

CATHOLIC



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Homelessness**Racial Segregation Renewed**

By CARL SICILIANO

During the past five years, my work has been feeding, sheltering, and somehow trying to be a decent neighbor to homeless people. While doing this, I have come to know better how disproportionately large the numbers of black people are in the homeless population. At St. Benedict's Catholic Worker house in a black ghetto in Washington, D.C., as one might expect, everyone was black (except those of us who came there to work). Next, I worked in a soup kitchen and an emergency shelter in South Norwalk, Connecticut. Though this is in Fairfield County, which is an extremely affluent and, hence, extremely white area, almost half of the people staying in the shelter were black. Now, I live and work at St. Joseph House in the Lower East Side of Manhattan. While we do not tally the hundreds of people who come to our door every day for food, clothing, or to use our bathroom, I can say that the overwhelming majority of these homeless people are black as well. In New York City during the past twenty years, black people have gone from being a small part of the homeless population to comprising 75% of that population. This is vastly disproportionate to the number of blacks in the United States, and is even disproportionate to the number of blacks living below the poverty line. Through reflection on this experience and study, I have come to perceive that homelessness is a form of segregation, not enforced by legislation, but enacted by a complex mixture of economics, sociological upheavals, with racism thrown in as a constant leaven in this ordeal.

A number of factors have occurred during the past seventy-five years that led up to the present situation. To start with, from around 1910 until the 1960s, there was an enormous migration of black people from the rural South to urban industrial cities of the North and Midwest. During that time, 6.5 million blacks came North. That is an even greater number than the number of Italians or Irish or Jews, or Polish people who came to the United States during the course of their great migrations. The North was perceived as being less prejudiced than the South, and jobs were perceived to be

plentiful. Also, the wages were much higher in the North.

While some blacks were able to prosper when they came North, many were ultimately unable to; unfortunately, after World War II through the late sixties, our society was undergoing a transformation from an industrial base, which offered vast job opportunities for unskilled people, to a service base, requiring more education and trained skills. Michael Harrington wrote in his book, *The New American Poverty*, that, "The huge migration from the rural south... was much too great for a society that was switching from smokestacks to services, from high wages to low, and, eventually, to chronic high rates of unemployment that penalized the young, the less-educated and the latest arrivals. That is, it penalized blacks most of all."

Another sad irony is that the multitude of blacks came North to find themselves still segregated. Until the fruits of the civil rights movement began to be seen, most blacks had no other living opportunities than inner-city ghettos. In fact, by 1970, Chicago had become the most residentially segregated city in the United States.

Another Migration

Until the mid-1960s, however, the living conditions in the ghettos were, in certain ways, vastly better than they later became. For, while segregation was total as far as race was concerned, in major metropolitan areas such as New York and Chicago, it was economically integrated. While inner-city, black ghettos have always been characterized by great poverty, working and middle class blacks often lived there, having nowhere else to go. That was ambiguously beneficial to the ghetto communities, enabling them to be places of economic, intellectual and cultural diversity. These diversities were greatly altered in the late 1960s and through the 1970s. The black community experienced yet another great migration, this time of working and middle class blacks who left the inner-city ghettos for the suburbs, as civil rights protections came to be.

The exodus from the ghettos was vast; it seemed that anyone who could leave did leave. During the 1970s, the South Bronx lost 37% of its population. Over the same time period, 100,000 blacks left Chicago for its suburbs. And 224,000 blacks left Washington, D.C. for its suburbs. One hundred and twenty-four thousand left Atlanta to do the same.

By and large, those who remained in the inner cities were utterly destitute. The once vibrant communities became desolate, littered with abandoned buildings and empty lots. With nothing to balance the culture of poverty, jobs were not available but drugs were; crime ran rampant.

For the most part, it was the black, two-parent families who left the ghettos, and the black, female-headed families who remained. While black two-parent families have slowly been catching up with the white middle class, now earning 78% of the income of the average white

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We Shall Not Be Moved

Robert Hodgell

Christ Transfigured – Death into Life

By MEG BRODHEAD

Tom Lewis, Dan Ethier and I marked the spot where we dug under the fence of the South Weymouth Naval Air Station, about thirty miles south of Boston, with a cross. Someone said it was a "Resurrection cross." The army shovel we used to dig with had stickers on it that said "Swords into Plowshares," and "Peace."

We marked the shovel and our point of entry in these ways in order to give even these elements of the action a character deeper than the cold legal fact of "trespass." We wanted our entry, of itself, to be a sign of disarmament and our means a tool of disarmament.

We walked a half-mile across a field. It was a very early morning and still dark. When we reached the tarmac, we poured

our blood on the Navy insignia of a P-3 Orion nuclear anti-submarine warfare plane. We saw this both as a way to mark the plane as an instrument of death and as a memorial to the victims at Hiroshima and all other war zones. We hung a banner we had made, reading "Swords into Plowshares," on the plane, along with a photograph of one of Hiroshima's dead. We hung our statement on the plane. We hammered several times on the bomb-bay doors and the bomb racks.

We entered a hangar and poured blood and placed a banner and statement on a torpedo-equipped Sea Sprite helicopter, which would operate with the P-3 in first-strike nuclear strategy. We hammered on the magnetic anomaly detector of the Sea Sprite, used to sight "enemy" submarines. The South Weymouth Naval

Air Station is a Naval Reserve base that periodically deploys squadrons to the Azores to assist regular Navy patrols for Soviet submarines.

Some workmen entered the hangar. We knelt. We laid our hammers down on drawings of the dead and dying made by survivors of Hiroshima. We laid out a banner that read "Christ Transfigured – Death into Life." We were arrested, taken to the base security building, and brought to federal court in Boston, where we were released on a \$5,000 personal recognizance bond later that afternoon.

We gave these actions, this action, a name. We chose Transfiguration Plowshares because of the powerful message of the Transfiguration, celebrated on August 6. We said in our statement: "The

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MARYHOUSE

By BERNIE CONNAUGHTON

Taking responsibility for answering the door, preparing meals and responding to people's needs at Maryhouse is known as being "on the house." Being on the house is always a unique experience. The variety of people and the range of needs and temperaments insure that the experience will be different every time. It is possible to predict how busy the time will be. I've noticed that on Tuesdays and Wednesdays we seem to have many guests, probably because we are not open on Mondays. Sunday morning, when we serve pancakes, is also a favorite day for guests.

When I am on the house on a day when there are many guests, when I seem to be bombarded with requests for towels, shampoo, a spoon (there's a shortage of spoons lately), or clothing, I can easily become distraught. Sometimes, I feel dizzy. If I snap at someone who has innocently asked for something (and I've done this), I'm left feeling sorry and perplexed, and I wonder why I can't relax and enjoy this time. I remember the Gospel story of Martha and Mary. More often I have been like Martha, rushing around getting things done, sometimes oblivious of the people I am serving.

I am learning how enjoyable it can be to take time to talk with people who visit. Dorothy Day said that people didn't come just to eat. There is a welcoming implied by our open door.

One day this summer, I was in the clothing room with a young woman who had been coming by for a couple of months. She was quite young, about eighteen I thought. I lingered a moment while she looked through the clothes and we began to talk. Perhaps because we were alone she felt more free to share her struggle with me. She spoke of not being

able to return home due to problems she had with a parent, of suicide attempts, and of being homeless.

I've felt closer to this young woman since this brief encounter.

It is in these conversations with people that relationships are formed and I begin to know the people I see everyday. The possibility for relationship exists; I can choose to be busy instead. I remember it was Jesus Who said, Mary had chosen the better part. It was Mary who sat and listened.

One evening, while I was emptying wastebaskets, I stopped by Blanche's room to say hello. There was a Bible open to the Psalms on the table and Blanche and I talked about our favorite ones, which I then read aloud. It was so good to forget the wastebaskets for twenty minutes and to share the Psalms with her. Since then, I've gone back to Blanche's room to read.

This summer, the work and some of the business has been alleviated by visitors who have stayed with us. Linda, a university student, has been a wonderful help and a delight. We've had visitors from Canada, West Germany, and Delaware.

"We must love the poor in order that they forgive us the bread we give them." I like this quote from St. Vincent de Paul because it reminds me that the work here is not do-gooder work but necessary work. It helps me to remember on busy days that the poor are not indebted to me. They deserve to have what I have. What little I can do is owed to them.

Being on the house has been a learning experience for me. I've learned about my strengths and my limitations. I've learned that we are all people striving to live, and that we learn from each other.

PRAYER AND FASTING FOR PEACE DURING BISHOPS' MEETING

During the upcoming November meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in Washington, D.C., a group will be gathering to pray and fast that the bishops may state clearly the Church's opposition to the policy of nuclear deterrence.

The bishops will not consider issuing a statement at their November meeting as originally thought, since the committee working on the question has asked for more time to examine the issues involved. A statement may possibly come at their next meeting.

In the 1983 pastoral letter, *The Challenge of Peace, God's Promise and Our Response*, the bishops stated that nuclear deterrence would be supported only if it was based on balance, and could be shown to be leading toward disarmament.

To support and encourage this effort, and to help strengthen the Church's ability to separate itself from a national war policy predicated on the willingness to take human life on a massive scale, people will gather at St. Aloysius Church in Washington, D.C. on Sunday, November 15. During the week that follows, a vigil will be kept during the day outside the hotel where the bishops are meeting. The evenings will provide opportunities for discussion, reflection and prayer at the church.

Those interested should contact the Olive Branch Catholic Worker, P.O. Box 3087, Washington, D.C. 20010, (202) 332-6247, which is handling housing and other needs.

A Promising Young Man

By JANE SAMMON

I am sure that it's his high school picture, the one of Dwain Wallace which appeared in one of the major dailies a few weeks back. A nice-looking, young man, this fellow. That he went to a Catholic school did not surprise me. He has the look of impeccable grooming often emphasized to students by nun, brother, or priest: Afro-style hair picked neatly into place; the giveaway of Catholic school fashion—the shirt, jacket, and tie. He is smiling in the photograph, not showing his teeth, the smile you can never make up your mind on when the photographer reminds you it's going to be in the yearbook or in your parent's living room, so give it all you've got.

Dwain? Oh, yes, some of the faculty who are still at the high school remember Dwain. They can confirm the open, friendly countenance of his picture. A nice kid; always smiling, they say. Affable, well-liked, an above-average student. As a matter of fact, he was on that board that is the teenagers' first crack at local politics, the Student Council. This, indeed, was a promising young man.

This August, 1987, eleven years after his student council days, the promising young man walked into the Pentagon and, "mumbled something about missiles," according to one report. The Secretaries of State and Defense, testifiers at the murky Iran-Contra hearings a few days before, were one floor above when he entered the building. The young man from the news photo, for reasons unclear, attempted to get into an area near the "war room," pulling out a small calibre gun. But a security guard "did his job," and felled him with one bullet in the back. He died later at a local hospital—severe internal bleeding, the cause of death. He was 29.

He was 29, unemployed, from Youngstown, Ohio. In an economically depressed, region in the eastern part of the state, it is a morose memory of yesterday's steel industry. He was twenty-nine, and, they add, a former mental patient.

Another Picture

To the Pentagon, came another kind of photographer, the kind who works for a prestigious newspaper, and who jumps into a car, camera in tow, whenever the action is "hot." The picture snapped and inserted in the newspaper near that of the former high school student, is of a room in the Pentagon. In it, a number of people are visible: in front of glass doors; behind glass doors; some carrying valises clasped tightly to their sides. Some are in civilian clothes—shirts and ties, like the student in the other photo. White skins, unlike the student in the photo. Two other men are in the foreground of the one picture, standing against opposite walls, like soldiers at attention, facing each other. They wear uniforms from which keys dangle and guns hang, on sturdy belts. It is clear what they do at the Pentagon—their "job description." It is clear that, like so many other Afro-Americans, they do security work. But the others in the picture? What do they do at the Pentagon? What are in the valises? What is the "war room"? The caption under the picture states that it is near "The National Command Center" where the young man tried to enter. It seems to assume all readers would comprehend the machinations of these places.

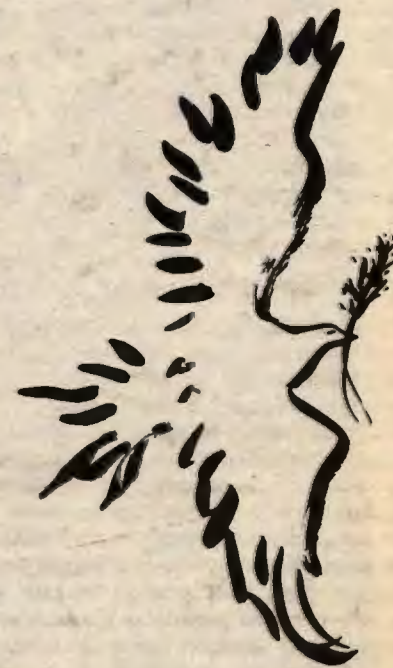
The father of Dwain Wallace says Dwain always wanted to be a marine; his mother says their son may have had some illusion of grandeur, that he thought he was a general. The reference to mental illness is elaborated upon in an interview with them. He had, it seems, fallen apart not long after high school. Recently he told his parents he was going to Pittsburgh to try to find some

work. It's true, an assault charge had been brought against him some time ago down in Louisiana, but they never knew him to own a gun. You can get sentimental about a high school picture, but this one haunts you. He seems a decent enough kid.

On the day before the observance of the forty-second anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima, gunfire exploded within the Pentagon, within earshot of the Secretaries of State and Defense. But let it be known that "There was no disruption of work . . . There was a momentary 'gee whiz,' but no disruption of our activities," assured an official spokesman.

* * *

A friend of ours, who works in a mental



Peace

Ernesto de la Vega

hospital down South, uttered his amazement once at the kind of things that brought some people there, like inability to make car payments. The many broken minds coming through the doors of our houses of hospitality are often heard to chatter on frightfully about the FBI, CIA, KGB, nuclear annihilation, universal destruction.

There was little attention paid to the Pentagon tragedy this last August. In fact, many do not consider it a tragedy, since no lives of any of its employees were lost. There were no pieces written in the journals of note about a young man who went into a different kind of madhouse on a fated August day. They say he may have suffered an illusion of grandeur. He was not alone.

The Body of Christ is made up of many members, joined together, and formed and informed, by Christ Jesus our Head. The more who make, and faithfully keep, their solid commitments, the more the Lord of Christ becomes evident. We are His beloved ones, and the more we are formed by Him, the more we will be sensitive to the isolation and neglect we see in our midst.

—Fr. Ray McVey

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The Historical Reality: From Colonized to Colonizer

By CIARON O'REILLY

It was the fourth of July, and by the dawn's early light those broad stripes, bright stars and the Maryland National Guard were departing for Honduras, when four resisters appeared on the runway carrying a banner. The C-130 troop carrier stopped its departure momentarily while a military police helicopter was summoned from the heavens. The four sat on the runway and linked arms. A sergeant emerged from the chopper and with one mighty thrust dragged all four from the plane's path. Ten other resisters were arrested blockading the entrance to the Martin Marrietta airfield, fifteen miles outside of Baltimore.

As America was awakening to celebrate its national mythology of revolutionary beginnings and independence, the Maryland National Guard was airborne and making mileage towards Honduras. One could only imagine a campesino Pablo Revere running through his village yelling, "They're coming by air! They're coming by air!" During this day of fireworks and eighteenth century battle re-enactments, the historic reality that the U.S. has moved from colonized to colonizer goes unrecognized.

Another Vietnam?

Even amongst many in the liberal North American peace and justice movement there is merely admittance of regrettable, unjust relationships with other (autonomous) countries, not the recognition that they live at the center of an empire as bureaucratic, self-interested and militaristic as the Romans, Macedonians, British, French and Russians ever were. And, maybe more frightening, a ruling class that prefers to hide in boardrooms than parade as kings, and a technological capacity for social control and destruction unrivaled in human

history.

Outside the airfield, the sharp-thud sounds of the police helicopters, the edgy and alert, M-16-carrying National Guards barring the protesters, and the sight of Philip Berrigan arrested and placed in a police van conjures the response, "This is just like Vietnam!" A response from those who had gathered to protest, that hoped to conjure on this day a dark period in an otherwise great nation's history. But a response that is way off the mark! It seems that the truth Philip Berrigan and the Jonah House community have tried to enfold the past sixteen years is that "Vietnam" never ended, the empire never let up, even if the U.S. peace movement did.

The Pentagon and the military machine are there to guarantee that the infrastructure of empire is maintained, the cogs turn daily and the profits are reaped by U.S. corporations. Whether this takes propping up military dictatorships, the covert operations in over fifty countries since the Vietnam War, or the riskier option of using U.S. troops, *à la* Lebanon and Grenada, the empire must be secured and expanded.

Much of the liberal American peace movement, built around the self interest, no analysis package of mass mobilization, awakes from its slumber when white Americans might join the bodycount. Remember how it collapsed when the "Bring the Boys Home!" demand was met and the "Vietnamization of the War" strategy was adopted in the early 70's. Meanwhile, the air war was escalated claiming enormous human casualties with relative silence on the U.S. scene.

The bodycount of the empire is a daily phenomenon, whether it is the resultant starvation and infant mortality rate of corporation theft from the Third World, the torture and murder by U.S. backed dictatorships silencing their people, or

the death toll exacted by the proxy Contra armies carrying out U.S. foreign policy. Honduras is not "another Vietnam," a replay of a period piece like the re-enactment of the Battle of Trenton occurring on this fourth of July. Honduras is one place, one outpost, one victim amongst many in the here and now. Different cultures and places at risk, but a common theme of empire connecting their domination and destruction.

The police, in their throwaway efficiency, have run a yellow band around our friends that reads "KEEP CLEAR: CRIME SCENE." One wonders if this band should not be run around the entire air base, or extended to include Honduras and Central America.

The Scene of the Crime

Honduras is the second poorest country in Latin America, after the Duvalier-ravaged Haiti. In 1981, the U.S. military had a vision for Honduras. Honduras as a counter-insurgency fortress and a lifeline to the Contras in Central America. The Maryland National Guard leave on this day as many other State National Guards have left before them and many are planning to leave, sidestepping Congressional restrictions placed on the national military. They leave to help build this fortress, to carry out infrastructure work and provide troop transportation for the Honduran military.

Since 1981 and the unleashing of that vision on Honduras, the bodycount of human suffering has multiplied in that region. Accompanying the injection of \$1.2 billion has been the internal repression of the popular organizations. Nine priests, eighty-five organizational leaders murdered and 105 other Hondurans disappeared at the hands of the modernized Honduran army. The increased militarization of young women in the brothels servicing the U.S. military. A

strain of syphilis resistant to penicillin, the transmission of AIDS, by U.S. servicemen and the logical conclusion of a sexuality of domination — the growing use of child prostitutes. The presence of 12,000 Contras in the south has displaced 17,000 Honduran campesinos and destroyed forty to fifty villages, not to mention the 14,000 Nicaraguans killed and the accompanying destruction and displacement in that country.

Black body bags draped with stars and bars have been returning to the U.S. from Honduras. Forty-five U.S. military personnel have died in accidents, bar fights and drug-related incidents in Honduras over the past six years.

Air Force Sergeant Turns C.O.

Saying, "I've reached my limit, I feel like I'm betraying my own people," Mexican-American Daniel Cobos became the first member of the United States armed forces to object publicly to duty in Central America. Mr. Cobos, an Air Force cryptologic-linguist stationed at Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska, had been part of a team which flew reconnaissance missions over Nicaragua several times a month to gather electronically-transmitted information, be it of military value or not. "Sometimes we'd pick up phone conversations which consisted of nothing more than family gossip," stated the thirty-year-old sergeant, who had been nominated as Airman of the Year.

Mr. Cobos has now been reassigned to clerical duties at Offutt, pending the outcome of his application for conscientious objector status. Also, there is a possibility criminal charges may be leveled against him for disclosing supposedly classified information to a newspaper. Mr. Cobos had reported he took part in a number of missions over Nicaragua during a time when they were prohibited by the Boland Amendment.

While stationed in Nebraska, Mr. Cobos met refugees at local churches who spoke of the horror they experienced in Central America. "These were people who were fleeing for their lives. They've taken off their shirts and shown me their scars where they were tortured." Mr. Cobos, a devout Catholic, recalled a meeting at St. John's Cathedral in Omaha, where some Guatemalans recounted the great massacres of their people, "Learning about these events caused me to wonder about my role in the Air Force," he said.

Letters of support can be sent to: Daniel Cobos, 3550 Cass, #6, Omaha, NE 68131. Also letters to Mr. Cobos' commander may be addressed to: Lt. Col. Robert Leech, Comm., 6949 Electron., Squadron, Offutt AFB, NE 68113.

REASONS FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION

My time in Panama was a surrealistic nightmare. . . . It was hard for me to look at the Panamanians in the eye because I began to see myself as a mercenary. The poverty of the people was staggering, and hearing the other airmen make light of their condition. . . . embarrassed and disgusted me. . . . The wheel of life was being destroyed everywhere and I was helping to destroy it. In ravaging these people and their land, I was ravaging myself. My abhorrence for violence convinced me that I had become a conscientious objector.

— Daniel Cobos, after a one month assignment in Panama.

A Quiet Walk During Time of War

By BRO. EDGAR RIVERA, S.J.

Another sleepy morning emerges in Managua. A friend and I try to convince a young boy that we don't really want a copy of the *Nuevo Diario*, the pro-government daily. He smiles and makes a quick attempt to sell it to the car behind us. I wonder to myself whether the war will still be going on when our friend is seventeen and eligible for the draft.

Even on the sleepiest of mornings, it's difficult to forget the war that is ravaging this country of three million. Certainly, this morning the war is on my mind as Mary, a Maryknoll lay worker, and I travel to the U.S. embassy to say something about the war.

The embassy looks different from what I remember of it on my last trip to Nicaragua. I mention this to Mary. She tells me that the embassy has had a few additions: a concrete wall behind the iron gate, barbed wire, and a new camera to film the various events that occur in front of the embassy. I comment that now it looks more like the U.S. embassy in San Salvador, a monument to the paranoia of the security state. Mary mentions that the embassy in San Salvador was badly affected by the recent earthquake there. Perhaps, God's attempt at a modern Jericho, I muse.

We get out of the van, and join the others assembled before the gate. The crowd numbers about fifty with a fair mix in ages. The group is made up of North Americans who are either visiting or working in Nicaragua. Mary and I chat with a few folks — introductions and talk about the most recent stirrings in Washington fill the air. With little fanfare, the vigil begins with people walking slowly, almost prayerfully, in a circle before the entrance to the embassy. I look

at this quiet, peripatetic effort for a moment, and wonder at its gentleness. In such times, in a country so bled by war, a simple walk in front of the embassy.

The only people separating us from the entrance to the embassy are the young, Sandinista police. Some have developed friendships with the walkers. Others, a bit more caught up in the seriousness of their duty, remain silent as they watch the crowd. Although the Sandinista police are much younger than the New York City police whom I have met at similar vigils in New York, they both seem to have the same responses. Some understand and enter, in their own way, into the spirit of things. Others are doing their job, more or less.

Ben Linder

After a few minutes, the walking ends, and everyone forms a circle around an older man holding a microphone. The speaker mentions that the vigil is being sponsored by a group called the Committee of U.S. Citizens Living in Nicaragua (CUSCLIN). This group is made up of solidarity workers who have chosen to live in Nicaragua on a long-term basis as a way of saying *no* to the interventionist policies of the current U.S. administration. The speaker reminds us that Ben Linder was a member of CUSCLIN.

I think of Ben and the beautiful witness his life provided. He was both an engineer and a clown. A juggler of balls and a man who could transform water into light for the poor farmers of El Cua in the Bocay zone.

He was killed on April 28th of this year by the Contras with two other companions, Sergio Fernandez and Pablo Rosales, as he worked on an electrical project near El Cua. Despite the U.S. embassy's

assertions to the contrary, Ben was not armed when he was brutally killed. According to the autopsy report, investigated by Ben's father, a pathologist for thirty years, Ben was first made immobile by several shots to his legs by his assailants. After this, Ben was shot at close range, no more than two feet, in the back of the head.

This vigil was heavy with the memory of Ben's unjust death. However, the whole country is a web of brutal killings and stories of orphaned children. This vigil seemed to me to be an attempt to recollect the stories of Ben, Sergio, Pablo, and the 40,000 Nicaraguans who have been killed or injured in this conflict.

Another speaker was a representative of the Second Veteran's Walk for Peace. He explained that this was a group of veterans that grew out of the Veterans Fast for Life in the U.S. that was an attempt to bring the issue of the war in Central America to the mind of the public. The First Veterans' Walk for Peace occurred this year in a conflictive zone in Nicaragua. The vets walked through the zone unarmed, without a government escort, in order to bring the issues into focus. Thus, this vet told us of the Second Walk which would begin in a week or so.

I thought about the veterans and their witness. They are teaching us to become veterans of peace and resistance instead of war. After this speaker, the vigil ended with a moment of silence. Moments of silence in Nicaragua are filled with the memories of Ben, Pablo and Sergio, of children killed in the "freedom fighting" of the Contras, and of the young men who would never till the fields of Nicaragua. I suspect we had too many memories for too few moments of silence.

Liberals and Liberators

By PETER MAURIN

I

They say that I am a radical.
If I am a radical
then I am not a liberal.
The future will be different
if we make the present different.
But to make the present different
one must give up old tricks
and start to play new tricks.
But to give up old tricks
and start to play new tricks
one must be a fanatic.
Liberals are so liberal about everything
that they refuse to be fanatical
about anything.
And not being able to be fanatical
about anything,
liberals cannot be liberators.
They can only be liberals.
Liberals refuse to be
religious, philosophical or economic
fanatics
and consent to be
the worst kind of fanatics,
liberal fanatics.

If I am a radical,
then I am not a conservative.
Conservatives try to believe
that things are good enough
to be left alone.
But things are not good enough
to be left alone.
Conservatives try to believe
that the world is getting better
every day in every way.
But the world is not getting better
every day in every way.
The world is getting worse
every day in every way
and the world is getting worse
every day in every way
because the world is upside down.
And conservatives do not know
how to take the upside down
and to put it right side up.
When conservatives and radicals
will come to an understanding
they will take the upside down
and they will put it right side up.

II

A few years ago,
I asked a college professor
to give me
the formulation
of those universal concepts
embodied
in the universal message
of universal universities
that will enable
the common man
to create
a universal economy.
And I was told
by the college professor:
"That is not my subject."
Colleges and universities
give to the students
plenty of facts
but very little understanding.
They turn out specialists
knowing more and more
about less and less.

III

But mastering subjects
has never enabled anyone
to master situations.

IV

Modern colleges
give you
a bit of this,
a bit of that,
a bit of something else
and a degree.
The act of giving a degree
is called a Commencement.
And after the Commencement
the student commences to look for a job.

THE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND, or HOW HIGHER EDUCATION HAS FAILED DEMOCRACY AND IMPOVERISHED THE SOULS OF TODAY'S STUDENTS.
By Allan Bloom. Simon & Schuster, 1987. \$18.95.

INTERPRETATION AND SOCIAL CRITICISM. By Michael Walzer. Harvard University Press, 1987. \$12.50.
Reviewed by Katharine Temple.

September, traditionally around here, is back-to-school month, and so, what better time to look at what our educational systems are about and how they fit into the wider scheme of things? In recent memory, nobody has done this with greater verve than Allan Bloom in *The Closing of the American Mind*. Some readers may be put off by his enormous popularity with so-called neo-conservatives (and, come to think of it, who would ever have expected a student of the truly great but somewhat esoteric thinker, Leo Strauss, to reach the top of the best-seller lists?) Even if some of Professor Bloom's foibles and prejudices are irritating, though, I would certainly recommend trying to get around them to the heart of the matter he lays bare.

He is a political philosopher, steeped in the classics of Greek and modern thought, whose book opens with the remark, "There is one thing a professor can be absolutely certain of: almost every student entering the university believes, or says he believes, that truth is relative." He then goes on to make a scathing attack on North American universities which do little or nothing to confront that sense of relativity. In the current state of the liberal arts (and he puts the ferment of the 1960's as the watershed), the only virtue fostered is openness and, as someone else has said, if a bottle is open at both ends, it all falls out. Philosophy is nothing if there is no wisdom to love; the humanities are nothing if they cannot recognize humane thinking. According to Allan Bloom, higher education has fallen away from its highest purpose. Students are not taught how to think (not that they're not smart in the ways of business and computers): how to read for content, how to make distinctions and judgments, how to draw patterns and comparisons, how to distinguish excellence and nobility, how even to call a spade a spade. The failure, in his view, has undermined the foundations of this country which he claims was the highest attempt at a society founded on reason. All we have gotten from "progressive education" has been the emancipation of the lowest passions, the trivial pursuit of conformity, a retreat from the responsibility for democracy. In short, he lets us in on the secret that the emperor (in this case, the empire's elite humanities faculties) has no clothes.

Not Just a Crab

All this could sound like the grumblings of an old curmudgeon on a bad day. "What are we going to do about the other generation?" is hardly a new theme. Allan Bloom, however, is not simply another displaced crab. From his book and from having heard him lecture, I have no doubt that he is an excellent teacher who knows whereof he speaks when it comes to the groves of academe. Even more to the point, he traces the shifts in the deepest philosophical currents that have contributed to what we have, an account neatly caught in a poster I've seen, "When all else fails, lower your standards." He pushes us to re-think the notions that once seemed to spell out educational reform. He shows us how the liberal rhetoric of "the self," "creativity," "culture," "values" etc. can quickly become only dust and ashes in reality.

Those of us who came of age in the 1960s and afterwards should pay attention to his analysis.

So far, so good, as a badly needed dose of self-criticism. At the same time, it is a petulant book, sometimes to the point of mean-spiritedness, with major blind spots. Oddly enough, for instance, as a lover of Socrates, he makes little mention of "justice" and displays little "moderation." In his marked distaste for the '60s, he gives no credence to the students who reacted to the injustice and violence of the war in Vietnam. He does not seem to consider seriously the possibility that their desire for justice was good, and, if it sometimes led to intolerance and self-indulgence, it could be they came from the seeds of justice falling on stony ground. Nor does he see any nuances within "the movement" he despises. Dorothy Day, for example, was not inspired by Rousseau or Heidegger or Nietzsche, and she also once said that the '60s were not a golden age because they were too filled with anger and confusion. Similarly, he does not mention any authors associated with that period who might not fit his mold, writers such as Jim

Criticism. (At \$12.50 for 94 pages, and as a preamble to a more substantial work, the price is a bit steep, but he is worth reading.) In this book, he takes sides in various controversies about how a person should do moral philosophy and social criticism. He starts from the assumption that thought should not take place in abstraction from reality, but rather, "Moral philosophy is here understood as a reflection upon the familiar, a reinvention of our own hopes." In a second article, he urges the critic to maintain a loving distance from what he interprets, not as a neutral observer or as someone who has to change the facts to fit a theory or as someone who loathes his fellow citizens. Contrary to many accounts that do not rely so much on common sense, Michael Walzer concludes, "Social criticism is less the practical offspring of scientific knowledge than the educated cousin of the common complaint. We become critics naturally, as it were, by elaborating on existing moralities and telling stories about a society more just than, though never entirely different from, our own." The biggest single problem is how to



Babylon

Susan MacMurdy

Douglass in *The Nonviolent Cross* or Michael Harrington in *The Other America* (and surely not the latter's more recent book, *The Next Left*, Henry Holt & Co., 1986). Allan Bloom's annoyance with the path taken by his beloved institution, the Yankee university, seems to limit his range of vision.

Of the wider society, he quite ignores questions such as the uniqueness of modern technology and the modern state — the dark side of the experiment initiated by the original thirteen colonies. These strange gaps hit me as I read his proposals while I was at a clinic in a large city hospital. Poor people, not from the stock of the founding fathers, waited patiently, hour after hour, just to see a doctor, while a TV with the Iran-Contra hearings dominated the crowded waiting-room, only with the sound too low to make out the words. It crossed my mind that this room speaks as eloquently of what this country is about as does the plight of Yale or Cornell or the University of Chicago. Then I came across a telling statement, near the end of his book: "The natural scientist's connection with the rest of humane learning is not familial but abstract, a little like our connection with humanity as a whole." Indeed, I thought, no wonder his interpretation seems at once so telling and yet so far off the mark. His writing is full of passionate thought but with very little compassion (as in "suffering with").

At this point, I was reminded of Michael Walzer's *Interpretation and Social*

gain the proper critical perspective in order to point to real and present injustices. The answer, for him, lies more in being outside the centers of power than from a sense of total alienation. He quotes the Talmudic saying, "Love work, do not domineer over others and never seek the intimacy of public officials" and cites the standards for analysis set by Mohandas Gandhi in India and George Orwell in England.

The final chapter is a beautiful piece on the prophet Amos as a social critic both from and to Israel. My only reservation is whether Biblical prophecy to God's Chosen People can be easily paralleled among the nations, especially white, English-speaking, American culture. All the same, Michael Walzer's portrait of the critic who stands with his people is a timely consideration, and gives a way to gauge various interpretations, including *The Closing of the American Mind*.

The critic has to get inspiration from somewhere, and Allan Bloom teaches us that good inspiration is hard to find. Unfortunately, he also indicates just how rarely social criticism is an expression of deep involvement with ordinary men and women. For all his well-aimed, angry indictment of our schools and the cultural establishment, he seems far removed from people outside them, those who want to lead good, decent lives, and seems not distanced enough from the institutions and structures that have shaped a society based, in fact, on the pursuit of happiness through technologi-



cal mastery.

To get back to schools and whether they have failed — perhaps the first question should be whose interests do they serve: the self-preservation of the institution? whoever pays the piper? the dominant classes and forces in society? If the answer is "Yes," then they have little to do with democracy — the common people — or the immortal souls of young people.

TECHNOLOGY AND JUSTICE. By George Grant. House of Anansi (Canada), and University of Notre Dame Press (U.S.A.), 1986. 135 pp., \$8.95. Reviewed by David Hawkin.

George Grant may well be the most important political philosopher in the English-speaking world and yet he is virtually unknown outside of his native Canada. As another reviewer has said, "Grant is not just another intellectual, not even just another scholar. He is a lover of wisdom, a philosopher, but one who speaks to his fellow citizens (and not just to other scholars, or worse, to intellectuals). To address his fellow citizens, George Grant must use words they can understand, a popular or political rhetoric. He is a political philosopher because he seeks to think the meaning of our public life, our politics; he is a political philosopher because he philosophizes in an idiom intelligible to normal human beings with ordinary capacities of common sense." (Barry Cooper in *Books in Canada*)

He is also a Christian, a practicing Anglican — a fact which seems to confuse some people who like their categories cut-and-dried. I know of Christians who complain that George Grant's writings are too philosophical and not Christian enough. I also know of people who claim that he is not a philosopher at all, but a Christian apologist with philosophical pretensions. He himself has never tried to hide the fact that he is a Christian, nor that the greatest influence on his thought is Plato. Like his previous books (*Technology and Empire*, *English-Speaking Justice*, *Time as History*, *Lament for a Nation*, *Philosophy in a Mass Age*), this one is also imbued with a philosophical spirit, but it also differs somewhat from them. For here his Christian commitment is more explicit and it is evident that, although he is deeply influenced by Plato and classical philosophy, he is ultimately a Christian thinker.

The book has six chapters, all having appeared before in some form, and all reworked for this collection that holds together as a whole remarkably well. Although he writes in a public way, this does not mean that he is always "easy" or "light" reading. His style demands close attention, so that one has to ponder almost every sentence before it yields its meaning. The basic argument, however, is clear enough. In our technological society, there is a radically new relationship between making and knowing which changes both activities. The result is that modern accounts of knowledge make thinking about justice in any traditional sense impossible, because the coming to be of modern technology has required changes in what we think about the good. Our technology has spawned a monolithic way of thinking about things, so that there is no way left to criticize its own assumptions without appearing to be opposed irrationally to the facts and benefits of scientific discovery.

To state the argument in such a bald way, however, is to do great injustice to George Grant's writing. Particularly in "Faith and the Multiversity," he displays a subtlety of thought few other thinkers can equal. This is not one of those clever but sterile examinations of the conflict between "science and belief." Rather, he uncovers the deepest levels of the issue

by exploring Simone Weil's definition of faith as "the experience that the intelligence is enlightened by love." Thus, one knows about the good by loving it. But, in modern knowing, there is no reciprocity to the good; instead we "create" our own goods (or, as we now say, "values"). He concludes that a Christian cannot accept the modern credo that the core of being human is our freedom to make ourselves and the world. "Whatever we are called to do or make in the world, the freedom to make and to do cannot be the final account of what we are."

Readers who are unfamiliar with the intricacies of George Grant's thought would perhaps do well to read the last two essays before the rest of the book. In these chapters, he (along with his wife who is co-author) states, in limpid prose, his objections to euthanasia and abortion, and they are apt to elicit the most response. (As he says in his preface, people today tolerate differences in theory because it is just private "opinion," but not in practice because what we "do" is important.) By the end, we are left in no doubt about why thinking about technology is important. There can be no question that what we think really is a matter of life and death.

The assumptions of modern technology, if they are left unchallenged, will lead to a future in which the unborn, the old, the enfeebled, the handicapped will fear for their lives and the rest of us will be dehumanized. If we are not to be duped into accepting assumptions which undermine traditional Christian teaching, we indeed need thinkers such as George Grant.

BACK TO THE BRINK: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

October 24-26 will mark the anniversary of the Cuban missile crisis. To mark this event the Mobilization for Survival is sponsoring nonviolent direct actions around the country to urge that the production and deployment of nuclear weapons come to a halt. A list of the different regional actions planned can be obtained from the Mobilization office, 853 Broadway, Room 418, New York, NY 10003, (212) 995-8787.

The Coalition to Stop Trident is organizing one of them, to take place October 26 at the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics in Groton, Connecticut, where the Trident submarine is built. The preceding day will be taken up with meetings, discussion and planning for the participants. Much help is needed to organize and prepare for this event. For information, contact: Coalition to Stop Trident, P.O. Box 411, New Haven, CT 06502, (203) 776-4098.

Third Mistrial for Epiphany Plowshares

By ART LAFFIN

Citing them with coordinating demonstrations in his courtroom and defying his orders not to speak about the moral and legal justification of their actions, U.S. District Judge Raymond Broderick declared a third mistrial on July 15, 1987 in Philadelphia Federal Court for Greg Boertje and Lin Romano — two of the Epiphany Plowshares defendants.

Greg, 32, is an ex-army officer and peace activist from Baltimore and Lin, 30, is an advocate for the poor from Washington, D.C.

The two were on trial for entering Willow Grove Naval Air Station on January 6, 1987, the feast of Epiphany, and disarming with hammers and blood a P-3 Orion anti-submarine nuclear capable aircraft — an integral part of the U.S. first-strike arsenal — and two military helicopters used for third world intervention. Two previous trials ended with hung juries and mistrials.

Prior to the third trial, Fr. Tom McGann and Fr. Dexter Lancot, both

Christ Transfigured

(Continued from page 1)

blinding light of that first atomic bomb turned life into death, but the blinding Light of the Transfiguration revealed that death would be turned to Life in Christ's Resurrection."

All the symbols we brought to the action framed our hammering, ordered it, announced its meaning, put it in a tradition, defined it as constructive work, rooted it to both the believing community and to the suffering community. The blood, art, words, pictures, and prayers would, we hoped, make our act one of speech. We conceived the action to be public, political, ritual, nonviolent, and dialogic. We endeavored to have the action express that character.



In *The Human Condition*, Hannah Arendt remarks that all true political acts are speech acts, that brute force or unarticulated presence cannot hold meaning in the political arena. Only language can communicate, in words or their equivalent in the language of art. The hammering done in our action means nothing apart from the symbols we used to order and define it.

But we anticipate, from looking at the experience not only of other Plowshares actions but almost all types of civil disobedience, that the state will try to suppress the meaning-character of the action.

The state handles civil disobedience along strictly legalist lines that serve to silence the discourse from which it flows and which it offers. Uninvited and unwelcome presence to block a missile site or testing facility or nuclear weapons manufacturer is defined as trespassing or disorderly conduct. Refusal to pay for war is tax evasion. Beating swords into plowshares is destruction of government property.

The state recognizes only bodies being where they are not supposed to be, only money where it is not supposed to be on April 15, only a bomb-bay door not quite

as efficiently ready to drop a bomb as it is supposed to be.

The state must adamantly suppress, dismiss, or exclude as irrelevant the reasons that have brought protesters to those actions and the language they use while about them. Prayers cannot be translated into "legalese." Pictures of victims of war, of children, of fellow human beings who are "the enemy" have no legal status. Statements on the urgency of disarmament are outside party lines. A weapon part hammered on for peaceful purposes is evidence of a crime. Blood is not allowed to cry out in the courtroom.

The state seeks to strip these actions of meaning, to shut them out of the public arena. In so doing, it reveals its own alienation from and hostility to public life.

The peace movement must be clear about our use and understanding of symbols and how they articulate the lawfulness of disobedience to the state. We rely upon a language of faith and politics that the state oftentimes refuses to hear. We must be most attentive to that language when the state is most fierce in imposing its own definitions of mute violence upon actions for peace and disarmament.

(The Transfiguration Plowshares may be contacted c/o 52 Mason Street, Worcester, MA 01610, (617) 753-3588. Eds. note.)

TRANSFIGURATION PLOWSHARES IN MISSOURI

The night before the Transfiguration Plowshares entered a Naval Station in Massachusetts (see above), Jerry Ebner of Milwaukee, and Joe Gump of Morton Grove, Illinois were at work, and likewise named their deed — Transfiguration Plowshares. At 5:15 p.m. on August 5th, the exact moment the U.S. dropped the first atomic bomb forty-two years ago, they entered a Minuteman silo area in western Missouri. After beating on the tracks which the lid to the silo slides off on, and on various electrical apparatus, and making the Sign of the Cross with their blood, they gathered in song and prayer, and to await arrest.

A third person, Helen Woodson, now serving a twelve-year prison sentence for the first silo disarmament in November 1984, named herself as a co-conspirator with them, "to bring hope into a suffering world."

This Transfiguration Plowshares group may be contacted at 635 E. 61st Street, Kansas City, MO 64110, (816) 361-1014.

Catholic priests from the Archdiocese of Philadelphia and participants in the Epiphany Plowshares action, pled guilty to criminal trespass. In return, the U.S. Attorney's Office agreed to drop the other two felony charges. They are now awaiting sentencing. Their suspensions by Cardinal John Krol from all priestly duties continue to remain in effect.

As in the previous trial, Judge Broderick issued a "gag order" at the start of the trial on July 13. The order strictly prohib-

ited mentioning to the jury specific subjects including U.S. nuclear arms policy, U.S. foreign policy in Central America, principles of International law, a person's understanding of the word of God, and religious, moral or ethical convictions relating to nuclear weapons or nuclear war. For mentioning the Bible, God's law, war crimes in Central America and international law, Greg was twice cited for contempt.

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A CELEBRATION OF DOROTHY DAY'S BIRTHDAY AT THE NEVADA NUCLEAR TEST SITE.

Sunday, November 8th, will be the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Dorothy Day. Along with the usual celebrations that go on at C.W. communities around the country, the day will be marked by prayer and action at the Nevada nuclear test site.

The three-day event will begin on Friday, November 6, with a gathering of Catholic Workers and friends in Las Vegas for discussion, presentations, prayer and parties, followed by nonviolence training, discussion and speakers on Saturday, and then, on Sunday, Mass, a prayer vigil and nonviolent civil disobedience at the test site.

If you are interested in attending, want to endorse the civil disobedience action, or can help in publicizing the gathering, contact the Los Angeles Catholic Worker, 632 North Britannia Street, Los Angeles, California 90033, (213) 267-8789.

Homelessness & Segregation

(Continued from page 1)

family, the income of black, female-headed families has, adjusted for inflation, steadily dropped.

As family and societal structures broke down for black, inner-city people, many who suffered from mental illness ended up being institutionalized. Institutionalization, therefore, became a product of the chaos caused by destitution.

Then, beginning in the 1960s, thousands were released from mental hospitals with the hope that, with new drugs and community programs, they could be reintegrated back into society. But often the drugs and programs were inadequate to meet the needs of those released, and, with so many cracks to fall through in social systems, many ended up on the streets. Blacks, being a large proportion of the institutionalized, and often being destitute, having less resources to fall back on, again were added to the ranks of the homeless.

The final devastation to afflict dozens of inner-city, black ghettos has been gentrification — that scourge of the poor. The past half-dozen years have seen old and abandoned buildings renovated to become fashionable residences for the bourgeoisie, thus sending rents through the roof. The people who once lived in poor, inner-city ghettos now end up living in frightening and violent city shelters, in subways, in doorways and park benches. Granted, prices in the suburbs have become so exorbitant that even the young, white people who grew up there can no longer afford to stay there. Yet, it is a terrible injustice that black and other people of color should be shoved out of the neighborhoods in which they have lived for decades. It seems that, in the United States, profit has always been more important than people, especially black people. Public housing is seen by some as a partial solution; yet there are extremely long waiting lists for most units. People have to wait for months, even many years in some cities, until an apartment becomes available for them.

To give some examples of the effects of gentrification: When I was working in the emergency shelter in South Norwalk, Connecticut, during 1984 and 1985, gentrification began there. The area I worked in was a tiny pocket of poor and working-class people surrounded by a sea of affluence. This was a place where poor people (translate this as, for the most part, black people) had been able to live for generations. That all changed while I was working at the shelter. First, there was a rash of suspiciously convenient fires, displacing people from a number of old houses; these houses were rapidly renovated, being turned into expensive residences. Then, Washington Street, the main commercial street in the area, was beautifully restored to its turn-of-the-century magnificence. The little, black-owned shops on the street disappeared, to be replaced by posh restau-

rants and art galleries catering to the urban professionals who were flocking to a neighborhood that was so obviously being geared to their needs. (On local New York City television stations in 1985, a commercial was run, showing young, white people having a great time while a slogan invited viewers to "Be young, move to Norwalk.") Recently, I heard over the radio that Money magazine released a survey of the cities it feels offer the "best" standard of living in the United States. Norwalk ranked the second highest. Money magazine does not seem to be thinking of the poor, black people who lived in South Norwalk for years. They have been displaced by exorbitant rents, and enjoy the "benefits" of the great city of Norwalk in an emergency shelter, or on the streets.

Much the same process is happening in many parts of the country. Here on the Lower East Side, there is a development boom. The building next to St. Joseph House was renovated last year. Tiny, one bedroom apartments are renting for \$1000 a month. Boutiques and art galleries are opening to the left and right of us, enticing a parade of fashionable affluent white people, who partake of their delights, while outside on the streets homeless black men are begging for quarters.

If we lived in a society where, as Peter Maurin dreamed, it would be easier to be good, and if we were truly good to one another, obvious solutions to the plight of homelessness for inner-city blacks would present themselves. A just wage would be offered so that people could live off their own work. Landlords would charge equitable rent. Abandoned inner-city buildings would be developed for the displaced of the neighborhood instead of for the rich.

In fact, we are far from such a society. We live in a society that has built itself on the exploitation of those on the bottom. For black people, this has meant a journey from plantation to gentrification. Before we, as a nation, can speak of just conditions for black people, we will have to confront the history and practice of racism.

Here at the Catholic Worker, the segregation that racism gives birth to presents itself day in and day out. Most of my co-workers and I are white. Most of the homeless men who come to us are black. We, who are white, who have somewhere to live, control some of the necessities of life for these black men. Granted, we live in less than luxury, and the necessities we control are pretty meager (soup, bread, clothes, a toilet); yet there is a world of difference between having them and not having them.

As a culture, we seem to be imprisoned in racism; at the Catholic Worker, we can view the effects of this racism at its starkest. Our hope is that this sight can change our hearts. To recognize racism, and to try to do the works of mercy is but a beginning, and yet we need to begin.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

September 18 — Dr. Marion Moses: Visits to the Exploited — The People Who Harvest Our Food (with slides).

September 25 — Bernice Marie-Daly: Creation-Centered Spirituality*

October 2 — Fr. Benedict Groeschel: St. Francis — Message of Ongoing Conversion.

October 9 — Cecilia Hugo: The Rev. John J. Hugo — Teacher of the Spiritual Weapons in a Warring World.*

October 16 — Carl Mitcham: Technology and Religion.

October 23 — Roundtable Discussion on Civil Disobedience.

October 30 — John Dear, S.J.: Jean Donovan and the Call to Discipleship.*

November 6 — Eileen Egan: Dorothy Day's November of the Soul.

November 13 — David McReynolds: Star Wars — A Lethal Fantasy.*

MEETINGS BEGIN AT 7:30 P.M.

A Baton Wielding Angel

By BILL DEAN

St. Joseph House and Venice. What could be more different than a house of hospitality on New York's Lower East Side and a city built upon the islands of a lagoon, in the words of the Latin author, Cassiodorus, "like seabirds' nests, half on sea and half on land and spread like the Cyclades over the surface of the waters?" Yet, in Venice I came upon reminders of daily life at St. Joseph House.

In Remembrance of Things Past, Proust writes of awakening in Venice for the first time, opening the window shutters, and seeing ablaze in the sunlight the

of Heaven in the Venetian litany recited in times of plague, and also the reference in Revelation to "a woman clothed in the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Above the cupola of the church he placed a statue of the Virgin with these attributes and, at a lower level, statues of the Apostles — the twelve stars in her crown.

Inside the church the symbolism is maintained by an inscription in the center of the pavement — *unde origo inde salus* (whence the origin, thence the salvation and health), referring to the origin of Venice under the Virgin's protection — one of the several accounts of the foundation of the city, Hugh Honour points out, being that the Virgin had led the people of the mainland to the safety of the lagoon as Attila's armies, in the fifth century, swept down the Italian peninsula.

At the high altar, my thoughts turned to St. Joseph House. In the center of the altar is a statue of the Virgin and Child, with Venice praying on the left, while, on the right, an angel carrying a baton drives away the plague. The figure of the plague symbolizes illness, suffering, despair. The struggle against these is never ending.

A very different Venetian setting summoned further thoughts of St. Joseph House. The Ca' d'Oro (House of Gold) on the Grand Canal was built in the fifteenth century when prosperous Venetians were able to indulge in their love of the opulent. The facade of this palace once glittered with gold. Now transformed into a museum, inside is found a remarkable bronze relief, St. Martin and the Beggar, by the Paduan sculptor, Andrea Briosco. St. Martin (c. 316-397) was the son of a Roman officer. At age fifteen he entered the imperial cavalry. One day he came upon a shivering beggar by the gates of Amiens. With his campaign sword he slashed his military cape in two, giving half the cloak to the beggar, then rode away to the taunts of his comrades. That night, he experienced a vision of Christ, clothed in the beggar's half of the cape, making known to His angels this act of charity to Himself.

The bronze figures of St. Martin and the beggar remind me of the daily acts of mercy taking place at the Catholic Worker, as the poor of the Bowery come in search of food and clothing.

St. Martin and the angel of Santa Maria della Salute symbolize the need for unrelenting struggle against human suffering. This is the work of St. Joseph House.

(Bill Dean is a volunteer on the soup meal at the St. Joseph House. Eds. note.)



Church of Santa Maria della Salute Gary Donatelli Golden Angel on the Campanile of San Marco. From my hotel window I heard water lapping against the canal embankment and church bells summoning the faithful to Mass. In the distance, I saw the domes of the Church of Santa Maria della Salute.

Secure from invasion by land or sea, Venice was not immune to the ravages of the plague. The best known plague church in Venice is that of Santa Maria della Salute.

In 1630, when a terrible plague struck the city, the Senate authorized the building of a church. One million wooden piles were driven into the mud to create a solid foundation at the designated site by the entrance to the Grand Canal. The architect, Baldassare Longhena, kept in mind the purpose and significance of the church as a devotion offering. "The mystery contained in its dedication to the Blessed Virgin," he wrote, "made me think, with that little talent which God has given me, of building it in a circular form, that is to say in the shape of a crown to be dedicated to the Virgin."

As Hugh Honour writes in The Companion Guide to Venice, the architect was recalling the invocation to the Queen

Thinking Globally, Acting Locally

"Human-Scale Solutions to the Global Crisis" is the theme of an international conference scheduled in San Francisco from September 27 to October 1, 1987. Jointly sponsored by The Fourth World (Great Britain) and The School for Living (USA), the assembly/symposium will bring together people who have been active in developing new approaches in a broad range of areas such as social structuring, economics and communications. Through an emphasis on "human-scale," earth stewardship, democratic and decentralist principles, it will attempt to address the deepening problems of ecological and human degradation.

Both sponsors have a history of promoting individual self-reliance and community co-operation. The School of Living was founded by the political economist, social critic and philosopher, Ralph Borsodi, over fifty years ago. It has been called "the grandmother of the counter-culture," and has been a pioneer in the back-to-the-land, decentralist and "right-livelihood" movements. The Fourth

World was founded by John Papworth, in 1966, to foster debate on major political and economic problems. It has derived inspiration from figures such as E.F. Schumacher, Vinoba Bhave, Thomas Merton, and others.

For further information, please contact: Thomas Greco, 93 Spruce Avenue, Rochester, NY 14611 or School of Living, RD 1, Box 1508 AA, Spring Grove, PA 17362.



MIDNIGHT RUN

By JOSEPH H. GILMORE

(The Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore is minister of South Presbyterian Church in Dobbs Ferry, New York. With the help of other area churches, several cars are sent into New York City once or twice a week to deliver food, clothing and other needed items to the homeless sleeping outside. They work through the night to try to get to just some of the groups of people they have come to know over the past several years. On the streets and elsewhere their effort has come to be known as the "Midnight Run." Eds. note.)

I speak from the shadows of America
...from the mean streets of a great city
abandoned late at night to
the rich at play
and to the homeless poor who
walk and walk and walk
until it is safe as it is likely to get
to lie down,
wrapped in the news of the day
against the cold of the night.

In the dark harbor, a statue
(of liberty, some say)
holds an unlit lamp up to the night.
An inadvertent symbol, I think
There is not much light here.
Not tonight.
Not for the weary, homeless poor
who walk and walk and walk.

(They have fixed the lady and the lamp. They do not seem to notice the broken promise.)

I speak from the shadows
and from the end of my wits.

It is midnight. On Fifth Avenue at 55th Street.
(I remember these lines by poet Wendell Berry...
*To be sane in a mad time
is bad for the brain, worse
for the heart. The world
is a holy vision, had we clarity
to see it - a clarity that we
depend on us to make.*)

It is midnight. At the corner of Fifth Avenue and 55th Street.



Rita Corbin

On the east side of the street, Trump Tower, all gold and lighted, defies the darkness for as far as it rises - making it hard to see the stars. Tiffany's and Steuben Glass are opulent neighbors on the next two northern corners. A year ago, in a window display at Tiffany's designed by a miniaturist of extravagant ability, you could have seen a \$75,000 gold and diamond necklace snaking its way between a homeless woman sitting in a box, wrapped in rags, her bags beside her, one shoe off - and a Bowery bum type, with a tiny bottle of Cutty Sark - yes, you could read the exquisite tiny label - in his dirty hand. Miniature litter completed the scene.

But it's midnight... and on the west corner of 55th and Fifth in the shadows, six homeless people have dragged cardboard, and cardboard boxes, into the doorways of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Rene, Mark, Annie, Rick and two people I do not know are asleep. The cardboard between them and the stone provides whatever warmth they're going to have. The stone is forever. I call softly to them by name asking if they need anything - a sandwich, some soup or coffee, a blanket, clothing. They all want food - Mark needs shoes, Rene a shirt, Annie and Rick, socks. I sit and drink coffee with them. People loud and laughing pass, look up, shake their heads in disgust and walk by.

The sermon title for Sunday afternoon, June 2, at 4:00 p.m. is: "There is No Shortage of Living Water."

The timed lights in the church's narthex go off... and I leave.

*O Lord, support us all the day long, until
the shadows lengthen and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed. Then in Thy
mercy grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest.*

It is 1:00 a.m. At the corner of 7th Avenue and 32nd Street there is a bank - a Chase Manhattan branch. On the 7th Avenue side there is a door to a 24-hour cash machine - to satisfy the endless appetites of some of us. Now there are eight people -

seven men and one woman are
sleeping around the perimeter,
close up to the walls -

under the check-writing table.

From the street, not knowing, you would never see them. They are experts at living in the shadows.

A guard with a heart that breaks before it turns to stone, has let John in. John, an old man, lets in the others. The woman has no socks or shoes. Her ulcerated feet with suppurating lesions are drawn up in the fetal position she learned in the womb - her first and best home. She has no blanket. She is being protected by the others. I cannot wake her, but the others assure me that she is all right -

and they ask for the things that she needs.

As I kneel trying not to spill soup, a distinguished, middle-aged man walks as though we are invisible.

"Perhaps we are," I think.

(More lines from Berry come:

*So, friends every day do something
that won't compute.*

Love the world. Work for nothing.

Take all that you have and be poor.

Love someone who doesn't deserve it.)

2:00 a.m. The Morgan Library, Madison Avenue at 36th Street. Behind an iron fence, a hot-air grate. Rusty is fast asleep and hard to rouse. "I'm sorry," he says - "I need everything. Everything you gave me last week was stolen."

In a thousand years, you would not have seen him there, tucked into the shadows of America.

But earlier in the winter the Museum Board learned that the homeless sometimes slept on their (discharged) hot air. So they wrapped the grate in barbed wire.

*Hear this, you who trample upon the
needy, and bring the poor of the land
to an end -*

*Surely I will never forget any of [your]
deeds.*

4:00 a.m.

Grand Central Station.

Dante. The inferno.

People everywhere.

With cardboard.

Without.

Sleeping.

Sitting.

Staring.

Laughing at something.

Talking to someone, somewhere.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Phyllis, Abigail, Taffy, George, Peter.

And I am confused. Where is the preferential option for the poor manifest? Whoever said that there is no evangelism without solidarity was right. Well said. So what?

4:30 a.m.

St. Patrick's Cathedral

Lighted at the top.

Shadows at the bottom.

Five people sleeping here tonight. In two doorways, they sleep beneath doors chained -

Chained -

Chained shut.

They sleep with their backs toward the street, their faces toward our sanctuaries - six inches from warmth and safety.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.

Esurientes implevit divites at bonus dimisit inanes.

Which, being translated out of the shadows, means:

My soul doth magnify the Lord

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

God hath filled the poor with good things,

and the rich God hath sent empty away.

(At least... at least... Grand Central tried.)

5:00 a.m.

St. Thomas Episcopal, Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street.

Last stop. A circle closed.

Six people on cardboard in boxes.

Living as shadows in shadows.

Inside, in the pews, in the Book of Common Prayer, Page 826, this prayer:

*Almighty and most merciful God,
we remember before You all poor and
neglected persons whom it would be
easy for us to forget:*

the homeless and the destitute.

Dawn.

The homeless move out of the shadows into the daytime forced to march to nowhere.

I have spoken from my wits end, from the mean streets of the other America.

Do not be fooled. My city is not different from yours.

My friend in the streets is right: they should have kept the promise... then fixed the Lady in the Harbor.

The prophets were right. How it goes with the least of us is

the mark of our faithfulness and obedience.

*To be sane in a mad time is bad
for the brain, worse for the heart.*

Cubans Await Release

By FR. ROY BOURGEOIS, M.M.

I'm serving a nine-month sentence at the Federal Detention Center in Oakdale, Louisiana for protesting the training of Contras at Hurlburt Field in Florida.

Oakdale is called an "alien detention center," but actually it's a high security prison with a double, twelve-foot-high, razor-wire fence that is patrolled by guards with shotguns.

This is home for 1,000 Cubans and sixty U.S. inmates. The Cubans were among the 125,000 Cuban refugees that came to the U.S. in 1980 aboard the "Mariel Freedom Flotilla." They were imprisoned for committing crimes after their arrival.

Every inmate at Oakdale has his own unique story to tell, his struggle to share. However, the Cubans have something in common. They have all completed their sentences, yet remain in prison. Because they are "undocumented aliens" and cannot return to Cuba, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has decided to detain them indefinitely.

Most of the Cubans at Oakdale had sentences ranging from six months to two years, but have been imprisoned for four years or more. Some, like Francisco, have never been to court or sentenced.

Francisco is sixty-nine years old. He took a taxicab and couldn't pay the \$7 fare. He was driven to the local police station, where he spent fifteen days. When his name appeared in the computer as one of the Cuban refugees arriving in 1980, he was sent to the maximum security Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, where he spent two years. Three months ago, Francisco was transferred to Oakdale, and, like all the Cubans here, he has no idea when he will be released.

Francisco told me he will never set foot in a cab again.

Because of their despair, frustration, and anger, there are daily outbreaks of violence among the Cuban inmates. Yesterday, six of us were asked by the prison psychologist to stand a "suicide watch" for one of the Cubans who tried to hang himself. He was the second to try and take his life in the past two weeks.

The situation at Oakdale is getting more volatile each day. As an inmate serving time for speaking out against the injustice of our foreign policy in Nicaragua, I cannot remain silent about the injustice being done to people in my home state.

A letter to INS, 425 I Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20536 can help the Cubans gain their freedom and perhaps save a life.

**WE HAVE FOUND
THIS MAN
PERVERTING
OUR NATION!**

**HE STIRS UP
THE PEOPLE!**

**SAYING THAT
HE IS CHRIST
THE KING!**



Ade Bethune

LETTER FROM WEST GERMANY

(Ulf Panzer is a criminal court judge in West Germany. On January 12, 1987 he joined nineteen other judges in West Germany in nonviolently blocking the entrance to the U.S. air base in Mutlangen, where Pershing II nuclear missiles are stored. For more information, see CW March-April, 1987. Eds. note.)

Hamburg
West Germany

Dear Tim,

By now we have received so-called "Summary Punishments" — it is like a ticket for speeding or what have you.

We do not know if we have succeeded in moving something towards peace. The public discussion of our blockade still is in full swing. Nobody talks about the danger we do live in, nobody talks about the missiles, the reason why we blocked the Mutlangen military base, but all the world talks about the professional standards of judges.

One thing is remarkable: After 1096 guilty verdicts in the court of Schwäbisch-Gmünd [the court where protestors at Mutlangen have been tried over the past four years], four days after our blockade there were the first seven acquittals.

We have received very many letters of solidarity from countless citizens and organizations. One of them was from Inge Aicher-Scholl, the elder sister of Sophie Scholl, sentenced to death by

German judges and executed because, in the White Rose movement, she resisted the terror of Hitler-fascism. Inge Aicher-Scholl told us she felt somewhat consoled to experience another generation of German judges. Even if we should have not moved anything, I do believe our blockade was worth it, just for this one letter.

Your paper, with the exception of the Canadian Globe and Mail, seems to be the only paper in North America that reported on our action. What was it that I read in our Constitution the other day? A free (!) press is one of the most important presuppositions for democracy. Yes, it is true, neither of our countries has a censorship. We all live in an open society. We don't have to have a censorship. Because the press people have the scissors right in their heads. And, in our democratic system, freedom of the press means the freedom of a handful of people who own the papers and the media to publish their information, and to suppress what they do not want to get known.

Where do we have real democracy? In the family? Do the children decide what to do? At work? Do the workers decide to build submarines rather than to produce, let's say, safety devices for preventing car accidents? Do we have democracy in the military, in the courts, in the hospitals, or in the schools and universities? Democracy seems to be limited to the elections, and there you have the choice between let's say Coke and Pepsi — if you know what I mean. And in Germany, the parliament, which by the Constitution is supposed to check the government, (the administration and the chancellor are directly responsible to the parliament) has developed into an institution whose only job is to applaud everything the government does or chooses not to do.

Well, we better leave this subject.

Best wishes, in peace, yours,

Ulf Panzer

News and Notes

WRITINGS OF FR. JOHN J. HUGO

Various writings of Fr. John J. Hugo, the retreat master and spiritual director who had such a profound influence on Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement, are now available. They include *Your Ways Are Not My Ways*, which is the text of the conferences from "The Famous Retreat," a history of the retreat, and several homilies and other works. For a complete list and prices, write to Encounter with Silence, P.O. Box 4146, Pittsburgh, PA 15202.

Tapes of the retreat conferences and of the Mass of Christian Burial for Fr. Hugo are available from Gavonna Kalher, 1446 Greer, Glendora, CA 91740.

GILLAM KERLEY RECEIVES JAIL TERM AND FINE FOR DRAFT REFUSAL

On May 29, Gillam Kerley received the stiffest sentence since the Vietnam war for refusing to register for the draft, when District Judge Shabaz handed him a three year jail term and \$10,000 fine. A public non-registrant from Madison, Wisconsin, Kerley represented himself through four and one-half years of legal battles in federal court, before finally being convicted by a jury last April.

He is the fifteenth nonregistrant to be convicted in recent years. Five other cases were variously decided without verdicts. He initially challenged the government's right to prosecute only those who publically spoke out against draft registration. After the Supreme Court ruled such prosecution was legal in 1985, he challenged the Selective Service to prove he hadn't registered.

The evidence that the Selective Service System was forced to turn over in order to prove its claim revealed that even hundreds of thousands of men who have registered do not have their names in the SSS computer. Thus, it appears unlikely,

Epiphany Plowshares

(Continued from page 5)

In light of these repressive measures by the court, some twenty-five supporters of the defendants attending the trial were removed from the courtroom for making statements about the illegality of the judge's gag order and telling the jury they were not being allowed to consider the truth. U.S. marshals used excessive force in dragging some of the supporters out of court.

On the morning of July 15, Attorney Lazerwitz submitted to the judge a motion for a mistrial before completing his case. The motion read in part: "The defendants' obstreperous behavior has contributed to what the government believes was an orchestrated and deliberate disturbance. . . . This has ceased to be a criminal trial, given the repeated disturbances. The jury is confused and distracted from the issues."

In his ruling, the judge concurred with Attorney Lazerwitz, saying that the jury was incapable of impartiality. "I've never seen anything like that happen in my court in seventeen years," said Judge Broderick. . . . The court considered asking the jury if it could ignore these things, but these things have been indelibly imprinted on the minds of the jurors, and no instruction from the court would have been able to wash that out of their minds."

Attorney Lazerwitz also asked the court that, in the next trial, the defendants be barred from representing themselves and that they be represented by lawyers. The judge granted this motion.

Why is the government so relentless in prosecuting Lin and Greg? Attorney Lazerwitz, in an interview before the third trial stated: "We just can't go home. There's a larger interest out there. What if people get the idea that they can do this under the guise of civil disobedience and get away with it? It would give the wrong impression. The military is obviously concerned."

Despite the prospects of a fourth trial, Greg, Lin and their extended community remain firm in their resolve to speak the truth of their disarmament action — of the moral and legal imperative to beat the swords of our time into plowshares and to uphold the sacredness of all life.

(For more information, and ways that you can support the Epiphany Plowshares contact: Epiphany Plowshares Support Group, Montgomery Co. Center for Peace and Justice, P.O. Box 246, Ambler, PA 19002, phone: 215-630-8540 or 215-884-0713. Eds. note.)

with the current problems of record-keeping at the SSS, that anyone but those who publically state they are non-registrants will be caught.

Contributions to Gillam's appeal can be made through the Madison Society of Friends Legal Defense and Bail Fund, Box 606, Madison, WI 53701. Or contact Gillam Kerley, c/o Madison Draft Resistance Coalition, 731 State Street, Madison, WI 53703.

PAX CHRISTI NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

"We may no longer be able to give moral respectability to the principle of deterrence." Thus did Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle open the Pax Christi National Assembly, held July 31-August 1 at Loyola University, Chicago.

The audience of 1300 persons responded to Hunthausen's address on the theme of the Assembly, "The Christian Community: Prophetic and Reconciling," with three ovations. Over 750 persons, from forty-one states and four foreign countries, participated in the six seminars and a variety of workshops offered by the Assembly in the days following.

The Archbishop reminded his hearers of the great steps forward made by the U.S. Bishops in the Peace Pastoral, "The Challenge of Peace," when they stressed conscientious objection and pacifism, and rejected the first-use of nuclear weapons, counter-population bombing and the rationale of a "limited nuclear war." He added a warning, "We are rapidly approaching the point where our courageous pastoral letter will no longer be the challenge it was meant to be. It will become, instead, the nuclear equivalent of a blank check." Pointing out that, since the issuance of the pastoral, "The nuclear arms race has accelerated in outer space, under the oceans, and all across the world," Archbishop Hunthausen urged the re-evaluation of even a strictly-conditioned acceptance of the nuclear deterrent, since such an acceptance involves an intention to utilize immoral means — indiscriminate nuclear weaponry.

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