

Fritz Eichenberg

The Wayfarer

Chronicle from the Farm

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

In the midst of a January thaw, Kathleen Rumpf, one week out of the Federal Women's Prison at Alderson, West Virginia, arrived at Peter Maurin Farm for a short visit with her Catholic Worker family. It was the weekend set aside for the first national observance of the birthday of that great civil rights leader, Martin Luther King, Jr., who gave his life in the nonviolent struggle to transform the tantalizing, ill-kept promise of freedom for an oppressed people into a living, vital reality. In the course of his intense, brave, brilliant, all-too-short life, Martin Luther King also became familiar with some quite uncomfortable jails. Dorothy Day, co-founder of the Catholic Worker, A. J. Muste, Ammon Hennacy, and others of the peace movement, acting in the great tradition of Thoreau and Gandhi, both taught and practiced nonviolent civil disobedience, and accepted, in a spirit of penance, the jail experiences often resulting from their acts. In recent years, many in the anti-nuclear peace

movement, especially those associated with Plowshares actions, have somewhat extended the boundaries of nonviolence, emphasizing the essential diabolic evil of nuclear weaponry and nuclearism, and have tried by their actions—at least symbolically—to beat these terrible nuclear weapons into plowshares. I think Kathleen received spiritual nourishment from all these great peace leaders, as well as from many anonymous workers in the vineyards of nonviolence, when she took part in the Griffiss Plowshares Seven action at Griffiss Air Base, Thanksgiving morning, 1983. Kathleen prepared for this action with prayer, study, and the works of mercy. Surely the eighteen months Kathleen spent at Alderson, as well as the weeks and months she spent in other jails for other peace actions, will help sustain us all who wish to work for peace in a world preparing mainly for war.

Maraquita Platov, a good friend of
(continued on page 2)

Our God Is Able

By MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling. (Jude 24)

At the center of the Christian faith is the conviction that in the universe there is a God of power Who is able to do exceedingly abundant things in nature and in history. This conviction is stressed over and over in the Old and the New Testament. Theologically, this affirmation is expressed in the doctrine of the omnipotence of God. The God Whom we worship is not a weak and incompetent God. He is able to beat back gigantic waves of opposition and to bring low prodigious mountains of evil. The ringing testimony of the Christian faith is that God is able.

There are those who seek to convince us that only man is able. Their attempt to substitute a man-centered universe for a God-centered universe is not new. It had its modern beginnings in the Renaissance and subsequently in the Age of Reason, when some men gradually came to feel that God was an unnecessary item on the agenda of life. In these periods and later in the industrial revolution in England, others questioned whether God was any longer relevant. The laboratory began to replace the church, and the scientist became a substitute for the prophet. Not a few joined Swinburne in singing a new anthem: "Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of

things . . ."

But alas! something has shaken the faith of those who have made the laboratory "the new cathedral of men's hopes." The instruments which yesterday were worshiped today contain cosmic death, threatening to plunge all of us into the abyss of annihilation. Man is not able to save himself or the world. Unless he is guided by God's spirit, his new-found scientific power will become a devastating Frankenstein monster that will bring to ashes his earthly life.

At times other forces cause us to question the ableness of God. The stark and colossal reality of evil in the world—what Keats calls "the giant agony of the world"; ruthless floods and tornadoes that wipe away people as though they were weeds in an open field; ills like insanity plaguing some individuals from birth and reducing their days to tragic cycles of meaninglessness; the madness of war and the barbarity of man's inhumanity to man—why, we ask, do these things occur if God is able to prevent them? This problem, namely, the problem of evil, has always plagued the mind of man. I would limit my response to an assertion that much of the evil which we experience is caused by man's folly and ignorance and also by the misuse of his
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Fulfilling the Dream

By DESMOND TUTU,

Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, South Africa

(Conclusion of an address given January 10, 1986 at Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, Maryland, to commemorate the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr.—Eds. note.)

. . . I don't know whether you recall a film in which Sidney Poitier was an escaped convict, manacled to a white fellow escapee. You will recall they both fall into a ditch which had slippery sides. The one convict claws his way to near the top, but can't make it, because his mate is still at the bottom, and drags him back to that bottom. If they were to escape at all it would have to be together.

In the end, you and I are manacled together; we are held together by the bond of our common humanity. So that there can never be a sectional freedom. Freedom is indivisible. No one can ever be truly free unless all are free. And Martin Luther King understood this fundamental truth very well, and so he constantly preached brotherhood and sisterhood, that we belong to one community. We are made for that one community. The Bible says we belong in the mantle of life, and we can survive, ultimately, only as we hold on to each other. We can survive only together.

You recall one of Martin Luther King's great sayings, amongst many, "If we don't live together as brothers, we will perish together as fools." Thank God for Martin; thank God that he was a giant among men and women. Thank God for his vision; thank God for his moral and physical courage. Jesus said, "Greater love than this has no one than to lay down their life for their friends." How else could he have proven his great love for his brothers and sisters, black and

white, than by laying down his life for them and so emulating his Lord and Master, and inspiring us to try to live out what is commonly called the Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi:

O Lord, make us instruments of your peace; where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that we will not so much seek to be consoled as to console, to be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love. For it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

For when we do this, then there will be the fulfillment of the dream of yet another visionary, St. John the Divine:

After that I saw a huge number, impossible to count, of people from every race, nation, tribe, and language; they were standing in front of the throne and in front of the Lamb, dressed in white robes and holding palms in their hands. They shouted aloud, "Victory to our God, Who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb!" And all the angels, who were standing in a circle around the throne, surrounding the elders and the four animals, prostrated themselves before the throne, and touched the ground with their foreheads, worshiping God with these words: "Amen. Praise and glory and wisdom, thanksgiving and honor, power and might to our God, for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 7:9-12)

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St. Joseph House

By EUGENE JIMENEZ

There was a knock and some sort of commotion at our door. I was on the house, and it was suppertime on Christmas Day. Answering the door, I met two men resembling each other, one young and one old. Father and son, as it turned out. The young man, short and wiry, dark-haired, with a big nose and no hat on this cold night, was loudly explaining something to his white-haired double.

"You ain't going in there! This is a place for bums! You think they're going to take care of you? Bums and derelicts come here!"

Putting on my most patient face, I asked if I could be of help. While the father stood cowed and silent, the son turned to me. "He was in my house acting crazy," he yelled. "I don't want him in my house." He then shouted some more at his father. I asked him to stop. Turning back to me, he said, "I know about this place! I live down the block, and I see what you guys do. I believe in God, and there ain't no God here. What do you do? You don't do nothing! You give away bread and butter to the bums. You're all a bunch of hypocrites trying to live for free. And this is my father. It's none of your business. You got a beef? Step outside and we'll find the beef!"

Spirited Debate

Now, the Catholic Worker traditionally welcomes open and spirited debate on a wide range of theological and social issues, but I was in no mood. Inviting the silent old man in, I closed the door, and wondered if I wasn't just interfering in someone else's business.

There is something in what the young man said to me. It is often very hard for me to see that our efforts at St. Joseph's House make even the tiniest difference in anyone's life. And Brother Paul once advised me to "quit hanging around here and get a job."

The old man's name was Ralph. Ralph and I stood at the bottom of the stairs, and said little to each other. I offered him coffee, and he accepted. It was good coffee. We had bought real milk, and real half-and-half for the holiday, not the usual powdered stuff. I handed Ralph his cup, guessing that he wanted to be alone for a bit, and threw myself into the Christmas fray.

Holidays at St. Joseph's can be pretty wild. There's plenty of work. Anarchy is tough going when many things have to be coordinated, and no one (not even

Frank) quite grasps the total picture. This year was no exception. There were gifts to be collected and wrapped (Bill, Bob, and Dan), turkeys to be roasted (Frank), stuffing to be made (Smitty), bread to be ordered (Jane? Kassie? not sure), a Christmas tree to be erected and decorated (many hands), and other lesser burdens. Christmas Day also includes our ham and egg breakfast at Nativity Church on Second Avenue for homeless folks in our area. This means ham to be sliced, and eggs to be cracked and scrambled. Not to mention the houses that need running, strangers who need welcoming, a paper that needs editing and mailing, and a computer that needs fixing, which was a very special headache indeed.

Selecting Presents

About those Christmas presents! As Bob patiently explained to me, the spirit of giving brings its own risks. Many of the Christmas gifts given and received here at the Catholic Worker are culled from donations. Bill, Bob, and Dan, our *ad hoc* gift committee, looked out for all sorts of things like perfume, combs, hairbrushes, and shirts in good condition. All gifts were anonymously given to members of our much-extended family with the hope that their second-hand origins would be overlooked. One year, a woman of our acquaintance threatened legal action against the C.W. upon receipt of one such gift. Because of ill health, this woman can no longer leave her building. And so it was with some trepidation that I called on her a few days after Christmas to bring her this year's gift, and to wish her well for the holidays. I contemplated the seeming unfairness of my role as I walked over to her apartment bearing only a hairbrush, a comb, and a bottle of inexpensive perfume. To my relief, and somewhat to my shame, she accepted them with graceful thanks, and was especially appreciative of the scent.

For those with an eye for exotica, this season's most unusual gift was a rubber pig-nose presented to Robbie Gamble by his parents. It attaches to the face by means of an elastic. The proud owner of said ornament wore it before admiring onlookers on a trip down from Canada. Alice looked particularly charming with it on. Matching rhinoceros-snouts are available. One size fits all.

In the midst of surveying our Christmas Day activity, I had not forgotten
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Chronicle from the Farm

(continued from page 1)

Kathleen and of ours, came down from Tannersville to share in the welcoming. Tom and Kate, who helped run the farm during one of the periods Kathleen lived with us, drove up from Baltimore with their little son, Tony. Tanya, Kachina, and Charlotte McMurry joined us Sunday evening. Paul Frasier, another peace and civil rights activist, came over from Newburgh to talk with Kathleen. Carol, Jerylin, Zoe, and Eartha were away on vacation, but Carol called Kathleen to welcome her back by telephone. Marc and Steve had worked hard to make things ready, and to prepare some delicious food. It was a pleasant relaxed weekend, with all of us interested in Kathleen's account of her prison experiences. Peace and freedom seemed quiet presences among us when George led us in Vespers. *Deo Gratias.*

Need for Prayer

Kathleen's visit certainly brought us joy, though the joy was mingled with sadness. Jack and Susie McMurry, who normally would have been part of our welcoming celebration, could not be pres-

ding much time in prayer, and that she would be urging us all to pray more. I hope that many of our readers will join us in prayers for great help and blessings for Susie and her family.

Their Last Need

Early last fall, Mike Malinowski, who is in his eighties, though he came up from St. Joseph's House to live with us only about four years ago, underwent an operation for throat cancer at St. Luke's Hospital. After the operation the doctors discovered that the cancer had spread throughout his body, and that he needed the kind of care impossible to provide at the farm. Fortunately Mike was accepted by the Hawthorne Dominicans of Rosary Hill, who provide such wonderful care for the poor suffering in the terrible terminal stages of cancer. Although Rosary Hill is quite a drive from here, members of our community — Carol, Jerylin, Marc, Steve, with others on occasion — have visited frequently. They have always returned with praises for the Dominican nuns and the beautiful way they serve the poor who come to them in their last need. Mike has grown weaker, thinner, and has suffered a slight stroke. Often he does not recognize visitors, though he is always glad to have them. I hope that many of our readers will also join in our prayers for Mike.

Winter Antidotes

Sometime in the month of January, either before or after the thaw, I begin searching for antidotes to winter. For many years now one of my favorite antidotes has been the clear cheerful call of the chickadee, as it flies about in all kinds of weather, often in the vicinity of my window bird feeder. Another effective antidote is the visit of a good friend. This winter it was Kassie, who came in the coldest days of January to enliven us all with her stimulating, witty conversation, and to give me an added pleasure by reading to me from Chaim Potok's latest novel. Lively letters from friends also make good antidotes against winter's tedium. Linda Bunce writes me many such letters. In a recent letter she enclosed a photograph of Anna Gabriel Bunce-Vincent, taken at the time of her baptism when she was five and a half months old. This picture recalled to me that Sunday last October when Kassie and I, visiting Mike and Linda in West Virginia, joined a host of friends and family in celebrating Anna Gabriel's becoming a Christian. Now, a few months later, Anna Gabriel, a good Christian, helps relieve my heaviness of spirit. For many of us, good books are among the best antidotes to winter. The book which seems to have excited the most interest among many of us this winter is Helene Iswolsky's memoir, *No Time to Grieve*. Since Maraquita Platov read the entire book on tape for me, I shall be able to give a full report in the next issue. A group of Helene's friends commissioned the Winchell Press of Philadelphia to publish this book. We all owe them a debt of gratitude. Surely so many antidotes to winter will stir up a few harbingers of spring.

Now, like a skunk cabbage pushing up through snow in February, I watch for signs of spring. The lean, Lenten days are near, but Easter must follow Good Friday. O song sparrow, when will you sing? Pray for us, Dorothy Day and Martin Luther King, who lived the death to self, and knew the dream of spring, that springtime of love and peace and resurrection. Alleluia.

All art is propaganda, for in fact it is impossible to do anything, to make anything, which is not expressive of "value."
Eric Gill



Rita Corbin

Forced Relocation

Hopi and Navajo to Lose Sacred Lands

By TIM LAMBERT

In our traditional tongue there is no word for relocation. To move away means to disappear and never be seen again.

—Pauline Whitesinger,
Big Mountain Elder

This summer, the federal government plans forcibly to relocate thousands of Native Americans from lands their ancestors were the first to settle, and which are inextricably linked to the survival of their culture and religion.

The relocation is required by the Navajo-Hopi Land Settlement Act, passed by Congress in 1974. It authorizes that the former two million acre Joint Use Area (JUA) which the Navajo and Hopi Indians of northern Arizona have shared for hundreds of years, be divided by a barbed-wire fence into two equal parcels, Hopi living on one side, Navajo on the other. Those finding themselves on the wrong side of the fence will have to move. If they refuse, beginning in July 1986, they will be forcibly removed by U.S. marshals and the National Guard.

The Land Settlement Act was passed purportedly to resolve a land dispute. The dispute in question is really between different factions interested in developing Indian lands, and cashing in on the rich stores of uranium and coal to be found in the JUA. Development could proceed more quickly if the title to these lands is "cleared" by partitioning the land, assigning title of one side to the Hopi and title of the other side to the Navajo. This step would pave the way for the utility companies to acquire the leases they desire. While this dispute continues with those known as Tribal Chairman and their attorneys, the majority of people from both tribes, living on the land, have no interest in such development and live together in peace.

The White Man's Burden

The Tribal Chairmen, though, continue to claim they are acting in the name of the people in perpetuating the dispute. While they claim to be popularly elected representatives, they have never enjoyed great popularity. Hopi turnout at elections is typically 10-15%, and reflects a deep cultural abhorrence for voting, which they see as suppressing minority opinions. Ammon Hennacy, the "one man revolution" who was so important in the history of the Catholic Worker movement, often wrote, with great reverence, of the respect the Hopi have for a diversity of opinion, which they felt would be crushed by accepting the white man's "democratically elected representatives" to speak in all their names. Today, as in Ammon's time, the Hopi continue to plead that they simply be able to continue to govern themselves, as they have for centuries.

The Tribal Councils were first imposed in 1922, after Standard Oil sought to negotiate leases to drill on Navajo Lands. The elders of the tribe rejected the idea unanimously, by a vote of 75-0. In response, the Federal Bureau of Indian Affairs decided a new, more "responsive" form of Indian government was needed. So it set up a tribal council of three men willing to sign the leases, giving Standard Oil the access it wanted to Navajo oil fields, forever-after afflicting them with an alien form of government which they had no say in forming.

Later, a constitution was also imposed. It was the work of John Collier, President Roosevelt's New Deal appointee as Indian Commissioner. In his journals he wrote, "The Indians didn't think this up, we did. . . it's the cold fact of cultural adjustment. . . The Hopies will accept the constitution because [several others] and

I decided they should. That is the White man's burden."

Traditional leaders of the Hopi and Navajo continue to state what their people have known for centuries, that they are at peace. "There is no dispute between the tribes," said Big Mountain Navajo Elder Pauline Whitesinger, "We're caught in the middle between the energy

ries, can mean nothing short of death: death of culture, traditions, religions, and the people themselves. "No amount of counseling would enable them [the traditional families] to adjust successfully to urban life," the Relocation Committee has stated. While a few hundred have already been moved, thousands more refuse to leave their land.



Meg Crocker-Birmingham

companies and the U.S. government."

Traditional Hopi leaders of Shungopavi, in an appeal to President Carter in 1977, wrote, "In all actions, legal and political, that the Council had undertaken in the name of the Hopi tribe, they have not had the authorization of the true and rightful Hopi leaders.

"It is now clear to us that the Tribal Council, in concert with Boyden [an attorney who worked with them], have conspired to divide, fence, and sell this land, our birthright, and to profit thereby. To us, it is unthinkable to give up control of our sacred lands."

To help pass the 1974 Land Settlement Act, in the face of such opposition from the very people the government claimed wanted it, a "range war" was fabricated with the help of a Salt Lake City public relations firm, representing, among others, a consortium of utilities seeking access to resources on the JUA. The idea was to give the appearance of a bitter dispute between the tribes. Several incidents were instigated by Anglo-cowboys, which were then reported by the media as evidence of an ongoing "war" between the tribes.

Dispelling such fabrications is difficult. Lobbyists for the relocation and the utilities are the chief source of information on the relocation to Congress. Their objectivity is further drawn into question by the shuttling of several individuals over the years between key positions in the Interior Department (which manages the reservation), Peabody Coal Co., and the congressional committees involved.

The Land Settlement Act is meant to provide lands for relocatees to resettle on, either on the existing reservation, or on newly-acquired lands which the law would establish. In actuality, there are no additional lands available either on or off reservation that can adequately meet the needs of the people.

The result is that families are being forced to seek housing off the reservation in mostly urban areas. According to the House Appropriations Committee's own report, released March 25, 1985, on the relocation program, "The difficulties of obtaining homesite leases, combined with the poor living conditions, force families to move off the reservation no matter the given slim chance of success." The move to an urban environment, from land the people had inhabited for centu-

Besides the disastrous consequences of a forced relocation, such a move would be very costly. Although the official cost estimate is \$28 million, the total cost of relocation, and the subsequent inclusion of many on welfare rolls would likely exceed one billion dollars.

Nationwide opposition is being organized to this forced relocation. People are encouraged to contact their representatives and senators asking that P.L. 93-531, the Navajo-Hopi Land Settlement Act, be repealed. Funds are also needed, both to publicize what is happening, and to provide direct aid to those who are being relocated. A great variety of background information is available. For general information, and to help, contact: Big Mountain Support Legal Defense/Offense Committee, 2501 N. 4th Street, #18, Flagstaff, AZ 86001, (602) 774-5233.

This we know: the earth does not belong to people; people belong to the earth. All things are connected. We may be brothers and sisters after all. We shall see. One thing we know that the white man may one day discover: our God is the same God.

You may think that you own Him as you wish to own our land; but you cannot. He is the God of all, and His compassion is equal for both those who are red and white. The earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator.

Chief Seattle

Abuse of Refugees Uncovered

By ERNEST FRIAR

During an attack on the Salvadoran refugee camp at Colomoncagua, Honduras, on August 29, 1985 (see C.W. September 1985), ten refugees were taken captive by the Honduran military. Ranging in age from 19 to 57, all ten carried valid refugee ID cards issued by Honduran Immigration and certified by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). The Honduran Army (and the U.S. Embassy) claimed that those arrested were guerrillas, but, in fact, witnesses testified that, in at least some cases, refugees were tied up and dragged away by panicking soldiers when they tried to prevent the soldiers from beating other refugees. Among those taken were a camp coordinator of education and a Delegate of the Word (a lay Church leader).

The ten were marched into town, about two miles from the camp (although one had to be carried because he'd been shot in the leg), and were last seen being forced onto a military helicopter. They were held completely incommunicado for weeks, but after some time, the UNHCR was allowed periodic visits. The UNHCR Protection Officer who saw them reported them to be "well," with adequate clothing, cots, and blankets, and food comparable to that in the refugee camps. It was widely believed that the quick international letter campaign which had been enacted after the attack might have prevented the torture of the prisoners.

Now, unfortunately, we have learned otherwise. On January 3, 1986, seven family members of the prisoners were allowed to visit them (in the presence of two UNHCR Protection Officers and seven of the Honduran military, including two colonels), and discovered that they had been tortured and mistreated for months. After their initial abduction, they had been taken to the Honduran military base of Marcala for six days and nights. There they were brutally beaten to the point where they did not believe they would live. They were then transferred to the First Infantry Battalion in Tegucigalpa (where the existence of secret torture cells known as "the Pavilion of the Disappeared" has been rumored in Honduras for years). It was never discovered where exactly their cells were located,

ed, since all their meetings were held at the First Battalion proper, where they were brought to be interviewed.

They said jail conditions there were "not too bad" at first. At one point, four of the prisoners were even allowed to be hospitalized for fifty days for treatment of their wounds. In November, however, they were cut back to starvation rations, only allowed to wash once every few weeks, and crowded into a cramped cell devoid of any furniture, utensils, paper, reading matter, or sanitary facilities. It was during this time that the UNHCR first visited. These abuses went unreported to the UNHCR since the one prisoner who tried to describe the conditions was singled out then for torture; no prisoner was again to make the same mistake.

The release of the prisoners to a third country that would accept them as refugees has been a major concern from the start. As the weeks and months dragged on, it was feared that it might not happen in time, but finally, on the morning of January 15, 1986, they were released on a temporary visa to Peru and flown to Lima.

During the meeting with their families, the prisoners had begged to be released as soon as possible, fearing they would not survive much longer. Their families felt this could be facilitated by declaring that they did not wish to accompany the prisoners should they be sent to a third country, but rather wished to remain in the camp at Colomoncagua.

SUGGESTED ACTION

There is a growing awareness of the plight of these refugees in Congress, and several dozen representatives have signed a letter asking the State Department to investigate. Letters to representatives and senators, and to Secretary of State George P. Shultz, may encourage these investigations to go forward.

In addition, letters should be addressed to the new president of Honduras, asking him to order an immediate investigation into this serious violation of human rights, and to issue a public report on the matter. His address:

President José Simón Azcona del Hoyo
Casa Presidencial
Tegucigalpa, D.C., Honduras

In Memoriam

Catherine de Hueck Doherty



Gary Donatelli

By GEOFFREY GNEUHS

Catherine de Hueck Doherty, known as the Baroness, and to her friends as The B, founder of the Friendship House and Madonna House apostolates, died December 14, 1985 at Madonna House in Combermere, Ontario, Canada. For over fifty years The B dedicated herself to the Church, beginning in the 1930's as a pioneer for interracial justice up until her final years, writing, speaking, and promoting Madonna House's witness of prayer and voluntary poverty, and its work preparing people for the lay apostolate.

The date of her birth by her own accounts is questionable, but is placed somewhere in the final years of the last century. That she was born is quite certain. She was born in a Pullman car, as her mother was intent on attending the Great Fair at Nijni-Novgorod (now Gorki) in Russia. The B's father, Theodore Kolychkin, was a wealthy businessman. (The B claimed never to have known exactly what he did, other than that "he associated with ambassadors and other important people and often gave beautiful dinners.") Her mother was a concert pianist.

The B traced her lineage back to the eleventh century when her ancestors were peasants. This connection with the lifeblood of ancient Russia remained a central feature in the spirituality of The B and in the life at Madonna House. In her writings, The B often spoke of the customs and life of the Russian peasant, and the peasant's understanding of God.

Though raised in wealthy surroundings, The B was trained by her mother in all the work and responsibility for running a large household. Whatever the servants did, she and her mother did along with them. In later years at Friendship House, The B could be found on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor, talking of God, at the same time instructing a new, young volunteer on the right way to scrub (and that that *was* the way it was to be done!).

As a young girl, she was trained both as a matter of necessity and propriety in knitting, weaving, embroidery, gardening, cooking, book-binding, bee-keeping, and the hand-milking of cows. (All such activities are today an integral part of the life at Madonna House.) The elimination of the latter caused her to remark, "I was sad to see us acquire milking machines at Madonna House. Somehow a machine and cow just don't go together. The gentle fingers of the person should touch the gentle teats of the cow. It's such a natural combination of beauty. This is how the cow gives milk to the calf. We don't pump milk by machine out of a woman's breast for her child."

Recalling her childhood, The B wrote that she "had to behave. Morning, noon, and night, manners were drilled into me. Turkish manners, Arab manners, Greek manners. . . . My father explained to me that manners are politeness, and politeness is charity toward people." For several years, the family lived in a suburb of Alexandria, Egypt near the Mediterranean

Sea. One day, The B insisted that her nanny take her to visit the Bedouins. From them she learned the belly dance. One afternoon at a tea for her friends, The B's mother asked her to show them some dance (expecting something from her ballet classes). The B came out and did a belly dance. Thereafter, she did not visit the Bedouins.

At one point in this early period, her father experienced severe economic troubles, and announced that they were broke — "ruined" — and would have to move to Paris. The B was excited as she had never been "ruined" before. When her father's affairs turned around again, she and her brother Serge cried. They liked the idea of being "ruined."

In her charming autobiography, *Fragments of My Life* (Ave Maria Press, 1979), The B gives two different years for the date of her marriage: "As usual I'm not too sure of the year." (Although a very bright, gifted student, she was never very good at mathematics.) But it seems that it was in January of 1915, in the early months of that brutal war whose atrocities stunned its own creators. She married her first cousin, Baron Boris de Hueck, whose ancestor,

after distinguishing himself in battle, had been made a baron by Czar Peter the Great. His family was from Riga and he was an architect and engineer.

Soon after their wedding, he joined the army engineers corps and The B joined the nursing staff. She was assigned to direct the kitchen because she "had a loud voice and was a good organizer." She cooked for the soldiers and went from trench to trench, skirting the rats, and delivered the food. At one time on the front, she reported to her superiors that they "only had one hundred pounds of meat, but it's all full of maggots. What am I to do?" The doctor responded, "Do you have vinegar?" She did, and she soaked the meat in vinegar. The maggots floated up out of the meat, she then rinsed the meat in cold water, washed it in warm water, and cooked it for soup. "And that's what we ate. That was among the first stirrings in the front lines that something had gone wrong. . . ." The taste for war had soured. The front collapsed; the Russian soldiers deserted and returned home. The country was in chaos and anarchy reigned.

The B finally made it back to Petro-

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Remembering The B

By AUDREY MONROE

It was a cold winter day in 1942 when I walked into the Friendship House library from the streets of Harlem and Flewie said, "There she is, my favorite volunteer! Catherine, I'd like you to meet Audrey Perry." The Baroness, wearing a worn fur coat, was about to leave. "Darling, I'm so glad to meet you." She embraced me in a warm bearhug. She was taller than I and the fur tickled my nose. I smothered the urge to sneeze and we sat down on the bench to get acquainted. The substance of the conversation has long been forgotten, but the warmth of that first meeting with The B, as we affectionately called her, has remained with me through the years. I could count on one hand the number of times I had been so lovingly greeted by a white person.

Friendship House was imbued with the aura of The B. The warm-hearted atmosphere was like a sublime itch which couldn't be scratched. One returned again and again, searching for the cure only to be re-infected.



I soon learned that The B was a Class Act when it came to what my husband Joe describes as "sentimental slobberiness." Negroes, as blacks were then called, could understand the emotional aspects of her Russian culture. It fit in so beautifully with our own black American culture, and with our history of the black American preacher. The prayerful, emotional impact of her appeals attracted enthusiastic followers and people came from far and wide to give. Whatever the need, some attempt was made to fill it. When fulfillment was a little slow in coming, particularly when we were plagued with emergencies, there were always the flying Novenas to pay the rent, or the early morning pilgrimages for the suc-

cess of the latest begging letter. And the miracle always happened.

The B lectured around the country and visited the increasing number of Friendship Houses. Each house functioned autonomously and B did not interfere with its operation. She did much to teach us about our personal responsibility towards the poor, particularly the Negro. She stressed the necessity for our own intellectual and spiritual development.

I remember one visit after I had joined the staff. B had sprained her ankle. She sat on the bed at the Hermitage (the one-room flat on 138th St. where she had started F.H.). The murder mystery she had been reading was beside her and she smoked a cigarette from a long holder. B spoke to us that evening about our day-to-day dedication to poverty, chastity and obedience. "Brothers and sisters," she said at one point, "as long as a man is 100 years old and a woman is 98 — there is no such thing as a platonic friendship!" We were reduced to gales of laughter. She gently chided us (as she often did) for our high spirits, saying, "There is far too much levity in this place." Her delivery was sometimes hilarious, but the message was never lost.

B enkindled in us an intense desire to embrace all people as our brothers and sisters and to work for the restoration of all things to Christ. Her attack on social injustice as waged against blacks was unique. She practiced desegregation by living in black communities as positive evidence that black and white could live together in harmony — unheard of in those times. Visitors were encouraged to eat with us (although quite often this meant adding more water to the soup). This was especially important because most whites were unused to eating with blacks. Those were the days when white and black did not fraternize socially and a great part of this country maintained separate restaurants, rest-rooms and water fountains. Refreshments at meetings were a "must" to emphasize the breaking of bread with Christ.

B's fervent love of Christ and her practical approach to His teachings are sorely missed in these critical times of loneliness, unemployment and homelessness. Christ has taken her home to her heavenly reward. We are left with the legacy of her Manifesto.

Pauline Bowman



Nathan Zobrow

By LINDA BUNCE

They dreamed dreams that no one knew — not even themselves, in any coherent fashion — and saw visions no one could understand. . . . They waited for a day when the unknown thing that was in them would be made known; but guessed, somehow in their darkness, that on the day of their revelation, they would be long dead. It is not so much what you sang, as that you kept alive, in so many of our ancestors, the notion of song.

Alice Walker from *In Search of Our Mother's Gardens*

Pauline Bowman died suddenly at Maryhouse on December 11, 1985, from a heart attack. She was somewhere in her 50s and had lived there for seven or eight years; yet, it is hard to say that anyone at the house knew her well. Her story was not easy to know. Pauline spoke in suggestion and metaphor and she did not often answer questions directly. The words, and especially the way she spoke them, hinted at meaning and events (frequently with bursts of anger or cutting humor) without tangible revelation. Her laughter was never without its audible sorrow. She was very troubled and yet managed to keep on, with great courage, sometimes helping all day around Maryhouse or sometimes buying skeins of yarn and crocheting them together into brilliantly patterned, unrecognizable articles of clothing. Other times, she would stay in her room for days — locked into herself, or she would come downstairs to roll cigarettes hour after hour from the ever-available Top tobacco. Once she ordered a rolling machine from a mail order catalogue and kept very busy, indeed, rolling cigarettes for the whole dining room.

Her Past

She liked to go on trips and came several times to Peter Maurin Farm, where she seemed to find some peace in holding my baby daughter Callie. It was there, sitting on the porch together, that I learned what I know, or guess, about her life: that she had three children to raise by herself; that she had to work at a menial job, with a two-hour commute each way, while the children had to be left with someone unreliable, and so she saw them only to put them to bed. What a desperate situation, of struggling constantly to fill the needs of your children and not even to see them. At some point, the children were taken away. I don't know how, before she came to Maryhouse, she ended up riding the Staten Island ferry at nights, or how long she'd been without any other place to live, or anything else about Pauline's life. I always got the impression, though, that she was a person of sensitivity, high intelligence and a keen interest in the world, but she would often speak in a way that hinted that the racism, greed and indifference in that world had, in part, destroyed her.

Alice Walker writes of black women whose originality and productivity and

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Come What May, Our God Is Able

(continued from page 1)

freedom. Beyond this, I can say only that there is and always will be a penumbra of mystery surrounding God. What appears at the moment to be evil may have a purpose that our finite minds are incapable of comprehending.

Let us notice also that God is able to subdue all the powers of evil. In affirming that God is able to conquer evil, we admit the reality of evil. Christianity has never dismissed evil as illusory, or an error of the mortal mind. It reckons with evil as a force that has objective reality. But Christianity contends that evil contains the seed of its own destruction. History is the story of evil forces that advance with seemingly irresistible power only to be crushed by the battering rams of the forces of justice. There is a law in the moral world — a silent, invisible imperative, akin to the laws of the physical world — which reminds us that life will work only in a certain way. The Hitlers and the Mussolinis have their day, and for a period they may wield great power, spreading themselves like a green bay tress, but soon they are cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb.

In his graphic account of the Battle of Waterloo in *Les Misérables*, Victor Hugo wrote:

Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer no. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blücher? No. Because of God. . . . Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed. He vexed God, Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front on the universe.

In a real sense, Waterloo symbolized the doom of every Napoleon and is an eternal reminder to a generation drunk with military power that the sword cannot conquer the power of the spirit.

The Wind of Change

An evil system, known as colonialism, swept across Africa and Asia. But then the quiet, invisible law began to operate. Prime Minister Macmillan said, "The wind of change began to blow." The powerful colonial empires began to disintegrate like stacks of cards, and new, independent nations began to emerge like refreshing oases in deserts sweltering under the heat of injustice. In less than fifteen years, independence has swept through Asia and Africa like an irresistible tidal wave, releasing more than 1,500,000,000 people from the crippling manacles of colonialism.

In our nation, another unjust and evil system, known as segregation, for nearly one hundred years inflicted the Negro with a sense of inferiority, deprived him of his personhood, and denied him his birthright of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Segregation has been the Negroes' burden and America's shame. But, as on the world scale, so in our nation, the wind of change began to blow. One event has followed another to bring a gradual end to the system of segregation. Today we know with certainty that segregation is dead. The only question remaining is how costly will be the funeral. . . .

God is able to conquer the evils of history. His control is never usurped. If, at times, we despair because of the relatively slow progress being made in ending racial discrimination and if we become disappointed because of the undue cautious-

But the word of God is alive and active. It cuts more keenly than any two-edged sword, piercing as far as the place where life and spirit, joint and marrow divide. It sifts the purposes and thoughts of the heart. There is nothing in Creation that can hide from Him; everything lies naked and exposed to the eyes of the One with Whom we have to reckon.

Hebrews 4:12-13

ness of the federal government, let us gain new heart in the fact that God is able. In our sometimes difficult and often lonesome walk up freedom's road, we do not walk alone. God walks with us. He has placed within the very structure of this universe certain, absolute, moral laws. We can neither defy nor break them. If we disobey them, they will break us. The forces of evil may temporarily conquer truth, but truth will ultimately conquer the conqueror. Our God is able. James Russell Lowell was right:

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, —
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
keeping watch above His own.

Deep and Patient Faith

Let us notice, finally, that God is able to give us interior resources to confront the trials and difficulties of life. Each of us faces circumstances in life which compel us to carry heavy burdens of sorrow. Adversity assails us with hurricane force. Glowing sunrises are transformed into darkest night. Our highest hopes are blasted and our noblest dreams are shattered. . . .

At times, we may feel that we do not need God, but, on the day when the storms of disappointment rage, the winds of disaster blow, and the tidal waves of grief beat against our lives, if



Meg Crocker-Birmingham

we do not have a deep and patient faith our emotional lives will be ripped to shreds. There is so much frustration in the world because we have relied on gods rather than God. We have genuflected before the god of science only to find that it has given us the atomic bomb, producing fears and anxieties that science can never mitigate. We have worshiped the god of pleasure only to discover that thrills play out and sensations are short-lived. We have bowed before the god of money only to learn that there are such things as love and friendship that money cannot buy and that, in a world of possible depression, stock market crashes, and bad business investments, money is a rather uncertain deity. These transitory gods are not able to save us or bring happiness to the human heart.

Only God is able. It is faith in Him that we must rediscover. With this faith, we can transform bleak and desolate valleys into sunlit paths of joy and bring new light into the dark caverns of pessimism. Is someone here moving toward the twilight of life and fearful of that which we call death? Why be afraid? God is able. Is someone here on the brink of despair because of the death of a loved one, the breaking of a marriage, or the waywardness of a child? Why despair? God is able to give you the power to endure that which cannot be changed. Is someone here anxious because of bad health? Why be anxious? Come what may, God is able.

As I come to the conclusion of my mes-

sage, I would wish you to permit a personal experience. The first twenty-two years of my life were years packed with fulfillment. I had no basic problems or burdens. Because of concerned and loving parents, who provided for my every need, I sallied through high school, college, theological school and graduate school without interruption. It was not until I became a part of the leadership of the Montgomery bus protest that I was actually confronted with the trials of life. Almost immediately after the protest had been undertaken, we began to receive threatening telephone calls and letters in our home. Sporadic in the beginning, they increased day after day. At first I took them in stride, feeling that they were the work of a few hot-heads who would become discouraged after they discovered that we would not fight back. But as the weeks passed, I realized that many of the threats were in earnest. I felt myself faltering and growing in fear.

After a particularly strenuous day, I settled in bed at a late hour. My wife had already fallen asleep and I was about to doze off when the telephone rang. An angry voice said, "Listen, nigger. We've taken all we want from you. Before next week you'll be sorry you ever came to Montgomery." I hung up, but I could not sleep. It seemed that all of my fears had come down on me at once. I had reached the saturation point.

I got out of bed and began to walk the floor. Finally, I went to the kitchen and heated a pot of coffee. I was ready to give up. I tried to think of a way to move out of the picture without appearing to be a coward. In this state of exhaustion, when my courage had almost gone, I determined to take my problem to God. My head in my hands, I bowed over the kitchen table and prayed aloud. The words I spoke to God that midnight are still vivid in my memory. "I am here taking a stand for what I believe is right. But now I am afraid. The people are looking to me for leadership, and if I stand before them without strength and courage, they too, will falter. I am at the end of my powers. I have nothing left. I've come to the point where I can't face it alone."

At that moment, I experienced the presence of the Divine as I had never before experienced Him. It seemed as though I could hear the assurance of an inner voice, saying, "stand up for righteousness, stand up for truth. God will be at your side forever." Almost at once, my fears began to pass from me. My uncertainty disappeared. I was ready to face anything. The outer situation remained the same, but God had given me inner calm.

Three nights later, our home was bombed. Strangely enough, I accepted the word of the bombing calmly. My experience with God had given me a new strength and trust. I know now that God is able to give us the interior resources to face the storms and problems of life.

Let this affirmation be our ringing cry. It will give us courage to face the uncertainties of the future. It will give our tired feet new strength as we continue our forward stride toward the city of freedom. When our days become dreary with low-hanging clouds and our nights become darker than a thousand midnights, let us remember that there is a great, benign Power in the universe Whose name is God, and He is able to make a way out of no way, and transform dark yesterdays into bright tomorrows. This is our hope for becoming better people. This is our mandate for seeking to make a better world.

(Excerpt from *Strength to Love*. Copyright 1963 by Martin Luther King, Jr. Reprinted by permission of Joan Daves. —Eds. note.)

Report on Synod

By EILEEN EGAN

In December 1965, the Second Vatican Council came to an end. The world's Roman Catholic bishops had gathered in Rome to study "the signs of the times" and renew the Church. The 2,300 bishops had voted on a number of documents totaling 700 pages, documents which would profoundly influence the life of the Church and its people.

Interest in the Vatican Council had been intense, and there was even alarm that the Council would neglect to make a statement on the burning question of war and peace. Many peace activists converged on Rome, meeting with individual bishops and groups of bishops to urge clear pronouncements on modern war, conscientious objection and nonviolence. As the bishops were discussing these matters in the final session of the Council, a group of nineteen women from twelve countries were on a fast in Rome, praying for the members of the Council. Dorothy Day was a member of the prayer witness which had been organized by Lanza del Vasto, head of the Ark movement.

A peace message was voted by the bishops. It was contained in the document "The Church in the Modern World." It renewed Church teaching on modern war by declaring indiscriminate war a "crime against God and man himself," meriting "unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation." Conscientious objection and the witness of nonviolence were validated.

The twentieth anniversary of Vatican Council II was marked by a Synod of Bishops in Rome. On December 9, 1985, the Synod statement, developed after earlier preparation and two weeks of discussion, was issued. Tensions and fears had built up before the issuance of the statement. Some feared it would betray the breakthroughs of Vatican II, while others hoped for a reining in of "the excesses" attributed to it. In point of fact, as Fr. Richard McBrien pointed out, the Synod statement "contradicts the brooding fears of the left and the bellicose aspirations of the right." He asserted that it gave no comfort to any extremists in the Church.

"The end for which the Synod was convoked," said the statement, "was the celebration, verification and promotion of Vatican Council II. With grateful hearts, we feel that we have truly obtained this fruit with God's assistance." The statement went on to say:

... Following the Second Vatican Council, the Church became aware of her mission in the service of the poor, the oppressed and the outcast. In this preferential option, which must not be understood as exclusive, the true spirit of the Gospel shines forth. Jesus Christ declared the poor blessed (Matthew 5:3, Luke 6:20), and He Himself wished to be poor for us (2 Corinthians 8:9). . . .

The Church must prophetically denounce every form of poverty and oppression and everywhere defend and promote the fundamental and inalienable rights of the human person. (Synod statement, #6)

Though short, the statement from the Synod has many riches. In a perceptive and balanced summing up, Joan Chittester, OSB stated, "All in all, then, the Synod is a good word in bad times."

Human law has the true nature of law only insofar as it corresponds to right reason, and therefore is derived from the eternal law. Insofar as it falls short of right reason, a law is said to be a wicked law; and so, lacking the true nature of law, it is rather a kind of violence.

St. Thomas Aquinas

Where do they get the money?

By AMMON HENNACY

Ginny Anderson has a son Keith by her first marriage. While the conversation around the house between Ginny and Rik and myself was pacifistic, Keith read wild west funnies, carried a toy gun (a gift from relatives) and acted like the ordinary product of our breakfast-food box-top culture. The following conversation occurred the other day.

Keith: Mamma, the radio says they are going to practice throwing bombs again. Who throws those terrible bombs that kill people?

Ginny: Governments throw them, my son.

Keith: Where do they get the money to make them? Must cost an awful lot!

Ginny: The government takes tax out of the pay check and people can't help it.

Keith: Why do the people allow the government to do this?

Ginny: Fathers and mothers must work to get food. They must have a job.

Keith: Does my Daddy help pay taxes for the bomb?

Ginny: No, he doesn't make enough.

Keith: Does Uncle help pay for the bomb?

Ginny: No, he does not have steady work. He does not make enough.

Keith: Why don't we get in a car and go around and tell people what a bad thing they are doing to pay taxes for the bomb? Maybe they would stop.

Ginny: We have to work to get food and if we did that we would get in jail.

Keith: They give you food in jail, don't they?

Excerpted from *The Book of Ammon*, Hennacy Books, 1965, p. 137.

Resisting War Taxes: On Telephones On Income

The federal excise tax on telephone service has been associated with war spending throughout its history. It was first imposed by the War Tax Revenue Act of 1914. Repealed in 1916, the Act was then reimposed in 1917. During World War II, long distance calls were taxed 25%, local service 15%.

In 1954, the tax was reduced to 10% on all phone service, and then further reduced in 1965 to 3%, with elimination planned for 1969. Before this could happen though, the Vietnam War required that the revenue continue. With military spending continuing at a high level after the Vietnam War, the tax was still retained, and in 1983 raised from 1% to 3%. Currently, the federal government collects nearly two billion dollars a year through the telephone tax.

The tax is itemized on every phone bill (both for local service, and for all long distance companies). To refuse this tax, one can simply deduct the amount of the tax, and pay the balance. One should include a note each month explaining that one is not paying the tax in protest against military spending. If this is not done, the tax will continue to appear on future bills as balance due. "Telephone tax resistance" cards to enclose with your bill, explaining the protest, are available from several groups, and simplify the notification procedure.

No telephone company can legally disconnect one's service for nonpayment of the excise tax. If it does, it can be fined by the Federal Communications Commission. A telephone company, once notified, should credit your account to eliminate the unpaid amount of the tax, and notify the IRS of your resistance. The IRS may then send a routine computer notice asking for tax payment, but this rarely happens, since the amounts are small. If the IRS takes action to collect the tax, many options are afforded the resister. A war tax resistance counselor can help explore these options, and their consequences.

For information, contact the National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee, P.O. Box 2236, East Patchogue, NY 11772, (516) 654-8227.

This movement is about revealing people to themselves.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

The primary way the United States pays for its wars and war preparations is by taxing income. And, as long as there has been federal income tax, there has been resistance.

In fiscal year 1985, this meant resisting the payment of 63% of the income tax assessed, since that was the percentage of the federal budget devoted to military spending.

Various options are available, with different consequences following from each, for those wishing to resist these war taxes. If one wishes to file tax forms as usual, one can simply include payment for less than is assessed; a "military credit" can be taken on the 1040 form; or a "military deduction" can be taken on Schedule A for miscellaneous deductions, all leading either to the non-payment of a token amount, or the amount which would go to the military, or all income tax (since any portion of what is paid then goes to the military).

Others may elect to either file a blank 1040 return, or no return at all.

Finally, a number of people close the Catholic Worker throughout the years have decided to resist war taxes by living under the taxable income. While this is by no means easy these days, it has the benefit of incurring no penalty from the IRS, and of bringing one closer to the poor through the voluntary poverty which Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day long practiced and recommended.

Before attempting any form of federal tax resistance, one should become familiar with the various options available, and their consequences, including the different ways to avoid tax withholdings, which are a major impediment to resistance.

The War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012, (212) 228-0450, has just published a completely revised edition of its *Guide to War Tax Resistance*, which remains the best resource book available. It is \$8, plus \$1 for postage and handling.

The National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee, P.O. Box 2236, East Patchogue, NY 11772, (516) 654-8227, has a variety of resources available, including a selection of booklets and a slide show on tax resistance, and can help make referrals to counselors and lawyers.

Pauline Bowman

(continued from page 4)

spirituality have been stifled on so many fronts, for so many years, who nevertheless refused to bow their heads, women who, in their own large or small ways, brought forth life or broke ground for new life. May God forgive us and welcome Pauline to the garden where her beautiful self can be free.

By CANDY CLARKE

Pauline . . . One of those who helped me through the sometimes tempestuous adjustments to living at this Catholic Worker house of hospitality; a person, more often than not pretty even-keeled, always shy, but one who taught me to reach out and become more of a listener; one who was fastidious in her dress, never leaving her room in the morning without having her blond wig in place; a woman who, when invited to help me with the task of cooking supper for a hundred, would pitch right in with the vegetables so well that my ever-present fear of "muffing it" somehow was reduced; a person who, on her own initiative, and refusing others' help, would rigorously tackle the meal-time dishes, soup pots, walls, dining-room chairs, etc., with such thoroughness that you could almost see your reflection in the pots she had done.

I remember the five hours we spent together in the Bellevue Hospital emergency room, shoring each other up during this seemingly endless wait for her painfully infected ear to be treated. Because she complained so little, it had gotten to a serious stage before she even mentioned any pain. Pauline asked for very

little (and she deserved so very much more) that she made me feel privileged when she would actually make her needs known to me. And this was part of my learning — learning that poor people around me can and will give me so much more than I am able to give them. Pauline, in allowing me to be her friend, helped me to know the Gospel's mandates more and more.

Pauline's closest friend and almost daily visitor over her last few years is also part of the Catholic Worker family, a woman named "Sister" Jeanette, who lives in our neighborhood and comes to both our city houses "to do my Father's work." Frequently, the two of them ate meals together, with Sr Jeanette drawing Pauline out of her shyness some. I know Sr. Jeanette misses Pauline perhaps even more than any of the rest of us, for one day she said to me, simply and eloquently, tears in her eyes, "I loved her, you know."

Coming Home

As I was unable to attend Pauline's burial service, Kassie told me about it later that same day. After the brief service at the grave site, Everlela, one of her other friends who lives in the city women's shelter down the street, sang "Coming Home." At first she sang softly just for Pauline, then the words began to ring out across the cemetery for all the others who have died waiting "for a day when the unknown thing that was in them would be known." What a gift, so moving, and for someone so deserving.

Many, many thanks, Pauline, from those of us who have been fortunate enough to know you, and who have become better persons for it.

St. Joseph House

(continued from page 2)

Ralph. I checked on him from time to time. He stood there at the bottom of the stairs, coffee undrunk, cup balanced on the radiator, people elbowing past him on their way up and down. Presently, Ralph mumbled something about dogbites, and how dangerous they are. He showed me a wound on his leg. Perhaps it was a dogbite. And yes, he had a place to stay. The White House, a Bowery hotel. We discussed his options. Emergency Medical Service? Probably a long wait, and no guarantee of treatment or a ride to a hospital. Bellevue Hospital? Better — a twenty minute walk, or a ten minute bus ride. I offered Ralph money to get there, but no, he said he had money. Long silences. People passing to and fro. Ralph appeared to be in deep, anxious thought. After a time, I asked him what was really bothering him. More silence, as he worked his jaw. Finally, in a clear voice, he said, "It's complicated." And, thanking me for the coffee, still unconsumed, he left for his hotel room. I never discovered why Ralph had been thrown out of his son's home or how father and son came to arrive at our front door.

Perhaps Ralph's son was right. There are things which are none of my business.

Henry David Thoreau



If a thousand people were not to pay their tax bill this year, that would not be a violence and bloody measure as it could be to pay them and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In keeping with Peter Maurin's recognition of the need for ongoing clarification of thought, we invite you to join us for our weekly Friday night meetings. The meetings are held at either Maryhouse — 55 East Third St., (212) 777-9617, or St. Joseph House — 36 East First St., (212) 254-1640. As much as we can see ahead, those we will hold at First St. will be marked with an asterisk (*). Both houses are between First and Second Avenues (2nd Ave. stop on the F train).

February 14 — Bill Barrett: Honduras, the Military & Refugees. A talk with slides.

February 21 — Fr. Robert Hovda: A Common Eucharistic Cup: AIDS & Alcoholism.*

February 28 — Fr. Robert Lauder: Is Woody Allen Camus in Comedy?

March 7 — Joseph Cunneen: The Sacred: How It Enters Modern Films.*

March 14 — Flavian Walsh, O.F.M.: Endo Shusaku, Novelist: A Journey in Faith.

March 21 — Peter Steinfelds: Questions from a Non-Pacifist: Thinking of Hitler.

March 28 — Good Friday: No meeting.

April 4 — Don Hurford and Mike Curtis: The Military Budget and You.*

MEETINGS BEGIN AT 7:30 P.M.

BOOK REVIEWS

FRANK AND MAISIE: A MEMOIR WITH PARENTS by Wilfrid Sheed. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1985. 296 pages, \$17.95. Reviewed by Robert Gilliam.

This is a delightful book; one of those rare books that one is sure it was worth cutting down trees for; a book about interesting people doing interesting things, splendidly told. Few CW readers will need any introduction to Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward. They founded and led Sheed and Ward, the preeminent twentieth century, English language, Roman Catholic publishing house, were long the moving force behind the Catholic Evidence Guild, wrote and lectured tirelessly, and were, in tandem, a great light in twentieth century Catholicism. Maisie died in 1975 and Frank in 1982. This lucid, funny, and touching memoir is the work of their son Wilfrid.

Among its many satisfactions *Frank and Maisie* is a successful portrait of a happy family. Families without shadows and conflicts, without oedipal tensions and sibling rivalry are too unreal and uninteresting to be edifying. Wilfrid is keen, but not unkind, generous, but unsentimental. Along the way we have the added pleasure of the Sheed-Wards' astute and witty observations on G.K. Chesterton, baseball, Fulton Sheen, Hilaire Belloc, polio, the clergy, Dorothy Day, Jubilee, Jacques Maritain, the Irish, the English, the Australians, the American Catholic Church, and much more. Seldom wrong, I suspect, they are never dull. In the matter of Dorothy and Fr. Hugo, Wilfrid has it all a bit wrong, but it is good to read how other friends, outside the Worker, saw Dorothy. We are tempted to be proprietary sometimes.

Reading Wilfrid, I kept thinking of the St. Louis Cardinals' Ozzie Smith, arguably the best shortstop in baseball. It is not only that Ozzie makes so few mistakes, but that he does what he does so sweetly and so gracefully. Wilfrid's prose, like Ozzie's play, seems effortless and fluid. His prose is precise and direct, without any of that stage seriousness and pose striking that mars so much writing and is so tiresome. He is also laugh-out-loud funny.

This is a good book. You will be sorry to see it end. You will like, if you don't already, *Frank and Maisie* and Wilfrid and the supporting players. You will yearn for a weekend invitation and wish you could have them over.

THE HIROSHIMA MAIDENS by Rodney Barker. Viking, New York, 1985. 240 pages; \$16.95. Reviewed by Rachelle Linner.

There are thousands of stories in the columns of facts and figures delineating the damage wrought by the atomic bombs used against Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Some are told by *hibakusha* (a word that translates literally as "explosion-affected person"), survivors of two days that began normally and ended in a "hell on earth." Their stories are a re-creation more than a telling, of the stark terror that began on those hot August mornings, of the grief that began and has continued for forty years. But these are also stories that evoke poignancy, and offer thanks for the acts of kindness and assistance that enabled them to survive, stories imbued with the courage of those whose suffering has been transformed into a fervent desire for peace.

Other stories were told by people in the United States. Many of the "official" stories were censored press reports that focused on the immense powers of destruction of "Little Boy" and "Fat Man," and spoke not at all of the deaths from radiation sickness, the thousands orphaned, the horribly burned and maimed. Some of these stories were transposed into

medical statistics in reports issued by researchers of the Atom Bomb Casualty Commission. Established in 1947 to study the delayed effects of radiation exposure, this commission was a research and diagnostic, not a treatment center—and, in the face of the enormous medical needs that existed in the two cities, it served only to foster the sense some *hibakusha* had that they were guinea pigs in a scientific experiment.

But some of the stories of those in the United States were told by individuals motivated by religious or humanistic convictions. Theirs were acts of peace-making, slowly rebuilding what had been destroyed with such rapidity by people trapped in the inexorable logic of war. In particular they saw *hibakusha* not as members of a once hostile "enemy nation," but as individuals whose suffering continued long after the peace treaties were signed. Such work by Floyd Schmoie, Barbara Reynolds, Mary McMillan, John Hersey and Norman Cousins is more widely known in Japan than in the United States. One exception is what came to be known as the Hiroshima Maidens project.

Twenty-five young women, severely scarred and disabled from keloid scars (the result of thermal burns) were brought to this country to receive rehabilitative plastic surgery, between May 1955 and November 1956. One hundred and thirty-eight separate operations were performed "to liberate hands and fingers from their clawlike contractions," allowing the first normal use of limbs in a decade. Facial disfigurement, which had caused the women deep emotional pain and social isolation, was also lessened. But, as important as these improvements were, the most significant and gratifying healing was of the emotional scars of despair and distrust that occurred in home stays with American Quakers, chosen because of their "historic abhorrence of war" and their understanding of "the possibilities of compassion."

That is how two of these young women became part of Rodney Barker's family (when he was nine years old in suburban Connecticut) and why, thirty years later, he set out to tell the story of the project's beginnings, the work done in the U.S., and something about the lives of the women since their return to Japan.

The project was an entirely voluntary effort. It succeeded largely because of the remarkable people who were drawn by its spirit of responsibility, reconciliation and healing: Mrs. Ida Day, the Quaker who co-ordinated housing and living arrangements; Mrs. Helen Yokoyama, who became their teacher and guide as well as translator; the plastic surgeon Arthur Barsky and the internist William Hitzig; Norman Cousins, then editor of *The Saturday Review*; the Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto, a Methodist minister in Hiroshima (familiar to North Americans through John Hersey's *Hiroshima*). These people are described vividly and with respect.

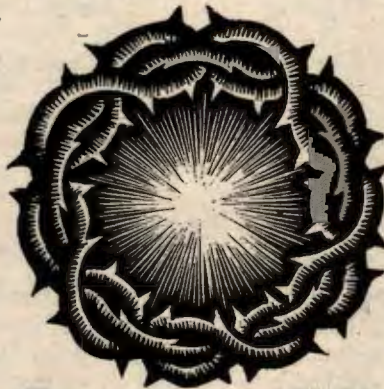
Rodney Barker tends to tell this story by focusing on Norman Cousins as the "hero," and, while he does deserve a good deal of the credit, the initial inspiration was from Reverend Tanimoto. It was he who had sought out these isolated, lonely women and formed a group to offer them solace and companionship, while not ignoring their medical and economic needs. Almost alone, he brought their tragic situation to the attention of the Japanese public. In 1952, they began to receive free medical treatment in Japan, but, because plastic surgery was then more advanced in the United States, he saw the need for a transnational effort.

(Disagreement and differences between Rev. Tanimoto and Norman Cousins surfaced during the project and Rodney

Barker's presentation of this differs from John Hersey's "Hiroshima: the Aftermath" in *The New Yorker*, July 1985.)

Twenty-five women from a city that was desolated in one moment of time, scared, aware of their uniqueness, courageous, traveled from their still struggling city to the United States to receive skilled medical care, the love of host families and the concern that motivated anonymous thousands to send contributions for their expenses. When writing of these women and the effect they had on the people they met, Rodney Barker's fluid prose is sensitive, admiring and respectful of their privacy.

Unfortunately, that personal sensitivity is almost matched by a cultural insensitivity toward Japan. This is an ironic failing in a book that tells of a "person-to-person kind of international consciousness raising" that inherently makes a case for "the power of harmonious rela-



Crown of Thorns

Fritz Eichenberg

tions among the people of the world." Far too many statements, however, unexplained by their Japanese context, further, rather than erode, prejudices and stereotypes. "The ambivalent Japanese" seem to continually be thwarting the efforts of "the good Americans," with the women caught in between. What is not noted are the valid grounds for suspicion and ambivalence toward the project that did exist among some in the Japanese medical community, press and peace movement.

Fortunately, even this pervasive flaw does not obscure the luminous witness of the Japanese women themselves, whose forgiveness and generosity of spirit allowed themselves to be healed by people in the nation that had inflicted the scourge of their maiming.

Some of the women have known sadness, unfulfilled dreams and hardship in the years since they returned to Japan, but most have lived with "strength and resilience, a sense of integrity and worth" that is a legacy of their year in the United States. Circumstances have led them in different directions, these women who were once joined together in a unique way. They think of themselves, not as Hiroshima Maidens (a name they do not necessarily like), but as members of *Satsukai*. "Kai" is the Japanese for "association," *satsuki* is the word for "azalea." It's the way they view their lives: like a gathering of flowers that bloom in May, the month they arrived in America.

That they bloomed is undeniable. Michiyo Zomen spoke on her return to Japan:

"Michiyo's voice was nervous and halting when she started to speak. Then she stopped, and after a painful hesitation, in spectacular fashion her left arm suddenly shot high in the air. 'I hold my arm out to you,' she said in an entirely different tone of voice. 'This is not a simple thing. It means much to me to be able to do this. For years my arm was bent tight like this.' She folded it at the elbow. 'But in America they gave my arm back to me.' Again she thrust her arm open to the group. 'What you do not see is the heart that is so full. If the heart could speak, it would tell about this feeling that we girls all know now.'"

NOW AVAILABLE

BOOKS BY FATHER HUGO

Every once in a while, we leave out an important piece of information in one article or another. In our Oct.-Nov. 1985 issue, for instance, we reported the death of Fr. John Hugo, who has had such a great influence on generations of people from the Catholic Worker, but we neglected to mention where his books are available. Since then, we have received a number of requests from interested readers and, as luck (or Providence) would have it, we have also heard from Cecilia Hugo, Fr. Hugo's sister, who writes, "Shortly before my brother's death we were discussing 'the most important subject in the world today.' Fr. Hugo quietly but forcefully stated that Peace is the most important subject in the world today. He said, 'We should be working and praying for it unceasingly.' Remembering this discussion, I decided to have one of his books reprinted after his death, *The Gospel of Peace*. By having 1000 printed I am able to send it to you for \$3.00. If you want it or any of Fr. Hugo's works, do not hesitate to notify me." (Miss Hugo's address is: 30 N. Sprague Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15202.)

Also of special interest is Fr. Hugo's *Your Ways Are Not My Ways* (vol. 2 in *The Radical Christianity of the Gospel*), as it is the basis for the retreats which he gave for many years. Not only those who made this retreat, but also many others who have been touched by Fr. Hugo only indirectly, may well want a copy. It was also printed privately, in 1984, and is available from Miss Hugo or from Mt. Nazareth Center (where the retreats took place), 285 Bellevue Rd., Pittsburgh, PA 15229.

HOMELESSNESS BOOKLET

An excellent booklet is available which details ways individuals and groups can assist people who are homeless. "The Forgotten Homeless and the Religious Community," was compiled by some homeless people in New York City, and deals specifically with the problems in that city, but also contains ideas and suggestions valuable to anyone wanting to know how to reach out to those who are not being helped by the standard services available. Written from the perspective of the homeless, it helps to orient others to the immediate, and currently unmet, needs that people living on the streets have. To obtain a copy, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Tim Lambert, The Catholic Worker, 36 East First Street, New York, NY 10003.

PEACEWEAVING

Peaceweaving is a new bimonthly leaflet of reflections and suggestions in response to the pastoral on war and peace in the nuclear age, *The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response*, issued in 1983 by the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States. The leaflet is published by Pax Christi U.S.A., 348 East 10th Street, Erie, PA 16503.

LIFEWORKS

Lifeworks is a new publication by Prolifers for Survival, P.O. Box 3316, Chapel Hill, NC 27515. It will focus on action ideas and new resource materials for those pursuing both issues of peace and respect for life from a consistent, nonviolent philosophy. Subscription is \$15/yr.

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Catherine de Hueck Doherty: In Memoriam



Rita Corbin

(continued from page 4)

grad (now Leningrad). Her mother had fled to their estate in Finland. Her husband came back too. Because they were "bourgeois" and "aristocrats," the Bolshevik regime would not give them ration stamps for food. So The B searched through the garbage cans of the communists for food, since they now were the only ones who had any garbage.

Each day she and her husband, who was gassed and shell-shocked in the war, got thinner and thinner, sicker and sicker. She recalled, "when you are beginning to starve, after a period of terrible desire, hunger stops. That's a dangerous time." They fled Petrograd and began to make their way to Finland. At one point, they hid in a pigsty to avoid a communist patrol. They finally made it to her mother's estate. The B had nearly lost her teeth, birds had used her hair as a nest, and she and her husband had fought over a bone discarded by a dog! "Starvation is insidious: you die, yet you live. You have no food. There are no words to describe this kind of hunger. . . . This is why it is so difficult for me to see people stuffing themselves with food. I always hear in the background, 'Remember? Remember when you starved?' They eat too much. This is why I have spent so much of my life feeding those who have no food. This is why I am so sensitive about food at Madonna House. This is why it hurts so much when I hear the [people in the] West talk about food, never having really experienced its complete absence."

For a while she and her husband joined the White Russian forces with the allies fighting the new communist regime. The B spoke English, but was unfamiliar with its American version. She was nursing on the night shift and one patient kept shouting "shake a leg and make it snappy." Conscientiously, she shook his leg twenty times a night! And dutifully she entered it in the night book. How the patient felt was not known, but apparently the head nurse broke out in laughter.

Her husband still sick, they decided to emigrate to England. At this time, The B was in her early twenties. From there they made their way to Toronto, Canada. Thus ended, along with the war and the upheavals of its aftermath, the already dramatic and tumultuous first phase of their lives.

They were Toronto's first Russian refugees of the Revolution, and nobility at that. Boris took a job as a landscape designer; soon The B became pregnant and gave birth to their son George. Boris then became sick again. In the meantime, The B went to New York to look for work. This was the beginning of a separation which would eventually end in the annulment of their marriage. She sent money home for the baby and her husband, who then moved to Montreal.

In New York she stayed at "Ma Mur-

phy's" rooming house for women on Charles Street in the Village near the docks. She worked in a laundry, then as a waitress. This was a bleak and dark period in her life. Then one day while selling lingerie at Macy's, a woman approached her and said, "I understand that you are a baroness." (I wonder if Kaufman and Hart had The B in mind when they devised the character of the Grand Duchess Olga Katrina for the marvelous 1930's comedy "You Can't Take It With You"?). One thing led to the next, and The B was soon traveling the country with a very good salary, lecturing on Russia.

Then in the early 1930's, in the depths of the depression, she decided to give it all up, and to live out a dream she recalled that she had had as a very young child: to be poor and to live with the poor. She moved back to Toronto and got a small apartment for herself and her son. She sought the advice and permission of Archbishop McNeill. (The B always sought the advice of the hierarchy and of priests. She once said, "I love God first, and then I love His priests," and urged people to be obedient to the Church "even when it is stupid.") She then moved to the slums, and a few people joined her. They fed the hungry, sheltered the homeless, and thus Friendship House began. Toronto was not to be easy. She was the victim of vicious gossip and harassment—a single woman with a child living in the slums. She was even accused, ironically (for one who had fled the Bolsheviks and then fought with the White Russians), of being a communist. During this time, she visited New York and Dorothy Day, and subsequently began to distribute *The Catholic Worker* in Toronto.

Eventually, as the pressures became too great, Toronto Friendship House closed in 1936. The B again visited Dorothy Day in New York and then took off for Europe on assignment for *Sign* magazine to write articles on Catholic Action. This took her to Portugal; she remembered, "If I ever fell in love with a man at first sight, it was Salazar [the Premier]." In Spain, in the midst of its civil war, she witnessed the atrocities of both sides and the desecration of churches and cemeteries. From there, she went to France, where, in Paris, she met Emmanuel Mounier, the young editor of *Esprit*, as well as Jacques Maritain, Helene Iswolsky, and Nicholas Berdayev.

In 1938, she decided once again to start a Friendship House, but this time in Harlem. "How could people call themselves Christian when they did not accept the Negro and the other minorities?", she asked.

The B took an apartment on 138th Street. Stanley Vishnewski helped in those early days. For Stanley's 21st birthday, The B produced a bottle of Scotch which she told him had been given to her for a lecture she had given to the Park Avenue crowd on the Russian

Revolution. She had told them that if they (the rich) didn't mend their ways they would end up like her!

During those few years in Harlem, The B was instrumental in helping young blacks get into Catholic schools. She also assisted many in getting into, and being able to complete, college. She would end her lectures on interracial justice by quoting the last judgment scene of the 25th chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, and then add a line, with her large figure and booming voice, saying, "Lord when did I do these things? [Jesus answered] When I was a Negro and you were a white American Catholic."

For three years, she would annually present Fordham University with a young black candidate, academically qualified, and gifted as an athlete. Each time he was refused. Oddly enough (and to their chagrin) the Jesuits one time invited The B to speak. At the podium she announced that she would not speak because "you do not want Negro undergraduates." She met with the Jesuit administration which explained, "We have to move slowly. The time is not yet ripe." The B retorted, "I have never read anywhere in the Gospel where Christ says to wait twenty years before living the Gospel." She returned to Harlem exasperated and perspiring.

In the mid-1940's some of the staff at Friendship House questioned and challenged The B's vision and authority. It seemed they didn't want her there. She was devastated and hurt, and even as strong-willed and indomitable as she was, she left and went to the House in Chicago.

In 1943, she married Eddie Doherty, a successful and well-known journalist. The B explained to him that he was joining her commitment to live the Gospel, and that she was not going back to living a secure existence, uninvolved with God's poor. Doherty was still eager; he gave up his career, and, in 1947, they moved to the Ottawa Valley in northern Ontario, Canada, to a small hamlet called Combermere where her cousin had some property. One of her faithful workers from Friendship House in New York, Flewy (Grace Flewelling), joined them. What this new seed, this new adventure was to be, none of them quite knew. But in a short time it became Madonna House, a training center for the lay apostolate.

Today it is a community of laymen and women and priests who live a very simple, at times rugged, common life of work and prayer. Madonna House has also founded twenty small communities throughout the world dedicated to serving the poor. Over the years it has become a center of renewal for lay people and religious.

The B was author of numerous books on the spiritual life. To be sure, in the 1970's her book *Poustinia* had a major

impact on many. In it she uses Russian peasant sources to describe the way of contemplation. Regardless of one's surroundings, she stresses discipline and commitment, especially a commitment to the poor and to be poor. Indeed, this book, of itself, ranks among the more worthwhile books on the spiritual life coming out of the latter part of the twentieth century in North America. Two of her other books are also certainly worth noting, *The Gospel Without Compromise* and *Not Without Parables*.

Her own life was rich, rich in her encounters with people, and her willingness to place herself in situations of poverty and deprivation which she easily could have otherwise avoided. She was a woman of expectations, of herself, of others, and of God. She was a demanding and a commanding personality, large in stature, who never minced words. Speaking before the New England Conference on Prayer in the fall of 1978, then in her early 80's, The B told the gathering that she had been married twice, and knew something about love, and effusively declared that she was "in love with God."

Right after that speaking engagement, she came to Maryhouse to visit Dorothy Day, a close friend and comrade for fifty years. Their letters spanning those five decades reveal a tenderness in encouraging each other on in their vocations, as well as explicating the ordinary concerns and likes and dislikes of two old friends. The visit of The B in 1978 was the last time the two were to see one another.

The B was waked at the Madonna House center in the "island chapel," a log building with polished pine paneling built in the Russian style. She was lying in a white pine coffin made by a member of the community. She was dressed in a tunic-like caftan of striking red woolen cloth and a brilliant, multicolored, Ukrainian peasant jacket. On her breast was an icon of the Dormition of Mary and on her feet were golden slippers. The B was fond of slippers, but these were special. For these, as The B had told many, she wanted to be wearing when she died so that she could "dance, and sing, and laugh with the Trinity in eternity forever." The wake service was of the Melchite rite with solemn and joyful chanting amidst hundreds of candles and incense. At the end, the celebrant placed the book of the Gospels on The B's mid-section. The mourners processed to the bier kissing the Gospels, the icon, and then offered a farewell kiss to The B.

The next morning, a still, bitterly cold day, the mourners walked slowly through the snow, down the road to the small parish church of the Canadian Martyrs for the Mass of the Resurrection. The B's coffin was placed in the middle of the church and was opened for one last viewing. Now clothed in a Franciscan habit, as she was a member of the Third Order, The B was still seen to be wearing her golden slippers, not willing to forgo the opportunity to "dance, and sing, and laugh with the Trinity . . . forever."



Rita Corbin