. The other is from Columbus Hospital and her name is Denise DeRosier. They will be in Delano from the 11th to the 24th of June. We had two other volunteers but were unable to get accommodations for them in Delano. Things are still rather tight there in spite of Schenck having finally signed with these workers.

I know you will be glad to know that we are going to send people, rather than money. I am specially happy that we are sending nurses, for they have always been a symbol of love and of peace, and that valley sure needs both, and deserves both. No response has been forthcoming from the doctors I have approached. They are too busy to understand what a good thing it would be for them. It would make them better doctors for the rest of their lives. But our profession is far too prosperous in this country, for its own good. Pray for us, we need it.

Yours in Christ,
Jorge Prieto, M.D.

Farm Labor

343 L Street
Frasno, Calif., 93721

Dear Dorothy,

Lisa Bowman wrote the article on farm labor for the July-August 1965 Way (Mary Arellano) and had an article in this issue. I'll send you a copy next payday.

Wirtz has authorized braceros for the strawberries and aspartic labor is being used in the asparagus. The world is a wicked, as well as a lovely place, and it's pretty hard to tell the sheep from the goats—the balancing act of judging actions while not judging the actor is not easy. . . . I hope Chavez's victory was. . . . The man seems to have—as an outsider, it appears to me integrity is rather lacking in the fast shuffle which is farm labor organization.

The children's placement seems settled as Lisa wanted it, but there's always the chance of change until the matter is made completely legal.

Sincerely,
Sonya Cavazos

Joe Hill House

P.O. Box 63
Salt Lake City, Utah, 84101

Dear Marty,

I have a new Joe Hill House out in the 3100 block in Salt Lake City where the men get off the freights. There is a vacant lot on each side and the place has been approved by the County Health Department. The rent is \$70 a month and I am in need of money to continue this home for transients which was started in 1961.

I am to speak at the state prison June 9th. This is the feast day of Saints Primus and Felician, who wouldn't chicken under torture. The cops told each one that the other had given in and they each said that they knew the other wouldn't give in.

Love to all,
Ammon Hennacy

Farm Workers' Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)

clumsily taken off the platform and the raucous acts of the Teatro Campesino begin, with the cheering and booing and laughing of the people making them a part of the little play itself. Deadly serious scenes from the strike became hilarious when reenacted. The padded rancher pats the cowering worker on the head, "I treat my Mexicans right," he says, chewing a cigar.

The meeting ends abruptly and in the confusion I see a young man—a farm worker from nearby Selma whom I know—and he asks in bad English where I am going to sleep and in bad Spanish I say I don't know. "You must come and stay with me he says. "But I have two friends who are with me," I answer.

Moments of Pride

"Bring them and find two more!" is his reply. Later we wedge ourselves into an old Buick with Gabriel and his wife and children, and go to his home in Selma, ten miles west across the vineyards. I have not seen Gabriel since a year ago, when he had his children seeing our then obscure little El Malcriado on the streets of his town. The words of our newspaper, a year ago only a nebulous hope, have today begun to become part of the present. Our cartoons satirizing the labor contractors or the government official say, have tonight become more than paper and ink. With smiling eyes Gabriel says, "I think we will win, Guillermo."

In his old house, close to the roaring trucks of Highway 99, the family leave all their beds to us; his wife offers to wash our incredibly dirty clothes, and the small children come to stare at us and then to play and be put to bed on the floor. It is too much: for Gabriel now, we are the symbol of the pilgrimage, and I don't real-

ize at first that we must quietly accept what he gives us without hesitation, solemnly.

We made a strange sight, a rather worn and ragged band in the plain modern church of Parlier next morning for the early Mass, the red banner of the marchers near the front, near the holy light, near the good Father Diebels from Mexicali, who wished us well on our long day, his clear eyes making an unspoken promise. He would be marching with us this day. I saw him much later, after the sun was hot, hurrying along in the line, as we walked on toward Sacramento, slowly, most of it not so dramatic, the seconds and the minutes not so meaningful, only the communion of the hard contact between shoe and road, and the rhythm of the legs: our universe shrunk to the workday world of water, rest, shade, then work, then more rest and finally food, a clear world blessed by the absence of our imposing human structures and abstractions.

Halfway for the day is the little town of Del Rey—an oasis of shade—we devour tortillas and rice and beans. Angie Hernandez, one of two girls going the whole three hundred miles, has been changed by the great pilgrimage from a teenager into a woman. I see her superficial hollow laugh turn into a radiance and I think: for a little while here we have a world in which it is easy to be good. How fine this is, how rare.

For a while on this pilgrimage, there is a community. It is a community without beds, without a dining hall. The cohesive thing that makes it a community is as fragile and as real as the flight of a bird or the delicate stylized laugh of a traditional Mexican song. It is the perception of this that brings in the support for the Cause of the farm worker from the hollow, lonely cities of California.

Outrage and Compassion

(Letter from a friend in prison)

Friends:

I am here eating better and living easier than you all. I got the news about Jimmy (Wilson) and Dave (Miller) and was made happier by it.

So many kinds of men here. Each is unique, but somehow its intricacies, its reality, until you've been in a Federal prison. Despite widespread pettiness and some meanness among them, it seems that the convicts are often the most alive around here. In the eyes of at least a good number of them you can see a kind of intensity, the fire that can only be generated by some kind of hope. At first I wondered what kind of hope it could be, then when I saw how young they considered themselves, I realized that it was a simple hope, namely, getting out. The "organizational men" in charge will not "get out."

For awhile I felt alienated from the others (many are "patriots") but now I feel more a part of them. I'm learning to not put too much stock in words here. I'm beginning to see too that I'm not really not so different from most here (though, as I saw, each man here is quite unique).

I do get news of the peace movement's actions out there. And whenever I read or hear of you I feel stronger. Solidarity.

Visitors are limited, but no list could keep Spring from crashing through the gates. It caught me out at the farm, where the sun, the fields, the animals, and the men build a world of their own. It rained heavily during early planting, but now the ground has hardened and dried, and cultivation raises a storm of dust. I'm told that we will not often see rain here in the summer time.

I'm not sure how much we're accomplishing in regard to Johnson's War. At any rate, I believe we're more loving, more loved, and perhaps more human, when we continue to struggle against it. The mighty will always be hurting the little, at one level or another. Our angry sense of right, or justice, or whatever you call it, may not even save the little in the end, but it will save us from the degradation of silence in the face of evil.

Outrage and compassion. One alone seems exhausting, wrecking, the other alone is almost formless pity. If we cry out unceasingly about the "facts" in Vietnam, people will debate us (and that is fine and might help end aspects of the war); if we live with compassion and outrage daily right here, right there, all around, people may go beyond debate (even after this war is over). It may be that they go on killing because they don't really believe in living, as simple as that. Wait—simple? Living seems no longer simple to most men in our society. It could be much more simple; the Catholic Worker will, I hope, devote more and more space to living in community, under conditions of mutual aid.

Much love