

# 36th Anniversary Issue

# CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXXVII No. 1

MAY, 1969

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## Good Friday At Fort DeRussy

By WAYNE HAYASHI

If we assume that mankind has a right to survive, then we must find an alternative to war and destruction. In our day of space vehicles and guided ballistics missiles, the choice is either non-violence or non-existence.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, Jr.

Demonstrations to protest American involvement in the war in Vietnam were held in over forty American cities last month. One of the most dynamic of these centered on the Fort DeRussy Induction Center in Honolulu and climaxed 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 military authorities requesting use of the Induction Center on Good Friday afternoon for the purpose of holding a three-hour religious service of penance and prayer for the men who are being stripped of their humanity and conscripted into a system of organized violence. The military were invited to join in the service and urged to "make your prayer a living force by then resigning your positions and becoming brothers in resistance to the process of death."

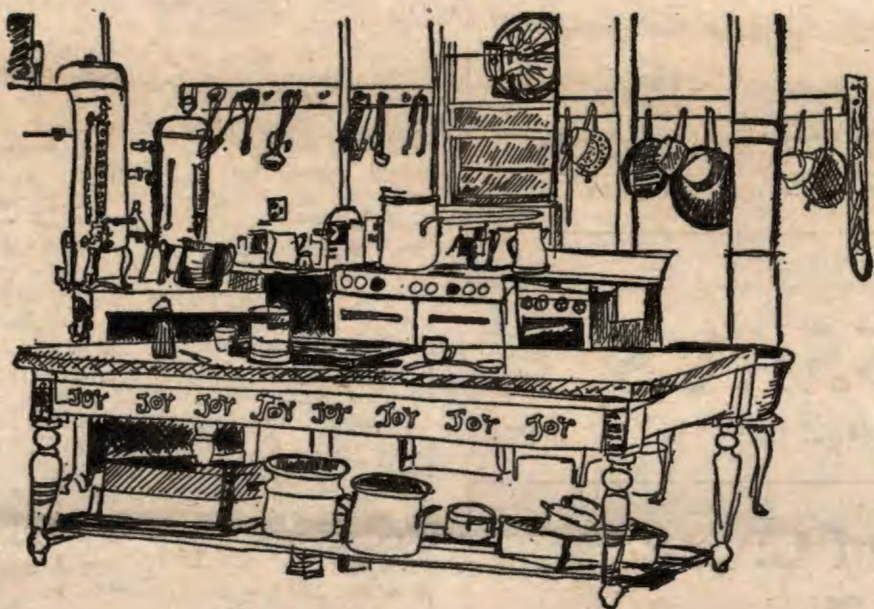
The Army Commander, Colonel David R. Milotta, refused our request and informed us that the military were "prepared to take whatever action is necessary" to stop us from entering the base. In subsequent meetings with the military and civilian authorities on the forthcoming action we explained that our commitment to peace and social justice mandated our resistance to their illegitimate demands. We told them that our action would be strictly non-violent, 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 Concerned about Vietnam and The Resistance joined to hold a Holy Thursday service on "Renewal in Non-violence" at the Church of the Crossroads. After the invocation by Rev. Bill Reeves, we listened to talks by Charles Williams, Black Student Union leader at the University of Hawaii, and Earle Reynolds, the fiery Quaker who once sailed his yacht *Phoenix* into the American and Russian nuclear-testing zones and, more recently, attempted to sail medical supplies to North and South Vietnam.

Then James W. Douglass, assistant professor of religion at the University of Hawaii, a radical Catholic theologian and author of *The Non-Violent Cross*, took the pulpit. He calmly but powerfully addressed the assembled community on "the Cross and the Sword."

"If we ask what point our humanity, when faced by an overwhelming show of force at DeRussy, the point is our humanity itself—whose very existence is dependent on our responding at last to that other humanity being taken by our society and crucified through our complicity in, and failure to resist, an unjust war and the draft which sustains it. Good Friday is a day to recognize finally, for man's sake and for the love of God, that humanity in Vietnam is on the cross of our military power—and that humanity is going to remain on that cross until each of us has the personal strength to climb up

(Continued on page 6)



## GOD'S COWARD

By AMMON HENNACY

(Continued from last month)

I had read the Bible once, when I belonged to the Baptist Church, and now that it was all I had to read, I commenced with Genesis and read at least twenty chapters a day. If I had had the phone book, the cook book, or the Book of Mormon, I would have read them. I also 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 be called by the guard to 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.

Once when I was going to get a shave I saw Popoff entering his cell with his head bandaged. This must have been the result of the blows I had faintly heard the day before. (He was mistreated for a year or more and finally went insane and had to be transferred to St. Elizabeth's hospital in Washington.) I heard the chains that bound him to the bars fall and then the thump of his body to the floor. I would curse the damned capitalist system, the guards, and everyone connected with the government and the prison.

Once in awhile I would crouch by the door of my cell on bright sunny mornings and see the top of Alexander Berkman's bald head as he worked at his regular table by the west window of the tailor shop, which was on the second floor of the building next to mine. I said to myself that if he could do three and a half years in solitary in a cell with slimy walls, I could do the balance of my time in this comparatively dry cell.

I had been in solitary for almost three months when the warden came in and asked me to sign a paper. It was the registration for the second draft. I told him that I had not changed my mind about the war. He said that I would get another year in the hole for this second refusal to register. I told him that that was OK.

One day in September 1918 the warden came in again and said that he would let me out of solitary the next day; that I had learned my lesson and would not plot to blow up any more prisons.

"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? If I had told the prisoners that you were put in solitary for leading that food sitdown, 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. I'm making friends for myself, 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 stoolies go to your office," I answered. He left hurriedly without a word.

In about five minutes he returned, saying "I forgot to ask you something, Hennacy. 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.

"Sure," I replied, smiling. "Who's doing it for you?" he demanded.

"A friend of mine," I answered. "What's his name?" was the query. "That's for you and your guards and stoolies to find out. I won't tell you, because I want to get more out concerning the 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 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 moral jiu-jitsu, as advised by Gandhi. If you don't give your enemy a hold he can't throw you. Never be on the defensive; always answer quickly and keep the enemy on the run. He is used to trickery and is put off his guard by an honest and courageous opponent whom he cannot scare or bribe.

I picked up my Bible and threw it in a corner, pacing back and forth, thinking and mumbling to myself: "The liars, the double-crossers, tempting me with freedom and then telling me that the only way to obtain it was 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

(Continued on page 7)

## Letter from DELANO

Good Friday, 1969

E. E. Barr, Jr.,  
President  
California Grape and Tree Fruit League  
717 Market St.  
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Mr. Barr:

I am sad to hear your accusations in the Press that our union movement and table grape boycott have been successful because we have used violence and terror tactics. If what you say is true, I have been a failure and should withdraw from the struggle; but you are left with the awesome moral responsibility, before God and man, to come forward with whatever information you have so that corrective action can begin at once. If for any reason you fail to come forth to substantiate your charges then you must be held responsible for committing violence against us, albeit violence of the tongue. I am convinced that you as a human being did not mean what you said but rather acted hastily under pressure from the public relations firm that has been hired to try to counteract the tremendous moral force of our movement. How many times we ourselves have felt the need to lash out in anger and bitterness.

Today on Good Friday, 1969, we remember the life and the sacrifice of Martin Luther King, Jr. who gave himself totally to the non-violent struggle for peace and justice. In his Letter from Birmingham Jail, Dr. King describes better than I could our hopes for the strike and boycott: "Injustice must be exposed with all the tension its exposure creates, to the light of human conscience and the air of national opinion before it can be cured." For our part I admit that we have seized upon every tactic and strategy consistent with the morality of our cause to expose that injustice and thus to heighten the sensitivity of the American conscience so that farm workers will have without bloodshed their own union and the dignity of bargaining with their agri-business employers. By lying about the nature of our movement, Mr. Barr, you are working against non-violent social change. Unwittingly perhaps, you may unleash that other force that our union by discipline and deed, censure and education has sought to avoid; that panacean short cut: that senseless violence that honors no color, class, or neighborhood.

You must understand—I must make you understand—that our membership and the hopes and aspirations of the hundreds of thousands of the poor and dispossessed that have been raised on our account are all above all, human beings, no better, no worse than any other cross section of human society; we are not saints because we are poor, but by the same measure neither are we immoral. We are men and women who have suffered and endured much and not only because of our abject poverty but because we have been kept poor. The colors of our skins, the languages of our cultural and native origins, the lack of formal education, the

(Continued on page 8)

### THE COVER

The illustration on this page, a view of the First Street soup-kitchen, was drawn last summer by a CW volunteer, Louise Giovannoni.



Vol. XXXVII, No. 1

May, 1969

# 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:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JACK COOK, RITA CORBIN (Art), NICOLE D'ENTREMONT, EDGAR FORAND, ROBERT GILLIAM, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH, MARJORIE C. HUGHES, DAN KELLY, WALTER KERELL, PHIL MALONEY, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, HELEN C. RILEY, PAT RUSK, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI, JAMES E. WILSON.

New subscriptions and change of address:  
36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003  
Telephone 254-1640

Editorial communications to: Box 33 Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

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

## 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 enable the poor to buy  
is to improve the market.
3. To improve the market  
is to help business.
4. To help business  
is to reduce unemployment.
5. To reduce unemployment  
is to reduce crime.
6. To reduce crime  
is to reduce taxation.
7. So why not give to the poor  
for business' sake,  
for humanity's sake,  
for God's sake?

### God and Mammon

1. Christ says: "The dollar you have  
is the dollar you give."
2. The Banker says: "The dollar you have  
is the dollar you keep."
3. Christ says: "You cannot serve two masters,  
God and Mammon."
4. "You cannot. And all our education consists  
in trying to find out how we can,"  
says Robert Louis Stevenson.
5. "The poor are the true children of the Church,"  
says Bossuet.
6. "Modern society  
has made the bank account  
the standard of values,"  
says Charles Peguy.

### Classes and Clashes

1. Business men say  
that because everybody is selfish  
business must necessarily  
be based on selfishness.
2. But when business  
is based on selfishness  
everybody is busy  
becoming more selfish.
3. And when everybody is busy  
becoming more selfish,  
you have classes and clashes.
4. Business men create problems;  
they do not solve them.

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

"Is it wicked to take pleasure in spring and other seasonal changes? To put it more precisely, is it politically reprehensible while we are all groaning under the shackles of the capitalist system, to point out that life is frequently more worth living because of a blackbird's song, a yellow elm tree in October, or some other natural phenomenon which does not cost money and does not have what the editors of the left wing newspapers call a class angle?"

This is a quotation from George Orwell which comforts my heart. We are certainly all subject to guilt feelings when we contemplate the "military-industrial" complex and meditate on the fact that the United States is supplying arms for nine other countries, and when we see pictures of famine. Certainly sorrow and relief from sorrow make up our lives. Life and death go together. "As dying yet behold we live," St. Paul said. Pain is an inbuilt thing in life. Anguish and joy go together. Father Thomas Berry, C.P., who is teaching courses in Buddhism at Fordham University, was telling us these things at a recent Friday night meeting (the monthly PAX meeting).

I guess women know these things instinctively. A woman's anguish is turned into joy when a child is born into the world. Henri Daniel-Rops once asked, after the crucifixion, when the apostles and disciples all hid in fear, what did the women do? "They went on about the business of living, pounding the spices and procuring the linen cloths in which to embalm the body." They went on about the business of living. There are the three meals to get, the family to care for, "the duty of delight" that Ruskin spoke of, for the sake of others around us who are on the verge of despair. Who can say there is no delight, even in a city slum, especially in an Italian neighborhood where there is a pot of basil on the window sill and the smell of good cooking in the air, and pigeons wheeling over the roof tops and the tiny feathers found occasionally on the sidewalk, the fresh smell of the sea from the dock of the Staten Island ferry boat (five cents a ride).

Peter Maurin used to say, "Man is spirit, woman is matter," and I knew what he meant by this obscure Thomistic utterance. Woman is close to the material things of life, and accepts them, this integration of soul and body and its interaction. St. Teresa of Avila said once that if her nuns were melancholy, "feed them steak!" She reminded us too—"All things are passing."

#### Meetings

The speaker this Friday night, April 25th, at St. Joseph's House will be a man who has worked in one of the kibbutzim for the past ten or more years. Peter Maurin, our founder, who died in 1949, used to speak of the kibbutzim as a way of life on the land which we should study deeply. "There is no unemployment on the land," he used to say, regardless of encroachments of the machine and resulting unemployment. "But where do we get the land?" his listeners would complain, "and the seed and the tools and the know-how. And besides, who wants to be a farmer?" Peter would painstakingly continue to speak of farming communes, calling them agronomic universities where the worker would become a scholar and the scholar a worker, and where there would be a philosophy of work which man seemed to have lost.

On May 16th, Helene Iswolsky is speaking on Berdyaev and on Friday night, May 23rd, Sister Francis Regis, head of the English department, College of St. Rose, Albany, and now working with us on leave of absence, is going to speak on "The Four Quartets" of T. S. Eliot. On May 9th, Arthur Sheehan and Ed Turner are going to speak about Peter Maurin and his Theory of Revolution. Later meetings in May will, I hope, be announced in the Village Voice.

#### Family Visit

It was not yet spring when I went to Vermont to pay a visit to my daughter and the five children who are still at home. Becky Hennessy Houghton is in Laconia, New Hampshire, Sue Hennessy Kell is in Sudbury, Ontario,

Eric is in Vietnam and Nick, also married, is now on a construction job in the neighborhood of Springfield, Vermont. I missed seeing the two oldest girls and their husbands but I did see Nickie and his wife Brenda and their new baby Sheila Ann, born two months ago. Mary works after school (she is a senior in high school) but is always able to "cope," as far as one can see, and never seems tired. Marvellous youth. When asked how she feels, she always says "wonderful." I have decided that that is what we all should do instead of starting to exchange symptoms. Maggie is the one who always answers letters and is always ready to take on the ironing. Martha too is most responsible, and between the three of them there is a great work of sewing, washing, ironing and school work. They are all better at cooking than at dish washing, but I happen to like that simple job if I can get to it before my daughter Tamar, who swiftly disposes of disagreeable tasks before I can get at them. Katie and Hilaire are the youngest, nine and eleven, and are out of doors children, regardless of the snow on the ground. In fact, Katie was already fitting up a playhouse in the old chicken coop, even though she had to go through the deep snow to get to it. Hilaire was busy tapping trees for maple syrup and before I left there was a few gallons to his credit.

As to home crafts, in addition to her weaving Tamar has been making soap and I brought back some dozen cakes of it. Since the two towels I use are also handwoven and hand-spun by my daughter, I have those samples of beauty in the midst of a city slum. Peter Maurin used to say that men make their money by the machine and spend it on handmade products. Certainly I treasure those towels and enjoy using them.

During the winter the grade school in Perkinsville which Tamar's children attend has had a course in skiing, two afternoons a week, the school bus taking the children to and from Mt. Ascutney. A number of other schools took part in this program too. There is a great turnover and exchange in ski's and ski equipment. Hilaire has his own, bought him by one of his older brothers, but Martha had a loan from a schoolmate. This was the last afternoon of the season, March 28th, and Tamar and I sat on the porch of the ski lodge and watched the children—except Hilaire, who was apt to ski on the more hazardous slopes on the other side of the lodge.

It was a lovely afternoon in the sun looking down over a long valley and up a great slope of mountain, where the figures of young people looked terribly small as they speeded down through the snow. Already it was melting and slushy, but I was so glad to be there. It was the first time I have watched skiers except on television. A few days later snow fell again.

#### Life and Death

This month has seen the death of two of our dear friends, Fred Lindsey and Marie Langlots, both of whom have been part of our family for many years. There is a picture of Marie in my book, *Loaves and Fishes*, as she sweeps out our dining room and meeting room at the end of a long day. But there are many more pictures of her in my mind and heart. She was my room mate for a time on Kenmare Street and when we moved to First Street she was already so ill that she needed the peace and quiet of an apartment of her own, and we settled her across the street so she could be close to us. She had to keep that fierce independence which had so long been her way of living. One could not give her an apple without her bringing you the next day half a dozen more. She used to get me a sandwich and a piece of fruit to take on my trips. "Lunch on the bus," she would say. She helped our Italian neighbors by bringing their littlest children to school, and she did a heroic job winter before last, helping our then landlady, Mrs. Vaccaro, clean the accumulated ice out of the gutters on the roof which melted into the top floor apartments. A dangerous job

(Continued on page 8).



# Three Prison Poems

By JACK COOK

## WAYS OF DOING TIME

Cry, detecting eye,  
Warning of the pupil—  
Drown, caged clamor,  
In stilled hiatus of "why?"

Learn, pinioned man,  
The rule you teach so well:  
Solitude is the answer  
Cursed consequences span.

Distraction is the game's name,  
Thought lost to a full hand.  
Once again royalty's debtor  
Wallows in dubious fame.

Clubs and spades parade our days,  
Cardboard caught in the lie,  
Loss whispers down the well,  
We bid the evening goodbye.

Refurbished memories are sweet,  
Orgies of the mind,  
Waste of will is a flesh filter  
Seek the cave where two springs meet.

Fantasies wedge the wedded apart,  
Sex for the other in each is spent;  
But the two-souled river winds  
About the island with selfless art.

Let inane arguments reverberate,  
Mouth to mouth you mock the eye,  
Stone walls will be useful then,  
Prisoners alone lock the gate.

Tell us again what the judge did,  
How lawyers fail and friends part,  
Redream the agony again, again,  
A year tomorrow is also dead.

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

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

## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

This late April day—a day as fair as any—I forget the world and all its wars in mind-envisioned pictures of Spring. Peach trees blooming, plum trees blooming, in the little garden down behind the tower. Green leaves stirring around the busy birds. Water music flowing down the ravine. Warm winds blowing, blowing, bringing perfume of new-cut grass.

Robins singing in the early dawn. Later on, cardinals, song sparrows, towhees, phoebes. In noisy congregation starlings and red-winged blackbirds syncopate the day. A flicker laughs, and out of the woods a pileated woodpecker—large and spectacular as an ancient tribal chieftain—blares with imperious stridence. Now and then a traveler to more northern woods, the sweet-songed white-throated sparrow, sings yearningly: Sweet, sweet, Canada, Canada, Canada.

In such Spring weather children live out idyllic days. Dorothy Corbin and some of Lorraine Freeman's boys go fishing on the banks of the Hudson, catching more eels than fish. Johnny Hughes and Eric Freeman race down the lane, Johnny on a bicycle, Eric in a wagon. Maggie Corbin indulges in a mischievous interlude with a water pistol. Coretta Corbin, sunning in her mother's arms, smiles so rapturously that every passing adult is charmed into a captive audience. Sally Corbin takes time from puppet-making, painting, and poetry writing to observe with the curious eye of a young scientist the labors and peregrination of an ant.

But even an adult, jaundiced with the news of a world too acquisitive, too competitive, even one sick with the tragic irony of an affluent nation where lavish expenditures for all the horrible weapons of war are taken for granted, while meager and insufficient aid for the poor and the hungry is viewed with avaricious suspicion—even such a one can find an

idyllic moment when Spring comes to Tivoli.

On one such afternoon Jeanette Schneider and I wandered out for a ramble through woods and field. Just at the foot of our steps, we encountered Peggy Conkling, ensconced in wheel chair and attended by Emily Coleman and many cats, including many of Peggy's and Emily's own catamount-sized black Prism.

It is not improbable that the cats were contemplating mayhem on birds, though Peggy and Emily were peacefully encouraging Joe Geraci, who was planting rose bushes along the driveway. Leaving the gardeners with their dreams of roses, Jeanette and I walked on. The birds, eluding the cats with swift wings, flew woodward too; and all along the way the high musical whistle of the chickadee's Spring song accompanied us. Then, as we approached the upper field, we were greeted by the brief lyric notes of a meadowlark. Sun-warmed pine fragrance scented the air.

Dandelion gold, periwinkle blue looked up at the bright sun limning with golden light a blue, blue sky. Meanwhile, the gold-radiating sun and the high blue dome of sky looked down into the tide-washed waters of the Hudson, painting a shadowy image of beauty in polluted depths. So we walked on our way, moving amid beauty, while I meditated on lost Arcadia and the polluted idyll.

To some, however, who come from New York City's slums, our farm, with its clayey soil, its unkempt woods, and deeply-rutted lanes, may sometimes—for all the Tobacco Road decor of broken-down cars and decrepit furniture and other litter cluttering up the landscape—hold enough of natural beauty, especially with the superb view of river and mountains, to touch with the magic of idyll a country outing.

Many of those who attended our

(Continued on page 6)

## TO MY WIFE

The liberal types  
from California  
asked you  
"What do you think this sentence will do  
to 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 soupkitchen  
students of hunger and need  
play sadly the game of survival  
by gutters strewn with a moment's release  
the bottle broken and the headless toy  
on benches and crawling chairs  
spittled coat, urine-black crotch  
wipers wash the stench from the eyes  
men bent on a home away  
from the wrecked bodies of cars and men  
In a house awaiting its next death  
a wall-less, wardenless, wordless prison  
drink finally has made it work  
though Bowery down they are minds away  
life complains in drowning cells  
case has departed the stricken city  
pain stalks in every part  
muscles no longer master a move  
the near dead and founded tear  
at the health of the passerby,  
infect the strong, take the crutch from the weak  
so all might meet at the black edge  
equal, alone, and naked

a child is born unto us

Into this mean lit corridor  
nobody's unhigh anyschoool  
unengaged charade of suburbia  
by pastel bunk and locker  
"One sheet and a pillowcase only"  
Two Army blankets and a meal sack  
near a john with super-flush toilets  
Lane of lovelorn after dark  
water fountains turned frigidaire  
to the march of dominoes' clock  
the din of perpetual TV  
shing-clap-heel-clop of shower pads  
word wargames of Puerto Ricans  
Black slang's dark caress  
Time turns the mute ear  
unargued, unidled it stays  
near sockets plugged with stringers  
instant coffee at a buzzing coil  
wild the heart at mail call  
count, then, a chamber filled with curses  
wrath's back, rage smothered in a mask  
bootcamp without sergeants  
all pretenders to the role  
red face from a PA box  
O coarse bourgeoisie cloister  
your silence and rule are not mine

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 mist soar in the light

a child is born

Though we abide in separate prisons  
Our day's shattered by recurring pain;  
Need knows no special seasons,  
Alone love forges our chain

Such suffering wed on a whirling anvil  
Amid chaos, war, and pain gone wild;  
Everywhere lay the victims 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 wring a bit of concentrated sense,  
Out of this trafficked corridor's havoc,  
Trembling, I vibrate somewhere between  
Conscientious objectors plunking dull guitars  
And the concatenation of angry dominoes.  
But I cannot castigate the way men do their time,  
Faced with myth, deceit, and murder, the young discover song.  
Emerging from bitter places, others embrace waste.  
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 in reverse, with the sinner): The pruning knife of the Vinedresser may be used to punish the godless or the faithless (as we frequently see in the Old Testament). But it also cuts the just: on these, since they are sinners, it is exercised penitentially and medicinally, by way of purification. But also and first of all it is employed on them in accordance with the basic law of life and growth to increase in them divine and eternal life and fruitfulness. This law of life-through-death, singularly and luminously illustrated even apart from the Fall by the analogy of the grain of wheat, is also clearly instanced in the pruning knife, as used to increase life and fruitfulness. What is good is sown—or pruned—that there may be a harvest. For the Christian, therefore—and here is meant all those who live in response to the love of God—not merely evil is to be sown: indeed, evil cannot be "sown" any more than diseased wheat. What is to be sown is all that is good in the human order, ultimately in death and throughout life in the existential, partial, and anticipatory daily deaths of renunciation and suffering. All this is to be sown or pruned in order to gain the harvest of eternal life and love. To paraphrase St. John on the Cross, we sow all to gain the All.

We come here to a conclusion and fact which may at first seem insignificant but in reality is of the greatest importance for grasping the central thrust of Christian ethical teaching. This is the distinction which clearly emerges at this point between penance, as a particular virtue, and the mortification—the "dying" with Jesus in order to rise with Him—which is the center and heart of Christian living. Penance is one virtue among many; of definite value but acting within a circumscribed area (which, however, may be extended voluntarily "to make up all that has still to be undergone for Christ, for the sake of His body, the Church"). (Col 1:24) On the other hand, dying with Jesus in order to rise with Him is coincident with the whole of practical Christianity (supported also by sacramental Christianity).

All penance involves a "dying," a mortification; but not all mortification is narrowly and strictly penitential, although in our present situation as justified sinners all our mortification contains at least a residual penal element. In other words, there is a penal character (owing to the Fall) even in the positive works of Christians, yet there are actions, other than acts of penance, which are positively directed to other virtues, to salvation, and to resurrection. Above all, and first of all, there is the necessity of dying to that involuted possessiveness of the natural man which resists the entrance of God's love. This is the lesson of the grain of wheat; and it is exemplified in the unfallen Adam conversing with God, in the unfallen angels who are "continually in the presence of the Father in heaven" (Mt 18:10), in the Incarnate Word (and His mother) at the innermost point where His human will (and hers) meets the divine. Indeed, the practice of penance, as it merges with atonement, has itself the purpose, as the latter word constantly and secretly suggests in its very structure ("at one"), of reconciliation, restoration, and reestablishment in the destiny and career of loving God and all men in God, which have been offered to man from his origin.

Understandably, the healthy-minded reject as gloomy and one-sided an overemphasis on penance. By such stress one confuses the part with the whole; it is almost as if one were to identify the organs of elimination with the whole of the human body. Penance has a useful, necessary, but limited place in Christian practice. On the other hand, dying with Jesus in order to rise with Him is the center, the core, and the whole of Christian life and practice.

## Bread and Wine

Accordingly, it is not only possible, as a matter of theory, to distinguish

penance from mortification. It is vitally important to mark and keep clear this distinction. Otherwise, since penance is but an occasional and seasonal practice of the Christian, we shall draw the false and disastrous conclusion that mortification is also but an occasional practice, a kind of "luxury"; whereas, in fact, dying with Jesus in order to rise with Him, is Christianity.

Indeed, in every truly Christian action, that is, in every action impelled by charity, there is a dying to gain the life of divine love. The dying is to one's own will—a willingness 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 of grace burst into flower, if every trial and renunciation is an anticipatory dying, so at the core of every grace-impelled action there is a dying to self in order to live for Christ Jesus. In following Jesus, who "did not please Himself," we die to self in order to live in Him. "I have been crucified with Christ, and I live now not with my own life but with the life of Christ Who lives in me." (Ga 2:19) The Christian



life, in brief, is a never-ending progression of cycles governed by the law of life-through-death. The Christian, living according to his vocation, can say quite simply and literally, "I face death every day" (1 Co 15:31) in order also, of course, to rise daily to live in Christ.

It may be a coincidence, but it is surely a significant one, that the two analogies we have been studying, the sowing of the grain of wheat and the pruning of the vineyard, point to the materials used in the Eucharist: bread and wine. And in the Eucharist the mystery of Christ in His death and resurrection is made present that we may be united with Him in dying and rising to live with Him. The grain of wheat that dies is Jesus; it is also ourselves: we join Him in the Eucharistic bread that is offered. The Vine is also Jesus, and we are the branches: He is pruned, so are we: and we join Him in the wine on the altar. Through the signs of bread and wine we also share in His risen life: "We proclaim the death of the Lord until He comes." (1 Co 11:26).

Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth.

—Song of Songs

To illustrate concretely the meaning of the grain of wheat and the pruning knife in the Christian life, we need go no further than St. Paul. We have, indeed, already called upon him in places to elucidate these analogies. He provides numerous comments because he sees his own life and the whole Christian life within the mystery of Jesus, that is, in His death and resurrection, drawing all men to Himself in this "Passover." The Apostle's own suffering and trials, which were both personal and typical, enable him to enter into the meaning of dying with Christ. The graces given him reveal what is meant by rising and living with Him. In a word, for him the mystery of Christ in His death and resurrection is the center, pivot, and ultimate reference of living in Christ. Everywhere,

too, we note together, whether expressed or implied, the two correlative phases: descent and rise, death and resurrection. This is true of all the extensive accounts of his tribulations, but we shall confine ourselves here to briefer passages. His sufferings are a sharing in the dying of Jesus, that he may walk in newness of life. Through suffering and through all righteousness, we enter existentially into what has already happened to us in baptism. "You should offer yourselves to God, and consider yourselves dead men brought back to life." (Rm 6:13) He gives us the saying, or chant, of the ancient Christians:

If we have died with Him, then we shall live with Him.

If we hold firm, then we shall reign with Him. (2 Tm 2:11)

Perhaps the best place to begin is with the text that the Church herself in the Easter liturgy uses to describe the Christian's share in Christ's death and resurrection:

Since you have been brought back to true life with Christ, you must look for the things that are in heaven, where Christ is, sitting at God's right hand. Let your thoughts be on heavenly things, not on the things that are on the earth, because you have died, and now the life you have is hidden with Christ in God. But when Christ is revealed—and He is your life—you too will be revealed in all your glory with Him. (Col 3:1-5)

What is this but a description of the manner in which the law of life-through-death operates throughout the Christian life, clear to its culmination? The Benedictines illustrate this text dramatically in their profession ceremony when the candidate, prostrate, is covered with a funeral pall while the bell tolls. He has "died" in Christ, and henceforth, living a life "hidden with Christ in God," his thoughts will be on "heavenly things, not on the things that are on the earth." At least, this is the consummation devoutly to be hoped for.

While the religious profession emphasizes and reinforces the implications of dying and living with Christ, it is baptism in which they originate, and they therefore involve all the baptized. The letter to the Romans has already been cited in this connection. But the Apostle also provides in Colossians the sacramental basis for the practical teaching we have just noted there: "You have been buried with Him when you were baptized; and by baptism, too, you have been raised with Him through your belief in the power of God Who raised Him from the dead." (2:12) This dying and rising with Christ, although still signified by the rite of baptism, was clearer in the ancient practice of baptism by immersion. The descent into the water (which can also symbolize destruction, i.e., the Egyptians in the Sea of Reeds) stood for the dying and entombment with Christ, while rising from the water symbolized the resurrection to new life.

In daily and life-long practice, then, dying and rising with Christ means that our "thoughts be on heavenly things, not on the things that are on the earth." What it means for St. Paul personally, he himself declares in words striking and indeed unforgettable:

Because of Christ, I have come to consider all these advantages that I had as disadvantages.

Not only that but I believe that nothing can happen that will outweigh the supreme advantage of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord. For Him I have accepted the loss of everything, and I look on everything as so much rubbish if only I can have Christ... (Ph 3:7f)

The word that is here translated rubbish, and is used by the Apostle to describe all his former "advantages," social and even religious, is also rendered 'as refuse' (for example, by Knox and in the Revised Standard Version). But the Douay scholars (following St. Jerome), as also the King James translators, with a refreshing lack of primness called it *dung*. If Jerome and the others rightly sniffed the odor of this "refuse," and the

original Greek word suggests they did—then the later translators have weakened the meaning of the text (as happens also by changing bastards to illegitimate children). To regain its force, and to be fully "relevant" (as is so much desired by Christians today), we would perhaps do better to follow the example of our dramatists, certainly men of the age who do not fear strong language; we would then modernize *dung* by another four-letter word which, if some would be surprised to find it in Scripture, would nevertheless well express the Apostle's passionate preference. Whatever modern Christians feel about it, St. Paul certainly believed in detachment. Indeed, this pallid word seems as little able to describe his attitude as it is to translate the Scriptural dying.

## Daily Immolation

For his teaching the Apostle does not fail to provide background from the Old Testament, recalling the ancient sacrifices that were to be fulfilled in Christ. "Nothing therefore can come between us and the love of Christ, even if we are troubled or worried, or being persecuted, or lacking food or clothes, or being threatened or even attacked." These experiences he interprets through the Psalmist, seeing himself as a victim for sacrifice: "For your sake we are being massacred daily, and are reckoned as sheep for the slaughter." (Rm 8:35f). Again, as life is drained from him in the service of his Lord, he compares himself to the ancient sacrifices of libation: "As for me, my life is already being poured away as a libation, and the time has come for me to be gone." (2 Tm 4:6).

This personal offering is of course valuable only when joined to the sacrifice of the New Law. "I have been crucified with Christ." (Ga 2:20). He spells out the practical meaning of this: "You cannot belong to Christ Jesus unless you crucify all self-indulgent passions and desires." (Ga 5:24). Moreover, this dying, this crucifixion, is for the Christian not an occasional exercise, but is rather co-extensive with living: "I face death every day." (1 Co 15:31).

Death is not embraced for itself; it is undergone in order to rise to new life. Negative and positive, obverse and reverse, the two phases of the surge of life are invariably seen together, with the positive rising from the negative, like (to cite an old example) the phoenix rising again from its ashes to renewed life. After saying, "I have been crucified with Christ," Paul adds at once, "And I live now not with my own life but with the life of Christ Who lives in me." If we have "died" and our life is now "hidden with Christ in God," this is because "we have been brought back to true life with Christ."

It should be evident that this "dying" with Jesus is not a Pauline invention. We are in fact at the origin of the word *mortification*, which in turn derives from the dying of the grain of wheat, and, in the end, from the death of Jesus. We have already distinguished mortification from penance: it is also distinct from asceticism or ethical discipline, in being joined in faith and love to the mystery of Christ in His death and resurrection. The word has been sadly impoverished in popular usage, being identified with petty practices of self-denial. It means, in fact, that in order to share in the risen life of Jesus, we now join him in suffering and death. In doing this, even apparently trivial acts and practices may be gathered into the living surge of cross and resurrection.

(To be continued)

## Friday Night Meetings

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

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



# Technology and Hope

The following is one of the mimeographed letters Thomas Merton was in the habit of sending out to his friends. Since it deals with technology and poverty, I thought we should reprint it. The letter was written in the spring of 1967.

D. D.

Dear Friends:

We have had some cold weather but nothing like the blizzards up north around Chicago recently. In front of my place, crocuses came up on Ash Wednesday and have persisted since, even through snow and low temperatures. They are still there. (From the bulbs Eileen Curns sent last year.) Speaking of Eileen, who was a papal volunteer in Brazil, I got a letter from a Holy Cross Brother in Brazil taking me to task, as many critics have done, for what seems to be a negative attitude on technology in *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*. It might be well to try to dot the i's and cross the t's on this point. Am I "against technology"?

Obviously I am not maintaining that we ought to get rid of matches and go back to making fires by rubbing sticks together (thought of this yesterday when burning brush piles, lighting matches in the wind). Nor am I maintaining that modern transportation, medicine, methods of production and so on are "bad." I am glad to have a gas heater this winter, since I can't cut wood. Yet I am not saying I am a better human being this winter, when I have more "leisure," than I was last winter when I did a lot of chopping. Nothing wrong with chopping either. What I question is the universal myth that technology infallibly makes everything in every way better for everybody. It does not.

Modern medicine is certainly a good thing. Thank God for it. Thank God for the fact that penicillin saves thousands of lives. But let's also face the fact that penicillin saves lives for people whom society then allows to starve because it is not set up to feed them. If it used its technological resources well, society certainly could feed them. In fact it doesn't. Technology comes into a "backward country" with an industrial setup that works fine in an advanced country—and depends on financial support from an advanced country, and brings profits back to the advanced country. It may simply dislocate the "backward country" completely. Today twelve per cent of the world's population, repeat twelve per cent live in the appalling shanty towns and *poblaciones* that are seen in the outskirts of South American, African, and Asian cities. What is technology doing for these people? It is not creating work for them, but is developing more and more labor-saving methods of production because technology in our society is not in the service of people but in the service of profit. What I am criticizing then is the myth that this kind of "labor-saving" technology will turn the world into a paradise. It will not. Look what technology is doing to Vietnam!

On the other hand, I am quite willing to admit that the resources are there and that things could be quite other than they are. Technology could indeed make a much better world for millions of human beings. It not only can do this, but it must do it. We have an absolute obligation to use the means at our disposal to keep people from living in utter misery and dying like flies. Note: there has never been such abject misery on earth as that which our technological society has produced along with the fantastic plenty for very few. What I am "against" then is a complacent and naive progressivism which pays no attention to anything but the fact that wonderful things can be and are done with machinery and with electronics. Even more wonderful things might be done. But on our present setup, the chances of them getting done are not as good as these people seem to think.

We face an utterly self-defeating and even absurd situation. A critic took me to task for saying in the book that "the realm of politics is the realm of waste." It is and it always has been.

When a human question becomes a "political issue," unfortunately the human problem gets shoved into the background, human hopes are derided 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 even be touched. Witness Johnson's great "war on poverty." It is a sheer insult to the people living in our Eastern Kentucky Mountains. All the attention and money are going not to help them but to exterminate innocent non-combatants in Vietnam and to enrich the big corporations that are making higher profits now than they ever did before.

In our technological world we have wonderful methods for keeping people alive and wonderful methods for killing them off, and they both go together. We rush in and save lives from tropical diseases, then we come along with napalm and burn up the people we have saved. The net result is more murder, more suffering, more inhumanity. This I know is a caricature, but is it that far from the truth?

What is my answer? I don't have one, except to suggest that technology could be used entirely differently. But the only way it ever will be is to get it free from this inescapable hang-up with profit or power, so that it will be used for people and not for money and politics. The essential message of an encyclical like *Mater et Magistra* or the Council Constitution *Gaudium et spes* adds up to this: technology has given us the means to alleviate human misery, but the profit system makes it practically impossible to use the means effectively. The myth of technology (as distinct from the reality) is myth that serves the religion of profit vs people. He who swallows the myth is serving that religion.

Sorry for this long tirade, but I thought it was worth while to make this point clear. Obviously I have no intention whatever of turning the clock back to the Middle Ages, though there are people around who want to do that too.

And so we turn our eyes to the great feast of Christian hope: the Resurrection. Too often the Passion and Resurrection of the Lord have been used in the past to canonize earthly injustice and despair: The old business of saying "Yes, you are getting a dirty deal, but just offer it up and you will be happy in heaven." The real root of Christian hope is the presence of the Risen Lord among us and in us by His Spirit, which is the Spirit and power of love. The power of the Resurrection is the power of love that is stronger than death and evil, and its promise is the promise that the power of this love is ours if we freely accept it. To accept it is not just a matter of making a wish, but of entire and total commitment to the law of Christ, which is the Law of Love. Let us realize this, and believe it, and pray for one another. Let us be one in this love, and seek to make all men one in it, even here on earth. And if technology helps to express the creative power of love, then all the better: it will give glory to God and have its own place in the Kingdom of God on earth. But technology by itself will never establish that Kingdom.

My love to all of you, in Christ  
Thomas Merton

## Plea for Corpus Christi

Beggars  
of God  
we ask  
for  
living  
Bread

Word of  
the  
Father  
found in  
either  
sign

Will He  
give us  
the  
stone of  
death  
instead

Beggars all  
we kneel  
at our  
Father's  
door

With  
honeyed  
rock and  
fat of  
newgrown  
wheat

And  
pleading,  
seek the  
Bread of  
Life  
once more

He  
feeds us  
in the  
searing  
noon-day  
heat.

From Him  
who bids  
the hungry  
man to  
stay

Bread  
that is  
flesh and  
blood of  
glowing  
wine

And sends  
the rich  
and empty  
one  
away.

JAMES ROGAN

# LETTERS

## Love and Fear

227 Payson Road  
Belmont, Massachusetts 02178

Dear Dorothy:

My letter concerning Thomas Merton, which you printed in the January CW, has brought me an unexpected correspondence from different parts of the United States and Canada. Though a few of the letters have asked specific, almost bibliographical, questions about Merton and about Louis Massignon, most have expressed concern that I was implying a contradiction between someone's being fully human and being a saint.

In one of the communications I received, "a slim quarterly to celebrate the human-mystery-lived!" entitled *Moving On*, published in Cambria, California, there was enclosed a Xerox copy of an interview with Merton held shortly before his departure for the Far East and published in the Los Angeles Times, December 22, 1968. In this interview Tom spoke of monasticism in the sense of "an age-old experience," saying that "the real essence of monasticism is the handing down from master to disciple of an incommunicable experience—an experience that cannot be communicated in doctrinal terms, in philosophy, in words, but only on the deepest possible level. This, to me, is the important thing, the only thing in which I am interested."

He was naturally speaking of his own context and of the particular instance of monasticism, but the relationship and the experience of which he spoke are not unlike those expressed in the Mesopotamian epic of Gilgamesh, the oldest narrative known to man, one which I have found for a number of years to be a valuable source of understanding of the human and of the spiritual condition of man, and which I will refer to in answer, if seemingly indirect, to the concern expressed by some of my correspondents.

In this epic, Gilgamesh, after his friend and companion Enkidu has died, goes on a journey to find the plant of eternal life, which will bring his lost friend back to life and keep himself from experiencing death—the plant that will eternalize, if you will, the relationship he had found. He is moved by a mixture of love and fear, as we all are. This relationship, this fraternity, was what touched Gilgamesh deeply beyond words and humanized him (as King of Uruk he had been two-thirds god, one-third man, and a tyrant), and for the first time in his life he recognized and was able to live concernedly with another creature—and tragically, he recognized him fully only when he had lost him. The quest for the plant was the recognition he had to complete on the profoundest level and that was revealed to him through friendship. It is not the quest for self-fulfillment, it is not ambition, it is not romantic or heroic; but life comes through it, a renewing life. And if one loses the plant after finding it, due to some act of folly, as in the case of Gilgamesh, one has not been deceived or let down by traveling for another or by having entered into a deep relationship with another, but one has been challenged to embrace a painful wisdom—that of accepting loss and

death as the price of becoming fully human oneself.

Before that happens, it is difficult to talk of saints.

Best wishes,  
Herbert Mason

## Legalized Murder

175 West 12th St.  
New York, N.Y.  
10011

Dear Mr. Corbin:

I am aware, at least to a small degree, of the many involvements of Catholic Worker persons for those who urgently need help. I wonder, therefore, if you are aware of the case of 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 persons 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 academic, but it is still of interest, in this nation where the poor and/or non-white have traditionally felt the brunt of capital punishment.

If Catholic Worker readers wish to add their voices to the plea for a reversal of Mr. Whitehawk's death sentence, they may write to:

Gov. Frank Farrar  
The Capital Building  
Pierre, South Dakota

I recently began corresponding with Joe O'Brien, the young man who is in a Mexican prison. He wrote warmly of the reaction of Catholic Worker readers to his article and letter which you so kindly printed. Some of the most remarkable persons of whom I have ever heard developed their attitudes in prison. And still, in the United States, we legalize murder. Time is surely running out, at home and abroad, for capital punishment, but those who feel strongly on the subject must not let up their pressure for reform.

Would you please give my regards to Miss Mowrer. Her "Farm With A View" is one treat I look forward to each month.

Sincerely,  
Randy Cadman

## "Preventive" Detention

1830 Fell Street  
San Francisco, California  
94117

Dear Sirs:

A recent New York Times, in a story headlined "PRETRIAL JAILING WEIGHED BY NIXON," reports that the Nixon administration is very seriously considering "whether the traditional presumption of innocence (of those convicted of a crime) should be modified to permit the detention of arrested persons who are judged to be poor risks while awaiting trial."

The rationale behind this proposal is that it will deal with arrested persons who appear likely to "rape, rob, or riot" if released on bail.

In practice, this would give more punitive power to the police. Already they can "punish" individuals by arresting them and charging them with crimes that either did not happen or have been grossly exaggerated, forcing the individual to waste considerable time and money defending himself against the charges and making it harder for him to get or keep a job.

Under the new proposal, the police could also, by arresting the same person twice in close succession, put him

(Continued on page 8)

A group of young anarchists in Minnesota is planning to publish a series of pamphlets written by Peter Kropotkin.

These pamphlets describe various theoretical, tactical, and constructive aspects of libertarian socialism.

Anyone who would like to receive these pamphlets free of charge should send name, address, and zip code to:

JIM CAIN, 323 Fourth Street  
Cloquet, Minnesota, 55720.



## Good Friday at Fort DeRussy

(Continued from page 1)

and remove the nails of his own silent complicity in death. The fact is that our runaway militarism, and the Induction Center which is our focus tomorrow, can function only so long as we as individuals are held back by fear from asserting our total human resistance to them."

Defining "total human resistance" as "not simply non-cooperation and civil disobedience, but these as expressions of love," Douglass went on to explain that "the power of non-violence against a man involved in injustice is the power to blow that man's mind by a combination of resistance and love, by a firm obstruction of his injustice joined to a respect for him as a person. Non-violence has the power to convert, and thereby to greatly enlarge a movement, by pointing to an injustice without threatening to destroy those involved in it. To resist the illegitimate authority which the soldiers represent, at the same time respecting them as individuals, is to combine truth and love in that truly human power which Gandhi called 'soul force.' The human truth which our resistance represents, and the denial of truth and humanity by the Induction Center, will become evident and powerful to men's minds if spoken through a love which in resistance to death continues to respect soldiers who are themselves more victims than executioners."

Jim then rapped about law and order, the system of fear that has been set up to keep people in their places and prevent them from doing what they know to be right and just. "But Martin Luther King did not stay within the law, the law of a racist society. Gandhi did not stay within the law, the law of colonial power. He broke the law of British oppression, and in so doing broke his own people's silent consent to that law—whose consent and cooperation with the British had alone made that oppression possible. Nor did Jesus stay within the law, the law of commerce and profit established at the entrance to the temple in Jerusalem. He drove out the custodians of that law, saying that by God's law the temple was a house of prayer for all the nations—not a den for exploitation."

Jim concluded his speech by saying: "And we too must break the law, that law which at the Induction Center is a law of death. For it is not the law which is sacred, but man, man made in the image of God, whose welfare is the only purpose and justification of law. Man is not served by a law which deprives him of his freedom and sends him to death. That law must be broken, for God's sake, for man's sake, —for the sake of that God who lives in man and who by His love creates the strength in our community tonight for the deeds we must do tomorrow."

An offertory was then held, at which several draft cards were burned.

### Creative Disruption

At noon on Good Friday, we assembled at Kapiolani Park for a short service and last-minute instructions. We had about twenty volunteers ready to enter the military base. The march was to be silent. We were instructed "not to use physical violence of any kind, regardless of what may be done to us by others." The volunteers were asked to tell their friends not to intervene violently in their behalf in case of attack.

We started off, three hundred strong, on our two-mile march through Waikiki to Fort DeRussy. Instead of picket signs, a fifteen-foot bamboo cross with a wooden outline of Vietnam on it was carried at the head of our procession. Following the cross were three banners with our messages: "JESUS Crucified Good Friday"; "KING Assassinated April 4, 1968"; "HUMANITY Dies Now in Vietnam." The marchers wore white clothing and black armbands. By the time we reached the main gate of the Fort our numbers had increased to about three hundred and fifty.

At the main gate, Resistance organizer John Witeck, a former research aide in the Office of Asian Communist Affairs and past national vice president of the Newman Student Federation, made a final request for permission to enter the base. The request was refused.

We began to march back the way we had come. Suddenly Curt McClain, who was carrying the Vietnam cross, and Jim Douglass led a dozen people over a low hedge. They were immediately confronted by club-wielding military police, so they sat down on the ground, inside military property. Another contingent of marchers, led by Jay Wallerstein, a seminarian who was carrying the "HUMANITY" banner, entered the base by going over a stone wall. I joined them and we swept across the field to join the others. I looked around and, to my amazement and joy, saw over sixty people sitting around the Vietnam cross. Three times the number we had expected had voluntarily gone over the wall, thus risking a five-hundred-dollar fine and six months in jail. Most of these people had never before taken part in civil disobedience.

The MP's surrounded us and tried to prevent others on the sidewalk from going over the wall to join us. Then they began picking us up, half-carrying and half-dragging the limp protesters to the paddy wagons. As the



wagons began to pull out with their cargo of prisoners Brian Molmen and I slipped under two of the vehicles, lying directly between the wheels. We were both wrestled out and arrested. It took several trips to take all of us away.

We had anticipated arrest and had decided on a "jail, no bail" policy, since being in jail on Easter Sunday would be the most significant witness we could bear to celebrate Life as represented in the Resurrection. It was therefore quite a surprise and shock to us when the paddy wagons stopped and we were released outside the premises of the Army base.

We walked around the perimeter of the base to the place where our action had originated. The military had brought up reinforcements. Troops lined the low hedge and the stone wall that runs around the Fort. We then decided to hold a fifteen-minute silent vigil and lined our marchers along the wall, face to face with the soldiers. At the end of the vigil, McClain, still carrying the battered Vietnam cross (the southern part of Vietnam had been torn off and only the northern sector clung to the cross) and Douglass led thirty of us over the wall and into the field again. There was some scuffling and we lost our Vietnam cross. The banners were ripped to shreds by angry members of the Young Americans for Freedom and the John Birch Society. Once again we were loaded into the paddy wagons and let out on the other side of the base. This time we refused to leave the trucks voluntarily and were thrown out into the street. We marched backed to the base, regrouped, and made a statement ending the Good Friday demonstration. I acted as spokesman and told the military officials and the press that we had accomplished what we had come to do and that we intended to return on the day of the next scheduled inductions at Fort DeRussy.

ED. NOTE: Mr. Hayashi is a senior at the University of Hawaii, majoring in political science and journalism. He is also an organizer for The Resistance in that state and a free-lance Movement writer.

## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

third-Sunday meeting in April, as well as those who came to hold their own meeting here, seemed to find the prospect pleasing.

Neale and Deirde Hunter, authors of *China Observed*, who spoke to us that April Sunday, were well qualified to do so. Australian by birth, they had no difficulty in entering China. Since they have excellent qualifications as teachers, they were accepted as teachers in a school in Shanghai—a school for intensive training in languages. They spent the period from 1965 to 1967 in China, and were given good opportunities to travel about and observe life in other parts of this large country.

According to the Hunters, the Cultural Revolution was by no means as turbulent as it has been depicted by our news media. Essentially it was, it seems, a rebellion against a too rigid kind of communism which could result in the stalemate of a bureaucratic elite. China is predominantly rural, around eighty per cent, I believe. Nor is the Chinese peasant one to accept easily any attempt to reform him in a dull, uniform, collectivist mold. He has a strong sense of family, a profound love of children, a deep respect for persons and for personal responsibility. Moreover, the Chinese peasant is still deeply attached to his own locality, his own particular area or segment of China rather than to the nation, the whole. Only now, partly through the use of radios, which have only recently come into general use, and partly, I suppose, to the dedicated work of communist workers, are the peasants beginning to understand their part in the whole, their function as Chinese. If the Chinese have, as the Hunters seem to think, the wisdom to build on the best of their native values, they may make a greater leap forward into a greater and saner future than we ourselves can hope to enjoy. Did our founding fathers and our pioneer ancestors intend that militarism and technocracy should dominate our state and permeate even the most private modes of our living?

The idea of decentralizing cities, of moving industries and institutions out into the country, rather than move the peasants into the cities, seems particularly heartening. If we followed such a plan in this country, we might solve both the problem of our cities and that of our rural areas.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the work of Bob and Marj Swann will undoubtedly know that some such plans for decentralization are projected in connection with their work among the poor of the South. Recently, Jean Walsh sent me a tape of a conference given by the Swanns at Princeton. So far, we have played the tape twice for different sets of guests, and have found the ideas expounded stimulating and hopeful.

It is particularly exciting to think that these ideas are already being put into practice among the poor of the South, and are proving feasible. It is good to think that the Swanns have learned so much from Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave, those great exemplars of non-violent revolution. It is also good that they could learn from the fascinating experiments of the Israelis in their own kind of collective farms.

Most interesting to me, however, is the realization that many of the ideas which form the plan advocated by the Swanns, as well as some of the ideas attributed by the Hunters to the Chinese, can be found in Peter Maurin's back-to-the-land program as it was formulated in the essays appearing in the first issues of the *Catholic Worker*.

For Peter Maurin's program was really based on the village-commune idea, a community of families, with cooperative buying and selling, and sharing of assets, talents, tools, work. Peter Maurin also stressed the importance of personal responsibility, of man the craftsman and creator, the dignity of manual work, and the need for everyone to assume his share of the dull but necessary routine work.

I never knew Peter Maurin. I have, however, been deeply impressed by what I have been told by those who knew and worked with him. They

speak of him with enthusiasm and love. They tell of his total dedication and sense of mission, of his gentle strength, his prevailing good humor, his respect for poverty and manual work, his un-self-conscious humility. On May 15, 1949, Peter Maurin died. But more important, on May 1, 1933, Peter Maurin, with Dorothy Day, brought out and distributed the first issue of the *Catholic Worker*. In this May issue of the paper, I reaffirm the validity of Peter Maurin's ideas, and hope that we can learn to live more truly in accord with them. May he pray for us that God may help us through the confusion, turbulence, and faithlessness of our time.

In our community, two who remember Peter Maurin — John Filligar and Hans Tunnesen — have done more than their share to keep up the tradition of manual work. John, farmer and jack of all trades, can come about as near as anyone I know to doing any kind of work about the place. Hans, builder, carpenter, chef, has had to relinquish much of his former work because of age and infirmity, but still does a masterly job in the kitchen on weekends and occasions when unexpectedly large crowds gather around meal time. Although John has not yet been able to plant the large garden in the upper field, he has garden stuff already up in the small gardens near the house. John, by the way, is still hoping for a younger, stronger man to come help get the swimming pool ready for use, and help run it through the summer. We expect a great many children here this summer, who regard the swimming pool as the most important part of the place.

Reginald Highhill, who never knew Peter Maurin, but has a real dedication to hard manual work, is continuing his orchard and vineyard planting and gardening.

As usual, there is neither time nor space to mention all the different kinds of activity that help make possible the operation of our house of hospitality. In these areas—kitchen, dining room, housekeeping, maintenance, office, errand running, hostessing, care of the sick — these persons, in addition to those named above, contribute: Marge Hughes, Alice Lawrence, Mike Sullivan, Placid Decker, Tom Likely, Jim Canavan, Marty and Rita Corbin, Emily Coleman, Helene Iswolsky, Stanley Vishnewski, Joe Geraci, Tommy Hughes, Mary Howard, Jeanette Schneider, Paulette Curran.

Joan Welch, who was very helpful during her visit, has returned to the city. Paulette has also gone in for a family visit and to help at First Street, but promises to return in two weeks. Dorothy Day is much away, what with speaking engagements and looking after things in the city. We also miss Father Leandre Plante, who said daily Mass for us all winter but returned to Canada during Easter week. His presence in our community and his Masses were a great help to us. We hope he will return.

As always, there have been comings as well as goings. Many many visitors, in fact. Among them are: Father Lyle Young, who said Mass for us on the third Sunday of April, Tom Cornell, Hank Malinowski, Tamar Hennessy with five of her children, Joe and Audrey Monroe, Lorraine Freeman and her four children, Dan Paulsen, Mike Boyle, Jean Keelan, Rita Corbin's brother Bob with his children, Professor Michael Minihan, Ed, Johanna, and Tommy Turner, Father Edward Vogt from Norway, Gary McEoin, and several dynamic and pleasant seminarians from Pennsylvania.

An owl hoots in the April night. Quick rain splatters, then subsides. The small stream sings riverward down the ravine. A train passes. Bearing whom? Going where? Who knows, hoots the owl. Who cares?

We move toward May, the month of Our Lady. Toward the first of May, the anniversary of the *Catholic Worker*, the Feast of St. Joseph, the Worker. St. Joseph, pray for us. Help us to remember Peter Maurin. Help us to learn to be scholar-workers and worker-scholars. Mary, our Mother and Mother of Our Lord, pray for us. Help us to care. Help us to know.



# GOD'S COWARD

(Continued from page 1)

enemies, turn the other cheek'—after they frame you and admit it."

## Love Your Enemy?

That night I was nervous and tore the buttons off my clothing in order to have something to do sewing them back on. I paced my eight and a half steps back and forth for hours and finally flung myself on the bunk. It must have been the middle of the night when I awoke. I had not had a note from anyone for a month. Were my friends forgetting me? I felt weak, lonesome, and alone in the world. Here I had been hurling defiance at the whole capitalist system only a few hours before, and been boasting to the warden how I would bravely do my time; now I wondered if anyone really cared. By this time Selma might be married to someone else with a real future ahead of him. The last letter I had received from her had been rather formal. Would she understand why I did not write? Could I be sure that some of the letters I had sent her had been received? How could I end it all? The sharp spoon with which I had carved poems and my calendar on the wall could cut my wrist and I could bleed to death before a guard arrived. But that would be such a messy death.

The next day the deputy came into the cell and said that I was looking very pale; that a man who had come in the same day as I had died of the flu, and that thirty others had been buried that week. He said that if I did not get fresh air it was likely that I would die sooner than the others. Why shouldn't I tell what I knew and get out? I asked him to talk about the weather instead, since I was not interested in achieving the reputation of a rat. He asked me whether it was a prisoner or a guard who had sent out my letters. I walked up close to him and said in a confidential manner, "It was a prisoner or a guard."

Late that afternoon I was called across the hall to take a bath. The guard accidentally left my wooden door open when he was called to answer the telephone. I could not see anywhere except across the hall to the solid door of another cell, but I could hear Popoff in the next cell groaning and calling for water. He was still hanging from his hands eight hours a day, as he had been for months. The guard came down the hall, opened Popoff's door, dipped his tin cup in the toilet, and threw the dirty water in his face. Then he slammed my door shut and locked it. How long would it be before I too was strung up to the bars? How long could a fellow stand such treatment?

As soon as it was dark I sharpened my spoon again and tried it gently on my wrist. The skin seemed quite tough, but I could press harder. If I cut my wrist at midnight I could be dead by morning. I thought I ought to write a note to Selma and my mother but I would have to wait until morning to see well enough. Well, I had waited that long, I could wait a day longer. That night my dreams were a mixture of Victor Hugo's stories of men hiding in the sewers of Paris, songs of the Industrial Workers of the World, blood flowing from the pigs that had been butchered on the farm when I was a boy, and the groans of Popoff.

The next morning the sun shone brightly in my cell for the first time in weeks. I crouched by the door and saw Berkman's bald head in the tailor shop. Tears came to my eyes and I felt ashamed of my cowardly idea of suicide. Berkman had passed through much more than I would have to endure, even if I stayed two more years in solitary. If I gave up, how would the world know about the continued tortured of Popoff and others? I was through with despair. I wanted to live to make the world better. The very fact that most prisoners, and for that matter, most people on the outside did not know what solitary was like was all the more reason why I should be strong.

Two months later I heard the whistles blow and shouts resounding through the prison. The Armistice had been signed. Berkman informed me in

a note that November 11th was also an anarchist anniversary: the date of the hanging of the Haymarket anarchists in 1887. By now I had ceased my nervous running back and forth like a squirrel and was taking steady walks in my cell every day and hours of physical exercise. I was going to build myself up and not sicken and die. I would show my persecutors that I could be a credit to my ideals.

I had now read the Bible through four times and had re-read the New Testament many times, especially the Sermon on the Mount. As I read of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Micah and the other prophets, and of Jesus, I could see that they had consistently opposed tyranny. The remainder of my two years in solitary must result in a clear-cut plan whereby I could be a force in the world. I could not take any halfway measure.

## Methods of Change

If assassination, violence, and revolution was the better way, then it was time to study military tactics and organize a group of fearless rebels. I remembered what Slim, a sort of Robin Hood Woobly, who was in on some larceny charge, had told me once: that a man could not be a good rebel unless he was angry and vengeful. Then I heard Popoff curse the guards and I heard them beat him. I remembered the Negro who had sworn at the guard in the tailor shop and was killed. I knew that prison riots often started over food and I remembered our peaceful victory over the spoiled fish. I also remembered what Berkman had said about being firm, but quiet.

I had, of course, read of the wars and hatred in the Old Testament. But I had also read of the courage of Daniel and the Hebrew children who refused to worship the golden image, and of Peter, who chose to obey God rather than the constituted authorities, who put him in jail. I had read of Jesus, who was confronted with a worldwide empire and chose not to overthrow the tyrant and make himself King, but to change the hatred in the hearts of men to love and understanding—to overcome evil with good will.

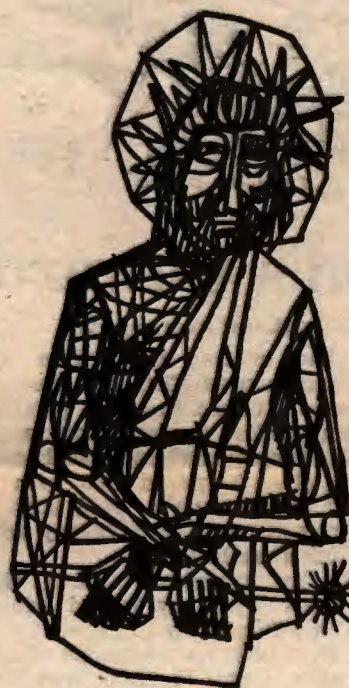
I had called loudly for the sword and mentally listed those whom I desired to kill when I was free. Was this really the universal method to be used? I would read the Sermon on the Mount again. As a child I had been frightened by the thought of hell fire into proclaiming a change of life. Now I spent months making a decision; there was no sudden change. I had all the time in the world, and no one could talk to me or influence me. I was deciding the idea for myself.

Gradually I came to have a glimpse of what Jesus meant when He said, "The Kingdom of God is within you." After six months I could love everybody in the world except the warden, but if I did not love him, the Sermon on the Mount meant nothing at all. I really saw this and felt it in my heart, but was too stubborn to admit it in my head.

One day as I was walking back and forth in my cell I turned and my head hit the wall. Then the thought came to me: "Here am I locked up in a cell. The warden has never been locked up in a cell and has never had a chance to know what Jesus meant. Until yesterday I did not either, so I must not blame him. I must love him." Now the whole thing was clear. The Kingdom of God must be in everyone: in the deputy, the warden, in the rat, in the pervert, and—now that I came to know it—in myself. I tried to take every sentence of the Sermon on the Mount and apply it to my present problem. The warden had said that he did not understand political prisoners. He and the deputy, in plain words, did not know any better; they had put on the false face of tyranny because this was the only method they knew. It was my job to reach them by another method: that of good will overcoming their evil intentions—or rather habits. The opposite of the Sermon on the Mount was what the whole world had been practising, in prison and out; and hate piled upon hate had produced more hatred and revenge. It was plain that this system did not

work. I would never have a better opportunity than now to try out the Sermon on the Mount. In this prison was deceit, hatred, lust, murder, and every other kind of evil.

I could imagine what my radical friends, in and out of prison, would say when I spoke of the teaching of Jesus. I knew that I would have to bear their displeasure, just as I had borne the hysteria of the patriot and the silence of my friends when I was sent to prison. This did not mean that I was going to "squeal" and give in to the officials, but in my heart I would try to see the good in them and not hate them. Jesus did not give in to His persecutors. He used strong words against the evildoers of His time, but He had mercy for the sinner. Now I was not alone in fighting the world; I had Him for my helper. I realized that if I held this philosophy I could not engage in violence for a revolution (a good war, as some might call it), but would have to renounce violence even in thought. Would I be ready to go the whole way? I could acknowledge the warden's honesty in admitting that he had framed me. I could even grant that the deputy had become calloused to violence in his years of supervising



the chain gang. The most difficult animosity for me to overcome was a dislike of hypocrites and church people who had for so long obscured the real teachings of Jesus. I could see no connection between Jesus and the Church.

My teeth ached much of the time in solitary, and I asked the deputy if I could visit the prison dentist. The deputy replied that I knew how I could get my teeth fixed: by telling what I knew. Otherwise the teeth could go on aching for all he cared. Loving my enemies was by no means a theoretical matter.

## Official Visitor

It was now February 1919; I had been in solitary for seven and a half months. A prison official from Washington named Duehay and the warden came to my cell. Duehay wanted to know why I was being held so long here. I told him that I was telling the world outside about the evil conditions in the prison and would not divulge my outlet for contraband mail.

He said that I was an intelligent and educated man and that it was foolish to endanger my health by trying to improve conditions for a lot of bums who would sell me for a dime. I told him that I was learning to take it.

Duehay then changed his tactics and began to berate me as a fool and a coward. The warden had often called me names, but he disliked an outsider's doing so. "If he's a fool or a coward," he said, "he must be a different kind, for no one ever stood more than three months in the hole without giving in. He must be a God's fool or a God's coward." I did not lose my temper or fight back: I just smiled and held my ground. Suddenly Duehay turned to the warden and said, "Let's make out parole papers for this stubborn fellow. Half of the time I can't trust my own men. This Hennacy is honest and can't

be bribed. I'll give him a job in the secret service." I shook my head, saying that I would not hunt down radicals and criminals, for I was on their side and not the oppressor's.

The next door morning a runner came from the front office to measure me for an outgoing suit and told me that the warden had said: "That damned Hennacy wouldn't tell anything in seven and a half months; he won't tell anything in seven and a half years. Get him the hell out of here; give him back his good time and let him go to his other jails. He's too much of a nuisance."

The next month went by very quickly. It was now March, 1919 and I was to be released the next day. The deputy came in and said:

"Going out tomorrow, Hennacy?"

"That's what they say; sure a fine feeling," I replied.

"We give, we take. You tell who's getting out your contraband mail or you'll stay here another five 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?"

I chokingly replied, "I can do it. Go away and don't bother me any more." After he left I wept but I was at the stage where I felt strong enough to take it.

The next morning, after breakfast, I wrote on the wall that I was beginning to do "good time" that I had lost, when the door opened and old Johnson the guard smiled for once, saying, "Going out of this jail, Hennacy?" I didn't believe him; even while the barber was shaving me I thought it was another trick to bedevil me. It's customary for the warden to shake hands with those who leave and wish them well out in the world. A guard gave me ten dollars and a bundle of letters that had arrived while I was in solitary, but the warden never appeared. When I walked out of prison a plainclothesman met me and said that I was being arrested for refusing to register for the August 1918 draft, even though the war had ended months ago.

I was taken to the County Tower to await trial on this latest charge. An old friend, Mary Raoul Millis, mother of Walter Millis the author, visited me and brought a copy of Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God is Within You*. It seemed to have been written especially for me, for here were the answers to all the questions that I had tried to figure out for myself when I was in solitary. It was useless to try to change the world by bullets or ballots. If the workers ever did get a majority of either, the envy and greed in their hearts would chain them as much as the master class does now. And the State, even if they called it a cooperative commonwealth, would be based on power; it would not wither away, but grow. Therefore the only worthwhile revolution was the one-man revolution within the heart. Each one can make this himself and does not have to wait for a majority. I had already started this revolution in solitary by becoming a Christian. Now I had completed it by becoming an anarchist.

When I came to court a Holiness preacher was being tried ahead of me. He explained that he had originally refused to register for the draft because the Bible said not to kill, and putting your name down on the list of killers was the first thing the government wanted you to do. He had announced this far and wide, but on the night before registration day God had come to him in a dream and reminded him that "the powers that be are ordained of God," and he should not disobey them. So he had made up his mind to register the next day, but was taken sick and could not. It was obvious that he was "squeaking." If God had really been talking to him, He might just as well have prevented him from getting sick so that he could go and register. His wife and children pleaded for clemency and he got twenty-four hours in jail.

My case was next. I was asked if I too had not changed my mind and would be ready to register for the third draft when it came along. I replied

(Continued on page 8)



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

which made me shudder. But Marie and Mrs. Vaccaro were valiant women. Marie also kept us all supplied with newspapers and every Thursday she brought me a copy of the *Village Voice*. For a long time she refused to go to a clinic or to the hospital for her ulcerated legs, and kept telling us of home remedies which her mother always used. She loved her family and the farm land from which she came, but an adventurous spirit brought her to the city, which fascinated her. However, she was looking forward to getting a round-trip ticket back to Missouri to see her sister and other relatives in the fall.

She finally consented to go to Bellevue—every other nearby hospital was packed to the doors, and, although one could get clinic care at Beth Israel or St. Vincent's, there were waiting lists at both hospitals and they had to send on the patients who came to them to the city hospital, Bellevue.

"How good they have all been to me," Marie said to us, the last day of her life. "The doctors, not one, but many of them, come many times, and they answer all my questions. The nurses and attendants have all been so good to me. The meals are very good," and she proceeded to tell us just what she had for breakfast, lunch and supper.

She was tried that day, so Pat Rusk and I left about fifteen minutes before visiting hours were over. She was going to be operated on the next day and she wanted to rest. We kissed her goodbye. Tom Cornell had brought her a flowering plant and she had flowers from others. In a few days, she said, she would like some bananas, her favorite fruit. "Put the window up a little higher, the air is so sweet." An hour later, she breathed her last, most peaceably. Dear Marie.

Her sister in Missouri was notified and the body was sent back to the mid-west to rest in that good farmland she so loved. She knew her scripture and quoted often from Old and New Testaments. "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me even if he die, shall live; and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die."

Fred Lindsey

Fred, who had worked so long with us at the farm, doing everything from cooking, dish washing, painting, cleaning out cesspools and even nursing the sick—he is with us still in our hearts. But the picture of him which I love the most is that of his tender care of Agnes Sidney in her last days. Her hair had been long, done in a sparse knot at the back of her neck. She had a bright Irish eye and a jaunty way with her, even in her eighties. (She was the wife of a barge captain who had lived at sea for many years.) When it was impossible for her to manage her hair, Fred took over, not just with the combing of it. One day I came in to find that he had given her not only a haircut, but a shampoo. And it was either Fred or Mike Sullivan who brought in Agnes' coffee at the crack of dawn each day. When I shared this morning service with her, she used to look over at me with a twinkle. "The life of Riley," she'd say.

Fred was a Mormon and had long lived away from his own family. We were his family, and when I recall all the little incidents of his stay with us over the years, I realize more fully how much like a family we are, with all its joys and troubles, the love and the stress of living together. That is what a house of hospitality should be. Fred rests in a little Protestant cemetery in New Jersey and we know, not only that "our Redeemer liveth, but that in our flesh we shall see God our saviour." Even the tragic Job felt these things.

How easy it is to have this faith in the Spring, with new life bursting through the ground and buds appearing on what to all appearances is dead wood.

Traveling

Right now I am reading Daniel-Rops' *The Church of Apostles and Martyrs*, an account of the first four centuries of Christianity. And I am

enjoying very much the account of the travels of the apostles through the Mediterranean territories. I too enjoy travel and it is always a most enriching experience for me. This Saturday I go to the Newman Club at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, and next week to St. Paul, Minnesota, to speak, I am delighted to say, on the same platform with Dr. Mulford Q. Sibley, whom I met the last time I was speaking in Minneapolis. He is a famous Quaker professor and his book, *The Quiet Battle* is a classic. I speak Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at St. Paul's Seminary, and other places. The meetings were organized by Father Ed Flavin of the Office of Urban Affairs.

When I return it will be to be present at the baptism of my first two great grandchildren, both girls, one born in April of Sue and Jorge Kell at Sudbury, Ontario, and the other of Nicholas and Brenda Hennessy at Barre, Vermont in January.



"ITALIAN MIKE"

## God's Coward

(Continued from page 7)

that I had entered the prison an atheist and non-pacifist, but that I had become a Christian and a pacifist after being locked up in solitary with the Bible. Perhaps not a very orthodox Christian, since I spelled God with a small "g" and two "o"s. And that a few weeks ago I had read Tolstoy and become an anarchist.

"What's an anarchist?" asked the judge. I could see my lawyer wince and put his fingers to his lips.

"An anarchist is someone who doesn't need a cop to make him behave. Anarchism is voluntary cooperation with the right of secession. The individual or the family or the small group as a unit instead of the State. Jefferson said that that government is best which governs least, as with the Indians." I continued to expound my new radical ideas for about ten minutes.

The district attorney whispered to the judge, who said, "Case dismissed." I looked around to see whose case he meant, but it was mine. My lawyer was bewildered, and so was I. The district attorney brought me into his office and asked how the hell I got that way. The reason he had moved to dismiss my case was the contrast between that Holiness preacher who had belittled out of it and myself, who was willing to take more punishment. He liked a good fighter. He was not a pacifist and did not sympathize with anarchism but he realized that something was wrong with the world and those who supported the status quo did not have the answer. He said that if I didn't have enough money to get to Ohio to do my nine months he would give it to me, and that he was giving me ten days of freedom to get some fresh air. He wanted me to come and see him when I got out of all my jails.

The next nine months went by quickly, and I was released from the Delaware, Ohio county jail on December 5th. It was Selma's birthday.

ED. NOTE: Much of this material has been published, in somewhat different form, in Ammon Hennacy's autobiography, *The Book of Ammon*. He is presently writing a book on some representative American radicals. Ammon welcomes correspondence regarding the ideas broached in his article. Please direct letters to him at: P.O. Box 9484, Phoenix, Arizona 85020.

## Letter from DELANO

(Continued from page 1)

exclusion from the democratic process, the numbers of our slain in recent wars—all these burdens generation after generation have sought to demoralize us, to break our human spirit. But God knows that we are not beasts of burden, we are not agricultural implements or rented slaves, we are men. And mark this well, Mr. Barr, we are men locked in a death struggle against man's inhumanity to man in the industry that you represent. And this struggle itself gives meaning to our life and ennobles our dying.

As your industry has experienced, our strikers here in Delano and those who represent us throughout the world are well trained for this struggle. They have been under the gun, they have been kicked and beaten and herded by dogs, they have been cursed and ridiculed they have been stripped and chained and jailed, they have been sprayed with the poisons used in the vineyards; but they have been taught not to lie down and die or to flee in shame, but to resist with every ounce of human endurance and spirit. To resist not with retaliation in kind but to overcome with love and compassion, with ingenuity and creativity, with hard work and longer hours; with stamina and patient tenacity, with truth and public appeal, with friends and allies, with mobility and discipline, with politics and law, and with prayer and fasting. They were not trained in a month or even a year; after all, this new harvest season will mark our fourth full year of strike and even now we continue to plan and prepare for the years to come. Time accomplishes for the poor what money does for the rich.

This is not to pretend that we have everywhere been successful enough or that we have not made mistakes. And while we do not belittle or underestimate our adversaries, for they are the rich and the powerful and possess the land, we are not afraid or cringe from the confrontation. We welcome it! We have planned for it. We know that our cause is just, that history is a story of social revolution, and that the poor shall inherit the land.

Once again, I appeal to you as the representative of your industry and as a man. I ask you to recognize and bargain with our union before the economic pressure of the boycott and strike takes an irrevocable toll; but if not, I ask you to at least sit down with us to discuss the safeguards necessary to keep our historical struggle free of violence. I make this appeal because as one of the leaders of our non-violent movement, I know and accept my responsibility for preventing, if possible, the destruction of human life and property. For these reasons and knowing of Gandhi's admonition that fasting is the last resort in place of the sword, during a most critical time in our movement last February, 1968, I undertook a twenty-five-day fast. I repeat to you the principle enunciated to the membership at the start of the fast: if to build our union required the deliberate taking of life, either the life of a grower or his child, or the life of a farm worker or his child, then I choose not to see the union built. Mr. Barr, let me be painfully honest to you. You must understand these things. We advocate militant non-violence as our means for social revolution and to achieve justice for our people, but we are not blind or deaf to the desperate and moody winds of human frustration, impatience and rage that blow among us. Gandhi himself admitted that if his only choices were cowardice or violence, he would choose violence. Men are no angels and the time and tides wait for no man. Precisely because of these powerful human emotions, we have tried to involve masses of people in their own struggle. Participation and self determination remain the best experience of freedom; and free men instinctively prefer democratic change and even protect the rights guaranteed to seek it. Only the enslaved in despair have need of violent overthrow.

This letter does not express all that is in my heart, Mr. Barr. But if it says nothing else it says that we do not hate you or rejoice to see your industry destroyed; we hate the agribusiness system that seeks to keep us

enslaved and we shall overcome and change it not by retaliation or bloodshed but by a determined non-violent struggle carried on by those masses of farm workers who intend to be free and human.

Sincerely Yours,

Cesar E. Chavez

United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO  
Delano, California

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

in jail and keep him in jail for the length of time—likely to run into months—it takes to bring one of his cases into court... and this **absolutely** regardless of whether he is guilty of either crime.

This power should not be given to the police. We all know of incidents wherein the police have displayed an amazing determination to "get someone," whether or not he is guilty of crime. They cannot be trusted with the power to jail someone by fiat.

Today, the Nixon administration has only tentatively considered pretrial jailing. The best way to keep it from becoming a dangerous reality is a quick and forceful reaction against the idea.

Please urge those you can reach to let Washington know they disapprove and disapprove strongly of the proposed "preventive detention" measures. Urge them to write the President, their senators and representatives, and their local newspapers to protest the idea that anyone should have the power to jail another person without full judicial safeguards.

Yours in liberty,  
Robert W. Starfire

## Simple Burial

Burnsville, North Carolina  
28714

To the Editor:

It is ironic that the struggle to achieve dignity, simplicity and economy in funeral practices continues to gain ground among educated and prosperous people, but is lagging among the social groups who need it most. The funeral reform movement, organized in the Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies (59 E. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill. 60605), is keenly aware of this limitation and is seeking to broaden its usefulness.

Central to this struggle is the booklet, *A Manual of Simple Burial* (\$1 postpaid, Celo Press, Burnsville, N.C. 28714) which has just appeared in its fourth edition, extensively revised.

This comprehensive booklet discusses the social, emotional and financial problems of families at time of death, and how to meet these problems. It tells how to obtain dignity, simplicity and economy in funeral arrangements through pre-planning. It explains in detail about memorial societies, where they are and how to organize them; about eye-banks, bone banks and medical schools and how to cooperate with them.

It is the responsibility of every mature individual to inform himself on this important phase of life and to keep detailed information available.

Sincerely,  
Ernest Morgan

## Reassurance

One to go all alone  
To an unknown place,  
Meeting, face to face,  
Maker of stone,

Maker of dust, hour,  
And hourless, too,  
Is harder to think than do,  
But that I saw a flower

Once, so small,  
Whiter than the snow  
Of months ago,  
And so saw all

The difference the same  
As the flower a white  
Smallness showing might  
To the mind I claim.

JOHN FANDEL