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On Voting

By JAN ADAMS

Occasionally one of our friends will ask those of us at Martin de Porres House (the C.W. house in San Francisco) how we feel about some proposed law, or whether we are working for some candidate for governmental office. The answer usually comes as a surprise: we are neither concerned with nor do we participate in candidacies and elections. We ignore as much as possible the whole governmental apparatus. I will try to make this peculiarity of Catholic Workers a little clearer.

Strange as it may seem, I usually find the question as much of a surprise as the enquirer finds my answer. Since we take on voluntary poverty in the context of being available to our neighbors, our daily lives are filled with immediate needs: our own need to make this month's rent, our friends' need for shoes or a meal. Amidst these pressing demands, the governmental process seems a remote sideshow sponsored by those organs of sick entertainment, the newspapers. Enthusiasm about any part of it seems a playing with phantoms. Although we may carry our indifference to electoral politics to extraordinary extremes, I always want to ask the questioner whether we are not much like most people who simply struggle to get along—whether electioneering enthusiasm is not perhaps just an intellectual luxury of the comfortable?

The Illusions of Voting

Of course we do have a philosophic basis for our position. On the negative side, our disinterest in elections is simple to explain. We believe that the capitalist system renders voting meaningless. Where a few own nearly everything, while the many are merely consumers (even if on a lavish scale when compared to the rest of the world), all the important decisions about the quality of our lives are made by the wealthy few without reference to government. To take one of the most obvious examples, when did we ever vote to build a whole society dependent on the consumption of individually owned automobiles? The decision was made by those who stood to profit: steel, oil and auto companies. The government is left to assist the development (build highways and issue drivers' licenses) and to try to mitigate the resulting chaos. As long as greed and irresponsibility—capitalism—rule, elections can determine nothing substantial.

Some respond at this point, that small reforms, mitigating the chaos, can be won in elections. Since these never change the underlying system, we doubt it—and ask why legitimize the charade? But we also try to suggest a truly positive response.

We believe that our claim to be Christians implies personal responsibility for our own conduct and in relation to others. Instead of looking to a law, or a policeman, or a politician to define what we ought to be doing, we believe that we have to try to define it ourselves by Christ's example—and do it. If our neighbors confront us with needs, we believe we have to try to meet those needs ourselves by our own efforts, on our own time, not relying on the remote activity of some bureaucracy of specialists such as the Welfare Department.

We believe further that government itself is a systematic embodiment of violence to people. By nature it deals with

(Continued on page 6)



ST. FRANCIS, THE GLORIOUS POOR LITTLE ONE OF CHRIST

Mary Whelan

Tivoli Farm

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Leaves banner October's trees—gold, scarlet, mottled, brown—fly before an autumnal breeze, frolic upon the ground enticing chipmunks, squirrels, and children to join their play. The haunting honk of Southward-flying geese is suddenly stilled by the staccato report of hunters' guns. A blue jay sounds a general alarm for all non-human creatures. The taut ears of a sleepy screech owl protrude from a hollow tree listening for disturbers of nature's peace. Then a chickadee sings a cheerful antiphon, reminding all of God's providence for his smallest creatures. Somewhere some harried human beings remember St. Francis who talked and lived the brotherhood and sisterhood of all God's creatures, marked from eternity by the love of God.

Primacy of the Spirit

This Franciscan emphasis on the spirit of God's love was central to the beautiful Mass celebrated by Fr. Paul LaChance, a Franciscan priest, on an October day in our new chapel. For years our chapel has been located at the end of the long annex at the back of our main house. For most of us the principal way to this chapel led through the clutter and confusion of diningroom, kitchen, and men's dormitory. In consequence the chapel fell into some neglect. Some of us, by reason of visual and other handicaps, did not visit as often as we

(Continued on page 4)

Hard Times—New Vision

By PAT JORDAN

Hard times become more blatant with winter. At least it seems so here. Bowery men huddle beneath layers of coats around the refuse fires in the ash cans on Houston St.; the wife on welfare comes more often for food "because the check just hasn't gone as far this month;" the sight of the tense shoulders of tenement dwellers whose heat and hot water have been off for thirteen days gives the city a starker rigidity. This year hard times are talked about not only on the Bowery, but in the banquet halls, the bourses and the banks.

"The economic history of the postwar period has been one of sustained growth—for developing as well as developed nations. The universal expectation of our peoples, the foundation of our political institutions, and the assumption underlying the evolving structure of peace are all based on the belief that this growth will continue." Secretary of State Kissinger made these remarks in late September to the Economic Summit in Washington. He spoke of the threat to this pattern of growth by the "oil crisis" (perpetrated largely by the oil-exporting producers, according to Mr. Kissinger), and then rattled a few sword-like phrases to let those exporting countries know the matter had not been taken lightly in Washington. (Neither should we allow such threats to be easily forgotten or taken lightly, for oil is to the modern economy as oxygen is to the body. Great modern wars have been fought for less.)

There is much in Mr. Kissinger's speech which should be questioned. His statement that the postwar period has been one of substantial growth for the developed and the developing is simply wrong. As Dom Helder Camara re-stated recently, the fact is the rich are getting richer but the poor are simply getting poorer. Nor should we equate "political democracy and economic growth" as Mr. Kissinger does. Both terms lack adequate definition and, in this situation, demonstrable character. But the Secretary's speech should be dealt with because it presents the problem, viz., that we are facing an economic crisis on the nature of a respiratory arrest, i.e. one of considerable magnitude.

Institutionalized Greed

Recently E. F. Schumacher, the British economist we have mentioned often in the CW, spoke on the subject of the economic crisis at a seminar I attended in Vermont. "It is impossible to exaggerate the dependence of the modern world on fossil fuels," said Schumacher. "As these fuels are non-renewable and constitute a once-for-all endowment of the earth, their availability in terms of quantity, and therefore also in time, is limited, and it must give rise to increasingly serious concern that the modern economy seems to be inexorably geared to a continuous exponential growth in its requirement for them." The limited supply simply cannot meet the increasing demand Mr. Kissinger deems "necessary." What then of our expectation for growth, as articulated by Secretary Kissinger? Replies Schumacher in his book *Small is Beautiful*, "Greed and envy demand continuous and limitless economic growth... (but) this type of growth cannot possibly fit into a finite environment. We must therefore study the essential nature of the private enterprise system and the possibilities of evolving an alternative system which might fit the new situation."

As described by Schumacher (and Tawney before him), the private enterprise system is the institutionalization of greed and envy, in short of Mammon. Instead of promoting what the Popes have called the "just wage" and the "common good," this system has hardened into a primitive reductionism in which all undertakings are judged by whether they "pay," into individualism and non-responsibility that worry neither about the common good nor the earth itself. With the majority of human beings becoming poorer, with the earth reaching environmental disruption of an essential character, a radical program is called for—not simply to understand the crisis, but to engage it.

In America, the President's response to the energy crisis, a response conditioned by the influence of corporate management and monopoly capitalism, has been to aim at "self-sufficiency in energy" through the development of domestic oil, coal and shale fuel supplies, and nuclear energy sources. Leaving aside the very real question of justice, involved in thinking first of ourselves (the American economic standard being so grossly unsupportable in a world of limited resources and poor people), President Ford's plan of using nuclear energy as a primary means of achieving self-sufficiency is disastrous. Dr. Schumacher makes this clear: "As long as no method exists for the safe disposal of radioactivity, any large-scale development of fission energy would be nothing short of suicide." No such method exists. The wastes produced—as I write this—in the licensed operating nuclear plants in the U.S. (there are presently 44, with 54 others being built and 109 planned: A.E.C. figures, 3/31/74) are capable of causing almost instantaneous mass catastrophe. And these wastes have half-lives of 25,000 years! In other words, once we have produced them, vast amounts of these homicidal substances are to be with us "for the duration." What is more, once we have the wastes we essentially have the elements of the bomb—everywhere. There are groups fighting local nuclear plants around the country, fortunately. But there should be more. (See WIN magazine, the June 27 issue, devoted entirely to nuclear power plants and the perils of the peaceful atom: Box 547, Rifton, N.Y. 12471.) The question remains: if nuclear power is so detrimental and other forms of fuel are fast disappearing, what are we to do?

Dr. Schumacher and groups like the New Alchemists (New Alchemy Institute, P.O. Box 432, Woods Hole, Mass. 02542—a small, international organization for research and education into problems of energy, agriculture, aquaculture, housing and landscapes) propose other forms of energy than the quick,

(Continued on page 3)

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Go to the political world; see nation jealous of nation, trade rivalling trade, armies and fleets matched against each other. Survey the various ranks of the community, its parties and their contests, the strivings of the ambitious, the intrigues of the crafty. What is the end of all this turmoil? The grave. What is the measure? The Cross.

The Measure of the World

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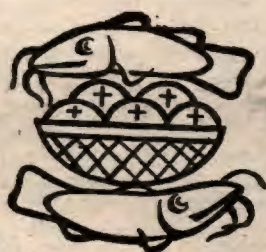
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442

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FALL



APPEAL

October—month of great saints,
St. Therese, St. Francis and
St. Teresa of Avila — 1974

Catholic Worker
36 East First Street
New York City 10003

Dear fellow workers in Christ, whom I dearly love, because you enter with us into all our "trials and tribulations" (as John, the farmer calls them)—

Time to write another appeal, the first since last October, which you always answer, with prayers and loving kindness and the wherewithal to go on buying the peas, beans and lentils for the wonderful soup with all the vegetables our farm has grown this summer to make it a full meal.

Tomorrow is the feast of St. Francis, who put aside all human learning, all ownership of property and ecclesiastical status, and became a fool for Christ. A year or so ago a handful of us read the "Little Flowers of St. Francis" after Compline in our chapel at the farm, and as I listened I heard again the story "This then is perfect joy." I think to myself it is time to read it again because our troubles are multiplied. The farm at Tivoli is overcrowded—someone must appear next week in the Tivoli Court, in the firehouse, to answer for violations on the property. A letter today from Chris Montesano tells of a court appearance for violations in the San Francisco house, and danger of closing. Joyce just came upstairs to tell of one of our brothers of the Bowery breaking several of our windows in our "soup kitchen." Never in the 40 years of the C.W. has there been such violence in the air. What to do? It is a time to practice "Resist not evil."

Our life certainly is a quest, and it has been for many years a quest for some shelter. Food, for us here in America, is easier to come by than places for the homeless to lay their heads. They are like our Lord in that. He had no place to lay His head. To remedy this, a dear Abbot sold some property belonging to his order and gave us the money to buy an old settlement house which was marvelously fitted to our needs for a center and a home for women. Since it had been a music school, I feel that the very walls have been soaked up with happy sounds; and since it had been a day school, there is already a sprinkler system and fire escapes. There are a great number of rooms, large and small. Little practice rooms and larger practice rooms. There is heat and hot water, and a few baths in addition to the usual toilets on several of the three floors and street-level basement.

And now, holy mother the city has sent her officials to tell us all the things that have to be done, which means more baths, fire-retarding halls and stairs, and steel self-closing doors on every room. Already there have been extensive repairs made over the entire roof, much of it entirely replaced at a cost of \$4,000, which have depleted what money we had been hoarding for these changes. They are also talking of cubic feet of air for each inhabitant in each room! What next?

When we started years ago and had to make moves, we just moved in and did the repairs as we went along, finding many skilled craftsmen, Hans and Mike and Earl; but now everything has to be done with many inspections before we get what is called a certificate of occupancy.

There is no certificate of occupancy necessary for the homeless women sleeping in doorways, in empty buildings falling into decay in the slums. Enormous building projects for business, but only the streets for the poor.

All our houses of hospitality around the country are going through trials like this, and where they rent and scrape the money together month by month, there is constant danger of eviction. What a perilous life, what an adventurous life! Our wealth lies in the numbers of young people who are coming to us and spending months and years in serving others in voluntary poverty. And where they are able to have gardens to raise food for the poor, they are learning a philosophy of work which Peter Maurin so often stressed.

It is 4:30 and time for an hour in our parish church around the corner. The Mass is at 5:30 p.m., and strength and courage to endure will come with the Mass. News came last night of my oldest granddaughter Becky bearing her second child, a boy. I wish one of my grand-children would name a child either Fidel (!) or Constance, since those names indicate the virtues I most admire — Fidelity and Constancy.

We beg you, dear friends, amici (literally those who love us), to be faithful too in your generosity to us, and respond to this appeal for help in our work for the most neglected of the city's poor. We beg your prayers, and help, and promise you our loving gratitude.

DOROTHY DAY

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

This column is being written in a spirit of great thanksgiving, because this month I have had the news of the birth of two great-grandchildren, Justin and Forest, born respectively to Becky and John Houghton and Mary and Jim Hanna within the last two weeks. Both families are living in Perkinsville, Vermont, the former on a two-acre plot in a house built by John, and the latter in a small rented cottage two miles down the road, surrounded on three sides by woods, which might have suggested the name Forest to them. (St. Sergius lived in a forest in Russia in a hermitage. Helene Iswolsky gave me a postal picture of him feeding the bears.)

I had gone for a week's visit to my daughter hoping I would be there for the births. I had waited there before in fear and trembling for a grandson to return from Vietnam, and I had wanted to wait there again for this great event. But babies have a way of taking their time, and neither was born while I was there. Becky was impatient, and so was her three-year-old Lara. We sat one day watching Maggie, who is expecting in January, drive the tractor down to the barn, pulling after it a trailer filled with bagged potatoes just harvested from the hilly field in back of the house. "Why can't I ride behind that tractor too, with the potatoes?" Becky wanted to know.

Most days I was in Vermont, Bill and Maggie, John and Martha left early for the nearby apple orchard to pick all day. Martha, seventeen, boasted that she had picked 75 bushels the day before. Some days, she confessed, she only picked 45. It was her first year of apple picking. She had written me during the summer, "Our gardens are doing very well and keeping under control, as we put a lot of work into weeding, hoeing, etc. The small goat barn is almost completed. I was reading *The Green Revolution*, and there was an article on goats this time. It sounds so great to have a good, self-supporting homestead; it is my dream. Good to have peace and order, hard work also. The book you sent by Goethe I started and enjoy very much. The man writes just the way I like, observing Nature and talking about things I'm interested in. What a country, Italy. He writes so good it makes you want to go there immediately. Fruits and vegetables everywhere, lovely evenings when people are out enjoying everyone, shops that are open half into the street with their craftsmen working right there. And the history and art of old, what beautiful studies could be made. This is the first work of Goethe that I've read, it's excellent and just to my taste. Not much culture or art where I live, but plenty of natural beauty."

There are about twelve large rooms in the Hennessy house, on 20 acres of land. The house is most shabbily furnished, what with nine children growing up there and four neighbor friends always in and out, and all of them more ready always to spin and weave, knit and sew, paint or draw or read than to tidy up or wash dishes. This latter work always takes place in a whirlwind rush while dinner is being prepared.

I speak of the untidiness of the house, but Tamar has flowers growing in every window in winter, and in the gardens in summer (even if the ducks, and babies, too, make havoc of them). The room I sleep in when there is filled with plants (and also a gun rack with four rifles!). I was much startled early one morning while I read the psalms most comfortably in bed (the room was very cold) to see Martha rush in and grab a gun from the rack! Prayers forgotten, I rushed after her, wondering what had overtaken the vegetarian-pacifist Martha. No shooting occurred, but she had intended to shoot over a couple of stray dogs which were prowling near the barn where there were triplet baby goats. A pack of roaming dogs had killed a flock

of goats years before Martha was born at the Easton farm. Martha and Katy (who has to leave for school at seven) care for the chickens, goats and two pigs, and love their work.

Tivoli, The Generous Earth

We have never raised so much food as we have this year. I am writing now at Tivoli. Today at lunch we had squash, turnips and some canned meat which somebody had sent in, enough to feed the meat eaters among us (half the population is vegetarian). Enough vegetables were raised to be sent pretty regularly to First Street for the soup line. But to get back to Tamar's, the barn is piled with hay and the cellar is filled with sacks of onions, cabbages, and twenty one-hundred-pound sacks of potatoes, much winter squash, pumpkins, and brussel sprouts. Canned goods, tomatoes, tomato juice and paste fill the shelves. I spent evenings shelling beans which had been dried over the wood fires on screens. (They are doing the same thing at Tivoli.) I had a list that Maggie and Bill gave me of all the food they had raised, and when it comes down to teas, an infinite variety of herb teas. I have been dosed with yarrow, mint, sage, catnip, borage. The bountiful garden that produced all this crop was only 3/4 of an acre. The woodshed was half-filled with wood chopped for the upstairs and downstairs stoves, but that work goes on when the days of harvest at home and in the orchards is finished.

Schools

Katy does not like the large public high school in the big town of Springfield which she must start out for each morning at seven, on the bus. In protest, she took to the woods for two days and two nights to avoid going. I have heard such complaints of the high schools that I was not too much surprised at this adventure. She had taken a book on "Survival" with her, she said. When she came back, she had thought it all out and decided to go to the high school for her ninth grade. But she would like very much to go to such a school as the Meeting School in New Hampshire.

Hilaire Hennessy is going to Richard Bliss' excellent Green Hill School at Andover, Vermont, and loves it. Tamar and I drove over to have lunch there one sunny day, and it was delightful to hear the singing of grace before the meal. All the school is a choral group, singing their *Jubilate Deo* so perfectly. They went on to practice another song of praise and thanksgiving.

The students not only raise the food but do the cooking. They build their bunkhouses and beds and care for the animals. The set up reminded me of Ade Bethune's studio and group of apprentices of many years ago, who stayed with her a year, my daughter among them. Julia Porcelli Moran, the Finnegan sisters of the Rochester group (now married and living in rural Minnesota),

(Continued on page 8)

LANZA DEL VASTO TOUR

Wed., 11/6: Boston—Church of the Covenant (617-899-2356); Thur., 11/7: Waterville, Maine—Given Auditorium, Colby College (207-873-1131 x 295); Fri., 11/8: Boston—WNAC/TV, 9 a.m.; Manchester, N.H.—St. Anselm's College; Sat., 11/9: Boston—Church of the Covenant; Sun., 11/10: Ashby, Mass.—First Parish Church (617-386-5395); Mon., 11/11: Hanover, N.H.—Dartmouth College (603-646-2558); Tues., 11/12: Riverdale, N.Y.—Smith Auditorium, Manhattan College (212-KI 8-1400 x 436); Wed., 11/13: Dayton, Ohio—O'Leary Auditorium, Univ. of Dayton (513-229-2015); Thur., 11/14: Fort Collins, Colo.—Colorado State University (937-491-5276); Sat., 11/16: San Francisco—KQED/FM Radio, 8:30 p.m.; Sun., 11/17: San Francisco—First Unitarian Church, 8 p.m. (415-922-4988); Mon., 11/18: Santa Barbara—Thomas Morton Center (805-668-2610); Tues., 11/19: Los Angeles—Univ. Southern California (213-746-5374); Fri., 11/22: Austin—Univ. of Texas (512-459-0252); Sun., 11/24: New York—Community Church (212-MU 3-4988), broadcast over WQXR, 10:30 a.m.; Mon., 11/25: Baltimore—Univ. of Baltimore (301-537-2600); Tues., 11/26: New York—Union Settlement, 237 E. 104th St. (212-LE 4-7900), 3 p.m.; Bronx—Keating Hall, Fordham University, 8 p.m. (212-933-2533); Mon., 12/2: Bridgeport—Sacred Heart University (203-374-9441); Tues., 12/3: Washington, D.C.—Georgetown University (202-625-0100, Richard McSorley).

The Necessity of Decentralization

(Continued from page 1)

fatal solution of the President. They suggest research and development of solar and wind power, the use of methane gas digesters, and the cultivation of renewable forms of energy (e.g., wood); they speak of the fuel-saving advantages of better insulation and creative architectural design; and they call for small organic farms in village economies that would utilize almost entirely the energy of the sun for production (Schumacher: "The cycle of nature requires no other fuel input but that of solar energy." To develop these forms of energy calls for a decentralization of energy requirements. While there is plenty of solar energy, at least in some areas, we must spread out to utilize it. This flies in the face of the modern pattern of congregating in large cities, a trend which will have to be reversed.

Giantism or Simplicity?

Why haven't the leaders of the Western World suggested methods of decentralization? Tom Zeman points out that as things stand, it is not to their advantage. "Insofar as the solutions suggested above emphasize decentralization of energy supplies and production, they are politically radical. For all the new developments — nuclear power, shale oil, coal gasification — planned by the government and industry share one thing only, they are neither safe, efficient, tested, nor economic; but all require capital intensive, centralized development perfectly suited to the desires and abilities of big oil companies and utilities" ("A Subversive Program for Energy in America," *Ramparts*, Sept., 1974). Clearly, the powers-that-be would rather pursue their perilous course than

foster a decentralized solution which might limit their profits, their influence, their economic and political power.

Dr. Schumacher, in his Vermont visit, pointed to precisely those ills of modern production which Mr. Zeman delineated: the giantism, complexity, and capital intensive nature of industrialization on the grand scale, and the inherent violence of the process. A miracle just as marvelous as the miracle of growth, Schumacher points out again and again, is the miracle of the cessation of growth. What if your thumb kept growing after it reached its proper size? he asks. Leopold Kohr, author of *The Breakdown of Nations*, puts it succinctly: "Contrary to contemporary social thought . . . growth must actually be stopped when a thing reaches the form best suited to its function."

Schumacher calls for an economic change that will aim at smallness, simplicity, work intensive modes of production rather than capital intensive ones (i.e., depending on numerous workers rather than highly technical, energy consumptive, expensive worker-displacing machinery), and nonviolence (i.e., respect for nature, for those who do the work, and for the product, and sane modes of production). The appalling cases now coming to light of workers unknowingly subjected to cancer-producing work situations in vinyl plants would have no place in a nonviolent economy.

Can an emphasis on "small is beautiful" and "everything at its proper size" produce an effective economics? Recent reports of American farm experts who visited China indicate that it can in agriculture, the basis of all economies. By using production teams of 30-40 households that till large individual plots of land (labor intensive farming), and en-

couraging each family to be self-reliant by raising most of its own vegetables, China manages to feed 1/4 of the earth's population on the produce of only 7% of the world's cultivated land. "China appears to have raised agricultural production and evened distribution of food so successfully that she seems well protected against the food shortages now afflicting the underdeveloped world" (*N.Y. Times*, Oct. 7). This has been accomplished not by relying on huge doses of fossil-fuel fertilizers but on well-planned, knowledgeable programs using natural "home-made" fertilizers; not by relying on oil-consuming machinery but on the availability of human labor (the *Times* reported: "This system is obviously impossible with American-style mechanization. But China, lacking the machinery, does have the labor for hand harvesting." Not "impossible" but "impractical" in America because we depend on capital intensive machinery and the resultant high unemployment rates); and by relying on diversification rather than an overdependence on one crop ("Each commune specializes in one crop

to local needs: "local workers to produce useful goods from local materials for local use." A good example is the People's Bakery in Minneapolis and similar alternative co-op ventures in this country, which use low-overhead facilities to produce for the needs of local communities, and employ local people (c.f. "The People's Bakery" *North Country Anvil*, Jan. 1974, Box 37, Millville, Minn. 55957). In relating this process to Third World countries, Schumacher has written extensively on the creation and use of intermediate technology (c.f. *Small is Beautiful* and J. J. Ryan's *The Humanization of Man*, Appendix 1). He heads a group of scientists, administrators and businessmen called the Intermediate Technology Development Group in London (9 King St., Covent Garden, London WC2), the aim of which is to develop a technology which avoids the enormous cost, complicated production methods and job elimination of modern industrialism and instead concentrates on a technology appropriate for labor-surplus societies. The group has posted numerous successes.

Shepherds Defy Military

By CRAIG SIMPSON

100,000 people gathered in the Plain du Larzac in southern France August 16-18 to celebrate "Mission-Fete/Tiers Monde" and show their support for 103 peasants who are resisting the expansion of the military base onto their land. Since 1970, when the French Army announced its intention to expand its training base "Camp du Larzac" from 3,000 hectares to 18,000 hectares, a small group of farmers who have used the land for sheep grazing and grain growing for centuries announced their intention of resistance through nonviolence. The army has been expanding many of its bases in southern France with promises of compensation to inhabitants, but no compensation has come. Many have been left homeless as a result. After the Army's announcement to expand their base on the Larzac, Lanza del Vasto, former Gandhi associate and founder of the community of the Ark, only 40 km. from the Larzac, set up meetings in churches with the farmers. A group of 103 agreed to resist the expansion of the base.

The base was established in 1903 as a camp for reservists and employed people from the area so no one complained about its presence. But over the past few years, with a developing anti-military mood throughout France and the fact that the base was being used by foreign countries (particularly England for training for the war in Northern Ireland), many of the people on the Larzac began to disapprove of their presence. With the announcement of expansion many united to resist.

Protest and Planting

The peasants have used many tactics to make the public aware of their plight—taking their sheep to graze under the Eiffel Tower in Paris saying that if they are pushed off their land this will be the only place they can go to graze their sheep to stay alive. Then in January, 1973, they drove their tractors hundreds of miles to Paris and drew nationwide attention. But not all was

protests. During Pentecost, 1973, they announced the beginning of the building of an illegal structure—a sheepfold, which would hold as many as 300 sheep. It would be made in the traditional way using stone and brick of the Larzac. The sheepfold would be directly in line of any expansion the army planned and would be the most likely place where the peasants could resist. People all over France to show their support for the farmers refused to pay 3% of their taxes which they sent instead to the peasants to help build the sheepfold. In August last year, a two-day fete was held and 80,000 attended—many were workers from the workers controlled factory of the LIP, others were peasants, farmers, draft resisters, workers and leftists from all over France.

This year, despite increased fear tactics by the military, the peasants have remained firm in their ideas and belief in nonviolence. There are many incidents of tanks leaving the camp at night and driving into farmers' fields and ruining crops, the explosions heard daily have caused many sheep to abort out of fear. And on June 11th an 800kg missile was shot over one of the peasants' camps. The government has also held commissions and rejected the farmers' pleas saying that they weren't acting in the public interest.

August 16-18 brought people from all over France for 3 days of discussion, dissemination of radical material, music. The farmers donated one field of their wheat to the peasants suffering starvation in the Sahel in Africa and then a huge turning and a planting of wheat for life.

The Larzac people need your help and you might want to send letters of protest to the French government asking them not to expand their base onto the plain of the Larzac. Also try to keep alert to the happenings in that area of France.

(Reprinted from *THE PEACEMAKER*, September 21, 1974. Eds. note.)



... But communes also devote a portion of land to a variety of other crops in an attempt to be as self-sufficient as possible" (*N.Y. Times*, *ibid.*). China is concentrating on simplicity, i.e., the production of what is essential.

Dr. Schumacher points out that culture, not money, is the primary motive of production; that work is necessary for each person's sanity; and that human work itself is the most important, the essential capital underlying all production. He applies this specifically to the developing countries. It has applications here as well. To create a sane economy calls for structural change, economic and political, a return to what the Popes have called the division of labor and the principle of subsidiarity ("It is an injustice and disturbance to right order to assign to a greater and higher association what lesser and subordinate organizations can do"). Writes Schumacher, "It cannot be emphasized too strongly that this is a matter of conscious political choice, and not one to be decided by the calculations of economists or businessmen. A country's development policy may be geared primarily to the production of goods or . . . the development of people. The former aims at mass production; the latter at production by the masses" (*Resurgence*, Oct. 1969).

Schumacher sees the division of labor being better served by the decentralization of work places, a large number of low-cost work places which will respond

Speaking again to our own situation and to the crisis at hand, Schumacher asks, "Why should we accept that 'lack of capital' makes unemployment inevitable? Lack of capital today means lack of modern machinery. Was there mass unemployment before the advent of modern machinery? Was there a mass flight from the land in the now-developed countries before the industrial revolution? To pose these questions does not mean to solve the problem as it faces us today, but it may help to make a constructive solution visible" (*Resurgence*, Aug. 1966).

Raising A Sail

We now return to the issue of decentralization. Schumacher sees it not just as a pleasant, nostalgic idea but an economic necessity. The irreplaceable nature of our limited source of fossil fuel demands it. He says of those who have returned to the land, "Don't think of them as dropping out. Think of them as dropping into the future." The operation of huge cities as we know them will simply close when the fuel is no longer there to operate them. The inescapable challenge (and hope) to be faced in the era of history we are now entering is a restoration of the proper balance between city and rural life. For some time, diverse groups and communities have realized this. They are already at work. Although only a handful, these alternative ventures are growing. Land trusts,

(Continued on page 7)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 1)

might. Now and then someone of ill will and little understanding would remove chalices, vestments, and other objects of religious use from the chapel and misuse them. Now and then an individual of disturbed mind would use the chapel as a private smoking and sitting room. Dorothy Day, who with Peter Maurin founded the Catholic Worker in the spring of 1933, and under whose leadership the Catholic Worker movement has developed, was much concerned about these abuses and the consequent diminishment of the primacy of the spirit among us.

On the morning of the Feast of St. Teresa of Avila, Dorothy arrived among us, and immediately — with the help of Terry, Peggy, Linda, Kathy, Lorraine, Alice, and others including several young men to help with the heavier lifting—began the transference of the chapel from the back of the house to a pleasant, many-windowed room at the front. That evening, though much remained to be done, we were able to say Vespers and Compline in the new chapel. St. Teresa of Avila, that great Saint who travelled up and down the terrible roads of sixteenth century Spain in order to establish new foundations of the Carmelite Order where the primacy of the spirit would be observed, was surely among us with prayers of support and approval. With us, too, I hope, were those other special Catholic Worker Saints—Our Lady who mothers us all, St. Joseph our special protector and provider, St. Therese of the Child Jesus whose "little way" we must follow, and St. Francis of Assisi who teaches us our kinship with animate and inanimate, from the great galaxies of stars to the tiniest particle of sand mirroring infinity. May they pray for us and help us to remember that God is our true source and our true goal.

We also hope that this new chapel will be visited more frequently not only by us but also by our many visitors, and that visiting priests will help us to remember the primacy of the spiritual by saying Mass for us whenever they come.

Tribulations, Work and Gratitude

Here at the Catholic Worker Farm in Tivoli, we have a special need for prayers this fall. Many of our readers will be familiar with the increasing severity of zoning regulations throughout the country. Some communities have not been able to survive such regulations. In the past several weeks we have had so many zoning violations filed against us by the zoning officials of Tivoli that it seems only a miracle could set things right. The Catholic Worker is, of course, not a place. It is a movement, a way of life based on the teachings of Christ as incorporated within the program of work and ideas founded by Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. Over the years Catholic Worker groups have moved from place to place, in city and in country, when-

ever it has seemed to be the will of God. We pray—and hope our readers will pray with us—that God will show us how and where to go now.

Tommy Hughes, who is in charge of Catholic Worker funds here (surely a most onerous job), has been trying to reestablish better relations with local officials. He has also, with the help of others, been trying to bring about a more truly Catholic Worker pattern of living among us.

On the positive side, our harvest has been bountiful this fall. Moreover, we have, I think, the hardest working group of young people we have had since our arrival here. So many work at so many things, it would be impossible to name them all. Barn building, road mending, bean and soybean gathering, drying and shelling, building bins for winter storage of squash for winter use, grape and apple picking in nearby orchards and vineyards, working at the cider mill, working at a gas station, helping with the cooking, cleaning, etc. in the house, preparing firewood for winter use. Of course we continue to have persons with problems—psychological, physical, or both—who can work very little or not at all; but the amazing thing is how many do work and how effectively. Nor are the workers all young. As always we have a number of older people, both men and women, who do a great deal of work. Since to name names would probably mean that I should forget as many as I named, I simply ask God's blessing on them all.

On the positive side, too, is the response to our appeal for sheets and towels. Both Alice Lawrence and Arthur Sullivan assure me that generous donations have come in. To all whose names accompanied their gifts, Alice has written notes of thanks. Some gifts came anonymously. Some were brought personally. Norma Adams and her friends in New Jersey drove over three times with gifts of sheets, towels, blankets, and clothing. To all our generous friends we are deeply grateful, and ask God's blessing on them all.

Visitations

It was good, this past weekend to receive visits from our fellow workers in other Catholic Worker houses of hospitality—one in Niagara Falls, the other in Schenectady. Dorothy Day and Stanley Vishnewski met with both groups. Later many of us talked with them. There was much discussion of problems and of ways and means to cope with problems. As always Dorothy emphasized the primacy of the spiritual, and there, I fear, is where most of us fail. It is heartening, however, to realize that there are a number of Catholic Worker groups flour-

book—*A Harsh and Dreadful Love: Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker Movement*—is now available in paperback. It is well written, interesting, and a good introduction to the history and meaning of the Catholic Worker. Professor Miller was accompanied by his son Chris, who is a gifted musician and played for us beautifully on the violin and guitar.

Stanley Vishnewski, our guest master, has returned from his visit to the Corbins in Montreal, where he gave slide shows to various Catholic Worker groups and friends. In November Stanley and Miriam plan to go to Milwaukee where Stanley will give slide shows to groups at Marquette University.

On a recent weekend Miriam and a group of five other young women from here (Carol, Kathleen, Linda, Joan and Lorraine) attended a special program at the Grail Center at Cornwall on the Hudson. Miriam has often attended these Grail-sponsored weekends and has found them very helpful. Those who participated brought back glowing reports. Jane O'Donnell, who was once in charge of the Catholic Work Farm at Newburgh, has been with the Grail for many years and is now in charge of the center at Cornwall. Farmer John Filliger often tells nostalgic stories of Jane's era at the Catholic Worker, as of a kind of golden age which we can never hope to recapture.

We miss Joe and Charlie Goodding, but hope they have good biking all the way home. They set examples among us of responsibility and dedicated work, for which we thank them. We hope they will return before too long. I am glad particularly that Joe was able to finish reading to me Richard Adams' delightful book *Watership Down*. Those who enjoy timeless classics of the imagination such as *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Wind in the*

Willows, *The Once and Future King*, and *The Hobbits*, will surely find *Watership Down* a refreshing change from the depressing violence, boring crime, and nauseating pornography which so often pollute the so-called adult fiction of our time. Richard Adams' book is one that both young and old can enjoy. All that is needed is imagination and delight in really good writing.

My present reading program includes Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* which Kathleen Rumpf is reading to me, and Schumacher's remarkable *Small Is Beautiful* which Miriam and I are pursuing together. I shall write more of them later.

Herbal and mint teas, like good books, make excellent antidotes for winter doldrums. Susie tells me that she and Linda have gathered some twenty varieties of wild and cultivated herbs and mints which are now drying for winter use.

Wildness of a different order has been reported by Clare Danielsson, Maggie Corbin, and Jack McMurray who say they have seen a bobcat in our woods. A visitor from a nearby State Park, perhaps, but we hope he won't molest our goats, especially young ones. The barn will be needed.

For our own young ones, the children, tonight will be a kind of children's festival, for today is Joshua's birthday. Melanie, Came, Tanya, and Kachina are eager to celebrate with him.

Early this morning some white-throated sparrows sang to me, not with springtime ebullience but well enough to tell me they had returned from Canada to winter with us once again.

We move toward November and the great Feasts of All Souls and All Saints. The month to pray for the dead. The month of Thanksgiving. Deo Gratias.

36 East First

By ANNE MARIE FRASER

Last March a young woman came to our house for some food, and a little rest. She had been staying in an abandoned apartment building with no water or electricity, and slept little for fear of the rats and addicts. We had no room but invited her to visit whenever the house was open. Occasionally she came with a man. They would sit for hours, entranced with each other. Then after a couple of weeks she stopped coming until one night in August she arrived at the door, fatigued, pregnant, and homeless once again. This time she stayed as we tried to find a place where she could go until she had her baby. She had neither birth certificate nor social security card, couldn't remember her various foster placements, nor the town where she was born, and had never had an address in N.Y. In short, she couldn't prove to the City that she was born, or that she lives anywhere. Such proof is necessary for public assistance. Just when we thought we had found a temporary shelter, she disappeared, again, fearful of institutional living. I was annoyed with her lack of cooperation. Wasn't any place better than the streets? Apparently not.

I wondered about her from time to time, until yesterday morning. Rushing through a hectic Grand Central Station I bumped right into her. She stood sheepishly, heavy with the child she bears, feet too swollen with edema to fit her slippers, fatigued from a night spent under a tenement stairway. We made plans for her to spend the night at St. Joseph's House and visit the hospital today and Welfare on Monday. This morning she left again before we could keep the hospital appointment. This time I am more puzzled than annoyed, more awed by her independence than impatient with her stubbornness.

Drawings courtesy of War Resisters League Calendar.

Still, I wonder when we will see her again, and what will become of her child.

A recent *Daily News* article pointed to the plight of New York's 6,000 homeless women. At Grand Central, within a hundred feet, I met four of them, some familiar from the C.W. Yet our attempts to begin a home for women encounter obstacles from the City at every turn. It seems they are not looking at the people we have come to know with their mix of fierce pride, childlike simplicity, fear, generosity, anger, sadness, loneliness... "He who believes in God's people will see His Holiness," said Dostoevsky's Father Zossima.

At the House

Sometimes the enormity of the problems overwhelms us. Then we neglect to stop and look at each other, talk or listen to each other. The economic destitution seems to be spreading. In less than two hours 200 men have been eating on our soup line. They fill the dining room tables, spill over into the basement waiting room, and out onto the line which stretches along the sidewalk. The men eat slowly to avoid returning to the autumn chill outside. Shoulders droop under the weight of countless pains and fears. "Poverty indeed is the strenuous life," wrote William James. Destitution is no life at all. But there are the surprises, like the man on the line who calls himself "Johnny Cash," who often treats us with a rousing rendition of "Walking My Baby Back Home"; or Little Charlie who often brings me a book or a coat for the clothing room. "Annie," he said one day, handing me a book called *Being a Woman*; and *Liking It*, "I think you need this." They remind me of Gerald Vann's words, "The only way we can possibly approach human beings is with awe and reverence as towards a mystery."

(Continued on page 6)

SCATTERING ROSES

We must do everything we are obliged to do: give without reckoning, practice virtue whenever opportunity offers, constantly overcome ourselves, prove our love by all the little acts of tenderness and consideration we can muster. In a word, we must produce all the good works that lie within our strength—out of love for God. But it is in truth indispensable to place our whole trust in Him who alone sanctifies our works and who can sanctify us without works for He can even raise children to Abraham out of stones. Yes, it is needful, when we have done everything that we believe we have to do, to confess ourselves unprofitable servants, at the same time hoping that God out of grace will give us everything we need. This is the little way of childhood.

St. Therese of Lisieux



ishing now, and that they are doing good work and helping those in need in spite of many difficulties. We thank them for good fellowship and hope, and for the generous gifts of food they so thoughtfully brought to share with us.

It has been good to have Johanna Turner with us for a time this fall. Johanna is convalescing from a spinal disk operation, and is making a good recovery here.

Early in September we enjoyed a visit from Professor William Miller who teaches history at Florida State University in Tallahassee. Professor Miller's

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Capital Punishment

University of Rhode Island
Kingston, R.I. 02881

Dear Pat,

The death penalty has been brought back to R.I., and a young black man, Robert Cline will be the first victim of this tragic law.

We ask that readers of the CW write letters to Judge Anthony A. Giannini, Superior Court, Providence, R.I. and Albert E. DeRobbie, Asst. Attorney General, Providence, R.I., granting clemency to Robert Cline.

We hope to organize a group to bear witness against capital punishment, and if any readers of the CW wish to join us we look forward to hearing from them. Best wishes to all at the CW.

Shelly Killen

San Francisco

Martin De Porres House
2826 23rd St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94110

Dear Dorothy,

Thursday, Sept. 19, we received a notice from the S. F. Health Department saying that we had been terminated and were to immediately stop serving. We have ignored their notice, and two days later I received a notice from the Health Department citing me for serving meals without a permit and without a certificate from the health department.

For three years we have operated without a permit. Recently the local Health Inspector discovered our operation and requested we obtain a permit. So as not to offend or create an unnecessary fuss with the city, we sought one. However, we were naive as to how complicated these things can be! We have had numerous inspectors. The first one saying all was OK, and the other slapping the letter of the code on us and then deciding to penalize us since we never had a permit in the first place. We are seeking legal advice but it seems as if legally we have no leg to stand on. Our only defense seems to be the Gospel and the support of our parish and our benefactors.

We are planning on talking with the assistant to the Director of the Health Department to see if there is some reasonable agreement that can be reached without being forced to stop serving. We have a contractor friend who is willing to help us, so perhaps with that knowledge they will back off.

There is no way we can tell you what way things will go or even what course of action we will take. The whole thing has been very confusing. However, we intend to keep serving despite all. God bless you all.

Love,

Chris & Joan & Maria Montesano

Davenport

Catholic Worker House
806 W. 5th St.
Davenport, Iowa 52802

Dear Dorothy,

It's almost impossible to believe that our house of hospitality has been opened here in Davenport for one year. To our utter amazement many of those friends who first came to stay with us are still here.

I've finished preparing dinner early tonight and from where I sit I can watch our dinner guests arrive—each one with an amazing tale, all coming back to our house of hospitality after a day of day labor or a day of rejection at jobs, after a day of wandering aimlessly at the river levee or downtown in and out of many skid row taverns. A priest who came today to see our house asked if we didn't find our surroundings depressing and our work distressing. I looked

around and observed John, who answers the phone for us and assures us that he wants to die with us. I saw Robert, our toothless resident of one year, who weighs about 100 lbs., on crutches. I saw Mike with his chronic case of lice, bronchitis, etc., Woodchopper, who after one year finally has a steady job and who pickets for the UFW with us. And I had to answer him—yes, at times I get depressed when we have no money to meet the physical needs of these friends. But we are diverse, each person a true individual, each person created in the image and likeness of our God. What a joy to have so many in our midst! It makes us alive. I remember Karl Meyer telling me about never being bored in St. Stephens House—about the world coming in with its problems for a cup of coffee. I could only explain this to the priest.

We are the "poorest" we've ever been right now. One of our workers was hospitalized for three weeks and her doctor bills are due. The car has "expired"; we owe the city taxes for our sewers, our water, etc.; roof repairs are estimated at \$1400 (I joked that we could buy a house for less), and so I'm getting a job as a cook for a children's breakfast program. Marty is trying to get a job, too. Ray is teaching two days a week and hopefully we'll survive.

Our garden has been good to us and I'm learning how to freeze and can. It seems a miracle that the seeds we plopped in the ground in May are red, juicy tomatoes in our soups and stews.

In Burlington, Iowa, Sr. Carron is opening a house for the families of prisoners coming to Fort Madison jail, so badly needed in this area. She is an answer to our prayers.

I must go now to serve the dinner. May Christ's peace be yours,

Margaret Quigley

Los Angeles

Ammon Hennacy House
605 N. Cummings St.
Los Angeles, Cal. 90033

Dear Friends,

Occasionally the existential reality of the men whom we serve comes home to us through violence and brutality. It is at these times that we begin to perceive the meaning of the crucifixion, and the redemptive power of suffering love.

The blasphemy that we know as Skid Row is a modern day Golgotha. Here on a daily basis is the re-enactment of that ancient tragedy on Calvary. On the fringes of society where Christ lives a marginal existence with his poor brothers and sisters, suffering and brutality is the price one pays for walking the streets. Blood is shed. Lives are lost over an extra piece of meat or bread. A stolen pair of shoes makes the difference between surviving and not. And alcohol is the only anesthetic to dull the sharp cutting edge of reality.

Over the past four years we have been witnesses to much violence in our Kitchen. Friday, July 26, was tense; not enough people to do the work, a large crowd waiting to be served, some impatiently. The action is quick, a bit confused. Tempers are short. Some of the men are required to help with the serving, things are not going smoothly. One of the men has been drinking. He stumbles when trying to get more salad. Jim Sullivan moves quickly, taking over the job. The man is insulted at Jim's sudden intervention.

It was over before anyone knew what had happened. The guy swung at Jim from the side, punching him in the eye, breaking his glasses. The doctor said the eye cannot be saved. A piece of glass has severed the optic nerve, it must be removed immediately.

Jim's loss is our loss. Though we are not blinded in one eye, we never-the-less share in his tragedy. And from his

tragedy we are able to see more clearly our participation in the redemption as suffering witnesses. His sense of courage and forgiveness give us strength. With this realization Jim's suffering becomes redemptive, it shares in Christ's continuous crucifixion on Skid Row and every place else in the world where the poor and oppressed are pushed to the fringes of existence.

The work continues at the Kitchen. Not without an increased trepidation, but also with a renewed sense of the reality of our work. Serving the poor involves risk. We ask your prayers that we might meet the challenge of this risk.

In His peace,
Jeff Dietrich



Chicago

The Catholic Worker
P. O. Box 2051
Chicago, Illinois 60690

Dear Friends,

We are delighted to announce the birth of a fifth generation of Catholic Worker houses of hospitality in Chicago. On October 1, we moved into a beautiful old house in the center of the Uptown neighborhood of Chicago, at 4652 North Kenmore, Chicago 60640. Uptown is one of the poorest, most deteriorated neighborhoods in Chicago. It has a fascinating diversity of people: Southern Mountaineers, American Indians, Asiatic Indians, Black Americans, Chicanos, and elderly retired people from all over.

Our new community would like to do many of the things associated with CW houses: provide temporary hospitality for the homeless, food and clothes for those who come to us in need, be a center of thought and action in meeting neighborhood needs and in working for world peace and social justice. But we've set no specific plans for our house beyond offering hospitality until we have a better understanding of the neighborhood and our own capabilities.

We invite Chicago friends to come to the Friday night meetings and to explore ways of joining in our work. We hope some of you in the Chicago area can help with furniture, kitchenware, towels and bedding, perhaps a washing machine, and some of your time to help around the house.

May peace be with you,

Kristine Pierle, Len Cizewski
Jerry Chernow and Karl Meyer

Eureka

401 S. St.
Eureka, Cal. 95501

Dear Friends,

We live in Eureka, a medium-size city in northern California, with the redwoods, the Pacific ocean, and morning fog for neighbors. Like most cities, Eureka has a high unemployment rate and a skid-row district. Feeling a need for community and active nonviolence, we would like to start a Catholic Worker House of Hospitality here. We have found an old abandoned building with a cafe downstairs and living space upstairs.

There is much work to be done—roofing, plastering, painting, and plumbing; but, people seem to grow close through work. The owner will lease it for \$125 a year if we will put the time and energy into repairing it.

Right now, there are only two of us. We need at least two more people to share and build a community and house of hospitality. We would also like to hear from people who can share their experiences or suggestions. And, this is the hardest part for me to write, we need money. We are putting in some of our own savings and working; but, that is not enough right now to meet the cost of building materials.

Please keep us in your prayers and, may Christ's peace be with you.

Peggy Weingard and Chris Toole.

Milwaukee

Casa Maria
1131 N. 21st St.
Milwaukee, Wis. 53233

Dear Friends,

It has been a long time since you have heard from us here in Milwaukee, and for this we are sorry. All is going well here and in the past year Casa Maria has experienced many changes.

Last fall, we closed the house for three months while extensive repairs were done. We replastered many of the walls, did a lot of painting, put in a new staircase and many other needed repairs. It was a costly project, but all the labor was donated.

As always, Casa continues to provide temporary food, clothing and shelter for people in need, but our main concern is for homeless families. Although we try to provide adequately for their physical needs, we hope that the time they spend here will be a meaningful experience of sharing and cooperation. Community becomes a real challenge and a real joy when such a diverse group of people comes together.

In April we received a cablegram from Mike and Netty Cullen in Ireland, telling us of the birth of their fifth child, Finian Joseph, on April 22. He was 9 lbs. at birth and is doing well. The last word that we heard was that the Cullens were attempting to get on a small farm in Ireland with another family. They are doing well and they send their love to all their friends in this part of the world.

With the warmer weather we have turned our small backyard into a vegetable garden. Also, a group of nuns on the outskirts of Milwaukee has shared with us a quarter-acre of their land which was planted with many good things for the house here.

And so, with that, God's peace and good graces to all.

Love and Peace,
Leo Ries

Whatever the program, for whatever the purpose or cause, if love is not there, then beware. Without love there can be temporary successes but with time they crumble.

Pope John XXIII

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36 East First

(Continued from page 4)

At the Catholic Worker we are surrounded by the mystery. I wish everyone could have just one chance to share dinner with us (sometimes it seems as if everyone were having dinner with us, the noise is so great). Joseph's "Rauchen verboten" is a familiar warning that doesn't seem to have stopped any of the smokers, especially Jonas who delights in puffing away at his pipe. Mark's gift of gladiolas may decorate a table. Gloria Rose distributes her gifts of chewing gum, candy, and clothing. Bill has been trying to find 1001 ways to cook liver, porkbutts and chopped meat, leaving the vegetarian meals to Sisters Mary Ann and Grace. And new arrivals Mark Ellis, Tony Konechnik, Tom Hammerton and Terry Grady have quickly mastered the intricacies of who likes what and how! Feeding a family of sixty every night can be quite a scene. But meals are times of closest community. (The disciples on the road to Emmaus knew Him in the breaking of the bread.) This community is not a model one; it has arisen from need and mirrors the suffering of each of us. Windows get broken; people are assaulted physically, verbally and emotionally. At times, insult, invective and noise fill the air and we are overwhelmed, for a time, by our helplessness. That is when the work must be revitalized by prayer and clarification of thought.

Friday Night Meetings

We seek this clarification at our Friday Night Meetings. At our first meeting of the year Fr. Jim Nieckarz talked on the Nonviolence of Kung-Fu. As he demonstrated shadow dancing for us, not a sound could be heard on the first floor. Grace, discipline and beauty prevailed. The next six meetings dealt with the foundations of Catholic Worker Personalism, a philosophy whose wisdom sustains our daily work. "I have no existence, save insofar as I exist for others, and to be is, in the final analysis, to love," wrote Emmanuel Mounier, a major personalist philosopher. His

On Voting

(Continued from page 1)

aggregates, not human persons. In our particular society, it enforces on "the masses" an order whose primary value is the security of things, property. We are engaged in the folly of trying, always inadequately, to substitute an order arising out of the value of each human being, of human beings associating in mutually respectful, responsible activity. Force has no place when people are respected. In the order we seek, the unifying principle cannot be external, governmental coercion, but must come to life and grow in each individual. The unifying principle we aim at is love. Love can never be amenable to that curious head counting ritual, elections.

(Reprinted from GENTLE PERSONALISM, the newsletter of the San Francisco Catholic Worker. Eds. note.)

CHARLES PEGUY ON ELECTIONS

"What does it matter to us," answer the politicians, "what can it matter to us ... We have unlearned the Republic but we have learnt how to govern. See the elections. They are admirable. They will improve. They will become all the better, since it is we who make them. And since we are beginning to know how to make them." The government makes the elections, the elections make the government ... The government makes the deputies. The deputies make the government. All oblige. The populations look on. The country is requested to pay ... This is not a vicious circle, as you might believe. It is not in the least vicious. It is a circle, just that, a closed circuit, a closed circle. All circles are closed. Otherwise they would not be circles. This is not quite what our founders had foreseen ... Founders come first. Profiteers come after. "The Republic" in MAN AND SAINTS

writings call us to go beyond ourselves to recognize the integrity of each other, to go out of ourselves to share each other's joys and griefs, to accept personal responsibility for justice, to forge new community which itself becomes a new living person—a reminder of the doctrine of the Mystical Body. Jacques Traver's enthusiasm for and familiarity with Mounier's writings helped us understand Mounier a little better. Jacques told us of Mounier's journal, *Espirit*, the forum for personalist philosophy, Mounier's time with the French Resistance, and his close identification with the workers. His life was the synthesis of thought and action that describes personalism.

On another Friday, Helene Iswolsky, a Catholic Worker and Russian scholar, told us of Berdyaev and Dostoevsky, whose influence on the CW is immeasurable. Helene brought us Berdyaev her friend, with anecdotes of the literary gatherings in Paris where she, Berdyaev and his other friends would sit over tea and formulate and share the ideas on Christian anarchism and personalism which fill his remarkable volumes. With all the fascinating and moving stories about Berdyaev, time did not permit a long visit with Dostoevsky. But she reminded us that in *The Brothers Karamazov*, Father Zossima clearly articulates Dostoevsky's position. "Brothers, have no fear of men's sins. Love a man even in his sin, for that is the semblance of Divine Love and is the highest love on earth. Love all God's creation, the whole and every grain of sand in it. Love every leaf, every ray of God's light. Love the animals, love the plants, love everything ... Brothers, love is a teacher but we must learn how to acquire it ... it is dearly bought ... won slowly by long labor. For we must love not only occasionally, but for all time."

At a most unforgettable meeting, Carmen Mathews, a remarkable actress and constant friend to the CW, read from the essays and poetry of Charles Peguy. Peguy on government and politics, the beauty of a child's prayer in God's eyes, reverence for creation and reverence for reverence, the sufferings of Mary, came alive through Carmen's sensitive presentation. The following week, Bob Gilliam's talk on Eric Gill was the result of a labor of love. Bob's many years as a Catholic Worker enabled him to show us Gill with clarity and enthusiasm—Eric Gill the craftsman, social thinker, communitarian, distributist, and above all, says Bob, the man steeped in the Church, possessed of its tradition and truth.

Reverence

These five meetings, and Pat Jordan's on Martin Buber, clarify personalism. They keep calling to mind one word—reverence. At a recent Monday night liturgy, an old and frail man who has been staying with us, dropped to his knees as we stood for the Eucharistic Prayer. Kneeling, says Rilke, "means to declare I am full of reverence ... raising your hat, bowing (are) abbreviations. But abbreviations we soon use mechanically. That is why it is good, where there is still room and time to do so, to write the gesture out in full, the whole beautiful and weighty word: reverence." With pressures, the haste, the crowdedness and magnitude of suffering, often the abbreviations suffice. But if we can make the room and time to "write the gesture out in full" before each other, to be reverent before the mystery of another human being, perhaps the personalist witness will grow.

Seeking safety from occasional robbers, those who are recognized as robbers, we fall into the hands of permanent robbers, the organized ones, those who are recognized as benefactors, we fall into the hands of governments.

Leo Tolstoy

As I see it, the death penalty is in itself a sin of homicide committed by society.

Jacques Maritain

POPE CALLS FOR JUBILEE, JUSTICE, AMNESTY

In his proclamation of the Holy Year 1975, Pope Paul has declared that the Church "renews her call to all those who have the power and the duty to build up in the world a more perfect order of social and human relations, that they should not give up because of the difficulties of the present times, and that they should not be won over by selfish interests. Once more we make a particularly strong appeal on behalf of developing countries, and of peoples still afflicted by hunger and by war. Let special attention be given to the many needs which oppress man today, to the finding of employment by which men can provide for the needs of life, to housing which so many lack, to schools which need much assistance, to social and medical aid, and to the development and safeguarding of decent public moral standards.

"We should like also to express the humble and sincere desire that in this present Holy Year too, in accordance with the tradition of previous Jubilees, the proper authorities of the different nations should consider the possibility of wisely granting an amnesty to prisoners, as a witness to clemency and equity, especially to those who have given sufficient proof of moral and civic rehabilitation, or who may have been caught up in political and social upheavals too immense for them to be held fully responsible.

"We express in anticipation our gratitude and invoke the Lord's abundant blessings on all those who will strive to ensure that this message of charity, of social awareness and of freedom, which the Church addresses to all men in the lively hope that she may be understood and listened to, is accepted and translated into reality in the political and social order. In expressing this hope we are conscious of following a wonderful tradition which began with the law of Israel and found its fullest expression in our Lord Jesus Christ ..."

PEACE COMMITTEE CALLS FOR RECOGNITION OF PALESTINIANS

On Sunday, September 22, the Yom Kippur Peace Committee vigiled outside Israeli and Palestinian offices in New York. Their leaflet, signed by 100 Committee members and distributed at the vigil, read as follows:

"In every year Yom Kippur is a time to seek atonement for violence and to end it. This year Yom Kippur will be the Yartzeit of the beginning of the most recent Middle East war, and of the death of all nations who fell in that war. As Jews we prepare for Yom Kippur during these Ten Days of Turning by seeking to turn ourselves and all humanity toward peace and justice. We especially seek to end the bloodshed that still goes on between Israelis and Palestinians.

"We will, therefore, join on Sunday, September 22, Sixth of Tishri, 5735, to vigil at offices where Israel and the Palestinian peoples are represented, carrying this message to them both—

"Today we ask the Israeli leadership and people and the Palestinian leadership and people. ... Turn toward each other, Stop killing each other. Make peace with each other.

"We ask the Palestinian leadership and people to end all acts of terror against Israeli civilians and to acknowledge publicly that there is an Israeli-Jewish people, now denied legitimacy by its neighbors as Arab peoples have sometimes been in the past, which is entitled to live in peace under its own government on its own territory.

"We ask the Israeli leadership and people to end all acts of reprisal against Palestinian civilians and to acknowledge publicly that there is a Palestinian-Arab people, now denied control of their own lives as Jews have often been in the past, which is entitled to live in peace under its own government on its own territory.

Notes in Brief

"We ask this in memory of all those who died one year ago; we ask it in memory of all the Israeli and Palestinian children who have died during the past year; we ask it for the sake of all those who will die this coming year if peace is not achieved; we ask it in the knowledge that all of us stand under the judgement of God."

* * *

U.F.W. BOYCOTT GAINS

The United Farm Workers Union continues to battle spiritedly to regain its contracts in the lettuce and grape fields. The national consumer boycott of head lettuce, grapes and Gallo wines called by the UFW has made considerable headway because, as Cesar Chavez said recently, the boycott has taken on a consistently broader base: "The strength of the boycott is not that we have many stores cooperating with us. The strength of the boycott is that we have the consumer and we're getting them more and more. ... The boycott is based on the people, and that kind of boycott can't be turned off." Grape sales across the country are down 10 to 40 per cent, according to industry publications, and the "Wall Street Journal" reported that Gallo sales are down 15 per cent.

Meanwhile, the UFW continues to organize where workers want the Union. It is presently supporting 50 Black workers on strike in Georgia, and on Sept. 6, 160 workers at Gallo's Livingston ranch, supposedly covered by a Teamster contract, walked off the job and demanded representation by the UFW. Other encouraging signs: the UFW has gained contracts this year with the largest grape grower in the Coachella Valley (Steinberg), with Almaden Wines, and in Florida has renewed important contracts in the citrus field.

Always in need of money and volunteers (contributions sent to the National Farm Workers Service Center, Inc., P.O. Box 48, Keene, Calif. 93531 are tax-exempt), the UFW is most helped by readers honoring the national boycott and spreading the word, BOYCOTT GRAPES, HEAD LETTUCE, AND GALLO WINES.

* * *

TAX RESISTANCE NOTES

On October 12, the East Coast Regional Meeting of War Tax Resistance was held in New York. The gathering brought out several pressing questions: First, the acute need for a National Office or co-ordinating body to distribute information on War Tax Resistance. (Bob Calvert, the inspiration and editor of TAX TALK, is no longer able to devote his energy to the newsletter.) It was decided that WIN Magazine should be approached with the idea of carrying a weekly column devoted to War Tax Resistance.

Second, a resolution was passed calling for a National Conference on January 11, 1975 to be held at 339 Lafayette St., New York City. The meeting will discuss proposed changes and make plans for confronting the I.R.S. on April 15.

In a related matter, the "World Peace Tax Fund" has been formed to work for legal statutes which would provide for the withholding of war taxes on the basis of conscientious objection. The plan calls for alternative uses of the money, ideally peace-related research and the like. If you are interested, write Kathy Maloney, WPTF, Box 1447, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

* * *

LEPROSARIUM NEEDS ASSISTANCE

The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul need \$15,000 to build a settlement for the homeless lepers of El Beni, Bolivia. Construction on the settlement which will provide individual bedrooms, occupational and physiotherapy, and a soup kitchen for the poor of the area must begin immediately, before the oncoming rainy season. Please send what you can to Sr. Pacifica, c/o Sr. Visitatrix, St. Joseph's Provincial House, Emmitsburg, Md., 21727.

The Church, Colonialism and Mozambique

WIRIYAMU: MY LAI IN MOZAMBIQUE. By Adrian Hastings. Maryknoll, New York: Orbis Books, 1974. 153 pages, \$3.95. Reviewed by Geoffrey B. Gnehu, O.P.

It is tragically obvious that the long struggle for justice, liberty, and peace in Mozambique still goes on despite the new regime in Portugal. Although within the last few months an agreement for this territory's independence has been reached between Portugal and Frelimo, the Front for the Liberation of Mozambique, fear, bloodshed, and violence continue.

Father Hastings has assembled and chronicled events and incidents beginning in May 1971 leading up to and including the massacre at Wiriyamu on December 16, 1972. The book is divided into three basic sections: a brief but informative history of Mozambique beginning with the Portuguese establishment of forts on the East African coast in 1507 (noting also the position of the Catholic Church throughout these years, including the Concordat between the Vatican and Portugal in 1940). The second

part contains the eyewitness accounts of various massacres, killings, arrests and tortures in the 1971-1972 period. The author concludes by treating the question of responsibility and the place of the Church, not only in this particular situation, but in the broader role of commitment to the Word as against commitment to governments.

It is one of those curious ironies of history that Portugal, despite her domestic weakness and instability, has until now remained the last major colonial power on the continent of Africa. The Church herself has had an unfortunate association and partnership with Portugal in the prolongation of colonialism and discrimination. Rather than taking the responsibility of proclaiming "life" for the peoples of Mozambique, the Church in 1940 accepted the status quo by signing the Concordat and Missionary Agreement; "in return for an increased right of entry and various privileges, the Catholic Church was accepting bondage, the bondage inherent in being used as a deliberate instrument for the 'Portugalization' of millions of Africans." According

to Hastings, the Church in fact has remained an instrument of the government of Portugal with regard to Mozambique. Some individuals, some groups have taken the risk to speak out against the system and to challenge the Church to live up to her call. One such group is the White Fathers, who because of their outspoken criticism of the government and because of the silence of Church officials, were expelled in May of 1971.

The author took it upon himself in 1972 and 1973 to let the world know of the systematic brutalities taking place in the hamlets of this country. His report of the horrible atrocities is written in documented, "newspaperlike" fashion. At times his style is tedious, but throughout the exposition, there is an emotional appeal to arouse the consciousness of

and massacre at Wiriyamu are the same men who have paid the salaries of the bishops of Mozambique.

The situation in East Africa illustrates a problem that the Church must face: i.e., a basic question of priorities and vision. How does the Church see herself as a sign of the Kingdom, how is the mission of salvation to be lived, now, today, not only in Wiriyamu or Mozambique, or in Portugal, but in all countries and in each one of us? The answers, of course, are not easy or clear, but it would seem that such Church-State alliances must be terminated. The integrity of the Gospel itself is at stake; such alliances, besides insuring the status-quo, give a privileged position to the Church in a country in which the vast majority are not Catholics. Moreover, these agreements can become a betrayal of Christ's message: "I have come that men may have life and may have it in all its fullness."

Wiriyamu: My Lai in Mozambique, in its very title, recalls that inhumanity against man is not restricted to one nation, to one colony, to one people. Each one of us has a role to play; the choice is ours. Acceptance of the Gospel is acceptance of the message of liberation, of freedom to live in the fullness of Christ, in service to our neighbor.

While the central text of this book may be deadening in its litany of atrocities, and while the reader may be uncomfortable with the heavy details leading up to and including the Wiriyamu incident, the book is of significance because it is a plea to our conscience and because it directs our attention to the role of the Church today in relation to states and nations.



John Muafangejo—Namibia

the reader and of the world; it is a call to conscience, a summons to each of us to be responsible for our fellow man and for the conditions in which he is forced to live.

Wiriyamu was not an isolated incident; the destruction of this village and others has been an insensitive expression of a mentality and system of government whose character is brutal and repressive. Hastings relates many incidents, but one is illustrative: "A woman called Vaina was told to stand up. She did so, with her little child Xanu in her arms—a nine-month old baby. She fell pierced by a bullet. The child disengaged itself and sat down next to its dead mother, crying frantically but no one was able to help it... Before the horrified eyes of the people the soldier kicked the child brutally, slashing its head open."

Who was responsible for the massacre at Wiriyamu? Certainly the Portuguese officers and the DGS officials. And yet Portugal alone is not responsible for its actions in East Africa. It is Hastings' contention that as the Portuguese rule in Africa slowly collapses, the racist regimes of South Africa and Rhodesia sense doom and are themselves threatened. How have these regimes been able to continue? The author points out that Western capitalism has had a long support and influence in the economies of these regimes.

The book is especially interested in exploring the role of the Church in the Mozambique situation and the Church's responsibility to Gospel values. I found this section especially stimulating and thought-provoking. Hastings writes: "In return for very considerable financial help, a privileged position and permission to introduce some non-Portuguese missionaries into Portuguese Africa, the Catholic Church surrendered its freedom of action..." Are practical political agreements and arrangements worth surrendering such freedom? Certainly fidelity should be to the Gospel and not to political arrangements. Mission is compromised once the Church becomes subservient to a government. The men who authorized the tortures

Letter From Roxbury

Roxbury, Mass., October 11, 1974

Dear Barbara,

This has been a day to beat all days. I don't know how much of the news you get, or from what angle, so I thought I'd bring you up to date. It's really scary.

I spent most of the morning up at Boston Tech (High School) trying to explain to the Black students the necessity for keeping calm. They're on the brink of blowing up. Yesterday afternoon a 33-year-old Black man was driving home to Roxbury from work and had to drive through South Boston. He was pulled out of his car and chased down by a mob of 100 Whites who beat him mercilessly. His picture and the picture of the mob on the front of the paper this morning made the kids more upset. So many kids being bussed into South Boston are still in the hospital from the rocks being thrown at them, and this was the last straw, I guess. Anyhow, the white kids at Tech pulled the school fire alarm today and as each Black came out, he was beaten up. The same thing was happening at English High. Both schools were closed. The tactical force was called in along with helicopters, etc., but it was terrible. I have never had so many horrible names called at me or been shoved and had my hair almost pulled out of my head.

Fear and Violence

Anyhow, Richard, my brother, finally arrived and took my place. The word was sent out for all Black parents to get their children from all schools and to remain inside their houses. Of course, my young'uns are at many schools. I went over to the Trotter Elementary School and picked up my youngest, Hugh. I rushed him home and got the word that Ann and Alan's bus returning from Hennigan Middle School was being stoned. Our neighbor, Alice, was on that bus with a walkie-talkie (she's an auxiliary police woman working out of Station 2), so she called in and by the time the bus got to the Blvd. the police were there. I finally got Ann and Alan calmed down, and started down to Dudley Station to meet Bernard coming from Copley Square High. I met Bernard running up the street and he told me to get back home—Dudley Station had broken wide open. Whites were there stoning the busses and beating everyone! A group of five Blacks were beating up a White man. We ran home. I called Newton Country Day School to have Helen stay in the dorm—but she had already left to keep her appointment at Boston College for the fall program. I called B.C. but no one knew where the Upward Bound group was

meeting. Finally at 5:30 she came in all upset because as her bus came into the station she got hit with something and the mob wouldn't let her off the bus. She rode back to B.C. and called me. I called Richard and he picked her up. She's OK physically.

Sargent has called for 125 National Guards to be sent into Southie, but what good is that for us? The National Guard is predominantly men from South Boston. The Black Caucus has requested Judge Garrity to call in the federal troops. All Blacks are to stay in the house until Garrity holds his hearing on the request tomorrow afternoon. We can't keep the lid on some of the Blacks much longer. Roxbury is very tense tonight. It's just awful!

The Color of Our Skins

Where are the Christians? These are the same people who don their veils and go to church every week! The same people who on Monday carry the sign saying "we won't let the Niggers in our town." The same people who last week asked Louise Day Hicks to speak at their demonstration and she said that the Whites won't go to Roxbury schools because there is too much crime in Roxbury—and they fear for their children's safety. These same people with hate pouring out of their eyes, calling names to me, beating and fighting and chasing my children, only because my child has black skin. My children don't understand what's happening! I don't understand what's happening. It's all so crazy. The sad thing is that after all the struggle, we still won't ever be accepted on a one-to-one basis as human beings. We'll always be considered someone dirty and smelly with no education or intelligence, and someone who carries a knife in his sock and is always on dope. When does it all end? Where does the logic come in? How do I explain it to my children? How do I continue to teach them that there is good in all people and we must seek the good?

I'm really just emptying my brain, Barbara. I'm still so hurt and humiliated and my heart is really aching for the children. How is it that just the color of our skin can make us so undesirable? Well, maybe some good may still come out of it all.

I think it's time to throw myself into the Psalms. Thanks ever so much for them!!! Thanks for letting me complain. I was about to lose my cool. Now I think I can cope with starting a new day tomorrow.

Love ya!

Marie Montero

(This letter was written to one of our co-workers. Marie Montero is a pseudonym. Eds. note.)

New Vision

(Continued from page 3)

for example, have formed in a variety of regions. They aim to guarantee all peoples the right and the opportunity to live, work and thrive on the land. One of the more inspiring is the Northern California Land Trust, Inc. (P.O. Box 156, Berkeley, Calif. 94701). "Inspiring" because its purpose is to secure land which will be leased to poor persons and families, those with no money to invest in land. Self-sufficient, small, organic farms are envisioned in this scheme, with groups of four families living on adjacent parcels of land, sharing more expensive capital goods and building a reservoir of experience. The land itself will remain in perpetual trust, always to be used for cultivation by those living on it. The New Alchemists, already mentioned, are exploring the cultivation of carp and aquaculture techniques on small farms, the recycling of wastes, and the production of complete food chains. The aims of such groups as these is to live more locally, depend less on transportation, get to know and work with nearby people, form community where they are, and spread the hope they embody. Peter Maurin expressed similar goals for Catholic Worker farms. The Chinese have shown self-sufficiency on the land is realizable. Such self-sufficiency is the basis of all real culture.

Obviously, this article only scratches a complex and problematic surface. It states some of the reasons for evolving new, alternative economic systems, which will necessarily effect and be effected by the political system. And it has pointed, in a symbolic way, in a new direction. As Dr. Schumacher told the meeting in Vermont, "I can't create the wind that will take us into a better world, but I can make a sail with which to catch it." Counseling that Gandhi said, "The first step is good enough for me," i.e., let us begin—he concluded that what is needed is humble, persistent work: "Then life is joy. The more tough it becomes, the more interesting it becomes."

Peacemaking: Universal Mandate

By EILEEN EGAN

The opening meeting of the Second World Conference on Religion and Peace, held in the ancient Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium (Aug. 28, 1974) was addressed by Archbishop Fernandes of New Delhi and Thich Nhat Hanh of Vietnam.

Addressing himself to the quality of life, the theme of the weeklong conference, Archbishop Fernandes told us, "The quality of man's life in this last quarter of the century depends among other things on whether the spirit of religion . . . can establish an active link with life as it is and with the caravan of history. Such a positive ap-

proach to earthly realities on the part of traditional living faiths and religious experience seems imperative in today's world and with it a greater understanding of the dignity, rights and destiny of the human person and a passion for human brotherhood."

Thich Nhat Hanh, the Buddhist monk-poet, pale in his dark-brown robe and with clasped hands, asked "Please, Brothers and Sisters, join your prayers to mine in complete mindfulness of who we are and what we are here for. . ." He feared the conference would be concerned with statements and memoranda and "fighting about words, especially long words," and asked instead that we

try to get to know one another better as persons and also to "really understand the meaning of religious expression in other traditions." The monk, who heads the Vietnamese Buddhist Peace delegation in Paris, ended with a poem of death and transcendence, "I am still here alive, able to smile quietly./The sweet fruit brought forth by the tree of sufferings!/ I walk on thorns, but firmly, as among flowers."

Though time was spent on preparing statements, and attending the simultaneous Commissions on Disarmaments, Economic Development and Liberation, Environment and Survival, and Human

Though there were Catholic Bishops from all continents, they did not initiate any discussion of the abortion issue. In the statement of one Commission there was a phrase against "indiscriminate abortion," but a follower of Gandhi from India objected to any form of abortion, and the whole phrase was deleted. Mrs. Yoshiko Nomura, a Buddhist, Director of the Lifelong Integrated Education Center of Tokyo, asked that the right to life of the unborn be recognized as a human right, and that the massive killing of the fetus be seen as murder. A vote on this matter was not sustained.

Unanimity was never achieved in the Discussion Panel on Violence and Non-violence. There were two clearly defined positions, that of total nonviolence, even in a struggle for liberation, and that which was prepared to accept the necessity of violent action as a duty in certain circumstances. The Soviet and Polish delegates urged us to see that violence was not only a negative force and they were positively scandalized when some of us insisted on love for the oppressor as well as the oppressed. The final statement read: "Those adopting the nonviolent approach see, as the essential ingredient in their position, love for all those who are victims to the situation, both oppressed and oppressor." Marina Bandeira, a close associate of Dom Helder Camara of Brazil, moved us all when she described a dialogue of nonviolence with a member of the Secret Police, a man guilty of torturing prisoners. She found him a dreadfully troubled man, entrapped in a situation not of his own making, and open to human values.

Some wounds of the world were brought dramatically to the delegates in a secretly-produced film on the sufferings of black South Africans entitled "Last Grave at Zambazi"; in the presentation through music, poetry and slides, of Vietnam's struggle under the title of "If We Kill Man . . ."; and in a heart-stopping report of flood death and suffering by Viggo Mollerup, Danish Lutheran Pastor and international aid leader, who had just returned from Bangladesh.

At the last session of the conference, the Louvain Declaration, the message of the conference, was read: "Drawing upon the inexhaustible resources of our several spiritual heritages, we have experienced together the truth expressed by one of the poets in our midst: 'I walk on thorns, but firmly, as among flowers.'"

One of the key parts of the message read, "We appeal to the religious communities of the world to inculcate the attitude of planetary citizenship, the sense of our human solidarity in the just sharing of the food, the energy, and all the material necessities which our generous habitat, unlike any other yet perceived in universal space, will continue faithfully if only it is well loved and respected by mankind."

Single copies of the Louvain Declaration free (send self-addressed stamped envelope) to: Dr. Homer Jack, Sec'y-General, World Conference on Religion and Peace, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York 10017, U.S.A. 12 copies - \$1.00 (U.S.A.).

A DEAL

In the middle of a prayer Rabbi Levi Yitzhak said:

"Lord of all the world! A time there was when you went around with that Torah of yours and were willing to sell it at a bargain, like apples that had gone bad, yet no one would buy it from you. No one would even look at you! And then we took it! Because of this I want to propose a deal.

"We have many sins and misdeeds, and you an abundance of forgiveness and atonement. Let us exchange! But perhaps you will say: 'Like for like!' My answer is: Had we no sins what would you do with your forgiveness? So you must balance the deal by giving us life, and children, and food besides!"

Tales of the Hasidim.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

and Dorothy Gauchat (now running Our Lady of the Wayside, that beautiful little home for damaged, disabled and crippled children in Avon, Ohio) all attended the school. (I beg our readers' prayers for Julia Moran and Bill Gauchat, both suffering grievously of cancer of the spine. Friends of both can write to Julia at Phelps Memorial Hospital in North Tarrytown, New York and to Bill at Avon, Ohio. They are two of the best Catholic Workers we ever had, with a keen sense of the primacy of the spiritual. To me they are both Christ figures in our tragic world, doing the hardest work, offering their pain for suffering humanity. They "have been accounted worthy to suffer," as the phrase is used in the book of Acts. Julia knows the school problems today because she also has taught not only her own children but also the children who came to the Catholic Worker so many years ago, the children of the very poor, on Fifteenth Street in '33 and '34, and on the Easton and Newburgh farms later.)

I have never seen more beautiful order than that of Dick Bliss' school where Hilaire is. The woods around it are cleared of underbrush, the fields are tidy, the houses are beautiful, and there is a great air of sunny cheerfulness. Academic work in the morning and field work in the afternoon, and two tours each year, one on sea off the Maine coast to catch the fish for their winter supply, and one to the South. Dick Bliss is interested in Eric Gill's ideas and is a friend of Graham Carey who brought our attention to the ideas of Gill years ago.

The Character of Work

I'd like to write a little more of "Work," that important aspect of man's life. To be earning one's living, to be raising one's food, building one's shelter, is a satisfaction, and in my own family, John's inventiveness, his tool making varied by apple picking, Eric's electrical work, Jim's snow ploughing in winter and road mending in summer, and the girls with their gardens, herb gathering, sewing and weaving (Maggie wove 25 yards of cotton material for diapers for

her expected one in January), have a good life of work.

Our Maggie, when she was saving money towards settling in West Virginia, had a job in a neighboring village from eleven at night until seven in the morning, on an assembly line where a few motions glued a Timex watch box together, which box is discarded of course as soon as the watch is taken out. Small factory work in the country would not be so bad if something useful were being turned out. But what a torture to do such useless work! I am reminded of the words of Dostoevsky, in *The House of the Dead* (his Siberian prison experience):

"The idea has occurred to me that if one wanted to crush, to annihilate a man utterly, to inflict on him the most terrible of punishments so that the most ferocious murderer would shudder at it and dread it beforehand, one need only give him work of absolutely, completely useless and irrational character. Though the hard labor now enforced is uninteresting and wearisome for the prisoner, yet in itself as work it is rational; the convict makes bricks, digs, does plastering, building; there is sense and meaning in such work. The convict worker sometimes grows keen over it, tries to work more skillfully, faster, better. But if he had to pour water from one vessel into another and back, over and over again, to pound sand, to move a heap of earth from one place to another and back again—I believe the convict would hang himself in a few days or would commit a thousand crimes, preferring rather to die than to endure such humiliation, shame and torture. Of course such punishment would become a torture, a form of vengeance, and would be senseless, as it would achieve no rational object. But such torture, senselessness, humiliation and shame is an inevitable element in all forced labor; penal labor is incomparably more painful than any free labor—just because it is forced."

These words have always haunted me, and we quoted them in the *Catholic Worker* during the depression, years ago. Douglas Steere quoted them in his book on *Work and Contemplation*. And it has occurred to me recently that much of the reason for the violence—the muggings, rapes and murders—of the present day is man's revolt against the kind of work he is offered, the kind of education he receives. A thesis could be written on the subject.

Ember Days

While I was visiting my daughter and her children, she brought me one of the girl's old missals (with a morning cup of coffee) when she saw by my light that I was awake. "Be not sad, for the joy of the Lord is our strength," the second lesson reads. The first lesson, from the prophet Amos, is very fitting to read up there in Vermont where the young people are harvesting the great abundance of fruits and vegetables: "The mountains shall drop sweetness and every field shall be tilled . . . My people shall plant vineyards and drink the wine of them and shall make gardens and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them in their own land."



George Knowlton

Rights, there was time to get to know people. A religious service in a different tradition was held every day, a Shinto, Jewish, Buddhist, Muslim and a Christian prayer service in turn. Those attending reflected the religious adherence of the present-day world. Three-fifths of the delegates belonged to the religions of Asia and the Middle East (Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, Sikhs, Jains, Shintoists, Confucianists, Jews and Zoroastrians). The other two-fifths came from the Orthodox, Protestant and Roman Catholic branches of the worldwide Christian community. There were over four hundred delegates from fifty countries.

Wounds of the World

Rather than attempt an overview, I will record a few glimpses of the conference. The Human Rights Commission, on which I served as consultant-expert, in the main a reserved, unemotional gathering, burst into unrestrained clapping after Msgr. Bruce Kent, of Pax Christi-England, stated that religious bodies which ask government and the UN to protect human rights must come with clean hands. He spoke as a Roman Catholic in pointing to a few places where his church had to "clean up" the policy of secrecy, lack of accountability in money, elitism in education, nationalism and militaristic attitudes, the indefensible attitude towards women, and the failure to implement Council and Synodal resolutions on social justice.

The same Commission brought up conscientious objection to military service as a human right. From our discussions came a statement urging religious bodies to work for the recognition of this right among various nations and by the United Nations. Religious organizations, our statement went on "should also seek to open creative avenues of work in reconciliation, peace-making and development as alternative forms of service for those who reject all compulsory state service." To our great happiness, the representative of the Moscow Patriarchate, Metropolitan Philaret, voted in favor of the C.O. formulation.

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 E. 1st St., between First and Second Avenues. After the discussions, we continue to talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

November 8 — Dwight MacDonald: *Confessions of a Literary Journalist*.

November 15 — Paul Avrich: *Solzhenitsyn and Christian Anarchism*.

November 22 — Gordon Zahn: *Thomas Merton and Nonviolence*.

November 29 — To be announced.

December 6 — Julius Lester: *Meetings with Thomas Merton*.

December 13 — Barbara Wall: *Marx's Concept of Community*.

December 20 — Carmen Mathews: *Christmas Reading*.