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Workers Can Speak For Themselves

By ROBERT COLES

Millions of American men and women live and work and try to make do the best they can; and they do not find their way to the buildings where psychiatrists practice or, for that matter, to the academic offices of those social or political theorists who write so persistently and surely about what is happening to this or that "majority." For over ten years I have been trying to

find out how some of those American men and women (they are white collar and blue collar working people) think and feel about — well, about many things: black people, the bosses who run or own the nation's factories and stores, the politicians who come and go, radio and television programs.

No doubt about it, at times I can only be grateful for the work of the theoreticians: Eric Fromm, Theodor Adorno,

Herbert Marcuse, Joel Kovel. I will be sitting in the living room of a man who works in an automobile factory, or a policeman or fireman, or a store clerk, and I will hear the "authoritarian personality" giving vent to itself, and "white racism" coming forth, and "one dimensional man" affirming proudly what he and his neighbors have come to. On such occasions a theorist's ideas about what is happening in a society,

like a good psychiatrist's interpretations, help one to pull together what seems otherwise chaotic or frightening, or both.

Yet there are other moments, and they are not so infrequent either. Here is a man speaking who works in a General Electric factory outside Boston, and I have to emphasize that I have known him and his coworkers and neighbors for five years, spent that length of time with them.

G.E. Worker

"This country is in bad trouble, that's how I see it. We had no business getting into Vietnam in the first place; they're a bunch of crooks and thieves and liars, the people in the government we're supporting. Look at some of the countries we're pouring money into all over the world—dictators and generals run them, and there are a small bunch of rich, and most of the people are so poor you can't even imagine how they live, like animals they live.

"I get sick and tired of welfare cheaters and worse are the hippies, who sit around doing nothing—but they call up Daddy if they run into trouble; and the niggers, always pushing, pushing. But what the hell, who is really in charge of this country, who is calling the shots, who is raking in the money? Not the poor colored people, I'll tell you, it's not them. What have they got for themselves out of this country, for all the damn back-breaking work they've done since they got picked up in Africa by guys with guns and sent over here like cattle? What does the ordinary worker get out of this economy, that he doesn't have to fight for every year or two? Nixon freezes wages, he freezes prices, but the bankers and the stock market people (gamblers, that's all they are) just keep pulling it in.

"If you ask me, I think in the long run the working people of this country will have to realize that it is their sweat that produces the wealth, and that means we should have the same rights as the stockholders. No man should have to beg, and no child should go hungry, and no board of directors should be allowed to sit and make decisions as if it's the stock market people who turn out those cars and all the other things our factories produce.

"I'm no big brain. But I'll see some of those big brains talk on television, and I've seen them on the streets protesting, and a lot of them are damn fools and in love with hearing their own voices. They make you feel ashamed of everything in your life: your country, the schools your kids go to, the factories where you work and the things you help make, the union you belong to, the dreams you have—that your kids go to college and get good jobs.

"I'll notice, mind you, that the people who criticize this country most, they're not doing so bad. They call America all kinds of names, but just look at them: they live the good life; no one is stopping them from saying anything they want. I'd sure like to let off some steam once in a while the way they do; and maybe pick up a few bucks for it and get cheered; but no, I have to clock in at eight, and I'm no sooner home

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UFW: Contending Anew For Life

By JAN ADAMS

Migrant farm workers' struggle to build their own union may be stifled on April 6. Wealthy corporate agribusiness, through its Nixon-appointed allies on the National Labor Relations Board, has moved for an injunction against all consumer boycotts supporting the organizational efforts of the United Farm Workers Union. UFW boycotts, beginning with the five-year grape campaign, have proved the only effective, non-violent means by which America's poorest, most exploited workers have been able to win some of the protection and security which other workers enjoy. Cesar Chavez, UFW director, has launched a nationwide pressure campaign against the Republican Party hoping to make the Nixon NLRB rescind the injunction threat.

UFW Boycott: Non-Violent Power

In 1935, pressure from fruit and vegetable growers excluded farm workers from the National Labor Relations Act, the Federal statute which guaranteed labor's right to organize and bargain collectively under the supervision of the National Labor Relations Board. The NLRB was also to prevent unfair practices by management and unions. While other workers have been able to demand elections to force recognition of their chosen union, farm workers trying to band together have faced beatings, large scale firings, and blacklisting.

The UFW's Delano grape strike, which began in 1965 and ended with contracts won in 1970, broke this dismal, repeated pattern of failure and increased misery. The nation-wide consumer grape boycott made the difference. Growers could still count the state and local power structures (police, elected officials, and judges) on their side. They could still import thousands of desperately poor, illegal Mexican "wetbacks" to pick their grapes, with the connivance of immigration authorities. They could even sell thousands of extra lugs of grapes to the United States Army which enormously increased its grape purchases. But the millions of individuals and thousands of institutions who stopped buying grapes in support of the poor farm workers in California nevertheless gave the UFW the economic power to force contracts from unwilling growers.

The boycott, the organized commitment of concerned people to securing justice for the indispensable workers who pick their food, gives the union power to meet the entrenched power of corporate agribusiness. This farm-

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The Light

Fritz Eichenberg

Krishnan Nair To Visit

By LIZ BUTTERS and DAVE GEORGE

We have just returned from India. Our main reasons for going were to attain a perspective on how the spiritual and activist dimensions can be combined to make nonviolence a way of life and not simply a technique; to strengthen our own practice of meditation; and to learn first-hand from the Gandhi movement, particularly the land-reform movement.

While in India, we became good friends with a very inspiring man, Krishnan Nair. Talking together we all felt it would be a wonderful idea to sponsor him in coming to the U.S. We felt it would be a good way to share

the richness of our experience in India with our friends in the movement here. We also felt it was an opportunity to make international learning and exchange more mutual, i.e., less one-sided.

With this background, let us share a little more about Krishnan Nair as a person and about the specifics of our plans and needs.

Who Is Krishnan Nair?

Kesava Pillai Krishnan Nair is an Indian of 49 years, born in a village in the Trivandrum District of Kerala

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36 East First

By MICHAEL LLOYD

Last night the heavens opened up: down came the rain, the sleet and the snow; lightning flashed and the sky thundered, as if to mock the sunshine of the afternoon. Just a few days ago, it seemed that winter had packed up his bags and moved on—the sun was so hot, the C.W. doors were wide open, people sat outside, the bocce courts on the corner were crowded, and there was everywhere the lightness of heart such a warmth brings. It's strange how easily the moods of our bodies are governed by the elements: as unexpectedly as the sun of that day, the rain poured down the next, and there prevailed a mood of gloom and clamped-up irritability.

Sunshine and rain, summer and winter, conventional images for happiness and sadness which, Kahlil Gibran tells us, are indissolubly linked together as part of all movement and change. "When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight."

Sunny, clear skies heighten all the colors around us; gray overcast skies tend to cast a blanket of dullness and drabness. And yet, during the winter, during bad times, we still crave the bright colors of the sunshine. Bright colored clothes are always the first to go from the clothing room.

Too often we forget the colors when thinking of men who are down on their luck, the so-called "damaged," "broken down," "disadvantaged" "Bowery bums." Even though many may have "aspired to reach the moon and only made it to the second story," the colors of all shades of feeling and understanding are very much there, as they are with all of us: the colors of hopes and aspirations for the future, of remembrances of past warmth.

Within St. Joseph's House itself, it is easier for the colors to be a little brighter more often, because we have the strength of being part of a community. Perhaps we are a little like one of the cracked windows on our ground floor, each of us one of the cracks that fill the frame: the light filters through, but is refracted and reflected in strangely confused and crooked directions—a cracked window of love, with its intricacies of love, its fears and pain, its splinterings of joy and sadness. One of the difficulties about windows that are cracked is that those looking in from the outside have a distorted view of the inside; similar-

ly, those on the inside cannot see with any clarity what is going on outside.

This mutual incompleteness of vision often causes misunderstanding, tension, bitterness—and from this comes unhappiness. Too much outside pressure on the window could break its fragile wholeness, so it does need to be protected. But those on the inside must not forget that those on the outside are still very much there.

We hope that one day our windows may be whole and uncracked.

We have had many comings and goings, many happy events in recent weeks. Jean-Pierre Boyette has decided to become a "masterbuilder" at the University of the Streets, but he is still very much with us, living in an apartment down the street. We will miss Chuck Lathrop who is leaving us to carry on his work with Appalachian mountain people; we wish him good luck and regret the passing of his meat loaf.

Marty Arundel has just returned from an operation at Bellevue Hospital and is staying here while he recuperates. Also "Big Randy" Netley has rejoined us after an extended visit to Iowa.

Fr. Dan Berrigan came down to say Mass at the house the day after he was released from Danbury Federal Prison, a very festive occasion. Another happy event was our musical evening last Thursday with Charlie King playing songs and many joining in dancing and good cheer. In the background, "breadbakers united," a happy group of young people, were making healthy, organic, wholewheat bread.

We have had excellent Friday night meetings recently. Dr. Robert Coles enthralled us by recounting his experiences and reflections with the rural poor of this nation. Fr. Herbert Rogers spoke on the American bishops' response to the war and John Hyland introduced us to Paulo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*; one very exuberant evening, Frank Sheed treated us to a sample of his street preaching.

Last but not least, Marcel's "Saturday and Sunday nights at the movies" are still a great success. Recent movie subjects have included Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers, and Red China, in addition to cartoons and travelogues. In one film about the Catholic Worker, we were able to see how Arthur J. Lacey has graduated from "haberdasher to the Bowery" (clothing room attendant) to office mainstay and ultimate source of curt advice, encouragement, and philosophical commentary on life at St. Joseph's House!

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

THE FIRST CHRISTIANS

The first Christians, were real Christians
they died for their faith.
Before dying for their faith,
the first Christians
fed the hungry for Christ's sake,
clothed the naked for Christ's sake
sheltered the homeless for Christ's sake,
instructed the ignorant for Christ's sake.
And because they did
all those things
for Christ's sake,
their pagan contemporaries
said about them:
"See how they love each other."
The first Christians
did everything for Christ's sake
and nothing for business' sake.

AT A SACRIFICE

In the first centuries
of Christianity
the hungry were fed
at a personal sacrifice,
the naked were clothed
at a personal sacrifice,
the homeless were sheltered
at a personal sacrifice.
And because the poor
were fed, clothed and sheltered
at a personal sacrifice,

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

THE LAW OF LOVE

St. Augustine said,
"Love God
and do what you please."
We do what we please
but we don't love God.
We don't love God
because we don't know God.
We don't know God
because we don't try
to know God.
And man was created
in the image of God
and every creature
speaks to us
about God
and the Son of God
came to earth
to tell us
about God.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Perhaps because this particular Ides of March is so very Winter-bound, I like to dwell fondly on all the rumors of spring that have come my way. Dorothea Booke, who is visiting us from North Dakota, told me a week or so ago that she knew the sap is flowing in the trees, since she had made a trip with Alan to collect sap from the maples. Dorothy Day told me that Susie, her granddaughter, had brought her a small skunk cabbage from our woods. Although the mature skunk cabbage is a rank—and many would think—unlovely weed, the young plants are beautiful, almost exotic. As another sign of Spring to offset the effects of our snow storm, Marge Hughes told me today that the pussy willows up by John Filligar's little cabin are swollen, ready to burst into bloom on the first favorable day. There is also a kind of restlessness and noisy exuberance in the children, particularly in the youngest—Coretta and Martin John Corbin, Dorothy Day's great granddaughter Tanya Kell, and Barbara's two boys Cullen and Karsten—that can only mean, I think, that we are (or at least the children are) springing, leaping into spring. Finally, as much a sign of spring as new lambs, I think—Dorothy Day received a call from Tamar a couple of days ago telling her that Nicky and his wife are now the parents of another little girl, Juanita, thus making Dorothy great grandmother of five.

On a farm—even though it is one with more view than farming, as ours is—one of the most dependable signs of spring is either planting or preparation for planting. Here both Father Andy Cruschiel and Michael Kreyche are constructing somewhat primitive little greenhouses, where they hope to grow plants for transplanting into the garden when the weather is more propitious. Father Andy grew a fine garden out of his greenhouse plantings last year, and I think both he and Mike will continue in this tradition. As for John Filligar, our farmer, I am sure he has visions of gardens in his head which will become reality before too many weeks have passed. The proof will be in the eating next summer.

What with winter weather still with us, we are glad to have as many constructive ways of waiting for spring as possible. Helene Iswolsky has added interest for several persons by resuming her Russian teaching. Frank Arnold and Mike Kreyche have found Helene's classes so interesting that they have infused some of their enthusiasm into others. The latest aspirant is Sally Corbin, whom Mike Kresche has taught to print the Russian alphabet. Sally, though only nine, is blessed with many talents. With the help of Clare Daniels she continues to study music, and has most recently written a short musical comedy with songs of her own composition.

Reading, writing, studying, painting, engaging in long conversations in the dining room, working crossword puzzles, playing the piano, the flute, the recorder, the clarinet, etc.—all these are diversions among us. Dorothy Day, who was ordered by her doctor to come to the farm for a rest, prefers to find relief from heavier intellectual pursuits by knitting a dress for her small great granddaughter, Tanya.

Our heterogeneous, disparate community often seems to me to become more truly a community when Dorothy is here. Even our prayer life seems to take on deeper meaning. Although I do not think that the Catholic Worker can ever be measured in terms of awards and medals, I do hope that Dorothy's receiving the Laetare award from Notre Dame and the Baal

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VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

You can help America's neediest workers secure decent living conditions and their just place in society by working with the United Farm Workers Union. Volunteers are urgently needed to work organizing the non-violent struggle for change through consumer boycotts in cities throughout the country. UFW organizers receive room and board, plus \$5 a week. Write United Farm Workers, P.O. Box 62, Keene, California 93531, or contact your local UFW office. In New York City, call Jose Gomez at 594-0694.

Introducing Paulo Freire

Jan Adams

Paulo Freire is a Brazilian educator gifted with a truly radical vision of human potential. He believes that, at root, freed of our internalized caricatures of ourselves and others as cogs in the social machine, we can learn that it is our work, the way we choose to live, which creates society. That is, he believes that by learning to reflect on ourselves in society, we can build societies of free human beings held together by informed choice rather than oppressive coercion serving the interests of a few.

All who are unfree (and we are all unfree to the extent that we see ourselves and others as defined and limited by social roles) would be happy to dilute Freire's vision and escape the fearful, liberating opportunity with which it confronts us.

Freire is now receiving large amounts of publicity as a "new educational star," a man who has a corner on a "new miracle method" of forcing information into the thick heads of hopeless students. Recently, Fordham University offered him for \$40 a head (to those who could pay) in a seminar on "the Freire method." Thus he is being relegated to the hip, academic lecture circuit. And the National Catholic Reporter ran a lead article on Freire as the instigator of an educational "fuss" among Third World students, missionaries, and "older students and college lecturers who belong to or think they belong to the counter culture, heavily bearded, aggressively dressed or undressed." A better specimen of our terrified insistence on confining one another in prescribed social roles could hardly be imagined.

Freire has something far greater to

offer us than this nonsense. He emphasizes that "techniques" (the heralded Freire method) grow out of concrete observation of society and reflection on our potential freedom to create the society we choose. Nonetheless, through his experience in applying his vision to education, he has much to communicate to teachers about making the educational process a seminal experience of free, mutually respectful dialogue between and among the creative individuals who make society.

We are fortunate in this issue to offer a review of Freire's major work available in English, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*. Kristin McNamara, the review's author, worked with Freire in Chile. A Sister of Loretto, she presently lives in Kansas City, Mo. She preserves undiluted Freire's radical message to us all.

Kristin McNamara

PEDAGOGY OF THE OPPRESSED by Paulo Freire, Herder and Herder paperback, \$2.95.

The humanization of man can only be effected by the oppressed for they can see and feel their dehumanization. It does not behoove the oppressor to see that he has dehumanized nor does he realize that he himself is dehumanized. For the oppressors, to be is to have. They can not see that, in the egotistic pursuit of having as a possessing class, they suffocate in their own possessions and no longer are; they merely have.

This is the reality Paulo Freire faces in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*; this is the reality he has thrown in his forces to help transform. He began his efforts in Brazil, his country, while in the Ministry of Education under the presidency of Joao Goulart. At the time he worked chiefly in rural communities in

an alphabetization program. Because he was effective in awakening those people to look at their situation and take steps to change it, he was among the first imprisoned by the military at the time of their takeover in 1964. After seven months in jail without charge, he was dismissed and later went into "voluntary" exile in Uruguay. From there he went to Santiago, Chile, where he worked in the Instituto de Capacitacion e Investigacion en Reforma Agraria, the government's adult education project connected with the agrarian reform. Since 1970 he has worked on the permanent staff of the World Council of Churches, in Geneva. In that position Paulo is now working in an educational program for the Third World.

Pedagogy of the Oppressed is by no means easy reading both because of the originality of his ideas and the rather dry style—the man is so much more alive, happy, and delightful. Also, there is the fact that the book is a translation and suffers from that fate.

The book delves into what is versus what could be in society today. The greater part, however, is given to a presentation of Freire's methodology for consciousness raising, "concientizacao"—learning to perceive social, political, and economic contradictions, and to take action against the oppressive elements of reality.

In discussing the state of the oppressed Freire cites the great problem which the oppressed must overcome, namely, the internalization of the opinion the oppressor has of the oppressed. So often, daily, if not hourly, the oppressed are told they are lazy, unpro-

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Elisus' Miracle of the Oil

Workers Can Speak For Themselves

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than it's time to eat and say good night to my kids and go to bed myself. Then I'll read in the paper that I'm a bigot because I'm not fair in my mind to the colored — or to youth, they're called, not kids, or to the women and the fairies. Everyone wants liberation: that's what you hear, liberation this and liberation that, liberation for everyone—except families like mine, and we're the majority, only that Nixon is mistaken if he thinks we're always going to be so damned silent.

"Maybe all of us who just work and don't bellyache ought to start demanding liberation for us. I mean, we could quit showing up at the factories and start calling a lot of other people names. Soon there'd be no food in the stores and nothing to buy, and the planes wouldn't work, and the TV would stop and the newspapers, and we'd all be shut up. Then maybe we could start over again.

"You see injustice in the world, and you think sometimes we *should*—start it all over, and make the country better, make it more like the people said it should be, the people who wrote the Declaration of Independence."

Ambiguities

The longer I know this man, the more I hear him talk, the harder it is for me to call him this or that, and in so doing feel halfway responsive to the ironies and ambiguities and inconsistencies that I hear in his words and, more important, see expressed in his everyday deeds, his situation in life. He speaks at times about blacks and students and college professors with more anger and contempt than this excerpt indicates. He can be irrational, mean, narrow-minded; and he can work himself up into a spell of mixed racism and jingoism that would only please some

of the very people he chooses to attack later on: the rich and powerful, the "vested interests," an expression he learned from Harry Truman and uses over and over again.

He can also be seen working beside black men, talking easily and warmly with them, sharing food with them, offering advice to them and taking advice from them. One day, sometimes one minute, I hear him waving the flag frantically. The next day, if not the next minute, he is a strong social critic, a populist. A white racist, a one dimensional man, a male chauvinist, an American imperialist, an authoritarian person, he is a far cry from the noble, unblemished proletarian hero some radicals have praised to high heaven—and sought to lead.

Maybe there never was such a proletarian man, at any time in history, in any country; I have no way of knowing. I have enough trouble with my own reactions to what I observe. I become annoyed, saddened, frightened, outraged. I also feel admiration, respect, affection — and a measure of shame. Some of this man's barbs bring me up short, and make me wonder why it has been, why it continues to be, that in my mind's way of thinking I can't quite do justice to the complexity of his life, let alone the "problem" that arises when someone like me spends time with him and with others more or less like him.

Another Pitfall

Perhaps I should have known that only a certain kind of novelist or moral philosopher or social historian can do proper justice to the lives of human beings as they are lived. So one belatedly turns away from theoreticians and searches out another kind of social observer: James Agee in Alabama (*Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*); George

Orwell (*The Road to Wigan Pier*); Simone Weil among France's workers and peasants (*The Need for Roots*), only to find out that for them too, it has been hard to avoid another pitfall.

If all three of these extraordinary social observers tried to reconcile for themselves and their readers what seemed irreconcilable in the people they went out of their way to meet, there is something else they couldn't seem to stop doing when they wrote: scold the intellectuals. One can detect the following sequence: sympathy and concern for people hurt, cheated, brutalized; outrage at the society that permits and sanctions such a state of affairs — accompanied by expressions of disapproval, disrespect, or outright contempt directed at the intellectuals.

The closer Agee, Orwell, and Weil came to the people they wanted to understand, the more confused and outraged each of those three rather sensitive intellectuals must have felt. In no time, confusion and outrage can turn to hate; and hate directed at people who are familiar or highly visible is easier than hate turned upon a whole social and economic system, and those who benefit handsomely from it. So the worker I quoted above shouts loudest at blacks when he is most angry at those "vested interests" he keeps on mentioning. I suspect that for Agee, Orwell, and Weil a similar process took place, with the intellectuals filling in for the factory worker's blacks — the more so because a good number of intellectuals, in contrast to the vulnerable poor of our ghettos or rural areas, actually do make up an influential and parochial and by no means impoverished "vested interest."

Change Does Come

In 1960 I heard this from a member of the Klu Klux Klan, Louisiana

branch: "Let them try putting those nigger kids in our schools. If necessary, we'll sacrifice our lives to defend our schools, keep them white." In 1961 I heard this from a member of the Klu Klux Klan, Georgia branch: "It's a bad thing, this school desegregation, but it'll never amount to much, even if it spreads. The main work we have is to keep the white people proud of their race, and let the niggers know that some of us aren't going to sell out to them for their votes. We are teachers, the Klan is." Even on the extreme borders of fanaticism and racism, assumptions change, and rather more quickly than some of "us" (richer, more powerful) might grant, or for that matter, find it in ourselves to manage.

Day after day I have heard from ordinary blacks or Chicanos what they, like America's working class white people, have in mind: work, more money, a higher standard of living for themselves and their children. "We want in, we want to live like other Americans, we want the good things of life for our children. I want to finish high school and be an electrician, and I'd like to live in my own house and have good furniture in it and a new car and all the rest."

Black, poor, a serious student, the youth who practically shouted these words at me, or the white youths I know in steel mills or automobile factories, deserve to be described in a vocabulary that does not dismiss them all as brainwashed dupes but takes into consideration their ability to look into their minds analytically and examine their own society clearly.

Here is the youth just quoted doing precisely that: "I think a lot of white people are prejudiced; but the same goes for black people. But my uncle

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UFW: Contending Anew for Life

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worker power is non-violent power, power which consists of people acting together out of a love of justice strong enough to take sacrifice upon itself. For most, the element of sacrifice is barely noticeable: a mere choice of the inconvenience of turning away from a store when confronted with a UFW picket line, or perhaps of doing without grapes, or certain wines, or lettuce for a time. For active supporters, it has meant giving time and energy to picket lines and demonstrations. For the organizers of the boycott, farm workers and volunteers, the sacrifice has been more tangible: carrying on day after day the hard, frustrating round of picketing, leafleting and consciousness raising, trying to interest busy city dwellers, who may never have considered where their food came from, in the well-being of far-away families who often speak another language, or are of another race. For the workers in the fields, committing themselves to the union can come close to risking life itself: risking evictions, arrests, blacklisting; committing their families' livelihood, food and shelter, to the unlikely hope that the union will not prove another chimera, but will be able to support them through a long struggle (for the Delano strikers, five years).

Growers Attack Boycott

The proven strength of the non-violent farmworker boycott has led growers to seek desperately to destroy it. They hope again to use the law to deny farm workers and supporters the opportunity to act concertedly for justice. Their immediate threat is the grower-inspired effort of the Republican-dominated NLRB to get an injunction against the UFW boycott.

This new legal challenge seems preposterous at first glance. All previous NLRB decisions in relation to farm workers have taken the position that the National Labor Relations Act neither covers, protects, nor restricts

maker of Minute Maid orange juice, and employer of 1,200 orange pickers in its Florida groves.

Federal funds, taxpayers' money, are being used by the NLRB, which has said it has no authority, to attack farm workers. This move is worse than preposterous—why should workers whose income averages \$1,500 a year, who are forced to live crowded together in one room shacks without sanitation, whose children cannot go to school because of local hostility, constant moves, and sometimes lack of clothes, who are in danger of losing even their marginal employment through automation, have to wait for perhaps years while the courts mull over a phony legal challenge?

"Republicans Are Responsible"

The UFW reasons that it is the Republican Party NLRB appointees who are providing the growers with this chance to attack the workers' only power. Therefore, the union is mounting a nation-wide campaign to expose the Republican threat to its existence. Farm worker supporters are urged to send telegrams and letters of protest to Senator Robert J. Dole, Chairman of the Republican National Committee (310 First St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003). If the injunction threat is not rescinded, Chavez has promised to bring 25,000 farm workers to the San Diego National Republican Convention in August.

Jim Drake, UFW's director of organization has said: "Dole, Nixon, and their henchmen have decided to take on migrant farm workers and we say, 'Okay, let's fight it out.' But we vow to push ourselves into every Republican's campaign in the nation. Whenever a Republican candidate speaks, we'll be there with the same question, 'Why does the Republican Party deprive farm workers of a union?' The Republican Party may have a plan to destroy us and maybe they will, but Cesar Chavez guarantees that migrant workers will take some Republican Senators and Congressmen down with them on this one. For us to boycott is to live, so we will fight to the end to save our right to boycott."

Growers Sponsor Labor Bills

This Republican NLRB injunction threat is only the latest in a series of grower attempts to destroy the union by enlisting the supposedly "impartial" law of the land on their side. In March, 1971, lettuce growers faced with a boycott tricked the union into joining in phony negotiations. Meanwhile, they put all their energy and power into securing California legislation which would render unionization of the farm workers impossible. This effort, the Cory bill, was defeated this summer by a national UFW campaign to persuade Democratic Party leaders to restrain their California cohorts and a climactic rally of 10,000 field workers outside the legislature in Sacramento. Similar bills were killed in Oregon and Colorado, but growers did succeed in getting a restrictive law in Idaho. This year they are continuing their legislative campaign and have bills up for consideration in Indiana, New Jersey, Ohio, Florida, and New York.

Is Legislation Desirable?

Union supporters need to understand thoroughly the implication of legislation which claims to define farm workers' rights to organize a union. The state bills introduced by the growers pretend to defend farmworker unionization, while actually making it impossible. They seem to guarantee union recognition and good-faith bargaining after secret-ballot elections. But by setting up grower-dominated state agricultural labor relations boards (separate from the boards dealing with labor disputes in other industries), prohibiting the union from organizing consumer boycotts even by supporters in other states, and outlawing strikes at

harvest time, they effectively prevent any organization other than that of employer-dominated company unions. Chavez has commented on the emptiness of union recognition under such laws: "Growers can litigate us to death. Forced at last by court order to bargain in good faith, they can bargain in good faith around the calendar if need be—unless we are allowed to apply sufficient economic pressure to make it worth their while to sign. We want recognition, yes, but not with a glowing epitaph on our tombstone."

Moreover, the grower-sponsored laws would prevent the union from winning the contract provisions necessary to protect migrant farm workers from their peculiar scourges. All UFW contracts to date have banned the most deadly pesticides, such as DDT and Parathion, and regulated the use of other pesticides, to protect both workers and consumers; growers' laws would prohibit such agreements. UFW contracts also guarantee a union hiring hall, thus breaking the power of labor contractors who exploit powerless workers who must join up with them to find work; the proposed bills would perpetuate the contractors' power by ensuring employers the right to hire from any source.

On the federal level, the question of farm labor legislation is also a tricky one. Former California Senator George Murphy introduced a National Agricultural Labor Relations Bill substantially like those now being presented in state legislatures; the UFW contributed substantially to ensuring Murphy's rejection by California voters in 1970. Inclusion under the National Labor Relations Act would be no panacea for farm workers either. In 1935 the NLRA was a great boon to struggling unions. But with its amendments (Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 and Landrum-Griffith Act of 1959), it is now a piece of legislation designed to keep

(Continued on page 7)



Angel of Passover



Absalom

the UFW. In fact, they have repeatedly denied having any jurisdiction in connection with farm workers. Now, suddenly, Nixon-appointed NLRB general counsel, Peter Nash, who once served as counsel to Del Monte Foods, a past boycott target, is seeking a court order in federal court at Fresno, California forcing the still-unprotected UFW to cease boycotting under NLRB restrictions.

While the UFW believes it has a strong case which could defeat this challenge in the courts, eventually, it cannot afford a long legal battle while under restraint. The union is just beginning to succeed in its drive to bring the benefits of contracts to migrants outside the southwest: on February 29, it won a contract with Coca-Cola,

Co-op Housing

By WILLIAM HORVATH

It is over ten months since I left beautiful Boston to come to Michigan to work as a construction supervisor. We are building a complex of co-operative housing on 400 acres some 22 miles north of Detroit. The Michigan Credit Union League is sponsoring the non-profit project with six million dollars. In this state the law invites credit unions to invest in co-op housing by allowing them to use 25% of their surplus for such investment. In this way, members of a credit union may petition their board to build housing co-operatively in their community. Families then can take part in building housing which will make the kind of neighborhood they want.

On our housing estate, the famous Levitt and Son builder is the general contractor, and they are using a factory-made module. The units come in box-like form on long trailers. Each unit is 80x12 feet. Four of them put together make 3 complete townhouses with bathrooms and kitchens. We can put up three to five attached houses in a day.

Michigan is quite progressive in using union labor and the various trades co-operate beautifully. When the 80-ton crane is ready to lift the 12-ton module, everyone helps set it on the foundation. Some 250 men and women work in the module factory in Battle Creek. I am told there are women plumbers, carpenters and electricians. This combination of factory and field work to build housing brings the industry at last into line with modern economic organization and technology.

What an enormous amount of capital, skill and patience it takes to build

houses in 1972! It is a long road from the beginning of an idea to the reality of construction. I've known and worked with organizers of co-op housing for over fifteen years. Now I see some of my friends doing the work, and their hair is turning white prematurely with the difficulties of dealing with so many government agencies. It is hard to bring together the skills necessary to build a modern community. Moreover, organizers and agencies often fail to recognize some fundamental truths about our system of political economy.

There is no such thing as a low cost house. Land is too high in price; money is too expensive to borrow; building materials are sold like jewels. Building labor is insecure in a world of feast or famine, that is, seasonal labor, and thus demands a high hourly wage. The middle income family (earning as much as \$12,000 a year) cannot pay for a new house today. These families do not realize that they are really house poor. It would be interesting to learn the difference between the subsidy given to lower high housing costs for poor families in Public Housing and the indebtedness incurred for housing by families earning \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year. We may discover that both need a lot of help. How sad and ironic that our laws treat them so vastly differently in how they own and control their property rights. Our tax funds are used by intention to discriminate between the ways people are helped to gain good housing. People should know they are favored or discriminated against by the Government simply because of their economic and social position.

On Practice and Faith

THE GEOGRAPHY OF FAITH, Conversations between Dr. Robert Coles and Fr. Daniel Berrigan, Beacon Paperback, \$2.95. Reviewed by Joe McMahon.

We often can see that much of our society is ill, that it should not and does not have to be that way, that we need to inspire others as well as to become healthy ourselves, and yet we wonder at times what we can do. Perhaps good health is too simple and joyful and thus frightens us. Maybe we do not really know what good health is.

In *The Geography of Faith*, we find two people sincerely interested in better health for all of us. We first meet Dr. Robert Coles, the author of this moving dialogue, a man dedicated to his work in child psychology. Then we meet, in a new way, Father Daniel Berrigan, then underground, knowing (even hoping) that he will be caught, yet standing witness wherever possible against the faces of death.

The Edge of Society

By placing himself in jeopardy, Daniel Berrigan finds himself "at the edge" of society, and it is here that he can take a sharper, clearer look at our sick society. He does not hope to set up new systems, but rather simply to say "yes" to life, and "no" to everything anti-life. But life and death are closely tied in every sphere of activity, and as we come to see this, we find that there is really only one war, at home and abroad. Armies, homes, and schools can have much in common if they succeed in molding lives and stifling youthful spirits. To the extent that they succeed, Daniel Berrigan sees our society suffering its just punishment.

"Children pay for these victories. We all do. We become indifferent and self-centered — the very enemy of Christ's spirit of sacrifice and love for all mankind."

And would we not be in better health

ourselves if we did not cause sickness in others?

Psychiatry and Health

We may wonder what professionals in psychiatry can offer to an understanding of how to approach social health. More and more it seems that the help they offer is only for those who can pay for it, and that the adjustment they seek to facilitate for the individual is an adjustment to society as it is, unhealthy as it is. So we must ask, what do they really know about well-being? According to Robert Coles: *"We study certain things (about the human mind); we don't study other things . . . I think that just as there is a certain moral lethargy or worse in certain quarters of the Church, . . . so there are psychological inhibitions among psychiatrists."*

Dr. Coles had been hesitant at first to become involved with radical people because he knew that those who confide in him each day would not understand. Yet he was keenly responsive to the civil rights struggle in the sixties and now he again felt it most important to act honestly. He began by opposing the oppressive treatment of Philip Berrigan and David Eberhardt in Lewisburg Penitentiary. Soon he was contacted by Daniel Berrigan who saw in him the hope of a new inspiration from the psychiatric community.

Unlimited Possibilities

Robert Coles brings to life much that we do not often see. He is close to the lives of ordinary working people who are often spiritually crushed by politicians. He has heard their strongly felt ideas which they "don't easily talk about in public." Many feel themselves victims of circumstances, of the way their country has been as they have grown up in it. In responding to them, he reminds radical intellectuals:

"Christ eagerly challenged us in many ways . . . He asked us to forsake a pharisaic view of human nature which . . . constantly sets up niches and categories . . . He insisted that there are dozens and dozens of possibilities in all of us . . . What matters is not the letter, but the spirit, not what a generation's smug, self-satisfied pharisees say, but what the forgotten and forsaken might become."

Self-Scrutiny

Robert Coles knows how easy it is for us to make Daniel Berrigan an heroic figure, and still not grow in health. *"It is us, the onlookers, who set aside . . . the Berrigans of this world by conjuring up 'martyrdom' for them. That way they are special; it is not their deeds which challenge us, but their 'psychology' which intrigues or fascinates us. And no doubt about it, intrigue or fascination are easier to bear than self-scrutiny."*

It is important then that we look at ourselves as well as society as we seek better health. We must understand that the peaceful means are as important as the peaceful ends. And as the geography of faith unfolds before us, we see more clearly the freedom of the soul to assert its responsibility at whatever time or place.

"We aim," says Daniel Berrigan, *"for an ethical community under God—knowing that no particular sign of progress in that direction ought to give us cause to rest, just as no evidence that we are for a while stuck in the mud ought to cause us to give up, to lose hope."*

Family and "Movement"

The exchange between Dr. Coles and Fr. Berrigan brings much to light about the family and about the "movement." Is the family a source of hope for the future? or is it being drawn closer to the "dead center of society"? Does not the condition of the family reflect the condition of society? Is the "movement" safe from the pitfalls of success? Can its youthful energy survive cooptation

by presidential candidates? Could it become a category, a safe, familiar thing rather than a spirit?

This dialogue between Robert Coles and Daniel Berrigan asks far more of us than it answers. Father Berrigan aptly puts it: *"Some things are so close to the heart's core that they are reflected in the quality of one's life, and defy verbalization."*

Center Opens

The Bowery Resident's Committee (for the most part made up of recovered alcoholics who are living or have lived on the Bowery) has opened a community center at 267 Bowery. Center activities include a medical clinic, counselling, employment referrals, briefings with community groups, and publicity about Bowery conditions.

The center occupies the former site of Sammy's Bowery Follies, once advertised as the "Stork Club of the Bowery," which for nearly forty years (until 1970) was a popular stopping point for prosperous uptowners and tourists who wanted to see how the other half staggered on the Bowery.

The new center aims to answer the urgent needs and wishes of the Bowery resident who wants to escape from the feeling of loneliness he suffers, and from the squalor and fear prevalent in the flophouses in the area.

Self-help and service to the community are the keynotes at the center. People coming in for medical help, job counselling, housing advice, or just socializing are encouraged to take a part in the center's operation.

A visitor to the center around 5:30 PM on any weekday would observe a large room bearing remnants of its vaudeville past on the walls as well as a display of art by a group of recovering alcoholics. He would find fifty or more men playing cards, chatting, being in-



Balsam

terviewed by center helpers, while a pianist tickles the keys of a hollow-sounding piano. Volunteers mill around counselling, cleaning, or managing the office. Significantly, the TV stuck in a back room does not play a large role in the center: too much else is going on.

Adopting the motto, "If there is hope on the Bowery, there is hope for the world," the organizers of the center—run by and for Bowery residents—are exploring a way out for the inhabitants of Skid Row.



Mary McGinness

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

Shem Tov award will help more people try to understand the Catholic Worker, with its unpopular stands on poverty, pacifism, sacrifice, and personalism.

We are, of course, imperfect instruments, a microcosm of the world about us, with all the difficulties and problems which beset any other segment of society. Individually and collectively we live daily with frustration and failure. Yet for all our waste, confusion, what must at times seem a slapdash hippie life-style, we do survive. Some good is accomplished. Many who need food, clothing, shelter find them here. We always have with us some men from the road, those ambassadors of God, as Peter Maurin called them.

Serious Intellectual Work

For all our shortcomings, serious work is accomplished. Helene Iswolsky, who has written several really good books—among them *The Soul of Russia*, *Christ in Russia*, and *Light Before Dusk*—continues her writing. She writes regular articles for several periodicals, including a diocesan paper; and often does excellent articles for the *Catholic Worker*. Helene is spending her retirement with us, but it is an active retirement. During her sojourn here she translated a long, very technical book, written by a Soviet scholar, a book which is now used in American universities. Helene also continues her work with the *Third Hour*, a group which she helped found long before the current interest in ecumenism. In addition to her other writing and work, Helene has almost

completed her memoirs, a book which will be interesting to many because of her dedicated life. It will also be of particular interest to historians, since Helene's father was a famous Russian diplomat under the last Czar, and Ambassador to France at the time of the Russian revolution.

There are others among us who do good serious work. Stanley Vishnewski for many years has been writing and publishing articles and pamphlets. He edited and wrote the introduction for Dorothy Day's last book *Meditations*. At present he is working on a book which I certainly think will be published and which many will enjoy reading. Marty Corbin is not only a fine scholar but has also done some important work in translation. For the past several years Marty has also given courses in the history of American Radicalism at Marist College. As for Rita Corbin, anyone who has been reading the *Catholic Worker* for the past several years or has purchased some of Rita's cards and peace calendars knows what a really fine artist she is.

Clare Danielsson not only teaches brain-damaged children in Poughkeepsie, but also directs psychodrama sessions at Marist College and elsewhere.

Michael Kreyche, who works so quietly and unobtrusively in so many areas among us, has a fine scholarly background in Greek and Latin, and a real flair for languages. Before he came to us he had worked in programs for the poor, the very poor, in Peru, Mexico, and elsewhere. He is young, a

(Continued on page 7)

LETTERS

City and Field

605 N. Cummings St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Dorothy,

Two weekends ago Jeff and I worked in Los Angeles on the United Farm Workers' boycott. A hundred campesinos from Santa Maria and the Imperial Valley had come into the city to work for two days on the boycott. Before that they had spent a weekend at La Paz being "indocrinated." This is something which the Farmworkers plan to do every weekend—to bring families from the land into the city to work with boycott volunteers. All the volunteers with whom we spoke said how much the presence of campesinos renewed the work in the city.

Saturday evening, after a long day's boycotting of Ralph's Markets (on the "Wine 9" campaign) we all gathered for a meal of rice, beans tortillas, fresh lettuce and broccoli. In the kitchen we saw lettuce cartons bearing the union label. So there was a feeling that we were all "sharing in the fruits of a struggle."

The day was one of real sharing. Or I should say it was a time when shared work was recognized. In a bi-lingual meeting after dinner, two members of each boycott group rose and reported how many customers they had turned away from Ralph's that day. Then each member of the boycott group stood up and was applauded. We sang together "Solidaridad pa' Siempre." And a poem of one campesino from Calexico, Francisco Gomez, was read. It recorded the Farmworker struggle, and earlier and other struggles of men to unionize.

That afternoon we had a long talk with Eugene (Winnie) Arballo who is now West Side coordinator of the L.A. boycott. He has been with the union for a year and a half. And before that he worked broccoli and cauliflower crops for many years in Santa Maria.

Everything about Winnie conveys that he has worked with his hands and body. His limbs are spare, his hands and face deeply tanned. He dresses simply in workshirt, jeans, and boots. But there is something striking about his presence, something close to the earth itself. The delicate bones in his face carve out skin weathered by seasons.

There is so much more I could write about Winnie, about one man here. Winnie stressed the importance of self-discipline in the Farmworker struggle. And as we talked I began to see how this was an essential part of his early self-education. "Everything I know," he told us, "I learned myself. When I was nine a friend in the state of Sonora where I grew up showed me the letters ABCD. And he gave me a book. And there, by putting letters together to make words, I learned to read."

Winnie also told us that he learned construction work as he learned to plant and harvest and later to speak and write English, by an effort of the will.

I began to see, too, how much a part of Winnie is consciousness sharing. This is what Chavez means, I realize, when he speaks of education. It is to learn to begin to share our lives with others. But it seemed that this was not something Winnie had to learn. He had learned in the fields, on the land, that the harvest was to be shared by all.

He said to us: "What are we here for in this world? To live like animals? We are not animals. We are men. And we must share with our fellow man." And he told us that before he came to work with the Farmworkers he was earning \$200 a week as a foreman. He said he didn't need most of this money so he gave it away to people who needed it

more. He told us also that one time a young man came up to him outside a market and asked him what he and the farmworkers were doing to praise the Lord. He replied: "What are you going to do to praise the Lord when the Lord says to help your fellow man? I am helping not one brother, but thousands."

I hope this finds you in good health. With much love to you and Marge and Tom and everyone.

Susan Pollack

Alternatives

2133 W. Juneau
Milwaukee, Wisc. 53233

Dear Dorothy,

Pat, David, and I have moved into the neighborhood near Casa Maria. With another family and three young people, we are living in a big old house which was given to the Casa Maria Community. As you may know, Mike Cullen and family have recently moved back to Milwaukee. Mike has ideas about his future activities and is calling some of us together Friday evening to rap about them.

One of the people living in the house, Maureen Hoyler, is directly involved in



Tobias Story

the work of Casa. From her I gather Casa Maria is as busy as ever being a house of hospitality for needy families.

The Independent Learning Center, an alternative high school I wrote about in my last letter (CW, Feb. 1971), is still functioning. People interested in knowing how we began, and about some of the struggles we face, can write us.

This summer I plan to leave ILC and hope to work in new areas in response to my deepening political vision. I firmly believe in creating alternative structures such as high schools, day care and pre-school services, food co-operatives, mechanic and printing co-operatives, etc., to build a new society in the shell of the old. But these alternatives fail to break really free of big government and big business! For example, ILC right now depends on VISTA volunteers, some OEO funds, and a NEAA grant in order to survive as a tuition-free school for low-income young people.

Also, we who are involved in so-called "alternatives" depend on establishment media to tell people what we are doing. I am involved with a group of ex-convicts in Milwaukee, called FACT, which is trying to explore alternatives to the

Introducing Paulo Freire

(Continued from page 3)

ductive, incompetent. After a while the oppressed come to believe what they are told. For the oppressed, to be is to be under.

Before describing his pedagogy Freire exposes the banking concept of education. Education is suffering from narration sickness: a narrating subject (the teacher) and patient, listening objects (the students). The students are the receptacles to be filled by the teacher. In this procedure, the only action allowed the student is to receive, file, and store the deposits made by the teacher. This is completely in line with the oppressor-oppressed system.

It is in the interest of the oppressor to change the consciousness of the oppressed, not to change the system. It is the teacher's role to regulate the way the world enters into the mind of the student. The goal is to adapt man to the world. Man becomes a spectator, not a re-creator. The oppressor always reacts to any attempt in education which stimulates the critical faculties and which is not content with a partial view of reality, but seeks out the ties which link one problem to another.

Despite the majority opinion stacked against him, Freire maintains that education must be a liberation, not a domestication. Its aim is to help one value himself, become critically aware of reality and be able to respond to it. This presumes that man is a subject, an agent, one who knows and acts rather than an object known and acted upon. The world is a problem to be worked on and solved; it is not a static given. Education requires praxis—reflection and action upon the world in order to transform it.

In working for the liberation of the world, the oppressed must overcome a deep seated problem—their only model is the oppressor. Thus, when they, the oppressed, begin to talk about liberation, they think of being like the oppressor, i.e., gaining power in order to obtain what the oppressor has. Like their model, they think and act in terms of a power struggle between the haves and the have nots. In order for the oppressed to be able to struggle for liberation, they must perceive the reality of oppression not as a closed world from which there is no exit, but as a limiting situation which they can transform.

The world and action are intimately interdependent. But action is human only when there is not merely occupation but also preoccupation, that is, when action is not dichotomized from reflection. Problem-posing education erases the teacher-student relation; it consists in acts of cognition, not transfers of information. The educator presents the material (a situation) to the educands for their consideration and he reconsiders his earlier re-

present prison system. The local paper will sometimes give our projects good coverage, but it also prints articles giving the public a false and misleading impression.

A third area I see alternatives falling in is that of sharing information with others. Why should someone creating an alternative school or a food co-op make the same mistakes others have?

In short, I see three basic needs: a strong economic base, alternative means of educating the public, and a richer understanding of and co-operation with other groups. We must deal with these needs if we are serious about creating a new society independent of the old and replacing the old.

What I am talking about is not new. Economics is at the heart of the thought of Jesus, Marx, Peter Maurin and others. What I am trying to find is a concrete way of creating an alternative economic base for a new society in the America of today.

Christian communism, as you prac-

fections as they express their own. The students are coinvestigators with him. The group together decides upon the necessary action. Any situation in which some men prevent others from engaging in the process of inquiry is one of violence. To alienate men from their own decision making is to change them into objects. Men are because they are in a situation. And they will be more the more they not only critically reflect upon their existence but also critically act upon it. "I can not think for others or without others, nor can others think for me." People, intersubjectively, must direct their action upon the object (reality) with the humanization of man as their objective.

The oppressor's strategy has been to conquer, divide, and manipulate work so that the values of the oppressor (the invader) become the pattern for the oppressed. Freire's strategy is dialogical: cooperation, unity, synthesis. "Dialogue is the encounter between men, mediated by the world, in order to name the world. Hence, dialogue cannot occur between those who want to name the world and those who do not wish this naming, between those who deny other men the right to speak their word and those whose right to speak has been denied them."

Cooperation consists in an I-Thou relation which works to unveil the world. There is a unity in which each one is trusted in his ability to reason and to work together; the struggle for liberation is a common task.

The synthesis is a social structure which, in order to be must become; in other words, becoming is the way the social structure expresses duration. Repeatedly, Freire emphasizes that the world is to be worked with by all, it is not already made. In regard to this he brings out a most interesting observation: the rightists and leftists suffer from an absence of doubt. The rightists affirm that today must be maintained, the leftists decree that with an overthrow of the present, tomorrow will be Utopia. Freire prefers to believe that only in a common struggle with each one acting and reflecting will tomorrow be more liberating and liberated.

Once, in a talk with a group of people working in Chile, Paulo Freire said, "Yo no soy si tu no eres; yo no voy si tu no vas." That, I believe, is a beautiful summary of his thinking and his work—I am not unless you are, I can not go forward unless you go forth. Only through an interdependent process will the world be transformed.

Phillip Slater, in *The Pursuit of Loneliness*, cites three human desires that are deeply frustrated by American culture: the desire for community, the desire for engagement, and the desire for dependence. I believe that through the dialogical process proposed and lived by Paulo Freire, the oppression so deeply felt by Americans will be transformed.

in the Catholic Worker movement, is certainly part of what I am thinking about. But it is not forming an economic base available to the majority of the people, nor assuming economic and political power to change society radically.

I am now throwing around the idea of creating small businesses which hire the "undesireables" on the job market. The workers would receive fair wages and have complete control over the company. Any profits would be fed into alternative structures that need support such as schools or printing co-operatives. But as yet I am just throwing out the idea and trying to learn how to realize it.

Pat and David are doing well. We are expecting another child at the end of May but this hasn't slowed Pat's efforts to create a pre-school for children in the neighborhood, including David.

Peace and love,
Bob Graf

Workers Can Speak

(Continued from page 3)

just got a construction job, and he says he's had some good talks with the honky-whites. He says you can't just write them off; you can't write anyone off, not if you're on the bottom side of the world and want it to change. The rich people, the well-off white people, they can wring their hands; it doesn't cost them any money to do so. I can't afford to think that way."

Class Consciousness

A particular element of class consciousness is to be found in much of what I hear from such youths, black or white: while they must work hard for relatively little and keep their mouths shut, others live well, call themselves "liberals" or "radicals" or whatever, and come up with one idea after another. And some of these ideas, those elaborate if not overwrought theories, have about them, as they filter down to "them," the impersonal objects of description and formulation, an air of unreality, if not of comic absurdity.

For instance, a former factory worker, now a union official, says this: "The more I hear people shout at me and my men, and call us 'white racists,' the more I realize that the people who shout the loudest know us the least—but you can be sure of this, they get paid plenty for writing, and telling the Kerner people our 'racial attitudes' are the 'basic cause.' The people who call me a 'white racist' are bragging, they're saying they are the best people, they've looked into their souls, and changed their personalities, and got rid of their 'white racism,' and they're no longer bigots and all that, and taken in by the 'false values,' they call them, of this country. Of course these professors come here from all over the world to live; you bet they do—where else can they sound off as much as they want, and say all they do, and get a lot of money for doing it, and have a flock of those half-witted, gullible students rushing after them.

"I'd sure as hell like to let off some steam about a lot of things, and so would my men; but people like us are keeping the electric company going, and the gas company, and the telephone company, and the production lines—we're too busy trying to earn enough not to go broke, so we just have to live with our 'racism' and all the rest. But you go look for yourself: you'll see my men, black and white, doing their job. I wonder how much time these people that write all these things about us spend with black people—or with anyone except themselves. We're supposed to say yes to what they say about us—but just let us say a word or two about them, and we're called ignorant and pigs and racists and all the rest."

Sources of Hope

I have no wish to say that many of the factory workers I have come to know these recent years are not (in varying degrees and at particular moments) "white racists," and many other "bad" things, too. I suppose I have enough first hand data to justify utter despair—the conviction that we are headed for the rubbish heap of history. Still, there are about us the examples of Cesar Chavez, Andrew Young, John Lewis, Ralph Nader, Dorothy Day, Saul Alinsky, Julian Bond, and dozens of white and black political organizers I have been privileged to know in this past decade—I think of Bob Zellner, once of SNOC and now in Louisiana and Mississippi trying to be of service to poor and working-class whites, and of Jim Branscome fighting the strip miners and big coal and oil interests through Save Our Kentucky, or of Charles Sherrod among rural Georgia's blacks.

None of the people I have just mentioned as sources of hope and promise has any new or ingenious answers for us; some of them are proud to say

that they have never written a word, let alone constructed a theory or written a book, and yet some have written tentatively, yet also with a tough insistence, that there are all sorts of things that can be done and that they themselves are everyday trying to do. And they know that they are exceptional, often isolated figures, up against more cynical and powerful leaders who long ago were willing to manipulate and sell out the working people who counted on them.

It may be that never in our lifetime or in anybody's lifetime will Americans rid themselves of "white racism." But perhaps we can, many of us, black and white, intellectuals and workers, fight hard and politically so that children are well fed, so that their parents can find work and get good pay for that work—and most important, in the words a young welder once directed at me, so that "the working people of this country have more and more say about what goes on in this country." A Southerner, the man's father belonged to the Klan: "Once my daddy, when he was old, and just before he died, told me this: he said that if our country had been a better one, he'd have had a good job and lived a better life, and not been pushed around all the time and had the money from his crops go to the big landowners and the banks, and then he'd have been a better person."

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UFW: Contending Anew for Life

(Continued from Page 4)

a balance between two theoretically equal, competitive interests: big labor and big business. For the UFW, in the hard early stages of organizing the previously voiceless, Taft-Hartley's ban on secondary boycotts (boycotts of stores which carry non-union produce), and Landrum-Griffith's ban on boycotts of "hot-cargo" (non-union produce at its distribution points), would destroy the farm workers' only instrument of progress. Moreover, the Taft-Hartley rules which permit states to ban the union shop (in which all workers who enjoy union contracts must join the union after working a specified time) would perpetuate the labor contractor system. Since the UFW is by no means "big labor," in fact is struggling to organize defenceless and often cowed migrants whom employers have dominated thoroughly in the past, it could profit only from a legal status such as similar new unions enjoyed under the unamended NLRA of the thirties.

A Lesson in Freedom

At first the farmworker unionization struggle seemed a simple matter of wresting a pittance for those who have next to nothing from the few who have most everything. But its tiny successes (only 5% of America's migrants yet come under union contracts) have brought into clear focus how "the establishment," wealthy corporate business which sets the terms of politics, will not permit even a slight challenge to its strangle-hold on power. True, a few companies, kicking and screaming to the finish, have signed contracts—and then made up "losses" at the expense of the consumer. (Since a lettuce picker only receives 1/4 of a cent per head of lettuce, worker wages could be doubled without appreciably affecting the price to the consumer.) But the UFW struggle has proved to involve much more than money.

Since its beginnings in 1965, the union has depended on the organized sup-

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 5)

port of thousands of people who have believed that by combining their forces they could give voiceless migrants power to rival rich corporations. Past boycotts have proved that hope justified. Farm workers have been able to build their own union—and we have all learned that we can act together, non-violently, to seize some control of our lives, our lives which the wealthy, powerful rulers of society would determine for us.

I hardly need to mention that Doro-



Tobias Story

thy Day herself, who works wherever she goes, does much of her writing and work here. I do hope that Dorothy will be able to finish her book All is Grace right here at the Catholic Worker farm with a view.

There are, of course, others who deserve mention, but one cannot mention everyone and everything in one article. If I have dwelt at some length on certain accomplishments, it is because our shortcomings and failures are usually so very visible. Visitors, even those who spend several weeks, or those who come to study us for a book, article, or thesis, often see only the tip of the iceberg, which frequently appears to be largely composed of our more obnoxious defects. Nevertheless, underneath there is that vast bulk, which is largely God's grace (without which we could not be at all), intermingled with that suffering through which God's grace is so often infused, plus what God surely wants from us (though we give not as freely as we should): hard work, hard thinking, hard praying.

Daily Manual Work

By writing so much of intellectual endeavor, I do not wish to diminish in the least the manual work which is so essential to our survival. Marge Hughes, who is in charge here, has a very hard job indeed. It is not easy to manage a place so unstructured as ours, where all work is done on a volunteer basis. Marge not only manages but also takes part in the work. She is an excellent cook and baker, and is particularly good in caring for the sick, some of whom we always have with us. There are many, including both young and old, who volunteer to help with the cooking; and most of them—considering our limited budget—do a good job. Cleaning is not so popular. Frank Arnold, who is an accomplished pianist, has also developed real efficiency in bathroom cleaning. Dominic Falso, who is such a good cook that he really deserves the title of chef, has also a real flair for cleaning. We are particularly grateful to him for keeping the chapel clean and beautiful. Visitors also help with cleaning. Dorothea Booke, our North Dakotan visitor, has found a number of odd jobs in cleaning to do about the place. Whenever Roger Lederer visits us, he always undertakes some cleaning projects. Certainly we are not as clean as we might be, but then we are not as dirty as we might be either.

Since Mike Sullivan's illness, the maintenance work, which is never ending, falls heavily on John Filliger. The furnace, the water system, the cess-pools, and all the pipes thereof, seem to need constant attention. Yesterday morning, while the Ides of March snow was still falling, John and Tommy Hughes were out trying to repair the damage done by a broken pipe.

Mike Sullivan, by the way, is still gravely ill in Northern Dutchess Hospital in Rhinebeck. Alice Lawrence and others visit him when possible. I hope our readers will pray for him.

From my window I can hear the sound of flowing water down the ravine. Thawing snow, it is, and I am glad. Glad are the song sparrows, too; for they are singing as though they had had suddenly discovered a wild plum thicket, climaxed by an April morning from my childhood.

Regina Coeli, pray for us to Christ, that we may endure, that we may follow in His Way.

"Keep this day in remembrance, the day you came out of Egypt, from the house of slavery . . . And on that day you will explain to your son, 'This is because of what Yahweh did for me when I came out of Egypt.' The rite will serve as a sign on your hand would serve, or a memento on your forehead, and in that way the law of Yahweh will be ever on your lips, for Yahweh brought you out of Egypt with a mighty hand." Exodus 13.

Ain't Gonna Pay No More

AIN'T GONNA PAY FOR WAR NO MORE, By Robert Calvert. Published by The War Tax Resistance, 339 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. October 1971, 128 pages, \$1. Reviewed by Tom Cornell.

This book represents a tremendous contribution to the movement against war and for a more decent society, in itself and in the War Tax Resistance campaign from which it emerges. Probably the most significant development in The Movement during the past two years has been the growth of organized tax resistance along with its alternate funds. Tax resistance has long been recognized as a pillar of anti-war activity, at least in theory. After long incubation since the beginning of the Cold War in 1948, tax resistance is taking its place in the minds of many pacifist activists alongside such stances as conscientious objection and draft resistance.

Ain't Gonna Pay is an unusual movement publication. It is pocket size, has a soft cover, is handsomely but modestly produced. The type is legible and generously spaced, it is crammed with useful information in a digestible form, and it is sprightly and wryly humorous. To Bob Calvert is due not only credit for this most useful book, but also for the cohesion and outreach the national tax resistance has attained. A most extraordinary man, you may read more about him in his own disarming paragraphs "About the Author," in the comments about him by Bradford

Lytle on the back cover, and in David Dellinger's Preface.

Karl Meyer

Much of the impetus for the tax resistance movement has come from the writings of Karl Meyer. Karl has recently been released from Sandstone federal prison where he served 10 months for one of his experiments with tax resistance. An important new development he has spurred has been the alternate fund. Basic reasoning behind both tax resistance and the fund is well stated by Karl himself in his October-November 1969 CW article. It is well to repeat portions of it:

"If we pool all of the tax money that we did not pay in locally administered funds, we can create a model for a future in which men can regain direct control of their common institutions and effectively deny their consent to governmental programs they believe evil.

"In each community or region we can set up a common fund. Each contributor will have one vote, as in a cooperative. The members will meet from time to time to set priorities and guidelines for administering it according to their guidelines.

"Assuming that the federal income tax contributions of most people in the movement probably exceed their voluntary political, organizational and charitable contributions, we would expect that the tax alternative funds could become one of the most substantial sources of money for the projects and purposes in which we most strongly

believe. But beyond that we could hope that our experience in mutual aid through these cooperative funds would bear fruit in the development of ashrams and communities for closer economic and social cooperation, for it is when our constructive action and our resistance to evil become for real that we see the need and value of mutual aid and begin to create cooperative alternatives within the competitive society on which we live.

"If we ignore or neglect the great potential of tax resistance joined to con-

struction with the tremendous constructive potential of a Fund for Humanity, we will have raised a banner to which all honest and courageous men of conscience can repair."

Penalties

People are always anxious to know the penalties for various forms of tax resistance. There is a chapter of questions and answers taken from the column by Payno Warbucks in *Tax Talk*, organ of the WTR (\$2. a year subscription). It is practical and accurate. Stories of individuals who have dealt with IRS' and the courts' attempts to make them pay are told succinctly. Long-time readers will recall the stories of Wally and Juanita Nelson, Rev. Maurice McCracken, Walter Gormly and Eroseanna Robinson. Some recent efforts to collect taxes-due through confiscation of property and sale at public auctions are related with hardly suppressed glee. Here is the story of Bob Marcus:

On November 18, 1970, the IRS auctioned the car of Bob Marcus at the National Guard Armory in Boulder, Colorado for \$1.25 in phone tax money. People from the Institute/Mountain West, a branch of the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence and Denver War Tax Resistance decided to make good use of the opportunity. They sent out a leaflet to the 3500 people in the Institute's mailing list, telling them what had happened and asking that they contribute to a fund to buy Bob's car back at the auction. It was explained that all money bid for the car above the unpaid tax and fees is refunded to the tax (non) payer. The excess money would be put into the war tax resistance alternative fund. The auction was promoted as a "Joint IRS/Institute for the Study of Nonviolence fund-raiser for war tax resistance."

About thirty people showed up at the auction, held in a stiff wind outside the armory. "We passed around cookies in the shape of the resistance omega, tossed balloons of all colors into the air, and held signs which read 'I ain't gonna pay for war no more' and 'celebrate life—don't pay war tax.'"

Beneath a skull and crossbones "Jolly Roger" kite that went wild in the wind, two revenueurs read the IRS ground rules. They told Bob that he could still redeem the car. He stepped forward and said, "But can I redeem my soul?" The car was sold for \$277.00. It took about twenty minutes to complete the transaction because much of the money was in twenty dollar bills.

After the IRS got its blood money, and the Institute expenses had been paid, the war tax resistance alternative fund had netted \$203.35. Bob donated the car to the community. He decided that he preferred bicycling to polluting the air.

In addition, all the media covered the story extensively and pretty sympathetically. It can be stated that the IRS bought tens of thousands of dollars worth of publicity for the idea of war tax resistance. "A final benefit is that we showed the people of the community that tax resisters will stick together and help each other out."

How's that for a bit of nonviolent ujitsu? (pp. 89-90.)

The book ends with a listing of the eighty-nine local War Tax Resistance centers around the country (as of press date last October). There are now almost one hundred more, as well as twenty-three alternate or "Life Funds." These centers offer tax-resistance counseling, supply current literature, buttons and bumper stickers, coordinate speakers, produce demonstrations, and administer Life Funds. I suggest you buy at least five copies of this book to give to friends who might then help you to organize a war resistance center in your locale. You will get all the help you need from Bob Calvert.



structive action, we must be deaf to history and blind to experience.

"Do we not know that tax resistance has been one of the greatest sources and strategies of revolutionary movements throughout history? Has not history shown that taxation is a process requiring the general consent and cooperation of the populace? Has it not been shown that when numbers of people reject a government by withdrawing their consent from the elaborate bureaucratic process of taxation, that government is in deep trouble? Did not the French Revolution begin with tax resistance? Was not tax resistance the slogan and rallying cry of the American Revolution: 'Taxation without representation is tyranny!'? ... Did not Thoreau fashion the cornerstone of American resistance theory out of his own experiences as a tax resister? Was not Gandhi's largest and most significant campaign of civil disobedience, the Salt March, based on the strategy of tax resistance?"

"Can we not see what the IRS knows full well: that even where the public gives general consent to the process of taxation it is always and everywhere a grudging and tentative consent, a resentful and querulous consent, a fragile consent that must always be nursed and safeguarded by positive relations? There exists among the public at large a great reservoir of grievance, a vast subliminal potential for tax resistance and evasion that only needs to be aroused by news of widespread tax resistance.

"Let us learn from the experience of the draft resistance movement and the telephone tax refusal campaign. A few years ago, many people regarded draft refusal as a personal witness of the solitary conscience. Today it has taken on the dimension of a social movement. It is, however, restricted by the narrow age and sex range of those who are subject to conscription, and even more restricted by the narrowness of the draft as a single focus of action.

"When we combine real war tax re-

Krishnan Nair To Visit

(Continued from page 1)

State. He is married to Pushpam and has one nineteen-year-old daughter.

His participation in the nonviolent movement began in high school, when he was expelled for wearing khadi cloth. This cloth made by the local villagers was forbidden by the British government, which wanted Indians to buy imported British cloth made with Indian raw materials. Shortly thereafter Nair left his family to join the movement full time. In 1938 he participated in his first Satyagraha for the release of political leaders before the then Ruler's Palace at Trivandrum.

He then continued his participation in the freedom movement as a student in an experimental program at Tagore's university and later at Gandhi's ashram in Wardha.

His main work (over 15 years) since this time has been with Vinoba Bhave, and has included the coordination of the land gift movement in Kerala. His recent work has also included the founding of a Gandhi ashram in Kerala, the directing of a peace center in Madras, and the supervision of work in the Himalayan Border Areas under the Sarva Seva Sangh. He is currently the new joint director of the Rajghat School of Nonviolence in the Delhi area. It is the first program of this type in the Gandhi movement, and is sponsored by the Gandhi Peace Foundation.

Krishnan Nair might also be called a practicing yogi. His father and grandfather were both yogis. Following in their path, he has gone through a long process of spiritual searching. In the beginning he relied primarily on mantras, temple visits, and the assistance of four gurus whom he took as teachers at different times. Now he relies on several hours daily of deep silent meditation combined with pranayama (breathing). He has also practiced hatha yoga for many years in order to keep his body fit and supple. Mr. Nair has found that even in the nonviolent movement in India the distrust of the spiritual is widespread. The result is that often nonviolence is taken as a technique and not as a way of living and being. It is his deep

desire to unite these two dimensions within himself and in the work of the movement as well as society.

Purpose Of The Visit

Krishnan Nair's purpose in visiting the U.S. is to learn of nonviolent action experiments in the U.S. and to create deeper opportunities for learning and friendship within the international nonviolent community. He is especially interested in meeting people who share his concern to integrate the spiritual dimension with action. At the same time, his interest in nonviolence is not in talk and philosophy, but in those contemporary radical direct action campaigns and movements (the black movement, women's movement, antiwar movement, farm workers, etc.), which have made a visible impact on our society.

We feel he will have more impact in informal and small group situations, rather than in formal, lecture situations. He plans to spend some time at our communal city-farm group in Chicago and Michigan, and then travel in different parts of the country. If you are interested in having him visit your group or project, please contact us. He also plans to spend some time in London on his way home.

Arrangements, Costs, Etc.

The proposed time of his visit is from June through August 1972.

The cost of his visit will be about \$1,500, primarily for travel expenses to and from India and within the U.S.

We are looking for sponsors and contributors to help make this trip possible. As mentioned above, we feel it is our responsibility to raise the money needed, and thus make exchange within the movement more mutual. Having given all his adult life to service in the nonviolent movement, Krishnan Nair would not have the resources to make this trip possible, nor would his organization.

If you are interested in K. Nair's visit in the U.S. or could contribute funds, please contact us. Our address is:

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