

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Strike Leader

By DOROTHY DAY

Dolores Huerta is one of the heroines of the by now famous grape strike which began in Delano, California, in September 1965 and which is still going on in the form of a boycott, from one crisis to another. There are many leaders of the farm workers all over the country, and I wish I could interview them all, in California, in Texas, in New Mexico, in the thirty cities of the United States where the weapon of the boycott is being used.

Cesar Chavez, head of the union, has been ill for some time and had to withdraw from active participation. He has been given worldwide recognition, and I would place him with the late Martin Luther King, and with Danilo Dolci and Vinoba Bhava, as an outstanding example of a nonviolent leader. We like to write about individuals in these movements for social justice, because, in a way, they are the word made flesh. We talk about what ought to be done, and here are the people doing it, putting flesh on the dry bones of principles and ideals. There must be the idea, the theory of the personalist and communitarian revolution, but the idea must be clothed with flesh and blood.

Dolores Huerta, who came from Delano, is a young, strong, and beautiful woman, mother of seven children, and the leader of the grape boycott in the Manhattan area. A big job. A year ago five or six pickets began the work, going from store to store, up and down the streets of Manhattan, to the big Hunts Point Market, to the chain stores, to the boats that were bringing grapes from the West Coast, telling of the injustices done the farm workers, the conditions under which they had to live, their struggles for better housing, wages and hours, and demanding that they be included with other workers under the National Labor Relations Act, from the benefits of which they have been excluded from the time the law first went into effect. Our friends, Filipino and Mexican picketers, who shared our poverty in a flat on Kenmare Street last year, went back to their families in Delano for Christmas in 1967 and returned with a score or more of other workers, driving in a donated unheated bus to begin their Northeastern campaign in earnest. It is this group that Dolores leads.

One of the great things accomplished by the Farm Workers Union was the awakening of conscience among other unionists. The United Automobile Workers had been helping them from the beginning. For a time they were in conflict with the Teamsters, who

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In the Church the Christmas season lasts until February 2nd when the preparation begins for the penitential season, which ends in spring and the full bloom of Easter. So we feel that the picture which adorns the first page of the Catholic Worker this month is still a fitting one. The artist is Andrew Zermano, and we have taken it from EL MALCRIADO, the Voice of the Farm Worker, which is published twice monthly in English and Spanish by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO. Subscriptions are \$3.50 a year for the United States and \$5.00 a year foreign, and we advise and beg our readers who can afford to, to send more, for the farm workers' grape strike has gone on now since September 1965. We are in the midst of winter, even in California, the gift-giving season is over and we well know the pinch which comes in February and March. Address all correspondence to: EL MALCRIADO, Box 130, Delano, California, 93215.



Gandhi and Christianity

By EILEEN EGAN

1969 marks the centenary of the birth of Mahatma Gandhi. He was born on October 2, 1869 and was fatally shot on January 30, 1948 in the course of a prayer meeting. Twenty years later, the great American Christian Gandhian, Martin Luther King, was also shot to death.

On the tenth anniversary of Gandhi's death, January 30, 1958, I was in India. In the Calcutta Maidan, an open-air memorial service was held under the auspices of the Congress Party. A group of Gandhians sat in front of the dais, their spinning wheels resting before them on the sparse grass. The scene of peaceful spinning was in strong contrast to the surroundings. The klaxons of ancient taxis and the rumbling of over-crowded buses invaded the park, the "lung" of choking Calcutta. The spinning wheel, a part of India's national flag, was hardly the center of Indian life, as Gandhi had hoped it would be, but on the dais another of Gandhi's key concepts was dramatically at work. A Muslim, a Parsee, a Buddhist, a Jain, a Hindu, and a Christian, all paid honor to the Mahatma. Each included in his remarks a selection from his own scriptures. When the organizers saw me standing near the Gandhians, they insisted that I join them on the dais—I was the only Catholic and the only American present that day.

I have always been amazed at the fact that Gandhi was able to penetrate to the very core of Christianity, despite the fact that it came to him wrapped in the terrible coils of imperialism and racism. Gandhi's first response to Christianity was, in fact, one of aversion. As a high-school boy, he heard his father discuss religion with his Muslim and Parsee friends. Along with his father, the young Mohandas developed respect for the tenets of Mohammed and Zoroaster.

Christianity was forced on his consciousness as something alien. He describes how it happened in *The Story*

of My Experiments with Truth. "In those days a Christian missionary used to stand on a corner near the high school and hold forth, pouring abuse on Hindus and their Gods. I could not endure this. I must have stood there once only and that was enough to persuade me from repeating the experiment. About the same time, I heard of a well-known Hindu having been converted to Christianity. It was the talk of the town that when he was baptized, he had to eat beef and drink liquor, that he also had to change his clothes and that henceforth he began to go out in European costume, including a hat." Here was Christianity in full imperialistic dress.

After high school, when Gandhi left for England for studies in the law, he came in contact with Christians of many Protestant groups. It was of central importance to his whole future life that before leaving India, he had taken an oath not to touch wine, meat or women. This was done at the instance of a strongly religious mother.

He was advised by a Christian acquaintance to read the Christian Bible and he made the attempt. He could not get beyond the first few chapters of the Old Testament. Of the New Testament he writes: "But the New Testament produced a different impression, especially the Sermon on the Mount, which went straight to my heart. I compared it with the Gita. The verses, 'But I say unto you that you resist not evil—but whosoever shall strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, and if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak too,' delighted me beyond measure and put me in mind of . . . 'For a bowl of water give me a goodly meal.' My young mind tried to unify the teaching of the Gita, The Light of Asia and the Sermon on the Mount. That renunciation was the highest form of religion appealed to me greatly . . ."

It was not until later in his life that he returned to the Old Testament (Continued on page 4)

Under The Golden Dome

By TIMOTHY McCARRY

A nonviolent three-day occupation last November of the administration Building at Notre Dame University, in South Bend, Indiana, brought about the cancellation of scheduled job interviews by the Central Intelligence Agency and significantly strengthened the movement to end the University's complicity with agencies of war and imperialism.

Early in the month the University's placement bureau had posted notices that representatives of the C.I.A. and Dow Chemical Company would be interviewing prospective employees during the week beginning November 18th. Petitions protesting the closed interviews were immediately circulated and signed by many students, including the president of the Study Body. However, a bill demanding an end to such cooperation with militarism was first tabled and later voted down, with a minimum of debate, in the Student Senate; similar appeals to the governing Student Life Council and to the university administration itself were refused consideration outright. The campus chapter of Students for a Democratic Society thereupon called for a continuous vigil and demonstration for the duration of the interviews. The college newspaper printed a series of articles detailing the role of the C.I.A. in subversive activity abroad and news-managing at home and gave qualified editorial support to the protest.

Here is a chronology of the events beginning on Monday, November 18th:

Monday: When Dow Chemical Company began interviewing a small group of students and faculty, about fifty in number (total student enrollment is seventy-five hundred), marched at noon behind an American flag, shouting "Dow Shalt Not Kill." They then entered the administration building and sat down outside the placement office in the second-floor rotunda, which was to be the scene of subsequent actions.

Throughout the afternoon a teach-in was held, centering on the need to take action against a company which resembles the "good" Germans of World War II, in that it prides itself in its unquestioning faith in American "democracy" and produces the napalm that indiscriminately burns and kills Asian peasants. Appeals to the Dow interviewer to talk to the group and to the administration to cancel the interviews were repeatedly refused.

As evening came, the demonstrators grew in numbers and there was a two-hour concert by local folk musicians. Study rooms were established and courses from the Free University were moved into the building, in order to emphasize that the community occupying the halls was there not merely to make a token protest and then move on or to remain in grim silence, but rather to dedicate itself to the liberation of a sick nation. Two priests from the community celebrated Mass, with electric music and contemporary songs, for a congregation of two hundred and fifty students.

Tuesday: The demonstrators again (Continued on page 6)

CW Editor Jailed

On Monday, January 13th, Jack Cook was sentenced to three years in prison by Judge Charles Metzner for non-cooperation with the draft. Jack is now being held at the Federal Detention Center on West Street in New York, waiting to be transferred to a Federal Prison for the duration of his sentence.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

I am writing from First Street, and my window does not look out on people and trucks and the busy crossroads of Mott and Kenmare Streets, but over the roof of a one-story factory. On the next block north of us I can see five-story tenements, inhabited by working people, all the kitchen windows of which are brightly lighted at six-thirty or earlier each morning. We are shut in on the east by an old schoolhouse that has been converted into a factory and on the west by a warehouse ten stories high. The houses on Second Street face south, so they get the sun. That sun shining on the dark bricks is all the sun I see from my rear room. But I have silence, welcome indeed after the din of Kenmare Street. Silence, that is, in winter. In the summer, any conversation from the tiny back garden rises up clear and distinct to my third-story windows. But now, in January, there is the quiet that enables one to think.

Daily Mass

We are two doors from Second Avenue, and one block north is Nativity Church, a Jesuit parish. In a tiny chapel in the rectory, which seats maybe twenty in comfort, one of the young priests offers Mass each morning for the honor and glory of God, for the salvation of the world, and for each of us there present. There is a new church going up next door, and this is a piece of rebuilding which I welcome. The building was so very old that it shook with the trucks that thunder down Second Avenue all day. It was the parish council itself that demanded that a new church be put up and pledged the money to pay for it. The parish was originally Italian and is now Puerto Rican too, and we also belonged to it when we lived in the best house we ever lived in, at 223 Chrystie Street, which the city first forced us to repair, to the tune of twenty-five thousand dollars, and then took away from us some two years later. We look around and wonder how long we will be permitted to remain where we are now, in our new-old house, rebuilt at a cost of forty-five thousand dollars. We have two mortgages on it, but the cost of paying them off will not amount to as much as the rents we were paying before on all the apartments and the loft building which housed the soup line and the work of the paper.

In the July-August 1968 issue of the *Catholic Worker*, by the way, there was a fantastic error which I forgot to correct in these more recent issues. I was trying to give a rough accounting of the gifts that enabled us to pay for the repairs demanded by the city. (We were told on buying the place that it could be remodeled for fifteen thousand dollars but the longer the work proceeded, the more changes needed to be made to comply with the building code, and the price soared so that I awoke at night in fear and trembling at our presumption, but fell asleep again when I remembered that the

work was supporting about fifty people here in the city, let alone the thirty or so on the Tivoli Farm, and at the cost of the yearly salary or less of some of our political leaders. And St. Joseph had always aided us.)

The mistake made was this: I listed the sums given us by generous friends, and because none of them wanted credit I listed them under initials. For instance, N. P. \$2,000; M. A. B. \$2,000; J. B. \$5,000; E. W. \$500, etc. I did not go to the printer that month to help with making up the paper but left it to two of the other editors. As they read proof and made up the pages, one of them said: "What's happening here? We never get this kind of money. Some mistake!" And changed the column to read N. P. \$20.00, M. A. B. \$20.00, and so on. The other editor knew that we had received some large donations, but he never likes to insist upon his point, never wishes to dominate; so he shrugged it off, after saying that he thought I had it right in the first place. So this misinformation went into the paper. Anyone who saves the back issues can go back and read it over with correction in mind.

What riled me was the implication that what women wrote was not to be regarded very seriously. In other words, not much thought was wasted upon it. This is one example of the war of the sexes which goes on around the CW, one of the many wars. We have the war between young and old, scholar and worker, black and white, child and parent, here and at the farm, so the CW is a good school, where we learn and must continually practice nonviolence in thought, word and deed. We should thank God for it. We are certainly not talking pacifism to a bunch of people who are agreeing with us. We have to try to live it. A daily examination of conscience tells us how often we fail. Whenever people criticize that spiritual classic, *The Imitation of Christ*, they quote the sentence—"Whenever I go out amongst men, I come back less a man." But I seldom return to my room in the evening without being sorry for some word I have spoken, some lack of encouragement given, some instance of cutting people short, some failure to listen, not to speak of being guilty of that horrible fault of enthusiastic people, talking while others are talking.

Discursiveness

One of woman's faults is discursiveness in speech. I had wanted to write in this column about love, about being in love, about growing in love. It was not only the two weddings which took place last week—it was the strong happy feeling I always have when I receive communion and the strength and light and happiness which goes with it. There were just a handful of people in the chapel this morning, one of them a very thin man who had either come from the Municipal Lodging House or spent a night in some not too cold hall—

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A FUND FOR HUMANITY

By CLARENCE JORDAN

For several years it has been clear that Koinonia community here in Americus, Georgia, stands at the end of an era or perhaps of its existence. Its goals and methods, which were logical in the Forties and Fifties, seem no longer relevant to an age which is undergoing vast and rapid changes. An integrated, Christian community was a very practical vehicle through which to bear witness to a segregated society a decade ago, but now it is too slow, too weak, not aggressive enough.

One factor that has changed is the agricultural situation. When Koinonia was founded in 1942, farming in the South was still somewhat simple and there was great need for the skills which we were able to contribute. During those first ten to fifteen years we had considerable impact upon the agricultural problems of this area. But in recent years the big machines and the business experts have swept the sharecroppers, tenants and little farmers off the land and into the ghetto. And we feel as needed and as effective as a freezer display at an Eskimo convention.

Something had to give. The obvious answer was to call it quits. The group

to government for salvation. But even with limitless billions of dollars at its disposal, government simply cannot, because of its very nature, give man a God-dimension to his life. It is inherently incapable of reaching the inner recesses of man's being, which must be touched if life on this planet is to be even passingly tolerable.

It has also become clear to us that as man has lost his identity with God he has lost it with his fellow man. We fiercely compete with one another as if we were enemies, not brothers. We want only to kill human beings for whom Christ died. Our cities provide us anonymity, not community. Instead of partners, we are aliens and strangers. Greed consumes us, and self-interest separates us and confines us to ourselves or our own group.

As a result, the poor are being driven from rural areas; hungry, frustrated, angry masses are huddled in the cities; suburbanites walk in fear; the chasm between blacks and whites grows deeper; war hysteria invades every nook and cranny of the earth.

Even though Millard and I are dreamers and visionaries, we both have had plenty of experience with the stern, down-to-earth facts of life. Yet these questions overwhelmed us, and we desperately felt the need to share the vision with and seek the counsel of spiritually sensitive and socially aware men of God. Accordingly, in mid-August we called together about fifteen such men to come to Koinonia for a four-day session of seeking, thinking, talking. They were businessmen, politicians, writers, ministers, free-lancers, all with a deep compassion for their fellow man. From this conference emerged a course of action, which, for want of a better word, we shall call PARTNERS. It has three prongs:

1) **Communication.** By communication we mean the sowing of the seed, the spreading of the radical ideas of the gospel message; the call to faith in God and the re-shaping and restructuring of our lives around his will and purpose; the promise of a new spirit which produces a new way of life. It means "to preach good news to the poor, to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." To do this we will use every available means of modern communication. We will travel and speak extensively across the land and throughout the world. We will make tapes, records, films, publish books and circulate literature in every way possible.

2) **Instruction.** By instruction we mean the constant teaching and training of the "partners" to enable them to become more effective and mature. There will be traveling "schools" to follow up and conserve the results of the speaking and communication, to keep alive the spirit, to strengthen and encourage. There will also be conferences and retreats.

3) **Application.** In its initial stages, will consist of partnership industries, partnership farming, and partnership housing. These will be implemented through a Fund for Humanity.

Investing in Man

This Fund has already been set up and is being incorporated as a non-profit organization. Its purpose will be two-fold: (a) to provide an inheritance for the disinherited, and (b) to provide a means through which the possessors may share with and invest in the disinherited. What the poor need is not charity but capital, not caseworkers but co-workers. And what the rich need is a wise, honorable, and just way of divesting themselves of their overabundance. The Fund for Humanity will meet both of these needs.

Money for the Fund will come from shared gifts by those who feel that they have more than they need, from non-interest-bearing loans from those who cannot afford to make the gift but do want to provide working capital for the disinherited, and from the voluntarily shared profits from the partnership industries, farms, and houses. As a starter, it has been agreed to transfer all of Koinonia Farm's assets,

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had already dwindled, for a variety of reasons, to a mere handful—two families, to be exact. About a year ago, Florence and I decided that we would seek other directions for our lives.

In this state of torpor, I received a note from Millard Fuller, director of the Tougaloo College Development Committee. Millard is a white native of Alabama who was an extremely successful businessman and a few years ago gave away all his money to charity and decided to express his discipleship to Christ in selfless service to blacks by raising money for Tougaloo, a Negro college near Jackson, Mississippi.

His note to me, in May of this year, was brief and direct. "I have just resigned my job with Tougaloo. What have you got up your sleeve?" Nothing. Nothing up my sleeve, or in my head or heart. I'm blank. But wait a minute. Does God have something up his sleeve—for both of us? We decided to get together at once and discuss it. After a day spent in talking and praying, both of us were convinced that God had given a radically new direction to our lives.

We still cannot fully articulate this leading of God's spirit. But we had the deep feeling that modern man's problems stem almost entirely from the loss of any sense of meaningful participation with God in his purposes for Mankind. For most people God really and truly is dead, stone dead. Or perhaps he has never been alive. With no upward reach, with no sense of partnership with God, man has chosen to be a loner, trying to solve on his own, but always in deep frustration and desperation, crushing problems which threaten to destroy him. And it is extremely doubtful that with all our knowledge and skill we will be any more successful in saving ourselves than were the men who built the Tower of Babel. From bitter experience we should know by now that "unless the Lord builds the house, those who build it labor in vain. Unless the Lord watches over the city, the watchmen stay awake in vain."

The Church has been saying this all along, but it has not believed its own message. So it has thrown up its hands and joined the multitudes who look

JOURNEY TO A WEDDING

No one knew where it was
And some denied it even existed:
Thirty-six East First Street?

In the small and narrow room,
Light dissolves the cast of doom.
Faces red with warmth and wedding
Touch us out of thought of dreading.
Jack and Hersha cry to earth:
"We are one, come share our birth!"
Christmas wishes gaud the walls
And laughter decks the poor man's halls.

No taxicab will take you.
Each is filled with a passenger,
Face sharp ahead on some destination of its own.
Bus drivers scowl: "First Street, where's that?
Try another bus."
You walk the streets south,
Still signalling to cabs that will not stop,
Until below Washington Square,
Between steep cliffs of building, dark now at five
(The wedding began at four-thirty),
A cab pulls to the curb.
"Where you going?"
"Thirty-six East First Street."
"Don't know where that is."
But I know this: you're going in the wrong direction!"
And he pulls away again into the flow of glinting traffic.

You try a telephone booth.
Thirty-six East First is the address:
Catholic Worker of Hospitality: and a number.
You feed two dimes into the hungry machine,
Which responds to your dialling with a recorded voice:
"Wait for the dial tone, deposit ten cents, and dial your number."
No other connection, no coins returned.

Luckily, a police car is near, and the friendly policeman
tells you to go back two blocks and right, to First Street.

Which takes you to the Bowery.

Paper drifts with the men,
In hazard of the wind.
Crooked legs carry the bodies uncertainly,
Fast locked shops and grimy bars.
"This desirable location available for rent,"
Reads a window poster.
A hand lands on your shoulder
And you swing to face a lanky black.
"Don't be optimistical!" he warns.
"You don't know! Don't be optimistical!"
He points severely at a passing truck
And slouches away.
You try a gas station
And find the attendant telling a customer,
"We don't have any more maps of the city."
He suggests you turn left at the corner
And down two blocks.

Fifteen minutes later, after more back and forth,
Another policeman helps: "Down Chrystie Street, past Houston,
maybe you'll find it there. But you got me worried," he
adds. "I don't know if it's there."

It's there.
Dead end to the left,
Dim lights to the right,
And a drunk perched in a doorway,
Sending a sing-song chant against
The strike of your shoes on icy paving.
Mouldering wrecks of cars hunch along the curb,
Their insides gouged like open garbage palls
Pillfered by the dispossessed.
You join two patrons in flapping overcoats
And press inside the House of Hospitality.

The wedding's over by now,
But near the entrance to the crowded soup-line chamber
Sit the blonde bride and groom just settling to their feast:
Fruit punch, beef, vegetables.
And at their table a trembling, stubble-jawed
Greylocks bends to his plate,
Making no conversation.

Everyone knows the groom will face the law
In nine days
For resisting the law's conscription
In the name of love.
His parents know, friends know, he and she know,
Perhaps even greylocks busy with fork knows too.

But Dickens imagined no merrier table,
Nor Micawbers faced down the ill consequences of debt
More carelessly.
An alcoholic lady, speechless with drink and the joy of the event,
Spreads her arms tenderly upon the lovers
And wanders off to smash her glass on the floor.

"Good luck!" we cry, kissing and clasping hands.
Where's luck these days but among the poor,
Who have it or have nothing?
Should we remember that the God of this house
Got short luck from the law?
Remember that only God is good
And the rest of us subject to merited sentence?

Remember that justice comes not by the law?

It is, of course, unthinkable.
We look for love, that will do for this night,
We look for love,
Finding the authorities doubt that it has an address,
But finding it still
(When we have almost stopped looking)
On an obscure and frozen street:

In the small and narrow room,
Light dissolves the cast of doom.
Faces red with warmth and wedding
Touch us out of thought of dreading.
Jack and Hersha cry to earth:
"We are one, come share our birth!"
Christmas wishes gaud the walls
And laughter decks the poor man's halls.

January 5, 1969

RICHARD LOOMIS.

Ed. note: Richard Loomis is Academic Dean of King's College, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. When I was an undergraduate at that institution, he, then an Assistant Professor of English, and George McLean of the Philosophy Department, both former Trappist Monks, were the mainstays of my sanity. J.C.

Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

This morning when I stepped out on our front steps for a breath of fresh air after Father Leandre Plante's eleven o'clock Mass, I felt sunlight touch my cheek warmly and heard a small drip of melting snow and ice which suggested the approach of a January thaw. But now as I sit at the typewriter in my northeast corner room — warm and comfortable though it is — I hear the wind wailing, whistling, moaning its familiar winter refrain; and I realize that we are not yet past mid-January, that spring, if not "far behind," is not exactly near. The trees still stand cold, lifeless, with no sap stirring in the roots or moving up the living cadmium under the thick covering of bark; while on the boughs the bud-bearing branches move not in rhapsodic anticipation of leafing, flowering Spring, but rather in a kind of creaking arthritic complaint against the rigors of winter. The river is still ice-bound except for the narrow channel made by the ice-breaker. The woodchuck and other hibernating creatures still lie — warm, unstirring, almost unbreathing — in the deep sleep of winter. Yet even a small drip of melting ice and snow can be a sign, a token, that the dreariest winter will not last forever.

There is, however, another voice, which I have heard every day this winter, the lively *dee-dee-dee* of the chickadee, a voice that seems to say that winter is not so dreadful, that there is a better way of meeting winter than the

near-death of hibernation. For the chickadee seems to love the storm, to be undaunted by wind and sleet and snow.

Recently Emily Coleman informed me that a friend of hers had written from England asking, "what is a chickadee?" Our American birds do, of course, differ from those of Europe. Judging, however, by the questions visitors and residents here at the Farm often ask, I suspect that many Americans are also unable to identify our native birds. Many persons, indeed, seem utterly oblivious of birds and of the important role they play in that great web of life, in which all living things, whether vegetable or animal, exist in a delicate balance with one another, a balance that if too seriously impaired could result not merely in the extinction of other species of plants or birds but in the ultimate extinction of that proudest of all creatures, man himself. God, who made all things, would have us reverence all things and not forget our relationship.

Here then, for those who care to know a friendly fellow creature, is a short description of the chickadee. He is a small bird, smaller than most sparrows, though with somewhat longer tail and wings. He has a black cap, a black bib, white cheeks, and a short but sturdy bill. For the rest, he is of a grayish hue, though I think it would be better to say he is the color of animation; for he is all liveliness and agility, with a bright, friendly, curious eye.

He travels up and down and round about the trunks and branches of trees, and sometimes hangs upside down in his quest for insects. In the winter he is a frequent visitor at bird-feeders, especially if there are sunflower seeds or suet. He will also quickly learn to take food directly from the hands of a truly friendly human being. In the Spring the chickadee — I am of course speaking of the familiar black-capped chickadee of this area — takes to the woods for mating, nesting, and the daily harassment of insects hiding in the bark of trees. At this time, too, he also adds to his *dee-dee-dee* repertoire a high whistled "phoebe" song, which to me sounds melodic and beautiful, and which can be heard through the spring and summer months, a plaintive haunting reminder of ancient territorial rights and the joys and burdens of mating. But now in January the familiar *dee-dee-dee* sounds like the cheerful chatter of an optimistic friend.

Another visitor at my bird-feeder, which friends of mine sometimes confuse with the chickadee, is the white-breasted nuthatch. He is a little larger than the chickadee; at any rate, he has a chubbier figure, though his tail is short and stubby, rather like that of a woodpecker. He shares with the chickadee the black cap and white cheeks, but his bill is much longer, and he has no black bib. He has a nasal voice, sounding rather like *ank-ank*, but one does not hear him often in

the winter. Like the chickadee, the nuthatch feeds on insects in and under the bark of trees, but appreciates the bird-feeder during the frozen months. He has a comic quality, and anyone who has ever seen him come head first down a tree is not likely to forget him.

So now — deep in winter doldrums, snowbound in January — I put aside my envy of south-wintering birds and think with wonder of the chickadee who makes a game of wind and weather, and shows a friendly gratitude for every sunflower seed.

For the Corbin children and Johnny Hughes, wintertime is not at all a time of doldrums, but rather a time of exhilarating play. During the New Year's holiday period when Ed and Johanna Turner came up with their young son, Tommy, Johnny and Tommy could hardly be enticed indoors long enough to eat.

Perhaps one reason why winter has been harder for some of us this year is that we have suffered more from sickness. A few of us had one variety of flu in November and thought that this would give us immunity for the rest of the winter. When the Hong Kong flu, however, hit our community, we discovered that there was no immunity. Almost everyone succumbed. Indeed, for a time, our house became a hospital, with the few well or half-well ones waiting on the rest. Dorothy Day, who was one of the first to have

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Gandhi and Christianity

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and took delight in Ecclesiastes and in the prophets of Israel.

During his London days, his only contact with official Catholicism seems to have been a short visit to Henry Cardinal Manning. Gandhi accompanied an Indian author friend who wished to congratulate the Cardinal on his courageous defense of the laboring man and for his help in the settlement of the famous dock strike. At the interview, Gandhi was no more than a spectator.

Gandhi's first exposure to a Catholic culture came during his visit to Paris at the time of the great exhibition of 1890. He mentioned the magnitude and variety of the exhibition and the frivolous aspects of Parisian life, but what he remembered particularly were the ancient churches of the great city, and the "teaching architecture" of the cathedral builders. "Their grandeur and their peacefulness are unforgettable," he says. "The wonderful construction of Notre Dame and the elaborate decoration of the interior and its beautiful sculpture cannot be forgotten. I felt then that those who spent millions on such divine Cathedrals could not but have the love of God in their hearts."

The spirit of prayer in the Catholic churches of Paris made a lasting impression on the young Gandhi. "A man would forget the outside noise and bustle as soon as he entered one of these churches. His manner would change. He would behave with dignity and reverence as he passed someone kneeling before the image of the Virgin. The feeling I had then has since been growing on me, that all this kneeling and prayer could not be mere superstition; the devout souls kneeling before the Virgin could not be worshipping mere marble. They were fired with genuine devotion and they worshipped not stone, but the divinity of which it was symbolic. I had an impression that I felt then—that by this worship they were not detracting from, but increasing, the glory of God."

The Mahatma's opinions on celibacy and contraception are of interest in view of today's controversies. One of Gandhi's closest friends in South Africa and India was the well-known Protestant missionary, Charles Freer Andrews. When Gandhi learned that his friend did not like his emphasis on celibacy, he pointed out that Andrews' objection to celibacy was "the legacy of his Protestantism." It was pointed out to Gandhi that one of the chief reasons for doing away with celibacy was to counteract the abuses into which the clergy of the Middle Ages had sunk. To this argument Gandhi replied: "But that was not due to any inherent evil of celibacy. It is celibacy that has kept Catholicism green up to the present day."

Apart from Papal statements, one of the strongest voices raised against contraceptive devices was that of Gandhi. In this he was joined by his closest followers, including Vinoba Bhave, leader of the Land Gift movement, and the late Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, a Christian of Sikh origin. During her term as Health Minister of India, she explained to a group of us the device of colored beads which her ministry was supplying to illiterate village women, so that they could make use of the rhythm method to limit their families.

Gandhi's views on birth control, sounding startlingly papal, were clarified in an interview with Margaret Sanger, founder of the Planned Parenthood movement. In the course of the interview, Gandhi told Mrs. Sanger that if she went to Calcutta, she would realize the havoc contraception had worked among unmarried young men and women. Mrs. Sanger, however, confined herself to the subject of birth control for married couples. She spoke at length of sex-love, which makes for oneness, greater understanding and harmony between husband and wife. Nothing, she felt, should interfere with the freedom of conjugal sexual expression.

Gandhi felt differently about the relationship of husband and wife. "When both want to satisfy animal passion without having to suffer the conse-

quences of their act, it is not love," he observed, "it is lust." But if love is pure it will transcend animal passion and will regulate itself. Love becomes lust the moment you make it a means for the satisfaction of animal needs. It is just the same with food. If food is taken only for pleasure, it is lust. Of course," said Gandhi, "you will not accept the analogy because you think this sex expression without desire for children is a need of the soul, a contention I do not endorse."

Mrs. Sanger then asked Gandhi if two people in love could regulate the sex act so that relationship would take place only when they wanted a child. Gandhi replied, "I had the honor of doing that very thing and I am not the only one."

It is well known that at the age of thirty-seven, after fathering four children, Gandhi, with the consent of his wife Kasturba, made a vow of celibacy. He told of the temptations which assailed him but stressed that what was possible for him was possible to others. He maintained that it was necessary to limit the population of India, since the growth rate beggared all available resources. The only methods he countenanced for checking the population were self-control and later marriages. He urged that the marriage age for girls be at least twenty-one, and for men, twenty-five.

Moral Law and the Nation

Through the incorporation of the Sermon on the Mount into his daily living Gandhi became a teacher and practitioner of the Christian ethic. He stressed the idea that the State as well as the individual is bound by the

STING NETTLE



moral law. With this basic principle, Gandhi challenged the entire immoral structure of imperialism. He brought into question the whole system of dominion by white man over brown, of exploitation by the self-appointed mother country of her "children" in colonized lands. In Western, preponderantly Christian nations, citizens have come to accept a radical separation between personal and national morality. In a time of war, for example, a Christian citizen obeys the call of his nation in the killing of the innocent and in the reversal of every work of mercy. Christians were jolted out of their schizophrenic morality when Pope John XXIII reminded them in *Pacem in Terris* that "The same moral law which governs relations between individual human beings serves also to regulate the relations of political communities."

Gandhi applied the Christian teaching of the redemptive power of innocent suffering, symbolized by the cross, to the nation, as well as to the individual. Moved by the image of Christ Crucified at the Vatican, he concluded, "I saw there at once that nations, like individuals, could only be made through the agony of the Cross and in no other way. Joy comes not out of infliction of pain on others, but out of pain voluntarily borne by oneself." What Christian national leader has ever said of his nation that if necessary the whole of his country might die in order that the human race might have life? Gandhi said this of India, taking the role of suffering and death far further than Christians are willing to take it.

His nonviolence, though fed by the traditions of India, had unmistakable Christian roots. Gandhi acknowledged this in repeatedly declaring his debt to the New Testament and to

Listening

More and more I am becoming aware
Even as you speak I barely listen.

Friend, spouse, stranger, child, if I understood
The itch of things unspoken to be heard,

Felt between your words for meaning, or cared
For your life as my own, the mist veiling

My eyes would lift: Observing you through fresh
Bearings I would see and know what I am.

I speak, and wonder what it is you hear,
And what you hear is your reply shaping.

Distrust like fog screens you from me. Silence
Binds us: listen, hush, we can cut the fog.

MARGARET DIORIO

the illuminations offered by Leo Tolstoy and John Ruskin. "Self-sacrifice of one innocent man," he states, "is a million times more potent than the sacrifice of a million men who died in the act of killing others. The willing sacrifice of the innocent is the most powerful retort to insolent tyranny that has yet been conceived by God or man."

Gandhi's fasts were the application of his belief in the power of self-chosen suffering. He never fasted as a means of coercion. Often-times, his followers abandoned satyagraha (soul-force) for coercion and violence. On one occasion, he went on a three-week fast for peace between the Hindus and Muslims of India. He explained, "I fasted to reform those who loved me." To mark the end of the fast, he arranged for the recitation of the opening verses of the Koran and the singing of his favorite Christian hymn. This was, significantly enough, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." The hymn opens with the verse, "When I survey the wondrous cross/ On which the Prince of Glory died/ My richest gain I count but loss/ And pour contempt on all my pride."

An American Catholic priest has described Gandhi as the modern counterpart of the Good Samaritan. In "The Parallel of the Good Mahatma," the priest writes: "It remained for a stranger, outside the fold, like the Samaritan of old, to pour the oil of nonviolence from the Sermon on the Mount into human society by refusing to sanction just warfare. Such a soul spoke as follows: 'I have an implicit faith, a faith that burns brighter than ever, after a half century experience of the practise—that mankind can only be saved through nonviolence, which is the central teaching of the Bible (by Bible Gandhi meant the New Testament) as I have understood the Bible.'"

The drawing of a parallel between the Mahatma and the Samaritan provides an epiphany of Gandhi's message for Christians. The Samaritan, outside the dispensation, a heretic, acted in the spirit of the law, while the Levite, priest of the law, disregarded the most fundamental precepts of the law he preached. Gandhi, outside the formal Christian church, taught the spirit of the law of Christ; while Christian leaders, including bishops, in supporting the wars and colonial adventures of their respective nations, flouted the central teaching of Christ.

An Indian Christian leader has pointed out that the people of India have received the heart of the Christian message, and they have accepted it willingly as coming from their own Gandhiji, the Father of their country. This leader contends that Gandhi was to India what John the Baptist was to the Israel of old. Louis Fischer quotes another Indian Christian leader, the Reverend K. Matthew Simon of the Syrian Christian Church, who said of Gandhi: "It was his life that proved to me more than anything else that Christianity is a practicable religion even in the twentieth century."

To the writer, the image of Gandhi as John the Baptist is a compelling one. His is surely a voice crying in the wilderness, but rather in the wilderness of the West, crying out old truths that have been too long buried. Gandhi's resurrection of nonviolence, of love, of soul force as the truly human means of dealing with opponents, will in the end refertilize the arid wastes of Christian politics. We must learn to say with him: "Suffering

is the law of human beings; war is the law of the jungle." Just as Gandhi opposed with fasting, love and non-violence the greatest empire the world has ever known, an empire equipped with history's most powerful military machine and girded about with the sinews of the world market, so the Christian revolutionary of today can pit the same moral means against the empire of death and dehumanization incarnated in "The Bomb" and "Big Business."

Gandhi has left a deeper mark on Christianity than any non-Christian in the last hundred years, precisely because he taught Christian truths more unequivocally than did Christians themselves. The nations where Christians live can now destroy the world and all the people in it with their stocks of thermonuclear weapons. They can create an "instant Auschwitz" of any city on earth at any given moment. Now is the time, in this centenary of Gandhiji's birth, to accept and honor his legacy to us.

The Gandhian "soul-force" revolution helped spark the work of Martin Luther King. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference needs our support for its vital work in our riven society. Gandhian nonviolence has had practical influence on the day-to-day conduct of the grapeworkers' strike led by Cesar Chavez in Delano, California. We should be working much harder to sustain the dignity of the grape pickers, poorest of the poor in our society. The Catholic Worker has carried Christ's word of nonviolence in season and out and deserves much of the Catholic community.

Gandhi has told us, "If then I had to face only the Sermon on the Mount and my own interpretation of it I should not hesitate to say, 'Oh, yes, I am a Christian.' . . . But negatively I can tell you that much of what passes as Christianity is a negation of the Sermon on the Mount."

"Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you. Bless those who curse you, pray for those who calumniate you. And to him who strikes thee on the one cheek, offer the other also," says the Sermon on the Mount. And it also says, "But why do you call me, 'Lord, Lord' and do not practice what I say."

As the fissures in our society widen and grow frighteningly deeper, we can live out the nonviolence and love of the Sermon on the Mount in the way that Gandhi lived it. It is supremely applicable in a time when more and more Americans, of the right and the left, are putting their faith in violence. Thomas Merton gave clear guidance in a letter written shortly before his death: "My own feeling is that we Catholics ought to stick pretty definitely to nonviolence, and not for pragmatic reasons or for the sake of an image, but because it is the closest to truth and to the Gospel. And of course, I think that our job is not to teach this to black people but to white racists who may also happen in large measure to be Catholics."

A black-and-white image of Jesus Christ was the only decoration that a visitor found on the walls of Gandhi's hut in 1942. Under the print was written "He is Our Peace." The question we Christians must ask ourselves as we honor Gandhi is, "Is He Ours?"

Ed. note: Eileen Egan is one of the founders of the American Pax Association and author of numerous articles on the Christian implications of nonviolence.

Transformation Through Holiness

By JOHN J. HUGO

(Continued from last month) —

At this point the analogy of physical assimilation can be further instructive if allowed to take a somewhat fanciful turn. (G. K. Chesterton, who regularly illustrated the axiom, observed that silly examples are sometimes the best examples.) If inanimate matter rises in dignity by its assimilation into plants, as does plant life in being assimilated into animals, and animals in being assimilated into men: still, we may imagine that, if these creatures could know the price they must pay for this ascent (and were sensitive and articulate), they might understandably demur, even refuse the proffered honor. The dainty little lettuce leaf (to be concrete) might at first be flattered by the prospect of being assimilated and thereby becoming a rabbit. The advantages are obvious: she could hop about the yard, have a mate, raise little rabbits. Yet to be assimilated, she must be masticated: a painful consummation, which she would undoubtedly be inclined to resist were she able. But she cannot resist: the rabbit, driven by "Love," takes her to himself.

Similarly the rabbit might at first be pleased at the privilege of being assimilated by the hunter and thus becoming a man—a farmer or an executive, a clergyman or a professor—until he would come to realize the dread implications of this rise in the cosmic hierarchy.

Man, too, is exalted in sharing the divine nature and in being called to a destiny which joins him in love to God Himself. He also must be ready to pay a price: he must indeed be ready to die, like the seed in the ground, in order to live. It is a painful process: "My son, if you aspire to serve the Lord, prepare yourself for an ordeal." (St 2:1) And of course man is sensitive and articulate: the natural man in us all "kicks against the goad." (Ac 26:14) But God's love draws us mightily upwards to Himself.*

"Surely everyone who entertains this hope [i.e., to be "like Him"] must purify himself, must try to be as pure as Christ." (I Jn 3:3) St. Peter also tells us, "Be holy in all you do, since it is the Holy One Who has called you." (I P 1:16) And he demonstrates this necessity with irreducible succinctness by citing Leviticus (19:2): "Be holy, for I, Yahweh your God, am holy." The Apostle Paul, explaining suffering, cites also the need of holiness, "without which no one can ever see the Lord." (Heb 12:14) To be transformed through holiness, to become "like Him," is thus the very summit of God's creative plan. But it means a sowing, a dying. Indeed, the process of becoming "like Him" is the same process by which we die daily, and in the end die actually, to share in His glory: "If we are children we are heirs as well: heirs of God and co-heirs with Christ, sharing His sufferings so as to share His glory." (Rm 8:17)

Man's sin—suggested by the tempter (Gn 3:5) and still so pervasively present and evident in the city of man—is precisely the desire to be "like Him," but by his own human powers. This sin has now been reversed and mankind is restored, indeed given the promise to be "like Him," but by the grace of Jesus Christ. "Who will rescue me from this body doomed to death? Thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rm 7:24)

Love Sows

Love of neighbor likewise requires transformation. The desired love of neighbor is not quite the same as the love we tend naturally to have for our familiars. "If you love those who love you, what right have you to claim any credit? . . . And if you save your greetings for your brothers, are you doing anything exceptional? Even the pagans do as much, do they not?" The love that is asked for is one that transcends blood and locality and embraces even enemies. As described by Jesus, it is

like the very love of God, who "causes His sun to rise on bad men as well as good, and His rain to fall on honest and dishonest men alike." In fact, as the context of these instructions indicates, it is precisely in doing this that we undergo the marvelous transformation of becoming "perfect as Your heavenly Father is perfect." (Mt 5:43-48)

For the Christian, therefore, love of neighbor is without doubt the central concern. But for the Christian also, love of God and of neighbor are the same love. God in drawing us to Himself, draws us to one another. In loving our neighbor, who is God's image, whatever his personal relationship to us, our love reaches out to God Himself.

Love of neighbor is the immediate, practical way of loving God. "Always treat others as you would like them to treat you; that is the meaning of the law and the prophets." (Mt 7:12) "Anyone who claims to be in the light, but hates his brother, is still in the dark." (I Jn 2:9) We love God only to the extent that we love our brethren: our love for the brother whom we love least, or not at all, reveals the measure of our love for God: "The judgments you give are the judgments you will get, and the amount you measure out is the amount you will be given." (Mt 7:2)

The very duty to love one's neighbor contains an injunction to sow. (That



we must speak of a "duty" to love our neighbor, and that there must be such a duty enjoined, shows how little we are really open to love despite all our protestations.) "Come, you whom my Father has blessed . . . I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me drink; I was a stranger and you made me welcome; naked and you clothed me; sick and you visited me; in prison and you came to see me." (Mt 25:34-35) Does not this clearly indicate the need to "sow" time, money, and material goods to express the love of our fellows? Such love, therefore, also demands a "dying." And as St. Augustine says, "Lo, here is where love begins." Thus, to sow created goods is not merely a way of attaining detachment, not merely an exercise of mortification, not only a way of proving one's love of God above all else, although it is all of these things; it is likewise the practical, down-to-earth way of showing our love for our neighbors, hence God. "If a man who was rich enough in this world's goods saw that one of his brothers was in need, but closed his heart to him, how could the love of God be living in him?" (I Jn 3:17) How indeed? It is a question that we who enjoy the vast benefits of an affluent society need constantly to ask ourselves as we watch unconcernedly the great numbers of our fellows who are naked and starving.

The Price of Freedom

The above observations, the reader has perhaps noticed, puncture an illusion of those contemporary Christians who refer to themselves as activists. Following Bonhoeffer, who described Christ as the man for others, they contend (rightly) that we also, to be

Christ-like, must be for others, must be involved with their affairs, must therefore be concerned with the world—"worldly"—in which these others live and wrestle with their problems. But then they conclude (wrongly) that contemporary religion must concern itself with man rather than with God, and that the virtue of detachment, therefore, once stressed by "spiritual" people, is in fact a pseudo-virtue that withdraws its practitioners from forum and marketplace.

In actual fact, however, if love of God requires detachment, the demand for this quality is even more sharply disclosed in the love of neighbor. Will we be ready to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, as indicated in Matthew 25, if we are unwilling to part from material possessions? Will we be ready to sow money, that most precious of commodities, as St. Paul enjoins the first Christians (and us) to do in order to assist the needy, if we love money and are selfishly attached to the benefits that money can obtain for us? The "haves" of our enlightened age are still far too slow in going to the rescue of the "have-nots." Selfless giving presupposes detachment. Pope Paul VI brought down upon himself a storm of protest by suggesting in his encyclical *On the Development of Peoples* that there should be a redistribution of wealth to meet the problem of world poverty.

The Apostle James asked, "Where do these wars and battles between yourselves start first?" And he answers, "Isn't it precisely in the desires fighting inside your own selves? You want something and you haven't got it: so you are prepared to kill. You have an ambition that you cannot satisfy: so you fight to get your way by force." (4:1-2) Clearly, if we are to love our neighbors, such desires and ambitions must be cut back; and the pruning is painful. "This is the love I mean: not our love for God, but God's love for us when He sent His Son to be the sacrifice that takes our sins away. My dear people, since God has loved us so much, we too should love one another." (I Jn 4:10)

Detachment brings liberty, it means liberation: it is the reverse or underside, the cutting and releasing edge of liberation: the process of detachment is a process of liberation: it discloses the price of personal freedom. On the other hand, attachment can become a kind of slavery. We speak of those who are slaves of their appetites. The Psalmist wrote concerning those who set their hearts on idols: "Their makers will end up like them, and so will anyone who relies on them." (Ps 115:8) John of the Cross comments, "And thus he that loves a creature becomes as low as that creature, and in some ways, lower; for love not only makes the lover equal to the object of his love, but even subjects him to it." (*Ascent of Mount Carmel*). Father Zossima, as he reviews his eventful life in *The Brothers Karamazov*, remarks: "Interpreting freedom as the multiplication and rapid satisfaction of desires, men distort their own nature, for many senseless and foolish desires and habits and ridiculous fancies are fostered in them . . . I ask you is such a man free? I knew one 'champion of freedom' who told me himself that, when he was deprived of tobacco in prison, he went and betrayed his cause for the sake of getting tobacco again! And such a man says, 'I am fighting for the cause of humanity'."

There is not, there cannot be, opposition between love of God and love of neighbor. If Christ was the "man for others," He was also the man who said, "I love the Father." (Jn 14:31) If He was pressed upon by the multitudes (Lk 5:1), He also spent whole nights in prayer to God. (Lk 6:12) Love of God and love of neighbor are one love: love reaches out to God through His human image. Anyone, in any age, who would make the love of God a pretext for withdrawing from love of neighbor is not practicing Christianity but rejecting it. This has been as clear from the beginning as it is in the twentieth century: "A man who does not love the

brother that he can see cannot love God, whom he has never seen." (I Jn 4:20)

Likewise, the conditions that govern the love of God govern also the love of neighbor. If detachment proves one's love for God by demonstrating preference for God over the most exalted goods of earth, this love expresses itself immediately in giving to one's neighbor: "Prayer with fasting and alms with right conduct are better than riches with iniquity." (Tb 12:8) Prayer inspired by love of God, manifest in willingness to fast from this world's goods, issues in giving to the needy neighbor. "My children, our love is not to be just words or mere talk, but something real and active." (I Jn 3:18)

The Theology of Dives

True enough, St. Paul, in rejecting the Gnostic teaching that regards material things as evil, says that they are rather to be "accepted with thanksgiving." (I Tm 4:3) But the same Apostle has taught us to sow some created goods. (I Co 9:6) He is therefore not here counseling epicurean indulgence or luxurious living. There is, however, a "piety" which rationalizes, as a duty of thanksgiving, enjoyment of all the goods which God has provided. It is an attempt to Christianize the "Eat, drink, and have a good time" which is condemned in the Gospel. (Lk 12:19) This is the theology of Dives, spun at leisure while Lazarus starves outside. It is a popular theology since, with its sanction, we hardly need to give more than lip service to the command to love others "in deed and in truth." It would make us like a farmer who turns all his wheat into delicacies for enjoyment here and now, leaving little or nothing to sow. "He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly."

Nowadays, too, charity may be directed, not only to removing the effects of poverty, but also, and more importantly, to eliminating its causes. Modern technology has given a new character, a new dimension, to almsgiving. Since the appearance of the first Model T Fords on the assembly line—the date marked by Barbara Ward of the London Economist—we now have within our hands the power to wipe out, if not poverty, which holds an honored place in the Gospel, at least that destitution which reduces millions of our brothers to a sub-human existence and makes it impossible for them, or heroically difficult, to conduct lives expected of men according to the Spirit. Christians, above all, bear the responsibility for initiating and carrying through this revolution.

Moreover, if we are told to love our neighbor as ourselves, a teaching that already appeared in the Old Testament, the New Testament goes much further: "I give you a new commandment: love one another: just as I have loved you, you also must love one another." (Jn 13:34) St. John concludes, "This has taught us love—that He gave up His life for us; and we ought, too, to give up our lives for our brothers." (I Jn 3:16) Here is the "perfection of love," says St. Augustine, which we "are bidden to lay to heart." We are back with the martyrs and the sowing of life itself. The martyrs, sowing the most precious grain of wheat of all, in union with Jesus, may do this to avoid idolatry, as happened so often in early times, or for the sake of the true religion, as happens so often still today. But innumerable also have been the missionary martyrs who sowed their lives directly for their brothers. And must we not also include among these, for example, such as died in Germany—a Jagerstatter, a Bonhoeffer, a Delp—to stay the Nazi oppression? Likewise civil-rights workers, especially Martin Luther King, Jr., who in our time and country have given their lives for their persecuted brothers? King's assassination, occurring within Passiontide, does not permit us to forget the price that love must still be prepared to pay. "Love is strong as death . . ." What more can one sow? "A man can have no greater love than to lay down his life for his friends." (Jn 15:13)

(To be continued)

* All analogies limp: in being drawn upwards through assimilation, the elements, plants, and animals lose their identity. But not man: retaining his identity, he is drawn to personal encounter and union with God. Moreover, God's love is disinterested.

Under the Golden Dome

(Continued from page 1)

asked for open discussion with the Dow representative. The fact that he and the administration refused to reply sufficiently refuted the claim of those who justified his presence on campus on the grounds that it constituted an expression of free speech. The few prospective cogs in the machine who were being interviewed could hardly ask the questions that really needed answering without destroying their prospects of obtaining a job. It was becoming increasingly clear that mere protest and vocal witness would not significantly interfere with "business as usual."

A visiting professor of education stressed the value of "a vigil of wait; a vigil of hope." He quoted from Romans ("Avoid getting into debt except the debt of mutual love"), concluding: "Love is what Dow fears. If you refuse to love then you only remain dead. When you feel love you feel Christ and when you feel Christ you are in an ecstasy of love. Although we are few in numbers we will win because lovers always win."

Underground films were shown that evening and an announcement was made that students and faculty in several Eastern colleges had joined the fast that twenty of the Notre Dame students had begun the day before. However, the question of tactics was yet to be resolved. Dow Chemical was to some extent merely symbolic of the industrial machine that batters on war; the C.I.A., which was to begin interviews on Wednesday, was the actual undercover arm of American power interests at home and abroad.

A heated debate was developing as to whether or not the group should sit in the recruiter's path when it was decided to have Mass. During the Mass, three hundred students became aware that their solidarity in providing witness was stronger than any division over tactics and that the decision to commit civil disobedience could be made only by the individual and not by a majority vote. The liturgy became relevant as it never had before, recalling an ancient tradition of prophetic dissent and loving self-sacrifice that was hard to mistake. After Mass, the discussion was resumed with a new, calm, and joyous awareness of the basic convergence of group unity and individual conscience, of political impact and moral considerations; there was to be a choice of lying in the entrance to the office or sitting at a distance, both contingents demanding a suspension of interviews until Dow and C.I.A. spokesmen agreed to address a public forum.

Wednesday: The administration announced, without explanation, that Dow's final days of interviews had been cancelled, and that the C.I.A. interviews would begin at 9:30 in the morning, instead of the afternoon, as had been expected. Since most of the demonstrators had gone to morning classes, only thirty were present to fill the entrance hallways of the interview offices. All staff members, students and interviewers were allowed to pass through unhindered, among them the C.I.A. man, who had refused to identify himself. Once he was safely inside, his presence was announced; the path was then closed with bodies, symbolizing the human debris left by the American Empire from Guatemala to Vietnam. The first interviewee arrived early and after talking at length with his fellow students, decided to boycott the interview. The two who followed walked through but for some reason were not interviewed.

The C.I.A. interviewer was twice requested to speak publicly on his organization's functions, but refused to comment or even to give his name. Meanwhile the Dean of Students, Father James L. Riehle, repeatedly demanded that the students leave the area. He finally announced that outside police had been alerted and threatened those who remained with immediate arrest and suspension from the college. The demonstrators sat tight and reminded the Dean that due process required that a student judicial board be responsible for discipline.

The interviewer was permitted to leave for lunch, but it was made clear that he would have to walk over unresisting bodies when he returned. The threats of imprisonment and suspension

were repeated; the demonstrators, now numbering sixty, reiterated their willingness to endure punishment without exercising the violent retaliation to which violent authority is accustomed. The C.I.A. man telephoned his superiors and was told to leave town rather than face this unexpected turn of events. This news was naturally greeted with joy. For once, at least, nonviolent direct action had succeeded in converting many, impeding the unjust and immoral actions of authority, and testing the depth of conviction of the protesters themselves.

Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, who had been out of town, returned later in the week and circulated a letter to the entire University in which he roundly condemned the entire protest. ("There is no telling who will be tyrannized next, for whatever reason or on whatever pretext.") The letter concluded with a "call to action" asking the faculty and students to demand disciplinary action, which he would personally carry out. Notre Dame is not the kind of university where a president can act unilaterally without facing a large-scale revolt. The "call to action" was designed to discredit the Movement and placate outraged alumni.

Father Hesburgh and others who opposed the Wednesday action refused to discuss the underlying issues in-

A radical Catholic student commune is being established in a semi-rural white working-class area near Notre Dame. We would appreciate information and contacts in the areas of community organizing, the draft, co-ops, and gang work, especially from urban or rural projects in northern Indiana or the Chicago area. Please get in touch with: Colm Gage, 405 Breen-Phillips Hall, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

involved and concentrated on the demand for "law and order" at the university level. The question of whether regulations that serve to pervert the University's function do not deserve to be broken was consistently ignored. The Student Life Council narrowly defeated a motion to censure the lie-in as an example of "brute force" and instead issued a general condemnation of disruptive action. It also called for an "open listeners" policy so that "free speakers" would not be impeded by the revolutionary rabble. The Council refused to hear spokesmen for the demonstrators or to consider the issue of University complicity with the war/exploitation machine. Charges were brought against three Notre Dame students, one faculty member, and a St. Mary's College student, to be heard by their respective judicial bodies. The hearings are presently under way.

The ferocity of the University's governing elite was not matched by the students as a whole. Although the Student Senate had been hostile or indifferent prior to the demonstration, it overwhelmingly defeated a motion to censure the demonstrators and instead demanded that Notre Dame refuse its facilities to any company that would not meet interested students in a public forum, specifically referring to the "open listeners" policy enunciated by the Council.

The demonstration on the part of the protesters that they were willing to face imprisonment and suspension and put their careers on the line, combined with the blatant attempt by the authorities to suppress meaningful dissent, resulted in a clarification of moral issues and political realities that years of articles, petitions, and symbolic protests had failed to achieve. The confrontation continues and is yet unresolved; but there was a sound of new faith in the voices of the students at the end of Mass in the Administration building late that Tuesday night as they sang "We Shall Overcome."

Ed. note: Timothy McCarry is an undergraduate at Notre Dame, majoring in anthropology. He writes: "I hope the topic is not too outdated; the matter is still very much in the air. I feel it deserved more attention than it got, being ignored by the media because we didn't attack any cops or bureaucrats."

The Power of the Powerless

But if the weak have the power to endure suffering, and to that extent the power to revolt against the powerful, the waging of war confuses and compromises this power. When both sides commit atrocities, as happens in any war, each is provoked to the justification of further violence by the injustice of its enemy. When the weak wage their revolution with the weapons of the powerful, they only justify the powerful's more extensive and more efficient use of such weapons, and on the other hand, compromise the great strength of their own suffering for justice' sake. While the weak can endure the powerful's more intensive warmaking, the conflict of war remains by its nature the special battlefield of military power per se, and there the weak cannot draw sufficiently on their greatest natural strength, their capacity to endure suffering, to transform their endurance into victory. To prevail and not simply endure, to match the power of the powerless directly against the weakness of the strong, the revolution of the poor must be informed and transformed by a Power identified with suffering without being limited by war, and thus deeply present in pain while transcendent to retaliation. Suffering is the matter of a crucified world and the flesh of its unrealized power; Love is its spirit and its life, the world's Power made real and the world's oppressed set free. Love is suffering divinized. Love is the world both crucified and overcoming.

JAMES W. DOUGLASS,
The Non-Violent Cross:
A Theology of Revolution
and Peace (Macmillan)

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

way in the neighborhood. He had a warm coat, but there was a stale odor of clothes long worn. There used to be many men from the Bowery or the Muni there when the large church was still standing, and I will be glad when the new one is completed so that the back pews will again shelter these homeless ones each day.

As I sat there after the Mass, my mind wandered to Cuba. Perhaps I was thinking of the need for a new social order, founded on work, not wages. But I remembered my first day in Cuba, in 1962, right after I disembarked from the Spanish line ship. I went to the Regis Hotel, near the waterfront, a place recommended by a black friend, Bill Worthy, who was one of the first to visit Cuba without a visa, and there I took the only room left—on the top floor, a center room without a window, only a skylight. I was tired from standing around while going through customs and lay down for a rest. I had an excellent little transistor radio with me that Stanley and I had picked up at a Bowery pawnshop where I had gone to buy luggage. Suitcases are always changing hands in a house of hospitality. Turning on the radio I was transported by hearing a recording of Tristan und Isolde, and all I could think of was how mighty was man's love; how tremendous a force, how transforming a power. And how wonderful it would be if our love for God, not just the desire to love God, were so strong that it would overflow into our work for man, for our brother (and all men are brothers).

Not only did I enjoy the music that afternoon but it gave me strength to get out alone and hunt up a little restaurant where I could get some supper and try to telephone. I had no friends there, but I did have the names of some of Bill Worthy's friends and my first visitor was Robert Williams and his beautiful wife. I will never forget his welcome, nor the visits I paid these people, whom I will always regard as friends. His newsletters from Peking, where he lived after he left Cuba, were filled with hatred of and revulsion at the things that are happening in the United States, but I felt then, as I do now, that that hatred too, was a part of love; a love for his own country and for his fellow sufferers, and a product of his loneliness in exile, his desire for home, for the South where he always lived and to which I know he wishes to return. That hatred too is part of love, an aspect of love, the bitterness and despair of the unwanted . . .

To be in love is to begin to have some knowledge of the love of God. It is the way we should love everyone, each person we encounter. It is seeing all as God sees them—as unique, lovable. In other words, it is a foretaste of heaven. It is the more abundant life, which Christ talks of. And yet there is so much suffering involved in it. We are unhappy with the suffering and the grief of loved ones; our own

hearts ache, almost physically, and we are often heavy with sorrow.

Perhaps what started this train of thought about love is a paragraph about sin in the New Catechism: Catholic Faith for Adults (often called the Dutch Catechism), published by Herder and Herder. "It is sometimes suggested that it may all be explained as retarded development—not sin, but immaturity. Sometimes it seems that crimes are simply a matter of mental illness. But though there is some truth in these explanations, they are too smooth, too hygienic, to cover all that man experiences in his moments of truth: his tremendous, universal, inevitable and yet inexcusable incapacity to love."

Yes, we love our own selves, and we love our own, our families, our children, but it is often a love of self, extended; it is not the love of God which we have glimpsed, which we have seen reflected in love of brother or love of country, or love of the Church, which strengthens men to the greatest sacrifices and endurance. It is seeing through a glass darkly, as St. Paul says, but we do get glimpses of this so mysterious love.

Love of Enemy

Some time ago there was a letter in the Jesus Caritas bulletin, which is published in England and is the organ of the Little Brothers of Jesus (of Charles de Foucauld). The letter was from one of the Fraternities in the Chinese district of Saigon and the Little Brother wrote of how much easier it was to lead a spiritual life in Hanoi than in prosperous and materialistic Saigon. It seems to me that I read this a year ago, and now Look magazine has published some articles on religious life in Hanoi among the million Catholics that dwell in North Vietnam. Here are those who are considered by the United States Government as the enemy, and yet they are the ones defending Christian values. Harrison E. Salisbury, in his articles in the New York Times, and now in the Bantam paperback *Behind the Lines—HANOI*, tells of churches bombarded by our planes as well as homes of civilians destroyed. He gives a good picture of the Catholic situation in Hanoi.

In the seventh chapter of the first book of *The City of God*, St. Augustine points out that the barbarian hordes who sacked Rome not only refrained from attacking the Christian churches built in honor of the apostles but protected those who took shelter there. We are not as merciful as these Barbarians. Catholics in general associate the word communism with barbaric enemies of Holy Church, so that the majority of them have come to consider this war in Vietnam a holy war. We ourselves, liberals, radicals, pacifists, are guilty of contributing to the hate in the world when we fail in love of these our brother Catholics who feel that they are fighting evil and defending their country.

A FUND FOR HUMANITY

(Continued from page 2)

of about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to the Fund. Other gifts are already beginning to come in.

The Fund will give away no money. It is not a handout. It will provide capital for the partnership enterprises.

The first enterprise to be launched is partnership farming. Under this plan all land will be held in trust by the Fund but will be used by the partners free of charge. Thus, usership will replace ownership. This can be done because the Fund's capital has been provided by those who care and there is no need to pay interest on it. The partners, then, will be strongly encouraged, though not required, to contribute as liberally as possible to the Fund so as to keep enlarging it and making more capital available to others. If the partners have the right spirit (and I cannot see how this or any system can work without that) and there should be growing numbers—which it seems reasonable to expect—the Fund should be self-generating and ever-expanding.

We think that each partnership unit should consist of one to four partners, with the units grouped close enough to cooperate with machinery, labor, and social, recreational, and spiritual activities. In addition to capital, the partners may need technical advice and spiritual nurture. These experts and shepherds will be provided by the PARTNERS organization.

The same principles will be applied to partnership industries. Once again, partners will operate these ventures with no capital outlay in the beginning and never any rent or interest. As the businesses become successful, they should free the original capital and also enlarge the Fund to foster undertakings in needy areas both here and in other lands.

Partnership housing is concerned with the idea that the urban ghetto is to a considerable extent the product of rural displacement. People don't move to the city unless life in the country has become intolerable or impossible. They do not voluntarily choose the degrading life in the big-city slums; it is forced upon them. If land in the country is made available

to them on which to build a decent house, and if they can get jobs nearby to support their families, they'll stay put.

So we have recently laid off 42 half-acre home sites and are making them available to displaced rural families. Four acres in the center are being reserved as a community park and recreational area. Twenty of these sites are being sold outright for a nominal sum and the families will make their own arrangements for building and financing. The other 22 sites will be developed according to partnership principles. The Fund will put up a four-bedroom house with bath, kitchen, and living room (this can be done at present costs for fifty-five hundred dollars, lot and all) and this will be sold to a family over a twenty-year period, with no interest, only a small monthly administration charge. Thus the cost will be about twenty-five dollars a month, as compared with fifty-seven dollars a month for the usual interest-bearing financing. For a poor person, this can be the difference between owning a house and not owning one.

As with farming and industries, the partner family will gradually free the initial capital to build houses for others, and will be encouraged to share at least a part of their savings on interest with the Fund.

Perhaps I have now given you at least some understanding of PARTNERS and the new direction for my own life. I would like to encourage each of you to re-think your own life and make whatever adjustments you feel necessary to bring it into line with the will of God. Perhaps you should set a reasonable living standard for your family and restore the "stolen goods" of your surplus to humanity, either through the Fund or by some other suitable means. Some of you may wish to join us and seek the new life of partnership with God and man. Above all, I beg you to pray that we may have the wisdom, humility, patience, and love to be faithful to him who has called us to this exciting venture. And may God's peace rule in your hearts.

Strike Leader

(Continued from page 1)

controlled the hiring of workers in the packing sheds, but this has been resolved. The taxi drivers union helped them valiantly, and other unions have contributed. But a most outstanding gift in the way of hospitality was from the Seafarers International Union, which gave them board and lodging at the union headquarters at 182 21st St., Brooklyn, where they have stayed for over a year.

The first contract won as a result of the strike was with the Di Giorgio Corporation, and the most recent setback is a result of the fact that Di Giorgio has sold his lands. Di Giorgio holdings had far exceeded the 160-acre limitation that was designed to help the small farmers irrigate their lands and limit the amount of free or government-subsidized water provided to large growers. Di Giorgio made an agreement with the Federal government under which he would receive unlimited water subsidies for a ten-year period, after which he would sell off his "excess lands."

Dolores is presently living at the Seafarers' headquarters with three of her seven children; a sixteen-year-old girl who is in high school and two boys, ten and eleven. The girl is helping her both on the picket line and in speaking to groups. She doesn't like the school, she says, because tickets are required for admission to the cafeteria and because Negroes are bullied. The boys dislike their school, complaining of the long hours, eight to three-thirty, and the lack of physical training. It must be hard indeed after southern California. And it must be hard on Dolores.

"But we have gotten eighteen chain stores to take grapes out of their markets, and only Grisede's in Manhattan is holding out. Two hundred and fifty A. and P. stores have responded to the boycott, and now we are going after

the independent fruit stores. This is an even harder job."

"We have a lot of good help," she told me, "young people who have worked in Vista and are experienced in reaching people. One of them was present in Birmingham, Alabama when the explosion killed four children in the Baptist church. Another is a Provo who has worked in Holland."

They were planning, she said, to call a conference for all the workers from the thirty cities involved and I suggested that she telephone Father Jeremiah Kelliker, head of the Graymoor Fathers, who offered his facilities at Garrison, New York, to the Peacemakers when they visited him a year and a half ago. The Christian Brothers at Barrytown, New York, gave us hospitality during our PAX conference last summer and were able to put up forty people. The Christian Brothers and the Jesuits in Baltimore gave hospitality to many of the young students who came from all over the country for the recent trial of the "Catonsville nine" who had napalmed draft records.

The closing of many seminaries and high schools run by religious orders may be a matter of great concern to churchmen but it also may mean that doors must be opened for many other kinds of work. There is a great debate going on now as to the relevance of the parochial-school system. It is hard to reconcile oneself to the loss of priests, through lack or loss of vocations, but Cardinal Newman foretold much when he spoke of the development of doctrine and the consulting of the laity. We can go back to St. Peter himself, recalling the phrase "the priesthood of the laity." The old-fashioned doctrine of abandonment to divine providence should make one accept the changes which are taking place with peace of heart. "All

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

the 'flu, started helping care for others before she had really recovered. Alice Lawrence got up from her own sickbed to do the same. Marge Hughes managed to keep going and performed prodigies of cooking and general management. Daniel and Raymond Dauvin went about upstairs and down, carrying trays and behaving in general, as Marge said, like angels, angels with a French Canadian accent. So gradually we began to get better.

On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day Father Plante, who had been quite ill with the 'flu, managed to say Mass and some of us managed to participate. There was a chorus of coughing led by Father himself. But on the second Mass of Christmas Day, Joe and Audrey Monroe arrived with guitars and sang some Christmas carols, including the Russian carol Helene Iswolsky had taught them last year. The presence of Anne-Marie Stokes, who has spent so many holidays with us, also helped lift us out of the aftermath of sickness into the joy of Christmas. As always, Hans Tunnesen prepared a bountiful and delicious feast, a feast which would certainly make any sick person want to be well. And Jonas Dumchuis, who had come up from Brooklyn, prepared the famous unbaked fruit cake, which, he says, is good for all that ails you. Considering the difficulties of sickness, car

For various reasons, we have not had these meetings for several months, but now—thanks to Helene—we are once again resuming them. This first meeting of 1969 will be devoted to Thomas Merton, with special emphasis on his last book *Faith and Violence*.

We are sorry that Mary Greve, our folk-singer volunteer worker, has left us but hope she will return, as she has promised. Meanwhile we are glad that Kay Lynch, who left last fall to help her sister, expects to be back here at the end of January. Kay is not only a good worker, but also exerts a gentle and refining influence on our somewhat unruly community, an influence that we can use.

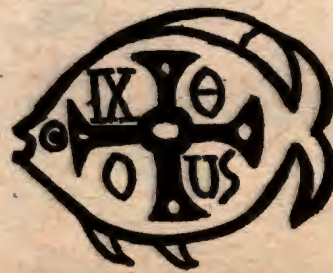
We are sorry that Stanley Vishnewski is away as the result of the sudden death of his brother-in-law. Our deepest sympathy and prayers go out to all the bereaved family.

I am sorry, too, that Jack Cook, who was married recently in our East First Street house, has been sentenced to three years in prison for non-compliance with the draft law. I hope that Jack, whose brilliant articles must be known to all our readers, will be able to use his talent in prison and write a masterpiece which will transform the tedium and dreariness of prison into the fulfillment and fruitfulness of creation.

The two weddings—Nicole d'Entremont and Mike Ketchum on December 30th, and Hersha Evans and Jack Cook on January 4th—at the East First Street Catholic Worker were attended by several from the farm. The Corbin family—Marty, Rita, Dorothy, Maggie, Sally, and Coretta—spent the week in the city so that they might attend both weddings and all festivities appertaining. From all reports, the weddings were beautiful. Our best wishes to all.

As always, we have had many visitors. Some of them came and went while I myself was sick in bed. Some, I am told, spent the night and slept on the living room sofa or floor. For we are very crowded indeed this winter and cannot accommodate guests as we would like to do. When Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner came up for an overnight stay in early January, Mary Greve relinquished her room to them and slept in the living room. When Rita's brother, Joe Alderham, came up for a few days visit with his mother, Mrs. Carmen Ham, before setting out for Spain, he occupied Dorothy Day's room, since Dorothy was in the city.

The winter wind moans through pines and hemlocks. This January night, though not so chilly as St. Agnes Eve, is chilly enough to make me grateful for a warm house and room. It is 1969. The bitter war in Vietnam continues its dreadful course. The "peace talks" drift on from futility to futility. The changing of the guard takes place in Washington, where a Nixon supplants a Johnson. We move towards Lent and the long weeks of penance. *Miserere nobis*. But O Lord, let the chickadee sing in my heart.



trouble, and inclement weather, Marge Hughes and Rita Corbin deserve much credit for preparing a Christmas not only to delight the children but also for the enjoyment of all able to take part. But best of all—even with all the coughing—it was good to have Mass in our own chapel.

What with the cold and the snow, it has not been easy for John Fillgar to look after the pump and reservoir, the furnace, the road—our driveway has been so icy that John has had to sand it several times—and the many other chores he cheerfully performs, but, being John, he keeps on and the job gets done. Tommy Hughes, Joe Geraci, and Dan share the unending driving, shopping, errand-running chores. Many others in the community help with other phases of our work.

As for Marty Corbin, he has been busy not only with his editorial duties but also with his preparations for the course he is to teach at Marist College, in Poughkeepsie, this coming semester. Marty is to teach a course in the history of radicalism in America; and I, for one, expect him to do an outstanding job.

Helene Iswolsky has kept busy not only at her writing but also preparing for her Third Hour meeting at Emmaus House on the last Sunday of January, and for our own third-Sunday-of-the-month discussion here at the Farm.

things work for good to those who love God," and "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared for those who love Him," may apply not just to a future life, but to this world in which we live. I do not feel that I am digressing when I bring this in, because hospitality is a theme dear to the hearts of the Catholic Workers. To us it means a development of love, and a casting out of fear—the stripping ourselves to share with others, walking as new men, in a new way. It is also "hoping against hope." It is acting "as if" all men believed they were brothers. It is fundamental to any work we undertake in the social order with Mexicans, Filipinos, Indians and, above all, Negroes. How the church needs to know them, to love them and to serve them!

God help us all to grow in this knowledge and love and service, following Him who came not to be served but to serve.

A Fast For Nigeria And Biafra

Patricia Kennedy, of the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action, Voluntown, Connecticut, and James Miller, who recently founded the St. Francis House of Hospitality and Draft Counseling Center at 1620 S Street, Washington D. C., commenced a fast on January first which is lasting nineteen days to protest the killing and starvation in Nigeria and Biafra. They are keeping a day-long vigil beginning at 8:30 a.m. till 5 p.m. in front of the State Department and passing out literature. Picketing is also going on at the home of Nicholas Katzenbach, Under Secretary of State.

The purpose of the fast is to appeal to the United States government to bring about a cease-fire and an arms embargo in the two countries, as well as to plead for massive aid to private and international agencies to end the starvation there.

LETTERS

Non-Cooperation

Box 483
R.D. 1
Northumberland
Pennsylvania
17857

Dear People:

As you know, my husband Dave is serving a three-year sentence for draft-card burning in Allenwood Federal prison camp. On Monday morning, January 6th, Dave failed to report for work. A couple of times before he had "gone slow" and had complained about the useless work he was doing (digging ditches, supposedly for soil conservation). He was called into the office in the afternoon for a misconduct hearing, along with Richard Chandler, who was also partially non-cooperating.

Richard had just been transferred to Lewisburg prison from Petersburg, Virginia prison for not working, and for some reason was sent on to Allenwood under certain restrictions: no TV, meals in the dormitory rather than the dining room, and doing his own laundry. Richard was up for a misconduct hearing because he had attempted to eat with the other men and been ushered out of the dining room. These hearings are conducted by the camp superintendent, the caseworker, and the liaison officer.

Dave was asked whether or not he intended to work. His answer, "Perhaps," did not satisfy the officials and he was told to collect his belongings and report to transportation. Richard was told the same.

They returned to their dormitories, and Dave decided that he would not report to transportation voluntarily, so he sat with his belongings on the bed. Dan Kelly, of the CW, sat with him and they waited. Since it was "count time" (4:00 p.m.), there were thirty or forty other men in the dorm at the time. Some guards came to get Dave, and he explained to them that he was not going to resist but was not going voluntarily either. The guards grabbed him by his ankles and began to drag him, his head and back scraping the ground. When Dan blocked their passage, they dragged him the same way. Alan Solomonow then obstructed and was given the same treatment. Since Alan had no coat on, his buttocks and back were badly lacerated and his shirt and sweatshirt shredded.

At this point Richard was walking. Some of the other prisoners followed and suggested to the guards that they act in a more humane way. One guard was kicking Dan Kelly in the small of his back. The guards dragged the three men to the visiting room (which was not in use, since it was a weekday), a distance of over five thousand yards from the dorms, over jagged ice, concrete, tarmac, and gravel. Richard and Dave were bundled into a car (by then Richard was refusing to walk) and driven off. The other men, to their surprise, were told to return to their dorms.

Richard and Dave were taken to Lewisburg, where they were dragged out of the car, through the first gate, and into the inner courtyard, where they were left in the open for two hours. The temperature was in the lower teens. At 7:30 a guard showed up, put them in a truck and drove them across the yard. They were then dragged to the "receiving room" and told to remove their clothes. Since they were not told what clothes they would receive in return, they refused. They were dragged to the "strip room" and very roughly unburdened of their clothes—their belts were removed and the rest of their clothing torn to shreds. Next they were dragged naked by their ankles along a concrete floor to the "hole," which is actually a series of "holes," small concrete slabs with a steel sheet bunk. The temperature is about 60°, but the cells are below ground level, and it is impossible to sit or lie on the concrete and steel; the only way to keep warm is stand up. Eventually, I suppose, your body gets numb enough so that you collapse, semi-conscious, onto the steel bunk or the floor. During the night a kindly soul threw Richard and Dave a pair of cotton pants and a T-shirt each, but

since the other men did not receive the same service, they decided not to wear them. They also chose to fast, Dave taking water and Richard nothing. At 6:30 in the morning Dave put his clothes on, but it was so cold that they made little difference. Later in the morning, Dave was invited to an assistant warden's office and asked if he would work if returned to Allenwood. Since his reply was again "Perhaps," he was returned to the hole. Later in the day both men were transferred from the hole to "administrative segregation" on the third floor, where they were put in a one-man cell with a steel bunk and one mattress. Another mattress was thrown in, and on Tuesday night one slept on the bunk and the other on the floor.

On Wednesday morning, the two barefoot, unwashed, disheveled, and very uncomfortable young men were interviewed by several officials in a nicely carpeted office. By this time Richard had decided to eat but still refused to work. He was returned to the third floor. Dave was threatened with charges of "inciting a riot in a Federal prison" and "mutiny," and told that the government is swift to prose-



cute such crimes. He was also threatened with transfer to Springfield, Missouri, presumably for psychiatric observation. Dave then said that he would report for work next day, and was driven to Allenwood. His reasons for agreeing to work were: a) for the time being he had had enough; b) he was satisfied that Richard was comparatively all right; c) he wanted to get the story of these events out, and d) most importantly, he wanted to arrange for a lawyer for Richard.

Although there was some initial hostility towards Richard and Dave from prisoners who were due for early discharge, the overwhelming majority of the prison population support them and were disgusted by the behavior of some of the guards towards unresisting protesters.

Peace
Cathy Miller

Survivals

227 Payson Road
Belmont,
Massachusetts,
02178

Dear Dorothy:

The December CWs arrived a few days ago and I shall do my best, as always, to pass the extra copies on to others. Your piece on Thomas Merton particularly interested me because I knew him and respected him greatly. Our correspondence stretched from 1958 to 1968 and in the summer of 1960 I had the privilege of spending a week in Gethsemani during which time we talked often, walked together through the fields surrounding the monastery, shared many interests in common. As you know, I had been close to Louis Massignon during my years in France, and Merton asked me many questions about him. I suppose in a way I brought them into contact with one another.

Sometime during 1958, in Paris, I was asked to write an article on Merton for the United States Embassy journal; in addition to teaching and tutoring I

was trying to scare up income by writing articles at that time. Unfortunately, I had never heard of Merton, had never read his books, had no idea what I was getting into. (Funny thing is I came to Massignon the same way, not knowing who he was, what he had written or who the people were he had written about.)

Setting about my task for income only, I was not prepared for the personal involvement I felt reading *The Seven Storey Mountain*. My thought upon putting the book down at its conclusion is still with me: "My God, this sensitive, intelligent man survived." I'm not sure just what or all of what he survived, nor was everything told in this or in any of his books, to be sure; but I felt his personal survival was important. For one thing, he survived liberal education (Columbia University). Before that he had survived his family's and his own rootlessness. He had preserved his capacity for learning and for friendship intact. Then he went on to survive his conversion to Catholicism; also a challenge. Subsequently, he survived the education required for the priesthood; and he survived even his new name *Father Louis*, proof of which was his signing his letters "Tom" without parenthesis. Suddenly at the end of his autobiography, he indicated (and we sensed) that he would go on to survive the mystery of his contemplative calling.

Of course, he didn't write of these things as "survivals," but I suppose anyone who wrote as much as he did about his life and his calling, wanted not only to humbly guide others through mazes that he knew but also to be sure at various points along the way that he was still himself. Be that as it may, he was scrupulously honest and faithful to himself.

After I read his works and finished my article (which, by the way, said none of these things), I had the audacity (urged on by a French friend who admired his works) to write him a letter with a couple of data questions. To my surprise, he wrote back a delightfully data-less letter, full of ironic wit and friendliness, which proved that he had survived even his autobiography.

I had about then come to know Massignon, who was in his mid-seventies and equally witty and friendly though deeply chagrined (in the French sense of the word *chagrin*) over the Algerian war. I told him about my correspondence with Merton, and he sent to Gethsemani a rare copy of his great work on the Muslim mystic Hallaj, a work that Merton later told me had a deep influence on him, especially on turning him towards Eastern mysticism (and a wider spectrum for his friendship, I believe). I think Massignon's influence was felt on another (related) plane, too; namely, that of active compassion for victims of any kind of violence. Merton, I know, began writing about questions of war and peace as he began opening windows toward the East. He began feverishly to learn Eastern languages so he could better understand Eastern forms of worship. There was an inner draw (latent, no doubt) toward moving out, perhaps to another experience or education he would have to survive.

I felt keenly his struggles to acquire

this new level of understanding, for in recent years I too have struggled to learn Eastern languages (Middle Eastern); I know what a deep and exhausting and even urgent struggle this can be. Along the way you discover that your own country is destructively involved with the peoples whose languages you are learning, and you try, with limited powers, to teach something to your own people about those with whom you have become fraternal. This Merton was trying to do about the Buddhists, whose sacrifices in Vietnam had so deeply touched him; but he knew that the best way for him to do that was to show his sensitivity and respect for their spiritual tradition, rather than finally just to polemicize.

I think it does not dishonor him, nor the Catholic tradition to which he was thoroughly committed and which had nourished him in love and compassion, to say that he was often nourished on a desert in the various places he survived. I cherished his friendship (and miss it now) because he shared not only his humor, his inquiries and wisdom, but his often profound anguish as a human being in this (or any) age. His anguish even made him, I know not by rumor but as fact, want to leave his monastery, which is not to say his vocation. Charles de Foucauld left his monastery. The Cure d'Ars ran off twice from that wretched little village.

If Merton had not wanted and even made efforts to leave, at least once, I would have concluded he had "not survived." He spoke to many many people through his anguish—when he could not find words, I am convinced we must not try to make him (or anyone) a saint. We're all too fagged out from the illusions that brings us. I'm sure we must ask God to help us to be human beings, not saints. It would be splendid if He sent a few saints in certain high positions, but please, not if they're not especially human. Tom was especially human, and I like to remember him always for that. And his struggle to be so was monumentally waged for all of us who lacked his calling or his strengths.

I would like to have noted, at the end of his autobiography, that he survived his Eastern trip, for I somehow never pictured him dying young. I thought he would go on through many more journeys, many more survivals, in his important inquiries and so touching friendship. I thought that he would grow old and we would finally have a wise man in our midst. A very stupid wish, perhaps, but wisdom is scarce these days (any day, I suppose) and is still related to longevity, to a long survival. But if indeed, as was reported, he died in part at least through contact with a frayed lamp wire, he would have seen the irony in that—on his first far Eastern trip. He might even have read (though careful not to take his reading too seriously) a Zen twist in that. And he certainly would have wanted to survive—and to have us survive—the sorrow of his returning to Gethsemani this way. At last, he might say, there is no need for any further writing or any further words. But I personally feel, as I felt after Massignon's death in 1962, empty at the thought of an end to his letters.

Warmest wishes,
Herbert Mason

History 26B

At that time the planet was divided in super-tribes geographically fixed which they called nations. Now when Gog was invaded by Magog, say, a part of Gog was annexed—till Gog in turn repaid the compliment, taking it back with chunks of Magog to boot. It wasn't always quite so overt, granted, but Mine, No mine, Let's fight, had become rote.

Not without intelligence, they used what skills they had in making such devices that in the end they would have vaporized themselves with God-knows-what effect on us. If not for this, they might have fought on forever. But there it was. We had to take them over.

FRANK MAGUIRE