

CATHOLIC WORKER

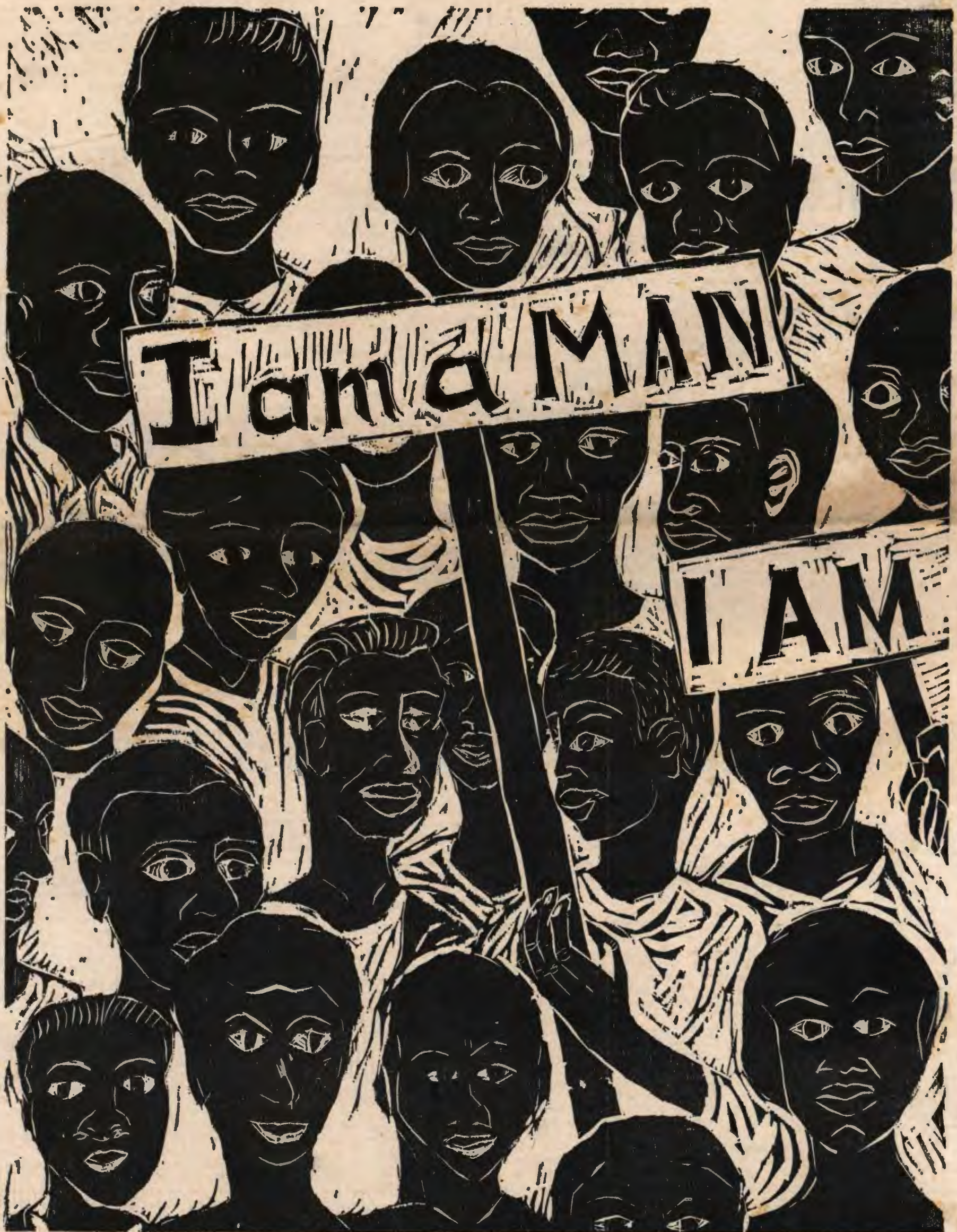


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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Seldom have we known such a hot summer, with day following day of heavy heat, the air so humid that it is hard to breathe and hard to think. Moisture drips from the hand that holds the pen, papers become damp, and to get out of clerical work it is good to take refuge in manual labor. There has been plenty of that this summer, in the work at Tivoli, and in the city.

Finally the city's certificate of occupancy came through and we started to move even before it came to hand. Just the news of it began the move. Because I was in town, the women were moved first, and three of the apartments at Kenmare Street, where we had been living for years, were vacated in one day. Now two more have been emptied and only Marie remains in hers, which we will keep for her. Millie also remains in her own quarters on Spring Street, but both women are with us for meals and very much a part of the family. We are happy indeed in our new apartments. The address is now 36 East First Street, N.Y. 10003. The hangings, the pictures, the statues of St. Francis of Assisi and of St. Joseph, our patrons, look beautiful indeed in the new clean setting. In the tiny garden in the back, the four little aillanthus trees (the tree of heaven), which Mary Hughes planted before she went to San Francisco, are growing beautifully. Underneath the brightly colored lettered sayings of Fr. Delp and Camus, which hang on the old brick wall, Italian Mike, Smokey Joe, Scotty, Whiskers and others of the family sit outside and talk.

Accounting

It seems to me that it was two years or more ago that we started to buy the new house, but I will have to get the exact dates from Ruth Collins, without whose help we would not have the new house. Credit goes also to Jean Goldstone, who was general overseer and engineer all through the rebuilding of the house to conform to all the rules and regulations of the building department, and to Seth Hiller, the architect, who planned and replanned the layout for the four apartments and main floor and basement which made up the house. The cost of the house was \$35,000 and the cost of rebuilding was \$45,000, more or less. On the first sum, \$8,000 was paid down and there are two mortgages. The paying off of the mortgages, with interest and taxes, has been going on since we began the work. It has been a heavy burden on us, paying rents and paying off the mortgage at the same time, and gathering money to pay for the repairs. On those repairs we still own \$12,000.

I have a rough list in my diary of the money which has been com-

ing in for the house, and I think I shall do as the Peacemakers do in their bulletin—list initials of donors and if some feel that they have been left out, let me know and I shall be glad to add their names to the roster of those who have helped house the homeless and comfort the afflicted. Admittedly this is a rough outline, but it is the best I can do at the moment when we are surrounded by so much work and so many people that it is hard to organize for thought or writing.

\$30.00, N.P.; Anon, \$10.00; M.A.B., \$30.00; Dallas, \$30.00; J.B., \$50.00; E.W., \$5.00; Anon priest, \$2.00; E.L. \$5.00; legacy, \$20.00; Anon, \$30.00; C.M. \$5.00; Mrs. R. \$10.00; K.G. \$3.00; M.S. \$3.00; M.A. \$11.95; McD. \$15.00; Anon, \$20.00; C.M. \$5.00; M.R. \$10.00; McD. \$10.00; Anon, \$25.00; G.P. \$30.00; Anon, \$4.00; E.L. \$5.00; legacy, \$90.00.

Ruth Collins remains manager of the house and we are incorporated in Albany to hold property under the name of the Catholic Worker Companions, Inc.; the trustee of which is Janet Burwash, who follows the directions of the unincorporated association of Catholic Workers, made up of a small group of those in charge of the farm at Tivoli and the house of hospitality in New York, and whose names appear on the mast head of the CW.

These details of ownership and responsibility have been worked out over the last three years and are the result of experience, and the advice of our lawyer, John Coster, who is a member of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

Mid August

After the women were settled in, and the rest of the moving was going on, I went back to the farm which has been teeming with children all summer. As usual the village of Tivoli has had a recreation program for the younger children, which has meant games in the ballpark in the village in the morning and three hours in our swimming pool in the afternoon. And since the day-care center for the migrant and local agricultural workers in the district began in July (and will continue until November first) these little children have participated in the recreation program for the village. It is a joy to see all the little ones lined up at the shallow end of the pool waiting for their individual instruction in swimming. There are thirty-two children from ten months old up to eight years, and they begin to arrive at seven in the morning. The casino, which was built by Mr. Mastrion, the former owner of the property when he was using it for a vacation spot for families, and the swimming pool, certainly have

(Continued on page 6)

"To Stand Where One Must Stand..."

Selections From the Letters of BOB GILLIAM, Catholic Worker, sentenced on August 14, 1967 to two years in Sandstone Federal Correctional Institution for refusing induction into the armed forces. (Edited by Jennie Orvine from personal mail).

August 26, 1967 (County Jail, Minneapolis): I am almost looking forward to the time at Sandstone. It gives one a valuable perspective on society, will give me time to study and will be a chance for the first time in my life to get a good solid grounding in news and current events . . . I got a visit to-night from the American Civil Liberties Union. The guy wants to make a test case on noncooperation out of mine. The argument would be that my religious freedom is being limited. He admits the chances of winning are small but feels a test case should be argued. He was sympathetic and persuasive. It would mean changing the plea and dragging through the courts, it would mean being free for a year or two and then doing the two years. I am going to say no but I am upset. I cannot give him any clear, intelligent, theoretical answer (though the personal dislocation of our life and plans is enough). I feel it. I hear Davy [Miller] saying when being tried for refusing induction, legal arguments are as "a clanging brass or a tinkling cymbal." Though I would like to see it done, I feel clearly that it's not for me to do. I know that I could not put my heart into such a fight.

September 9, 1967 (Sandstone F.C.I.): My impressions of Sandstone are very mixed. Physically it is quite comfortable. There is a pleasant yard in the middle. At any rate, the prison surrounds a nice "compound" of grass and flowers. The library is small but has some happy surprises—I have read Fromm's *Sane Society* and Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning* and Huckleberry Finn so far and have some Goodman and Kierkegaard out. There are movies every week—the caliber of State theatre in Winona, Minnesota. Bob's home town! six months late—which aren't too good but take up some time. The food is not bad at all. This is not a prison but a "correctional institution," you see. Its aim is to develop a goal-oriented program suited to the needs of each inmate in order that he may be rehabilitated. I have not been able to determine what this means in my case. I think eventually they would admit I am not being rehabilitated—all fall down and worship—but detained, imprisoned, punished. The facade of liberality here takes the edge off rebellion, confuses the issue. I felt in a way more comfortable in the county jail because relationships were clear there. There could be no doubts when the doors clanged shut on the ugly cell. No matter how you dress it up, prison is slavery. I had, a few days ago, some serious thoughts about not cooperating—to force clarity. It certainly is a clear and honorable position. When one first realizes how they "bribe" you with all these "privileges" (especially mail and visits) the gut response, mine anyway, is rebellion. (Indicative of our society that rebellion is a dirty word.) But I don't think I will. Not sure I have the resources, hope the time can be in some way meaningful, there are friends to be made here, and because I feel it can be borne without much of a price. I hope anyway that I will only have rarely to be here, that I can live with thoughts, books, in your letters, with all our holy and beautiful friends. The state only imprisons the body—can only imprison the body.

September 14, 1967: I have been a little depressed lately, more than usual, about the war. It is such a pervasive cancer. Danny O'Laughlin (a cousin) dead and Mike [Bob's stepbrother] on his way over there. How many innocents, Vietnamese and American, will they sacrifice on the altar

of this madness? The whole thing is almost beyond discussion, it seems. If one can't see that the war is vile and rotten, how can anyone tell them? Opinion seems so permanently, hopelessly polarized. The hawks hawking, the liberals liberalizing, and the radicals crying, shouting, giving up, and some hurling themselves. Still to be a person you have to visibly and clearly oppose it.

I amuse the two other noncooperators that I have gotten to know. They say they just want to see me in four months to see if any of my insanity, cheer and happy sarcasm are left. They both say prison has pretty much sucked out their vitals. One guy said, toughest of all is to adjust yourself to the fact that you just have to chalk the time up as a total loss. He feels that nothing really can be salvaged and that all his energy goes to just keeping himself together. I still hope. I have more resources—not of myself, but I have you, the Catholic Worker, the family, the "community" and the exciting prospects of future. Despite all this I still have my twinges of irrepressible joy!

The "thing" here seems so permanent, so impenetrable. Criminals are not romantic. They mirror the society—sick, mentally deficient, greedy, violent—often anyway. Conversation is consistently low or at best trivial. My grossness is of a different kind entirely. There are, don't get me wrong, some really fine people here. The warden's line about "quiet desperation" comes to mind. So many who grew up and live in a loveless world . . . things had on so many fronts simultaneously—social, economic, political, educational, moral—and yet a man can only address himself to a few on one front. Perhaps community is relevant here. We as community with different gifts, different vocations, could be so much more effective . . . One last thought that has been plaguing me lately. This is not morbid but serious. I wonder how ready I am to accept death. It is essential to non-violence. It is not a question of anti-vitality, because love and respect for life are essential to non-violence. The satyagrahi must believe that to die for the truth bears fruit. Gandhi knew, or had good reason to suspect, that he was going to be killed and still he refused bodyguards and held his regular prayer meeting. I know that I value my life excessively. One cannot take his own life too seriously and still be really a satyagrahi.

October 2, 1967: I made a long visit to chapel the other day in an attempt to pray. Something came. Old, deep, primarily I think, esthetic response. The room was dark with one light on simple tabernacle, lamp, and Book, soft light filtered through the rich green stained glass at my feet. Quiet and really, gut-level peaceful. It's too dark to read the Bible, though, alas.

October 11, 1967: I endure this small—and really it is small compared to the sacrifices of the men in Vietnam—sacrifice in the hope of drawing people's attention to the war, to the question of war and our complicity in it, to the innocent people who are dying and to the simple unmistakable words of Jesus, whom we all claim to dig so much. I am grateful for people worrying about me and the violation of my conscience but I am more concerned that according to their own lights and position people do something about stopping this stinking war—that they vote, write, speak, read, march, vigil, and break the law if necessary (and it is).

October 17, 1967: I remember when I used to fear "losing my faith." I was afraid of the doubt, darkness, and of the terrible task to decide from scratch what you believe. Realize now this simple fact—when you strip away all the learned doctrines you "believe" and look at yourself naked and ask what can't be taken away, what is part of me, what truths do I live by (be-lieve) then you know what your faith is. Then you can begin to reinterpret the religious myths and metaphors, to make them your own in a new and more meaningful way. I think I am at the beginning of all this.

October 24, 1967: Can I send you the fruit of some recent reflection? I have been thinking about "something" that the people I most admire seem to have in common—a prophetic quality, a sense of vocation, seriousness. (Remember what Pegu described as *un homme sérieux*). They are people who have grasped—or more rightly been grasped by—two or three essential truths with a kind of lightning clarity. They become in a sense almost fanatical. They do not see other truths with any unusual clarity and tend instead to see other truths in relation to their personal vision. They have a kind of unscholarly and outwardly unjustifiable certainty of their own rightness. They do not blindly refuse to consider the intelligent arguments against them but they are beyond these arguments. For them, their truth is so clear and certain that it demands not only verbal proclamation but possesses them with an urgency to give it living form in action, in their own lives. They are compelled to witness and strive to discover a form of life that embodies clearly, even starkly, and speaks to even the simplest man, the truth they have seen. . . . Esthetics being at a rather low ebb here, "Garrison's Gorillas" trounced the Beatles in this evening's votings. TV infighting and strategy is one of the big things here.

November 3, 1967: Deep melancholy tonight. It was alternately bright and gloomy today. Now it is cloudy with an almost warm and delightfully fresh smelling breeze. Calm is hard to come by today. The dawn was quiet only in brief snatches and I just couldn't concentrate . . . I think tomorrow or one of these days is Dorothy's [Dorothy Day] birthday. She is 70 . . . How does one communicate an idea like nonviolence to a world which cannot believe much less understand, action from principle? The only answer, and it may be pretty feeble, is to be. To be an unmistakable sign and embodiment of what you believe. If men cannot understand words perhaps the patient, modest, passionate and uncompromising struggle to live the truth may bear some fruit?

December 12, 1967: Perhaps the only positive and relevant lesson here [in Thoreau] also taught by Gandhi, is that those who oppose the State radically and basically (as any pacifist must) and do not cooperate with it in doing what they believe to be evil, must also, as far as possible, remove themselves from the benefits the state offers—which most basically, I think, means embracing voluntary poverty . . . I have in general been bothered by the quote "Render unto Caesar," etc. One thing is that the "saying" (and I think it would be called "authentic") does not constitute the basis for a Christian theory of the state. It is too fragile to bear that kind of emphasis. Also you have to remember that it is kind of a trick by Jesus—a way to slip out of a dilemma and put his questioners on the defensive. One

(Continued on page 6)

Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is August, the month of the great Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. It is August, the month when we dare not forget the terrible anniversaries of the dropping of the monstrous nuclear bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Thinking of these horrible events, from which it seems our history will never recover, I remember the words of Jim Douglass in his compelling and beautiful talk on the Peace of Revolution at the Pax study weekend: "The event which revealed the essence of our age of global crucifixion took place at Hiroshima." Pondering this frightful demarcation point, I concluded that it was impossible to take a serious look at the world we live in without seeing it, as Jim Douglass pointed out, in terms of crucifixion. "To see reality in our time is to see the world as crucifixion." How else can one comprehend the incredible daily atrocities of Vietnam? The millions dying of starvation among the Biafrans? The millions in our own country—the most affluent country in the world, in history—mutilated and deformed by poverty and injustice, malnourished and bitter, finding hope only in the city-destroying fires, the death-to-authority bullets of riot?

Jim Douglass' talk explored the means of sharing this suffering, this crucifixion, through non-violent resistance and love. Ultimately the only true revolution is the non-violent one, the way of Christ Himself, the way of such men as Vinoba Bhave, Gandhi, Danilo Doici, Martin Luther King.

Peace and revolution was the general theme of the Pax Study weekend, which took place here at the Catholic Worker Farm the last weekend of July. Father Matthew Martin, director of schools at St. Michael's Monastery in Union City, New Jersey, spoke of The Priest and Revolution, advocating that priests—at least some priests—should be involved, should even lead in certain revolutionary activities, that the priest has as much responsibility as the layman to strive for peace and justice. Walter Stein, of the English Pax group, editor of Nuclear Weapons: a Christian Response and Peace on Earth, the Way Ahead, spoke on the dialogue between mercy and revolution, examining the tensions which must exist between these two imperatives, cautioning that there are times when the Christian, though he supports revolution, must also say no to those means of revolution which by their violence betray the end, that ultimately one must seek peace by making peace. Sunday morning, at the last meeting, Dr. Karl Stern, psychiatrist and author of Pillar of Fire, The Third Revolution, and Flight from Woman, spoke on the psychology of Group Hostility. Dr. Stern's brilliant analysis of the little understood motivation underlying hostile behavior was a salutary reminder to all peace seekers that they too must beware of such hostility-producing motivation. The kind of person who sees a communist conspiracy behind every struggle for social justice and the person who immediately sees the conspiratorial hand of the C.I.A. behind every public misfortune are each guilty of hostility-producing motivation. Peace groups, as well as right-wing extremists, can do great harm to the cause of peace by the use of such dangerous stereotypes, which are more closely related to the paranoid thinking of a psychotic than most of us realize.

Following Dr. Stern's talk Marty Corbin read an article which Father Thomas Merton had spent as his contribution to Pax, of which he is a sponsor. Father Merton, being a Trappist, could hardly be present, but his article brought something of the charm and per-

ceptiveness which have made his writings so well liked by so many. Taking his text from literature, Merton used Mr. Bloom in the scene in Joyce's Ulysses in which Bloom is ejected from the bar. No one can deny that Mr. Bloom likes peace, that he will undergo almost any humiliation rather than resort to violence; yet he is the passive kind of peace-lover. The suffering of non-violent resistance in the struggle to make a revolution, a world in which it would be easier to be good, differentiates the true pacifist from the passivist. Today's pacifist must indeed face the dual imperatives of peace and revolution.

In the final talk of the weekend, Dorothy Day spoke of the priest in relation to these imperatives of peace and revolution. She spoke at some length of Father Camilo Torres, the priest who gave his life in the revolutionary struggle in Colombia. (A short biography of Father Torres, with an introduction by Dorothy Day, has recently been published by Templegate.) Although Father Torres put off his cassock to take the violent way, he died for the very poor, the terribly exploited. Moreover, as Dorothy observed, the chances are, he had little or no instruction in the ways of non-violent resistance, that he knew little or nothing of such men as Vinoba Bhave and Gandhi. Here is surely a need which must be met: the need of really good instruction in the ways and leadership of non-violent resistance. One must admire a priest who dares to give his life for a greatly wronged and suffering people; yet there are non-violent measures which in the end could bring about the needed revolution peacefully. In her concluding remarks Dorothy pointed out some practical measures of this nature.

Six workshops, conducted by Professor Gordon Zahn, Professor Dick Leonard, Professor Jim Douglass, Eileen Egan, and Howard Evernham, and Clarice Danielson, and gave participants opportunity for more informal discussion and a chance to clarify some of the more abstract concepts.

Spiritual sustenance for a weekend of rather intense intellectual effort was provided by two Masses, the one beautifully concelebrated, with the altar placed before the circle of pines in our front yard and followed by a dance on the lawn, led by Carla DeSola and her group, the other the beautiful jazz Mass composed by Mary Lou Williams, with Mary Lou herself at the piano in our large living room, where this Mass was concelebrated. Those of us who have attended previous Pax weekends have come to expect Masses of unusual liturgical beauty. This year, however, was memorable. In particular, I think we owe a debt of gratitude to Mary Lou Williams for sharing with us this beautiful Mass of her own composition.

As always at Pax weekends, one night was reserved for the arts for peace. Karl Stern, who has so often delighted us with his brilliant playing of Mozart, Bach, Schubert, Chopin, played first a serious classical work and then a humorous improvisation. In addition to playing the piano Karl also played the harpsichord, which Howard Evernham, who builds harpsichords, had brought with him. Mary Lou Williams played the beautiful and moving tribute she had composed in memory of Martin Luther King. Then she and Honey Gordon showed us how blues and jazz ought to be done. Attilio Cantori played the flute as never before. Finally and unexpectedly, a new arrival suddenly burst into a powerful rendition of some of the more familiar operatic arias. The applause was equally powerful. All in all, the arts for peace were quite a success.

Although the Pax weekend was

the only peace conference scheduled for the farm this summer, what one might call the works of peace have certainly been flourishing. Almost as soon as school was over, the Red Cross swimming class for the children of Tivoli and the nearby area resumed instruction in our pool. Families from roundabout also find our pool a pleasant recreation center. Early in July the day-care center for the children of migrant workers reopened. This time children of school age, as well as pre-school, were included. Under the capable direction of Marilyn Rogers, and with the help of a number of quite capable assistants, the children seem to be growing in health and happiness. From twenty-seven to

(Continued on page 7)

Resurrection City Number Two

By ROBERT D. CASEY

Like its namesake before it, the Olympia, Washington encampment has been torn down by the police, in what begins to look like a national policy in this matter.

As the Indians, and several white sympathizers, squatted and sang a variety of Freedom and native chants, the police dismantled their three tipis and four regular tents about them. Some eight were taken into custody, from a single well-anchored tent that they stubbornly clung to. They were then dragged to the nearby paddy wagons, as they went limp—in traditional civil-rights style. However, for the most part, the police carefully marked and removed all the Indians' belongings here, in striking contrast to the fights on the Nisqually River itself, where expensive fishing gear was roughly confiscated, and hasn't been returned yet—years later.

The Indian encampment was set up on State Capitol's lawn, directly across from the Thurston County Court House, to protest a wide range of injustices, including the Indians' fishing rights under the Medicine Creek Treaty, which is now being abrogated by the white courts.

This is the cause for which Dick Gregory is in jail, in the building across the street from the Indians' encampment. He can look out the window of his cell and see that his native friends have not forgotten him. Among the things they are demanding of

(Continued on page 8)

Miller and Kelly Jailed

By JACK COOK

Elsewhere in this issue I write of the characteristics of the revolutionary way of life as abstracted from the Diary of Che Guevara, a violent revolutionary. Now I must write of two men involved in the nonviolent struggle in so far as the CW participates in it, David Miller and Dan Kelly, who within one week in mid June were taken away to begin their terms in jail of two and a half and three years respectively for refusal to take part in the latest United States effort at mass extermination.

Both left college careers and all that means in terms of alienation from the major ruts of our society, as well as from family dreams of success and status, to join the Worker; that is, to make soup, wait on tables, prepare meals, often from scratch, distribute clothing, live in the squalid, bug-ridden apartments on Kenmare Street, meet the immediate needs of our house people and those of Bowery men also, participate in the feverish, frenetic atmosphere of the lost and the searching inhabitants of our community, as well as in the activities of the peace movement, here and elsewhere, in fasts and picketing, in mass rallies and solitary vigils, in jail and out of jail. They paid their dues.

Both are reticent men: slow or never to anger, determined in their quiet way not to be moved from their position, yet full of a life and vitality which made them good to be around, and great in our CW parties—those spontaneous celebrations of the free who cannot contain their love. I do not romanticize.

David was the first in the country to burn his draft card when that act was declared a felony. I think against his better judgment he was persuaded to take the case to court with the assistance of the American Civil Liberties Union, and consequently faced for almost 3 years a type of Kafkaesque trial scene that, to his unhassled being, proved to be a hassle. His vocation, as he sees it, is that of a "non-violent witness"—that is, a man, whole and entire, who says simply, irrevocably, with his whole being, "No, I will not go." That he knew what must be said "yes" to is evident from his operation, in spite of the uncertainty of his now fettered-in-legality future, of a Catholic Worker House of Hospitality in Washington, D.C. That he chose to do this at a time when he was already married and a father bears witness to his determination and dedication. That he chose to

do it in Washington, in the black ghetto, during a time of riots and rumors of riot, speaks for itself.

Dan Kelly moved with ease among the poor, for he moved without pretense, honestly and wonderfully himself. He seemed to feel no great need to articulate his position in any formal manner. I don't think he even wrote a statement for his sentencing. It did not matter. We knew, he knew, anyone who wanted to know, knew. He was younger than Dave or any of the rest of us at the time. He took part in the two-week fast we held in Washington without complaining or losing his sense of humor. After he had been with us for the better part of a year, having already made his break with Selective Service, and taken part in the Eastern Conference on Noncooperation, organized by the CW, the hippie thing happened and he went West. When he returned from that scene, we were somewhat worried. His searching had led him to a way of life unburdened by our daily grind, the monotonous chain of acts that must be done to keep food, clothing and a roof on top of us. He rented a storefront, opened it to kids in the neighborhood and also to Bowery people who wanted to break with the Bowery syndrome, took up sandal-making, and still made our scene, although he did not want to be dependent upon it. He visited Bob Gilliam, (with whom he had fasted) in Sandstone penitentiary. During this time, the Resistance made popular a number of avenues of escape from the draft, as well as swelling the list of noncooperators, and I'm sure these ways were weighing on his mind. When it came time, however, to finally face, after those long months of searching, the courtroom sentencing game, he was there, smiling and shuffling off in his sandals, serene and certain, ludicrously surrounded and held by federal agents.

Both David and Dan, as well as Fr. Phil Berrigan, have joined Jim Wilson and the other draft refusers in the Allenwood Penitentiary Farm in Allenwood, Penitentiary. Catherine Miller, David's wife, is pregnant with their second child and stays, when not visiting him or friends in the city, at the CW farm in Tivoli, N.Y. Dan Kelly's younger brother has become a noncooperator.

It should not be necessary, given the witness of their days, to state that they are religious men; that at the root of their rebellion is the Christ of a Christianity, as Ignazio Silone put it, "that neither abdicates in the face of Mammon, nor proposes concordats with Pontius Pilate, nor offers easy careers to the ambitious, but rather leads to prison, seeing that crucifixion is no longer practiced." (Bread and Wine)

The quiet revolution goes on. It must be difficult for those in prison to understand how essential their role is to those of us on the outside. Without their example of self sacrifice, courage, decision, and identification with the poor, we would have to look to ourselves, and that is always uncomfortable, or to others still functioning in this "free society" and that is frequently embarrassing. Besides, as long as we remain free we cannot be much of an enemy (so, we'll try harder) to those powers which have seen fit to put these gentle men away.

It is infinitely easier to suffer with others than to suffer alone. It is infinitely easier to suffer as public heroes than to suffer apart and in ignominy. It is infinitely easier to suffer physical death than to endure spiritual suffering. Christ suffered as a free man alone, apart and in ignominy, in body and in spirit, and since that day many Christians have suffered with Him.

DIETRICH BONHOEFFER

Tom Cornell's Arrest

By MONICA RIBAR CORNELL

On June 26, Tom Cornell was arrested and began serving a six-month sentence for draft-card burning. Over 100 friends and supporters joined Tom, our two children and me at Foley Square in New York City for a fine demonstration preceding Tom's arrest. The demonstration was a celebration: there were balloons and flowers, and songs and smiles. Copies of Tom's statement were distributed, explaining why we were not grieving, but rejoicing:

"Blessed are the poor . . . the peacemakers . . . Blessed are you when they revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake. Rejoice and be glad."

"That's why we are having a celebration this morning. One of us is going to be seized by federal marshals here at Foley Square in a few minutes to begin serving a prison sentence for burning his draft card. So what's to celebrate?"

"For one thing, six months in prison is a small price to pay for not having to kill a man. For another, we are trying to believe that we are indeed blessed, happy,

when they persecute us for the sake of Christ and His poor. The powers of wealth against the poor, the powers of suppression, the forces of death have nothing but their prisons with which to intimidate our country's youth from following the call of conscience to renounce all war and violence. So we will try to look at their prisons with the eyes of the Gospel, as an opportunity to identify with and minister to the imprisoned, to reflect and renew ourselves, in the hope that many more young men will refuse to take their assigned roles in the charades of the state, registering for the draft, carrying their death certificates (draft cards) and serving in their armies."

Rejoice and Be Glad!

After we had picketed for two hours, four U.S. marshals arrived to arrest Tom. He went limp and was carried to the marshals' van, amid cheers and applause. As the vehicle departed we all sang, "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow."

Tom spent the night at the dismal federal jail in NYC, and then was transferred the next day to the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn.

Che and the Revolutionary Experience

By JACK COOK

I propose to discuss the *Diary* of Ernesto Che Guevara, which he wrote during the twelve months of guerrilla activity in Bolivia, Nov. 7, 1966 to Oct. 7, 1967, as published in *Ramparts* magazine (Vol. 7, No. 1, July 27, 1968).

My major concern is to abstract from the *Diary* the characteristics of a revolutionary way of life. I am concerned with those marks which distinguish it from other ways of life, and with those universal traits of revolutionaries, whether they be violent or non-violent, which have characterized, in the past and present, the revolutionized man. That we are concerned here with a violent revolution and the lives and attitudes of men committed to, among other things, violence, should not prevent our inquiry from being fruitful. I would hope that after examining their way of life, we who are committed to the nonviolent struggle might more easily recognize wherein our lives are or are not revolutionary and proceed to address ourselves to remedies.

Some might object that I am contributing to the myth of Che, and I must reply, "I hope so." I regard Che as an authentic revolutionary, a superior man. In a century besotted with the phony heroes of declining imperial states, effectively sold to the masses through TV, radio, and films, it is necessary for the sake of the deceived people to mythicize the few valid heroes of our time.

Some Distinctions

Before I proceed to examine the *Diary* I should make clear my position; for I am praising here a violent revolutionary and, being a pacifist, it is necessary to make some distinctions.

I. Believing that revolution, i.e., the overthrow or undermining of systems, structures, institutions, and governments, which are oppressive and repressive, is the sole, uncompromising position open to men of conscience and principle, I cannot but have admiration and respect—indeed, a great love—for revolutionaries, be they violent or nonviolent.

II. Believing that the revolutionary way of life is, in fact, the highest form of human activity, I must perforce affirm it of those committed to violence against oppressors and for the sake of the oppressed, as well as affirming it of nonviolent revolutionaries, who are opposed to the same oppressive structures, but choose to confront them differently.

III. Believing that nonviolent revolutionaries are engaged not only with tangible oppressive structures, but with intangible personal and human traits—the roots of violence in the condition of man—that are found in both oppressor and oppressed, and revolutionaries of whatever bent, I cannot condemn violence (that is not to say I sanction it or participate in it) on the part of a revolutionary until I myself have conquered violence in my own life. This condition, as yet unachieved, prohibits any condemnation of violence in a noble cause, while it permits condemnation of violence in ignoble ones; that is, the violence enacted against the helpless, the poor, the powerless, by whatever means and in whatever manner, whether by military might, social inequality, or economic discrimination.

IV. Believing that it is not nations, nor governments primarily, nor societies, individual groups, parties, etc. that must be changed and altered in order to affect the betterment of man; rather that individual men must be changed and altered and revolutionized so that, once living wholly human lives, they may bring to bear upon the parties, structures, institutions, etc. the full force of their being; I cannot but admire men, though committed to violence, who sacrifice their security, comfort, happiness, family life and all the

longed for human pleasures and satisfactions for the sake of others; who are willing to endure great hardship, toll, exhaustion, sickness, hunger; as well as the vicissitudes of war, weariness, pain, the ever present fear of death and death itself. I cannot but admire that sacrifice, that commitment. And predicate of them that man is made of that. That they are men.

V. Revolutionized men and their followers—such as Che, King, Malcolm X—are the revolution. The societal changes which may or may not follow in the aftermath of such men are simply the natural consequences of their actions and lives in so far as the structures within a given society can approximate the values and ideas these men embraced and incarnated. These latter structures, in time corrupted, will call forth a new generation of revolutionaries, who will in turn revitalize the dreams and the reality of Man. If one posits the labor unions in America today as examples of such latter structures, it is interesting to point out how the nonviolent United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, headed by Cesar Chavez, (really a revolutionary movement of farmworkers, not simply a union movement) is instilling into these latter structures a renewed idealism and sense of purpose, as the AFL-CIO, Teamsters, Seamen and Taxicab drivers come to the aid of the fledgling union.

The Diary

Like most diaries, Che's was not intended for publication, although its contents would probably have formed the substance of a work on the Bolivian campaign had Che lived. There was no reason, therefore, to be dishonest, pretentious, or rhetorical, since the notes served, as Mr. Castro observes in his fine introduction, as a "working guide in the constant evaluation of the occurrences, the situation and the men. They also served as an expressive outlet for his profoundly observant spirit, analytical but often laced with a fine sense of humor." What we have, in fact, is a remarkably candid and honest appraisal of the major events of each day, analyses of incidents, evaluations and observations upon himself, his men, and the environment, important decisions, problems, and a record of the day by day struggle for survival in the jungle.

The *Diary* is not a polemic in the manner Marx, Lenin, or Trotsky; nor is it a blueprint for revolution, such as Debray's work. I am attracted to this diary because I believe it to be authentic in a way that tracts, manifestoes, polemics, blueprints, etc. are not authentic. As Mr. Castro observes in his introduction, Che's diary notations were "of revolutionary content, pedagogic and human."

These terms at once describe the work and the man. They are terms which must be understood, as they are applied, in their pure form. "Revolutionary content" does not apply to theory and abstractions (as necessary as they are); it refers to actual day by day, hour by hour, actions of revolutionaries. That is, actions in which the theory is implied, implicit. The action is the theory lived out. Very little theory, in fact, is to be found in the work; but a great many references to individuals, actions, missions, failures, errors, and all that pertains to men interacting with themselves, their environment, and their objectives in a racial way.

Mr. Castro's term "pedagogic"—normally confined to university use—is properly used here to describe the analyses, evaluations, decisions, etc., as well as the lectures Che was regularly giving his men; properly understood, then, revolutionary content can only be

taught by revolutionaries during a revolution. For revolutionary content is not theory alone, nor a system of abstractions; but human beings, in all their frailty and indecision, living at, striving for, the peak, the highest form of human experience and action under adverse conditions.

It is characteristic of such men that they stand alone. They are cut off by the very nature of their ideas and actions from the normal activities of the masses of men. They are strangers in the land. Separateness is total. Interiorly, they must constantly seek to live out their role in the face of their plodding humanness, which drags them down from objectivity and detachment to selfish concerns. Externally, they are remote from family, friends, and homeland; they are remote, too, from their contacts in the cities and other areas of Bolivia. What is revealing, also, is that they are cut off from much of what we normally refer to as civilized life and life, except for equipment and such, as primitive men in a primitive world. In the notes for Nov. 8 and 9, 1966, the first few days of the guerrilla stage, Che records the following: "We spent the day in the heavily wooded area by the creek, scarcely 100 meters from the house. We were attacked by some kind of tree ducks, which don't peck but are very bothersome. We have come across the following species here: sheep and cattle ticks, tree ducks, gnats, marigui, and mosquitos..." (Nov. 8) "An uneventful day. We made an exploration following the course of the River Nacahuasu (really a creek) with Tumaini, but we did not reach the source. It runs through steep inclines and apparently the region is seldom frequented. With adequate discipline one could stay there for a long time. A heavy rain forced us out of the thicket and into the house. I picked six sheep or cattle ticks from my body." (Nov. 9).

The constant enemy throughout the operation—bugs, the elements, the terrain—accentuates the essential separateness of the revolutionary experience, with the necessary consequence of states of profound loneliness and abandon. Witness the solitary names of Che's family appearing at the beginning of various entries, corresponding to birthdays, etc.

This essay would be overly long were I to develop the particular incidents and people involved in the nonviolent struggle which parallel the above characteristic as well as all that follow. The isolation mentioned above is especially characteristic of the nonviolent farmworker's movement, alluded to earlier, in California and Texas. (See my articles on that movement, *The Catholic Worker*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 8, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12.) It is, of course, true of Dorothy Day's long pilgrimage, eloquent testimony of which is in her book, *The Long Loneliness*.

Counteracting the terrible loneliness is the intense community life of the guerrilla group. They must live nakedly to one another. If they are strangers to the instincts of their own lower natures and inscrutable to outsiders, they are, at the same time, vividly known and familiar to each other. In the violent revolution one's measure is not necessarily in battle, where training, tactics and skills obtain; but in living with each other in mutuality and cooperation:

Jan. 6, 1967: "After class, I held forth on the topic of the necessary qualities of the guerrilla fighter and the need for more discipline, and explained that our mission, above all, was to form a nucleus of steel to serve as example, and in this way explained why it is so necessary to study, an imperative need for the future. After that, I brought together the heads of the groups... I explained why Joaquin

had been chosen as second in command, which was due to some mistakes on Marco's part which were constantly being repeated; I criticized the attitude taken by Joaquin due to the incident with Miguel on New Year's Day... At the end, Ricardo told me of something which took place between him and Ivan, in front of Tania, in which they cursed each other, and Ricardo cursed Ivan to leave the jeep. These disagreeable incidents among the comrades are spoiling our work."

Jan. 12, 1967: "Joaquin told me that Marcos was hurt because of the reference that was made to his errors in the meeting the other day. I have to speak to him."

Jan. 13, 1967: "I spoke to Marcos; he complained because the criticism took place in front of the Bolivians. His argument was senseless. Except for his emotional state, worth considering; all the rest was unimportant."

"Some despicable phrases which Alejandro had used against him were mentioned. This was cleared up and it appears as though there were no bad intentions, nothing except a little gossip. Marcos calmed down a little."

Nor are the dead absolved from judgment:

July 31, 1967: "Of our dead, it is difficult to catalog Raul due to his introspection; he was not much of a fighter or worker... Ricardo was the most undisciplined of the Cuban group and the one with the least determination to face everyday sacrifice..."

As constant as Che's allusions to lack of contact with others in the movement, are his references to the "everyday sacrifices" demanded of members, together with criticisms of what might appear to the outsider as minor faults: on May 11, 1967, Che makes the notation: "I must talk seriously with Benigno and Urbano, for the former ate a can of fish on the day of the battle but denied it, and Urbano ate part of the chaqui at Rubio's camp." On April 14, 1967 the notation appears: "Canned milk was brought from the upper cave: 23 cans had disappeared mysteriously. Moro had left 48, and nobody seems to have had time to remove them. Milk is one of our corrupting factors."

It becomes apparent that there are no minor faults nor minor activities in the life of a revolutionary. The least of things is of major importance. Whatever does not contribute to the unity of the group, no matter how petty, is to be rooted out, by punishment if necessary; for each fault betrays a lack of discipline and responsibility. Besides, it is essential to set an "example" not only to others in the group, but to the peasant (indeed, the world at large) who must admire and have confidence in those whom they are expected to follow.

As Mr. Castro points out: "The constant call to the conscience and honor of every man. Che knew how to touch on the most sensitive fibers of the revolutionaries. When Marcos, repeatedly admonished by Che, was warned that he could be dishonorably discharged from the guerrillas, he said, 'First I must be shot!' Later on he gave his life heroically. The behavior of all the men in whom Che put his confidence and whom he had to admonish for some reason or another during the course of the struggle was similar. He was a fraternal and human chief who also knew how to be exacting and occasionally even severe, but above all, and even more so than with the others, Che was severe with himself. He based the discipline of the guerrilla on their moral conscience and on the tremendous force of his own personal example."

Such are the roots of the re-

volutionary community: conscience and honor. Conscience and honor not only on a theoretical plane, in relation to causes and ideologies; but more importantly, I think, on the level of sardines and canned milk. For the totality of the revolutionary experience is such that its spirit must pervade the animosities, grudges, disputes, and petty jealousies of individual members. The issues here are not theoretical nor even tactical ones; they are human ones: the nitty gritty demands of life in an intense community.

The *Diary* effectively dispels one of the prevailing myths about revolutionary life; i.e., that it is romantic, exciting, exhilarating. Instead, we find it consists of hardship, denial, hard work, sacrifice, long hours, even days of inactivity. No talk of victories is to be found here; rather daily accounts of the search for food, periods of hunger, bitter water, and when no water was available urine sufficed, and illness followed. Little of the dramatic is to be found; nothing spectacular. A typical entry:

Feb. 27: "After another tiresome day, marching along the shore and climbing cliffs, we came to the Rosita River... We ate our last ration that had been left in reserve, and no signs of life were found in spite of our nearness to the populated areas and the highways."

March 7, 1967: "Four months. The men are becoming more and more discouraged, seeing that we are reaching the end of our supplies, but not the end of the trail. Today we advanced four or five kilometers along the edge of the river and at the end we found a promising path. Food: three and a half palmits; from tomorrow on, only canned goods, one for every three for two days; then the milk, which is the end."

March 12: "In an hour and a half we covered the territory opened yesterday. When we arrived, Miguel and Tuma, who had gone ahead, were already exploring in order to try to bypass the steep cliff. The day was spent in this; our only activity was to hunt four little birds which we ate to accompany rice and beans. We have two meals left..."

March 18: "We decided to eat the horse, as our swelling has become alarming. Miguel, Inti, Urbano, Alejandro are presenting various symptoms. I am extremely weak..."

Finally, this most unromantic entry: May 13, 1967: "A day of belching, farting, vomiting and diarrhea; a genuine organ concert. We remained in absolute immobility trying to digest the pork. We have two cans of water. I was very sick until I vomited and recuperated..."

Characteristic of the revolutionary life, also, are the military virtues demanded of participants: superior will to endure, strict obedience to commands (cooperation), superiority of movement (severely limited, however, by the uncompromising terrain). On June 29th the following: "On the way, I had a conversation with our troop, now composed of 24 men. I pointed out Chino as an example among men; I explained the meaning of the deaths and what the loss of Tuma meant to me personally, whom I considered my son. I criticized the lack of self-discipline and the slowness of the march and promised to give some basic instructions so that the same thing that happened in the ambush would not happen again, useless losses of life for not obeying rules."

Most revealing, however, in this context, as well as in one entry summing up the characteristics I have distinguished, is the entry for

(Continued on page 7)

Christian Marxism and the Soul of Plato

By JOHN ILLO

The Republic of Plato is the noblest document of the philosophic and conservative mind. Suffused with the warm tolerance of the Socratic dialectic, sporting in the fields of Socratic fable, yet etching with acid irony the vicious follies of democratism, it exhibits all the abundance, variety, and fair strength of great art. Practical, even pragmatic in its reasoning, it can rise to an ideal reality where even a Thrasymachus might despise "this dim spot which men call earth." Detailed as a documentary and more revealing than history in its portraits of Greek life and politics, it ranges confidently through tracts as broad and diverse as pedagogy, aesthetics, epistemology, metaphysics, social ethics, political economy, dream psychology, genetics. It is pointed and vast, immediate and absolute; it is philosophy and art wedded in the perceptive and genial good nature of the Attic spirit.

The Platonic republic opens a way of life that the good man must embrace if he recognizes his nature, or recognizes that he has a nature. There each man is a little aristocracy in an aristocratic whole. From the ruler, fashioned of precious gold, to the worker, cast in useful iron, each lives and acts in sweet consonance with his own hierarchy of faculties and in wholesome accord with his hierarchical society. There the Aristophanic sausage-vender would not think, though he might dream, of presuming to govern; and there the warrior will kill only barbarians or enemies of the state.

But one group of men, the slaves, is not represented in The Republic, and their absence distresses neither the Athenian colloquists nor the sympathetic modern reader. The slaves are a group and not a class, for a class has political existence, a conscious share in the decisions of the republic, and they have not.

Yet the slaves in Attica were important and probably more numerous than the citizens, in the lifetime of Plato. Hellenophiles and humanists, who regard the cultural flower but not the rank economic soil beneath, minimize the number and importance of the Greek slaves, dismissing the obvious inference that slavery was the basis of Greek art and philosophy. It was not slavery, says H. D. F. Kitto, but temperance that allowed the Athenian citizens the leisure to meditate upon man's nature, to read their Homer and Aeschylus, to construct and direct the state. Because they ate olives and slept in their cloaks, the argument runs, they needed few commodities and little slave labor to be free for the thoughts that wander through eternity.

Such apologists would be more convincing if they were also economists, or if they knew how much labor is needed to grow olives and flax in a primitive agronomy, to weave a garment or build a house with a crude technology. The modern scholar, like his Athenian ancestor, may assume that commodities take form with only a remote human interposition, but he does so without having tried his hand at weaving or mining or mortaring. However indistinct they may now seem, the slaves were the condition of the fine intellectual life of the Greek citizen, who after all, consumed his twenty-five hundred calories each day, wore out garments, lived in houses, and worshipped in temples.

The slave was a chattel in Athens, he is classless in the Platonic states. But the political side, Socrates promised, is only an analogue for psychology. If the three classes correspond to the three faculties of the soul, the non-class may correspond to a non-faculty, and though it was not Plato's purpose to analogize

a privation, it may be ours. Do the slaves, a part if not a class of the Athenian state, correspond to a part of the human soul, or of the human person?

Reason, "the spirited part" or will, and appetite are Plato's three faculties—the agencies by which the soul functions as a soul; rulers, fighters, and workers are Plato's three classes—the agencies by which the state functions as a state. Below them, the condition of their functioning but not sharing in it, are the slaves. The analogue is not difficult to find. The Athenian slaves correspond to what is not of the soul but beneath, supporting and supplying it: muscles, or body, or metabolism.

Plato's consistency is the benefit of his conditioning in the Hellenic world. The exclusion of body from considerations of soul and of slave from commonwealth is the legacy from the pagan ethic to the pagan ethicist. On one side, Plato cannot see social man, but, like Aristotle, must fictionalize about natural slaves and natural masters; on another side, he cannot see the human person. He cannot account for the body; he cannot account for the productive base of the state. Unable to recognize the goodness of body and the goodness of goods, the goodness of bodies producing goods, he must erect unreal distinctions and a metaphysic of the disembodied.

The body, when it is lost to a psychology, cannot be respected. What was molded by God in a unique act of creation can become the *templum spiritus* and the true body of God. The body is either hallowed or perverted, and the pathetic inadequacy of Greek philosophy or religion is that it ignored or depraved or exalted the body, never understanding the body's place in the synthesis of the res humana, erring between Dionysia and Stoicism. It justified slavery, it accepted homosexuality, two sides of the same ethical viciousness. Nor was there ever a Greek Isaiah or Amos to protest in behalf of God, against the radical abominations of a diseased culture.

The End of All Men

In the Semitic psychology, from Adam to Christ, the body, not apotheosized but not obscured, is sanctified by its union with the soul, and will always be sanctified, "singing everlastingly," as no Greek thinker dared to imagine. Christian martyrdom was a spiritual and a bodily test. The smooth flesh of a Catherine or a Dorothea was welled or charred before it could be glorified, but with others, an Agnes or a Thecla, the body, though it must perish, was so transformed by the person of the saint, that flames and axes could not wound it: such was the lesson of legend. Relics, dry fragments of the once living body, continue to sanctify and heal. As the Incarnation is the type of the beginning of the human person, the carnal Resurrection is the end of all men, the Transfiguration a promise for the body of all men: such is the meaning of gospel. Christ died to save men, not only souls but even the "flesh" that "longeth" for God, in the words of the Psalmist; he came "to save us from dyspepsia not less than from profanity," in the quaint language of a last-century physician.

As Christian psychology properly venerated the body, the Christian ethic respected the slave, or worker, another son of Adam under our original curse of labor, ministering to the body in our common fallen state. Inheriting the gentile and Jewish conventions of slavery in economics, that needed vast manpowers to produce basic goods without machines,

Christianity adopted slavery. But approaching its proper character, it reduced the political or legal side of slavery, in spite of the selfishness and interest that it could never wholly convert, and that too often converted it. Entering the age of machines, Christianity might have welcomed and fostered the full emancipation of men from an unequal subjection to goods and their production. But it did not; Christianity failed, and as Maritain regretfully observed, it was left to a non-Christian to teach that emancipation.

Marx has been called a Christian heretic because he was Christian in purpose without a Christian theology. But since the conversion of Constantine, Christendom has been the Christian heresy, because it has ignored or violated the Christian purpose. The great betrayal of the 19th century in Europe was the betrayal of Christianity by the established Christian churches. The Church of England, teaching spirituality and resignation to the masses, sighed back to the chasubles and rood screens of the 8th century. The Church of Rome would not divorce the temporal masters that despised it, and forty years after the Manifesto commended its own alertness in



recognizing that capital has social responsibilities and that trade unions need not be immoral.

There is no more tragic tale of too little and too late than that of the social enlightenment of the major churches after the Industrial Revolution had blasted the lives of numberless millions and fixed the course of imperialism and world war. The churches repressed their Christian conscience and did not teach their members to assert theirs. "You know," said Ruskin of Christian statemen a century ago, "that nothing would excite greater manifestations of contempt and disgust than the slightest attempt to introduce the authority of Scripture in a political consultation." By withdrawal or misalliance, Christendom abandoned and traduced its people.

If Christendom and the churches are not essential Christianity, from which they may deviate or to which they may grow, yet they have been the embodied power of Christianity. The author of the Utopia was a saint but not a prelate. And in the long crisis of the nineteenth century the churches continuously and deliberately committed the pagan sin of rejecting the claims and honors of the body and of the social class analogous to the body. The rejection was a device of greed or a symptom of fear, not an asceticism but a pollution; and its effect was much what it had been in Attica and in The Republic: the debasement below the human level of most humans.

Victorian authors portrayed the debasement and economists studied it; the churches temporized or digressed when they did not resist the proletarian claims. Much of Christian reformism was palliative, consciously anticipating revolution. And even this much was the work not of the state churches but of the sects, or the latitudinarian or evangelical parties within the established churches. Even evangelism and the social gospel were evasions, non-analytic and superficial. The most nearly Christian social thinkers of the last century were the

outcast and excommunicated, like Lamennais, or the anti-clerical and agnostic, like Mill.

But natural ethical systems, however well intentioned, are inadequate to restore man to his inheritance. The immense power and evil of state structures can be overcome only by momentous and absurd sacrifices, like the sacrifice of Jesus, a God dying as a man to demonstrate the essential unlawfulness of civil and ecclesiastical legalism, of Roman and Jewish institutional law.

Even the details of Jesus' death were calculated, by Him and by his executioners, to signify God's horror of slavery and the state that incorporated it. It was not the placid, rational death of a mere ethicist, of a Socrates. The death that Jesus accepted was one of the most painful that can be imagined, combining extreme torment of the whole body with great duration, yet easily administered, and on an instrument often constructed by the slave himself. Crucifixion was for these reasons the Roman capital punishment of slaves, and without crucifixion Roman slavery and slave-economy might not have persisted. For many slaves would not continue living as slaves unless faced with the alternative of a lingering and agonized death. Not only did slaves desperately revolt, but sometimes whole cities, captured by Roman troops and facing Roman slavery, committed suicide, all choosing to die quickly by their own hands rather than to live in continuous pain and brutality. They felt and knew the truth that death is better than life in contradiction, and that it is a contradiction for a man to live as an ass or an ox.

The promise of Christianity in its green age was a non-contradictory, integrative community, a fellowship of saints without slaves. Even Romans and pagans could imagine it, for they also were men, and the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil, a generation before Christ, is prophetic: production without toil is production without slavery, and a world without slavery is a world without war. Tennyson, in the most beautiful poem of his old age, could faintly see the Virgilian and perennial Christian promise, dreaming as his Roman master had dreamt of

Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea.

But as Virgil could not infer what a world without crucified slaves might require, few Englishmen in Tennyson's time, and surely not Tennyson, could accept or understand what that vision of peace without exploitation demanded: more than the charitable and benevolent societies that proliferated in England in the nineteenth century, more than Reform Bills and Poor Laws.

Marxism, in its assertion of history as realizable purpose and will, of all wealth and every human act as morally significant, derives its ethic from Christianity; and like Christianity, Marxism offered to fulfill the hope of prophets and enlightened pagans and the early Christian community—in the only way it could be fulfilled in a capitalist world.

Marxism answered the question that churchmen, in a massive failure of nerve, would not ask: why is it that machinery, which might have ended slavery forever, has multiplied it? The long hope of good men has been for that unlaborious earth, in which each man might live to his full and varied humanity. Eden is a picture of it. But most men have been poor broken shafts, things to be used though persons to feel the continual pain of hunger and exhaustion, as Lowell wrote of American Negro slaves just before the 1860 election. Not free for thought or beauty or worship, the capitalist

slave might finally be thrown out into a bloody field, killing fellow slaves and dying to sustain the enslavement of his own children, as in 1914.

Subhuman Existence

The body, the temple of the spirit, was always regarded by the powers that be as a tool or a weapon, in Egypt, in Scythia, in Persia, or Greece, or Rome. To read Herodotus is to see a world devoted to Satan, where most men lived as non-men under anti-men. It was also the world of the Imperial Church and the New Europe thereafter, a world where slaves, then serfs, then peasants, chose certain death by insurrection and torture rather than a hopeless death-in-life, in Tudor or Plantagenet England as in republican or imperial Rome. *Deus debet obedire diabolo* wrote Wyclif before the Revolt of 1381, and his theological thesis was a complement to a social truth: the world is under the dominion of Satan. Such an infernal world might have been transformed in the age of power machinery. It grew worse. Marx analyzed, and sought the temporal salvation of men with a respect for the human person that was only abstract or sentimental in most churchmen, who had forgotten their origin.

And so exponents of Christian-Marxist dialogue like Roger Garaudy are beside the point. The ideology and the religion are not merely compatible, they are concordant, two modes of the same purpose. Each knows, as pagans did not, that the human person includes a body and the state includes workers, both to be revered as essentials in the real world, which is God's world. Each knows that slavery is a contradiction, legal slavery a contradiction in ethics, wage slavery in economics.

To liberate men from one another and from machinery, to end slavery of all kinds forever, is to make existence fruitful for men, who were taught to pray, in the more explicit English versions, that God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven: an earthly subjunctive before a heavenly indicative. For in the world men must work to help bring God's kingdom. Men can be saved only as men, and as men they must live, produce, consume, and grow. The end of human perfection is at a secular level in Marxism, in its full dimension in Christianity. But eschatology does not annul political economy—it includes it; and Christianity does not deny Marxism, but implies it.

Each, in its ideal ends, rejected slavery, which has always been a human temptation, the establishing of pride and greed, and of mastery where no man can be called master. It has been a universal impulse, transformed, sometimes scarcely so, in the family and the school, visible in every social exchange. The vision of Christians and prophets has been to receive other men freely, and to allow them to receive God freely. Slavery, according to its kind and degree, frustrates that open growth of men and frustrates God, forces the free human will to another man's, then legalizes and even consecrates the force and iniquity.

If most cultures have embraced the sin, so has ours, and does now. Every mastery means a slavery. Besides the slavery of racism and of wage systems for millions that are below our own subsistence standards, the violent American slavery today is a new imperialism, the tyranny of one will over another, offering death as the alternative to submission. It bears the marks of more apparent slaveries: group identification, as in the methodical extermination of Asians; contempt for life and for the human person, as in body counts; pretended legalities within

(Continued on page 8)

"To Stand Where One Must Stand..."

(Continued from page 2)

interpretation I have read says that the incident refers not to taxes in general but a special tribute tax to Rome and that the objection of the Pharisees was also due in part to the fact that the coin bore Caesar's image and therefore there is the suggestion of idolatry. Jesus shames them because they quietly use the coins in daily business dealings all the rest of the year . . . (from Gunther Bornkamm's *Jesus of Nazareth*) . . . emphasis on the second half of the sentence, and the need for personal determination of what is God's.

December 26, 1967: You might like this line of Dan's (Berrigan) on Jesus' parable-speaking: "The purpose of His speech: to create imaginative men, capable of imagining the real world." He also says "to stand where one must stand, to plant the landmarks by which the unborn will be enabled to walk."

January 10, 1968: A small reflection: Part of the suffering and anguish of embracing nonviolence is the result of the fact that nonviolence is in its infancy as a tool for social change, that is, as an alternative to violence it remains largely unexplored. I refuse to believe that pacifism is simplistic and foolish, because ultimately the question of war must be reduced to its personal moral limits: will I kill?

The perception of the futility of violence and the fact that it cannot be a means to the transformation of the world, along with the refusal to kill, are the foundations of pacifism. To be a pacifist means to 1) be a center of new values to demonstrate and incarnate (or perhaps more modestly to point to), to be a sign of that spirit (or as George Fox says, "that life and power that take away the occasion of all wars") 2) to serve and build, to be a constructive and reconciling force; 3) to develop, explore, and experiment with nonviolence as a technique (as well as the above suggests a way of life). One aspect of the fantastic wisdom of the Catholic Worker is the balance that it offers in this regard.

January 19, 1968: One of the terrible problems about the future is that you can't do everything. Choosing means eliminating. This becomes especially difficult now when I am removed, inactive. Involved in action, the question doesn't really arise, there is the sense of a great deal to do, of things undone and yet the demands and satisfactions of what you are doing seem sufficient. To decide one must first know himself—where am I strong, where weak, what can I do best? Know the times—every season has its work—and to be aware of the possibilities—the variety of historical responses, what others are doing today.

Thursday it was warm and there was early fog. Until about two the woods out the west windows were white, every twig and branch sheathed in ice. It was very beautiful.

January 30, 1968: I'll start cold. The parole board denied me. I got word in the mail yesterday. It was hardly unexpected and I had thought I had completely set myself to accept it. Still there was some disappointment. As many reasons as there are for not wanting parole it is impossible not to want to get out a few months earlier. If I get extra good days—I am applying for them—I will get out in February 1969, otherwise it will be March. Thirteen or fourteen months to go.

February 3, 1968: Sandstone is such a violent world. The earth is so incredibly violent. Did you hear about the Maryknollers in Guatemala? Again the question of violence. It is a question weighing so heavily on so many dear people today. Me too. I go through it a million times, and the

answer in my heart, my head, and my bones is always the same—nonviolence. I have been reading the *Liberation* double issue on A. J. Muste. All of me says yes. Still there is the frightening failure of words, I can't answer; no power to persuade. The suffering of the people seems so unbearable, so interminable sometimes. When will the earth be born? Scalding tears frequently fill my eyes just reading the news. I worry—am I a fanatic? A purist? Do I set my "conscience" above liberation? No, I don't. I believe this way is right. Still there is a danger. I must be more flexible, more genuinely tolerant. Other good men have different lights. It is a sign of my lack of maturity that I feel defensive with and alienated from those who have chosen a different way. It is clear in A. J.—he worked with everybody, respecting them and trusting them, loving them as men, as comrades, and never forgetting for a moment his way, which was almost never their way, revolutionary pacifism. He was a giant. I really love him. February 11 he is dead a year. Do I make any sense?

February 8, 1968: I got a *Worker* yesterday. What a light in the darkness! I have only read *Christie Street* so far but that was beautiful. The *Worker* is many things, but the foundation, the beginning, the roots, are *Christie Street*. There is a phrase of Peter's that has been on my mind much lately. It throws light on many things. Peter talks about "the gentle personalism of traditional Christianity." To hope to see things rightly I know that I must stand firmly in that ground. That is why poverty and the works of mercy are so essential and any movement that is cut off from them is constantly subject to the cancer of ideological self-righteousness and gives way to rantings.

February 18, 1968: At its worst, this place makes of a man a living corpse, a sort of zombie. There is also the possibility here, as with me, of becoming cerebral. What is impossible is any bodily delight, vitality. As I said before, it is the deadly barrenness that is the deepest fact.

Reading Scripture, though parts are extraordinarily powerful, much is irrelevant and much just plain not true. I am certain that if forced to choose between Gandhi and St. Paul I would choose Gandhi without hesitation. Gandhi is more revelatory for me. The same is true of Buber, Silone, Camus.

Buber says: "The mighty revelations to which the religious reveal are like in being with the quiet revelations that are to be found everywhere and at all times. The mighty revelations which stand at the beginning of great communities and at the turning point of an age are nothing but eternal revelations."

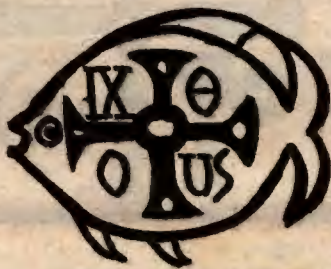
I suppose this is all really nothing, objectively. But for one who has been a "believing" Catholic to admit this is difficult. The crucial problem, I think, then is this: what is your principle of verification? If you accept the traditional idea of revelation then once you have decided, with the magisterium, on the correct interpretation of Scripture, you know the truth. This is comforting, secure. One is protected from rationalism and skepticism, and I remember the very real fear they have held for me. The only principle I can assert is personal, the gut reaction, that which is verified in every cell, those truths the abandonment of which I know clearly would be the abandonment of my very self, my own lights. This is the only test that works. I do not mean to imply it is simple. It is rational, but much more than that. Though it is historical, conditioned, still, I experience it as somehow absolute, revelatory. Ultimately I really trust these lights, trust my deepest self, or that

which reveals (is revealed) in my deepest self.

March 19, 1968: I am tired tonight and deep down dry. Prison is a hard, illusion-shattering place—that is, one can't long maintain too many illusions because they simply don't sustain. Sustenance is subsistence here. The only real, clear feeling tonight is a hard, hot quiet, jagged nugget of longing in my stomach—the longing to be with you, to touch you, to know again that infallible "language." To be out of the desert and back again in life's green.

March 27, 1968: Monday I moved to my new dormitory. Quiet, almost morgue-like. It is a thousand times better to work during the day and I am almost ecstatic. It was getting to the point upstairs where I could squeeze out, between the inevitable distractions, at most two hours of quiet per full day. Tuesday is was gorgeous, perhaps 60 degrees—and I blew (was positively snakey) the whole day talking sitting in the sun. At the risk of being deceived by Siberian weather I would say Spring has actually broken through. I think I can see beginnings of buds on the trees. I have been getting very involved with the Afro-American group here. I think it could be a very good thing. They have me writing letters, inviting speakers, helping with the educational program and working as associate editor of the bi-weekly newsletter.

April 2, 1968: I wasn't planning on it, because of my low nausea



threshold, but because I didn't feel like doing anything else, I watched LBJ Sunday night. I am really happy I did now, of course. I didn't believe he really said it. It really shocked me and I felt that I had personally been delivered some very good news. I couldn't be too analytical because I was just too goosey happy. The thought that kept going through my mind was: the end of the war is in sight, this is the beginning of the last chapter. What a wonderful thought! I even started liking LBJ. I hope he is a very happy rancher and a grandfather many times.

May 16, 1968: When I think of Phil and the gang (Phil Maloney and family, of the Catholic Worker in New York, presently studying in Toronto), K. Basil and all the other people in Winona (K. B. O'Leary, a Christian Brother from St. Mary's College in Winona, Minnesota) I just sort of feel like a marshmallow. A big, lumpy, indiscriminately lovely, four-beers-under-his-belt marshmallow. LIFE is bigger, more obstinate, better and just all around prevails—than death. I had a small but important vision I've had sometimes before but often forget. I saw how fragile, dear, shy, mysterious, impenetrable and unrepeatable we all are, how much more than all our studied meanness.

June 9, 1968: About Catonsville. (Nine Catholics, including the Fathers Berrigan, napalm Selective Service files as an act of protest in Catonsville, Maryland) I remember something Staughton Lynd said at a Fellowship of Reconciliation meeting. He said we should have faith in those acts which are proportionate (commensurate, he said) with our deepest anguish over the war, our sense of sin, faith that those acts will be redemptive and powerful. The act does speak to me, it is immensely powerful—for me. I don't know how it can be seen as "an offensive, sort of prank" (National

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

proved a blessing to the community as well as to us. One end of the casino was made into a chapel for the farm so that we would be close to the Blessed Sacrament winter and summer, and every night the rosary and compline are said there, and all our friends and benefactors are remembered. Every Wednesday morning, one of the Marist fathers come from their novitiate nearby to offer Mass for us.

Steinway and Bar Exchange

There had been a bar in the casino which had served as a dance floor, and I was happy to donate the bar to the American Legion, which in turn donated to us two pianos, one of them a Steinway. We had to take both, and the other is most suitable for the children to enjoy in the casino. No hanging will hurt it, nor will the noise bother us.

Donal Brown, chemist at the Corning Glass Works, Steuben County, is really responsible for the Day Care center. Last August I visited him and he conducted me on a tour of some of the migrant camps in his area. He spoke of the difficulty of finding suitable places where Day Care Centers could be set up and showed me some of the facilities used, which were not as convenient as our casino. I spoke of this to Gus Rhodes and Mrs. Pearl Johnson at the Office of Economic Opportunity, now located at Dover Plains, New York and within a few weeks the Center was set up to shelter the children last September and October. It was a question of learning by doing. This year everything is going more smoothly, and the Youth Corps is participating, helping the group leaders who consist of young people from the neighborhood. The work is staggered so that some come early and leave at two thirty and others have split shifts and can take time off to swim or rest. After five in the afternoon all the little ones have gone home to the camps or to their homes, and then there is a clean up. Last night two seminarians from the Marists did a thorough job of mopping and straightening out. There are always a few volunteers around among the girls who are visiting us, so one never hears a baby cry. In addition to our pool there are several small plastic pools for the babies to refresh themselves in, and what a lovely sight they are!

It is "holy mother the state"

Catholic Reporter editorial). The editorial faults them for wrongly "ence" to the American ruling attributing a "conscious malevolence." Obviously this is irrelevant, because once you admit things are as they say, it is really not too important how conscious the criminals are or what their motives are. Rosemary Reuther (in a letter in June 5th NCR) is wrong to assume that they feel those who are not with them are "against them and God." They are much more modest, I would think. Perhaps these—NCR, Commonweal, Reuther—expect too much from an act. I suspect the nine people know or are learning the limits of their action. Perhaps we do not know too much about suffering. We reel at a prison term for friends but barely flinch over the incredible suffering the Vietnamese bear. The act points at this, I think, as well as much else. Though I am confused about this these days, what Reuther seems to rule out, and I and they can't, is nonviolent revolution. This act may be later seen as an early light in a continuum. The editorial says but really does not believe what they say about the flames in the darkness. The actors are willing to take a little chance. The Spirit breaks in clumsily, but it breaks in.

which provides all food and the furnishings for this work, cots and cribs, tables and chairs, playground furniture for the children, and other volunteers come in with games and toys. In the evening when the place is quiet one can find Sally Corbin (aged six), busily engaged in reading all the books in the little library.

Our last issue came out June 6th. It was a May-June issue and may have reached you much later since we were embroiled in packing to move. June 6th I had lunch with Betty Bartelme, Religious Editor of *Maecmillan's*, to celebrate the coming out of *A Penny a Copy*, a Catholic Worker reader, compiled by Tom Cornell and James Forest of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, and typed up by Marge Hughes, one of our editors. Not much attention was paid to Catholic Worker editors' choices of writings, nor were we shown proofs of our own writings, so that some mistakes occurred. For instance in an article of mine in which I tried to deal with the reasons for our returning interest money to the city of New York, the word *compromise* is printed as *comprise*. My meaning was blurred, to say the least.

However, it is good reading and I spent an evening with it with great enjoyment. And I must concede it is a better reader than the one Ammon Hennacy was preparing some years ago, which was filled with bits of this and that from articles, rather at the expense of unity and logic, so that it seemed a bit too much like a patchwork quilt. Besides, it would have been about a thousand pages long. *A Penny a Copy* was reviewed last week in *Ave Maria* by an old friend of ours who had known us since our beginnings on East Fifteenth Street and Avenue A. He helped furnish our first house of hospitality. I liked the review (it was a feature article) very much indeed.

The McCormack's

The next day, Charles and Agnes McCormack picked me up at Kenmare Street and drove me through the terrible Long Island traffic to East Hampton, where we were to spend the weekend with the Whalens. Duane and Mary met at the Catholic Worker Friday night meeting, just before the close of World War II. She had been studying art in New York and was on her way back to the midwest and by chance dropped in at 115 Mott Street. It was love at first sight. When they married they took a little apartment on Elizabeth Street and began housekeeping with donations from our Italian neighbors and the CW. Duane was a lawyer, like his father before him, and his first case was one of our CW men who had wandered while drinking into a respectable home and, helping himself to a bottle of liquor, steered down to enjoying TV. He was surprised to find the charge of breaking and entering lodged against him, more surprised to find himself enjoying the hospitality of the jail when he had expected dismissal of the case. Duane was not a very good lawyer, Joe concluded. He was better at real-estate law and after their first child the Whalens went to Long Island and, with Duane's sister and her husband, a community was started which has become populous indeed. There are twelve children in the Whalen family and ten in the Konceliks'. Or have I skipped a few? Their first houses, which the young couples built themselves, were three-room cabins with a pump at the kitchen sink, and an outhouse which satisfied the plumbing requirements. They lived in these cabins, with the heat supplied by a kitchen stove, until the fifth child in each family was born and then with loans from relatives and their own savings, houses were built which have grown in size over the years. The cabins are still there to take care of guests. The Konceliks have cows. What a joyful and successful little com-

(Continued on page 8)

PAX AMERICANA

Dragged backward from sleep
By an embryonic fear
Into the smothered
Darkness of the room
I hear the chronic
Muttering of drains
And dimly hear
The tolling bells
In all the scattered
Valleys of the world
Mourning the young war dead.

A volume of Tacitus
Haunts my mind,
Parched blood on the earth
The stones with sticky lips
Crying out,
Prodigies creeping from wombs
And the Roman People
Hiding their eyes
With their hands.

CHRISTOPHER POLLOCK

Revolutionary Experience

(Continued from page 4)

August 8, 1967, which concluded the first 9 months of activity, and, at the time, marked the first real low for the movement, which was now reduced, in Che's group, to 22 men, three of whom were crippled, and Che himself burdened by asthma, which he could not stop, for he lacked the simple medicine required, it being confiscated by the enemy. He would soon lose toward the end of August that part of the guerrilla which for months he had been trying vainly to contact.

"We walked effectively something like an hour, which seemed more like two to me due to the weariness of the little mare. In a moment of temper, I struck her in the neck with a whip, wounding her badly . . .

"At night I brought everybody together and gave them the following lecture: we are in a difficult situation; Pacho has gotten better today but I am just a human carcass, and the episode of the little mare proves that at some moments I have lost control; that will be modified, but the situation must weigh squarely on everybody and whoever does not feel capable of sustaining it should say so.

"It is one of those moments when great decisions must be taken; this type of struggle gives us the opportunity not only to turn ourselves into revolutionaries, the highest level of the human species, but it also allows us to graduate as men; those who cannot reach either one of these two stages should say so and leave the struggle."

Much can be said about this passage, especially the incident of the mare, which bears witness to Che's honesty and integrity, but also puts the question of violence and its effects upon man's character in perspective; I should like to confine myself, however, to the concluding paragraph in which Che addresses his men with what I take to be the essential core of a revolutionary way of life. That is, one is not a revolutionary simply by declaring oneself so and taking up a rifle or placard. No matter how committed one is (and they were at this point 9 months and countless privations deep in the guerrilla stage alone), one cannot predicate that term of oneself unless one confronts the next situation in a radical and superior fashion. No matter how many obstacles one has surpassed in the past, it is the next one that matters. It is all or nothing moment by moment. More than that, we must remember that he is telling his men this in one of the darkest hours of the campaign, when success (even survival) appeared impossible. Only in the face of such despair and failure can the true measure of a man be taken, for only then does there exist the opportunity to surpass ourselves, "to turn ourselves into revolutionaries, the highest level of the human species . . . (and it) allows us to graduate as men." The great decision is, then, to continue, to endure in the face of utter defeat: that is revolutionary. To accomplish it is exemplary.

I must take brief note, too, of the fact that he speaks of the revolutionary as the highest level of the human species, not, as Sartre and Fanon do, as the human species, with the consequence that the enemy or oppressor is inhuman or non-human. Che's treatment of prisoners, his relations with his men, and his attitude toward the peasants testifies to his humanity and understanding.

The final characteristic of the revolutionary way of life embraces all the aforementioned ones and gives to the role its dignity and stature: Sacrifice. I think it is evident from the Diary that Che did, as Mr. Castro states, sacrifice his own security and hence his life for that of two wounded comrades. And if Mr. Castro's account of his death is accurate, and I have no reason to doubt it, for it is totally consistent with the man, then we must affirm with Ignazio Silone (*Bread and Wine*) that "No word and no gesture can be more persuasive than the life, and, if necessary, the death of a man who strives to be free, loyal, just, sincere, disinterested; a man who shows what a man can be."

Thus this Diary, aptly described as being of "revolutionary content, pedagogic, and human," contains within it the characteristics inherent in the revolutionary way of life, violent or non-violent: the isolation of men alone in a struggle against the elements, the apathy of the masses, and the oppressive structures; the intense community life counteracting the isolation, while at the same time sustaining those involved; the totality of the revolutionary thing in so far as the spirit of it must pervade all actions, no matter how minute; the possession and practice of such virtues as endurance, obedience, and movement to a superior degree; the unromantic character of the day by day involvement; the constant need—better, demand—to surpass oneself even in the face of bitter defeat, and finally, the sacrifice of not only basic needs, but of one's life for the sake of others and the ongoing revolution.

Draft Warning

173 Davis Ave
Brookline, Massachusetts
02146

Dear Editors:

Peg Scarpa wrote in the April issue that some of the Amish families with draft problems are moving to Costa Rica and other Central and South American countries. According to the Vancouver Committee to Aid American War Objectors (P.O. Box 4231, Vancouver 9, British Columbia, Canada), which seems to have done the most thorough study of extradition treaties, Americans can be extradited back to the United States for draft-law offenses from: Argentina, Chile, Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, and Panama.

In Peace,
Joan Sherman

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

Traveling

By AMMON HENNACY

We left Salt Lake City on April 30th and our first stop was at San Antonio, where we had an interesting meeting with people of all ages, from the wife of my roommate in Madison, Wisconsin in 1915 to young folk from St. Mary's who had twice tried to have me speak there in the past, but had been overruled by those in charge.

When Mother Bloor was sixty-five she hiked across the United States and said that the most beautiful sight was the desert flowers blooming near Florence, Arizona. We saw desert flowers blooming after the rains all through southern Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.

We said hello to the Koinonia community near Americus, Georgia, which many of us CW's had visited in the Fifties when it was being harassed by the K.K.K. We met Clarence Jordan and the Witt-kampers. Although there have been no Negroes in the community for some years, three of the boys attend the Negro high school in Americus.

We arrived in Washington the day before the Poor People's Campaign did and were able to speak to Dave and Cathy Miller on the phone. My old friend Bob Sherrill gave me a copy of his book *The Accidental President*, which describes the tricks of his fellow Texan, who is the only man from that state ever to become President.

We stopped in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to see the Shenks. This is Amish country, where people travel by horse and buggy, although the Ford and Dodge people proclaim loudly through their signs that the country belongs to them. Next day we had a hurried meeting in Philadelphia, where Charlie Butterworth introduced me to a fine group of young folks.

In New York City we were pleased to see Smokey Joe still at the CW. Some of the other men knew me, but I could not remember their names, only their faces. I remembered Walter, Jack, Chris and Nicole, and of course Jonas, with his sassafras tea. I felt at home in the kitchen speaking to all. I did miss Flannery, the old I.R.A. man who always interrupted the meetings with irrelevant questions. They told me that he had died. Janet, as usual, had a party for us, where we met most of our old friends. Perhaps I should learn not to make such a speedy schedule, but we did get to Tivoli a half hour before Dorothy Day and Stanley Vishnewski returned from Vermont. I knew most of the folks there and was glad to see them again. We had to rush on for a meeting that night, which Mike True had planned at Assumption College in Worcester, Massachusetts. Questions from students and a later phone-in session on the radio were interesting.

From there we drove down to the Committee for Non-Violent Action Farm in Voluntown, Connecticut. We hoped to see Marj Swann, but she had gone to the Spock trial in Boston. They have a stone house a couple of hundred years old with a huge

(Continued on page 8)

A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

thirty-five children are usually on hand to take part in the program. More toys and playground equipment have been added. Good food is provided. So many children necessarily make considerable noise, but except for the day of the inoculations, it is usually a happy noise.

In addition to the children coming to us with the swimming class and day-care-center programs, we have also many children living with us this summer. Tamar Hennessey, Dorothy's daughter, with five of her own and a few of her neighbors, has been with us since late June. Now that Tom Cornell is serving his sentence in Danbury, Monica and her two children are with us. Catherine Miller and her daughter Juanita Clare are also here, though Catherine hopes to find a place where she can be nearer to David, who is serving his sentence in Allenwood, Pennsylvania. Anita with her three children, is also staying here, taking a vacation from the slums of New York City. Gene Bailey and Nicole D'Entremont have brought up several Puerto Rican children from our First Street neighborhood for weekends. On other weekends we have had groups of children from Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Throughout the summer we have had many visitors who have come accompanied by their children. All in all, it has been a summer of children, children who perhaps—after this brief encounter with beauty and a place where peace can be—may grow up to "seek peace and secure it."

Some of our visitors have, of course, been adults. Dr. and Mrs. Stern spent their vacation with us in July. Mrs. Stern, who broke her hip last year, has made a wonderful recovery and after a few trials was able to swim the length of our pool. Until he succumbed to a rather bad case of summer flu, Karl gave us nightly concerts, entertained us with card tricks, regaled us with witty conversation, played chess with Stanley, and one night gave a lecture on alienation, (based on the material in a new book he is writing) to us and many of our friends from neighboring religious orders. Joe and Audrey Monroe also spent much of their vacation with us, making us the happier thereby. Other visitors have included: Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner; Ed and Johanna Turner with their son, Tommy; Sister Suzanne Gaudet; Mrs. Anne Johnson Spurcell with daughter, Debbie; Charlie Butterworth; Jim and Linda Forest; Julia Porcelli Moran with her husband and their four charming children; Charlie Murray; Karl-Heinz Tabeing, a young man from Germany who is studying to be a priest; five young men from Japan; and a number of seminarians, priests, and members of religious orders, as well as many others, too many to be named.

With the many children and the hotel-like influx of visitors during the summer season, there is, of course, a great deal of work to be done. The regulars—Hans Tunnesen, Fred Lindsay, Alice Lawrence, and Joan—have performed heroic feats in the kitchen, but have certainly appreciated the volunteer helpers. Alice Lawrence was certainly delighted when Mike Boyle, who helped us so much last year, arrived in time to help with the heavy cooking for the Pax weekend. In the cleaning department Kay Lynch has also rejoiced in many helpers—Tony, the history student, who has been one of our best all-round workers, Karl the German seminarian, the five young Japanese, and Dunston Coleman, who came with his grandmother, Emily Scarborough Coleman, to live with us for a time and help with the work. Several of the volunteers have also helped John Filligar, the farmer, whose regular helpers have been Larry Evers and Wally

Kendrick. Many others, both from our own community and our summer volunteers, have done more than I can begin to mention.

It is August. On the table in the dining room are Queen Anne's lace, black-eyed Susans, and gold-embroid, gathered by John Filligar, and on another table wild roses gathered by Mary Houde, and fragrant as the first rose of June. In my little garden, which Reggie Highhill has tended so carefully—even as he has his own—the lavender which Tamar gave me last summer is flowering, sweet as a poem, sweet as a song. It is August and few birds sing. Yet the other day I heard an oriole singing a jaunty goodbye. Now on this cool August night, children are quiet. Crickets and katydids make the most of their hour. Someone, somewhere, strums a guitar, but the crickets and katydids sing another tune. O God, for whom the crickets and katydids sing, help us to make a revolution which will truly bring the peace of resurrection.

"Seditious" Student

256 Kalalau St.
Honolulu, Hawaii
96821

Dear Sir:

We urgently call attention to the plight of Mr. Chen Yu-hsi, a former grantee of the East-West Center, located at the University of Hawaii and financed by the United States State Department. A brilliant student from Taiwan, he received an M.A. in economics in June 1966 and served as a teaching assistant during the following year. With the encouragement of the East-West Center and the Department of Economics he applied for and was awarded a research fellowship at Brown University to work towards a Ph.D. However, the government of the Republic of China denied him permission to pursue this program, perhaps because during his stay in Hawaii Mr. Chen reportedly participated in a demonstration against the war in Vietnam.

In August 1967 Chen left Hawaii and went to Japan, where he audited courses at Hosei University. On February 8th of this year he was called to the Immigration Office in Tokyo and on the following day was deported to Taiwan. There he has since been held incommunicado, without any formal charges being lodged against him. Even his family was not notified of his situation and discovered his whereabouts only after a six weeks' search. According to a U.P.I. dispatch of June 25th, Chen will shortly be charged with sedition, a capital offense under the code of martial law that has obtained in Taiwan since the current regime's advent nineteen years ago, and he will be tried before a military tribunal. There is no appeal from the tribunal's decision. The specific charges against Chen are expected to be that he contributed articles to a "communist" newspaper in Japan and allegedly attempted to defect to mainland China.

We are concerned to ensure that Chen Yu-hsi has the fairest trial possible under the circumstances: (1) that the date and place of his trial be announced well in advance; (2) that the trial be open to the public; (3) that he be represented by counsel of his own choice; (4) that cross-examination of witnesses be permitted; (5) that the verdict be released promptly. Hence we urge that interested persons write immediately to their Congressmen and to the Human Rights Commission (c/o United Nations, New York, N.Y.) asking them to pursue the case and to insure that an impartial observer be present at the trial.

Karen Y. Lum
for the Student-Faculty
Union, University of Hawaii

Resurrection City Number Two

(Continued from Page 3)

the Governor is Gregory's immediate release.

At the time of its destruction the Indians' camp contained three large lodges and four regular tents, with more tipis on the way from tribes east of the Mountains. Life had fallen into a traditional native pattern, with the children scurrying about under the big maples, an Indian woman tying her very small child onto his buckskin board, while nearby a man softly beat out an old song rhythm on a drum. A medicine man, from the Chumash tribe, told the older children tales of ancient times, the why of Indian customs, and their own religion. Surprisingly, many Indians retain their own native religion, despite decades of the most intense persecution.

The campsite itself was kept scrupulously clean, with a garbage can beside each tipi. Native children tend not to be litterbugs, and the adults strictly enforced disposal rules of the camp. Although the days had been quiet, the nights were something else again. An apparently well-organized campaign of harassment went on. Cars came by, in groups, circled the camp and threw bottles, bricks and other objects at the residents. Some children were hit. The State's officials where told that if they didn't move the Indians out, the ultra-rightists would. During the daytime, Governor Wallace's supporters picketed the camp—the signs they carried plugged his Presidential candidacy, besides proclaiming that the Indians were being "used"—apparently by the "Communists"—but no violence occurred during the daylight hours and the Indians simply ignored the white racists. Trouble occurred only in the evening hours when the tourists had all gone home and the police were conveniently absent. Governor Dan Evans is said to nurse political ambitions on a national scale. He will be the opening speaker at the Republican Convention and wishes to create a "liberal" image. So an Indian battle, right on the Capitol's own lawn, wouldn't fit into the script. Not yet, anyway—later on, it might be an asset.

One of the Indians' press releases, given a virtual blackout by the local newspapers, states that inasmuch as the whites have now broken yet another treaty with the tribes, they too are no longer bound by its provisions. Therefore they are reclaiming all their peoples' lands that were ceded in that particular treaty. (Which happens to include the State Capitol and the city of Olympia). They are willing to have it settled by an international tribunal, appointed by the United Nations. They no longer have any faith in the white man's courts, or in his sense of justice—where it involves anyone not of his race—but they are willing to abide by a UN decision.

The United Nations is gradually becoming a last court of appeal for all the non-white races with grievances. It is the only body they still have respect for, perhaps because the majority there, as in the world itself, is non-Caucasian. It could be our last safe harbor against the unspeakable horror of a world-wide race war.

Treaty Ignored

Richard on the Columbia River, Richard Sohappi went fishing with his uncle and younger brother and was arrested. Now it so happens that he is on leave home from Vietnam to recuperate from his latest wound. He has four Purple Hearts, a Silver Star, a Bronze Star, and an Army

Commendation Medal, plus some lesser medals, for fighting in the white man's wars. (While many of those who arrested him have very carefully stayed at home.) They were fishing, under the treaty rights of the Yakima tribe, now also under attack. Their boat, motor, and nets were confiscated.

Commercial or net fishing seems to be little restricted in the areas dominated by the white fishermen, but extensively controlled in the tribal area. Today white sportsmen catch an estimated million salmon a year while white commercial fishermen account for sixty thousand tons of salmon a year. This is roughly ninety-five per cent of the entire salmon catch. But the Caucasians have extensive, well-financed, and effective lobbies in the seats of power, whereas the Indians have only the protection of a treaty. (With a nation, of course, that is willing to fight a war over its sacred treaty obligations to South Vietnam.) The various tribes signed these treaties with the whites in good faith over a hundred years ago, but now they are all being systematically violated.

As he sits in jail, awaiting trial, what does the often decorated Richard Sohappi think about it all? Has he been fighting the wrong war at the wrong time? It's a question that many Indians are asking themselves today. When Dean Rusk, from Cherokee County Georgia (no more Cherokees, of course, their treaties broken too) talks about our "sacred commitments"—just who in hell is he speaking for?

We'll close with an Indian joke, making the rounds today—it concerns the recent discovery of the oldest skeletal remains of man yet uncovered on our piece of terra firma. Some sixty thousand years old, from the banks of the Columbia River, an Indian fisherman. They wonder if he had the white man's permission to use his nets there.

Christian Marxism

(Continued from page 5)

a fundamental criminality, as in the constitution of puppet regimes; a hardening and augmenting of brutality, as in the sophistication of weaponry; the maintenance of a leisured and wealthy superstructure on the base of oppression, as in American general affluence, the system, as President Johnson says, that we are fighting to preserve; the outrage of reason and logic, the human applications of divine intelligence, as in the announcement of escalation as restraint and massacre as liberation.

The response of the Christian churches to the new slavery has been tardy but wholesome, and even the American Catholic episcopate, in many of its members, has moved from endorsement to acceptance to disapproval to dissent. The enormity of imperialist slavery has been acknowledged in spite of national loyalty and cultural endearment, as the guilt or failure of Christianity has long been admitted by honest Christians. Writing of his Christian fellowmen who organized the spoliation of Wesley in the 18th century, John Wesley cried out, "What devils incarnate were the managers there! What utter strangers to justice, mercy, and truth! to every sentiment of humanity! . . . I remember none in all the annals of antiquity that plundered the provinces . . . with such merciless cruelty . . . I believe no heathen history contains a parallel." But there have been parallels enough in modern Christian nations, from

the Spaniards in Mexico, to the Belgians in the Congo, and United States investors in Bolivia. And every national capitalism has plundered its own proletariat. The disparity of income and expenditure between the non-working rich and the laboring poor, in modern nations as in ancient, has usually been expressible by factors not of units or tens but of hundreds or thousands.

As Christians recognize that the moral dynamic of Marxism is their own, they may assert that the historical anti-Christ is the politics to which they have long been engaged. By their dissolution of those allegiances they might declare and help to realize what centuries of compromise and betrayal have obscured: that the close of paganism was the beginning of a new life for men, and that the coming of the Messiah in history was more than a fable within a dream.

ED. NOTE: John Illo is Associate Professor of English at Monmouth College, West Long Branch, New Jersey and has written for the "Columbia University Forum" and other journals. His "Forum" article on Malcolm X has been reprinted in two anthologies.

Traveling

(Continued from page 7)

fireplace, and Bob Swann is building another house. We met Brad Lyttle and his wife Mary and other active pacifists.

I had invited Howard and Louise Moore at Cherry Valley, New York several times in the Fifties and we were pleased to see them again. Howard is one of seven of us who were in prison in World War I and risked five years in World War II by refusing to register for the draft. The others are: Evan Thomas, Julius Eichel, Howard Gray, Max Sandin and Paul Marquardt. (We later said hello to Paul at his farm in Minnesota. He is still spry and working, in his ninety-first year.)

We visited the farm where I was born, near Negley, Ohio. One sign said "No Trespassing" and another identified it as a place of research for a firm in California. We visited my sisters and brother in Cleveland and later had a rousing meeting at Antioch College, in Yellow Springs, one of the most alive places in the country. Before my meeting I heard a Trotskyite tell about his three months in Cuba. We said hello to my brother in Cincinnati.

Karl Meyer had arranged a meeting for me at the downtown Unity Unitarian Church in Chicago. Many I.W.W.'s came and we placed flowers on the graves of the Haymarket anarchists, at Waldheim Cemetery. We were very pleased to meet Mike Cullen, the very young but very efficient director of Casa Maria House in Milwaukee, for whom I have great hope. I spoke to a meeting which he had arranged at the coffee house in a Lutheran church. In Stevens Point, Wisconsin, Jim Missey had a gathering for us at his home. The students at the Minnesota State College in Duluth were having a party and the night I spoke there, so I had quality instead of quantity at the meeting, which had been planned by Jim Cain, a young anarchist with whom I have corresponded. Orin Doty, one of the four brothers who went to jail twice for refusing to register, had a fine group for me at his home in Minneapolis.

We will be picking the tax office in Salt Lake City this August.

Our society, which spreads violence all over the world, must at times get some of it at home. The hypocritical lamentations of those in power over the death of Robert Kennedy do not ring true.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

munity has grown up here. The pine woods are all around and the beach only a quarter of a mile away. A utopia indeed, I'm thinking, as I sit in the city at a typewriter on a hot Saturday in August.

The occasion for this visit was the graduation of Maria, one of the Whalen daughters, from the Academy in Sag Harbor, and I had been invited to speak. Sag Harbor is an old whaling town.

Retreat

This year in July I had the great joy of making a retreat (from Sunday to the following Saturday) led by a group from Fr. Lombardi's Better World Movement, a young Redemptorist priest, Fr. Salvatore Umare, C.S.R., Thomas Tewey, Christian Brother, and Phyllis Evans. It was thanks to Jean Walsh that I was able to make this retreat, which was attended by priests, nuns, and laymen, numbering altogether about forty. My only criticism would be that it was crowded with too much talk and discussion, and not enough time for reading and digesting the material we were studying. Living in community one hungers and thirsts for time alone, and silence, especially in a greatly diversified group such as this was.

Meeting

I drove from Long Branch, New Jersey, where the retreat took place, to Fellowship Farm near Pottstown, Pa., where Marjorie Penney and her husband, the sci-

entist Victor Paschke, introduced me to a high-school-age crowd of young people who had come to work and study the problems of the world around them. It was here that I met Charles Butterworth, years ago, who worked both in Staten Island and New York, and is now doing the same kind of work in Philadelphia, with students from LaSalle University, at St. Joseph House at 1807 North 8th Street. I was well repaid for the effort of speaking in such heat as we have been having by seeing the vigorous and exciting dancing which went on all evening, led by a Kalmuk, a descendant from Genghis Khan, it was said. He looked to me as though he had come from Siberia, or Mongolia, and the folk dances he taught the young crowd he was instructing were a joy to watch. He is married to a Brazilian and I enjoyed holding their baby while the young couple danced.

Back in New York the next day I arrived in time to receive a visit from Monsignor Paul Hanley Furley and Dr. Elizabeth Walsh both of whom had helped us much one summer when we had a conference house on Staten Island years ago.

I spent the next ten days commuting between Tivoli and city, and then went by bus to Rochester, New York, west of Rochester, to speak to a crowd of Vista workers, in training to work with the migrants who come to New York State to work in potatoes and apple picking. I was happy to find Helen Marie Gauchat there, returned from her Peace Corps duty in El Salvador and now teaching Spanish to a Peace Corps group. She brought her classes to the meeting that evening. Helen Marie

Rochester

That night I stayed with the Farnes, Art and Mary, who are still in charge of the Rochester House of Hospitality. We went to Fr. Ehman's Mass next morning and listened to a beautiful homily about St. Camillus, who was forerunner of the Red Cross, ministering to both sides in the armies of those days. He worked despite a painful ulcer on his leg which never healed, and it made me think of our Missouri Marie, whose legs are swollen with ulcers, heavily bandaged, yet she still hobbles about and keeps up with the duties she has imposed upon herself around the house of hospitality. I am praying to him to heal her.

Holy Land

3551 North Paulina Street
Chicago, Illinois 60657

My Dear Miss Dill:

It is disheartening but not surprising that so many of the Jews and Arabs split hawkishly right down the middle along religious or ethnic lines when it comes to the Middle East crisis.

At the risk of oversimplification, the fact is that the countries of the Middle East are mutually interdependent. We can grieve for the sufferings of the Arab refugees (a far cry from the superb civilization they had when Europe was still in darkness).

And we can grieve for the Israelis. Surely after almost two thousand years of persecution, the question of whether or not Israel has a right to exist as a nation is purely academic.

The Middle East desperately needs peace with justice. Which is one reason why Illinois Congressman Sidney Yates insists that the whole question of supplying American arms to that area must be reviewed with care and discretion.

The Middle East is a holy land not only because of its religious associations but primarily because it is filled with people in need. Surely it is up to the adherents of the three Abrahamic faiths to help them all.

Sincerely,

Mathias J. Hauman III,
Corresponding Secretary
The Abrahamic Society

Without attempting to elucidate here a principle which would hold good for all possible situations, we firmly believe that one of the most important calls made on the conscience of man of our time is to understand that the old ways must be set aside in favor of non-violence, the only way compatible with true "brotherhood."

(Letter from the assembly of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Canada, 1967).

I believe there is no more urgent task in the world than the disinfection of the public opinion of this country: the correction of those dangerous reflexes which past events and past propaganda have conditioned in Americans, and which make them think of Communism as incarnate evil, instead of as a set of ideas in which human beings believe and which, like other important human beliefs, have led to great achievements as well as great crimes. Neither the achievements nor the crimes are all on one side. The problem of our age is not how to stop, fight, or eradicate Communism. It is how to cope with its challenges and its appeals in such a way that the competing systems on the planet may produce more benefits to mankind than threats and suffering.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

STING
NETTLE

