

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Tilting at Power Plants

By JUDITH GREGORY

(In the December 1976 issue, Lowell Rheinheimer recounted the history of the Clamshell Alliance whose efforts to prevent construction of a nuclear power plant at Seabrook, New Hampshire, have included two occupations of the site—a third is scheduled for April 30. This article is a personal account of the second Seabrook occupation, August 22, 1976. Eds. note.)

Bright sun heated the windless air while the crowd grew on Hampton Falls Common. I'd been nervous for days, wishing I hadn't decided to join the occupation. I'd never been arrested and I felt oppressed and anxious. A friend drove me over to the New Hampshire coast and we met the rest of the group from Cheshire County on the common at Hampton Falls, where the rally was to take place. (Each area—some from out of state—formed a separate group and representatives of these groups joined to consult when necessary.) I noticed that many of those who meant to occupy had wrapped cloth around their wrists, and learned that this was to protect themselves from handcuffs. I tore pieces off one of the bags that held the young pine trees we intended to plant at the nuclear power plant site, and used these strips to bind my wrists.

I was uneasy. It strikes me now that it is rational to be uneasy before practicing civil disobedience, but at the time I simply felt cowardly. I believe that nuclear power plants are excessively dangerous and expensive, and that they restrict our freedom of choice in

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Robert Hodgell

## KIM CHI HA; A FINAL STATEMENT TO THE COURT

(In the issue of July-August 1976, we carried a long article by Fr. Daniel Berrigan on the South Korean dissident poet, Kim Chi Ha—at that time on trial for his life, charged with violating Presidential Emergency Decrees One and Four. Poems by Kim, critical of the Korean dictatorship, and fragments from unpublished journals were submitted as evidence of Kim's subversive commitment to the poor and oppressed, for which no apology was offered. Kim was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Not entirely satisfied that this sentence would prove definitive, the State re-tried Kim for violation of the Anti-Communist Law. Again found guilty, Kim was sentenced to a further seven years, on December 30, 1976.

A devout Catholic, an admitted nonviolent revolutionary, Kim was not tried for anything he had done. Rather, it was his thoughts and faith itself that were found in violation of the law. (At one point Kim remarked, "I am to be sentenced for a poem I have not yet written . . . It is my imagination that is to be sentenced . . .") An oddity of the later trial was that Kim was not required to prove he is not a revolutionary—only that he is not a Marxist revolutionary. He was able to use the trial as an opportunity to set forth the principles of a radical Christian revolutionary theory.

Information about Kim has been woefully slow in reaching us. As an officially designated Communist, anyone who supports him is automatically guilty of violating the Anti-Communist Law. For two years Kim has been held in isolation, denied reading materials, exercise, even washing facilities. On January 15, Kim was permitted to see his wife, two-year-old son, and parents for five minutes—their first meeting since March 1975. During those two years, the United States gave 368 million dollars of military aid to the Park regime. President Carter has urged a 77% increase in this aid for 1978. What follows is an abridgement of Kim Chi Ha's 3-hour final statement to the court, December 23, 1976, compiled from the notes and memory of Korean observers. For information and support, write International Rescue Committee, COPO TAKADA 306, 2-7-11 Takadanobaba, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160, Japan. Editors note.)

As I have said repeatedly, my thought is neither so mature nor organized that it can be given a name. However, if I had to call it something, I would like to call it a philosophy of unification. To reveal contradiction itself, and then to genuinely overcome it, creating a world of friendship and unity—this is my philosophy. For a long time I have dreamed of a unification of God and revolution; of a unification of bread and freedom, earth and heaven, prayer and action. And now I am experiencing this vision more vividly than ever.

This philosophy grows primarily out of my personal experience in having come from among the masses, my life as a poet, and my religious faith. However, it is a fact, and one which increases my confidence, that the same groping path can be discerned in the works of many Korean intellectuals, writers, and scholars of my generation. I believe that this phenomenon is no accident; the very philosophy of unity which I pursue is the claim of our generation, the demand of our people.

The immediate historical problem of the Korean people is the unification of north and south. However, this is not simply a question of linking the territories back together. The authentic unification of the people themselves is the essential basis of the philosophy of unity of which I dream. It is only through unity that our people can live; it is only through unity that we can conquer oppression from within and from without the country, and arrive at a world of true fraternity. This unity can by no means be achieved by makeshift artifice or stratagems, nor by forcing things. What is called for is an entirely new philosophy, an entirely new spirit, and the emergence of a fundamentally new human being. It is for this that I am crying out like a madman in this courtroom.

The ultimate objective of this philosophy of unity is the state of what Christianity calls KOINONIA. But the immediate problem with which we must actually struggle is how, from our present situation, we can bring about a National Democratic Revolution. I have explained the character of this National Democratic Revolution in detail earlier. I have made clear that it is the present regime—this rotten dictatorial power, these exploitative capitalists, this pawn of neo-colonial foreign powers—which is the target of this revolution. To bring about the collapse of the Park regime is an extremely difficult task. This regime has a tight hold on all of the nation's power and organizational strength. And in collusion with the immense financial might of the rotten comprador business interests, it receives unlimited support from the neo-colonialists. It not only maintains an absurd potential for violence, but it also puts each new bit of information, intelligence, and technology to use for the deception and manipulation of the people of this country.

Those who go to America and Europe and come back with doctorships and professorships head straight for the Blue House (presidential mansion) as soon as they get off the plane. And once they get in, they concentrate on binding the people in

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## A Matter of Interest

Here at the Catholic Worker, we rely on the donations of others to support our work. Our friends are generous, and our needs are met. But from time to time various donations, or offers of donations, cause us to reflect and act on certain principles. A few of these concern interest, and the system of tax exempt donations to "charity."

Occasionally, donations are offered in the form of interest on a loan, a mortgage, or a bank account. Though these offers are well-intended, we turn them down when we know where they come from. In "The Fallacy of Usury" Peter Maurin wrote:

Lending money at interest is called usury  
by the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.  
Usurers were not considered to be gentlemen  
when people used to listen to the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.  
They could not see anything gentle in trying to live on the sweat of somebody else's brow  
by lending money at interest...

Beginning with a positive view, our vision is of a world where "each works according to one's ability, and receives according to one's need." Seeing the world as a community of people, a world in which, as Christ taught us, we must care for our neighbors as we care for ourselves, we are opposed to the view that says persons need only watch out for themselves. The latter attitude is at the base of the capitalist system: a system set up for personal gain through competition, often without regard for how one person or a group suffers at the expense of another's gain; a system which imagines that value is the fruit of money itself, "investment," rather than of the sacrifice that workers make when they project their own being into the objects of their labor.

Under the capitalist system, production is for profit—not, as we envision, production in response to the needs of all people, poor or rich, in every country. Labor, that should be a gift offered freely in love, is degraded by this profit system into a commodity whose price is subject to market forces, the cost of the food the workers eat, the cost of the roof that houses them. This system

works for the enhancement of capital, not people. Business expands, national income grows, all on a base of speculation and interest. And yet, in spite of this greatest concentration of wealth in the world, many must suffer destitution. The bank account has replaced the Sermon on the Mount.



We don't have to look far to see some of the consequences of this system—the costs of this blind grasping for gain: the holocaust of industrial accidents and job-induced disabilities; the fouling of our air, water, and food; strip-mining rape of the land; the proliferation of nuclear power plants, spewing such poisonous wastes as God saw fit not to create. These are just a few examples of the madness that occurs when people think first of quick gains without caring about long term results for the world community.

For some of the same reasons, the contributors or would-be contributors who want to claim their donations to us for tax exemptions, should know that we do not have, nor do we want, legal status as a non-profit corporation. We dedicate ourselves to helping those in need because we feel it is our personal responsibility, our Christian responsibility—a matter of love and justice.

We do not feel the need for government recognition of this, nor the special privileges such approval brings. We try to be a channel for others who want to share their excess goods, not simply relieving them of their own personal responsibility for the needs of their neighbors. We fail miserably when we help perpetuate the attitude that there are organizations and agencies whose special job it is to "deal" with social problems. The welfare state has done enough to inculcate this notion in the minds of passive Christians. This cannot be over emphasized: our work is aimless and endless in so far as we encourage the popular belief that con-

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Has the snow and ice melted from the hills of Vermont, where I spent the first week of March, to celebrate my daughter's birthday? Only Nicky and Hilaire were at home, and Maggie Corbin, who was taking care of the sheep and goats in the absence of Martha, who is picking oranges in Florida. Hilaire, a recent graduate of Dick Bliss' East Hill school in Andover, took advantage of a ride to New York for two days to visit Mary-house, to see "Fiddler on the Roof," and visit the Museum of the American Indian.

There was plenty of wood cut to stoke the fires. (They have not burnt oil all winter.) The kitchen and living room and work room were all comfortably warm. I slept in the work room with its three sunny windows. Outside, there was the wintry beauty of trees etched against the white snow, and sunsets were golden. Inside, Tamar's loom and spinning wheels and all her specimens of spinning, dyeing and weaving were familiar and beautiful. When she was a child on the beach at Staten Island, her wall hangings were large horse-shoe crabs, and sinister-looking spider crabs, and shells of all descriptions. I loved especially the strings of cocoon-shaped sacks found on the beach full of infinitesimal whelks. They look like a broken necklace, in a way.

It was hard not to be able to get out, not to be able to walk down the road to Becky's and John's house. Becky and her two children, Lara and Justin, were over often and I saw Eric and his son Shawn, and Mary and her son Forest. Tamar has nine children and twelve grandchildren.

There is a steep driveway up to the house and the sure-footed young people could navigate the frozen, icy road, but I was afraid to venture forth. The memory of several old women in our New York house of hospitality, who had broken their hips from falling on icy streets, kept me house-bound.

### Solzhenitsyn

I will have to go again later this spring if only to drive to Cavendish, a pilgrimage to pay silent tribute to one of the greatest writers of our day—Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

Cavendish is not far from Perkinsville, the one-store, one Protestant church, one gas-station-town which is Tamar's post office address. (The nearest Catholic Church is in Springfield, miles away, along a winding highway, skirting the Black River.) It is a factory town—small tool, and textile. There is an old "shoddy" factory there, which long ago recruited Russian and Polish people to the town. One Russian in his homesickness planted a few acres of beautiful white birch in the midst of which he built his hut—his first dwelling. "Shoddy" is a fabric, according to Webster, made of reclaimed wool, obtained by pulling apart old worsteds or woollens. Another definition given to "shoddy" is "an inferior person or thing claiming superiority." Whoever it was who planted those acres of white birch was no shoddy person, to use the other meaning of the word. He was an exile like Solzhenitsyn from a country whose beauty haunted him.

From the time I read One Day in

the Life of Ivan Denisovich I have been fascinated by this author, who, to my mind, stands with Chekhov, Tolstoi and Dostoevsky.

I read the book and later saw the movie—or did I actually see the movie? The book itself made so vivid an impression on me, I'm not sure about a movie version. It was that Christian consciousness of sharing in the sufferings of Christ, that appreciation of *The Word* that so impressed me that I could only conceive of Ivan Denisovich as the happiest man in the prison camps. I had a morbid fear of reading *The Cancer Ward*, but "Ivan" dispelled it. I found the same sense of the nobility of man capable of enduring, even transcending, all that might befall him, that won me—the conviction that no matter what happened, "underneath was the everlasting arms." One could never succumb to despair with such a conviction.

"The worst has already happened and been repaired." That line intrudes itself in my mind here. It is somewhere in the Revelations of Juliana of Norwich, and refers to Adam's Fall and Jesus' reparation of that "worst tragedy," man's failure to respect God's greatest gift, his freedom.

There had been much in the local press about Solzhenitsyn, Tamar told me. I made her promise me that she, or Martha or Maggie or Becky, would clip out whatever else appeared about him in the local press.

"He built a riot fence and barbed wire around his property," they told me, "and then he went to the Town meeting and apologized for doing it. But he is afraid of something happening to his wife and to his children."

Remembering how Trotsky had been followed to Mexico and assassinated, I did not wonder at his fear for them.

And in view of what happened this month in Washington D.C., just after my return from Vermont—the occupation of the B'nai B'rith and Moslem headquarters, the holding of hostages—and the recent assassination of the Chilean exile, Orlando Letelier, the violence of our time here in the United States is horrifying.

Recalling the little Russian classic, *The Way of a Pilgrim*, I resolve to begin again an attempt to "pray without ceasing."

### Russian Friends

When I returned from Vermont to New York I learned of the death of a Russian friend of my youth, Varya Bulgakov, who had been trained as an actress in Russia. When I knew her she was playing in the Eva Le Gallienne Theater on Fourteen Street, a stock company which put on *The Three Sisters* of Chekhov, also a dramatized version of Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*, and, strangely enough, a dramatization of Dickens' *Cricket on the Hearth*.

Varya was a friend of my beach friends—the Maruchess family, of whom I wrote in my book *The Long Loneliness*. Varya's husband had a part in "Street-Scene" which was running on Broadway. They had a son, Shura, who telephoned last week to my brother John about her death. Shura and John were fishing companions, 14 or 15 years

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### Definitions: 'Rich' and 'Poor'

Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word 'rich'. At least if they know, they do not in their reasoning allow for the fact that it is a relative word, implying its opposite, 'poor', as positively as the word 'north' implies its opposite, 'south'. People always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible by allowing certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of the guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately on the need or desire he has for it. And the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor.

John Ruskin

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# Maine Tribes — Reclaiming Their Land and Lives

By LARRY LACK

**BREWER, MAINE**—The Passamaquoddy and the Penobscot, native peoples of Maine, are taking steps to regain some of the vast territory that once was theirs. In so doing, they have engendered an immense controversy in the state. One result could be bloodshed, a people divided, a renewal of the worst in American history. But it is not too late to steer a course for a far better outcome that is also possible: restitution, reconciliation, and the return of Maine's land to all the people of Maine.

Anyone who honestly and objectively examines the legal basis of the claims, and, even more important, the overall history of how Europeans came by land in the New World, must conclude that the tribes' claims are indisputable. Legally, these hinge on the clear and unmistakable terms of the Federal Indian Non-Intercourse Act of 1790. But the legalities rest on an even more solid moral reality: the lands of Maine's original people were stolen, taken by force and fraud, as was most land in what is now North America.

Native people in Maine, as elsewhere, have suffered much, physically and spiritually, because they have been deprived of a significant land base. This suffering continues to this day, and the possibility that it may be eased by successful land claims should be cause for rejoicing among non-Indian Mainers, as indeed it is for a great many of us. For those who know the history, ancient and contemporary, of white-red relations in the Americas, the claims in Maine are a stunning source of hope that justice may, for once, be done.

The tribes have no intention of evicting non-Indian smallholders from their lands. Tribal leaders and their attorney, Tom Tureen, have said this over and over again, on the record. But it seems as if a great many people have not heard them yet.

A major reason why this straightforward reality has not gotten across to many Mainers is that our "leaders" in Augusta, and to a large extent the Maine Congressional delegation in Washington as well, have deliberately clouded the situation in order to try to justify what they think will be a popular fight against the tribal claims. Instead of seek-



Kathleen Rumpf

ing justice for the tribes, which clearly means a return of land, our Maine statesmen have chosen the cheap route. They are trying to advance their own careers by playing Custer and Kit Carson, posing as the defenders of Maine people against these savages bent on our land.

If these politicians were really interested in defending the land of Mainers, they would long ago have moved against those who have already grabbed more than half of all the land in Maine. Out-of-state based paper corporations control well over 50% of Maine's land mass at present; out-of-state interests, in all, control over 80% of Maine's total land.

When the land base of any people is lost, they become poor and hopeless. Too many Mainers, white and red, are in this situation. Outside interests have a hammer-lock on this state's economy, and this casts a shadow over all the lives in Maine. The land that should be our heritage has been reduced instead to entries in the credit ledgers of international corporations and conglomerates that view Maine as nothing more than a great bonanza of raw materials and cheap labor.

By failing to confront these interests, by indulging instead in an inane and dangerous display of Indian baiting, the politicians of Maine show more than cowardice and poor judgement. They show that there is substance to the theory that government in Maine has only one basic function, that of running interference for the paper companies.

It may be useful for Mainers to consider what we may learn about the treatment of land from the tradition of native North Americans. Over millennia they did not despoil the country we have nearly destroyed in just over 200 years.

Aboriginal people everywhere view land with awe and reverence. They understand their dependence on the land.

They are "owned by the land," unlike we Europeans who have sought to subdue and subjugate the land by our system of land alienation in which land is treated as though it were a commercial commodity.

One does not revere or respect anything that one subjugates; more often, that which is conquered is despised. Such a relationship has characterized the interaction of our European culture with native peoples and conquered lands alike. We have consistently sought to squeeze the life from both of them. Eventually, if we do not reverse this pattern, we will ourselves be destroyed by it.

The most concrete inconvenience Mainers may have to suffer as a result of the land claims has been showing up for some months already: the real estate trade has been disrupted. But let's take a hard look, difficult though this may be for some of us, at the reality of that trade.

Not that there is no such thing as honest real estate work. The buying and selling of houses, of structures and other human improvements, can be an honest and useful work. But insofar as real estate is the buying and selling of land, it is a parasitic and hurtful practice and a grievous social wrong. Much of the suffering, the division into classes, the basic violence of our modern mass culture stems from the wrongful practice of charging for the land access that is the free birthright of every person on earth. And land speculation is probably the single most important cause of inflation, the bane of modern economic life. (Continued on page 7)

## YANQUI GO HOME

By RAMON RODRIGUEZ

(In the waning hours of his administration, President Ford made the curious recommendation that Congress initiate the process of granting statehood to Puerto Rico. Reactions to this announcement among Puerto Ricans ranged from outrage to embarrassed silence. The pro-statehood forces in Puerto Rico chose not to respond. We hope the following, the first of a two-part article, will introduce a continuing discussion in these pages. The author has been a friend of the Catholic Worker since 1958. He has worked in Puerto Rico and in the United States as a skilled worker, union organizer, and journalist. He is currently living at Tivoli. Eds. note.)

Puerto Rico has a long history of struggling for independence. Its emancipation process started at the beginning of the last century and was part of Simon Bolivar's plan for the total political independence of Latin America. The Republic of Puerto Rico was founded 108 years ago when our ancestors rebelled in Lares and proclaimed independence. The revolution was crushed by Spain. At the end of the XIX century, Puerto Rico was an autonomous nation, status acquired by the Autonomous Constitution granted by Spain and afterwards ratified by both nations. On July 25, 1898, without any justification at all, the U.S. invaded Puerto Rico, dissolved the Autonomous Government, and imposed a military regime. The Puerto Rican people resisted the invasion with the resources that were available to them. The Paris Treaty put an end to the war that the U.S. declared on Spain, having taken as a pretext the sinking of the gunboat "Maine." (Admiral Hyman Rickover's recent investigation of the sinking of the "Maine" concurs with the original judgement of Spain, that the ship was destroyed by an internal ex-

plosion.) The U.S., the victor, demanded that Spain give them Puerto Rico as spoils of war, and Spain, defeated, "gave" what didn't belong to her.

In my opinion, everything good that exists today in Puerto Rico is due to Don Pedro Albizu Campos (1891-1965), an amazing example of honor in our history. "Freedom must be paid for at its just price," he affirmed, and suffered 33 years of persecution and 25 years of prison. From the brilliant thesis that he presented in 1930 about the nullity of the Paris Treaty concerning Puerto Rico, we quote the following: "Upon the occasion of the ratification of the Paris Treaty, which put an end to the war between the United States of America and Spain on April 11, 1899, Puerto Rico was a sovereign nation as international law understands that term, independent from the Spanish nation by virtue of the Autonomic Charter granted by ... Spain in Puerto Rico ... in which the independence of Puerto Rico from the Spanish nation was formally recognized. Whatever can be the validity of a treaty ratified between the United States of America and another sovereign, such treaty will be null and void with regard to another sovereign that has not been a part of that Treaty. It is evident that a treaty negotiated between the United States of America and the United Kingdom does not apply to the dominion of Canada if this domain has not been part of such a treaty."

### Plunder Follows the Flag

At the very moment when the invasion of Puerto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines took place, McKinley, at a meeting of theologians, said that God had revealed to him that it was his "duty to send troops to those creatures of dark skin

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## UFW-Teamsters Reach Accord

An agreement signed March 10, between the Teamsters union and the United Farm Workers, brings to a close a decade long, and often violent, struggle between the two unions to organize agricultural workers in the West. The five-year pact, which covers thirteen western states, sets up areas of jurisdiction for each union's organizing efforts. The UFW will organize those workers whose employer is engaged primarily in farming as defined by the California Agricultural Labor Relations Act (ALRA). That would include irrigators, machine operators, tractor drivers, and even some truck drivers, as well as

Labor Relations Board has conducted 327 representative elections for 50,000 farm workers. Of these, the UFW has won 204, representing the great majority of workers involved.

According to the new agreement, the teamsters will drop their claims to those farms where they have won an election and no contract has been signed. In another election, workers will be able to choose between the UFW and no union. This will mean a loss for the teamsters of 10-12,000 workers. The teamsters will continue to represent farm workers for whom they have negotiated a contract, but will cede jurisdiction to the UFW upon the contract's expiration.

A New York UFW representative suggested three reasons for the teamsters' decision to compromise. 1) Ever since passage of the ALRA, the teamsters have suffered a net loss in members, representing as much as \$7,000,000 in dues, according to Frank Fitzsimmons, president of the teamsters. 2) A number of suits have been leveled against the teamsters by the UFW and on their behalf. Damages paid have totaled further millions of dollars. 3) A third explanation—the teamsters desire to change the bad image they have acquired as a result of the strong-arm tactics employed against the UFW—seems to be the one offered by the teamsters themselves. According to Fitzsimmons, "We now get in the position where we are not accused. We are not the people suppressing the farm workers."

Elections will continue, and, no longer facing competition in the fields, there seems to be no obstacle to the UFW's achieving its aim of organizing 100,000 farm workers by the end of 1978. There are 250,000 farm workers in California alone. The UFW currently represents 25,000 workers. As important a victory as the current agreement is, now as always, the major task remains to negotiate contracts with the growers. The new compromise with the teamsters does not signify a change of attitude on the part of the growers. THE BOYCOTT OF HEAD LETTUCE, TABLE GRAPES, AND GALLO WINE, REMAINS A CENTRAL PART OF THE STRUGGLE.



George Knowlton

those working in the fields. The teamsters will organize only among workers covered by the National Labor Relations Act—workers whose employer is engaged primarily in non-agricultural business.

Before Cesar Chavez began formation of the UFW in the early sixties, there had never been a successful effort to unionize farm labor. Conflict between the two unions began in the late sixties when large growers tried to frustrate the success of the UFW by signing sweetheart contracts with the teamsters. In 1975, with the passage of the ALRA, farm workers won the right to vote for the union representation of their choice. In the last two years, the California



## Maryhouse

By MARY O'CONNOR

Above the altar at Nativity, our parish church, there is a figure of Christ extending both arms, inviting all to His embrace. In a time when men and women affirm themselves only by the things around them, in a city such as New York, it is difficult to see the Resurrection. The embrace of the city is also inviting. Lured by raging towers and commercial seductions, men and women are bound by the unnatural world of their own creation. "The city is man's greatest work," states Jacques Ellul in *The Meaning of the City*. "It is his great attempt to attain autonomy, to exercise will and intelligence. This is where all his efforts are concentrated, where all the powers are born. No other of man's works, technical or philosophical, is equivalent to the city, which is the creation not of an instrument but of the whole world in which man's instruments are conceived and put to work."

The will and intelligence of humans are darkened, and though they bind the city in well-intentioned devices to improve the human lot, an inhuman society is created.

The city in its immensity, an inhospitable refuge for the people it devours, abandons the women who endlessly arrive at our door. The city is a reflection of the hopes and dreams of men and women, of people who have invested their lives and are suddenly betrayed by the very forces they have set in motion. "The city has a spiritual influence," says Ellul. "It is capable of directing and changing a man's spiritual life. It brings its power to bear in him, and changes his life, all his life, and not just his house." They are consumed by the meaninglessness of the hope in the city.

### Knowledge and Hope

Everytime I pass a woman living on the street or riding the subway, I am called back to myself, called to repent and change. I see them as prophetic. They often won't stay with us at Maryhouse, preferring to return to the street. They are daily reminders and prods to our souls; they give no easy relief to our consciences. Attuned to a cry which others cannot hear, the prophet is a tester among God's people, appointed by Him to search and test the way. (Jer. 6:27) Unconsoled in their distress, they do God's work in this voracious city.

I am haunted by one face, a wo-

## Conversation...

Our eyes were closed. She lay on the bench, wrapped in rags, clutching letters she had hunted from garbage cans. She smoked a cigarette; I chewed on a straw. It was night. Her talk circled, aimless of convention or substance, like intimate talk or the talk of the mad. It lit on a writer.

"A cloister, in a cloister, a writer must be in a room like a cloistered nun. A writer must be like a priest or a nun, go into his room like a church, like a cloister. He must have a room of his own and think of nothing else. Yes and he must give up even cigarettes, and he must concentrate only on writing in a cloister or in a prayer."

"Yes and a writer, a writer is not born, his is an accident of writing, an accident of experience, experience of day to day people walking back and forth, experience of the heart, experience of the soul."

"Yes and a writer could become berserk from feeling, profound feeling, stirring the impulses to a devotion in a writer, in a cloister with a window."

She laughed.

"A husband and wife could write together, but they might have to chase each other around the typewriter and out of the room, yes and they might have to live like a nun or a priest; they have to give up everything to write," she said.

man whom I could not help, yet could not turn away from. Her eyes forced attention beyond her appearance, revealing a presence wrought with torment. On crutches, her foot wrapped in a towel, when she took the towel off her foot, I saw her flesh was eaten away by gangrene. The smell of decaying flesh ate into me. She talked quietly about her husband as if his memory sustained her. She left, refusing our care. Not being able to help her I had a feeling of abandonment, of standing totally alone, of not knowing any hope. I could not embrace her, much less heal her in any way. If I could only just touch, just love one face, I could love "every crushed and miserable soul in the midst of the wandering crowd," to use Ellul's words. Our presence in

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## A Recipe for Catholic Worker Soup:

### Make Too Much, Invite Too Many

(Reprinted from the newsletter of the Davenport Catholic Worker, 806 W. 5th St., Davenport, Iowa 52808. Eds. note.)

One of the by-products of involvement with the Catholic Worker movement is a deeper enjoyment of soup. It would not be reckless to say that the soup line at noon on Fifth Street has introduced many hungry people to a culinary experience that would make Julia Child, the Galloping Gourmet, the kitchen staffs of Luchows and Le Pavillon all hang their heads in shame. There is no secret recipe for Catholic Worker Soup; the unstructured and arbitrary methods by which it is produced have, at times, resulted in disappointments, but are more often striking examples of the poetry engendered when the undisciplined imagination confronts kitchen hardware and barren icebox.

The hardware problem is easy; a large pot, a long spoon, and a sharp knife. That elegantly simple trinity, if your goal is good, honest soup, is all you need.

Some things to be kept in mind:

1. In the early days of the Catholic Worker, Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day thought that it would be a good idea to keep a soup pot simmering at all times. This could be continually replenished by whatever vegetables the people of the house could acquire. It was a brilliant idea for a symbol of communal sharing, certainly. But, even more certainly, it was responsible for delicious soup. The longer soup simmers, obviously, the better it tastes, and the vegetables and flavors that do not become compatible, even complementary, after four hours companionship in a boiling pot are rare.

2. Far too many modern problems (our fascination with violence, our racism, our waste of resources, our fragmentation as a people) are grounded in unnecessary fears. One minor, but definitely unnecessary fear is the fear of making too much soup. Soup that has been reheated after forty-eight hours in the refrigerator tastes much better than the soup you made this morning, and serves as an excellent theme for even better soup. I like to think that in the soup I had at noon today, there may have been a few dim atoms of the soup served on the day our house here opened. Good soup is one more way we can preserve the treasures of the past, and demonstrates that tradition is never a dead thing, but always a fresh and enriching perspective on the present. Good soup has, in common with great art, and the Gospel itself, the characteristic of eternal freshness and beauty.

3. The phrase "too much garlic" is meaningless.

4. So is the phrase "too many onions."

5. The idea may be unorthodox, but sometimes, by concentration on visual aesthetics, to the exclusion of the more vulgar urgings of the palate, one can stumble into higher realms of soup-making and soup-eating pleasure. About a month ago, I emptied an annoying can of catsup (it had wasted space in our icebox for too long and its moment had come) into what had previously been an uninteresting liquid of drab, brown appearance. I stirred in the catsup hesitantly, watching deep red clouds from the bottom of the soup kettle merge gently with the brown. Soon the pot was simmering again, this time with a wine-dark surface. It smelled wonderful, but tasted strangely sweet. Onion salt, gradually added, brought the taste of the soup from sweet to rich. More space in the icebox. Better looking soup. Better tasting soup (the men in the house nearly all came back for seconds) and a proud and happy soupmaker. All of this as a result of inclusion rather than exclusion.

A person of longer association with the Catholic Worker could make other suggestions, and in the interests of space conservation this should be cut short. It wouldn't hurt to remember that soup is best as a shared food; that all food becomes better when shared. This is what the miracle of loaves and fishes teaches us. This is what the child's story "Nail Broth" celebrates. Most people on the North American continent have at this moment, in their refrigerators, ingredients which, when added to a quart or so of boiling water, could delight and enrich them. Especially if they used too much of everything, and invited too many to eat with them. The reason that such an idea is preposterous to us is our own unnecessary fear.

We should pray that our fears be left behind in the ashes of this Lent, in the ashes of our false, limited, dying selves, and that we may all feast together, without fear, in the new kingdom which Easter announces.

## Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

In the second week of March, Spring suddenly appeared in our midst, like a gentle rebuke for a winter much too harsh. Days, soft and warm as blossom-time in April or the flower-garlanded month of Our Lady, charmed bees, birds, and human beings out of winter torpor. Bees feasted happily on delicious sap oozing from crevices in maple trees. Children capered about the front yard once again, where patches of grass were greening a welcome for St. Patrick. Each morning cardinals, song sparrows, white throated sparrows, and chickadees sing more fervently, practicing I think, their Easter antiphons.

Up in the goat pen She-la proudly watches her three perky little bucks beginning to caper, happy to be born in a time when winds are so well tempered to the newborn kid. For Farmer John,

Peggy, and Terri, birthing-time for goats means more work. Since they love animals and all manner of farming, it is work they do with much love. The whole community seems to catch some of their enthusiasm. Soon after we learned of the new births, Sr. Margaret and I set out on a visit to the goat barn. Soon we were joined by Susie with Charlotte Rose and Kachina. Then Alexandra with her three children made it a real procession. In the barn we found Terri and Peggy hard at work. But the children gazed enraptured, murmuring "ohs" and "ahs" and "oos" of wonderment. It was a kind of affirmation of life, a sharing in the sacramental wonder which we all ought to feel before the smallest part of God's Creation.

### Preparing for Spring

On another balmy afternoon, Sr. Margaret and I went for a walk with two visitors—Fr. O'Connor from Albany and Brother Tom Connors—to show them about the place. We paid another visit to She-la and her charming kids, and Peggy placed Sam, one of the perkier, in my arms. We walked on to see the large garden acreage in the upper field, and hoped for a good plowing and planting time and a bountiful harvest. On the return trip we made our way into the woods to the prayer places George Collins erected last summer. We walked through muck and puddles and over leaves still sodden with melted snow. Here and there were patches of velvety moss, and in one spot tiny ferns. We also saw the mutilated stumps of trees, butchered by a mad woodsman who lives in our woods, and too many ugly dumps of various kinds of refuse left by our woods visitors. It is sad to see a woodland so despoiled. Birds, however, sounded their cheerful calls. Some deer tracks seemed to evoke the ghostly presence of a deer. A skunk permitted us to pass in amity. And though we found no flowers in bloom, there was a kind of whisper of violets in the air.

Farmer John, Terri and Peggy have not only been busy with the goats, but also with the plastic greenhouse where seedlings are grown for later transplanting. John has made many flats and filled them with good earth. A few seeds planted early are already up, but it will be some time before plowing and planting can be done in the upper field. Terri and various assistants have also been working hard in the vineyard, pruning, etc., in the hope there may be another profitable grape harvest this year. Jack McMurray, Glen, and Michael have been pruning in a nearby orchard.

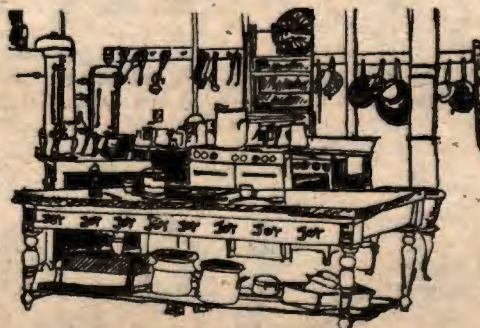
Jackie, Sister Margaret, and Kathleen Granger do much of the car driving, shopping, errand running, etc. They have also brought much cleanliness and order into our lives. We are sorry indeed that Jackie and Sr. Margaret will soon be called away by family responsibilities. We shall miss them. Even now we are missing Ann Colantuono, who helped us with such warmth and joy during her short month here. We hope she will return next summer.

As usual we have had many visitors. Many of them have brought donations of food, clothing, and other articles. We thank them, and pray that God will bless them for their kindness.

We are always particularly pleased to have a visit from Dorothy Gauchat. She has led such a dedicated life in the best tradition of Catholic Worker teaching. Dorothy Gauchat has told the story of her work and that of her late husband, Bill, in her book, *All God's Children*, published by Hawthorn Books, Inc. This book is a moving account of the care of the "least of these," badly brain-damaged and handicapped children, and ought to be read by everyone.

We were also pleased to have recent visits from our fellow Catholic Workers—Ed Turner, Tommy Hughes, Bob Connors, and John O'Neill.

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# "My Life of Crime"—The Seabrook Occupation

(Continued from page 1)

the field of energy by using up resources that can far more efficiently and safely be put into the development of energy from the sun and wind and water. These latter forms of energy can be controlled by the communities using them. They can provide more jobs than nuclear power plants. They are safe. Nuclear power is a lethal and inflexible tool in the hands of government and business as they cooperate more and more oppressively. Believing all this, I wanted to do my bit, and I decided to join my sister-in-law, Mary Gregory, in the occupation. She had been one of the 18 arrested in the previous occupation on August 1st; 10 of those 18 were to be arrested again on the 22nd.

Word went around that we were to start our walk to the site. The crowd fell back and 180 of us set off in a long line, surrounded by cheering supporters, a wonderfully exhilarating feeling. We crossed the highway and walked down a street that passed several houses and fields. The pavement ended and a dirt road continued through woods, then salt marsh, to the railroad track. Many reporters accompanied us. We walked slowly along the railroad track on an embankment just above the marsh. In a few places trees provided tantalizing shade; in a moment we again walked into the burning sun. I had been told to bring whatever I might need if we were not arrested and had to stay overnight at the site, so I carried two canteens of water, oranges, bread and cheese, insect repellent, a flashlight, a light blanket. One woman wore only an open-backed dress and sandals and carried nothing at all. Many had no food or water. Luckily, we were arrested!

The mood among us all was exuberant. We felt congenial though few of us knew each other. In addition to the groups from New Hampshire, people came from Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, perhaps other states. One woman represented the wives of Gloucester fishermen. Most were young. I'd guess about half were women, half men. We sang and chanted while we walked slowly along the track.

## A Spot Suitable for Trees

When we approached the site, we saw policemen and heard a voice over a P.A. system and soon learned that the entrance to the site was blocked. Our representatives conferred while we sat on the track, vainly seeking shade from a few bushes, sipping water, talking. I felt a return of tension when someone suggested we strike out across the marsh to the site, and others suggested we simply cross the barrier and confront the police. Even now no agreement exists on exactly what happened. The police finally allowed us to walk onto the site, and the state claims—and I believe it is true, though P.A. systems are always hard to hear—that we were warned that we risked charges of contempt, in addition to charges of criminal trespass, for violating an injunction against the occupation. Since our intention was to violate the law by occupying the site, many of us, I think, paid little attention to the exact terms of this violation.

We walked onto the site and rapidly spread out over the bulldozed area, dry except for some muddy pools at the far side. Local policemen stood at many points near us. Reporters stayed nearer the railroad track. Our group chose a spot near the water suitable for planting

the young pine trees we carried. We planted the trees by the pool, then sat on the dirt bank above it. After about 10 minutes, a man announced that we might all leave the way we came and not be charged. No one left. We formed a huge circle and sat down, policemen in blue standing behind us. I heard much friendly wisecracking, cries of "Join us join us!" to the police, who were polite, and some of whom were friendly.

School buses had been driving onto the cleared ground. From them stepped ranks of state troopers dressed neatly in green and tan uniforms. They walked over to our circle and stood behind us. We sat on the ground, singing and chanting. Once again the warning came: if we didn't leave in 10 minutes, we would be arrested for criminal trespass. The voice defined criminal trespass. No one rose from the circle.

The state troopers moved toward us and began, in pairs, to take each of us by the arms and drag us toward the buses. Mary had told me that on August 1st the ground was extremely rough and the dragging very painful. Bulldozers had been at work and we were pulled over smooth terrain. I no longer felt any fear at all. I relaxed while they pulled me easily in a sitting position.



Bob Pulley

When the troopers stopped to wait while the latest arrival at the bus was photographed and thumb-printed, I simply sat on the ground. A few said later that their arms got twisted; only one person was handcuffed. Some walked; most of us refused to walk until we'd been arrested formally, when we climbed into the buses voluntarily. Two men refused altogether to cooperate and were carried by the troopers. They were charged the next day with contempt of court and sent to jail at once.

I was in the first bus to leave. High spirits prevailed. We shouted "NO NUKES!" to everyone we passed, including two policemen on the way out who responded with gestures of thumbs up. I had seen no signs of hostility all day. One man said he'd seen a few, but that compared to August 1st this had been a gentle time. The troopers had been well trained in responding nonviolently, and the courtesy, thoughtfulness and discipline were as marked in the occupying group as were determination and high spirits.

## Jailhouse Notes

The buses took us to the armory in Portsmouth, N.H. During the next 24 hours I made notes, and I'll copy them here.

It must be about 4:00 by now. I brought nothing valuable with me, so I have no

watch. We're sitting in the buses and will soon be taken inside, I gather. A few minutes ago someone asked a policeman if he'd fill an orange juice bottle with water for us, and he brought it and another bottle of water.

6:30 I've been through the line, photographed and fingerprinted. The photographer looked at my card and said, "Another Pisces! That must be why I got this job—I'm a Pisces!" The fingerprinter got my hands backwards, left for right, and the man with him said, "Doesn't matter." They haven't taken any of our stuff, or even looked at it—for all they know I have a gun in my pack. We're in a large portion of this huge room like a gym, the ceiling high overhead. Our area is roped off with a single line and filled with folding chairs. I've been to the women's toilet and had two long drinks of cold water from the fountain. I don't know how long we'll be here—maybe all night.

8:20 I'm waiting now to phone the family. I just heard an announcement that vegetarians will get a roll with lettuce and tomato and "sauce." About 75 people raised their hands.

8:50 The troopers have moved the rope and given us a much larger area. We've heard they're going to give us cots. A while ago, a woman who is in charge of bail and personal recognizance announced that anyone who wanted these could talk with her. I think no one did. We're to be given breakfast tomorrow at 7:30, then taken to Hampton District Court for the arraignment. They've just enlarged our area again and passed out blankets—they're not needed for cover, for it's very warm, but they'll be good to lie on. There aren't nearly enough cots.

August 23, 6:45 a.m. Most everyone is up now, exercising, chatting. The sun shines in the huge garage-size doors that have been open all night. One of the police asked, "Is \_\_\_\_\_ here?" and someone said, "He left for work," and everyone laughed.

7:15 A caterer—actually—is here and has set out white table cloths on two large tables, also napkins and pitchers of cream.

9:00 We've had our Dunkin' doughnuts and excellent coffee, and have folded the blankets and cots. Two guys swept the floor. We're sitting in groups to discuss the next step.

10:20 About an hour ago the ten who also occupied on August 1st were called out and, I hear, taken to Rockingham Superior Court. We've been discussing issues and tactics. The main point seems to be solidarity—that we'll not seek or accept release except all on the same terms, including people from out of state (who are often treated differently). I've been thinking and talking a lot about my plea. It is extremely difficult for me to say "Not guilty" when I have deliberately trespassed and violated an injunction. Of course I'm guilty. Yet everyone I've talked with intends to plead "Not guilty," and to appeal their convictions. Many people base this position, I gather, on their belief that the laws they've disobeyed are invalid morally. To me that's not the issue. I believe in the validity of some law of trespass and of injunctions. I am using the violation of these laws to call attention to what I do find invalid: the building of the Seabrook nuclear power plant. All my knowledge of civil disobedience is in terms of the Gandhian assumption that you break a law and—whether you believe that law to be valid or invalid—you take the penalty on yourself. I don't want to make an issue of this just now, however, when it might be divisive, and I'll probably go along with the group. I've decided I can say, "I'm as guilty as the Public Service Co. of New Hampshire." (I found out later that I could say "No plea" at the arraignment, which is what I did.)

The troopers have brought some morning papers. We're front page news in Boston. As it now stands, our group

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## Reclaiming the Earth

(Continued from page 3)

life and the cause of much poverty and distress.

This kind of "real estate" deserves not only to be disrupted: it deserves to be cast immediately onto the compost pile of history with kindred practices like human slavery.

Perhaps, if we are able to see clearly and objectively, we will learn from the Indian claims controversy where the buying and selling of land has led us. We have sold our birthright for the proverbial mess of pottage. Our land is no longer ours.

As humans in all times and places, the tribes of Maine are subject to temptation, and the temptations they now face are gargantuan. No doubt they are tempted by the talk of cash settlement. Huge staggering amounts, enough to set up every Indian family for life, are being mentioned. But land is what the tribes seem to want.

The next great temptation for the tribes will, no doubt, be that of taking title to lands and then treating them as we have tried to teach them—speculating and profiteering and chasing the fool's gold of easy money until the land is dead and the money is worthless.

Let us hope that in their efforts to negotiate a land base, or to win one in court, the tribes of Maine will not forget the lesson that we non-Indians are only now beginning to learn from their tradition: no one can own the land except

the human and the natural community. Land is not man-made; it is a gift of the Creator intended for all of us equally.

Some non-Indians who have lands have been discussing the possibility of offering their lands in addition to whatever land award eventually is made to the tribes, with the understanding that their lands should be held by a Community Land Trust geared to serving the needs of all those living in the locality, regardless of race, culture, sex, or other accidental variance. Presumably, the native peoples, whose legal initiatives would secure much of the land and provide the impetus for such conjoined Indian-and-non-Indian Community Land Trusts in Maine, would have a special role in guiding the Trusts. But they would be charged to act for all the people in the local communities, without favoritism.

Despite the admirable restraint of the two tribes, which have repeatedly tried to make clear that they do not intend to evict smallholders, the fact remains that the "leaders" of government have managed to persuade many whites to think that the Indians are bent on taking their lands by the tomahawk. As a result, Indian lives all over Maine are on the line, and everybody knows it.

Now is the time for Mainers, all of us, to unite against a revival of the Indian Wars in Maine. Enough blood has been shed, we have stolen enough; it is time for us to do some restoring, in the interest of justice and for the sake of our own souls.

And as we pursue better understanding, let's give full credit to the tribes for doing what our political leadership has utterly failed to do: for helping to focus attention on the most basic land problem here in Maine—the problem of control of Maine's lands by outside corporations.

Thanks to the Penobscot and the Passamaquoddy, more and more Mainers are waking up to the realization that all of us need to recover the land base that rightfully belongs to us.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on... This we know, the earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected, like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

Chief Seattle  
Suquamish tribe, 1854



# Reviews: The Land and its People

**REDEMPTION DENIED, AN APPALACHIAN READER**, edited by Edward Guinan, Appalachian Documentation (ADOC), 1335 N Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. 1976. 245 pp. \$3.95. Reviewed by Chuck Lathrop.

Ed Guinan has done us a great service, and we owe him our thanks for providing the loom that has resulted in this rich tapestry. He has provided a forum for a gathering of voices—voices we need to listen to. Most of the voices have spoken elsewhere in print, but here they blend their voices in one volume, woven together to speak the alternately harsh and gentle truth of Appalachia. They argue the case on behalf of a perpetually discovered, forgotten, rediscovered, used, abused, and exploited land and people.

There is no waxing eloquent in *Redemption Denied*. It is neither the time nor the area for such. There is not that luxury. The assembled voices in *Redemption Denied* speak to the various facets that are the lives, times, and concerns of the region: health, education, housing, religion, politics, mining, land use, development, etc. In short, the demand for, and the appalling lack of, justice. Also included are poetry and simple reminiscences of mountain people. Reading through the latter, one is re-

minded of Paul's admonition: "Don't try to get in the graces of important people, but enjoy the company of ordinary folks." (Rom. 12:16)

What we have here are not 'experts' from the outside filing their reports for one or another governmental agency; but rather, the people speaking for themselves. For too long their story has been told by others, their problems defined by others, their goals set by others, and the credit going to others.

In his introduction, Ed Guinan states a disarmingly simple yet profound and disturbing truth—"Appalachia may survive," having denied "the redemption offered by the invading hordes... those good, humanitarian, philanthropic church, corporate and governmental personages who 'knew' what would be 'good' for the folks... Appalachia, the unappreciative child of America's technology and wisdom." Appalachia may survive. It may. And it might not. Too many of her mountains wear 'headbands' fashioned by the strippers, or are being bought up by the out-of-state speculators for second-home developments. The estimate of the wealth taken out of Appalachia in timber and coal is astronomical. See what's left behind. She may survive. She might not. Little people and basic needs, well, they don't

seem to count for much, if anything. The mountains and their people have become a commodity, to be bought and sold. She has been called 'America's domestic colony'. Colonies exist for the material wealth that can be exploited. In order to exploit that wealth, the people too must be exploited. And they have been. She may survive. She might not.

The struggles, joys, hopes, the sins committed against Appalachia, what has been done, and what remains to be done,



Catherine Dolan

are all catalogued in *Redemption Denied*. This cataloguing is done not in lists of statistics, but rather in human terms, in human voices, woven together here to speak a too seldom heard truth. History reads differently when it comes from the vanquished rather than the victors, the losers rather than the winners, the bottom, rather than the top. In fifty-one articles, selections of poetry, and reminiscences, that 'other side' of history is shared.

The last article, and summary really, of *Redemption Denied* is the Appalachian Bishops' Pastoral Letter on Powerlessness, "This Land is Home to Me." The letter itself needs no commentary really. I would like to end with a quote from the letter's conclusion:

"... we urge all of you... to recover and defend the struggling dream of Appalachia itself. For it is the weak things of this world, which seem like folly, that the Spirit takes up and makes its own. The dream of the mountains' struggle, the dream of simplicity and of justice, like so many other repressed visions, is, we believe, the voice of the Lord among us."

Enough said.

**ISHI MEANS MAN.** By Thomas Merton. Greensboro: Unicorn Press, 1976. 71 pages, \$4. Reviewed by Pat Jordan.

Thomas Merton's breadth of appreciation was apparently boundless. Many of his interests (and his responsive wisdom) forged their way into print in his lifetime. But, graciously, every year since his death unpublished or commonly inaccessible materials, whether in the form of books, articles, interviews, letters or transcribed lectures, have been produced posthumously in book form as well. One of the most recent, a lovely, lightsome volume published by the Unicorn Press, is a noteworthy case in point.

Entitled *Ishi Means Man*, this small compendium consists of five articles, each a meditative review of a source material (usually one or more books), all dealing with the Indians of North and Central America. (Four of the five articles appeared over a year's time—1967-68—in the pages of *The Catholic Worker*. Fittingly, a brief foreword by Dorothy Day and a strong woodblock by Rita Corbin embellish the volume.) Merton was not an expert on Indian history or culture, but, as in many other areas, he was a discerning and respectful stu-

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## TIVOLI

(Continued from page 4)

In a community like ours in which serious problems often create a heavy atmosphere, festive occasions are as good as more formal therapy. Needless to say, children's birthdays are always good for a celebration. On March fifth, we celebrated the fourth birthday of Kachina McMurray, one of the twelve great grandchildren of Dorothy Day. Kachina is a charming and beautiful child, who often goes about singing, dancing, laughing, in a most engaging way. Her birthday was fully enjoyed by the children living here—six of them—and by most of the adults as well.

Another festive occasion observed here recently was the supper-party sponsored by Alice Lawrence and Dominic Falso in honor of the ordination anniversary of Fr. McSherry, who comes down from St. Sylvia's in Tivoli to say daily Mass here. Alice is not able to work as much as she did a few years ago, but she continues to act as sacristan, looks after the chapel beautifully, and has everything ready when Fr. McSherry arrives. Mrs. and Mr. Blum came down from Tivoli, bringing nine children. The Reverend and Mrs. Jesko of Holy Faith Church also came with their four children. Perhaps this ecumenical motif added to the general enjoyment.

The fact that we live in the midst of many personal problems does not make us oblivious to the terrible problems which beset our larger society. One of these problems is the proliferation of nuclear power plants. One night recently, several persons from our community attended a meeting in a nearby town where this problem was discussed. There are, it seems, five projected sites in our general area now being considered for nuclear power development. One of these sites is at Red Hook, only a few miles from us. The impossibility of safely disposing of the wastes from such plants has been pointed out by the most reputable scientists. The possibility of a terrible accident in such plants, which could destroy millions of lives and make a large area uninhabitable for ages to come is generally conceded. Statistically, the chance may seem remote, but we should never take this kind of chance at all. Moreover, if our American scientists used their initiative and resources to explore, develop, and perfect solar energy, geothermal, wind, tide, and water energies they could provide us with the power really needed. Conservation of energy, of course, would aid this process. Catholic Worker communities throughout the country should do what they can to oppose the proliferation of nuclear developments. Let us stop polluting and destroying. Let us start trying to make this world safe for human beings and for all those creatures which God has made so beautiful and so various. Praise Him.

So move we now through problems and pain. Yet early in the morning wild geese go honking high, flying North to home and Spring. Now afternoon rain is falling, rushing in a small torrent down the ravine. Grass is greening, violets dreaming. Sap is climbing trees, seeking the hungry buds. O wood thrush, robin, and wren, sing us through Eastertide into Our Lady's month of May. ALLELUIA.

### PSALM

This sleepless night recalls to mind the words of the psalmist, how he yearned like a deer for water after the unattainable One and I wonder if such desire has passed me by for my own wrong doing.

Or was it the deer and the water that caught my mind's eye inscrutably beautiful things of this earth that refuse me passage to their maker?

No matter, God is, abides. I reverence the handiwork.

ROBERT TAVANI

## Notes in Brief

Kahoolawe, an island near Maui, holds religious and cultural significance for native Hawaiians. For some time, the island has been used as a training site by the military, whose disregard for the special meaning of the island has been distressing to many Hawaiians. The training includes the firing of ship-to-shore howitzers, as well as the dropping of 500-pound live bombs. For one year, discussions took place between the native peoples of Maui and the military, to try to stop this desecration from taking place. On January 30, 1977, two Hawaiians went on to the island, publicly stating their intention to occupy the island to stop the military training. When the two could not be found, the military announced its intention to resume bombing. On February 20, 1977, 46 additional Hawaiians went to the island; presently the lives of these 48 people are in danger. For further information contact Rachelle Linner, CCNV, 1335 N St. N.W., Washington D.C. 20005. (202) 232-9533.

The Japanese Peace Movement, which contributed so generously last year to the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice, has announced plans for a similar walk this summer, to begin July 1 in Tokyo, and to end August 6 in Hiroshima. They have invited Americans to join them in Japan to add their voices to the call for "No more Hiroshimas and Nagasakis." Those interested should contact Rev. Masao Nishizaki, c/o Nipponzan Myohoji, 308 West Yanonali, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101. (805) 963-2590.

The SUPPORT SYSTEMS WORKSHOP to be held May 28-June 18 will be an exploratory venture in a new kind of leadership training with a focus on nurturing. There will be content lectures, experiential sessions, and work on householding chores and construction of a hermitage on the grounds. The focuses include therapeutic support for personal growth and authenticity, the exploration of community and group dynamics, and analysis of our culture and history for relevant social leadership. Video-taping is available for self-observation, also a team of resource persons. The Intimate Community Workshop is the practicum for those interested in family-group leadership, one possible application of the program. Inquire: Ann Burke or Clare Danielsson, 119 Duncan Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York 12520.

The second issue of "Wild Places" magazine, with poems by Denise Leverlov, Emily Coleman and Judith Wright, and an unpublished letter of Edith Sitwell to Dylan Thomas, is now available for \$1.50 per copy or \$3.00 per year (two issues) from Joseph Geraci, RD 2, Box 305 A, Red Hook, N.Y. 12571.

**ENERGY LAWS THREATEN INDIANS** Government legislation is about to destroy 58,000 acres of grazing land, and consume 479 billion gallons of precious water. This legislation proposes a reckless scheme to build the nation's first six commercial coal gasification plants. These untested plants are to be built in a concentrated area of the Navajo Reservation in New Mexico. Each plant will cost \$1 billion. Each plant will be obsolete in 25 years or less.

These six plants would consume much of the water reserved for the Indian Irrigation Project—a 110,000 acre, tribally owned and operated food-producing farm. The plants will emit enormous amounts of deadly toxic materials—eg., lead, mercury and arsenic—which will settle over and ruin the land, contaminate food produce, endanger lives and ultimately force the evacuation of all people within a radius of 13 miles. In 25 years, when the investment is paid off and the profits pocketed—the coal and water gone—the remains will be a wasteland. Nuclear bombing or chemical warfare couldn't be more effective to render land useless.

El Paso Natural Gas Company and Western Gasification Company will make the profit, but the consumer and taxpayer will pay for it all. Every dollar spent on the development of strip mines and gasification plants is another dollar that will NOT be spent on permanent and non-destructive alternative energy sources.

If this program is permitted realization, it will set off a chain reaction of land-grabbing precedents throughout the mountain and plains states. In every case, Indian Reservations are planned to be the first targets of exploitation.

The second targets are the public lands held in trust by the government for the American people. Hundreds of thousands of agricultural acres will be ripped up and rendered useless and ugly by strip mining and pollutants.

The National Indian Youth Council appeals to you. Time is short. They need your moral and financial support. For further information, please write to: Gerald Wilkinson, National Indian Youth Council, Inc., 201 Hermosa N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87108.



# Demystification: Capital Punishment is Murder

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Nothing has been so disturbing to witness in recent months as the growing approval by many of capital punishment—an irrational approval resulting from an understandable fear of crime combined with racial prejudice which identifies acts of violence with Black and Hispanic peoples as they were formerly identified with the Irish and Italian. But we should be aware that when death comes, it will not be the doing of a fictitious entity called the state (as implied in February's editorial) but of the individuals responsible for the sentencing and those who made such possible by writing the death penalty into law.

It will not be the state which kills

them, because the state is an abstraction and an abstraction does not perform acts. People perform acts.

It is true that there is a certain psychic interplay between persons forming a group, such as an orchestra, but when we speak of the individuals composing this group as an orchestra, we do not thereby constitute another person. So it is also true that a nation or state has somewhat the same interplay (though less harmonious), but that does not make of the state a super-person, a platonic objectification of an abstraction. Personified abstractions, like personified generalizations, are always lies. Because all such objectifications ignore individual differences and stem from a metaphysical concept for which (employing Occam's

razor) there is no evidential proof.

## The Individual Is Responsible

When we are oppressed, we are burdened, not by the state, but by Frank and Susan and Jane and Arthur, who are running the state and ruling for us, or, more generally, over us—and it is they who should be called to account. It is to

officials take on an "awesome" responsibility—one looks for the halo!

While the pragmatic saying in Matthew 7:18, "Ye shall know them by their fruits" may not always be useful as regards interior disposition (a person may perform "good works" for malicious reasons) it is yet pertinent in judging the performance of those who exercise authority. If they claim rights for the "state" which are denied to individuals or groups, then they are perpetuating an unsound and deleterious myth. If a person performs a service for us, he has the right to a service in return. If the people who govern perform a service, they have the same right. But, as no individual has the right to murder (prove this? I can't, it's a value judgment) so, no person, in the name of the "state" has the right to murder—even though it is camouflaged under the term "capital punishment." We either accept this value judgment, for pragmatic reasons, and refuse to murder individually or collectively, or we reject it and live in constant warfare. Such is the logic of means and end, for if history has taught us anything, it demonstrates that means and ends are identical.

## Rights Are for People

I do not believe that the state has rights or can confer rights—that it claims to have them and to confer them is an usurpation—for, being an abstraction and not a person, it cannot give what it does not possess. When a "state" restricts travel, subjugates sections of its people, denies civil liberties—it is always the individual rulers who do this and who should be resisted and held accountable. They should not be able to take refuge under such slogans as "the will of the people," "the security of the state," "the good of the nation." And the "United States" does not perform a useful purpose, when those who "run" it kill for vengeance, by sanctioning capital punishment or by producing and selling to other nations the means for murder.



Robert McGovern

the interest of politicians to have the state, it is to the interest of businessmen to have the corporation, it is to the interest of the clergy to have the church, regarded as a "person" with "rights" so that they can thereby escape responsibility for unwise actions. The mystification of public office is nauseatingly expressed by the code word "awesome"—these of-

## A Final Statement

(Continued from page 1)

wrappings of deceitful cunning. In the midst of all this, what can 'poor loafers like me accomplish? In fact, in the face of this regime's immense repressive capacities, there are hardly any individuals or groups with the strength to carry out the democratic revolution we hope for.

Even if the regime carries its oppression to the extreme, however, it will not succeed, for the harder it whips us, the more people there will be to increase our power of resistance. These will be, in a word, the masses of the lower depths—those who have been deprived of even their exhausting life in the village, and who, when they crowd into the city, are unable to enter the exhausted ranks of the industrial laborers, and are forced to move to the outskirts with the masses of the unemployed and sell their bodies as day-laborers, thieves, prostitutes, and beggars.

Their accumulated resentment cannot be dissipated by any stratagems of the government. The more the government uses its power to oppress them, the greater will be their resentment, and the sooner the explosion of their outrage. I know this will be an explosion of tremendous power. As an intellectual and a Christian, how can I ignore this? When the resentment of the people turns into blind violence, the result is a horror. Here the Christian philosophy of nonviolence, and its teaching of love, must be mobilized to awaken the people's consciousness. This must not be carried out in the realm of tactical negotiation and compromise, but must be a true unification. The resentment of the lower depths and the blood of Christ must be joined into one. For those who have suffered under the immorality of starvation and tyranny, this is the way to the restoration of humanity. And I believe that this is the true form of the revolutionary religion which seeks to put the teachings of Jesus Christ into practice in the modern world.

The division between the north and the south, which has already lasted for an entire generation, is not only the greatest symbol, but also the principle cause which maintains and preserves all the splits and contradictions which control our lives. The established orders of the north and south are equally responsible for preventing the true fraternity common to all humanity from being realized among the people and within the nation. The dictatorial regimes of the north and south are strengthened by the partition of the country, and they use that strength to maintain their oppressive orders.

This Park regime is the greatest direct obstacle to Korean unification, and is the faithful servant of the neo-colonial powers which desire the continued partition and division of the Korean people. To achieve unification, we must begin by exposing this fact, bringing it out into the open and making it clear. It is entirely natural that the Park regime responds to these efforts of ours with imprisonment and execution. Therefore I think that ultimately, as long as this regime lasts, the only path to unification is the path to Westgate prison. At least I believe that there is no other way for me; my life in prison for the last three years has had its own significance.

Of course, to achieve this unification, the efforts of many politicians, revolutionaries, intellectuals, and scholars will be required. But more than anything, I believe it is the unsophisticated and uncorrupted youth who will actually be at the center of this meeting of two Springs. At the DMZ the guns will cease to fire, and like monkeys, rabbits, pheasants, and deer romping at play, the youth of the north and the south will come together, talk, sing, and dance until dawn, groping for a new philosophy, and stepping into a whole new world of friendship. The new philosophy and the new human being born here will not stop at the unification of the Korean peninsula, but will become the guides to the self-restoration of all peoples, and to the perfection of humanity, through the self-awakening of the peoples of the Third World. And they will contribute to, in the words of the prophet Isaiah, the hammering of swords into plowshares, and the realization of peace in the world.

Some might think that these are simply the ravings of a madman. However, in my vision of unification, I am convinced that the signs of the approaching radiant Spring on this peninsula can already be seen. In my confinement, deprived of all freedom in my narrow cell, this vision of unification brings me happiness. For the sake of this vision of unification I am prepared to struggle to the last, and to undergo whatever ordeals may come.

I have already gone into detail to refute the groundless and unjust charges which the prosecution has brought against me. Needless to say, I am innocent. Even so, I don't care whether or not I am released. During this time, in my heart, I have experienced much unrest. I have considered many possibilities, such as whether I would be released or granted parole. But now I have discarded all such thoughts. My heart is happy and at peace. My only desire is that the decision will be made for the sake of truth and not just for me.

And now, tomorrow will be the day our Lord comes. It is a meaningful day of promise, for me personally as well. I pray that God's grace be with everyone; as for those most responsible for this regime, beginning with Mr. Park Chung Hee, and including all high government officials, I pray that God's blessing will pour down upon them like a great, silent snow, and cover them with its drifts.

## Give Back Puerto Rico

(Continued from page 3)

to civilize them, to Christianize them, and raise their level ... as our fellow-men they are, for which also died Jesus Christ." He then immediately gave orders to the fact that from then on, the Puerto Rican and Philippine territories would be printed on all maps as "American Possessions." Thus, through this act of piracy, U.S. imperialism became the master of sea, land and air in Puerto Rico, and following on the heels of the occupation troops, the monopolies with which Mark Hanna was linked (and that had paid the expenses of McKinley's presidential election) began to take over the land. In two years the American capitalists took over 23% of the Puerto Rican land. Today, they control 90% of the economy, having caused us to become a country of beggars. In Cuba and the Philippines, a similar thing happened.

## The Destructive Reality

Ford's statement is of no importance. What is important, what is grave, is that U.S. imperialism has expropriated 13% of the Puerto Rican arable land to allot it for military bases; that the rest of the land is not tilled anymore, because the geophagous which swallows it to exploit mainly, in the beginning, the sugar industry, now exploits other kinds of industries—industries that employ very few workers and produce huge profits; that increase, in this way, the exploitation and unemployment rate of the Puerto Rican masses, that is a steady 40%. What is important, what is grave is that between the Navy and the corporations, they have ruined the fishing; that the coffee and tobacco industries were destroyed; that the cultural aggression does not cease; that the mass sterilization of Puerto Rican women continues; that the public and private debt becomes bigger and bigger every year; that the so-called "Operation Bootstrap" is a fraud and has decapitalized Puerto Rico.

As an effect of the above, more than one million of us have been forced to "emigrate" to the U.S., mainly to the slums of New York City.

The exploitation of the considerable mining wealth of Puerto Rico, if it is followed as projected, will not be just another swindle, but a high-powered bullet aimed at the heart of the Puerto Rican nation. The damage that such a mining operation will cause to Puerto Rico's water, land, and air is incalculable. Puerto Rico is a nation that neither geographically, nor ethnically, nor historically corresponds to the natural system of the North American federation. On the other hand, what freedom of choice, what recognized rights can a people have when they have been deprived of 90% of their economy? Thus, after tying Puerto Rico hand and foot, the U.S. government is talking about having a "plebiscite," as if Puerto Rico were a strip of land disputed by two powers, like the Sudetenland or Danzig almost forty years ago!

## The Constructive Reality

Don Pedro Albizu Campos affirmed: "North American imperialism is a curse even for its own people." The ideals of a people are its great needs. Capitalism will disappear from the face of this earth and be substituted by a classless society, not only because it is unfair and cruel, but also because only the classless society can provide for the needs of mankind and achieve concord and harmony between man and man. The right of Puerto Rico to its emancipation is a natural right and this inalienable. We Puerto Ricans are determined to be free, and guided by the most advanced ideology of the times, we will be free, regardless of the opposition of U.S. imperialism. The only solution for Puerto Rico is independence. For the worker, loaves and fishes; for the worker, roses!



# Seabrook: Confronting The Greater Felon On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 5)

at least, has decided to refuse bail or personal recognizance until we know that all, including the ten, have acceptable terms. If we are dismissed by the judge, and we don't yet know what has happened to the ten, we'll leave the court and meet outside; if we do know that the ten are still in custody, we may refuse to leave the court.

A trooper has announced that they're waiting for word from the judge to take us for arraignment, probably in an hour or two.

12:50 We've decided not to risk contempt charges by refusing to leave the courtroom if dismissed. The fasting here—some people began to fast and talked about it, and this brought on a good deal of discussion—has also been discontinued. If the ten are not released, and we are, we may go to where they are and hold a vigil.

2:05 A few buspads have gone to court. We gather that an extra court has been set up in Hampton to cope with our numbers.

The sky has turned gray and a cool breeze blows in through the big doors. Most of us sit in a huge circle, singing. What tension I feel comes from uncertainty about what will happen in court and about my own intentions and limits, and also from our efforts to settle the difficult issues that confront us in a group of 169 people in a limited time of unknown duration. No telling when we'll leave.

## Postscript

I left the armory in the last bus, about 3:00. When we reached the District Court in Hampton, we saw our friends outside, free, and we soon learned that all were to be released on personal recognizance with no fee required (usually, it is \$6.00). Soon after all of us had been arraigned, the ten suddenly arrived from Superior Court, out on bail.

## USURY

(Continued from page 2)

tributing to "charity" (how sadly this good word is debased in our secular language) satisfies the extent of our Christian responsibility. Peter Maurin talked about this:

In the first centuries of Christianity the hungry were fed at a personal sacrifice,  
the naked were clothed at a personal sacrifice.  
And because the poor were fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice,  
the pagans used to say about the Christians:  
"See how they love each other."  
In our own day the poor are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice,  
but at the expense of the taxpayers.  
And because the poor are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered  
the pagans say about the Christians:  
"See how they pass the buck."

Naturally, our belief in personal responsibility extends to other aspects of taxation, and forces us to be accountable for the way our taxed dollars are spent. Because the majority goes to pay for war, we choose not to pay federal income taxes, and urge others to do the same—breaking our individual link with preparations for violence.

Our positions will seem idealistic, foolish, or worse to some. We are a mixed blessing to our friends as we struggle with our frequent failures and lack of clarity. But we do keep trying to live in accordance with our beliefs, and to maintain and deepen our awareness of the connections between the structure of our society and the problems of the people we serve daily. We believe firmly that the means and the end cannot be separated: the future will take birth in the honesty with which we live our lives.

Peggy Scherer and Robert Ellsberg.

During the next two months or so we were brought to trial in groups of about 20, pleaded "Not guilty," were found guilty of criminal trespass, sentenced to 30 days suspended and fined \$100. All of us appealed; I decided to go along with the group. The ten were tried separately and were found guilty of contempt and at first were denied bail. They appealed to the State Supreme Court and after several days in jail were released on bail.

Four men, including Ron Rieck who occupied the tower at Seabrook in January 1976, renounced their appeals in January 1977. They fasted, picketed, talked with many people about their action, were ordered into court, refused to pay their fines and were taken to jail. The fines are worked off at the rate of \$5.00 a day.

As of the beginning of March, none of the appeals of the rest of us has been heard. No one, so far as I know, has heard anything from the state about the appeals. Warrants exist, we've been told, for our arrest on the charge of contempt, yet only the ten have been so charged.

The status of the Seabrook plant is still in doubt while I write.

Another occupation is planned for April 30, 1977. Groups are now being trained in nonviolent civil disobedience. This training will be required of all who join the occupation. On-the-spot, last-minute training sessions will be available. The Clamshell Alliance and other groups hope to recruit several thousand people—more than can be arrested. Anyone who wants to join the occupation should get in touch with Suki Rice, Boston Clamshell, 2161 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. The phone is (617) 861-6130.

I want to end by quoting an old English verse that I recited at my trial:

The law locks up both man and woman

Who steals the goose from off the common

And lets the greater felon loose

Who steals the common from the goose.

The Public Service Co. of New Hampshire, in collusion with other profit-making companies and with the state and federal governments, is stealing from us our common land, air and water. The occupations of Seabrook, far from criminal trespass, are efforts to repossess our stolen common.

## ISHI MEANS MAN

(Continued from page 5)

dent who could write with insight and enthusiasm. What is more, his writings opened the hearts and minds of countless people on quite disparate subjects, from Marxism to Japanese art, to Cuadra's poetry, to mythology, to the bomb.

What is most interesting and timely about this Unicorn collection, however, is that it reveals Merton as he was, the Merton, "all of one piece." By this I mean that not only is the writing itself engaging (there is extant here the freshness of Merton's own discoveries in the

materials to which he was responding—a sense he makes happily infectious; there is satire, wit, and evidence of his discerning mind and studious discipline). But what is most transparent is Merton's own interests, quests, concerns. Into all of these refined meditations come his substantial, very contemporary insight, nurtured uniquely and unquestionably by his contemplative experience. He can, for example, slash powerfully at the religious imperialism of his own church, yet write at length on the sacramentality of the Plains and Yucatan Indians, the "cross fighters" of Mexico. This remarkable people heightened their own natural sacramental sense with their newly acquired (perhaps "imposed") is the more historically accurate term) Catholicism.

Merton's painful doubts about the triumphs of the church are clear. But further, he sheds searing light here on racism, on war, on the bureaucratic morass of our time. As ever, he is consumed with the quest of "man's sense of identity." His bitterness as a white over the atrocities his race has committed sends sorrowful fire through these pages. But he writes not simply to condemn himself or others. There is so much, he says, to learn—from the past, from our Indian ancestors. He presents a call to confront this ocean of suffering, but in so doing to meet the "courage and ingenuity, the endurance and faith" of these people. Through them we might recover a sense of "the people" of community (of what Catholic theologians called the common good), so vivid is the communal identity and spiritual achievement of the Amerindians.

The five articles included in *Ishi Means Man* are divided into two sections. The first (including "The Shoshoneans," "War and Vision," and "Ishi: A Meditation") deals with the Indians of North America; the final section (including "The Cross-Fighters" and "The Sacred City") studies tribes of Mexico and Central America. While the articles build in depth, the longest and most powerful being the last, the collection must be taken together.

*Ishi Means Man* is no more than an introduction to the magnificence of a remarkable people. But as that it is Merton teaching at his best. As he writes, each of these books he is reflecting on must be read, and perhaps more than once: not only because of their extraordinary factual interest, but because of their special quality as a kind of parable. In *Ishi Means Man*, Thomas Merton again shows himself as one of the broadest, most engaging mentors of our time.

## Maryhouse

(Continued from page 4)

the city is to respond to the human cry, to suffer with those who suffer; to imbed our lives in their one life, their one dream, their one broken hope. But what hope can we place in our own efforts? Where are we to place our hope?

Not in the things of this world, according to Jesus. In an age when we are unable to discern God's voice, everything we do seems inadequate and it is even difficult to know where to address our prayers. I am reminded of Elie Wiesel's story in *The Gates of the Forest*: "When the great Rabbi Israel Baal Shem-Tov saw misfortune threatening the Jews it was his custom to go into a certain part of the forest to meditate. There he would light a fire, say a special prayer, and the miracle would be accomplished and the misfortune averted. Later when his disciple, the celebrated Magid of Mezritch, had occasion, for the same reason, to intercede with heaven he would go to the same place in the forest and say: 'Master of the Universe, listen! I do not know how to light the fire, but I am still able to say the prayer.' And again the miracle would be accomplished. Still later, Rabbi Moshe-Leib of Sasov, in order to save his people once more, would go into the forest and say: 'I do not know the prayer, but I know the place and this must be sufficient.' It was sufficient and the miracle was accomplished."

"Then it fell to Rabbi Israel of Rizhyn to overcome misfortune. Sitting in his armchair, his head in his hands, he spoke to God: 'I am unable to light the fire and I do not know the prayer; I cannot even find the place in the forest. All I can do is to tell the story, and this must be sufficient.' And it was sufficient."

All we can do is remember the story we have been told; our hope is in God and His Resurrection.

(Continued from page 2)

old at the time, and when John stayed with me summers, they swam and fished and bobbed for eels in Raritan Bay. Varya Bulgakov herself played winters in Eva Le Gallienne's company and I coached her for her part in *Cricket on The Hearth*, and helped along her English by reading Voltaire's *Candide* with her, which I myself happened to be reading at the time and which I much preferred to the *Cricket*.

There seemed to be a host of Russians and Russian Jews visiting my friends at the time—many of them singers. One was Salama, whose first name I never knew, but he had an immense voice and came with zakouska and vodka one night at 15th Street, the first year of the Catholic Worker's existence when we were having one of Peter Maurin's, at that time, nightly meetings for the "clarification of thought." (It was Peter's first point in his program of action.) But there could be no clarification of thought while Salama was around. Except perhaps—Peter got his idea from him of chanting his *Easy Essays* from a soapbox in Columbus Circle. It was Peter who declaimed line by line, "To give and not to take," and two or three of our C.W. staff were supposed to reply—"this is what makes man human, etc."

When Varya Bulgakov played in *The Three Sisters*, she wore what we ever after called a Masha dress. It was black and somber, as I remember it, and my sister and a few other friends had also what they called a Masha dress. It was supposed to be for somber moods but it always lifted my spirits.

And now she has gone and we will remember her in our prayers. The services were held at St. Seraphim's Church.

The Eva Le Gallienne Theater on 14th Street is no longer there and this goodly company of friends have also "passed on." (I like the term. I like the term "transport" better.) They have been transported beyond this world. Let us hope that death is indeed a transport of joy, and Varya has joined those she loved in the Purgatory which Baron von Hugel and St. Angela of Foligno call the happiest place to be next to Heaven.

So I pray the Lord that the soul of Varya Bulgakov, through the mercy of God, rests in Peace.

P.S. Once I asked Varya how she could project her voice so that she could be heard in the last rows of the theater. She replied that if, when you came on the stage, you would face with your mind's eye that last row and the balcony, and under the balcony—and mentally "make your intention" to be heard—you would indeed be heard. It was proven to me often. If I answered a question from the third row, directing my attention to the third row of seats, I would only be heard as far as the third row.

Thank you, Varya Bulgakov, for those hours we had reading together, and sharing suffering together.

## FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at Maryhouse, 55 E. 3rd St., between First and Second Avenues. Meetings begin at 8:00 P.M. Tea is served. Everyone is invited.

April 15—Anne Freemantle: Thomas More—The King's Most Loyal Servant but God's First.

April 22—David O'Brien: The Detroit Call to Action.

April 29—Jean Dember: Black Woman Worker—An Historical Perspective.

May 6—Clare Danielsson: Personalism, Rugged Individualism and Mental Health.

May 13—Dorothy Day, Eileen Egan, Stanley Vishniewski and others: Peter Maurin Centenary.

May 20—Robert Coles: Children of the Rich.

May 27—Bob Gilliam: Social Thought of Georges Bernanos.