

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Sr. Meinrad

Bread Not Bombs

Commemorating the 25th Anniversary of
the Bombing of Hiroshima

By ARI SALANT

It is easy for us as victors in the Second World War to condemn the Germans and Japanese for their crimes against humanity. But the war crimes of America and its allies—the bombing of Dresden, the incarceration of thousands of innocent Japanese-Americans in detention camps, the refusal of the United States and Britain to accept the refugees fleeing from Nazi Germany—are too easily forgotten by the American people and, in our forgetfulness, we are only too ready to repeat such actions. The present slaughter in Southeast Asia is but small proof of this. But the greatest horror inflicted by man upon man is still the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, not merely because of the extent of the destruction but because the development and use of the atomic bomb represents the perversion of Western civilization and knowledge in exactly the same way as do the death camps of the Nazis.

As an "act of repentance and rededication," as a nonviolent confrontation with the forces of violence, Tom Cornell of the Catholic Peace Fellowship called for a four-day "Live-out!" at 201 Varick Street, the building which houses the New York offices of the Atomic Energy Commission and Local Boards 1-4 of the Selective Service System. On Monday, August 3rd, shortly before 8 A.M., members of the Catholic and Jewish Peace Fellowships, the Catholic Worker, the War Resisters League, and the Merton-Buber House gathered at the corner of Varick Street to begin our silent vigil. From behind the barricades we passed out leaflets explaining our presence and offered bread to everyone around: members of the draft boards and the A.E.C., passersby and messengers to the building, the police who were, in reality, vigiling with us, and even F.B.I. agents.

The response we received was mixed but generally favorable. A few people called us "Commies" or traitors or draft-dodgers, but most people accepted our leaflets and read them. One woman who worked in the building took a leaflet from me, read it carefully, walked down to the other end of the barricades and took a stack of leaflets from Bob Olley which she smuggled

into the building, which was "protected" from the outside by the police and from the inside by security guards. Fewer people took the bread we offered but those who did took it in the spirit of peace—as we were offering it—and those who did not take it seemed to be reflecting upon the offer. We were quiet and serious and were taken seriously even by those who did not agree with us.

Our relations with the police who were guarding the entrance were at all times extremely friendly; we talked with them about everything from baseball to the Vietnamese War. One officer was standing against the wall on Monday, trying very hard to keep a stony face, but Sanna, my wife, kept looking at him and smiling and finally he too was smiling. We wanted to make it clear that the police and the employers of the Selective Service and the A.E.C. were our brothers and not our enemies, that our only enemy was war and the institutions that create war, even on the two occasions when we committed civil disobedience.

The first action was on Monday after Monica Cornell and her children came down with macaroni salad and kool-aid for lunch. (It was beautiful to see the small Cornell children carrying our signs: *End the War, End the Draft, Would Christ Carry a Draft Card?, Bread Not Bombs, and Nonviolence Works.*) First, Bill Dorfer and Steve Kurzya from Merton-Buber House went up and asked to see their representatives from Local Boards 1-4. They were denied admittance and arrested, standing quietly in the doorway while they waited for a police van to arrive. Five minutes later I went up to the entrance with Steve Pfeiffer from the C.W. and Jack Kershaw, a student at Cooper Union who was committing civil disobedience for the first time. Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, "I am not violating any laws; I have a legal and a moral right to speak to my draft-board representatives." Nonetheless they read us the riot act and called an officer to arrest us who took us to the van to join our brothers.

At the 4th Precinct they photo-
(Continued on page 7)

The Farm Workers And The Church

By PHILIP VERA CRUZ

Before the grape strike started in September, 1965, about 95 per cent of the Filipinos and Mexicans in the Delano area were Catholics. They would go, and still do, to St. Mary's and Guadalupe Churches: each church conveniently located for the growers and the farm workers.

The Slavonian, Italian, Irish, and other Catholic growers attend St. Mary's Church to pray for more bountiful harvests and profits, for the expansion of their ranches. They believed God favored their prayers because in a few short years many of these farmers became millionaires. Filipinos and Mexicans also go to Mass at St. Mary's. Like other good Catholics, they go to Church for moral and spiritual inspiration.

However, several foremen, contractors, bar and cardroom operators discovered it was profitable to rub shoulders with the powerful people in town. In fair weather, the growers sometimes discuss their labor problems outside the Church door. When a contractor stops by, the growers ask for his expert advice on the quality of the labor supply. By instinct and experience he knows that some groups of workers yield more profit than other workers when given board.

With unquestioned authority the contractor would reply, "The wetbacks and green carders are much better than the local workers."

Then he would explain that "they (wetbacks and green-carders) work harder because they are afraid to be fired. They have no place to go and nothing to eat."

"That is very true," a grower remarked. "My boys are kind of mixed up—I mean local, green-card, and wet-

back workers. They like drinking, card games, and cockfights. All are broke. Once in a great while one might complain. I tell him to like it or leave. But he has no money nor any other place to stay. Nobody dares to open his big mouth again."

"But it's against the law," objected a more decent grower. "I don't want my labor camp raided. Those boys worked hard for their money. When caught they are jailed and fined. That's not right."

Irritated, a big rancher answered, "The hell with the law! Those stupid fools don't know any better. But they have the right to use their money the way they want. Because they have nothing, they work harder and stay longer on the job. They have no choice left. But if you make money in business, you are right; on the contrary, wrong. Worry about your business but not the workers. Justice is the eternal hope of the wretched souls. It's just a beautiful dream that will never be realized."

Most of the farm workers went to Guadalupe Church. They were poor, but more sincere and honest in their religious belief. There was no thought of gaining any material advantage over their fellowmen. The priest liked to see them all in the Mass, but he was scared to look at their "Huelga" buttons on their lapels.

The Bishop in Fresno favored the rich growers. His action was in accord with the anti-union priests in Delano. The old man was retired not because of his mistaken judgment but of his age. His successor, Bishop Manning, visited Delano with expressed "concern" and therefore, "to listen to your problems with the growers." Bishop
(Continued on page 7)

The Children Come

The children have come from Phuong Boi

The stone house is ready the Delaware
River flows by speckled with coins of ice
the pumpkins have turned and been
cut Candles within show their mouth and their eyes
apples are russet for bobbing The tow-heads
are noisy at play The two darker ones silent
and still Their more delicate hands are folded

The children have come from Phuong Boi

When they came from Suchow and Amoy
it was summer Grain was tucked into
sheaves We danced in the barn Fiddles squeaked
lanterns blackened their chimneys Hunt the slipper
came at the end and that ended with prizes
Theirs had been stamped: Made in Japan They
stamped them into the floor then sat in silence

The children have come from Phuong Boi

Once they came to the house by the Wye
There was snow and their clothes were too
thin The bonfire lit up their thin cockney
faces They shouted at sight of the Guy
burning bright as a city Their country cousins
made fun of their voices till the Guy
went up in the sky in a tall flat-topped cloud

The children have come from Phuong Boi

When they came from the towns in Japan
some gave money at sight of their skin
Never more Never more but now they've come
once again and two women for making a
protest are locked in a cell They spend three
nights with four other women all of them black
who say they've got children themselves at home

The children have come from Phuong Boi

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Australia

Dearest Deane,

You would love it here, where I am staying up in "the bush," as they call it, though on every side there are tall trees of every variety of eucalyptus, and the hills are very steep indeed, with gardens in every level place which has had to be cleared. Doesn't that remind you of our little gardens at Tivoli, those close to the houses?

It is truly a farming commune, St. Benedict's, where the initial group, but not all the families, are Benedictine oblates, and I will give you the rule of life they follow. There is a priest who was a hermit for two or more years, then was joined by two women who had received their training at the Grail and know how to live anywhere, in cellars or huts, in plenty, or in want. Literally they lived in a hut here when they began, not as big as my room at the farm, room enough for two beds at either side of the room. A kitchen stove warmed it. Fr. John Heffey, the priest-founder, ate with them and he had already started gardens, chickens and a cow, and so could provide the food. There is a chapel, just as big as ours, and a community house was built, which now houses three women and a child, and guests, and there is a proper bath and shower and toilet inside. I am on the upper floor where there is a kitchen, community room, and one bedroom, uninsulated, with two windows in it. I have been warm under four blankets of Australian wool, and wearing a heavy bathrobe and bed socks to bed. After our heat wave in the States, doesn't this sound refreshing? And does it not remind you of Maryfarm at Newburgh, though not the poverty of Easton, or the comparative comfort of Staten Island?

This is like Northern California weather. Plenty of green around, and plenty of flowers, and plenty of rain. Also frost and occasional snow flurries. This is two hours out of Melbourne, and truly in "the bush" with no school available so that the children, of four families living here, study by correspondence courses. Two other families are preparing to come. There are three hundred acres and each family can stake out five acres and come weekends to build up their homes. There are single men and women, willing or unwilling celibates, I do not know. One might say "intentional celibates." Each family supports itself by labor in the community or outside, teaching, carpentry work, odd jobs. They each have cows, pigs, and when they kill a pig or a sheep they share with each other. The only electricity on the farm is here in the community house; the others have Tilley lamps strong and bright, which are carried to chapel or to the barns. They have made their own roads. There are about fifty living here. This is an inaccessible place, up in the hills, and yet there are many visitors on weekends. They have the same problems we do and we are very much at home with each other discussing them.

The great difference is in the emphasis on the spiritual life, the primacy of the spiritual, Peter Maurin would call it. The priest here is an old hand at this work. His two years (or more) of being a hermit taught him much. He reminds me in a way of Fr. Ray. He leads in all the manual labor and teaches others. He reminds me too of Peter Maurin and the way he made schedules for himself, though he was always flexible.

The day begins at six. As many as can, get to the chapel to participate in the Mass but first, they say Matins and Lauds. Breakfast later and this morning it was oatmeal with brown sugar and heavy cream, bread and cheese, both made here, and fruit. The oranges and apples of Australia are delicious. Then work building, farming, gardening, care of the animals. There is a print shop and the posters which were made to advertise the talks of Eileen Egan and me were both beautifully done. They looked like Eric Gill's work. Father John quoted to me the early title of Fr. Vincent McNabb which Peter Maurin had brought to me, Nazareth or Social Chaos. I told him that the hippies who were taking to the communes in the United States seemed to recognize that even if they had not heard of Fr. Vincent McNabb, the English Dominican. I meant the farming communes or settlements, not the city communes.

As for the primacy of the spiritual (which Peter used to emphasize) among those communes in the United States, there is an emphasis on study and meditation and there may be some knowledge of St. Francis, but certainly none of St. Benedict, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Martin de Porres. Certainly if you talk of the saints, they are interested as they would be in the legends of the aborigines that I am hearing about here in Australia. Stories of the Fathers of the Desert, the tales of the Hasidim and the sayings of the Zen Buddhists are strangely alike also. Thomas Merton, who brought the Desert Fathers closer, Martin Buber the tales of the Hasidim, and was it Suzuki the sayings of the Zen Masters? —they have all done us a service.

Yes, there is great emphasis on the spiritual hereabouts—Mass, the entire office, lives of the saints, a chapter from the rules of St. Benedict, yes, and the rosary. There is also a Gregorian Mass in Latin once a week which will certainly add a festive element to the feast of the Assumption tomorrow.

One of the girls here has a horse and a gig. The families have cars. (Little Mark just brought us a lizard to admire which was running across the living room floor.) Adele tells us of the brave Spanish Benedictine who came to live with the aborigines and ate their food which included snakes, lizards and grubs. He, too, for love of them, had to live off the land.

I have visited the Matt Taibot Hostels in Sidney, which are clean and

(Continued on page 5)

36 East First

By FAT JORDAN

The summer is finally over, and I'm glad. The hot days of long August can now descend in the shorter, friendlier spaces of autumn. The end of seasons cause me to muse. It's the inherent dyings, the transitions I suppose. For when men and seasons are in transvergence on First Street (that is, always), musings subtly and persistently rush at us. I do not pretend to really understand all these movements, the solitary drift of leaves, feet, and souls. Such understanding is left to heaven alone. But that they fall and rise must be recalled and said again and again. This is life, the simplicity of stealing return. We must never forget it.

Islands

We live on an island—Manhattan, the Lower East Side, First St., the house, ourselves. We are shadowed by heavy clouds increasingly of man's creation. Around us stand weak, spineless old buildings. One drowsy Saturday morning a speeding car on the neighboring boulevard tore into a corner flat and sent the entire building (five floors and occupants) screaming to the street. The piercing cry of a woman's hysteria ("My God, call an ambulance, the building collapsed!") tears into me still.

A subway rumbles below this whole island. There is no place intended for roots. Noise becomes conversation, and conversation shouting. On the Bowery, bodies line the filthy pavement as discarded cartons of a littered society. Only the flowers of a neighboring churchyard tell us there are other islands. An old man in ragged clothes approaches the church fence lined with flowers. If one looks closely he will see the man wiping each leaf clean. The gift is oxygen—and life.

Our island is poor. It is punctured with unsurity and fear, mostly our own. It begins in the disease for power and ends in compromise. And in our souls it can be laden with hypocrisy. After all, what is a soupine but a token, a mere gesture. Five minutes of warmth may be timeless in the blast, but the blast remains. To feed the poor and wish to forget that the poor will never be filled, will always be naked, is pre-

posterous. He said it would never be, and He said it of our souls.

We are protected by structure. It takes so little. But the poor are ever vulnerable. The endured, life-long hardship of a woman and her invalid son, now in middle age, is beyond our men. The nights of cold in an abandoned house, the leaky plumbing of a dungeoned cellar are not the light we are used to. And neither is our poverty the sustained vigilance of the woman with only the park bench. Our poverty, so symbolic, is all the more ultimate because unrealized. It is our humiliation, our misunderstanding of others, our judgment because we took it to ourselves to judge them.

Bodies

Life has given us a body. First St. has made us aware of flesh. Mike Kovalak put it this way: man must keep body and soul within shouting distance. First St. is on the road closest to the lime pit. Herbie Shurt this day tosses in his hospital bed. Little Larry stumbles alone covered with blood, some head in a daze of wine. Each foot over the other is the pound of silent nails to a box. The street is full of blood and flesh. Mary has to turn a man away from the door because his rancid legs fill the air with unbearable stench. We would make the whole soulless stench. Our islands move with an unremitting caravan, and when we hear Mike's breath no more, we finally have the slightest inkling of what he meant, "This is my body for you."

We need fire and resistance. We need them not to destroy but to purify, beginning with ourselves. Generations may well say of this people that it died from anarchy, from a lack of fury. It shunned passion as water does oil; they will say, it could not open its lungs enough to the breath. We must not confuse virtue with bloodlessness as so many and even we have done. Our indignation at poor housing, criminal mistreatment of prisoners, clindry skies, maltreatment of the insane, war, poverty, and death must scorch our souls again and again if it is to reach the heavens. And we

(Continued on page 4)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a cool afternoon in early September, a light rain falls. Out of the woods a jay shrieks, in triumph, protest, or sheer bravado—who knows? A woodpecker, undaunted by rain, keeps to his work-a-day task, drilling, drilling. Then the angry whine of an electric saw pollutes the gentle music of the rain, reminding me that for some of our community, winter warmth will not be had without the work of ax and saw. Somewhere amid the prevailing green of late summer, a mottled leaf divorces its stem, splashing the ground with color. Then from the chicken house sounds the jubilant song of the hen, cackle to thrush or wren, but herald of a happy breakfast for me.

Certainly one of the more successful projects in recent months has been that of the chickens. Early last spring Ron Gessner, Daniel Davin, Ellie Spohr, and others began the building of a chicken house and fencing the lot for the chickens to run in. The day of the arrival of the chickens was a happy one, and as some of us predicted, our own pullets did begin laying shortly before the Pax Conference. Now in early September, thanks to the good care of Daniel and Sean, our young hens are laying very satisfactorily. Although we are not engaged in a commercial venture, we are able to save money on the eggs we use. As for taste, all of us here at the farm are agreed, I think, that our eggs taste better than any we have bought. As for the hens, they are charming creatures, gentle and soft to the touch, maintaining through the day a kind of clucking song, which, though not thrush melody, is pleasing to the ear, a plain, home-keeping, almost music.

The Pax Study Weekend, this summer as in previous years, represented the high point of conference activity held

here at the farm. Clarice Danielson, treasurer of Pax, who has been helping here at the farm during the past year, did most of the pre-conference organizing and acted as chairman during the conference. In preparing dormitories, setting up beds, etc., Clarice was ably assisted by a number of the young people here, with Dominick Falso playing the leading role in Peter Maurin House, where he has established a new order in cleanliness and good housekeeping. In the important and arduous work of kitchen and dining room, Marge Hughes, Alice Lawrence, and Kay Lynch assumed chief responsibility, with much help from a number of our young people and during the conference from some of the Pax guests. Jeannette Schneider, who first became acquainted with the Catholic Worker through a Pax conference, was on hand again, and was very helpful in chauffeuring guests from and to busses and trains. As always, good fresh vegetables from John Fillingim's garden were a great help in preparing food for the occasion.

The general topic for discussion for the Pax weekend was THE NEW MAN. Friday night, Professor William Evan, sociologist of the University of Pennsylvania, spoke on IDENTITY CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST. Saturday morning, Howard Evernham of the staff of Pax, read the paper which had been written for Pax by Erik Erikson, Professor of Human Development and lecturer on psychiatry at Harvard. Professor Erikson examined the American scene and emphasized the need for the American man—that is, all of us—to undergo a transformation, a change not unlike that involved in the true Christian conversion. Saturday afternoon Dr. John Egan, professor of psychology at Iona College in New York,

(Continued on page 8)

POEM

By D. E. HENDERSON

The wherewithall of anniversaries when saints set up the keen
but hide their faces beneath a banshee shriek while hope
fetal-curl'd dries up and blows away

I

In winter the storm fence
straddles the beach, to contain it,
the wind flows and the sand is swept clean,
the water thrashes,
withdraws to show how scathed the pebbles glisten,
the sky is.

catalogue each grain of sand
file it in the sea
look into the oyster shell
then hold it up for me

In timely seasons when stones are scattered
or plants plucked from the earth,
embracing the silence of vanity's subjection
we mournfully dance;
with laughter, we dance, smeared with weeping
and hatred stained with love.

Are the dunes then forever?
And what of gulls?

II

I remember:
that month, sirocco blown, we longed for misty cool
but chose the beach!

Oh sweet water mountain streams that rush
for
I will behold thy heavens, the works of thy fingers:
the moon and the stars which thou hast founded.

that day, the swollen sea laboring under churlish skies,
was falsely pained.

Without a show the morning went
but
what is man that thou art mindful of him?
or the son of man that thou visitest him?

that hour, the burning rain, induced from heaving clouds
had prematurely moaned.

(Swithin, is it forty days or forty years?)
yet
thou hast made him a little less than angels
thou hast crowned him with honor and glory

and hast set him over the works of thy hands.

III

Each convoluted spiraling thing
the whelk and scallop too
I knew a child and once
there were sea breezes.

Wild child, mild,
where do the sand pails grow?

In convent lofts and spires ring
the angelus, near true
I saw a shell, first, and
there is pink coral!

Snell shell, well,
where do the sand crabs go?

(On Monday, July 15, Eugene Richard Bestt, age three, drowned)

IV

In April the lulled sea
nuzzles the shore, then covers it,
the wood drifts and the reed is hushed dry,
the water cradles
blue green beneath the boards, creosote smelling
and the sky is always.

cultivate or leave alone
put your hand in mine
absalom nor absolute
temporal nor divine

But many reasons that once had mattered
no longer seem of so much worth
caressing the rhythm of sanity's projection
we scornfully glance;
with crooning advance, taut in keeping
the cry today—mute madness.

Is sleep then never?
And what of dreams?

V

Now I never see the place in summer
and masses of angels
lead him into paradise
while kicking away castles

would to God I might have
as would to God that David could

And it is forty years.

Caoimhin

Italian Mike, Goodbye

The largest chair in the second floor paper room is conspicuously empty these days. Many have settled into it reluctantly but none has filled it (nor ever will) quite the way Mike Solitto did.

"Italian Mike" died in the morning hours of August 14. Next to Smokey Joe he was the longest-standing timber in the paper's rank and file workers. And so when Mike's shambled lungs rose and fell for the last time, when he was seventy-five and there was no more going on, it was only predictable that a vacuum would sweep the room and the chair where a wave of wit and the wink of doings had animated Mike Solitto for so many long and faithful years.

Mike was born in '95, the youngest child of an immigrant family. As the baby in an Italian clan, he was cared for with a special love accrued to the youngest. During his early years he transported coal and ice for his father's business. The long flights of stairs, the heavy loads, and the everlasting hours netted him 25c a weekend (or a "quatter" as he would say). More importantly and noticeably, they armed him with broad shoulders and the little



"ITALIAN MIKE"

calcified bumps that peaked at the end of those shoulders to the last.

Mike was ever a worker, right up to his final illness. His supper was always well-earned. Records at the MUNI show he was a gardener and farmer who seldom sought public assistance. He never married, and when his mother died, a priest sent him to the Catholic Worker. It was natural for him to take up work at Peter Maurin Farm, and Mike often recalled the labor he did there for Fr. Duffy. Later he came to the city. His trips with the baby carriage to fish market and baker became somewhat legendary.

Mike was irresistible, even if his pugnacious stubbornness could be overbearing at times. The neighbors loved him. When he would sweep the walks in front of the Worker house he would sweep theirs also. This roundness early endeared him to the habitants, and they used to recruit him to do their babysitting.

There is a story that Mike once weeded right into the vegetable plot at Peter Maurin Farm with no recognition of his misplaced zeal. This would indicate some obtuseness, and in his later years he had difficulty with almost everyone's name. But when it came to other matters he was extreme-

ly perceptive, and I doubt if anyone who ever borrowed money from him was ever forgotten or was let to forget.

The golden age of the Catholic Worker was, for Mike, the era of McCormick and O'Neill. In these two men he found his ideal of what the Catholic Worker should be. With them, he would say again and again, no one ever went hungry or ate liver (Mike detested liver, would chant "Liver stay away from my door" whenever the subject was aired), and his wardrobe was fit for a dandy. Right to the end the O'Neill wedding was symbolic of what the good life must be, a sea of everything tasty. But even at that I must confess I never saw him hungry or threadbare. In fact, it was the rich cake donated to us during his last year which probably sealed his fate.

Mike had a fascinating way with words. He could twist their meaning as easily as he could roll his large protruding eyeballs. Once he responded to talk of a rest home by remarking that he didn't need to go to the rest room. In the slight of the phrase Mike's earthiness could become almost Chaucerian, a fact which made it uneasy for some to be around him but endeared him to most.

When Mike couldn't move he died. It was the long flight of stairs to his bed on the fourth floor that came to ultimately symbolize for him the struggle of existence. As his legs thickened and his lungs became more clogged, it was the vision of the stairway that gradually dissipated all his remaining strength. So when he went to the hospital for the last time there was a sense of capitulation in his manner. He never again rallied with the stubbornness that had seen him through so many battles. It was time to rest from the work of the stairs.

A big part of our lives is gone, historically a Catholic Worker era. The simple but beautiful funeral Mass did not take away the final poverty of time. Mike died poor because he died without family, a given and untouchable locus of richness for an Italian. Even to the end he never referred to the Catholic Worker as his people. It was indeed the "Catholic Workers" who had been so good to him, but they were still somewhere out there. No one but blood kin could fill that separation he felt, so he died very much alone. That was the ultimate helplessness of us here, the realization of our isolation. It is in this aloneness that Mike is alone no longer.

It is paradoxical that this wonderful man we loved and laughed with and considered "family," who knew nothing of the way of kings and power, knew nothing of notoriety and applause and died in seeming obscurity, should be known by the readers of the Catholic Worker all over the world. He has touched you all probably more than you had known. What else can be said but that we were all blessed with the broadness of his shoulders and the dignity of his person. We are saddened at his departure.

Arrivederci, Mike! And peace.

Pat Jordan

Hope's Enterprise

A letter from George Dennison

I'm sending this letter to friends and acquaintances, and to people I think might take a special interest in the activities it describes, which are those of an unusual and wholly admirable neighborhood association called Cuando.

The members of this group—young Puerto Rican men and women living in the East First Street area of Manhattan—have been working for two years to improve the horrendous condition of the neighborhood, especially as it affects the young. They began modestly, but now the logic of the mess has brought them to a number of projects they can neither abandon nor—without help—fulfill.

The most important of these is a full-fledged, non-tuition, libertarian school (or tutorial cooperative), staffed at present by two full-time teachers and one assistant. Eight children attend the school. (There will soon be more.) All are from broken and im-

poverished homes. A fourteen year old boy, and several ten-year-olds are unable to read, though they are actually of good intelligence. In one short month, all of the children are responding (some few spectacularly) to their sudden medication of common decency and close relations with concerned adults.

Since I seem to be talking about eight children, let me describe my own larger interest in Cuando. I think others may share it. It's simply this: that in the context of Federal, State, and City administrations, this local, almost powerless organization is blazingly rational and correct. It is correct to move humanly against dehumanization. It is correct to create havens of safety in an environment that is appallingly unsafe. It is correct to band together and try to fill, directly, the fundamental needs of communal life.

These actions, obviously, are responses to crisis. But they are more:

(Continued on page 8)

Starting A Farm Commune

By CHUCK SMITH

At the time I became a serious reader of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, I was attempting to make a contribution in answering the problems of poverty in West Virginia. Seeing how the coal and chemical interests had made West Virginia a domestic colony for exploitation, I rejected capitalism. Having worked for OEO for several years, I felt that big government, no matter how good its intentions, cannot concern itself with each individual's well-being, so I had no faith in socialism. Peter Maurin's analysis of economics is an expression of the position I had reached. He wrote that, "The basis of a Christian economy is genuine charity and voluntary poverty." These few words summarized my thinking during the years I had been working with poor people. But I still lacked a practical program to put these thoughts into effective action. Peter's three-point plan of roundtable discussions, houses of hospitality, and farming communes gave me the program I needed.

The part of Peter's plan that seemed most appropriate for me to take up was establishing a farming commune. A large number of people who live in Southern West Virginia have been passed by or disabled by the economic system and are "maintained" by the welfare state. It seems to me that farming communes are the answer to the economic needs of some of these people. Communes offer an economic solution which respects the dignity of the individual.

After reading the Easy Essays of Peter Maurin I planned to start a commune. Ten months later I bought a farm and started farming, even though I had never spent a full day on a farm. We made many mistakes and did some things the hard way, but we started and now we have a productive farm which is improving as we go along. If you are seriously interested in Peter Maurin's green revolution, don't be overwhelmed with the problems of starting a farming commune. We did it, and with determination and a willingness to work you can do it.

Visitors often ask us if we had any background in farming. They are usually surprised to hear we started with none at all. Farming for us is not the

technological science which the agricultural industry has created. We are making it our way of life. Growing the crops and keeping the livestock necessary to support ourselves demands interest and constant work more than technical knowledge. If you are willing to spend the time and work on your garden and with your animals, you will receive a good return. Even building a house and barn requires no more than an ax, a file, sufficient timber and the will to do it. When North America was settled by Europeans, they cleared the land, built their houses and grew their food using common sense. If these things had required great technical knowledge this country would have never been settled. If you accept the voluntary poverty of the Gospel as a way of life, then you will not find the demands of subsistence farming insurmountable.

We are still looking for additional people to become part of our commune and work with us to fulfill the ideals of Peter Maurin. If you are interested, and are willing to share in our poverty, please write us. We also publish a newspaper, THE GREEN REVOLUTION, and would welcome many new subscriptions. It is published six times a year and costs 50c. Our address is Catholic Worker Farm, Rt. 1 Box 308, West Hamlin, W.V., 25571.

Starting Out

The fall is the best time to start your farm. This gives you time to get things ready for spring. We started in late winter and every day until we planted our first seeds was used in getting ready. Our farm had been neglected for several years and it took weeks to clear fields and build a place to keep our tools. I spent three full days pruning apple trees. Reclaiming a field from several years growth of weeds and blackberries demands removing a persistent mat of roots and usually a number of large stones. Putting up new buildings, and repairs on fences, wells and buildings all take time, time you will have during the fall and winter but which must be spent in plowing and planting in the spring.

When choosing a farm it is important to avoid getting one which is isolated. We chose a farm which is thirty to forty miles from our close friends, and this causes a lot of traveling. Also

we are in a county which has no Catholic Church. This means a seventy-mile round trip each Sunday. The main hardship all of this travel imposes is a very high gasoline expense. Our farm is about one-half mile off a paved road, up a hollow so that we have privacy, peace and quiet.

The characteristics of the farm are more important than its location. The most important considerations are land and water. In a mountainous area a seventy-acre farm such as ours may have less than ten acres of tillable land. The rest of the land may be useful as pasture, or for the timber it produces. How much land you need depends on the size, or projected size, of your community. Remember, a well planned garden covering an acre can grow a year's supply of vegetables for more than six adults. You will need sufficient land for gardens, orchards and berries, pastures and growing feed.

Water is just as important as land. Our farm has two deep wells and another nearby which we may use. There is also a clear, unpolluted stream which runs through the farm except for a few of the driest weeks of the summer. Some of our friends have to haul water during the summer when their well is dry. This is a lot of trouble and can become a big problem if you need large amounts of water for livestock.

The farm will need adequate housing for your community and, according to your farming needs, some other buildings. You can do your own building and if you have timber on your place this won't be extremely expensive. Our farm had no house when we bought it and the barn needed to be rebuilt. The barn has been repaired and a tractor and tool shed built. We have been living in a small log cabin at the edge of the farm.

To start farming you will need tools, equipment and supplies. We did not realize the number of tools which it takes to keep a farm in order. We spent a major part of our initial investment in a new Gravelly 7.5 horsepower garden tractor with rotary plow, cultivator and trailer. A friend gave us a sickle bar mower which attaches to the tractor. This small tractor, which you walk behind to operate, has proven to be satisfactory. At present we are growing on about three acres and all of our ground preparation and cultivation has been done with the tractor. Avoid buying an inexpensive garden tractor or tiller which may not stand up under years of use. In order to change attachments and maintain the tractor, you will need two or three wrenches and a grease gun.

You will also need gardening tools, such as rakes, hoes, forks, spades and shovels. For clearing land you will need an ax, brushhook, sickle, and a file to keep them sharp. Dull tools can make a job take much more time and effort than necessary, and are dangerous. Some tools you will need only occasionally, such as a posthole digger, wire cutters and tin snips—these can be borrowed.

A good truck will be very useful. We traded my small car for a used bakery truck, which we have used to haul the many things we need to keep the farm going.

To start your gardens you will need to get seeds, plants, sets, and perhaps a few fruit trees. You can save seeds from some of what you grow for planting the next year. You will also need to plan for fertilizer and insect control.

Communal Farming

Exactly what priorities you set and how you go about accomplishing them will be determined by your community and how it is formed. Here on our farm, as different people are a part of the community, the tone and direction of the activities change. Some members of the group may want to work full or part time outside the farm. There will be a variety of ages, talents and interrelationships in the community. These things will determine how you go about farming. Problems which arise within the community will have to be settled in that community; advice can come from the outside, but the solutions have to be found by the members themselves. I would suggest that, at first, the activities of the community be concentrated on farming. The farm will demand much of your time, and mistakes you make will require even more time and work to correct.

We emphasize the farming aspect of our community and try to make this clear to those interested in joining us. Someday we may be able to start a house of hospitality or become deeply involved in some other activity in one of the two nearby cities.

Day to Day Farming

Our neighbors have been one of our biggest assets. Most importantly, neighbors offer you friendship and also are your best source of information and advice. If the larger community is suspicious of you, good relationships with your neighbors can help overcome this feeling.

The most important concern on a subsistence farm is your gardens. Even your first year you can grow a major part of your food. You should concentrate on basic foods which can be preserved. We planted beans, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, cucumbers and onions in large quantities. Your neighbors can advise you on the best varieties to plant, when to plant and how to care for the crops. One of the great joys of gardening is to be able to get a meal of fresh vegetables from your garden. We have a small patch in which we grow our salads; it has spinach, lettuce, radishes, parsley, onions and herbs.

You will possibly want to plant one large cash crop. Ask your neighbors or County Extension Agent for advice on this.

If you are fortunate you will be able to buy a farm with fruit trees and berries. Our farm has a few apple trees, some blueberries, and an abundance of blackberries and raspberries. Fr. Andy Chrusciel brought us additional raspberries from the Catholic Worker Farm in Tivoli. We made a mistake of trying to do too much in this area at a time when we had so many other things to do. We ordered fourteen small fruit trees; the nursery delayed shipping them until the proper planting time and we delayed in getting them at the post office. They were out of the ground too long and only two of them survived.

Preserving food is as important as growing it. In a good root cellar you can store carrots, potatoes, squash, onions, turnips, cabbages and apples. Canning is an excellent way to preserve almost all of the vegetables from the garden. Beans, peas, peppers, and



36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

must overcome our fear, move our weak flesh to finally stand on the line. Camus said it: "The grouping we need is a grouping of men resolved to speak out clearly and pay up personally."

Smokey teaches that. He will go ahead to death at his own pace because a third beer to him is worth more independence than the fear of treading hearers. We must not be satisfied. We must make demands of ourselves again and again.

Friends

These gripping challenges shake us and our islands. Yet in their midst we have learned most about friendship, and this is joyful. To the unobservant this may seem startling, but friendship is the quietest, most unspoken quality of the Catholic Worker. It is somewhat more evident at moments such as now because Dorothy is away in Asia and Bob Gilliam has just left for school in Ontario. But the very fact is that neither of them has left, and this is eminently the point. They are as real to us as Julia's kidding, Walter's uniquely happy way, and Harry's ease in the house. And so they are still ennobling, and as challenging as we would dare invent.

Every day we are swept with the faces of a wider friendship. And in this regard, long summer is the least exceptional. We'd like to thank those who brought us so much resource—Henry Scott, John Matuszak, Mona List, Chris Shepard, and Bob Basile; Florence Pollon and Edith Davison; Tim Pickup, the beguilingly likable Australian; Dick Herman who challenged us to live our ideals; Jim Bruce, the enthusiastic servant; Diane Fassel, Mary Catherine Rabbitt, and Susan Swain whose leav-

ing was more keenly felt than is usually perceived; Janis Kuhry, Nicole, and Janelle; always enlightening Mona McCormick, now living at an Indian school; Luciano, the burly Brazilian cook; steady Frank Donovan; Jo Ellen Holmes and all the others not recorded.

Speakers who carried us to many worlds this summer were Arthur Shaw, David Truong, Tom Cornell, Deni Covello and the Squatters, Vijayam, and Jim Forest. Maisie Ward and Gora pleased us by sharing themselves and their ideas. Finally, newly arrived Marcel has been a helping hand in a dozen ways, and Kathy Schmidt has brought responsibility with gaiety.

Beginnings

"Prior strength is no guarantee against erosion, crumbling, death," Dan Berrigan shouted at us from the underground. So we have to muster strength and say again that we are going to LOVE. We are going to love this country, not as it seems to want, but as it deserves—not blindly but creatively. We are going to tell this country that we mistrust its leaders, but that we shall mistrust our own arrogance first and all the more. We are going to attempt again, attempt I say, to love the broken lives of men about us and our own. We are going to say to the matter and spirit of the situation that envelops us that we will work and pray for the day of liberation, when at least men's souls will be free. We will again attempt to right the conditions of injustice with justice. Finally, as friendship and First St. have taught us, we will not give up our humanity. We will earn it. All the more steadfastly, we will make it our point of departure to nourish a feeling for man.

America's Solitary Prophets

THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION IN AMERICA by Ammon Hennacy (Ammon Hennacy Publications, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$5.00). Reviewed by HELENE ISWOLSKY.

This posthumous work tells the story of the men and women who, as the introduction tells us, are chronologically listed as to the time in which they lived, but who all represent love, courage and wisdom in the history of their country. They struggled alone against tremendous odds and suffered alone. "This is part of their lives and not an accidental end, but a fulfillment."

Ammon Hennacy's widow, Joan Thomas, who edited his book after his death, had asked him when he was writing it to include in it his own "one-man" story. Ammon refused to do so, but he is constantly present in the eighteen chapters of this work, commenting on each person he is describing.

Some of his heroes lived in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, while others were the author's contemporaries. Some of them he knew personally as friend, co-protestor, fellow prisoner. But even when speaking of the radicals of long ago, his stories have a distinctive tone. Though based on a great deal of research and study, his portraits are not "stills," as some more erudite and well-documented writings are. Most official historians and biographers are bystanders, impartial or would-be impartial observers, not involved in any of their characters' ideas or actions.

In the introduction Ammon shows us his own involvement with his usual directness: he is a pacifist, an anarchist, a vegetarian, a non-church Christian. As he points out, none of the people he describes held or still hold all these convictions, but only some of them.

Looking at the first chapters of the book, relating to American history and literature, the reader encounters considerable material familiar to him; but he may ask himself: how often does he associate the early American radicals with those who are struggling today for freedom and justice in our modern society? To many rebels of today in their quiet or unquiet protest, as well as to their opponents in their repression and rhetoric, it seems that these dramatic conflicts have only just begun, whereas they are as old as America. In reviving this historic past, we bring back to life the prophets who foretold our present and sowed the seeds of our own renewal.

It is good therefore to see what Ammon, himself "a prophet without honor" (as Dorothy Day once said of him, *Third Hour*, Issue VII), who lived among us and whom many of us knew, has to say about these men so near to him in spirit, if not in time.

Of John Woolman, who opens the *One Man Revolution in America*, Ammon Hennacy writes that he "blazed the way for himself and for us in the deep forest of fear, compromise and greed, and above all, in that desire of wanting to be with the winner which is the modern curse . . . He shamed the wealthy Quakers into freeing their slaves. He tired himself out walking and riding in the wilderness." A friend of the Negroes and the Indians, refusing to pay taxes for war, advocating a simpler life, John Woolman was indeed a precursor, and his words: "Is there any Christian way to treat a slave except to set him free?" are a key to his personality. Ammon read Woolman's life by Janet Whitney while picketing the Atomic Energy Office in Washington in 1958. "I was pleased," he writes, "to learn of this early radical."

In portraying Jefferson, Ammon shows once more this early American radical's relevance to our time's main political problems, and to the author's own ideas concerning them. He writes that when Jefferson said that "experience hath shown that even under the best forms, those entrusted with power have, in time, and by slow operations, perverted it into tyranny," the criticism he made of government would be even truer a hundred years hence. No less prophetic are Jefferson's remarks concerning our urban civilization: "When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become

as corrupt as Europe." A most precise forecast except that our urban populations are more "piled up" than those of Europe.

The portrait of Thomas Paine in Ammon's book follows the same pattern: not merely to show him as a historic figure of major dimension, but to make him a living person once more among those who are his direct descendants, perhaps without clearly realizing it. Even before telling his story, the chapter starts by quoting him: "My country is the world, to do good is my religion."

In spite of his hostility to the established Church, Paine's definition of religious tradition is appealing to those who seek its meaning today: "All religions are in their nature mild and benign and united with principles of morality. They could not have made proselytes at first by professing anything that was cruel, persecuting or immoral." Religions become "morose and intolerant" by their subservience to the state, "a sort of mule animal, capable only of destroying."

Ammon notes that Paine's "Age of Reason" is less attractive than his other writings: "The dragons he is out to kill have been demolished long ago . . . today the tendency even among nominal Christians is to take something of the spirit and forget about the letter." And so he concludes "Paine was not a religious man per se, yet he attacked the irreligion of others." He was not an economist, nor was he a politician, yet he foresaw what would happen today in the United Nations and the Common Market. And last, but not least: "He was able to say the thing which aroused the people, and he could not be silenced."

William Lloyd Garrison is another historic figure which Ammon's book brings closer to us, showing his link with modern times, through Tolstoy to Gandhi and Martin Luther King. Tolstoy said to his disciple, V. Tcheretkov, who wrote a biography of Garrison:

"While reading Garrison's speeches and articles . . . I found out that the law of non-resistance—to which I had been inevitably brought by the recognition of the Christian teaching in its full meaning . . . was even as far back as the forties not only recognized and proclaimed by Garrison . . . but also placed by him at the foundation of his practical activity in the emancipation of slaves."

And how "Tolstoyan," indeed, is Garrison's protest against all wars, offensive or defensive, against appropriations by a legislative body for national defense, against military service, against the holding of any position of authority, against elections, lawsuits and punishment by law. For, as Garrison writes, "the penal law of the old covenant, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, has been abrogated by Jesus Christ."

Tolstoy expressed surprise at not having known Garrison when, fifty years after the latter's golden rule, he himself discovered it anew. But he recognized his influence, as well as that of Thoreau and other representatives of American radicalism.

The next one on Ammon's list of "one man revolutionaries" is precisely Henry Thoreau, whom he quotes as saying: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer."

Though not appreciated for some time by the public at large, *Walden* has become for many sensitive minds the symbol of spiritual freedom, of civil disobedience and "the green revolution"; this awareness has grown, as Ammon points out, all the world over.

Here again, the author shows how a great man of another century can be directly relevant to our lives:

"It took many years for the chain-reaction to begin. He did wake up a few people in New England, but it was the adoption by Gandhi of his ideas in South Africa in the 1890's that began this world-wide acclaim, that was to upset India, and bounce back to this country at the time when Martin Luther King, Jr. was beginning the revolt against white supremacy in the South. He had first read *Civil Disobedience* when a sophomore at Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia."

If Thoreau belittled all technological progress, Ammon goes on to say, this does not mean that we should break up the machines and revert to the age of cave-men. But it does mean "that we should not relinquish to the State the making of a better world for ourselves or our neighbors. . . . Thoreau did not say 'no' because he was essentially contrary, but because a 'no' was needed to break the apathy of the reluctant 'yes.'"

As we enter with Ammon into our own Twentieth Century, "the one man revolution" gathers momentum and acquires a tone familiar to the older generation. But for the younger generation the events and people of the early nineteen hundreds, however heroic, still belong to a saga which has to be brought back to reality.

Alexander Berkman is one of the "one-man revolutionaries" about whom the author can reminisce; they met in Atlanta prison, where they were both jailed as war protestors in 1917. They worked in different shops, but when Ammon was in solitary confinement, his fellow-prisoner sent him notes and candy bars.

Berkman, it will be recalled, was a Russian anarchist who had been previously sentenced for an attempt to kill Henry Clay Frick, the Pittsburgh millionaire. He had spent fourteen years in jail, and continued to agitate for anarchism after his release. When once more imprisoned in Atlanta, he rejoiced at the news of the Russian revolution. However, after being deported to Russia in 1919, he was disappointed to discover that under the Bolshevik regime anarchists were banned and their leader, Kropotkin, in disfavor, was living on the fringe of the new society. Berkman "argued with Lenin," but to no avail. He left Russia with Emma Goldman, the anarchist, who had accompanied him on his journey to Russia. He may be considered as one of the first protestors from the radical left against the police-state against which young Soviet intellectuals are struggling today.

The chapter devoted to Mother Jones is warm and moving. Deeply involved in the early labor movement, at the age of fifty, this extraordinary woman devoted all the rest of her life, i.e. another fifty years, to the struggle, and died at the age of one hundred in 1930. "There is none you can compare with Mother Jones," writes the author, and elsewhere he says that her autobiography is "like a tonic for a tired radical." Her obituary in the *New York Times* said that "this fiery agitator won the respect of Presidents."

Albert Parsons is next on Ammon's list. He was executed, with four other men in Chicago in 1887, having been unjustly sentenced for their alleged and never proven participation in the Haymarket bombing, which occurred at the meeting of the Central Labor Council aimed at the police that had been called to disperse the crowd assembled on behalf of the eight-hour day. On the eve of the execution he refused a pardon, unless the other men

(Continued on page 7)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

smell good. They are homelike even though they house six hundred men a night and serve a thousand meals a day. How Orwell, who wrote *Down and Out in Paris and London*, would have rejoiced at such hostels. He stressed them as Peter Maurin did.

There is something which is more like a commune in Melbourne, made up of a few families and others they take in, and which is also termed a house of hospitality. Certainly St. Benedict's farm is more like the Moshavim than the Kibbutzim as described by Martin Buber in *Paths in Utopia*. But it is far more of a model than any of our farms are, thanks to the leadership of Fr. John Heffey, who as a seminarian visited us at the Easton farming commune in 1940. I'll continue this as I have time. We leave Australia Aug. 28. Calcutta next.



apples can be dried. It is much easier to grow a year's supply of food than to preserve it. Preserving food requires planning from the time you bury the seeds and will keep you busy full time when the vegetables are ready for harvest.

If you keep livestock you will want to grow as much of their feed as possible. We grew an acre of corn for our animals. Next year we will grow corn, oats and soybeans for feed.

Animals make many demands on the community. They keep somebody at the farm every day. If your community is small this can be very burdensome. We got three dairy goats about a month after we started our farm. They require that someone be here twice a day to milk and feed them.

If you decide to take on the responsibility of animals, goats are ideal. They cost less than cows and require less space, pasture and feed. Here in West Virginia you can buy four or five excellent dairy goats for the price of one grade dairy cow. These goats will require about the same amount of feed as one cow and just a little more housing space and pasture. While each goat gives less than a cow, you will be able to afford more of them and will get the same amount or more milk. If you need only a small amount of milk, then one or two goats can supply you with over a gallon each day. If there are children on the farm, goats can be an ideal responsibility for them.

Chickens and hogs require less attention than dairy animals and can be fed almost entirely with feed you grow. Both can usually be bought from your neighbors for less than market price. Your neighbors will also be able to furnish you with whatever information you may need on their care and butchering.

All of your animals will need adequate shelter. Simple buildings will do for chickens and hogs and can be built in one or two days. Dairy animals need relatively draft-free barns with a concrete or packed dirt floor which can be kept clean. You will also need space to store hay and feed. We use an old log barn to house our goats. I replaced the wooden shingle roof with tin, and we were able to buy used 2 x 8 foot sheets of tin siding at only 15¢ a sheet, which we used around the outside of the building. Cattle and especially goats require good fence. We spent over a week cutting posts, digging post holes, clearing the fence line and stretching a four-foot woven wire

(Continued on page 6)

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Searching Questions

I am trying to help professional people — professors, writers, clergy — avoid a trahison des clercs. They are responsible for finding new ways to put themselves in political jeopardy. I am trying to help them understand moral change and moral events, which will require severe losses and immense sacrifices.

Daniel Berrigan

1713 West St.
Montgomery, Ala. 36106
28 May 1970

Dear Dorothy,

I am presently employed by the USAF at Maxwell AFB, Alabama with the Academic publication support group. I visualize, illustrate, and make layouts from prepared manuscripts for Air Force textbooks and other related publications.

Dorothy, I am seeking employment outside the military, and I am hoping you can help me. I would like to put whatever talents I have to work for the Church. Could you please furnish me with a list of organizations who may be in need of my type of service. I am married with 5 beautiful children.

We have some mutual friends in the monks at Conyers, Georgia. The Atlanta Cursillo Movement has had the last two Cursillos there and six of the monks are now Cursillistas. God bless you.

Yours in the Love
of Christ
Harley Samford

2011 Locust St.
Livermore, Calif. 94550
June 2, 1970

Dear Friends,

I've been reading *The Catholic Worker* for the past year and have been tremendously influenced by your ideas. However, now I need more information on the practical side of your movement. You say you have farms and houses of hospitality all over the country but I've never run across any. How does one become a Catholic Worker?

My husband just quit his job as a

nuclear physicist because he refused to work on the bomb. We are trying to decide whether to move to Canada to avoid paying U.S. taxes or to get involved in the movement here. We have four children so the decision isn't easy.

I would appreciate any information you can give me, also the names of anyone near here I could talk to. (We are near San Francisco).

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Alfred Lauzon

Come!

Box 275
Barry's Bay, Ont., Canada

Dear Friends:

We have recently secured (through loans) the purchase of 300 beautiful wooded acres here in northeastern Ontario, not far from the Madonna House project. There are also a number of youth communes in the area, fledgling and functioning, a few of them doing some amazing things.

We believe that the future of international development and perhaps the survival of mankind and the earth depend on the cooperative life-style and organic technology that is being developed in the area.

We are particularly interested in coresponding with Catholic Worker families who might be interested in joining us in a cooperative effort on the 300 acres, or who would be interested in purchasing other available acreages in this locality.

And if any old friends with whom we have lost contact would like reports on our first year of work up here, or the termination of our work in Peru last year, please contact us.

Sincerely in Christ,
Barney and Pat McCaffrey

Phil Berrigan

VIVA HOUSE
26 S. Mount St.
Baltimore, Md. 21223
August 13, 1970

Dear Pat:

Peace and VIVA from down South.

Sorry to be writing so late and delayed. Dorothy had asked me to write to you concerning Phil Berrigan and what was going on in his situation.

So much has happened the last few days—Dan captured; then the news that Phil will be transferred to Danbury and be assigned the same dormitory as Dan. So, this (they hope) will take the heat off Lewisburg officials, etc., etc., etc.

Ever since we began corresponding with Phil there have been delays in the mails, some letters taking 10-14 days. We always kept Phil informed with regard to what was happening to his friends (the Chicago 15 sentencing and Dow Chemical 9 particularly). We wrote lengthy letters about the trials and, of course, added our own comments. At any rate, we learned that



much of Phil's mail was Xeroxed and sent to super cop Hoover. The result was we had to be more imaginative in reporting the present Heilsgeschichte of this country. We only have received 2 letters from Phil since July 10—unusual in that we were getting and sending at least 1 letter each week. Thus, Phil's letters were being checked very carefully. Phil's brother Jerry had written to me after a visit with Phil and told me that our letters were receiving special attention.

Quote from July 13 letter of Phil's, after solitary confinement: "The heat in the kitchen goes up decidedly when one of your editorials appears. I'm de-

lighted with that, except that sometimes you have to go back for further lab work when they're not properly reverent of persons and conditions."

Quote from July 13 (regarding solitary confinement): "You know, one of the things really hanging heavy was missing annual retreat. We were hustled off the street before the time came. Anyway, providence always cares for the improvident. A policy hassle with the administration unexpectedly provides retreat time for me, replete with exclusive quarters and ample time for sacred reading, meditation and fasting. My gratitude knows no bounds! At the end of this rich period—all differences will be healed, I will be a more acquiescent inmate, and another blow for reconciliation will be struck."

All of his letters always send their best to Dorothy and all of you and always give much optimism amidst the terrible walls.

Our Viva House is flourishing. We hope to get a letter written soon explaining all we're doing and perhaps you would publish it. Many thanks. All love and peace to you.

VIVA
Willie, Kathleen,
Brendan Walsh

Coming!

General Delivery
Honolulu, Hawaii
July 28, 1970

Dear Friends,

You were kind enough to publish a letter from me last summer, when I was arranging a cross-country tour of my puppet theater. Several people answered, and I made some good friends.

Now, I have been very lucky, and will be travelling in the Pacific for some months—puppets, 11-year-old daughter and all. I would like to meet CW readers in any country or islands in the Pacific; all letters will be forwarded from the above address and answered.

Thank you for helping me again.

Peace,
Joanne Forman

Starting A Farm Commune

(Continued from page 5)

fence around an acre of wooded mountain side.

Building has been our biggest job. Because we didn't have a large amount of money to pay for the farm, we chose one on which the house had been burned down. There were two buildings on the place—the barn and an old log house which had been used as a tobacco shed. Friends gave us a large barn to tear down. We are using the lumber and timbers from this barn to rebuild the log house. We also built a shed from logs and lumber for our tractor and tools.

I have found that building always takes longer than you expect. It can be very expensive and it is good to get advice when building complicated buildings. Be on the lookout for buildings being torn down. This is often a source of free or low cost doors, windows and lumber. Often people who wish to have a building razed will give you the building if you tear it down.

We are concentrating on building log structures. They are inexpensive, relatively simple to construct and last for years. The small cabin I am building for myself to live in for the next few years can later have the floor taken out and be used as a goat shelter. Books are available in most libraries on building both log and conventional structures.

Your community may want to develop some sort of craft or product which will provide a supplemental income. Many of the products which I have seen turned out by communities may be "handmade" but have no more value or usefulness than junk manufactured for mall order gift houses. In keeping with the ideals of Peter Maurin's green revolution, we should seek

to make products which meet a need. An ideal craft to develop would be something of the nature of pottery, which allows for artistic expression in making functional items. The background and talents of your community will determine what direction is taken in this area.

One need which we hope to meet for ourselves next year is producing our own fertilizer. This first year we used organic fertilizers which we ordered through the mail and had shipped to us. The fertilizer itself is expensive and shipping costs add over one-half the cost to the price. Using materials readily available to us—goat and chicken manure, shredded plant compost, sawdust, egg shells and fish—we have started making our own fertilizer and mulch. By next year we hope to be making enough for our farm and extra to sell to those in our area who are interested in using natural fertilizer. We are planning to get a compost shredder although this is not absolutely essential.

Agronomic Universities

Peter Maurin planned that Catholic Worker Farming Communes would be more than farms. They are to be centers of learning where "cult, culture, and cultivation" are combined. They are to be places where people work to create order out of chaos.

Peter wrote most of his essays in the 1930's, during the depression and its aftermath. His frequent references to unemployed college graduates may seem dated but our experience has proved different. Several students who graduate this year have visited us. They have been unable to find jobs and have no prospects. I know of other young college graduates in the Charleston, West Virginia area who have been

unable to find jobs or must take jobs which are open to high school graduates. Many of the college students I have talked with say they are going to college to insure themselves a good job. But today there is no demand on the job market in many of the areas being studied in college. Colleges for the most part are turning out graduates who can only think in terms of jobs, who are not taught to create a meaningful role in society for themselves.

One of the avenues open to these graduates is the farming commune. Peter deals with this subject in one of his essays:

Unemployed college graduates must be told why the things are what they are, how the things would be if they were as they should be and how a path can be made from the things as they are to the things as they should be. When unemployed college graduates will have been indoctrinated they will be moved to Farming Communes. On Farming Communes unemployed college graduates will be taught how to build their houses, how to raise their food, how to make their furniture; that is to say how to employ themselves. On Farming Communes unemployed college graduates will learn to use

both their hands
and their heads.

But the farming commune is not only a place for college graduates but for all who seek to "create order out of chaos." Peter saw them as places where scholars and workers could learn from each other. "The scholars must collaborate with the worker," wrote Peter, "in making a path from the things as they are to the things as they should be."

In the few months of its existence, our farm has become the focal point for the discussion of many problems. Local people and high school students, as well as college students from West Virginia, and adjoining states, have visited with us and taken part in informal roundtable discussions. During July, 40 freshmen students from West Virginia State College at Institute, visited our farm on two days for discussions. Our farm has become a place where people can come for the free discussion of ideas. Others come just to be here.

Farming is one of the most creative of all the tasks man can take up. The Scriptures (Sirach 7:15) say that farming was created by the Lord himself. I have found it very fulfilling to build my own house, grow my own food and have a surplus to share. My favorite thought from Peter Maurin's writings is:

Labor is not a commodity to be bought or sold—
Labor is a means of self-expression, the workers gift to the common good.

Our farm has given me the means of making this ideal a reality. I hope that Peter's vision will challenge you as it has me, and that many others will work to promote the green revolution.

The Farm Workers

(Continued from page 1)

Hugh A. Donohoe succeeded him. He had been helping to resolve farm workers' problems even before the strike began. We were and still are lucky because he left Fathers Mark Day and David Duran to work full time with the union. The former is EL MALCRIADO editor and the latter is finance coordinator in the Accounting Department.

Migrant Ministry

The Migrant Ministry and its director Wayne Chris Hartmire, were deeply involved in the initial movement for the farm workers in the National Farm Workers Association. In the joint strike of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO, and NFWA, I learned that Reverend James Drake was (and still is) the Administrative assistant to Cesar Chavez. Jim was one of the very few individuals who assisted Cesar in his administrative functions for the last five years. His wife, Susan, helped in different office departments. Phil Farnham was in charge of printing materials for the pickets. Many more from this group came to reinforce the effort. They worked in the offices as organizers and now are scattered all over the boycott centers in the U.S. and Canada. To mention a few, I recall Nick Jones and Virginia, Jan Van Pelt and his wife, Fred Dresser, Lupe and Kathy Murguia, and Gary and Kathy Olson.

The Migrant Ministry was the first church organization that donated money backing the NFWA membership's decision to join the AWOC in the grape strike. This merger helped Cesar Chavez establish an effective Farm Workers Public Relations Media that later excelled the growers' famous multi-million dollar Whitaker and Baxter Public Relations Firm. It was amazing and a mystery how an intricate network of a national and international table grape boycott started and evolved into the most powerful weapon, driving growers to their knees and to the negotiating table. It was known, however, the harvest of union victories resulted from the unprecedented cooperation of the consumers. To achieve peace in the industry and in the marketplace, every effort, dollar, talent, knowledge and skill was successfully coordinated and directed to justify and win the farm workers' cause.

Sons of the Covenant

In all kinds of meetings were those of the Jewish faith. They were adequately equipped with professional talents and skills basically needed and donated in structuring the farm workers' union. They, too, contributed much in broadening its goals.

As individuals, they were among the first ones involved. Fred Ross taught Cesar Chavez the principles of organizing and conducting meetings. The neighborhood house-meetings led to the CSO (Community Service Organization) which the middle-class Mexican-Americans used for economic and political expediences and killed its original intent. CSO's spirit and ideal were resurrected in a newer service organization, called the NFWA, that eventually brought the Mexican farm worker into the mainstream of AFL-CIO Unions. Fred Ross' tutorship and guidance transformed Cesar Chavez from the Zoot-Suit leadership in the "Sal Si Puedes" streets into the directorship of the most famous farm workers' movement in the world.

With the help of a Catholic nurse, Peggy McGivern, Dr. Jerry Lackner started the Terronez Memorial Clinic; with Jerry Cohen, and later, Chuck Farnsworth and Bill Carter, the Legal Department was formed; the Service Center Legal Counsel was originally led by Dave Averbuck and now is headed by Frank Dennison; Jerry and Jane Brown started the Boycott Department; Marshall Ganz and Jessica Govea organized the boycott centers in Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Marshall is a talented organizer and negotiator and was consulted over critical union decisions. Lawyer Gary Bellows took up union cases without pay and David Fishlow edited EL MALCRIADO. Under-graduate legal student Peter Williamson helped others research for the Legal Department last year. Now a lawyer, he is serving a branch office of the UFWOC in San Juan, Texas.

Elaine Elinson represented the farm workers in the international grape boycott in Europe and was succeeded by Donna Haber, who still leads the European boycott. Freddy Silberman, Mike Cushman and Jennifer helped me in London, England and Victor Pestoff and Britt Marie, Ester and Christine, in Stockholm, Sweden. Representatives of the American Jewish Congress and Rabbis came to Delano giving us the idea of a kibbutz (community). In our jurisdictional quarrel with the Teamsters Union, the committee that brought us together consisted of a Protestant minister, a priest, and a rabbi, who was chairman. There were many more helping in different ways, from boycott to finance.

Catholics

In the Catholic side, Bill Esher was the first editor of EL MALCRIADO. At that time he was working with Mary Smith, Marcia Sanchez, Donna Haber and some other students. Le Roy Chatfield, with nurse Marion Moses, researched for the Robert Kennedy Medical Plan and later became the plan's director. He was also instrumental in the purchase of "Forty Acres," the homestead of the farm workers' union. His wife, Bonnie, helped mostly in the Service Center. Andy Imutan with Luming proved himself as one of the top boycott organizers in Boston, Maryland, and New York City.

With medicine in carton boxes on an impoverished grapebox table in Dolores Huerta's garage, Peggy McGivern treated sick strikers. Her sympathetic understanding and care in her work helped develop the Terronez Memorial Clinic. As Peggy joined the boycott staff, Marion Moses took her place and still manages the clinic today. Marion toured the United States and Canada and spoke to diversified groups straining.

(Continued on page 8)

Solitary Prophets

(Continued from page 5)

sentenced to death obtained clemency. They all met their death courageously. Ammon writes: "Their spirit lives wherever there are young people who choose, as Camus tells us we must choose, to be on the side of the executed rather than on the side of the executioners, if we are not to be executors ourselves."

The next chapter is a sequel to the preceding one, since it deals with John Peter Altgeld, governor of Illinois; he did pardon three other men who had been sentenced for the Haymarket bombing besides the five who were hanged. He was accused by his political enemies of being an "anarchist," a "demagogue," "un-American," "apologist for murder," etc. He had never been a clear thinking radical, Ammon writes, but he had consciously placed himself in power where he was able to do something for those weaker than himself. He died a poor man, because he refused "to have anything to do with shady deals," and had made the necessary sacrifices.

There is a connection between Altgeld, protesting against the breaking of the Pullman strike by President Cleveland, and the hero of the following chapter, Eugene V. Debs, who was jailed for his participation in the strike. He was later imprisoned because of his opposition to World War One and exchanged notes with Ammon, who was serving a similar sentence. His words in court in 1918 were:

"While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

Another chapter of the book presents Clarence Darrow, "lawyer of the damned," who saved so many men including Leopold and Loeb. Besides referring the reader to a number of major works concerning Darrow, he

gives some highlights of interest. He met Darrow in 1920 in New York.

In the chapter devoted to Yukeoma the Hopi, he treads familiar ground, his interest in the Hopi Indians having been one of the dominant interests in his action as a defender of the underprivileged. Of the courageous leader of the Indian people, he says: "The grand old man of the Hopi personifies man as a part of nature . . . he fought against the opinion of the mass of Americans, as did Thoreau and Garrison." And further: "Let my people go! has been the cry from the time of Moses and the Pharaohs to the time of Martin Luther King."

Speaking of John Taylor, third President of the Mormon Church, who died in 1897, Ammon deals once more of a land and a community which he knows well, having lived in Utah since 1961 and studied Mormon history, while working at Joe Hill House, up to his death. If he brings Taylor close to us, he does so even more in his portrait of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who is truly a man of our time and of all times. Ammon, like most people of his age, remembered well the tragic day of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, which shook not only America, but the entire world.

Malcolm X, whom Ammon next describes, was his and our contemporary and his memory is fresh among us. Ammon says of him: "He had the logic of Darrow and the charisma of Debs. He had the courage of Mother Jones and Vanzetti." In spite of Malcolm X's vivid portrayal, we regret that the author decided not to include in his book another great black leader who was destroyed: Martin Luther King.

Of the two women portrayed in the last chapters of the book, Dorothy Day and Helen Demaskoff, the latter was, perhaps, the easier to describe, because she was the champion of one cause, the Doukhobors' ideal of peace and community, within one society. Their history started in Russia, with their refusal to carry arms and obey the State, but Helen's courageous struggle took place in Canada; it was against the laws of that country that she protested and was sentenced there to eleven years of prison. Ammon knew her well, having met her since 1941, and often visited her at her farm in British Columbia; his last visit was a year before his death, when he was writing his book. He says of her: "Helen Demaskoff, a Son of God, a Daughter of Freedom, a rebel and a friend of rebels—in her remaining days a true one man revolution."

Dorothy Day has many causes to defend, all of them closely connected and interwoven: peace and the works of mercy, community, life and the Green Revolution, the brotherhood of men in all societies and nationalities, and civil disobedience wherever the infringement of "mother state" is felt. She has told her story and that of Peter Maurin in *The Long Loneliness* and *Loaves and Fishes* and still tells it as it continues to develop and is noted in her "pilgrimages." Ammon has told of her and of his years at the Catholic Worker in his autobiographies. The chapter in *The One Man Revolution* has many references to these books, previously published, as well as many personal reminiscences. Dorothy has also often written about him, and her last tribute to him was written soon after she had attended his funeral in Salt Lake City. There is not much that can be added to what she said of him and of their cooperation, when they agreed as well as when they disagreed, always remaining congenial in all that is essential.

This reviewer remembers Ammon well at the time he was at Chrystie Street or visited Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island to give talks in the grove. She remembers him selling papers at the gates of Fordham University, and standing up as his own witness at his trials after his arrests for protesting with Dorothy against civil defense. Speaking of others in *The One Man Revolution*, this one man radical fighter himself comes very much alive again.

Bread Not Bombs

(Continued from page 1)

graphed us, and decided to charge us with disorderly conduct (a violation) and obstructing governmental procedure (a class A misdemeanor). They didn't consider us very dangerous, not even bothering to supervise us in the street while they decided how to take us to the Tombs where we were quickly arraigned. Tom Cornell had retained a lawyer from the American Civil Liberties Union to represent us, and three of us were released on our recognizance. Bill Dorfer and Steve Kurzya, who is only sixteen, were held on a fifty-dollar cash bond, because they faced charges from a sit-in at Varick Street in June. Bill refused bail out of conviction and a desire to use his time in the Tombs for repentance. It took us four hours to bail out Steve, who was immediately transferred to Rikers Island, since he was a minor. Bill let us bail him out after a hearing on Wednesday so he could participate in other actions.

Our vigil continued for the next three days with some people arriving and some people going, up to thirty during the days and up to fifteen sleeping out at night, even during a rainstorm. On Wednesday, a Selective Service employee came up to Tom and told him that he was resigning his position because of our vigil and wanted to throw down his own leaflets during the liturgy. Plans were also made for another action during the liturgy, spilling blood on the steps of Varick Street to symbolize the blood shed in Hiroshima and Vietnam.

Father Don Cooney came from Philadelphia for the liturgy, a simple responsive reading followed by a celebration of the Eucharist. During the liturgy, Bill Dorfer, Paul Frazier, and Ken Curtin, a red-haired young man whose father had been a policeman for twenty-eight years, each threw a gallon of steer blood on the street and were immediately arrested. Then from three or four windows in the building people making the "V" sign threw down leaflets, printed at government expense and numbered from govern-

ment machines, which read, "1970 Years: How Long Must I Weep?" Centered on the page was a drawing of Jesus weeping with a crown of thorns. About twenty-five other employees also threw down signed cards reading, "Gold, Frankincense, Myrrh." In order to prevent the employees who had supported us from getting into trouble, we picked up the cards and leaflets all around the block.

We then gathered at 100 Centre Street to wait for the arraignment of our three brothers at Night Court who were charged with creating a health hazard (a class A misdemeanor) and disorderly conduct. While waiting for the arraignment, the arresting officer told us that they had had to consult the Police Department's legal section to decide what Bill and Paul and Ken would be charged with. "We could have charged them with four or five other things, but . . ." The officer assured us that none of the charges would stick anyway. Before the arraignment, the D.A. tried to make a deal with our attorney that the charges would be dropped if we cleaned up the blood. We couldn't go along with that and furthermore, we had chosen blood with anti-coagulant in it so that it would remain on the streets as a constant reminder to the employees of our protest and our presence. Our lawyer argued well and the three were released on their own recognizance.

It's hard to describe how happy we were about that. The twenty-four of us who were waiting in court streamed out of the room to greet them, some saying "Power to the Pope," eating the last of the bread and passing around a bottle of wine Tom had bought. The vigil was over but our work wasn't, we had court appearances and future actions ahead of us. We did not end the war, we had not atoned for Hiroshima, but we had influenced some people and given others something to think about. We had done something small, but we had done it peacefully and, in doing it, we had rededicated ourselves and given witness to the fact that nonviolence works. Slowly but effectively.

The Farm Workers

(Continued from page 7)

sing the dire need of a farm workers' clinic. She also spoke on the danger of pesticides to health and welfare in agriculture.

Robert McMillen, one of our lawyers, has been our legislative watchdog in Sacramento. Father Joe Melton assisted us in Delano and in Coachella Valley for several months. Doug Adair, former EL MALCRIADO editor, is on the Philadelphia boycott; and Father Victor Saladini, who was arrested for trespassing in Borrego Springs while picketing, now is working in the New York boycott after assignments in Montreal.

Putting It Together

I might have erred in aligning names with certain groups, thus dubbing one for the other. But the general effect still remains the same. It's just like pulling out a dollar from one pocket and slipping it into the other. My point is that those people mentioned above have made significant contributions in building the union even though they weren't farm workers.

The farm workers' right to organize and bargain collectively is a dead issue. It was replaced by the "boycott" splitting most intimate friends, families, communities, churches, the country and the world. The Catholic Church wasn't immune to the contagious and dramatic discussions of the new issue. Out of painful deliberations was fired a correction shot re-directing the Faith to its original course of intent and commitment to the helpless poor. The results were gratifying and radiate brilliant lights of hope for more victories for mankind.

In the Bay Area, around 800 priests were asked to support and be involved in the grape boycott. U.S. priests and laymen, numbering 35,000, passed a resolution endorsing the boycott. Many priests and nuns visited Delano in-cognito. If they didn't completely hide their true identity in slacks, plain shirts, blouses, and sweaters, then they would tell me who they were. All were enthusiastically for the "Huelga" and the "Cause."

From the National Conference of Catholic Bishops was the "Committee of Bishops." Auxiliary Bishop Joseph F. Donnelly was chairman; Archbishop Timothy Manning, Bishop Hugh A. Donohoe, Bishop Walter J. Curtis and Bishop Humberto S. Medeiros, members. Monsignors Roger Mahony, Director of Catholic Charities, and George G. Higgins, Director of the Department of Urban Life, were with the mediating Bishops Committee. Working with them was the Reverend Lloyd Saatjian, a Protestant minister from Palm Springs. He was soft-spoken with a pleasant, understanding personality.

With this combination of mediators, the first table grape contract was signed between the Lionel Steinburg and David Freedman Company and the union. At the press conference in Los Angeles, Steinburg said, "I am a Jew and this is the first time that I am being baptized by a Protestant minister and the Catholic bishops. I believe this marks the beginning of mutual understanding between the industry (agriculture) and the union for the benefits of both parties."

The signing of the contract between Steinburg and the union was truly a breakthrough and a historic landmark in the negotiation for table grapes. In a very short time since then, the union has signed over 70 contracts from a 15-acre family farm to a giant Tenneco Agribusiness whose assets in land area aggregate to 1,762,000 acres. Hundreds of farm workers flocked in, and still do, to the protective fold of the farm workers' union—many more than we'd won during the past five years.

The mediators approached the problem in the most simple and practical way. Industry and union have their peculiar needs to survive. The solution was always found in a compromise balancing the risks and benefits between the two parties.

The Catholic Church, through the Bishops Committee, in conjunction with the Protestant denominations, gave its true spirit and love for a new life that were dormant for centuries. Under the farm workers' movement (following the courageous leadership of Cesar Chavez), the Delano grape pickers

asked for a just share in the multi-billion dollar harvest in U.S. agriculture for all farm workers. This is the goal of the struggle. It's moral because it's right. But the essence of the Movement goes far beyond the horizon. It proposes to liberate the human spirit for the enjoyment of life to the fullest extent.

Hope's Enterprise

(Continued from Page 3)

than that, for they form a pattern of a particular kind. I mean that they are the type of truly functional decentralized responsibility. They are libertarian and sensitive. They are political in the fundamental (to me, most valid) sense that the organized activity exists exclusively, and visibly, for the purpose of meeting common needs. All this, certainly, is writ small, yet it can be classed among the impulses that keep alive the idea of non-violent social revolution.

That's my long-range interest, and I do certainly urge it on others. It may be, however, that the short, that is immediate, view is far more compelling. The neighborhood is a meat-grinder. We know that heroin is being pushed in the public school. We know—and this is the newest development—that neighborhood addicts are recruiting twelve and thirteen year old kids into robbery gangs. The police know too, and are nearly useless. Nor has anyone failed to observe that the chief products of the public school are ignorance, apathy, and collapse of self. All this is what *Cuando* is contending with. On the one hand, they're snowed under. On the other hand, their achievements are impressive. (Which is how things are those days.)

I find it impressive:

- 1) that *Cuando* exists;
- 2) that for more than a year they have conducted an after-school storefront Children's Center, staffed by volunteers and paid for out of their own pockets;
- 3) that for more than two years they have conducted athletic programs and weekend outings (Frank Baez, Melvin Cadiz, Daniel Torres);
- 4) that they have conducted a successful voter registration drive (David Munoz);
- 5) that they have initiated clean-up campaigns; have cleared a vacant lot for play; have collaborated with an architect on the design of a mini-park, and are trying to bring it into existence (John Corsale); have agitated (and are) for playground lights, for landlord and NYC responsibility, and for some form of official and community response to the drug problem;
- 6) that they have held one very successful block festival, and are trying to make it an annual event;
- 7) that they have formed a school, have recruited students, and have been able to inspire three teachers to take on exhausting responsibilities.

The expenses and labors of *Cuando* have been borne by the members themselves, all of whom work hard for a living.

Obviously, there is a spirit here that touches others. Perhaps it can be proposed as a model of hope, 1970 style, i.e., the enterprise looks impossible, it won't divert our larger rush to disaster, all powers (including the unions) are either by policy set against it or profoundly indifferent, and yet one is moved (even excited) in the presence of *Cuando*: their endeavor is admirable, their people cheerful, practical, and good, their example invaluable, their labor productive. Hope, then, is this: that under the enduring condition of expecting nothing, one is heartened by the creation of positive good.

Cuando is approaching Foundations for long-term (one year! two years!) support. In the meantime, the teachers (and children too, since lunches are provided) must eat, materials must be purchased, trips must be paid for, more children must be reached.

I know that everyone who reads this letter receives, every week, dozens of urgent and truly important pleas for help. I don't know what to say about

this, except here's another. I needn't stress that it's urgent. I do want to stress, however, that *Cuando* is unique. Its concerns are the basic functions of social life. It is a life-support organization—for which reason its claims on our assistance are of the clearest and most legitimate kind.

Cuando is tax exempt. *Cuando*, Inc., 39 E. First St., N.Y.C., 10003.

A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 2)

spoke about Erikson, presenting a scholarly but interesting account of Erikson's psychological development and background. Workshops held during the morning and afternoon hours analyzed various aspects of the new man. Saturday night a Mass was celebrated by several priests, with the Gospel read by a Lutheran minister. Later that night a witnessing session was held, in which those participating shared experiences and insights.

The last talk of the Pax conference was that of Dorothy Day, who spoke on THE NEW MAN AND THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION. This new man, of whom St. Paul speaks, who is truly reborn in Christ, is characterized by love of holy poverty, love of God, love of neighbor, and dedicated service of others for the love of God, is truly peaceful, truly humble. It is this new man whom we are enjoined to become. Most of us are very imperfect instruments and have gone such a little way on the path of becoming Christian that only God Himself could measure our minuscule progress. But there are others who can serve as exemplars. Among those Dorothy cited are: Peter Maurin, founder of the Catholic Worker, a truly dedicated man of great humility and love of poverty; Ammon Hennacy, Cesar Chavez, Martin Luther King, and Ralph Abernathy. Dorothy also reaffirmed her faith in non-violence, and used Cesar Chavez' recent victory against the powerful growers of California as evidence that non-violence does work. In this age of frequent bomb scares and terrorist attacks, it is terribly important to hold on to this faith, this hope in the Christian non-violent way.

On August twenty-second a conference on ecology was held here at the farm. Lauren Surget, who does experimental and research work for the Bell Telephone Laboratories, spoke on the grave and almost immediate hazards of environmental pollution, and spoke of his own hope that man—again, the new man, the truly transformed man—might survive solely by reason of his transformation, a transformation which Lauren felt had already begun. Following a discussion period, Clarice Danielson gave a good report on Robert Ardrey's provocative and fascinating book THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE. Clarice enlivened her account with several dramatic stories of animals behaving in truly cooperative, non-competitive ways, or through ritualized patterns of behavior giving harmless outlet to aggressions without inflicting death on another member of the species. If man were a little more humble, he might learn a few lessons from animals, who are far less destructive of their own kind, far more regardful of the web of life, the interdependence of all forms of living and non-living matter.

On the night following the ecology talks, some slides illustrating the dangers of specific insecticides and pesticides were shown. A group from Philadelphia, including our friend and co-editor, Charles Butterworth, attended this conference.

On the Sunday of our ecology weekend, Father Jude Mill who now lives in West Virginia, came for a visit and said a beautiful Mass in our living room.

Discussions during these torrid weeks of summer, when we have such an influx of company, have hardly been limited to formal occasions. There have been times when discussions in our living room or dining room became so perfervid and vociferous that those of us who are older and have reached a preference for quiet, flee to our rooms and barricade ourselves be-

hind whatever sound-proofing we can find. But the young people talk on. For that is the way of the young. Even so, sometimes they may attain clarification of thought.

Now that summer is ending, we do not intend to give up all discussion. Helene Iswolsky and Kay Lynch have been planning third-Sunday-of-the-month discussions for the coming months. The first of such third Sunday afternoons will begin in October. On this occasion Walter and Miriam Jarsky, who live in our community but who spent the summer visiting Miriam's parents in Europe, will speak on certain European communities where they also visited.

What with visiting children and visiting dogs, discussions are not the only hubbub about the place, a fact which some of our numerous cats have remarked with catty acerbity. Visiting dogs aside, however, our dog population is growing, and if they cannot overtake, will at least annoy the cats. Now that the Jarskys are back with their Blondie, we have three dogs living with us. The latest canine addition is a leggy coon hound pup which was given Johnny Hughes early in the summer. Named Grapes because her markings supposedly resemble grapes, she is a charming, affectionate pup, though some nights she may be heard baying at the moon. But who knows, perhaps she has really treed a raccoon, which would please John Filliger, since raccoons are too fond of his corn.

As always, there are many persons doing many tasks to keep things going hereabouts. Stanley Vishnewski began the day by going for the mail, then tackled some correspondence. Elaine La Pointe and Larry Evers cleaned the living room this morning. Mike Sullivan spent part of the day repairing the windows in Father Jack English's room. But Dominick Falso, who on another occasion prepared a most delectable Italian meal for us, cooked for our supper a superb minestrone. Young people come and go, sometimes working, sometimes talking, sometimes strumming guitars and singing. But Susan Pollock appears ever and anon, and always thereafter there is yogurt for our health and enjoyment. To all who do the major tasks and all who do the minor, we say a major "thank you."

The arts continue to thrive among us. Joe Geraci writes every morning. Rita Corbin continues to design her beautiful cards. Emily Coleman has suspended painting for the moment but will, I think, resume soon. Marge Hughes has learned to play the auto-harp beautifully. Audrey Monroe—Joe and Audrey are visiting us this week—is taking up the same instrument, and she and Marge will soon be playing duets.

To all curious readers and all critics: we are no Utopia, but imperfect instruments who fall many times over. We have our problems, our difficulties, our personality clashes, even our lunatic fringe, which is sometimes hard to detect and harder to suffer. The beauty of our fields and woods is marred in places by the decaying hulks of old jalopies and other debris of our consumer civilization. Our poison ivy grows ranker than our flowers. But still we share some beauty, some prayer, some suffering, and much need, and so are bound together.

Last night we felt bound together as Peggy Conklin was carried out on a stretcher to the waiting ambulance. Peggy had fallen into a state of unconsciousness almost like death, but Daniel, Elaine, Marge, and Father Andy revived her before the ambulance arrived. Now today in the hospital, Peggy is better, and we hope will soon be home again.

We are glad that Father Jack English is with us now and able to spend much time with Peggy, for they are old friends, and Peggy sets much store by Father Jack. Father Jack himself is still recovering from a serious coronary which he suffered earlier in the summer.

Katydid and crickets sing on a night in early September. The rain has stopped, but the moist pungence begins to smell of fall. We move toward October, toward the great Feast of St. Francis. St. Francis of Assisi, pray for us and for all our Brother Creatures.