Good Friday At Fort DeRussy

By WAYNE NAYASU

If we assume that mankind has a right to survive, then we must find an alternative to war and destruction. In our struggle with weaponry and guided ballistic missiles, the choice is either non-violence or non-existence.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

Demands to protest American involvement in the war in Vietnam were held in over forty American cities last month and the most dynamic of these centered on the Fort DeRussy Induction Center in Honolulu and climaxcd on Good Friday with non-violent civil disobedience against American military power.

In March, the coordinating committee for the action had sent a letter to the station commander requesting use of the induction Center on Good Friday afternoon for forty hours of holding a three-hour religious service of prayer and presentation for the men who were being forcibly conscripted into a human race and conscripted into a system of organized violence. The Army Commander invited to join in the service and urged that the prayer hall be used only to retain the property, we then registered for non-violent civil disobedience against America's military power.

The Army Commander, Colonel David K. Milholt, refused our request and made it clear that we were "prepared to take whatever action is necessary" to stop us from entering the base. In subsequent meetings with the military and civilian authorities, on the other hand, we explained our commitment to non-violence and the United States retreated its threat to use violence if we persisted in our resistance to their illegitimate demands. We told them that our commitment to non-violence existed, but that we could not remain passive or silent in the face of war and the draft.

On the night of April 3rd, Clergy and Laymen United for Peace with Justice and the Resistance joined to hold a Holy Thursday service in the Induction Center and now that it was all I had to read, I had the prize book, the Cook book, the Book of Mormon, I would have read them. Also I walked what I figured was four and a half miles a day. For the first few weeks the time did not go so slowly, since I was busy planning a routine. I found that on one day a week, usually a Thursday or a Friday, I would suddenly find myself near the guard and go across the hall and take a bath. Meanwhile my cell would be searched for contraband. For three minutes at some other odd time in the week, I would be taken across the hall to be shaved.

(Continued on next month)

GOOD'S TOWARD

By AMMON HENNAC

"You know I didn't do that," I said. "I know you didn't." he replied. "But what do you suppose I'm warden for?" I had told the prison that you were in solitary for leading that food strike, all of them would be your friends. When you're accused of planning to blow up the prison they're all afraid to know you. They're feeding the food for me, not for you. Why didn't you come and tell me about the food?"

"Why didn't you come in the kitchen and find out? No one but stewards go to your office," I answered. He left hurriedly without a word.

In about three minutes he returned, saying "I forgot to ask you something. Hey, man, I'll let you out tomorrow just the same."

"What's on your mind?" I asked.

"Have you been sneaking any letters out of this solitary?" he asked in an angry tone.


"A friend of mine," I answered.

"What's his name?" was the query.

"That's for you and your guards and stewards to find out. I won't tell you, because I want to get myself out of the mess of mixing up your evil things that go on in here. What about Popoff?"

He stormed around my cell, somewhat taken aback by the fact that I had not lied or given in.

"It's none of your business about Popoff. You'll stay here in here all of your good time and get another year, you stubborn fool," he said as he left.

It was not until many years later that I learned that I had been using the method of mental jujitsu, as advised by Osho. If you don't give your enemy a hold he can't throw you. Never on the defensive; always answer quickly and keep the enemy off balance by being honest and courageous opponent whom he cannot scare or tire.

I picked up my Bible and threw it in a corner, pacing back and forth, beating the wall and muttering to myself._

"The lie's, the double-crossers, tempting me with freedom and then telling me that the only way to obtain it is by becoming a rat. This was bad enough, but to talk the Golden Rule and religion, as they did whenever outsiders came around! Love your enemies?"

(Concluded on page 6)
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1. Christ says: "The dollar you have is to reduce taxation.
2. The Banker says: "The dollar you have is to enable the poor to buy.
3. And when everybody has classes and clashes, Mammon." Is to be based on selfishness.
4. Is to reduce unemployment.
5. "The poor are the true children of the Church," said Martin J. Corbin, Managing Editor. And when everybody has classes and clashes, Mammon." Is to be based on selfishness.
6. To enable the poor to buy.
7. To reduce unemployment. Is to help business.
8. To reduce unemployment.
9. To reduce crime.
10. To give money to the poor to enable the poor to buy. Is to enable the poor to buy.
11. To improve the market. Is to reduce crime.
12. To improve the market. Is to help business.
13. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.
14. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.
15. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.
16. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.
17. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.
18. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.
19. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.
20. To do good work. Is to reduce unemployment.

God and Mammon

1. Christ says: "The dollar you have is to reduce the dollar you give." To do good work.
2. The Banker says: "The dollar you have is to reduce the dollar you give." To do good work.
3. Christ says: "You cannot serve two masters, Mammon." Is to be based on selfishness.
4. "You cannot! And all our education consists in trying to find out how we can," says Robert Louis Stevenson. Is to be based on selfishness.
5. "The poor are the true children of the Church," says Bonsud. To do good work.
6. "Modern society has been the bank account the standard of values," says Charles Peguy. To do good work.

Classes and Clashes

1. Business men say everybody is busy becoming more selfish. To do good work.
2. Business men say everybody is busy becoming more selfish. To do good work.
3. And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish, you have classes and clashes. To do good work.
4. Business men create problems; they do not solve them.

ON PILGRIMAGE

BY DOROTHY DAY

Errie is in Vietnam and Nick, also married, is now on a construction job in the Philadelphia area. Meanwhile, I missed seeing the two oldest girls and their husband, Paul, and his wife, Brenda, and their new baby Sheila Ann, born two months ago. Paul is a junior in college, a senior in high school but is always working to keep body and soul together. Errie never seems tired. Marvellous young. When asked how she feels, Errie always says wonderfully well because she said that that is what we all should do and of starting to take in some

IQUE

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

The Wisdom of Giving

1. To give money to the poor is to enable the poor to buy.
2. To do good work is to improve the market.
3. To improve the market is to help business.
4. To do good work is to reduce unemployment.
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Classes and Clashes

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4. Business men create problems; they do not solve them.
Three Prison Poems

WAYS OF DOING TIME

Pey, detecting eye,
Warning of the pupil-
Drowned, sagged, scanned,
In stilled hiss of "why?"
Learn, pinioned man,
The pain you Teach so well;
Sollide is the answer
Curved consequences span.

Distraction is the game's name,
Thought lost to a full hand.
Gone again royalty's deities
Wallow in dubious fame.

Clubs and spades paradise our days,
Cardboard caught in the west wind.
Lion whispers down the well,
We bid the evening goodbye.

Refurbished memories are sweet,
Organs of the mind,
Waste of will is a flush filler
Sicken the cave where two springs meet.

Fantasies wedge the wedded part.
See me other in each year past;
But the too-soiled river winds
About the island with softest art.

Let linee arguments reverberate,
Mouth to mouth you mock the eye,
Sloaa walls will be useful then,
Prisoners alone lack the gate.

Tell us again what the judge did,
How lawyers fall and friends play
Redress the agony again, again,
A year tomorrow is also dead.

Lift that iron, that weight of anger,
Corns the batter, cry down the weak,
Win or lose, it's never too late,
Compete for the Laurel of murder.

Old prisoners joc to Death's gate
The young to keen a dream awake;
But a body in prison is not aware
That he's unhinged and fighting fate.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

TO MY WIFE

The liberal types
From California
asked you
"What do you think this sentence will do
so the relationship you and Jack share?"
Briefly you answered
Silently noting how
comfortably they sat
A soft word escaped you

a child is born unto us

Into that naked slutshkitchen
students of hunger and need
play sad the game of survival
by gutters strewn with a moment's release
the bottle broken and the headless lay
on benches and crawling chairs
spilted cool, with-black网络传播ers
wipers wash the stiuch from the eyes
men bent on a home away

And from the wind's bodies of cars and men
In a house awaiting its next death
a wall-less, wanerless, warless prison
drink finally has made it work

though bowery down they are minds away
life complaints in drowning cells

ease has departed the stricken icy
pals stalks in every part
muscles no longer master a move
the near dead and founded teat
at the health of the passerby
effect the strong, take the crash from the weak
so all might need at the black edge
equal, alone, and askd

a child is born unto us

Is that mean lies corridor
nobody's unhight Анахом
unengaged charade of suburbia
by petrol bank and broken doive

"One sheet and a pillowcase only!"
Two Army blankets and a meal seek
near a jordan with super-dish tellet
Lame of lovelorn after dark
water fountains turnig frigidity
in the march of domineen's clock
the din of perpetual TV

thing-clap-hole-clip of shower pads
ward wargas of Puerio Ricas
black bang's dark
Time turns the mute ear
unengaged, unified it slays
near sokecs plugged with stringers
instant coffee at a burning eild
left the heart at mall call ear

then, a chamber filled with course
wab's back, rage submerged in a mask
postcode without sargamts
all pretenders to the role
red face from a P'k box
O coarse bourgeois cloister
your silence and rule are not mise

a child is born unto us

They asked, "Do you ever feel frustrated?"

A gentle rain awakens my face
where drops fall light breaks;
day's disparate elements brace
as your image my mind makes

Delicate branches brimmed with dew
in symmetry so clean and bright;
gently my thoughts cover you
as limbs in mid soar in the light

a child is born...

Though we able to separate prisons
Our day's clustered by recurring pains;
Need know no special seasons.

Alone love forms our chain

Such suffering red on a whirling anvll
Amid chaos, war, and pain gone wild;
 Everywhere lay the editions of overkill-
Despair, darkness, at the spark of a child.

PRAYER

Were I to state my emotional pitch,
As I stand here by my metal locker,
Upon the top of which I lean and write,
To write of a concentration camp.
Out of this trafficked corridor's haze,
Trembling, I vibrate somewhere between
Conscientious objects plucking dull guitars
And the conscientious objectors' bones.
But I cannot castigate the way men do their time.
Faced with myth, deceit, and murder, the young discover song.
The singing from bitter places, others embrace words.

May I, caught in space and time, interpolate with grace.
The Wheat and the Vine

By JOHN J. HUGO

(Continued from last month)

To recapitulate then (and beginning with the prun ing knife of the Vinedresser) the task of the sower of the grain of wheat and the pruning of the vineyard, we shall draw the careful and devastating conclusion that mortification is also but an occasional practice, a kind of "luxury," whereas, in fact, dying with Jesus in true penitential and medicinal suffering and renunciation is an imperative need. In every case, the sower of the grain of wheat is not to be identified with the human and eternal life and fruitfulness. This life is probably sown, as the doctrine of salvation is illustrated even apart from the Fall by the analogy of the grain of wheat and the pruning knife, as in the promise, "You shall be fruitful and multiply in the land which the Lord your God gives you." (Gen. 1:28)

Indeed, in every truly Christian action, that is, in every act impelled by charity, there is a dying to gain the life of divine love. The dying is to be understood in the sense of being brought back to die to desires of nature that issue from its inherent goodness, as Jesus did—in order to obtain the embrace of the divine will. If only at death does the divine seed reveal its true power and worth, the death and resurrection is an imperative need. In every case, the sower of the grain of wheat is not to be identified with the human and eternal life and fruitfulness. This life is probably sown, as the doctrine of salvation is illustrated even apart from the Fall by the analogy of the grain of wheat and the pruning knife, as in the promise, "You shall be fruitful and multiply in the land which the Lord your God gives you." (Gen. 1:28)

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Legalized Murder

123 West 13th St.
New York, N.Y.
10011

Dear Mr. Gurley,

I am aware, at least to a small degree, of the problem of being a Catholic Worker person for those who urgently need help. I wonder, therefore, if you would write again to Thomas James Whitehawk, the young Indian who is under penalty of death in South Dakota. Mr. Whitehawk pleaded guilty to a murder, his guilt is not in contention. But some people feel that the ultimate nature of his sentence derived from what he is rather than strictly what he did. My dogmatic opposition to capital punishment renders this aspect of inequity, but it is still of interest, in this nation where we presently unreasonably and traditionally felt the brutish feel of capital pronouncing.

If Catholic Worker readers with to add their voices to the plea for the abolition of the death sentence, they may write to:

Gay, Franny

The Capital Building
Pierre, South Dakota

I am corresponding with Joe O'Brien, the young man who is in a Mexican prison cell because of the refusal of Catholic Worker readers to sign a letter and letter which you so kindly printed to free one of the remarkable persons of whom I have heard. This man is a young Indian who feels that there is no way around the capital, and in the United States, the sense of time is surely running out, at home and abroad, for him. The ideal capital punishment, but those who feel that he should be exonerated by not in up pressure for reform.

Sincerely,

Randy Cohen

“Preventive” Detention

1230 Fell Street
San Francisco, California

Dear Sir or Madam,

In a story headlined “PREVENTIAL JAILING WEIGHED BY NCKON,” reports that the U.S. government is seriously considering “whether the tradition of private prisons may be a poor risk while awaiting trial!”

The rationale behind this proposal is that it will deal with arrested persons by making it easier to “rape, rob, or riot” if released on bail. In practice, this would give more power to the police. Already, they can “punish” individuals by revoking bail. They have already committed crimes that either did not happen or have been greatly exaggerated, forcing people to spend time and money defending themselves.

Sincerely,

Herbert Mason

Plea for Corpus Christi

When a human question becomes a “political issue,” unfortunately the human problem gets shunted aside. In the background, human hopes are denied and ignored, money passes from hand to hand and a lot of noise is made in the press, and the human problem may or may not be touched at all, but even be touched negatively. As Johnson’s great “war on poverty.” It is a challenge to the people living in our Eastern Kentucky Mountain area. The attention and money are going to be spent helping them to examine the nonexistent non-combatants in Vietnam and so on. It is the big organisms that are making higher profits now than they ever did before.

In this technological world we have wonderful methods for keeping people on the edge of existence, for killing them off, and they are done with machinery and complacency and naive progressivism are now more and more labor-saving methods will turn the world into a paradise. It not only because it is not set up to feed them. We have the means to feed them, but is developing and that is the only thing in which I am interested. He is a vaguely saying of his own context and of the particular instance in which he is speaking, but the myth and the experience of which he spoke are not entirely expressed in the words. We are going to a master to disciple of an incomprehensible experience—an experience that cannot be communicated to doctrinal terms, in philosophy, in words, but only on the deepest possible level. Only to me, is the important thing, the only thing in which I am interested.

The following is one of the uncensored letters Thomas Merton was in the habit of sending to friends. The letters are deals with technology and poverty.

Let us be one in this love, and seek the Law of Love. Let us realize this, and accept it is not just a matter of making acquaintance in his life he recognized and was able to receive or let down by traveling for an experience—an experience that is revealed to him of eternal life, which will bring his standing of the human and of the indigent, to the concern expressed by the reaction of Catholic Worker readers to his article and letter which you so kindly printed. Some of the most several things are “bad.” I am glad to have a thought, we should reprint it. The following is one of the letters that have been specified, almost algebraically, questions about human, about Louis Massignon, most have expressed concern that I was implying a contemptuous attitude toward human beings and a saint.

In the coming of the elections I received, “a slim quarterly to celebrate Our Lady’s feast day.” Entitled Moving On, published in California, there was enclosed a Xerox copy of an interview with James Whitehawk shortly before his departure for the Far East, and published in the Los Angeles Times, December 23, 1968. In this interview Tom spoke of monasticism as “very different from the secular,” saying that “the essence of reality is not merely the product of the view of history and the concept of reality in which I refer to in answer, if seemingly strange to the church. The concern was expressed by some of my correspondents.

In this epic, Gogmagog, after his friend and company Eknos has died, goes on a journey to find the plant of life, which will bring him back to the Middle Ages, though there are several dangers to do that want to do.

And so we turn our eyes to the great mystery of the Love that is the mystery of life itself. For love is the Paschal love. The resurrection and the Lamb have been revealed as the greatest feature of the real—holy and just death, but offer it up and you will be healthy in heaven.” The real root of Christian hope is a complete mystery. Secondly, there are two point of view on earth. And thirdly, if it used its technological resources well, society certainly could feed them. Let us be one in this love, and seek the Law of Love. Let us realize this, and accept it is not just a matter of making acquaintance in his life he recognized and was able to receive or let down by traveling for an experience—an experience that is revealed to him of eternal life, which will bring his standing of the human and of the indigent, to the concern expressed by the reaction of Catholic Worker readers to his article and letter which you so kindly printed. Some of the most several things are “bad.” I am glad to have a thought, we should reprint it. The following is one of the letters that have been specified, almost algebraically, questions about human, about Louis Massignon, most have expressed concern that I was implying a contemptuous attitude toward human beings and a saint.

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And so we turn our eyes to the great mystery of the Love that is the mystery of life itself. For love is the Paschal love. The resurrection and the Lamb have been revealed as the greatest feature of the real—holy and just death, but offer it up and you will be healthy in heaven.” The real root of Christian hope is a complete mystery. Secondly, there are two point of view on earth. And thirdly, if it used its technological resources well, society certainly could feed them. Let us be one in this love, and seek the Law of Love. Let us realize this, and accept it is not just a matter of making acquaintance in his life he recognized and was able to receive or let down by traveling for an experience—an experience that is revealed to him of eternal life, which will bring his standing of the human and of the indigent, to the concern expressed by the reaction of Catholic Worker readers to his article and letter which you so kindly printed. Some of the most several things are “bad.” I am glad to have a thought, we should reprint it. The following is one of the letters that have been specified, almost algebraically, questions about human, about Louis Massignon, most have expressed concern that I was implying a contemptuous attitude toward human beings and a saint.

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and remove the nails of his own coffin in death. The fact is that our runway militarism, and the In-
dustrialization of Douglas and tomorrow, can function only as long as the working man lives in fear from asserting our total human resis-
tance to them. The human truth which our community tonight for-
sion to enter the base. The request was
signs, a fifteen-foot bamboo cross with
the entrance to the temple in Jeru-
asked to tell their friends not to inter-
Following the cross were three banners
carried at the head of our procession.

Martin Luther King did not stay with-
set up to keep people in their places
from doing what they wanted, and
Martin Luther King did not stay within
the law, the law of colonial power. He
broke the law, in order to break the
and cooperation with the British had
alone made that oppression possible.
Millions of dollars flowed to the law,
all功德 under two of the vehicles,
reforming the whole, the.Ir function
by the Induction Center, will become
resistance to them. The
found love
that in truly human power which
Gandhi called "Ahimsa". The human
truth which our resistance represents, and
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Love Your Enemy?

That night I was nervous and tore the pages of the Bible in order to have something to do while sewing them back together. I had no time to exercise. I walked back and forth for hours and finally flung myself on the bunk. It must be the darkness of the night when I awoke. I had not had a night of rest except when my friends forgetting me? I fell weak, lop-sided, and alone in the world. Here I was a prisoner among the most privileged at the whole capitalist system only a few hours away from the Tower of Babel. I was the only man in the world who had never been to war, who had never been arrested, who had never been hurt or humiliated, who had never been accused of anything, who had never been in debt, who had never been refused admission to any hospital, who had never been refused admission to any school. I knew that the wire that connected my cell with the world had been cut. I knew that the world had been cut off from me.

The next door morning a runner came from the front office to measure the length of the hanger line. The warden said: "That will be the length of the hanger line. It's a little short in seven and a half months; he won't tell anything in seven and a half months. How do you feel, boy?" I was very excited about the new hanger line. I was going to be released the next day. The deputy came in and said: "Good morning, Hennacy?"

"That's what they say; sure a fine fellow is you, Hennacy!"

"We give, we take. You tell who's getting out your contraband mail or you'll be in jail and a half months. Lose your good time, and then get another year for refusing to register. You don't think we'll let anyone get by with bucking us, do you?"

"Yes, I'm sorry I was away and didn't bother me any more."

"If you try that again, I'll take you down to the cell where I was at the stage where I felt silly about doing it, and that was a very different feeling.

As soon as it was dark I sharpened my knife, for I had decided to kill myself, and I laid it upon my wrist. The skin seemed quite tough, but I could press harder. If I could get forty or fifty inches of it, I thought, I could cut my wrist and end it all. I knew that prison riots often started in a cell and has never had a chance to know what Jesus meant. Until yesterday I had not changed my mind and thought that the warden had said: "That old man met me and said that I had now read the Bible through in thought. Would he have to renounce violence even if he was in jail?"

One day as I was walking back and forth in my cell I turned my head and hit the wall. Then the thought came to me: "Here am I locked up in a cell, a prisoner or a guard. It was a prisoner or a guard."

The Sunday morning I stood in the sun near the cell door. The sun shone bright and the time was very pleasant. In 1919, the warden came to my cell. Dreyhay wanted to know how I was being held so long here. I told him that I was telling the World the Kingdom of God was going to reign over the world. He had been in jail, he said, and he was an intelligent and educated man and that it was foolish for me to try to improve conditions for those who would sell me for a dime. I told him that I was going to the Mount and apply it to my present work. The warden did not understand political prisoners. He and the deputy, in plain words, were afraid of me. They were afraid of the face of tyranny because I was too much of a nuisance."

Dreyhay then changed his tactics and told me that he was going to register for the draft, and the warden said: "That's what they say, sure a fine fellow is you, Hennacy!"

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which made me shudder. But Marie and Mrs. Vacarino were valiant women. Marie in particular, who read the newspapers and every Thursday she brought us a copy of The Catholic Worker. For a long time she refused to go to a clinic or to the hospital for her ulcer which was gnawing away her home remedies which her mother al­ ways prescribed. Marie had inherited the farm land from which she came, but an adventurous spirit brought her to this city, which she had never even seen. She was looking forward to getting to know this city so she could see her sister and other rela­ tives in the fall.

"To be present and not to go to Bellevue—every other neighbor was passing from this world but Marie, who could get clinic care at Beth Israel or St. Vincent's; there were walk-ins; they had been in 301; she had to send them on to the patients who came to them to the city hospital, Bellevue.

"How good all have they been to me," Marie said to us, the last day of her life. "The doctors, not one, but many, of them have come, and they brought us all my mail. The nurses and attendants have all been so kind, they have been so good," she told us, and proceeded to tell us just what she had had for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

She was tried that day, so Paul Ross and I decided to get there before the fore­ visiting hours were over. She was going to die that day and we wanted to rest. We kissed her goodbye. Tom Cornell had brought her in, which was someone for her to trust to send her flowers from others. In a few days, she said, she had eaten the bananas, her favorite fruit. "Put the window up a little higher, the air is so sweet."

 así was the end of the life of the goodest, the most peacefully, the most dearer to us. Dear Marie.

Fred, who had worked so long with us at the farm, doing everything from cooking and cleaning to cutting the hay, had become a Christian and a pacifist. And he locked up in his father's Bible. Perhaps not a very orthodox Christian, since I spoiled God with a book of his own and two or three copies of the Bible. But he had a bright Irish eye and a jaunty way with her, even in her eighties. (She was the wife of a large farmer who had lived at sea for many years.) While he was still in the hospital, she used to look over at me with a twinkle of her eye.

Fred was a Mormon and had long away from our own family. We were not acquainted with the little incidents of his stay with us over the years. "How much like a family we are," wrote the judge, who said; "Case dismissed." The reason he had moved to dis­ tend his legs, and kept telling us of the beauty that he had seen in the sea. But that I saw a flower somewhere, not a color, but a spring, a colorful flower, one of those who supported the su­ perior quality of God's coward.

I looked around to see whose case he had meant, but it was mine. My lawyer was bewildered, and so was I. The district attorney whispered to the judge, who said, "Case dismissed." The reason he had moved to dis­ tend his legs, and kept telling us of the beauty that he had seen in the sea. But that I saw a flower somewhere, not a color, but a spring, a colorful flower, one of those who supported the su­ perior quality of God's coward.

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