



Air Academy Action:

Speaks Message of Peace

By FR. STEPHEN HANDEN

One year ago, a small group of us spoke a message of peace to the men and women of the United States Air Force Academy. We spoke quietly, sincerely, and unequivocally. We may have disturbed; we never disrupted. Our message was not heard. It was met with official scorn and letters of expulsion from both the Academy and communion with our brothers in the Chapel.

One year later, November 14, 1972, the bombing, killing, terrorizing and destroying were still going on unabated. The power and the hope of the word were still burning within us. We still believe that the power of the word of God is more effective than the words of governments, or men, or generals. We returned to the Academy to renew our plea at a religious service. That night, as our offertory gifts, we placed the words of men, our letters of expulsion, on the altar with the prayer that our offering would be acceptable to God for our own good, for the good of His holy Church, and that all men might come to know love for each other.

We accused the Air Force Academy of training the best of our young people as technicians and salesmen of a deadly aerial war against the people of Indochina. As religious people, we further charged that they were prostituting religion by using it to justify that schooling and teaching that such grotesque violence is really peace.

The Air Force Academy refuses to listen to our accusations or even admit to the real moral and political differences that separate us. We accuse them of carrying on an unjust and immoral war and they answer, "Did you or did you not trespass . . . ?"

Theoretically, the judicial system of the United States was established to resolve differences between contending parties in an impartial manner. As we sat, crowded into a "palace of justice," it did not take long to discover that the system which wholesales racism and death in Indochina also re-

tails the same commodities here at home packaged in various ways. One is labeled "bond."

Refuse Bail

To guarantee our appearance at further proceedings (as though we did not want the forum of the court for our message or as though we were trying to do something devious and underhand), the judge put a dollar value (\$1,000 to be exact) on our word. Money is the court's measure of trust. We said No! Our speech would be Yes! Yes! No! No! Just as we would trust the judge to conduct a fair trial, allowing us to call witnesses in our behalf, listening to all the evidence; just as we would not require the judge to post a bond to assure these fundamental things; so too, we wanted to be trusted.

Most of our poor brothers and sisters cannot afford bond so they take second best: steel chains and cold cells. With surprising suddenness we realized that "jail" is another word for poorhouse. There were no rich people in jail. Why should we middle-class people claiming to identify with the poor of the world, be afforded the luxury of "unsecured bonds"? Daniel Berrigan once said that in an age of criminal power we might have to become powerless criminals. We chose to throw in our lot with the poor.

Fasting

Before going to court, our whole group had met with a few friends at the Soup Kitchen in Our Lady of Guadalupe Church to share spaghetti soup and day-old bread. As we later remembered it, it was a real sacrament, our own "holy Thursday." From that moment we ate nothing more until we left jail. Three days later we consented to water during a prayer service. We knew that many would not understand our fast. We also knew we were too tired to explain. Like Daniel at the King's table, we did not want to eat the food of slaves. We would only eat the food of the free people. Each day we

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"PEACEMAKER" REFUSES TAXES

By ERNEST BROMLEY ET AL.

The federal government's Internal Revenue Service on December 6 began proceedings against Gano Peacemakers, Inc. and against Ernest and Marion Bromley for taxes and penalties amounting to over \$30,000, for the years of 1966 through 1971. The address for both is 10208 Sylvan Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. The locality is on the map as Gano.

As many people are aware, Gano Peacemakers, Inc. is a nonprofit corporation established by the Bromleys and others soon after they went to Gano as a community in 1950. It has held property, but has never operated a program, had any income from work or contributions, or had a treasury.

In 1958, the mailing address of the Movement of Peacemakers, together with its organ, *The Peacemaker*, was brought to Gano, as Ernest Bromley had accepted responsibility for circulation and editing. *The Peacemaker* files were brought from Yellow Springs, the financial records were brought from the former business address in Cleveland, and the sharing fund from Oberlin. As is well known by all volunteers who have kept the records and everyone close to the Peacemaker Movement, *The Peacemaker* finances have continued entirely apart from the finances of the people at the house in Gano.

False Information

IRS arrived at this figure through the assertion that the Peacemaker Movement and its organ, *The Peacemaker*, housed at that address, are synonymous with Gano Peacemakers, Inc., which holds title to the house where the Bromleys live. The erroneous claim, expressed in notations and figures on

numerous IRS forms, is that the finances of the Peacemaker Movement are one and the same as the corporation holding title to the property. Figures on these forms claim that all subscriptions to *The Peacemaker* and contributions to the Movement are income to Gano Peacemakers, Inc. These IRS tables and figures, received at the house in Gano, go so far as to assert that all recipients of checks from *The Peacemaker* bank account are employees of Gano Peacemakers, Inc., and assessments are listed for FUTA, FICA and payroll income tax which they claim Peacemakers should have withheld from all those receiving checks. People said to be employees are named in the documents; most are the families of imprisoned war objectors who received monthly checks for their period of need. Apparently, IRS took these from copies of cancelled checks kept by the Farmers and Citizens Bank, Trotwood, Ohio.

Whether IRS has made this move with the calculated intention of disrupting and diminishing the Peacemaker Movement and *The Peacemaker* is, of course, not known. It should be stated that the Bromleys and others who refuse taxes for war have consistently refused to give IRS any information—partly because they wanted to make collection as difficult as possible, even though the amount might be very small—and partly because they wanted to offer total noncooperation with the machinery of a racist and murdering government apparatus. Having gathered information which is totally false as the basis for a claim, IRS should not be permitted to proceed in ignorance of the total misrepresentation

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The Vietnam War:

"That Rough Slouching Beast"

By PATRICK JORDAN

The words are more haunting than ever. The words of that now often-quoted *New Yorker* editorial of last summer. For the recent catastrophic bombing of North Vietnam, coming in Christmas week 1972, has made those words even more dreadfully forthright. The editorial stated: "There are all kinds of factories, and the American machine in Vietnam is a death factory. We are its workers and its consumers, our ships and planes its moving parts, and the Vietnamese its raw materials. In this new guise the war has become so much a part of our lives that we scarcely notice it any longer. In a way, those who claim that the United States is no longer active in Vietnam are right. The war cannot now be seen merely as something we are doing; it is what we are."

It was Christmas week and we awaited the Second Coming. Instead, we came again to the Vietnamese with our thunderous terror. In the words of an Indian official forced to leave Hanoi because of the bombing: "People were dying everywhere." In the week that President Truman died, we had all but equalled the agony-producing terror of the A-bomb, but not once

had we answered the basic question of why we had ever begun our efforts in Vietnam, why we find ourselves exempt from the Fourth Commandment.

* * *

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation it at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.

* * *

Could these lines of Yeats, written in 1920, be more apt? Do they not speak of America in the 60's and 70's, of Christmastide, bombtide 1972? Do they not echo the *New Yorker*

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Vol. XXXIX No. 1

January, 1973

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly (Bi-monthly March-April, July-August, October-November)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:

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Editorial communications, new subscriptions and change of address:

36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003

Telephone 254-1640

Subscription United States. 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly. Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

I write this in my room at Tivoli which looks out over the river which is not yet full of ice floes as is usual at this time of the year. But there was snow in the night and I shall be house-bound for a few days. But Jan. 1-3 were three beautiful days of sun and thaw, and I walked a bit and made a little garden in a glass dish of mosses and tiny plants. C. S. Lewis in his autobiography *Surprised by Joy* describes just such a tiny garden which his beloved brother gave him when they were children.

"Beauty will save the world," Dostoevsky wrote. I just looked up this quotation in Konstantin Mochulsky's *Dostoevsky, His Life and Work*. Helene Iswolsky, our scholar in residence, attended his lectures in Paris before the 2nd World War. The book was translated by her friend Michael Minahan, and dedicated to her, and published by the Princeton University Press in 1967. It is a mine of information about this author's life and work.

In a paragraph on page 224, in speaking of art, Dostoevsky is quoted as saying, "It has its own integral organic life" and it answers man's innate need of beauty "without which, perhaps he might not want to live upon earth."

"When a man is in discord with reality, in conflict . . . the thirst for beauty and harmony appears in him with its greatest force. Art is useful here because it pours in energy, sustains the forces, strengthens our feeling of life . . . Man accepts beauty without any conditions and so, simply because it is beauty, with veneration he bows down before it, not asking why it is useful and what one can buy with it . . . Beauty is more useful than the simply useful, for it is the ultimate goal of being. On this height, the way of art meets with the way of religion."

Peter Maurin talked much of a new synthesis of "cult, culture and cultivation," and I think he emphasized these ideas because he was a French peasant, always close to the soil, a great reader, scholar and teacher, and had done the ugliest and most laborious of manual labor (giving up his original profession as teacher to emphasize St. Benedict's philosophy of work).

It was Jack English who, in one of his letters from the Trappist Monastery in Georgia, wrote to me that line from Dostoevsky's notebook, "Beauty will save the world."

Interviewings

Because the CW persists in its program of the *personal practice* of "works of mercy" (the most direct opposition to works of war), we have had much

publicity of late, and the time which was supposed to mean "rest" for me has been interrupted by interviews and visits of French-Canadian and American television crews. But it has been interesting, too. They seem to have enjoyed their assignment, and we naturally love those who love us. (The National Educational Television Network plans to present a view of the Catholic Worker on the evening of January 23.)

The American crew expressed the fear of more government repression of free speech in radio, television and press—a very real threat today.

They know of our own conflict with the IRS. We live in what we can only regard as a temporary truce. We have not applied for or received tax exemption. The letter we received (and pub-



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lished) from the N.Y. State Offices of the IRS stated:

"After examining your financial records and reviewing your activities for the above years (1966-1970), we find that you are not required to file annual returns for the years shown, and no further action is necessary regarding the proposals in our letter of January 17, 1972.

"Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

District Director

Internal Revenue Service"

The Washington official representative who met with us conveyed to us the respect they held for our religious principles and assured us that the presented bill for almost \$300,000 could be ignored. The matter would be dropped, it was indicated (but, "for the present")

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

A light rain is falling after a light snow last night. The air is raw and chill, though not really cold for early January. Many birds twitter. From time to time a downy woodpecker opens a sunflower seed on my window sill. Now and again a chickadee calls cheerfully.

Why do you persist in cheerfulness, little chickadee? Do you not know that this is early January, and that we have little to look forward to, except bad weather? Do you not know that the world of men is still dominated by tumult and carnage, and that man in his drive for power and for all the instruments and status-symbols of power has so depleted and polluted those God-given gifts of air, earth, and water that the day may come when neither birds nor men can survive? Or do you know a secret, O my chickadee? Do you know that somewhere at the still small point and center of the universe, the Word of God still radiates peace with justice, love with respect, not for the few but for all; and that He Who made the universe and marks the sparrow's fall will yet save us from the doom we make for ourselves? Alleluia, then, little chickadee. May your voice speak always of Him Who fathered us all, and may you persist until the bombs, missiles, guns, and all the diabolic instruments of war are silenced and lost in oblivion.

The Price of War

It seems almost incredible that after so many years, so many protest rallies and acts of civil disobedience, so many young men choosing jail or exile rather than participate in such senseless brutality, so many young men dying on battlefields for no reason they could understand, so many maimed for life—that after all this the war goes on. We hear the same old double-talk, the ancient lies, the camouflage of greed and lust and cruelty with the gaudy hues and flamboyant rhetoric of patriotism. May this year be like a rally-call to all persons of good will to find a way to end this war.

The hard truth of this continuing war was brought home most forcibly to us recently by what happened to one of our own Catholic Worker family, a young man who lived with us here at the farm for some time. Gary was born in Iceland, ran away from home at an early age, and wandered up and down the land with a great zest for life, adventure, and freedom. He was determined to have nothing to do with war or with the military, and finally found his way to the Catholic Worker. He loved Nature, and delighted in living out and sleeping out in our woods. Most people, I suppose, would have thought of him as one belonging to the "hippy, rock-music life style." He played the guitar magnificently, and was passionately addicted to rock music. For a time he played and sang so loud, at all hours of the day and night, that he drove some of us almost crazy. But he really could play well, and, when he chose, would play as gently and sweetly as anyone could desire. He spent a summer going up and down the Hudson in Pete Seeger's sloop, doing manual labor on the boat, and playing and singing for anti-pollution rallies. He worked with Allen Ginsberg for a time and accompanied some of Allen's famous chants and poems. Finally, in California, the military authorities caught up with him. He was jailed, and given the choice of a long jail sentence or induction. Since his mother and the Catholic Worker house in Los Angeles (the Ammon Hennacy House) had put up their houses for his bail, he did not feel he could run out on them. He made the hard choice of induction. I hope and pray that he will never lose his love of freedom, and never have to take part in actual warfare.

Another incident which brought home to us the length of this war and

the price one pays for opposing it, was the recent release from prison of Fr. Berrigan. He had served over three years in prison. Fr. Dan had been released earlier because of ill health. Several persons went from here to Danbury to welcome Fr. Phil; and Dorothy Day and others went to the city to participate in the Mass which Fr. Phil and Fr. Dan celebrated. It is good that these dedicated priests are out of prison, even though their parole may not be easy. I am sure they will continue to work for peace, for that true peace which is always accompanied with justice.

Recently I received a letter from a young man serving a sentence in a federal prison for refusing to cooperate with the draft. He wrote of receiving the *Catholic Worker*, of the help the paper gave him, and spoke of reading my article in his prison cell. I felt greatly touched and honored that this young man, who is making such a great sacrifice for peace, should read something I had written. For in my opinion the true heroes of our time are these young men who choose to go to jail rather than take part in a cruel and unjust war. There have been many such heroes. I can call to mind a roster of names from the *Catholic Worker* alone. The federal government would like us to forget these young men. But let us cherish them. They are our heroes.

Prisons

Perhaps one reason why I was so moved by this letter from a young prisoner is that some years ago—roughly in the period between 1955 and 1960—I, too, became familiar with a prison cell. I am speaking of the compulsory air raid protest demonstrations, which were led by Ammon Hennacy and Dorothy Day. We were arrested and served several short sentences, the longest of which was for thirty days. Compared to what the young draft refusers serve, this is nothing. Yet it gives one some sense of what prison life—if life it can be called—is like. We experienced suffering; we shared suffering; we learned that by being in prison, we could visit the prisoners—something we are told to do by our religion but which is difficult to manage in our society. I do not regret my own slight acquaintance with prison. But years in prison for a young man at the time of life when he can give his best are too much for society to demand. And all the young men who have died on the battle fields of Vietnam, and all their victims—whether military or civilian—that, too, is too much for any society to demand of anyone. It is senseless cruelty which must end.

There is another kind of prison about which I have learned much during the past ten years or so. That is the prison of blindness, total blindness, which, by reason of the restrictions and frustrations it imposes on one, really is a kind of prison. It is also a terrible kind of deprivation, a kind of poverty which deprives one of all those multitudinous riches which God intended us to enjoy and which we simply take for granted as long as we can see. One experiences, I think, something of the terrible negation and deprivation of the poor in the ghettos. It is not true, as some fallaciously believe, that the other senses immediately improve and compensate for the loss of vision. As time goes on, if one really works at it, one learns to make better use of the other senses. I think I have done this. Also I am visual-minded and gifted with a rather good visual memory. Yet one can never entirely escape the deprivation, the poverty, the prison of sightlessness.

In my experience, occupation and learning are two of the best therapies for blindness. The Perkins Brail-ler, which I am learning to use more

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Nonviolence in Vietnam: An Exchange

September 12, 1972

To The Catholic Worker:

An article in *The Catholic Worker* (July-August, 1972, page 7) in which my name is mentioned has just come to my attention. I am extremely shocked by the tone of this article, appearing in a publication I had always associated with a spirit of courageous charity.

It is mentioned that I wrote a report "giving the position of the Provisional Revolutionary Government" (of South Vietnam). It is thereafter implied that my name among the sponsors of the Second International Assembly of Christians in Solidarity with the Indo-Chinese Peoples to be held in Quebec October 6 to 9 indicates that the Assembly "is committed in advance to the violence of one side of the conflict."

To begin with, I recognize and resent the familiar procedure of automatically discrediting anyone who has "given" the position of the "other side." It is at considerable personal cost that some of us, over the past few years, motivated solely by our horror of the war and our concern for justice, have taken the trouble to inform ourselves about that "position" and to "give" what we have learned to our fellow Americans. This work has been arduous and necessary because of the omissions and distortions as to that position in the American press, reflecting the even greater omissions and distortions of the American Government.

Secondly, the "position" in question is nothing other than the peace proposal of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam calling for a government of national reconciliation in Saigon, in which all parties and all organized religions would be represented. It is biased indeed to imply that the writing of a report that presents and analyzes a peace proposal calling for full democratic rights for all parties concerned indicates some sort of "commitment to violence."

Those who will attend the Assembly very likely differ among themselves on the question of non-violence. But it should be noted that the Assembly itself is precisely an example of non-violent action.

Inaction is of course always non-violent, but those who practice inactive non-violence cannot expect to be regarded as moral authorities on questions of violence and non-violence. When you are attacked violently as the peoples of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia have been attacked, and when you have thereupon turned the other cheek to the napalm and the fragmentation bombs, then you, or more correctly your survivors, may then justly point to the example of your non-violence. Meanwhile, your preachings will not reach the ears of the peasants of Vietnam and Laos, deafened by the B-52's. When one is living in the society that sends those bombers to kill and destroy, condemnation of the violence of the victims who fight back is just empty verbiage.

An abstract non-violence which fails to identify and side with the victim—by non-violent means, let it be understood—in the historical context is curiously inconsistent with the sense of history that is so much a part of Christian consciousness. Historically, the Vietnamese people have been victims of imperialist violence for over a century. Historically, the Catholic Church has by no means been a neutral, purely spiritual force "above it all." Institutionally the Church, controlled by Western non-Vietnamese close to imperialist powers, has played a partisan and violent role, arming Vietnamese Catholics (themselves victims of imperialist ambitions) first against Confucian patriots in the nineteenth century, and against the Vietminh in the early 1950's. There is thus a special responsibility, and opportunity, for Catholics to play an active

and important role in seeking a harmonious settlement.

I beg you to study more deeply the historical context and to reconsider the meaning of responsible non-violent action for Catholics, in particular American Catholics, who want peace in Vietnam.

Sincerely yours,
Diana Johnstone

January 9, 1973

Dear Friends:

An invitation to attend the 2nd International Assembly in Quebec came to the Catholic Worker and to me personally. It mentioned the reports of the Paris Assembly which appeared in IDOC and it seemed well to read them again. It was in this connection that I re-read the cogent report by Diana Johnstone in IDOC and mentioned it in a short C.W. article on the planned Quebec Assembly. It was mentioned with the thought that readers might want to consult this report for themselves.

The rest of the short article represented answers to questions posed to a priest friend who was helping to organize the Quebec Assembly. His answers were far more to the point than the original literature regarding the Assembly. I wanted to ascertain whether the wording of the invitation gave an accurate picture of what the Assembly was about. I found that it did not. The short C.W. article was factual, and pointed out that some groups we revere as adherents, and suffering adherents, to nonviolence would not be present, in particular Thich Nhat Hanh and the Vietnamese Buddhist Peace Delegation.

This brings us to the whole witness of nonviolence, of its validity and of its relationship to the "Gospel Message

of Liberation" cited in the invitation to the Quebec Assembly. The nonviolence of the Gandhian Christian is anything but abstract; it identifies with the actual suffering of the actual victim wherever he or she may be. The Christian Gandhians, alongside the Vietnamese Buddhist peacemakers, say to both sides, we love you equally, and to each side, you cannot possess us utterly. We must be free to separate



Rita Corbin

the truth from the rhetoric of each opposing side. Winnowing out the truth from both sides of an ongoing conflict is bound to invite attack. Neither side wants a third force which is free, which is bent on simple truth, on a reconciliation which might deprive one side or another of a prized advantage.

The Christian reconciler goes even further and says that, as he can only serve one master, Jesus Christ, he must offer himself to both sides. It is here that the reconciler finds that he is

exposed to the darts of those who truly believe in violence, who see violence as the cleanser of evil and the support of the victim and the oppressed. The reconciler becomes a danger to the regime, to whoever is or wants to be in power, to power itself. It follows that the regime of South Vietnam is silencing the peacemakers and Hanoi wants no role in the regime of reconciliation for those who refused commitment to either side and who are termed neutralists. Those whose commitment to nonviolence makes them a third force are slandered as political tools.

"The Gospel Message of Liberation," as understood by those who organized the Assembly, means that one must identify not only with the oppressed. This is the essence of the new theology of liberation, but it is not the gospel message of liberation. Those of us who managed to escape from the old "Just War" theology are quick to recognize the new theology of liberation as a re-packaging of second-hand "Just War" concepts. It brings us back to the old "Devil-Angel" concept of a struggle, where one side is just and the other unjust. Just violence can thus be unleashed on the "devilish" side, on the oppressor. These simplistic concepts allow us to project onto the world outside the "devil-angel" dichotomy in our own psyches, our own souls. It allows us to kill and injure human creatures with a clean and even heroic conscience. Those of us who opposed the "just war" in theory and practice were concerned about what it did to the psyches of those who were caught on the wrong side and who were asked to believe that God's will for them was injury, homelessness and death at the hands of those on the right side of the conflict.

Those of us who have opposed the actions of the U.S. in Vietnam, who have spoken, written and been arrested for such opposition, may not be the most welcome people in a Vietnam which finally finds peace. We are not unrealistic if we know that dissidence was not highly thought of either in South or North Vietnam. Let us hope that the bloodletting of these terrible years will not have been useless, that instead it will bring us to a higher state of awareness so that we can see with greater clarity and compassion that to kill or injure another human creature cannot be the path to a better future. When Jesus took on human flesh and blood at the incarnation, he bathed every human person in the light of his divinity. We who are trying to live in the spirit of Jesus look at you all in this light, whatever side of a conflict you may fall on, whatever you may say or think of us. We hope that we can be a part of the healing of the crucified nation of Vietnam.

Eileen Egan

Looking towards peace in Vietnam, International Caritas recently held a meeting in Rome. The needs of Vietnam were discussed and plans were put forward for a new hospital in Hanoi calling for the expenditure of a million dollars. Caritas has brought medical supplies to Hanoi during the course of hostilities. Members of International Caritas are Catholic groups from most of the nations of the world, including Germany, France, the United States and Canada.

E.E.

"Peacemaker" Refuses Taxes

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they have made with regard to activities at Gano.

If IRS does proceed on the basis it has claimed, no assets called Peacemaker will be immune to its seizure at any time, be it a checking account where subscriptions are deposited or funds contributed for aid to imprisoned war objectors' families. Anything considered to be the Movement's can be grabbed. If that should happen, Peacemakers would find other ways to continue to communicate with each other and meet their obligations to families of imprisoned war objectors.

Claim Against the Bromleys

Ernest and Marion Bromley's non-payment of taxes for war antedates the founding of Peacemakers. They have for many years made public their stand against paying taxes for war, and have refused to give IRS any information. It is rather ironic that after making the house at Gano available without charge for *The Peacemaker* editing and circulation work, they are now being accused of receiving income from the operation of the Peacemaker Movement.

What Response to Make?

It is not likely that either individual refusers or any persons acting for Peacemakers will begin to fill out tax forms, open its mailing lists to IRS, show names of contributors and do any of the things people do who are merely looking for a better deal from IRS. Even if such cooperation were acceptable to Peacemakers, it is no guarantee that IRS would accept the explanations. And one thing quite repugnant to Peacemakers is the thought of applying to IRS for a right to continue.

There is the possibility that IRS is proceeding without knowledge of how far-fetched their claims are. Those who know the principles on which Peacemaker finances are handled may wish

to write to the IRS accountant who signed the papers. He is Samuel T. Lay, IRS, P.O. Box 476, Cincinnati, OH. 45201.

Such a communication would be for the purpose of informing the IRS that their claims against the Peacemaker Movement are erroneous. It would be particularly helpful if those knowing how the sharing fund operates would inform the IRS that those receiving checks are not employees either of Peacemakers or Gano Peacemakers, Inc.; that they have not performed any services for Peacemakers; and that they may have never had any other connection with Peacemakers than receiving financial aid during a resister's prison sentence.

There is no true basis for a collection in the material IRS has assembled. It may be that they will acknowledge this fact if they receive information from those who know how incorrect their assumptions are. If letters go to IRS, it would be helpful if copies are sent to *The Peacemaker*.

Chuck Matthei reports that the Peacemakers' winter continuation meeting in Indianapolis discussed mounting an educational campaign about tax refusal in the Cincinnati area. They also foresee a non-violent, direct action response to the war-tax machine if an eviction or auction takes place. Chuck stressed that the action would involve a no bail/no fine commitment from participants.

Although the Peacemakers wish to make refusal to support war, not concern to protect property, the issue in their tax case, they are collecting pledges of assistance for the Bromleys, should the need arise.

For more information, or to participate, contact:

The Peacemaker
10208 Sylvan Av.
Cincinnati, Ohio 45241

Mass Of Atonement

Sat., Jan. 20th, 1973

In reparation for the blood-letting and violence done in our time and in our name:

St. Paul the Apostle Church

59th and 9th Ave., NYC

6:15 p.m.

Sponsored by the Catholic Worker, Pax Christi-USA, and a group of independent Catholics.

♦ ♦ ♦ JACK ENGLISH — TRAPPIST MONK

By TOM SULLIVAN

Father Jack English died at 4 a.m. on December the 9th. He had been a Trappist Monk in the Monastery of the Holy Spirit, Conyers, Georgia. Jack had been an editor of *The Catholic Worker* (1945-1951). He was a member of the Cleveland Catholic Worker before World War II. Jack had been a newspaper writer on the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He was a former cook in the Catholic Worker on Mott St. and on Chrystie Street. Jack had been a prisoner of war in World War II when his upper teeth were all kicked out by a prison guard. Jack was a man of many faces and above all was somewhat like St. Paul—"All Things To All Men."

Jack just missed dying on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception by four hours. However, I am sure Our Blessed Mother was in the vicinity since the Trappists have a wonderful and healthy devotion to Mary. Jack's nurse said that Jack cried out many times during his illness to Our Blessed Lady. He had been placed in St. Joseph's Infirmary, Atlanta, Ga. one week prior to Thanksgiving with his fourth major heart attack. Thus, for the past nine years Jack had suffered major and minor heart attacks. The first heart attack took place during his visit to the Trappist Monastery of Gethsemani, Kentucky. Doctors said he would not survive. Jack had his second heart attack in June, 1970. Doctors said they were sure he would die within twenty-four hours. His third heart attack took place in January, '72. His doctor told him that surely the third attack would kill him. Jack suffered his fourth major heart attack in November, '72. The doctors said he would not survive the first night. However, Jack lived for three and a half weeks beyond the first day.

I was blessed by God to be able to visit Jack during three of his heart attacks. He died with Grace and gracefully. Prior to his last illness, I last visited Jack in August, '72 when he had been happier and more content than I had ever known him to be in thirty-four years. He appeared to have reached a profound understanding of himself and others in and out of the Community. Thus, I prayed during his illness that God would see fit to heal Jack and send him back to his Monastery for at least ten more years. Dorothy Day said I should have asked for twenty-five more years for Jack. I thought that we should try and get Jack the ten years first. I even asked God to change His plans if it meant that he wanted Jack for Himself. "Dear God, would it upset your plans so much if you gave Jack another shot at life?" But God wanted Jack now. And God knew behind my prayers for Jack's recovery existed a great deal of selfishness. Jack had been one of the longest and best friends of my life. During all these years we had both tried to bring each other closer to God. Without one doubt, Jack was one of the greatest people that I have ever known in my life. Many other people have shared this evaluation of Jack from an obscure person in the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality to the late Archbishop Paul Hallinan of Atlanta, Georgia.

Early C.W. Days

Jack was such an unforgettable person that you did not meet him but you experienced Jack. My first experience with Jack took place in the Chicago Catholic Worker in 1938. Jack was associated with the Cleveland Catholic Worker and had come to visit us in Chicago enroute to Milwaukee. He had an attractive personality with a tremendous sense of humor, and our friendship began at once. We had some winners in the tall-story department in Chicago, but Jack could and would top them at will. All in fun! We soon discovered this talent in Jack and set him

up for a meeting with our top man, John Bowers. It ended in a draw. John Bowers was a super-sophisticate, charming and very intelligent man and not given to complimenting many people. However, he was deeply impressed with Jack English and proclaimed him a genius. He said that Jack was really too brilliant to live long. He said that



Jack was not only scintillating but a man of exceptional taste. Thus, at the sanctum sanctorum in Holy Rood House where John Bowers presided, Jack was served imported wine from France in the finest glasses of John Bowers. John Bowers served the rest of us cheap table wine in ordinary water glasses!

At that early date Jack was well into all areas of literature. And he took his reading seriously to the point of corresponding with writers like Willa Cather. Thus we enjoyed a good deal of conversation about books, ideas and authors. He was well able to point up the quality writers of that era.

As Jack was leaving Chicago, he said he was to visit the Milwaukee Catholic Worker to see Larry Heaney, the Director of the House of Hospitality. Larry was one of the freest spirits we had ever known. Larry was a personalist, a dedicated man and greatly loved by all who knew him. He managed a house in Milwaukee which welcomed any poor man in need. Jack said that he and Larry planned to visit Georgia and join the chain gang where they expected to give witness of Jesus Christ to the prisoners. At that time we of the Chicago Catholic Worker group considered ourselves pretty radical Christians. However, this plan of Jack's rocked us to our shoe tops.

We voiced our opinion to Jack that one could go too far with this radical bit. He simply smiled and left for Milwaukee where he met with Larry. They got as far as a tiny farm in Southern Illinois. The farmer couple read *The Catholic Worker* and wrote letters inviting any pilgrim to stop and visit. The man had a terrible cough and Jack said the noise kept him awake most of the night. It was a very frail shack. Jack and Larry hung out there for a few days trying to aid this couple with their work. Jack said that all of the food consisted mainly of eggs at every meal. Pressure from concerned relatives finally persuaded Jack and Larry to return to their homes.

A short time after his return to Cleveland, I had the grand opportunity of visiting with Jack and his Cleveland Catholic Worker group. Jack belonged to a splinter group of Catholic Workers who had their own house of hospitality. The house was stark and very grim in appearance, and there did not appear to be anyone living there when I first saw it. There were a few rats running around the place. However, I did enjoy

a good visit with Jack and his group on that Sunday afternoon. They were a refreshingly radical group of blacks and whites. Jack was highly thought of by all of this fine group. He and they gave me the impression that they were further ahead than the rest of us associated with the Catholic Worker in their approach to racial justice. They had at least gone beyond the talking stage and had begun to socialize with one another. Jack continued to impress me and others with his wonderful mind and cheerful personality.

Our next meeting took place at the Catholic Worker retreat given to us by a Father Furfey in 1940. We continued to have many rap sessions with Jack, and he proved to be one of the most stimulating persons at that retreat.

The War

In February, 1942 Jack was assigned to the Air Force in Europe. He was part of an air crew and his plane was shot down over Rumania, and Jack became a prisoner of war. He lost all of his upper teeth as a result of brutal treatment by his captors. He wore a dental plate the rest of his life. I corresponded with Jack while he was in a prison camp. In his letters he sounded like he was now leaning heavily towards a pacifist position. There were no condemnations of his captors—didn't even sound bitter about them. During all the years that followed, I never heard Jack make a reference to the incident, and he endeavored to create a world where a real peace would be possible.

Just as soon as Jack was discharged from the Air Force, he wasted no time in returning to the New York Catholic Worker in August, 1945. Here Jack gave all of his money and plunged into the Catholic Worker program of living and working with the poorest of the poor who came to St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on Mott Street. Here the poor were fed, sheltered and consoled under the direction of Dorothy Day. Thus, Jack was prepared to sacrifice his future and life to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ in ministering to the poor. There was no salary attached to this work. The meals were things that left much to be desired by all. Mice, rats, bedbugs, body lice and cockroaches were in evidence at the Catholic Worker, and were all a part of the package deal if one decided to move into the House of Hospitality. Drunks and mentally disturbed people were constantly visible around the Catholic Worker. The living quarters were sometimes small, airless and dirty. During mealtimes the cockroaches appeared to take delight in running across the tables to make sure you were really hungry. Jack made no complaints about all of this, but pitched in and did what he could to make conditions better for all the poor.

About two weeks after Jack moved into the Catholic Worker, I arrived in New York after my discharge from the Service. Unlike Jack, I did not rush to join the Catholic Worker, but instead took a room in that city and proceeded to do the town. I had plenty of money for books, movies, plays, ballgames, meals, etc. I met Charles O'Rourke, a super Catholic Worker, at the noonday Mass at St. John's Church. He convinced me to come down and visit the CW where he was putting in some ten hours per day typing stencils for the paper. Charlie was so filled with the Holy Spirit that you could not refuse his suggestion. There I met Jack English again. He was heavy into the Catholic Worker life then.

Mott Street House

Jack suggested at once that I help out with the work immediately. Then he and Charlie O'Rourke convinced me to come down everyday after the noonday Mass and to continue to help with the work. Within a few days, Jack,

Dorothy Day, and Charlie O'Rourke persuaded me to move out of the hotel and into the Catholic Worker. Jack talked like he were inviting me to share a warm comfortable apartment instead of the bedbug and lice-infested, tenement, two-room apartment that he shared with a senile old man. Jack said that I could have the third bed in that apartment. The bedbugs welcomed me warmly. In the middle of the night when all was quiet, the old man would recite the Rosary in a strong voice. In the next apartment a very disturbed man would have hallucinations and carry on dialogues with the Devil. In the morning the old man would obtain water for his needs from the toilet bowl. I would gasp at all this as I brought it to Jack's attention. Jack would grin, however; he had deep compassion for these poor men. He would try and keep close tabs on these people who did not appear to be able to look out for themselves. He would see to it that they had enough clothes, and see to it that they appeared at all of our meals.

After I was in the house for a short time, Jack suggested that I see to it that the old man got down to the one shower we had in the house for a bath. I resisted Jack very much on this. I would tell Jack that this man was walking with lice and his body was encrusted with dirt plus the fact that his face was filthy and covered with tobacco juice. Jack brushed all these objections aside and said that this was a crisis situation and claimed that the old man would look and feel great if he were helped in this respect. I finally agreed, and Jack gave me an entire set of clothes for this man. After the bath and the clean clothes were put on, all that Jack said came true.

Jack had this great concern for the poor and said we should be doing more than we were. He then suggested that we should sweep, clean, scrub and paint every room in the five story house that we were living in. Several of the rooms were unoccupied due to dirt, lack of beds and an insufficient number of staff helpers. Jack said that we could accommodate at least a dozen more people if we put all the rooms in good condition. Thus Jack and I worked day and night for the next few weeks renovating these rooms. We moved in



fresh beds and they were all quickly filled up since the evenings were getting cooler. Jack constantly tried to create a homelike atmosphere for these poor. He made it his daily task to search out their needs and attempted

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to fulfill them. Many of these poor in return worshiped Jack.

Jack and I got to know each other very well since we were working together day and night and participated in endless discussions. We discussed many vital subjects, and Jack continued to amaze me with his profound knowledge of theology, philosophy, psychology, history, literature, authors, etc. When I came across subjects or authors that I found difficult to understand, Jack would very patiently explain them to me. Jack would not only recommend a book for me to read, but would obtain them and place them in my hands and maintain a gentle check on me to see that I actually read and understood them. We never thought of spending money for books. However, numerous people learned of Jack's love of books and would frequently present them to him. One wealthy lady was so impressed by Jack that she gave him a check covering a roundtrip to Paris. She presumed that it would be an enriching experience for Jack. Jack stayed only a very few days but wrote to me and said that he missed the Catholic Worker so much that he was taking the next plane back to us on Mott Street. He did just that.

"You Must Read!"

Jack would get so enthused about a book that he frequently would wake me up at night to read a page or as much as I would listen to. I finally begged him not to wake me up at night unless the house was on fire. He would laugh and agree, only to forget about it when he ran across something that he would find "powerful" as he would say. Jack would sit up late each night reading while the rest of us were dead asleep. Before I would finally go off to sleep I would hear Jack laughing and reacting aloud to things he was reading in his bed. Jack not only pursued me with books that, "you must read," but practically anyone who could read. One of the worst hurts that you could render to Jack was to refuse to read one of his must books or fail to share his love for a particular book. While I was visiting him at the Monastery during the Christmas holidays of 1971, he insisted on me reading a book called *The Exorcist*, a book about the demon-possession of a small girl. I begged off, telling him that I would get a copy as soon as I got home. Nothing doing, I must read it at once. It could not wait he said. He brought his own copy to me that some friend of the Monastery had given to him. He mentioned that book to me about a half a dozen times per day to see how I was coming. He was right again, since once I got into that book I was spellbound. One night I heard a pounding on the wall as I read this book. I knew there was no one in the next room and I quickly jumped into bed. I told Jack about it the next day and he laughed and asked me why I had not gone and investigated. I said I did not have to investigate since I was sure I knew who was doing the pounding.

The Catholic Worker cook, a man named Chin Chu, departed from our house one cold wintry day. Chu was the only cook we had and the situation looked grim. However, Jack volunteered to do the cooking. He knew nothing about the art of cooking, but he soon learned with his intensive study of cook books and the advice of visitors to the Catholic Worker. Jack would work all day in our kitchen. Frequently he would be making muffins at eleven o'clock at night. He explained that he did this in order that the poor would have a substantial breakfast the next morning. Before Jack took over the cooking our breakfast generally consisted of coffee and a crust of bread. Jack would spend a great deal of time and effort to see that we were purchasing a wide variety and nourishing supply of foods. Jack

did everything possible to make our kitchen and dining room attractive. He worked hard to keep the place spotless and prepared excellent meals within a limited budget.

An incident that delighted Jack no end occurred when a poor woman from the Bowery came in for supper. She called herself "Sarge" and would throw a real military salute at Jack and the rest of us when she came and departed. One night she entered as we were devouring a bowl of Jack's delicious stew. She threw her usual salute to Jack but did not sit down and eat with us. Instead she picked up her bowl of stew and emptied it into her purse. She threw a salute at Jack, made an about face and walked briskly out of our dining room. When we recovered from our amazement, Jack and the rest of us cracked up laughing for sometime. Jack's sense of humor was one of the richest that I have ever known.

Retreats and Recollection

At the Catholic Worker most of the staff would attend daily Mass and receive Holy Communion as a matter of course. Jack was always up before the rest of us in this respect. He as well as the rest of us made one or more visits to our Church during the day. Jack started us all saying a Rosary at noon each day in our large meeting room. He frequently mentioned days of recollection and retreats that we might be interested in making. One Sunday morning he routed me out of bed at 5 a.m. to attend a day of recollection with Father Vann, O.P. At that time of the morning on a Sunday I would ask him, "How fanatic can we get?" He would smile and start telling me how great Father Vann was.

Just prior to Thanksgiving of 1945 Jack began to describe a retreat that was going to be given at the Catholic Worker Farm in Easton, Pa. He told me that he had made this same retreat that past summer and that one had to observe silence for some five days. He informed me that stress was to be placed on the ways and means of living a spiritual life. Jack said that all things done for natural pleasures had to be terminated. We would have to get rid of such things in our lives such as cigarettes, movies, novels, radio, alcoholic beverages, besides becoming detached from worldly friends. I told Jack that I did not want to lead a spiritual life if it entailed all of that. Jack smiled and said that it wasn't all that bad, and then went to work on me and finally persuaded me to attend the retreat. The weather was cold with a bitter wind. I bought the whole package of abstaining from smoking, movies, drinking, etc. However, after the retreat was over I noticed that Jack went on smoking and the rest as though he never heard of the retreat. I brought up all this apparent contradiction of his towards the retreat's teachings. He got a big laugh out of it and lit up another cigarette.

Trappist Monk

Jack had been seriously thinking of becoming a priest from 1945 on. He did not say much about it. However, one September afternoon in 1951 he said he thought he would visit the Trappists in Conyers, Georgia. Jack was feeling a need for a change of scenery. That night we visited St. Francis Church and then went to the coffee shop to wait out the bus that was to take him to Georgia. I asked him if he might stay there for life. He laughed but said nothing about his plans. As soon as he arrived at the monastery he wrote and told me of how wonderful all the monks had been to him. He soon wrote again and said there was a chance that he might be accepted into the community. He phoned me one night a few weeks later and informed me with great joy that he was being accepted into the community as

a postulant by the late great Reverend Father Robert McGann, the Abbot of the Monastery. At first I was a little surprised that he would select such a difficult life, and then again I realized that Jack was drawn toward the absolute. As long as I knew him, he was always God-centered and much concerned with the Life of the Spirit.

People around the Catholic Worker during those days were very much interested in Jack's latest move. None of us really thought that Jack would persevere, since none of us really understood Jack that well. Jack continued to write to me and urged me to visit him and the monastery. Despite my readings and a three-day visit to a monastery in Iowa, I really did not know or have the faintest idea of what the Trappist Life was all about. After further prodding by Jack, I finally went down to visit him in February, 1952 which was five months after Jack had arrived. The entire atmosphere of the life as lived by those Trappists so im-



pressed me that I asked the Abbot, Reverend Father Robert McGann, to allow me to enter the life. He very gracefully declined, and said that Jack had told him how valuable I was to the Catholic Worker and that he thought I should return to the CW. During that visit I was very much impressed with Jack and the rest of the Trappists for leading such a totally dedicated life to God with all that hard work, silence, vegetarian diet, long hours of prayers, and all with great joy.

In 1955 when I left the Catholic Worker and visited the Monastery with Jack spending his fourth year. Jack spent many hours trying to persuade me to try the life. He got three other Trappists to assist him in his task. Within three weeks I had joined that community. It was one of the most difficult ways of life that I had ever experienced, in fact the very most! Then with this personal experience I couldn't get over my admiration for Jack's perseverance. He had completed four years at that time, and I did not feel as though I could get through two weeks in that life. You did not fake out anyone in that life—with the exception of yourself. And you would not do that for long. If you thought that you were a good worker, you would soon find out all sorts of people who could work harder and longer than you. If you thought that you were a man of prayer, you would soon find all sorts of people there who could out-pray you. Anything you could do well you would find all kinds of people who could better than you. The silence and the spirit of silence would blow you off the ground. After some months I was laid out in the infirmary from the gung-ho life. It was then you were permitted to speak to anyone who came to visit you. Jack was right up to visit me. I

complained to him, "Why in hell didn't you tell me what this life was like? I am ready for a strait jacket." Jack roared laughing and said that it is an experience that you really can't explain to another person. Jack was right again. Then he began to tell me everything that was going on in the monastery and in the Trappist order plus the secular world. I would ask him how he learned all these things but he would simply laugh. I did not know the secular name of the novice standing next to me in chapel, but Jack could tell me the novice's personal history plus the family background.

Final Illness

Jack continued to be of great assistance to those in need after he joined the Trappist Monastery. During the weekend of Jack's death I met a man who had been sent to see Jack last September for help with his personal problems. This man came from another state and city. He said that Jack aided in changing the entire course of his life which had been heading for serious disaster. Many others had tried to help this man before he met Jack, but they had failed. I know of many other instances of where Jack had helped numerous other persons during his life with the Trappists. If Jack could not help a person himself, he would try and put them in touch with someone who could.

During Jack's final illness I visited him many times. I was appalled by his appearance and his continual sufferings. Whenever his suffering was obvious to me, I would say I had better come back later. But Jack would ask me to stay. Then he would go on and ask me some question about my own personal welfare. During those last days his face revealed much pain, but he came through with a big smile when I asked him if he would like to have Dorothy Day visit him. Jack always had this tremendous love and admiration for Dorothy from the first time that he had heard her speak in Cleveland at his University of John Carroll. Whenever I saw or heard from him he would always be asking about Dorothy. Like the Trappist life of prayer, Jack appeared to know before the rest of us what Dorothy Day was all about. Jack had a great love for all the members of his Trappist Community who were worthy of every bit of it. Jack loved many people, too numerous to mention here. However, his sister, Mary English Hengst, would have to be mentioned at the top of the list.

Father Edmund Brand, a former prior in the Trappist Monastery, suggested that I write a book about Jack. Father Edmund is a good friend of Jack's, mine, and many other people. Father Edmund is a great example of the holiness, wisdom and charity possessed by all the monks in that monastery. Father Jack could not have spent so many years of his life in a better community anywhere on the globe.

I hope to write that book about Father Jack English because I think it should be written. Perhaps the readers of this article would be so kind as to forward any materials you might have about Jack and your personal evaluations of him.

This article is not meant to be anything more than my own happy memories of Jack English. And it is merely an expansion of the talk I gave at his funeral Mass at the very kind invitation of the Reverend Father Augustine Moore and a few other monks.

Father Jack English was not a plaster saint but a very Christ-like human being who was possessed by God with a vital concern for all mankind. If you knew Jack and understood him you should consider yourself blessed by God.

Lanza del Vasto Visits Catholic Worker

By EILEEN EGAN

Lanza del Vasto spent the last afternoon of his recent American visit with the Catholic Worker. About 150 people came together for an afternoon that included a talk by del Vasto and a dialogue on community between Dorothy Day and del Vasto.

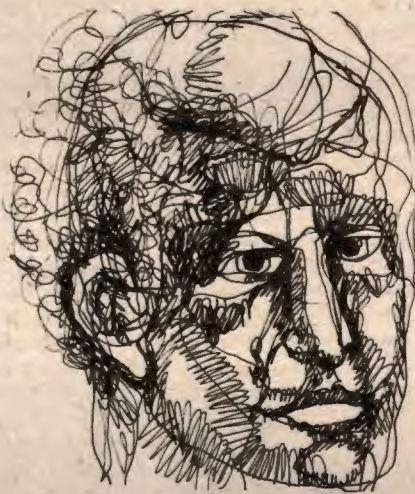
For those who have not yet read *Return to the Source*, Lanza del Vasto is a Sicilian. He was given the name of Shantidas, Servant of Peace, during his pilgrimage to India, to the feet of Gandhi and to the source of the Ganges. *Return to the Source*, which tells the story of this pilgrimage, sold over a million copies in French and has been translated into many languages. Thus del Vasto has become a legendary teacher and leader not only in France but in Latin America and Canada.

Now in his early seventies, del Vasto is an unforgettable figure, over six feet tall, white-bearded, and dressed from head to toe in near-white, handwoven wool. His dress is an epiphany of the rule of life in the Community of the Ark, which he founded and heads. In the Ark, located in the south of France, hand labor is nurtured and honored, and simplicity of life is strictly preserved. He wears a wool tunic. A carved Jerusalem cross of dark brown wood is always about his neck.

Exhortation on Love

A poet and artist as well as writer and community-seeker, del Vasto talked of love as the basis of the Christian life, as the only seed from which nonviolence and community can grow. It was a many-stranded talk that started with a tribute to the Catholic Worker. "All that we thought we had invented about community and nonviolence in our beginnings, we found had already been developed by Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day."

Some glancing reflections of a four-hour meeting follow. Lanza del Vasto's springboard was the irony that issues from the love a man bears for a woman. That man will hate another man who loves the woman he loves and he will hate the man who hates her. He will also hate her if she loves another man. He might then kill three persons, the two men and the woman for this so-called love—and end up by killing himself. Collective, heroic



Rita Corbin

love, the love of the nation, also promotes killing; it justifies human sacrifice by the millions.

There is a commerce of love, he pointed out, in which "You love me so I love you." The test of love is the love of one's enemies. "I hope you all have enemies," he said suddenly.

The Christian who responds with love to the personal insults, the hurts, the invasions and destructive acts of an enemy is seen as mad, yet it is precisely in such a response that the Good

News is proclaimed and the chains of violence are fractured. Gandhi, who said that "Truth is God," saw that the struggle is to lay bare the truth so that the enemy sees it. Once the enemy realizes that the truth is not in his cause, he will begin to be weary of the struggle. In the end, the solution must come from the enemy. Only loving nonviolence can serve as the mainspring for such a resolution.

Dialogue on Community

"I feel timid about this conversation," said Dorothy Day when she sat with del Vasto in dialogue. "You are the head of one of the most perfect communities. When we look at the wild disorder of our communities, we hang our heads in shame. You mentioned dealing with enemies. We haven't run after our enemies enough. We must go much further than nonviolent resistance to evil. After forty years of the Catholic Worker, we are beginning to have glimmerings of the implications of 'resist not evil.' It is not flesh and blood that we fight, but spirits."

"In our first community," del Vasto explained, "we accepted everyone. We found that we had a number of raving neurotics, and that even one neurotic can upset a community. It is contagious. Now we receive anyone as a guest for a few days, but to enter the community of the Ark one must stay two or three years. Yes, we are very structured, and though we have hordes of visitors, the nucleus community is so strong that newcomers not ready for our life leave of their own accord."

"They say that the Catholic Worker never turns anyone away. At Tivoli we have to," said Dorothy Day. "There are times when we ask people to leave and they stay anyway. One man came to stay with us to be a lesson to us. He did not want to do any work but point

out our failings to us. Our community is really a school of nonviolence. But the basic idea is still Peter Maurin's, that workers should become scholars and the scholars workers."

Del Vasto described at length the structure of the Community of the Ark. Two aspects he stressed in a special way, the responsibility of leadership and the responsibility of one member of the community for another.

During the questioning, del Vasto also described the participation of the Ark community members in struggles of nonviolent resistance, including opposition to the Algerian war, the struggle for the right of conscientious objection to French military service, and an ongoing fight to prevent a massive extension of a military base on the nearby Larzac plateau. The methods call for the time-honored one of fasting, as well as creative methods to meet special situations in France. For example, when the police came to arrest a draft-refuser, they would find a large number of men of approximately the same age chained together. If the draft-refuser's name was Jean Bernard, each man would answer the call, saying "I am Jean Bernard," thus bearing the burden of the man whose conscience was being violated.

In India, the very sight of a dedicated person called "darshan," is considered a blessing. When Dorothy Day sat with del Vasto in dialogue, those present had a "double darshan."

Return to the Source

It has always seemed a matter of great regret to those who know the work of Lanza del Vasto that his great book *Return to the Source* was not available to American readers. Schocken Books of New York is to be commended for at last bringing *Return to the Source* to the American public.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)
was the qualifying clause in my own mind).

Mr. Nixon's first statement that he would attack the problem of "permissiveness" was a warning note. The jailing of newspaper reporters, the Ellsberg trial—in fact, any criticisms of government policies or actions was going to meet with repressive measures.

The tax refusal movement all over the country grows. The conflict between State and people is coming out into the open here in the United States. The Totalitarian State is not just Germany (Hitler), Italy (Mussolini) and the USSR (Stalin), but is here and now with the "all encroaching State" as our Catholic bishops once called it, involving China and ourselves, as well as Russia.

The State

"A thousand years are as one day" in the history of the Church, so of course the Church has not gotten very far in the solving of this problem which started with Constantine. Actually if the State, City, and the whole secular world with its "inspector generals" and bureaucracies did not demand our conformity to such insane standards of luxury, Holy Mother the Church would not have to be pleading for funds for schools, and books, and buses, and health and welfare aids. (As St. Hilary wrote a thousand, (or a few days) ago, "The less we ask of Caesar, the less we will have to render to Caesar." This was his commentary on Jesus' words—"Render to Caesar the things of Caesar and to God the things of God.")

How good it would be to see the Church closer and closer to poverty and the poor; little schools set up on every block, in idle rooms, in empty

buildings, with the students themselves helping repair them and getting meanwhile some sense of the joy of manual labor (and the pains of it, too). And idle Church-owned lands given over to the disorderly poor, the unworthy poor, to build up little villages of huts, tepees, log cabins, yes, even outhouses. Which might come to resemble (if a Church of sorts were built in the center) an ancient Irish monastery. Ireland used to be called the land of Saints and Scholars.

Actually, we see some of these attempts today in "communes" all over the country and among the dreamers, the "freaked out." Even the shacks of the farm workers on the lands of the growers could be made into a community of common purpose—"to make the kind of society where it is easier to be good."

Overcoming our enemies is slow work indeed. Loving our enemies is commanded of us by Christ. And I can lie here on my couch on a snowy January afternoon and dream dreams, and write this letter to our readers. But of course our greatest enemy is ourselves, our lethargy, our neglect of those most powerful means—prayer and fasting (and the sacraments).

The War

Actually I was trying as I began writing about my little terrarium, to comfort myself, because of the horror of our times, these times of savagery, lies, greed—and implacable determination on the part of one man not to be "the first President to lose a war."

In the sordid ugliness of our slums one can find beauty in the clouds, in a clear sky, as Ruskin said. Tom Sullivan's article in this issue recalled to me the beauty of a human being who had been thru war and the humiliation

of beatings in a prison camp and who sat by the bedside of a dying woman, Peggy Baird, my old friend, and drank with her and talked literature with her and when she said she wanted to die a Catholic brought out that beautiful old Baltimore Catechism and "brought her into the Church."

He lived thru the horror—he was also involved in contributing to the horror, as each and everyone of us Americans are now, one way or another. We are all guilty. "He who says he is without sin is a liar," Scripture says, as a dear black neighbor on First Street, clutching my hand, assured me last month. And don't we all know it!

Joan Baez

Joan Baez, who sang at two of my meetings on the West Coast last winter, went to Hanoi and miraculously lived thru those bombings last month. She and a few others, acting as postmen for the prisoners of war, brought and returned with letters. Yes, the world will be saved by such beauty, such courage! She stood on a balcony in Hanoi and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. How could she keep that heavenly voice of hers from trembling with the fear she confessed to enduring all thru her visit? She has suffered imprisonment (and her mother, too) in protesting this longest war in U.S. history.

I hope you have all seen those pictures of her accompanying the children in Birmingham, Alabama, as they faced up to, marched against, police dogs and men lined up some years ago against demonstrating women and children of the South in a racial and class war which goes on still, and is even more prevalent in the North.

Reading is an escape from agony. Solzhenitsyn's works — *The Cancer*

Ward, *The First Circle*; Harrison Salisbury's *The 900 Days, The Siege of Leningrad*. Such books remind one that in such crises today man often is of indomitable spirit. "There is that which is of God in every man," the Quakers say.

Rejoice! Phil is Free!

He came to us, as his brother Fr. Dan Berrigan did last spring, to say Mass at St. Joseph's House, First Street, the day after his release from Danbury Federal Prison.

Father Phil Berrigan is now with his Community, a Josephite parish in Baltimore, where our beloved Fr. Pacifique Roy used to live. I received a rejoicing letter from Brendan and Willa Walsh, our Catholic Worker fellow workers in Baltimore. Remember, St. Paul wrote: "Rejoice, and again I say rejoice!" Maybe, if we pray hard enough we can bring about a purifying defeat for our country, and begin a new life, at home, and stop making instruments of war.

I'd like to end with a beautiful quote from Rosemary Haughton—a reminder for each and all of us:

"There are not many ways to God, but only one, and it lies through the depth of a man's own soul, when he leaves his false self behind, and stripped, and alone like the myth heroes—goes into the darkness. The darkness may be a catastrophe, personal or communal, or it may be the yearly, daily round of ordinary living, continued when the first enthusiasm has died and there seems no reason to go on and do right except clinging to a laughable conviction that there is something worth going on for. And in the depth of this darkness is Christ, who passed from the world and the flesh that we know into the complete world and the whole man."

BOOK REVIEWS

A HARSH AND DREADFUL LOVE: The Story of The Catholic Worker Movement. By Dr. William D. Miller. Published by Liveright, New York. Price \$9.95. Reviewed by Stanley Vishnewski.

For many years, I have been curious to know how an objective historian would view The Catholic Worker. I was interested to know how an historian would reconstruct the many episodes and treat the thousands of personalities that have gone to make up The Catholic Worker Movement. And now with the publication of *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* by Dr. Miller, I know.

Dr. Miller is Professor of History and Chairman of American Studies at Florida State University, Tallahassee. Dr. Miller spent six years interviewing Catholic Workers who are now scattered over the face of the earth. He spent two years at the Catholic Worker Archives reading every letter and document on the Catholic Worker. One can imagine the immensity of this task alone when one realizes that the CW Archives stored at Marquette University fill shelves twelve feet long and eight feet high. These papers are but a fraction of the CW papers that are still in private hands.

Not every one who has been associated with The Catholic Worker Movement will agree with every one of Dr. Miller's conclusions or even with some of his emphasis on its thought and activities. The Catholic Worker was from its beginnings and still remains today an extremely personal movement. It is made up of all the people who have been connected with it in one form or another. Each person brings his own personal interpretation to the Movement. Two Catholic Workers viewing the same incident would both relate to it in a highly personal fashion. And both would be telling the truth.

That is why this book by Dr. Miller is so valuable an addition to the ever increasing books and articles and TV documentaries which are being produced about the Worker. Dr. Miller loves the work. It is evident in every line of the book. Dr. Miller is able to evaluate the events of The Catholic Worker and place them within the framework of the entire Movement.

The book itself is a beautiful job of printing. The publishers are to be complimented on the typography. The

cover is a reproduction of the May, 1972 paper. There is a beautiful photograph of Peter Maurin as the frontispiece. This is one of the most characteristic and distinguished photographs of Peter that I have ever seen. It was donated from the archives of Bill and Dorothy Gauchat. (Someday I hope they will write the story of their activities in the Catholic Worker.) There are also fine photographs by Ed Lettau as well as illustrations by Fritz Eichenberg and Ade Bethune. There is an excellent index as well as a chapter on primary sources which should prove of value to students who are writing their papers on The Catholic Worker Movement.

The only objection that I have is the price. The book costs \$9.95. But one can always give up smoking a few cigarettes a day and use that towards the purchase price. But if that is too much of a sacrifice to make, then go to your public library and ask the librarian to order a copy from the publisher. Most librarians would be glad to order copies if they are asked to do so. It would be a good apostolate. I do hope that in time to come the book will be reprinted in paperback so that we will be able to hand out copies freely to all our friends.

THE COMMUNITY LAND TRUST: A Guide to a New Model for Land Tenure in America. By the staff of the International Independence Institute. Published by the Center for Community Economic Development, Cambridge, Mass., 1972. Price \$3.50. Reviewed by Mike Kroyche.

Land reform in the United States? The term is nearly always associated with nations classified "underdeveloped" but really pertains to misdeveloped countries, whether too little or too much industrialized.

It is not too difficult to make a case for misdevelopment of this country's land. It is now undergoing a kind of resettlement and everyone involved or interested in it knows that land, though apparently plentiful, is becoming harder to find and more expensive to buy, and is rarely very far from some kind of threat to its beauty, usefulness or value. Land in this country has been stolen, raped by farming, grazing, lumbering, and hunting, bought cheap, sold dear, mortgaged, consolidated, divided, and subdivided, and taxed to encourage its deterioration; in short it has been subjected to any abuse that profited somebody at the expense of the land, and usually of numbers of people as well.

Most of these abuses derive from the treatment of land as property. When the white men asked the Indians to sell them land, the idea was new to them; land was given to mankind to live on just as air to breathe and water to drink, and no doubt that is why the Indians shrugged their shoulders, accepted a few tokens, and left Manhattan Island to the white settlers—not because they were suckers.

The community land trust establishes an alternative means of land tenure based on holding the land in trusteeship or stewardship, accepting Ralph Borsodi's distinction between property and "trusterty."

... Property is created by man through his labor. Trusterty includes land, the atmosphere, rivers, lakes, seas, natural forests, and mineral resources of the earth. Since these do not come into existence as a result of human labor, they cannot be morally owned; they can only be held in trust. (p.l.) With this in mind the community land trust decides three fundamental questions: how and by whom the land will be used, how it will be passed on to future generations, and under what circumstances the land may be ex-

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A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

efficiently, will be a big help to me in organizing materials and venturing into new kinds of writing. Talking books are good, though it is difficult to get the precise book one wants. Recently Ed Turner has been reading some good books to me which I need for reference, and we have recorded them on the cassette which Fr. Jack English gave me. The cassette is such an improvement over the old open-reel tape recorder that there is no comparison. I do need more blank cassettes for recording, particularly the sixty-minute length (thirty-minutes to a side) or the ninety-minute length (forty-five-minutes to a side). If some of our readers could donate a few cassettes, I should be deeply grateful. Used cassettes, which are in good enough condition for re-use, would be quite acceptable. I hope in time to be able to transfer all my open-reel material to cassettes. May God bless anyone who can help me with this project.

The Farm

I have written far too much of myself. There was a time when we were a much smaller family when I could write of almost everyone in each article. Now that we are so large, I have to be much more selective and try to write of different events and persons in each article. I do want to express my gratitude to those who have written to me, especially those who have shared with me their ex-

Worker as a young man, and helped found the first Catholic Worker house in Cleveland. A few years ago, as a result of illness, Fr. Charles received leave from the monastery to spend some time with us. He loved us as much as we did him, but he was a true monk at heart and so returned to Conyers. He had his weaknesses and frailties—about which he was amazingly honest—but he was kind and compassionate, with a true love of life and people. He was a good friend to us all. We miss him.

We have had our usual problems with our aging furnace and plumbing. Although most of the leaks were remedied by the repair work of Tony, Steve, Tommy and others, some new leaks have sprung up, I hear. As for my room, it is a spacious wonderful room, with only one real defect. It is located under the second-floor bathroom. For the past several years, at intervals, sometimes in the middle of the night, my room has been inundated from an overflowing shower or toilet or both. Sometimes it is like a little flood. At other times small leaks appear from many places, some of them over the area where I prepare my breakfast (I always get my own breakfast in my room). The job of cleaning up after such leakage is difficult when one cannot see. I am afraid I usually lose my temper in the process. This too is at least a taste of the kind of poverty the poor in the ghettos must endure.

Discussion and Music

We have, of course, many riches; undoubtedly far more than we deserve. The woods, the river, the birds, and other wild creatures—anyone who loves Nature will find great riches here. Then there are people. We have such a wide variety that almost anyone can find someone to like, to talk with. Even the vermin, which have come in with someone and remained all too happily with the children and cause most of us to engage in anti-vermin conflicts from time to time, cannot negate the liveliness and charm which can be found in a Catholic Worker community. We contend with all the usual problems found in society, but with the help of God, with some tears, some curses, some prayer, some laughter, some talk, some music—we survive.

Claudia's Spanish classes, Helene's Russian classes, and our Saturday night discussions of such thinkers as Martin Buber, Hannah Arendt, and Julius Nyerere—discussions much helped by the elucidation of Ed Turner and Fr. Tony—keep us from atrophying intellectually. And music saves us from the gloom of too much thought. Claude Shirley is visiting again and playing the piano with true concert artistry.

Thanks to Marge Hughes and her helpers, our Christmas was quite delicious. The gingerbread house made by Barbara and Laura was, I am told, a fairy tale delight, but in the end appetite took precedence over the esthetic, and they ate the whole thing. Claudia's plum pudding was perfect for eating after Midnight Mass, while Dennis Cox charmed golden melody from the strings of Marge's new guitar. Christmas Day dinner, cooked by the Tullys, was perfect. Many other young people helped prepare special cookies and other goodies. During the days following, the children romped, with true American abandonment, to din and confusion. As usual, I suspect, there was perhaps a touch of Saturnalia commingled with our Christmas-tide. But still, the dew had dropped from Heaven, and a Child had been born in Bethlehem.

Now we near Epiphany and the coming of the Magi. O holy men, help us to follow the star that leads to the True God. AGNUS DEI, DONA NOBIS PACEM.



periences with birds, living in the wilderness, community, etc. I have received a number of beautiful and interesting letters, two of the best coming from a wonderful woman in her nineties.

Perhaps because the weather itself seemed sad to me through most of November and December, we have had much sickness. Those who suffer with arthritis have suffered more. There has been much flu and intestinal trouble. Marcel, who is a wonderful cook, an excellent repairman, and who puts on movies—good documentaries, comedies, and interesting old films—to combat the winter doldrums in the community, is often almost doubled up with pain. Alice Lawrence and Emily Coleman have had to keep to their rooms more often. Dorothy Day tries to keep up with correspondence in spite of continuing weakness. As for Mike Sullivan, he has been very ill again and had to spend Christmas in the hospital.

Most of us—all who knew him—were saddened by the recent death of Fr. Charles of the Trappist Monastery in Conyers, Georgia. Many of our readers will know Fr. Charles as Jack English. He was with the Catholic

"That Rough Slouching Beast"

(Continued from page 1)

when the falcon can no longer hear the falconer, when the center does not hold, when the war is not something we are doing but what we are?

Senator William Fulbright says the people of the United States have already spent \$150-\$200 billion on the Vietnam War. He says it is a "reasonable estimate" that the cost "will eventually exceed \$500 billion," or to put it in terms closer to home, \$10,000 for every family of four in the U.S.

These things are not mentioned to brow-beat, accuse, or self-accuse. They are sounded to impell and encourage us to action. For it is action alone which will engender hope in such an hour.

Sixteen years after Yeats wrote "The Second Coming," Eric Gill spoke to an Armistice Day gathering on the duty of peacemaking. He said: "Whatever the ignorance or apathy or negligence of our pastors, whatever our own ignorance and negligence . . . the law of Christ is the law of peace."

"And I say this: War as we know it today is not only such as no Christian can take part in, it is also such as no mere man, no mere human being, can take part in."

"It has become bestial, it has become inhuman, it has become the wildest folly and imbecility . . . I cannot tell whether to rage at the enormity of the sin or to weep at such a foul surrender of human reason. In any case it is clear—whatever the consequences, we refuse to take part in it . . . we refuse."

In his wildest imagination, could Gill have calculated the sheer tonnage of bombs dropped in the Vietnam massacre, or for that matter simply during Christmas week 1972?

Hope comes through our actions. Action is the only way peace will come.

Needs Assistant

Society of Christ the King
Danville, Va. 24541

Dear Dorothy,

I am in real need of help and know of none who might be able to help other than you. I need two generous persons who could come and live here for five or six months. Such volunteers can have comfortable rooms. We have conveniences here and would not expect our volunteers to undertake heavy work. Living here has few hardships—only the shortness of time to do all that must be done causes disorder.

Pope Pius XII advised me to take and seek to find mature women who have been successful in their professional life and now seek the spiritual sustenance of the contemplative life. A leader of professional women of standing in this area—all non-Catholic but seeking spiritual support and companionship—asked us to open our guest house to women in the professions to gather for days of spiritual retreat. Our place here is adaptable and I would be most grateful and happy to undertake the preparation needed.

Dorothy, if you know who could help with correspondence and general office work who could volunteer, our joy would overflow.

Mary, my little adopted daughter, is now ten years old. She attends a special school that was set up to unite black and white children of the 5th, 6th, and 7th grades in a program that would bring them up to higher levels. No convent school for the well-to-do could surpass the advantages of this school.

Sr. Mary Joseph, who is nearing her 94th birthday, has been an invalid for nearly four years. I am taking care of her, and her spirit has not dampened.

Many thanks for all past favors, and I beg God to reward you for all the help and support you have given me.

Mother Teresa

Prayer and fasting are needed. Matthew Kelly has begun, so have Mike DeGregory and inmates of Danbury Prison. Voices which have not been heard before are calling for restraint. Sen. Saxbe of Ohio's quiet remarks have thundered around the world like the child who spoke out of the benumbed throng that the emperor was wearing no clothes. The Pope has prayed that we might have "the courage to make peace."

So the scales are again lifted from our eyes—but after such a cost to our brothers! In the wake of the Christmas mails, the Internal Revenue Service is sending out the bill for the War. It is time to rend ourselves from this war we have become, to shut down the death factory forever. It is time to find freedom in a voluntary poverty that will say, with Eric Gill: We refuse to take part in this profanation. As taxpayers, we refuse. We will pay no longer. As veterans we refuse the benefits of this war. As human beings we refuse to shed more blood. Whatever the consequences, we refuse.

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 7)

changed from one user to another. There is a delicate balance between the rights and freedom of the users and the degree of power held by the administrators of the trust. To preserve it the articles and bylaws of a trust must be sound from the start and a continuing broad-based, disinterested directorate insured. Typically there would be a board of trustees whose duties would be to make certain that the land was used and who would grant leases to users in keeping with the stated principles of the land trust. The leases would be long-term, renewable, perhaps inheritable, and would specify only in a general way the use of the land—for example, for family homesteading, for a housing cooperative, for an industry. Control over planning and site use, however, would be local; in the hands of the individual, the cooperative, etc.

There is no one pattern, and several may be used in a single land trust; several different arrangements of varying complexity are discussed in the book, as well as the general principles as they can be applied to specific situations. One of the problems is that there are few existing land trusts in this country or elsewhere, and there are few legal precedents for them (but they are not precluded). The book describes a number of past and current models of community landholding and gives a more detailed account of the starting of New Communities, Inc., a developing land trust in Georgia.

It is hard to adequately explain the community land trust, and I'm going to stop trying and simply refer you to the book. It discusses and offers tentative solutions to the basic questions and outlines the steps to forming a land trust. If the book gets a wide enough distribution it should stimulate a lot more experiments in land trusts, as the authors hope it will. As far as I know you must write for it to International Independence Institute: Box 183, Ashby, Mass. 01431; or the Center for Community Economic Development: 1878 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02140.

"The way of peace is the way of truth. . . Truthfulness is even more important than peacefulness. Indeed, lying is the mother of violence. A truthful man cannot long remain violent. He will perceive in the course of his research that he has no need to be violent, and he will further discover that so long as there is the slightest trace of violence in him, he will fail to find the truth he is searching."

Mahatma Gandhi

Air Academy Action

(Continued from page 1)

celebrated our fast in the evening Eucharist.

Fasting was also a way of self-purgation. All of us know well that an overbearing moral righteousness can infect prophetic witness if the participants are not wary. Hunger pains reminded us of our human condition and made us pray that our sometimes clouded vision give way to clearer knowledge.

Hunger and thirst also reminded us of our solidarity with the poor of the world, especially our brothers and sisters whose food supplies are destroyed by bombs and chemicals from our air planes. We identified with the thirsty bodies of those who had to run from our attack troops and our tanks.

Each day more and more inmates joined our prayers, the breaking of the bread and the drinking of the water. With the Mexicans we sang songs and prayed the Our Father in Spanish.

Overcoming Fear

Everyone in jail is afraid. And with good reason. Our first morning in jail

all the good things you could be doing instead of going to jail?

A: From the beginning we want to insist that in our reading of the prophetic gospel, from the old testament even until now, the theme of worldly "accomplishment" does not occur. The prophets of old did not do what they did for effect, but because it was right. The effects are left up to God.

As for jail, we did not plan to go to jail. It may happen. But the threat of jail no longer intimidates us. The urgency of telling the world, the Air Force Academy, anyone, about systems of death is primary with us. Jails cannot stop our speech.

Most of us work in some way or another with the poor. There is an insidious romanticizing of this work which makes it sound glorious and grand. At the same time, people would have you believe that working for peace is somehow subversive and un-American, especially if you blame the lack of peace on your own nation. In fact, to work with the poor and to work to destroy systems of military power are one and the same task. They are opposite arms of the same cross upon which mankind is being crucified.

Destitution and poverty grow in direct relation to massive arms build-ups and vice versa. As the poor get poorer, the rich become exceedingly solicitous for their own safety and amass greater quantities of guns, bombs, tanks, and jails. In the past 6 to 8 months we have seen the military take over such places as South Vietnam, Thailand, South Korea, Philippines, etc.—all places which America controls. Must people be enslaved to keep them free? We contend that the hearts and minds of men are not won over by the use of guns. There is no way to prove our thesis unless we put down our guns and try it.

The power of love spreads. One of the touching experiences for all of us happened one night in jail after our evening liturgy. Hipolito, a Mexican from a little village south of the border, came and said to all of us in slow, deliberate Spanish: "Friends, I want you to know that wherever I go, or no matter how long I live, I will never fail to have recorded in my mind this beautiful act of penance by fasting which you are doing for peace." With the emotion of the Eucharist still within us, we all felt small, wondering at what we had started, wondering that he would soon be going home to another country. The seed, so small and insignificant, now frightened us with the potential of its power. What power in the word to transcend national boundaries, race, religion, all kinds of contrived hatreds and divisions. We were embarrassed.

Isaiah still gives us the beautiful Christmas promise: A Prince of Peace. It is this Promise that we tried to share with the cadets; it is this promise that we will take into the courtroom in January.

For further information contact: Catholic Peace Center, 508 El Paso, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903.



Rita Corbin

is a case in point. One of the guards, Officer B, was cursing one of the inmates for being too slow. Bob, one of our team, politely asked the guard to understand the inmate and treat him as a person. "After all," said Bob, "he is a human being." With that, Officer B got another officer, took Bob to "the hole," stripped him naked and threw him in on the cold cement floor. There he stayed for several hours for his "indiscretion." The other prisoners thought that Bob was stupid. No one intercedes for another in here!

Early Monday morning a prisoner was savagely beaten by two guards. The guards, out of breath, and sensing what we were going to do, shouted, "Go ahead, report us. We need overtime!" Later that morning we asked another guard if a doctor had seen the beaten prisoner in "the hole." "What prisoner?" he queried, "there's no prisoner there." We were astounded and pressed the point. Finally he said, "Oh, you mean the prisoner who attacked two guards this morning. We've already filed assault charges against him."

On the part of the guards, there is a tremendous need to maintain the captor-captive relationship intact. Even "good morning" threatens that structure. The prisoner may never use the language of free men. He may never suggest that there is a common thread of humanity which binds guard and guarded together.

One exciting development of our stay in jail was that we started to break down some of this fear. Bob went to "the hole" without a word and without recrimination. We spoke our piece and were not afraid to ask questions about what we saw and heard. We sang and invited others. We constantly said by our words and deeds that we are men, not animals. It changed the self-image of some of our cell mates.

Question and Answer

Q: Well, what did you accomplish by all of this? A lot of people are mad and you may have to go to jail. What about

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