

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Sr. Meinrad.

Where's The Huelga Now?

By PAT HOFFMAN

"I haven't seen a thing in the news. What's happening?" Farm workers are making news; it just isn't often printed. The movement is sending roots down and is spreading across the nation. I would like to communicate some of the meanings of this movement and give a brief run-down of information.

Some Reflections

Cesar Chavez talks about this revolution in agriculture as a two-edged sword. The one edge has to do with the economic and political struggle with the growers in their power. The other edge has to do with keeping the union close to its best ideals, with "creating the new man" among farm workers.

Those of us who have supported this movement have become accustomed to farm workers who have caught that vision of a new way of being. They have enmeshed the vision in the hard work of strikes and boycotts. We need to get our heads right so we won't be surprised when we discover that many farm workers are ordinary folks: who complain when the services of the union are inadequate, slow or confusing to them; and who resist doing the ranch committee work that makes a turning-around of power real in that place.

The leadership of the union has a tough job going up against the power of agriculture. It has another tough job leading farm workers to take on new roles and responsibilities.

When I heard Cesar talk about "creating the new man," he talked about some problems the union is currently having in order to show what the union needs to do. Most of us are aware of the multitude of inter-woven problems farm workers have faced. Most of these problems stem from exceedingly low wages, poor diet, little or no health care, high death rate for babies as well as adults, crowded living conditions and the toll that can take on family relationships. And in

our society low wages means lack of prestige and worth as a human being. It means being disregarded by school boards, hospitals, community agencies, government officials, and employers.

For years farm workers have lived with these problems, and, for the most part, assumed that they could not solve them. That picture probably still holds for most of the three million farm workers in this country. But workers in California and Arizona have seen a demonstration that a union of their own can begin to solve these problems. Some farm workers now expect the union to do that job for them. UFWOC contracts say that there shall be toilets in the fields, cool drinking water, a just system of seniority when you move on and apply for a job in another place, health benefits, no foreman driving your crew down a row at inhuman speed. But these improved conditions have not been a reality for decades. They don't become reality because they are written on a piece of paper called a contract. The power of that contract is the union that can enforce it. And the power of the union is the people who are a part of it.

So what does that mean? Here's a man doing field work on a farm near Coachella in Southern California. He never cared that much about the union struggle. He worked while others were on strike. But now he is a member of the union. His employer has signed a contract with UFWOC. He and his fellow workers know the benefits guaranteed by the contract, but he doesn't understand the procedures for getting some of those benefits. His wife is expecting their second child during the summer and the hospital benefits will help. The baby comes and so does the bill. This man knows he's supposed to have hospital coverage, but doesn't know what he needs to do to get it. He feels frustrated and angry at the union. He has suddenly been thrust into a new ball game and no one has

told him the rules. Learning what it's about, the procedures, understandings, processes—all this has to be done. 30,000 workers have come under UFWOC contracts since summer 1970. Most of them are new to the meaning of a union. It's an enormous education job.

But more than procedures have to be learned. How about the worker who has been elected to the ranch committee for her farm? The owner has signed with UFWOC and the five person committee has responsibilities for seeing that the contract is enforced. The grower has signed that piece of paper but doesn't plan to do a thing he doesn't have to do.

Safety equipment for people who use dangerous pesticides is guaranteed in

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Bengal Nightmare

INDIA HAS 6,000,000
DESTITUTE REFUGEES

From reports by ELIZABETH REID

(Miss Reid, a member of the Grail Movement, is General Secretary of AFFRO, Association for Food Production, an ecumenical organization for development, operating from Delhi. She has visited the refugee areas of West Bengal for Catholic Relief Services, arm of mercy of the American Catholic community.)

The Bengali people of East Pakistan decided on a non-cooperation campaign when the meeting of the National Assembly, scheduled for March 3, in West Pakistan, was postponed. A recent election gave the East Pakistanis a majority vote, and they wanted a new constitution providing for civilian rule and more autonomy for East Pakistan. An autonomous East Pakistan is referred to as the Bengal Nation or Bangla Desh. Jaya Parakash Narayan, a Gandhi follower, stated that the non-cooperation campaign was one of the most successful ever held. On March 25th, the West Pakistan army attacked the unarmed East Pakistanis, killing as many as 250,000. A mass exodus of Bengalis, both Muslims and Hindus, brought six million destitute refugees into the neighboring provinces of India. Most of them landed in India's West Bengal and are clustered in the towns and open fields, dependent for their life on the compassion of the world.

Mother Teresa and a team of the Missionaries of Charity are heading up the refugee relief work for the Calcutta area.—Ed.)

The fact that India with its enormous population of 547 million has another six million added, willy-nilly overnight, has not deterred the government and people from responding to this fresh call on national resources. Today a campaign has been launched

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Dolci Plans October Tour

By TOM CORNELL

Danilo Dolci, who has been called the Gandhi of Sicily, will tour the United States in October. Dolci, who was trained as an architect, left a highly profitable career in Milano to work among the poor of Western Sicily twenty years ago. He had been imprisoned during World War II for refusal to serve in the Fascist army. The same instinct that led him away from military service led him to Partinico, a small village near Palermo, where he organized the people around nonviolent techniques of action for the improvement of their lives in opposition to the entrenched and immobile governmental bureaucracy and the Mafia. This is his itinerary:

October 2-6—New York City
October 7—Los Angeles
October 8-10—San Francisco and Palo Alto (Stanford University)
October 11-12—Madison, Wisconsin (University of Wisconsin)
October 13-14—Syracuse, New York

(LeMoyne and Syracuse University)
October 15—Rochester, New York (Monroe Community College)
October 16-18—Philadelphia, Penna. (Villanova and Haverford)
October 19-20—New York City (City University of New York)
October 21—Departure for Sicily

Friends of Danilo Dolci, Inc., P.O. Box 162, Haddonfield, New Jersey 08033, is coordinating Dolci's tour. CW readers who might wish to schedule Dolci in their areas or to know his precise timetable take note.

I spent the month of October, 1970 with Danilo on tour of the United States as his guide and interpreter. At that time the Friends of Dolci group was not well enough established to coordinate a nationwide tour, so the Fellowship of Reconciliation undertook that responsibility as a contribution to the work in Sicily. When I was asked to translate for Danilo I accepted the task with misgivings. My Italian is poor

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The column this month is just an introduction to the one I will write, God willing, for the September issue, which will be an account of a visit to Eastern Europe, which includes Warsaw, Leningrad, Moscow, Budapest and Bucharest. In a few hours I am setting out for the airport to meet Nina Polcyn, of Chicago, and there we will meet up with fifty or so other people who are all making the Promoting Enduring Peace pilgrimage, a three-week visit which will be sightseeing and seminars, a mere taste of course, but perhaps the first of other visits to the Soviet Union. There are members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the American Friends Service Committee on the trip and many teachers and students, and the leader of the trip is 80-year old Jerome Davis who was formerly for many years on the faculty of Yale Divinity School. I have been given a fellowship for the trip by Corliss Lamont and am very happy to be going.

Seeing Russia

Whenever I have dreamed of a trip to Russia before, it was with the idea of a long train journey on the way home perhaps, from Moscow to Vladivostok, with time to ruminate on my visits to what are shrines for me—Leningrad, Moscow, Zagorsk—the great churches which are now museums and the churches which are still functioning. But we are living in an age of plane travel, so I take off this afternoon from Kennedy Airport and tomorrow night I will be sleeping in Warsaw.

From my high school years, I have been fascinated by Russia, and it was the books of Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, Turgenev and Chekhov which did much to bring about my conversion. I was haunted by Levin's struggle for faith in *Anna Karenina*, by the reminiscences of Fr. Zossima in the *Brothers Karamozov*, Rashkolnikov's in *Crime and Punishment*, turning to the Gospels in Siberia, Turgenev's story of the crippled yet radiant peasant girl in one of his *Sportsman's Sketches*, etc. There is a fascinating book, *The Humiliated Christ in Russian Thought*, by Gorodetzky, printed by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, I think, which brings out what I mean. (I am writing in haste with no books to check my spelling, so please excuse.) The very struggle for non-violence, and growth in love of brother, love of enemy, which goes on within us all, the very struggle to put off the old man and put on the new, was

made easier by those words of Fr. Zossima which I have so often quoted, "Love in practice is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams." (In my little brochure, printed by the Paulist Press, called *Meditations*, the publisher, or blurb writer gave no credit to Dostoyevsky's Fr. Zossima, but attributed the words to me in a paragraph on the back cover.)

Saying Good Byes

As I write people keep coming in to say goodbye. Yet I will be gone for only three weeks, and when I return I hope to go up to the PAX conference which is held at Graymoor this year. And of course I shall continue to travel since I have engagements in the midwest



and far west in October and November. What with speaking engagements which take up perhaps a third of the year, and going back and forth between farm and city, my life is indeed an active one and it is hard to do the writing I should, the letters I should answer. So much of the correspondence of the *Catholic Worker* is intimate and personal, because our readers, so many of them, become part of our family that it always hurts me to

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A Return To Life

By JIM CHAPMAN

I am a Bowery bum. You have seen me (and many, many others) lying in doorways, in the middle of sidewalks, or sprawled in alleys, or on a discarded mattress among the trash cans and the garbage bags.

I am not sleeping. I am comatose—rendered that way by two or three or four bottles of cheap, chemically hopped-up wine.

Even if you overcome your nausea and revulsion and try to rouse me with an idea which includes food, hospitals, with sympathetic, empathetic doctors and nurses, medications to make withdrawal painless, and massive doses of B complex, to be turned over to a very hip, sophisticated social worker (also symp. and emp.), even if you can arrange all this—forget it. I've had that kind of therapy before, not once, but three or four times. (I'm a little vague on matters involving time, place and people.) What I'm telling you friend, is that your TLC approach to my problem just didn't work. I spent the money you gave me (meant to sustain me until I found a job or got my next welfare check) on two bottles of wine. The rest of the money—lost or stolen. I just noticed my shoes are gone, and my wallet, so I guess I was hit by head hunters—groups of two or three who prowl the Bowery area looking for easy marks: the old, the weak and the handicapped—and drunks like me who have drunk themselves into a state of deep unconsciousness.

So here I am. They threw me out of the room that the agency rented for me. In short, I'm broke, trembling

with imminent withdrawal symptoms, weak from lack of food for several days—and shoeless. Also I stink. I haven't washed or shaved since I bought the first bottle—and I stink. So bad I might tip the very delicate air pollution balance from acceptable to undesirable, or even unbearable. I'm as bad for ecology as Con Ed.

Well, now do you understand? It is useless to try and help me. I've been helped more times than I can remember, and here I am, back where I started, and I'm not interested in any salvation-type project—what I want now and need and have to have—is a bottle of wine. To get it I have to walk to a corner without shoes and bum 55c. I will get it, but of course, it will take time—and I will be rejected, insulted, maybe assaulted, and the withdrawal symptoms will become very bad—I may go into D.T.s or have a convulsion—the severity and frequency of both having accelerated over the last few months.

So you see, I am a derelict, and I do not respond to any therapeutic type of help. What you can do is give me a cigarette. Thanks, look can you let me have 55c so I can get me a jug? No? a quarter then? Well, thanks anyway, thank you and God bless you.

Listen dear reader, I have been putting you on a little bit—for a good reason. I was telling it not like it is, but like it was—so you will understand and believe that a small miracle has happened to me.

What happened is that about two months ago, wild-eyed and terrified I came running into the *Catholic Worker*, exhausted and more than a little insane. I could walk only a short dis-

(Continued on page 8)

Rose Gilchrist, RIP

On July 15 Rosie Gilchrist died in a fall from the roof of the First Street House. She was a 63-year-old native Oklahoman who had lived at the Worker off and on for a year.

In life and in death, Rosie brings to my mind what Charles Williams called the mysteries of co-inheritance and exchange. In his novel, *Descent into Hell*, Williams speaks of our pains, fears, and troubles as "parcels" we must carry, and develops the idea that we are not ultimately so separate from one another that we cannot sometimes pick up the "parcels" of others.

Rosie carried more than her share of "parcels." Her face, hands and arms were terribly scarred in a fire, yet she carried on with the personality of the beautiful woman she had been. She was considered so unstable as to be committed to a mental hospital, yet she was the one who went out of her way to clean and comfort the patients whom the staff of the hospital preferred to neglect because they helplessly solled themselves. Her son, Joe Gilchrist, was subjected to one long trial for draft resistance in Oklahoma and eventually sent to prison for destruction of government files with the Flower City Conspiracy. Rosie lent her spirit and courage to the many young people who carried on the political work surrounding these actions. At the Worker, though she felt acutely the element of conflict which sometimes underlies the many interactions in our house of hospitality, Rosie was an unfailing folder of papers, sweeper of floors, and nurse to one of the women who fell sick.

Rosie's ability to carry her "parcels," and others', seemed to spring from the courageous openness with which she met people and circumstances, from her recognition that the humanity we share outweighs our apparent

separation. Long before civil rights became a popular cause, when most Oklahomans still spoke of black people as "niggers," Rosie worked toward justice for those who were for her just other people. The love she extended to all peoples in the world made her an opponent of war and she acted out her conviction through support of resistance activities and participation in every peace demonstration available. On her way to Washington this April 24, she fell in with the gay liberation contingent and returned to tell me that she had learned a great deal from people whose perspective and concerns she had never met before.

There is a temptation in writing about Rosie to reduce her to one's own neat categories. In fact, she was a lively, complicated individual. Sometimes her fearless openness led her to speak so forthrightly as to offend. Her plans, and her demands on others, were often too grand to be practical, nor would she compromise when she decided what ought to be done. Yet her stubborn determination and impossible dreams were balanced by unobtrusive displays of gentle generosity: cooking for friends of her sons, doing odd jobs on college campuses, coaching a golf team, and finding kind greetings for those about her.

In her last few months, Rosie was working on a scheme to have her scars used as examples in a campaign to help burn victims and people disfigured by leprosy. There were many days on which she was terribly depressed, but then she would rise out of it to tell me that she was glad she had been hurt so much because it had taught her that we simply must care for and forgive one another. In Rosie our co-inheritance and exchange were alive. I am grateful to have known her; we miss her.

Jan Adams and Kathy Schmidt.

To Love Rather Than Be Loved

The Ardor of St. Francis

SAINT FRANCIS AND HIS FOUR LADIES, by Joan Mowat Erikson. (W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York, \$5.) 140 pages. Reviewed by Eileen Egan.

It is close on 800 years since the birth in Assisi, an Italian hill town, of Giovanni Bernardone, nicknamed "Francesco," "Little Frenchman," by his father. In the intervening time, countless thousands of men and women have attempted to follow, literally or less literally, the life-style of Francis of Assisi, a life-style patterned on that of Jesus. Added to those who vowed to walk in the footsteps of Francis are innumerable others who were drawn to the life of Francis and who pondered and wrote on every aspect of his life.

Can anything new be said of a poor little man who has become public property and who has been called "Everybody's Saint Francis"? The strength of this latest book on St. Francis by Joan Mowat Erikson is that there is no striving after the novel. The author tells us that "Saintliness is, of course, impossible to describe or define. Since it is of necessity a process of becoming and of being in a constant state of transcendence, there are few aspects of saintliness that one can capture in words..." The beauty and strength of **SAINT FRANCIS AND HIS FOUR LADIES** lie in a quietly new way of approaching Francis, namely through four feminine figures inter-

twined with his life.

The four women, named by the author as the Lady Pica, his mother, the Lady Poverty, his bride, the Lady Clare, his adopted daughter and Our Lady Queen of Heaven, allow her to pursue fresh and illuminating insights into the formation of Francis. They also cast new light on the power the Saint has wielded over the lives and imaginations of men and women over the centuries—a power that is building into a crescendo in our time of mechanization, dehumanization and scientific warfare. Joan Mowat Erikson is a teacher, writer and craftsman and the wife of Erik H. Erikson, noted psychoanalyst and author. She tells us that her book is "the testament of a traveller" to the places where Francis walked and prayed, preached and sang. "Drawn back to Assisi many times," she writes, "one becomes an amateur in the ancient sense of the word: a devotee of the Franciscan legend."

The fact of the Lady Pica's Provençal origin is accepted by the author. Francis sang like a minstrel all his life and Thomas of Celano wrote that as he sang, "the song would become louder and the French words would pour from his lips..." Where did he drink in the French tongue and the spirit of courteous love if not from a mother steeped in the poetic tradition of Provence?

When Francis chose the way of poverty of His Lord, he dramatized his choice by uniting himself with the Lady Poverty. One of the many telling illustrations of the book is a reproduction of a fresco depicting the marriage of St. Francis with the Lady Poverty. The Lady holds out a gaunt hand and arm in troth to Francis. She is taller than he and is covered in pale rags, a burst of thorns at her feet. There is no sentimentality in the long, thin face of the Lady who is being wedded to the Poverello, the little poor man, in the presence of Christ himself.

The Lady Clare was Chiara Faverone of a rich and noble family of Assisi. Drawn by the street preaching of Fran-

cis—we must remember that the Franciscan beginnings were in lay street preaching—Clare asked to follow the way of Francis. The author makes a special point of the fact that though Francis had been given by the Pope only the permission to form his handful of followers into a group of "begging friars," he received Clare's vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. In the presence of his small company, Francis cut off the long, fair hair of Clare and gave her rough, poor clothing to replace her rich garments. The Poor Clares, installed in the San Damiano cloister restored by Francis and his followers, became the responsibility of the begging, wandering friars. Clare saw herself as "the little plant of our Father Saint Francis" and Francis treated her as his spiritual daughter though she was only twelve years his junior. It was the Poor Clares who cared for Francis for some months toward the end of his life when he was wounded with the five wounds of the crucified Christ. It was in a little hut in the cypress-ringed garden of San Damiano that Francis sang his song of all creation, "The Canticle of Brother Sun."

Francis, says the author, was in the spirit of his time in his poetic and intimate devotion to Our Lady Queen of Heaven. But to him, Mary was not only a powerful Queen in a heavenly court, not only a beautiful and mysterious "Rose of the World," but also a "lowly peasant woman whose companion throughout life had been poverty." It was Mary's role on earth that came before the mind of the country people of Greccio when they saw the first replica of the crib of Bethlehem. On a Christmas eve, the villagers were invited to join in worship with the friars. In their midst was a stall with an ox, an ass, some sheep and a small child in a manger—and also the poverty of the holy family of Bethlehem.

Joan Erikson's new approach brings special illumination to two aspects of the life and influence of Francis, first his method of teaching, and secondly

the significance of the combination of artist and saint.

She shows that not only did Francis imitate his Master through the use of the dramatic parable but he also taught by demonstration. "Using the most elementary grammar of behavior," she writes, "he would juxtapose his message against the prevalent modes of action and startle his audience into the immediate recognition of eternal truths." Kissing the leper and stripping off his clothes to return them to his father are early examples of his gift for the epiphany of the dramatic act. Invited to a dinner by Cardinal Ugolino, Francis found himself surrounded by "many knights and nobles." Francis had begged his bread and during the meal, shared a portion with the Cardinal and with each of the rich guests. When the Cardinal informed Francis that this conduct embarrassed him, Francis explained, "The bread of charity is holy bread which the praise and the love of the Lord God sanctifies."

Francis did not attack the rich life-style of lay or cleric, but acted out, boldly and with unquenchable gaiety, an evangelical life-style. To the religious communities of his time, many of whom had settled into comfort, accepted and protected by the system, he posed the wild scandal of a counter-community, living from day to day on aims and without permanent shelter. The Franciscan counter-community was rooted in a conviction of the existence of a loving and all-merciful Creator and on total dependence on Him.

Because he did not spend his energy in attacking patent evils, his powers of reconciliation were enormous. He maintained dialogue with a Pope who, surprised by his scruffy figure in a Vatican corridor, told him to leave and roll in a pigsty. Francis, it is related, found a pigsty, rolled in it and came back for his audience. He opened a dialogue with the leader of the enemy forces, Sultan Malak-el-Kamal, after crossing from the Crusader's Camp at Damietta, Egypt. The Sultan returned courtesy for courtesy to the brown-clad "instrument of peace" and gave him safe conduct to the Christian lines. This teaching act, the opening up of converse with the so-called enemy, speaks to all peacemakers who refuse to consider any other man an enemy.

"True teaching," Joan Erikson comments, "teaching that molds or changes, is, as everyone knows, accomplished by living example. For how else can the young learn except through the quality of life in the human matrix of their world?"

Incidentally, one of the omissions from this book is a great work of peace achieved by Francis on behalf of his lay followers who banded together into the Third Order. He released all Third

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Peace Ship

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

I am on a ship in New York harbor which is being made into a radio station with a 50,000 watt power. It is called the Peace Ship and eventually, we hope, will broadcast in five languages in the Mediterranean to the Middle East where radio is usually government controlled. Interspersed with music will be news broadcasts, talks, debates with persons of different views, Arabs, Jews, Catholics, Mohammedans. Some of these have already been taped here in New York.

The ship is the idea of A. B. Nathan, the man who brought food into Biafra. The Catholic Worker had an article on his work last year. Able, as he is called, so enthused the Dutch people with his Biafra work that they collected \$70,000 and bought him this ship. Father Phillip Bourret, a Jesuit, is building the radio station at cost. It is about half finished and another \$100,000 is needed to finish it and get the ship started. One person has promised a year's food supply. A priest is collecting canned goods. A Jewish lady brings meats.

Three rabbis will be in the cabin talking to Able while I sit listening and wondering. The conversation veers from English to Hebrew (I guess) back to English. Able speaks five languages, I believe.

Now he is in Tel Aviv, selling his restaurant buildings to put the funds into the completion of the radio; but it won't be enough. He still will need a lot of money which could easily come from many small donations. And perhaps more significantly than if given by just one or two persons. A number have been able to make loans to the project.

Although I had read the article last year in *The Catholic Worker* on the Peace Ship, the full meaning of it didn't dawn on me. Father Charles McTague, a priest friend happened to be driving by the ship when curiosity lead him to meet Able Nathan. This led to Father bringing many young people to work on the ship. Father, an ex-seaman, still in possession of his seaman's papers, has long had the idea

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, rain fell blessedly for many hours, breaking the long drought of July, bringing refreshment and vitality to the half-parched vegetables in our many gardens, bringing smiles to the face of John Filligar, our farmer. With the rain came Canadian coolness, welcome as September, touching us all refreshingly, relaxing taut tempers. Then, in the evening, while wood thrushes sang their evensong, Father Vincent Haut, who is visiting us from Jacksonville, Florida, said in our chapel the Mass of St. Vincent de Paul. In my heart there was gladness, for the refreshment of rain, for the Mass, and for that saint who was—and is—so great a friend of the poor.

The next morning, when Clare Danielson and I arrived at Auriesville, I thought that the Mass of St. Vincent de Paul had been a good vigil for our pilgrimage. Standing on the high hill of that shrine of martyrs, listening to Clare's evocative description of the surrounding Mohawk River Valley, I felt that here was something more than natural beauty. There was a sense of history, of the Indianness of our origins, of that great Mohawk people who dwelt here before the coming of the Colonials, secure in their tribal virtues and in their culture so admirably suited to their way of life. Nor could I forget that violence which moved disturbingly as streams of blood amid the meetings of those peoples—red and

white—who lived seemingly in darkness and ignorance of each other's way and light, who approached each other with aims that seemingly could not be achieved except through the extinction of the other.

Then in the clear light of that day, cooled with aromatic shade of pines and hemlocks, fragrant with many flowers at every station of the martyrs' way, I knew that there had been a few who had walked towards others not in darkness but light, not in fear but love. With Clare reading to me the narratives and prayers at every station and stopping now and again to kneel and pray, I began to have a strong sense of the heroic faith and love of those Seventeenth Century Saints: Fr. Isaac Jogues, Fr. Rene Goupil, and Fr. Jean Lalande. Then when we came to the Tekakwitha museum and reviewed the facts of the life of this extraordinary Indian, I realized that she, who was born in Osser-Nenon, which we now call Auriesville, and became not only a Christian but one of heroic virtue, was surely the seed of the blood of these Jesuit martyrs.

She is Venerable Tekakwitha now, and her image is carved on the great door of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Surely one day she will be canonized. We have need of her, we Americans; for she is a true saint of our land. Surely she who lived with such heroic virtue in such turbulent

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+ + + LETTERS + + +

San Francisco

Martin De Porres
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Dear Dorothy,

I have missed you all very much. When I first came back to California, it was lonely without a community. One of my joys now is the community that is beginning to develop around our house. We couldn't be more welcomed. The place we chose to start our house was an old bar. It was closed by community pressure since it was a source of not only alcoholism but drugs and prostitution. The people in the neighborhood are so glad to see something other than a bar in the building.

It is taking a lot of work to fix up the interior with a more joyous look. We have removed the mirrors behind the bar and have replaced them with bamboo panelling we got free from

the old Bank of America Building in San Francisco. They also gave us a large stove, refrigerator, and an industrial dishwasher. The stove in the building had been declared a hazard by PG&E (Pacific Gas & Elec. Co.). We will probably be the only CW house with a dishwasher! The barroom was painted orange and black. We are in the process of painting it white and blue. I have been working 10 to 11 hours a day at the various different things that need to be done. I have never worked so much with my hands, and was amazed at what I could do. I find this work a joy. I haven't slept so soundly in ages!

Father Jim Hagan, a priest at St. Peter's Parish, a block and a half away, and Rich Bonanno of the CPF in San Francisco, are the people who wished to start the house. They asked me if I would help them.

There are several parishes in the area that give the men who come to them a meal ticket and a hotel ticket.

We are hoping to lodge these people here. Also, we are near San Francisco General Hospital. There are men there who are often discharged with really no place to go. We are hoping to take some of these men.

The building has an upstairs flat which we plan to use for lodging. There is a family there right now, but they will be moving out. When they find a new place, we will rent that, too. For the present, we are working on getting the downstairs set up and the feeding operation going. Once that is going, we will be able to move into lodging.

We have had a good response from the people we have contacted. One parish has been sending people to help with the work. The neighborhood is mostly Chicano. They have been very warm to us. The barber around the corner has been dropping in every few days to see how we are progressing. He says that he will come here and cut hair for us! Rodger, a layman, working with the St. Peter's group, is talking about having a fiesta the day we open. The Center Latino, a neighborhood organization, has already shared with us some of their surplus food.

One of our most pressing needs is more full-time help. Many people have responded well, and are helping in their spare time, but right now I am the only full-time volunteer. Once we do start feeding and lodging, more than just part-time help will be needed to keep all the daily activities going. One of our hopes is to involve men in working outside the house. We are thinking about recycling, collecting cans, bottles, newspapers, etc., so we certainly will need at least two more volunteers before we will be able to do that.

I hope by the time you come to California, we will be in full operation. God bless you.

Love,

Chris Montesano

P.S. Anyone interested in working as a volunteer, please write to me.

36 East First

By JAN ADAMS

The Catholic Worker at 36 East First Street provides free food daily in a soup line, clothes, and sometimes can offer short term shelter to men and women in need. The C. W. community also publishes a monthly newspaper, THE CATHOLIC WORKER, at 1c per copy, 25c yearly. The C. W. maintains a farm at Tivoli, N.Y.

Peter Maurin (author of Easy Essays) and Dorothy Day founded the Catholic Worker movement in the 1930's. The C. W. was to embody a Christian response to bourgeois capitalism, voluntarily joining the poor in their deprivation, relieving suffering as much as possible wherever suffering appears, and struggling actively for a just society. Their social ideal was set out in Maurin's formula: Cult (liturgy), Culture (education and study), and Cultivation (cooperative agriculture).

While a rigorous attempt to live Christ's injunctions has remained central to the C. W., times and personalities have formed it. Dorothy Day's pragmatism, non-violent pacifism, and piety have given continuity through the movement's changes. Ammon Hennacy, "the one man revolution," brought his uncompromising individualistic resistance to social ills into the C. W. ambience. The movement began by rivaling the Communists as the supporter of working class strikes, later became a center of agitation for disarmament and for the abolition of capital punishment. In the sixties, it served as a focus for draft resistance and support of UFWOC. Michael Harrington, Dave Dellinger, and the Berrigan brothers are among the varied crew who have passed through what Dorothy calls "a school of non-violence."

So much for the ideal image of this peculiar institution. The day-to-day reality of the First St. house is vulnerable to many criticisms. These seem to me to fall into two sorts. First, that far from being a house of hospitality, the Worker is a house of hostility. Certainly, the C. W. is often the scene of quarrels, cynicism, and exclusiveness among some who frequent it; it is no kid-gloved or therapeutic community. We could all wish it were more harmonious. However, I see the explosive atmosphere as a consequence of one of the C.W.'s great strengths: it internalizes, rather than attempts to bypass, all the conflicts of our society (involuntary poor v. well-to-do, old v. young, unschooled v. intellectuals . . .) and yet carries on as a community despite the violent strains within. In this it

does something most of the "movement" cannot do: it is no middle-class institution peddling middle-class social goals, nor is it a purist "people's organization" isolated by its fear of contamination. I think of the C. W. as a real microcosm of America, consciously trying to get it together.

A more substantial criticism of the Worker is that "it doesn't do anything. . ." it merely applies a bandaid, when the ills of society require radical surgery, amputation, or perhaps (some think) national euthanasia. In so far as racism and the demand of the excluded to build their own institutions in place of what has been laid on them are main themes of the American scene, the Worker fails to respond positively. Blacks are not accepted at the house except on the soup line: the Worker barely relates at all to the aspirations of its immediate neighbors, the Puerto-Ricans. Moreover, its purist approach to protest, non-violence dogmatically construed, alienates it from much which could be creative even in Catholic radicalism. (Dorothy distrusts the violence of draft file burnings, for instance.)

All of which is to say, not that the Worker doesn't do anything, but that it is not current. What claim the Worker can make to be meaningful derives from its witness to potentialities beyond accidents of time. The Worker provides an example, for those who care to see, that it is possible to live out a set of conscientious convictions, if not with worldly success, yet in uncompromising truth. The form that Worker activity takes shows its origin in social conditions which now seem less terrifyingly apocalyptic than our own, and so susceptible of more merely palliative solutions. (Though only a detached, well-fed abstract thinker can be so bemused as to view feeding the hungry as irrelevant!) I, for one, am respectful of and thankful for the Worker's example; if I feel that a more aggressively activist attack on the American monster is needed, I only prove myself a member of my generation. Meanwhile, I have much to learn from the C.W.'s continuing incarnation of Christ's truth: that the human revolution begins when we try to love our neighbor (that intractable individual whom we meet, not the manageable masses for whom we fantasize programs and propaganda). And that only love, not retaliation, can overcome alienation, privations, and violence.

Ed. Note: This article first appeared in the underground paper *Together*.

Baltimore

Viva House
26 South Mount Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21223

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

We write in a spirit of joy and invitation. Viva House has been in existence for almost three years now. Much has transpired; some goals have been realized; perhaps we are on the brink of something real. We feel it is important for Viva House to continue to grow, to be a part of that force working toward a revolutionary change of our society.

Willa and I have been working through some long days and nights with Viva House. From the very beginning we have reevaluated and questioned what we are doing, where we are headed, how fast, how slow, whether the burden on poor people's backs will ever be relieved in view of America's monstrous greed, and whether or not the people who visit us each day will ever take matters into their own hands, demanding and taking what is rightfully theirs. We wonder about Viva House's effectiveness and whether or not we are merely involved in another do-gooder endeavor, thus an unwilling ally of welfare departments and other agencies which keep people groveling on the ground. We wonder if we are headed toward the core of the problem and we think about the statement of one of our hungry visitors: "You know the answer to our problem is not to be found in a bowl of soup." After three years the answers to these questions remain at best half-answered and the body count increases. Despair comes easy. And yet a few people have not been swallowed

(Continued on page 6)



TWENTY-SIX YEARS . . .
At 8:15 on August 6, 1945, we could see
everything came to an end. Those of us
men whose daily food is pain, whose
one you know—simply to use his image

Where's The Huelga Now?

(Continued from page 1)

the contract—but after two weeks no equipment has been provided. When the ranch committee meets, this member asks about the health and safety clause in the contract and then reminds the committee that there is no pesticide safety gear. The committee decides that since she brought it up, she should be their spokesman at a meeting with the grower on this issue. For years farm workers have been kept down by the ever present threat that they could be kicked out of their housing, kicked off the job. Now members of ranch committees are being asked to stand up to the grower and make demands. **The power of that contract is the union that can enforce it. And the power of the union is the people who are part of it.** UFWOC has an enormous job helping people who have been put down all their lives to begin acting out a sense of worth for themselves and on behalf of others.

Some Information

People often ask questions that have to do with buildings and numbers. Here are a few figures for answering those kinds of questions.

There are now approximately 40,000 workers under UFWOC contracts. (There may be 20,000 more when the lettuce growers finally agree to negotiate.) Thirteen service centers are operating with two in the planning stage. There are UFWOC offices in 17 towns. A medical clinic building is under construction at the 40 Acres in Delano. The farm workers hope it will be in use in August. Medical clinics are badly needed at four other service centers. The headquarters for the union has been moved to La Paz, a retreat center which was deeded to the farm workers and is located 10 miles west of Tehachapi, California.

Who's manning all of those offices? Some students, some volunteers, but mostly farm workers. (All of UFWOC's full-time workers continue to receive subsistence level support!) Since 1965 a lot of farm workers have learned to be organizers, public speakers, administrators. Now they are also learning to work in and run offices in order to do the nitty-gritty jobs that are making it possible for farm workers to have a better life. Getting people trained to run the offices in the service centers, the credit unions, hiring halls, medical plan offices, is a difficult job. Some of these achievements may come to birth awkwardly, feet first, but they are coming, and they belong to farm workers.

Three strikes are in progress in California as of this writing: at San Ysidro, south of San Diego; at Selma, near Fresno; in the Imperial Valley at the Abatti ranch. Other strikes will probably take place this summer. Some will be authorized. Many others will take place spontaneously because workers will walk out of the fields in anger when employers fire their friends for wearing huelga buttons and talking about the benefits of the union.

A Word About Boycotts

Since 1965 we have been asked to boycott: Schenley liquors, Perelli-Minetti liquors, S & W foods (because these corporations owned extensive acreage in grapes), table grapes, head lettuce (and I've probably left out a few). Sometimes I hear cynical remarks about the value of helping in these boycotts. One thing needs to be said. **It has been the boycotts that have won contracts for farm workers.** Strikes cannot create enough pressure to bring about negotiations; only the power of the boycott has created that decisive pressure.

We're going to be asked to boycott other products in the future. There are some things we should remember. With every strike and boycott different farm workers are involved. We may want to say no to another boycott, because this union is too persistent and it's an inconvenience to us. But we would not be saying no to a union; we

would be saying no to another important group of America's farm workers. We were willing to do without grapes for years to help grape pickers. We are willing to do without head lettuce for lettuce workers. We have done our small part to give other farm workers hope that they might pull out of their powerlessness. When the movement comes to their place and their crops, they will be depending on us to give them some support.

We should also hold in mind that when farm workers go out on strike, they risk everything. They may have trouble finding another job (growers have often blacklisted strikers); they probably won't be able to make monthly payments on furniture and cars (many have lost these). The workers know what they are doing. They accept the sacrifices. But they want the

sacrifices to have meaning. They want to win a better life for themselves and their children. So they strike and if necessary boycott. What we do about this boycott either cuts us off from farm workers or binds us to them and to their non-violent struggle. To not buy some product for a little while is a small sacrifice in comparison to the sacrifices of the workers. If we're embarrassed that it's too small a sacrifice we also can give money, time, cars in good running condition, or we can help spread the word. If you want to do more, contact the UFWOC office in your area, or the UFWOC headquarters at La Paz: UFWOC, P.O. Box 81, Keene, CA. 93631; The California Migrant Ministry, 1411 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. 90015, or The Migrant Ministry, Rm. 576, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

and violent times may help us now, who live with little virtue in times even more turbulent, more violent. Venerable Tekakwitha, pray for us. Help us to learn from your humility and obedience to God, your extraordinary chastity under most difficult conditions (in our own sensual times it is hardly regarded as a virtue), your deep interior life which manifested itself in love—Christ-like love—not only towards your own people but towards all about you. Pray for us, Venerable Tekakwitha, that we may not forget the terrible deprivation forced upon your people—and all the Indians of this country—by our ancestors (and even now there are those engaged in the same old chicanery). Pray for us that we may make amends for all the thievery of land and rights, and all too often of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness among those people whose color differed from our own. Pray for us that we may atone. That we may be forgiven.

But it was on the path down the ravine where Clare and I, on our pilgrimage at Auriesville, experienced the strongest sense of walking where martyrs had walked and spilled their blood as Christ had done at Calvary. Clare read to me Fr. Jogues' own account of the death of his friend, Fr. Goupil. The deep faith of these heroic Jesuits seemed imaged, tangible, walking beside us. Somewhere a wood thrush sang, and louder sang as we descended that steep shade-tunneled way. And sang, as we turned back up a steep and narrow, root-gnarled way, like an echo of that angelic choir, where now the martyrs sing.

After benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and veneration of the relics, Clare and I turned home. We were tired, but well nourished with prayers. It was good to get back to our Catholic Worker farm in time for another beautiful Mass celebrated by our friend from Florida, Fr. Vincent. There was much to thank God for. For I knew that I should long remember that walk down the ravine of martyrs, and a wood thrush singing *Te Deum* for the glory of their death.

Although we do not have a famous shrine here at our farm with a view, we do have many visitors. Some—especially the young—seem to be on a kind of pilgrimage. They travel about from place to place, visiting communities, sampling communities, looking for a way of life better than the routine conventional middle-class pattern of life they have known. Or at any rate looking for something different. Many of those who have come this Summer have come with the idea of helping us—working visitors. These are much appreciated, since we always need help.

Among our working visitors at present are: Sr. Helen Gannon and Sr. Elaine Saponawicz of the Order of St.

Joseph who are spending their free time this Summer helping us. They help not only by the work they do, but also by their presence. Being nuns, they know how to work; but more than that, they radiate cheerfulness and friendliness, that kind which is centered in prayer. Then there is Fr. Vincent, who works with Catholic Charities in Jacksonville, Florida, and chose to spend his vacation helping us. Not only does he say Mass for us on the days when Fr. Andy does not, but also—like Andy—participates in work projects. It is so good to have priests and nuns with us. One cannot help thinking that it would be good to have more sharing, more interchange, among us all, laity and religious, an interchange and sharing that would work both ways.

Jan Kohler, who, though from Louisiana, comes to us after visiting other communities, is a young woman with the true personalist approach. She looks about her, considers where her talents will fit, and what needs to be done, then does it. For my part, I am most grateful to Jan for all the reading she has done for me, and also for all the interesting conversations we have enjoyed.

One of our most interesting visitors is Marliese, who is a college student from Germany and chose to spend part of her sojourn in the United States with us. She is a friend of Karl Tabeling, the young German seminarian who visited us three years ago. Marliese is a very attractive young woman, but also—like her friend Karl—is friendly and helpful. We are very glad indeed to have Beth Rogers here this Summer, for she is very much a part of our family. Beth was in charge of the women's house at our Chrystie Street house of hospitality some years ago; then for a number of years was in charge at Peter Maurin Farm. For the past several years she has been working in New York City, but is taking some time off this summer to spend with us. With her background she does not need to ask how and what to do.

Claudia, who lived for nine years in Cuba during the decade of the sixties, has also brought added interest to our lives. In spite of the serious arthritic condition which caused her to leave Cuba, Claudia—whose health is improving here—is another helpful visitor.

Cliff Lichter, a former Jesuit brother, has been with us much of this summer and given real help in a quiet, dedicated way. Cliff is an ardent pacifist who takes part in protest demonstrations, but acts—it seems—primarily from a deep religious conviction. We can always count on him at compline, and that, in our community, is a real help. He is also, I am told, the author of two devotional books which express his religious views.

In addition to our working visitors,

(Continued on page 7)



HIROSHIMA—NAGASAKI
still work and sing and love. At 8:16,
us who survived were transformed into
constant company is fear. Tell every-
-agination.
Fumio Nakamura

+ + + LETTERS + + +

(Continued from page 4)
whole; instead they hope and make a difference. Such people have given us hope and have helped Viva House to make a small difference. Two factors have enabled us to continue for three years—people who have supported and encouraged us, and a conviction that, no matter what your politics and no matter what the political heavies of the famed American peace movement have to say, there can never be anything wrong or unpolitical about feeding, clothing, or sheltering people who are hungry, naked, or sleeping in the open streets. Such actions are only basic and human. The brutal fact that more and more sisters and brothers are being brutalized is every reason for Viva House to continue.

Our main reason for writing then is very simple. Viva House needs fresh blood, new people, a new injection of life, more people willing to share and take responsibility for running things. The storefront has become too much of a routine for us and this is not healthy for the people who visit us. Their whole lives are routine. So new people with fresh ideas will provide a rejuvenated spirit. Also Willa and I have a great desire to become involved in issues which are directly related to Viva House. At present Willa feels the women's movement demands more of her time, and we both feel that issues like the Harrisburg conspiracy require our talents and energies. It is necessary that we concretize these feelings. So we are inviting some of you to take over the storefront if you feel it worthwhile.

Since our last newsletter Frank, Chris and Jim have moved and Joe, Willa, Kathleen and I remain. Since the beginning of April, Joe and I have been cleaning swimming pools in an effort to support ourselves. Willa has been at the storefront alone serving a meal to about 80 people each day. We always believed that as far as possible we should support ourselves and use all the donations for the storefront. This is in keeping with Paul's idea to preach the Gospel free of charge.

To get back to the point then . . . Willa, Joe, Kathleen and I have committed ourselves to running the storefront until September, and to supporting ourselves. By that time we hope new people will have arrived. We hope that you will think the storefront something to be continued and take it over. If no one comes on the scene by September we can only conclude that some sort of *sensus fidelium* has spoken and the storefront will close. If its continuance depends solely on the four of us, it is not built on very firm ground.

We will be here all summer, so please feel free to visit us and talk about things. You would also be most welcome to help us at Viva House during the next few months. It would be best if you let us know you are coming beforehand. In meeting with interested people we can talk about a place to live and all the expenses required to run Viva House, as well as acquaint you with the neighborhood. In no way do we feel that we are pulling out of something, but are moving into areas where we feel a definite commitment.

Our second reason for writing is to request your help in maintaining the storefront through the summer. We will need about \$400 to meet all expenses. Whatever money we do not use will be given to the new people who take over the storefront. If no one comes we will put the money where it can be best used.

We would like to thank everyone who has helped us and send special thanks to all our friends in Scotia, N.Y. who helped us through a rough winter. Our hope is that this letter will meet with great response.

All thanks and love to all.

Willa, Brendan, Kathleen Walsh,
Joe Lynch

Los Angeles

Ammon Hennacy
HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY
and
Berrigan Resistance Center
605 N. Cummings
Los Angeles, Calif. 90033
June 14, 1971

Dear Friends:

Greetings! We haven't sent a personal letter since last December to all our friends. Since then we have been mailing you our paper, *The Catholic Agitator*, which has been getting a good reception. So we feel it's about time once again to try to say hello to you in a more personal way, by this letter. (The *Agitator* will resume next month.)

Our group living and working full-time here at the House of Hospitality consists of Dan and Chris and John Delany (22 months old), Jeff Dietrich, Sue Pollock, Dan Bender, and our latest member just arrived from New Jersey, John O'Neill. Also staying with us is Nelly Morera, a foreign student from Costa Rica.

All of us operate as generalists, doing lots of everything, a la Buckminster Fuller, but we each spend much time



in some work or study we individually prefer. We feel that's the way a freely formed community should operate, both together and as individuals.

Dan Bender, besides being the resistance and draft counselor, has emerged as head cook for the meals we are currently serving out of the back of our van to the men on skid row three days a week. (The average crowd runs 250-500 per day.) He also collects the wilted and sometimes rotting vegetables and fruit from our local market for the meals on skid row and for our table, and purchases or scrounges most of the other supplies needed.

Jeff and Sue have complete responsibility for *The Catholic Agitator* and do about 95% of all the work it takes to edit and publish it (which is at least 10 days' hard work each issue). John O'Neill, who has been with us for a few weeks, takes his turn in our daily morning work with the men coming out of the central jail. He also works with the rest of the gang and other volunteers (of which we could use more) in putting out the meals for the men on skid row.

Chris Delany has been coordinating a special reading program in a local low income public elementary school for the past 3½ months. Though she had thought the work would prove to be more exciting than her previous years of teaching, and though her in-

come has helped keep us and many hungry men alive during this terrible recession, she has decided not to go back in September. She prefers staying home to care for John and to have time to do her own thing.

Dan Delany tries to keep the bills paid, do other needed work (paper and otherwise), gets to handle the difficult phone calls no one else wants, and acts as a greeter and spokesman (for himself only) to the individuals and groups constantly passing in and out of our doors. He also celebrates during the liturgies we have on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 11 a.m. (Please come, if you can.)

After saying all that we would like to point out that we each freely pick out or create for ourselves individually the kinds of work we want to do. No one gives anyone else work to do. Other less desirable work gets done by everyone pitching in. We are amazed how smoothly things go, how much fun we have together day after day, and what a difference a handful of people can make in our vast world. We try hard to avoid any compulsion in our life and work together and with others, and find it daily opens up new and creative avenues and challenges to us.

We would also like to say that we prefer to work hard at what we're doing and to avoid routine "straight" jobs altogether. This way we can do service full-time, rather than hold a routine job and be of service part time only. Cesar Chavez said this recently (May 2nd) here at a peace rally in L.A. He challenged all the people there (2,600) to give up their jobs and school and "come to work for the peace movement 24 hours a day. Nobody will starve because when you work for humanity and justice, people won't let you starve." (He and his large family have not starved despite many rough times in working to organize farmworkers, nor have we here in the work we are doing.) We encourage you to think in the same vein.

We are daily becoming more aware of the crushing recession. Even social workers call to ask us to take in whole families because welfare regulations have been tightened up. This is happening during a time of massive unemployment when normal charitable agencies and resources are turning people away because of the large number of people in need. We operate full every night, including the six or so men who sleep on mattresses on our parlor floor. We are beginning to tell some of the people who call for places for others to stay that maybe they should begin to take some of these poor into their own homes. Billions for bombs and peanuts for the poor.

We continue to struggle on against the war and against gluttony and selfishness of us Americans that allows the military bloodletting to drag on and on. One of us has an appointment, as this letter goes to press, with the local Internal Revenue Service as to why four "war exemptions" were claimed on the face of his 1969 federal income tax form. (The IRS sent back shortly after the form was sent, a U.S. Treasury check for the requested \$532 rebate.) Sorry, the money's been invested in the poor! What will happen as a result—the IRS auctioning off a car or our van or the house or taking money from the House of Hospitality bank account—we don't know. They have the legal apparatus to do all of them. The right of the State to collect taxes to wage war is inviolable in American law; and the right of the individual to refuse is nonexistent. Instead we invoke the 5th Commandment.

Besides refusing to pay taxes for murder, some of us here are also future subjects for the federal courts and prisons for draft refusal. It is a fearful thing to have the power of the fed-

eral gov't on your back, but we say we are determined and we are willing to have them take everything rather than buy one more bullet for one more American to kill one more Asian soldier or woman or child. We hope we are brave enough to back up our brave words when they come to collect their pound of flesh, as they have recently done to Karl Meyer, a well-known tax refuser who runs the Catholic Worker House in Chicago. Lead on, Karl, you give us courage.

We mentioned in a past issue that our VW bug had died and needed a mechanic. Roland Hanselman has overhauled the engine for free, besides helping every week to feed the men on skid row. Now that the Lord and Roland have "provided" that, we must mention boldly that we still need a piece of farmland close to L.A., which we can lease for \$1 per year or under some similar arrangement. Also we have a 2nd mortgage, due in 4½ years, for \$15,000 at 8% upon which we are only paying the interest. If we could borrow about \$14,000 from someone at no interest hopefully (we don't feel interest is ethical, neither did the early followers of Jesus), then we could pay it and the entire house off, free and clear, in 10 years.

There is lots of land held by people who have no personal need or use for it, and the same goes for cash sitting around in savings and loan accounts, etc. We can put it to damn good use for the poor and the victims of injustice. The farm could be used for many things, as a place for some of the downtown alcoholics to sober up and to do some work in clean air until they want to go back to the city or to other work. It can also provide for the deepening of our growing community, and for many other life-giving purposes.

For those of you less endowed, we can offer an opportunity to serve the hungry in the preparation, cooking and serving of the meals for the hungry men downtown, and to help clean up afterwards. Or if you have fruit on your trees that normally goes to waste, the men love it. And we always need men's clothes.

And we need your continuing financial help, too. Our monthly house payment is \$230, the *Agitator* costs about \$175 per month for 5,000 copies, not including postage for the 1,200 we mail out. And there is the constant cost of feeding about 1,000 men and ourselves each week, plus many other expenses, large and small. Our donations have been down for some months (last month they were about ½ of normal). Chris' income as a teacher, along with some substantial help from an anonymous friend in New Jersey (thanks, friend) has been making up the difference. But her job is over now. We often feel we could live much poorer than we do; perhaps we shall shortly get the chance.

We have quite a few more copies of our last issue of the *Agitator*, containing the important testimony of Vietnam veterans concerning the blasphemy that this war really is. If you can give out any copies anywhere, please come and get what you need, free. If you are out of the area, we will send them for the cost of the postage only. Exposing the truth about the war is essential to the swift ending of it and to the building of real peace without ABMs and other such "defensive" warmaking goodies.

We must keep saying that you and we are all in this undertaking together, all of us. Jesus said he came "to serve, not to be served." Gandhi called himself a "seeker and a servant." Servants who work for pay are becoming an oddity today, and are becoming scarce. But servants who work for the people (especially the downtrodden) for free

(Continued on page 8)

To Love Rather Than Be Loved

(Continued from page 3)

Order members from their military obligation to fight at the behest of their feudal lord. One can glimpse the downfall of the military hold of feudalism in this prophetic act of liberation.

In the last chapter, "Artist Saint," Joan Erikson reminds us that the saint and artist have in common the struggle to reconcile the masculine and feminine in themselves. She adds a crucial point. "However, the saint who is an artist too must not only wed the two sides of our basic bisexuality which struggle for conciliation in all of us, but he must also manage a harmonious alliance of self-denying asceticism and receptive sensuality."

Francis, she decides, "could be all this: Knight Errant, troubadour, jongleur, dramatist, teacher, lyric poet—artist and saint . . . Probably only a saint who was also a great servant of the sensory and who happened, too, to be a totally dedicated monk, could proclaim so freely and joyously his devo-

tion to the Ladies in his life." The saint lives in awareness of the presence of God, in himself, in all creatures and all creation; in awareness of the eternal in the time-bound, the infinite in the finite, the sacredness in every moment. "To communicate this aspect of the 'glad tidings,'" she concludes "and to incorporate it in a memorable form—this then is the unique function of the saintly artist."

This extra-ordinarily well-produced book (forty small and large illustrations, a jacket design by the author and a hand-lettered Prayer of St. Francis) comes at a time when Francis is particularly in the public consciousness. The "Poverello" is probably more in the public mind now than at any time since he breathed his last on the Assisi earth, naked and with arms outstretched, cruciform and blind but singing to the very end. Millions will see his story in a film "Brother Sun, Sister Moon," being made in Italy by Franco Zeffirelli.

The New York Times recently featured a reproduction of an image of St. Francis as part of a news story describing him as the patron saint of ecology. Francis' reverence for all creation and his sparing use of the earth's resources are more meaningful to us than to his contemporaries because we must now face the anti-creation pos-

mere negation or sentimentality and support each other in a lifestyle that went against contemporary customs if not ideals?

Some of us experience in our own time the excitement of the days of Franciscan beginnings. We feel it in the efforts of the Catholic Worker movement to live out the gospel today. Those of us who knew Peter Maurin knew a man who lived like Francis and wanted the Catholic Worker not to grow large but to stimulate others to proliferate centers of study and hospitality across the land. Joan Erikson has dedicated her book to "Dorothy Day, friend of poverty." We feel a similar excitement in the poverty of Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity who unerringly seek out the poorest and most rejected members of the human family in India and other parts of the world. Here again is the poetry and stark realism of Francis and his followers.

We hear echoes of the Franciscan spirit in the work of Ralph Nader and his young co-workers. When asked how he chose young people to share his gruelling, often thankless struggle against corporate power, pollution, and injustice, Nader replied, "The one key is probably how willing they are. *not* to be loved . . . It's more important to love than to want to be loved." It was St. Francis who prayed, "Lord, grant that I may seek to love rather than to be loved."



sibilities of pollution, over-consumption and the storage of genocidal instruments of nuclear destruction.

The bands of Friars Minor, "lesser brothers," were certainly in their day counter-communities which bear deep study for what they may say to the counter-communities of our day. What can we learn from these communities which embraced "poverty, simplicity and humility—the three dread adversaries of mercantile security?" How did the brothers and sisters banish

Dolci Plans October Tour

(Continued from page 1)

and it seemed less than the best situation for a public speaker to have to go through an interpreter. But Jerre Mangione, of Philadelphia, the novelist and biographer of Dolci (A Passion for Sicilians, Morrow) assured me that Dolci's manner makes it heaven for even a poor translator. He works with his interpreter in such a way that a real circuit of energy is established between himself, the interpreter and the audience. Dolci received a standing ovation almost everywhere we went. And my Italian improved tremendously.

By the time this issue of the CW reaches subscribers, the first water from the Jato dam will be reaching the fields in the arid countryside outside Partinico, crowning fifteen years of Dolci's work. It was that long ago that the people of the area, impoverished peasants for the most part, decided through meetings called by Dolci, that they wanted a dam in their valley. Their agitation was escalated to include fasts and a strike in reverse, one of Dolci's most intriguing nonviolent innovations, in which workers, rather than withdraw their labor as in a regular strike, donate their labor to a project the government has neglected to forward, without the permission of the state. People improving their own towns without a license, thinking and working for themselves, where will this lead? The government jailed Danilo for two months for the reverse strike.

But the dam is built, with an area of 1,000 acres and an initial capacity of 70 million cubic meters, operating twenty-four hours a day irrigation during the summer months. Water in an arid land is gold. Previously, water for irrigation, what there was of it, was controlled by the Mafia. No longer. Dolci organized a consortium of peasants and workers for the distribution of water. As Danilo puts it, it is important that when it comes, the water should not be Mafia water, but "aqua democratica." (Democratic in the literal Greek sense, to demo he kratia, power to the people.) In the building of the dam it was necessary to hire large numbers of laborers. Previously, if a day laborer wanted work he went to a Mafia strawboss. No longer. Dolci's fellow workers organized a popularly controlled labor exchange. In such a way the very fabric of a society is changed.

The first problem in dealing with a population such as that of Western Sicily is to convince them that change is even possible. What change there is is so slow and over such a protracted period of time that it is not really noticed. The people believe only in stasis and fate. So the first job is

"conscientization," or as Peter Maurin put it, "clarification of thought." Through his Centro Studi Iniziati, Center for Study and Action, Dolci has organized the people into conscientization, then action groups. In this way he started work for the Jato dam when most Sicilians thought it would never be possible. Now they are demanding 13 more!

There are many more plans at the Center, for the redevelopment of the earthquake zone in the Bellice Valley, where the homeless villagers have been living in army barracks for three years, for the establishment of a school for 400 boys and girls age four to 14, for replacing outworn and now parasitic structures with new, truly democratic structures throughout the whole life of the area. If the word revolution re-



tains any meaning after years of misuse, we might call it rapid and profound social change. This is what Dolci and his associates have accomplished. And it has been done through the conscious application of nonviolence.

Sicily, with its ancient civilization, its natural beauty and the long endurance of its people is still very much a Third World country, still in the clutches of an agricultural depression reaching back to the fall of the Roman Empire, a land trodden upon by every invading army from the Goths up to Patton, a land of deep poverty. But there is a ray of light and hope for a decent and democratic future shining from Sicily, largely due to Dolci and his work, a promise of nonviolent revolution. Try to see him next October, or buy his most recent book in English translation, *The Man Who Plays Alone*, Anchor.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 5)

who very soon become a part of our family and usually stay for several weeks if not the whole summer, we have had innumerable visitors for the day, overnight, or the weekend. Tents and sleeping bags appear all about the lawns of the main buildings. Fr. Richard McSorley, who teaches the theology of peace at Georgetown, said that he enjoyed a restful night sleeping on the porch of the old mansion. The truth is, we are crowded; and all visitors should get in touch with Marge Hughes, either by phone or mail, before coming.

Among the visitors whom I was particularly glad to see recently were Jacques Travers and Fr. Pierre Conway, who drove up with friends of theirs to visit before Jacques left for his annual visit with family in Normandy. Jacques, who teaches French at Brooklyn College, has given a number of talks both here and at our First Street house.

It has been good to have some of Dorothy Day's grandchildren and a few of her great grandchildren with us now and again; and we hope that Tamar will be able to come for a visit soon. Betsy's father, who visited us recently, took Katy Hennessey and Maggie Corbin for a trip to Washington, D.C., where the children spent a week looking at the architectural wonders of our Capital.

Even without visitors, we are a large family. We are, therefore, glad that Mary Wagener, with her little daughter Beth, could come and share responsibility with Marge Hughes, who was much in need of a vacation. Mary, who is quiet and capable, has given Marge her first vacation in some time.

As always, there are more that help than can be named. Alice Lawrence, John Filligar, and Mike Sullivan always bear responsibility. Mike's health has improved after his stay in the hospital late in the Spring, but well or ill, he always does his part. Sean continues to look after the chickens, which respond by laying magnificently. Dominic keeps the chapel beautiful and decked with flowers and is our most efficient cleaner. Now that the school

term is over, Clare goes into New York City to direct psychodrama sessions and continues to help with the children here. Stanley Vishnewski and Helene Iswolsky keep busy with writing, and also spend much time with guests.

Gardens have certainly been a major activity this summer. Already our own vegetables are a big asset in keeping down our grocery bill, and with enough rain we should be able to supply many of our own needs through the fall, and even in part through the winter. The cabbages from Andy's garden are a delicious addition to our menu. Susie Kell has sold some of her vegetables to a nearby organic market. John Filligar, who has the most extensive garden, has been glad of the help of Larry Evers. Betsy has gone in for advanced organic methods, using imported lady bugs to combat aphids and other pests. David Wayfield has produced some of the best lettuce I have ever eaten. My own little garden is redolent of sage, lavender, and mint.

Summer is a time of comings and goings. The Jarksys are about ready to move to Canada, where they expect to establish their own community. Tommy and Johnny Hughes have gone to California, that Mecca of the young. Dorothy Day is pilgrimaging in Russia. We look forward to her return and the story of her journey.

Warning to all visitors: we are not Utopia. We are all imperfect instruments. Many children live with us; many young people. Sometimes we are peaceful; sometimes frenetic. Sometimes we sound like a minor rock festival. Sometimes you will find us in the quiet of Fr. Andy Cruciel's Sunday morning Mass on the lawn. We are of all ages, of many backgrounds, of many tastes and antipathies. With the help of God, we will survive.

Now, on the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, birds chatter half-somnolently, and a breeze sings through the leaves of summery trees. We move towards August and that great insect chorus which heralds the coming of Fall. St. Mary Magdalen, pray for us, that we also may learn how to love.

A Return To Life

(Continued from page 2)

tance, when without warning I would fall down, hard, bone-jarring falls that left me helpless to get up without help. I could squirm and wiggle, but I could not get up. I kept trying and with enormous effort I could get to my knees, only to fall over on my back again. All through this a cop and one of the desk clerks at the flop house where I was living were following me, keeping pace with me, when I walked and stumbled along, stopping when I fell—and just watching me struggling to get up on legs that had turned to jelly. They would watch and wait while people walked by, glanced at me, and walked away—fast. Then when somebody helped me up (how kind some strangers were to me that day) the squad car would start up and stay with me till I fell again. Finally they got tired of the game, shoved me into the back seat of the squad car—and took me back to the hotel.

I woke up the next day, weak, sick, tremulous, and in a complete state of paranoia. The television was blaring, people were talking, and I could clearly hear them making plans to force me to run naked through a gauntlet (everybody invited) of men with sticks and stones, clubs and iron pipes.

After a long, long time, while the terror increased, I became desperate enough to risk the ordeal I was sure was waiting for me outside my room door. I opened the door, and walked slowly and carefully to the locked cage-type door and waited until the clerk pushed a button under his desk enabling me to open the door. Nobody was waiting for me, nobody gave me a second glance, and for a moment sanity returned—I saw how my sick imagination had, beginning with the clerk and his cop friend playing a game with me (truth), moved to an intricate plot involving great numbers of people who were planning first to take away the last vestige of my integrity, then destroy me (all paranoid delusions).

My sanity lasted until I hit the sidewalk. Then I realized that the enemy was waiting on every street corner, in alleys and door ways. I watched them signal to one another (hand signals, or piercing whistles, or yells). They were working on me in relays—when one stopped, another took over. I was never out of their sight. It was then that I began to run, stumbling and sobbing with blind, unreasoning terror. I do not remember whether I decided on the Worker as a sanctuary or just lucked into the only people who were able to help.

Despite my appearance — filthy, sweating, and so fouled up I could no longer separate reality from phantasy, so exhausted I could barely talk—and when I could I was nearly incoherent.

However, they didn't turn me away. They suggested I sit down and rest, and brought me a bowl of soup, and bread. Also they listened, they paid attention. This hadn't happened to me for nearly a year. And they told me to come back any time. And for the first time in a year I had a place to go where there was sanity, and help of a kind I still don't quite understand. It began with the concrete fact that every morning I (and many, many others) could get a bowl of good hot soup, tea, and all the bread we wanted. But it went a long way beyond that. There were people there, most of them young, who called you "Sir," and just the way they said it made me—habituated now to being cursed, yelled at, put down, treated with contempt—feel a little flicker of life inside me. Gradually I began to realize that even now, when time was running out on me, I might yet become a human being.

Since then, very slowly and without any real conviction or motivation, I struggled through to the time (just a

few weeks ago) when I discovered that a change was taking place within me. I came nearly every day to the Worker—and began to have friends, and with their help, or rather by their examples, I began to have a kind of faith I had never known. For several years I had believed in God, but I could not and would not trust Him. Now I began to trust Him to help me through the hard, painful time when it seemed useless to keep on trying.

Friends, my tale is nearly told. I still live on the Bowery, but I am not a bum any more. I shower and shave every day, my clothes are clean, and most important, I am able to make small efforts to contribute (not money) to the difficult, and at times nearly impossible job of trying to help the destitute—the ones who seem as hopeless as I was.

One last thing. This change in me is very new and fragile. I could very easily find my self back among the garbage cans. I don't want that to happen, and I don't think it will.

But it could, and I will tell you how you can help. Pray for me. Pray that my life will continue to have meaning and purpose. That when I die it will not be in some flophouse among strangers, but with dignity and with friends, and in a state of grace.

And pray for all the ones who are apparently beyond redemption. Pray for a miracle for them, because that is what happened to me.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

have to delay answering, or just to acknowledge communications. Others of course help, and we are blessed with many volunteers especially in the summer. Some take a year or so with us to help and are very interested right now in the Farm Workers' struggle, and tenants' groups and neighborhood problems. But not many write about these things. Students have had enough of writing, enough of books (text books) for a time. So I make apologies for us all for omissions, delays, and I ask prayers, when you read this, for the trials and trouble-ations, as John Fillinger our farmer calls them, of those at the farm, and those in the city, and right now most especially for me.

I confess to fear and trembling at the take off and the landing of planes. The speed is so terrific that I feel it is a miracle when we have accomplished either height or landing. When I am in the air, gliding so comfortably among the clouds, over the clouds, I recognize that the plane finds it no harder to sustain itself in the air than a giant steamer the size of the Waldorf Astoria hotel has to float on the waters of the ocean. God has us all in the hollow of His hand. My heart and my soul know it but my flesh trembles. Mary Lathrop, the darling, drew me a wonderful picture of a plane sailing through the clouds, and under it were the sustaining wings of two great angels. A beautiful line drawing, and when I find it we will have a cut made of it for the paper so others who share my fears may be reassured.

And here is Arthur J. Lacey on his way to the printer, and sitting, patience on a pedestal, waiting for me to finish. So when I mend a suit, and shine my shoes which are a bit down at the heel, and repack my suitcase, throwing half the stuff back in the wardrobe, I shall set out for the airport, with Tom Cornell ferrying me with a borrowed car, to meet Nina at the American Airlines, and transfer ourselves to the Pan Am where we will meet the rest of the tourists.

Nightmare In Bengal

(Continued from page 1)

to collect thousands of saris for the women refugees now living in camps. Money has been collected by the Central Relief Committee to put up immediately 300 hutments at a cost of 50,000 rupees (7.50 Rs to a U.S. dollar). Lists appear in the daily press day after day with voluntary contributions from the people.

A Difficult Choice

Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister of India, has a difficult choice to make. She is fully aware of the public opinion regarding Bangla Desh, but also it should be noted that she has acted calmly and carefully in face of a dangerous political situation, steering clear of involvement which could lead to war. Her main problem is the inflow of refugees from the other side. Out of them, about 60% are Muslims who want to go back and 40% are Hindus who may wish to remain. The Central Government in New Delhi is spending Rs. 5 per person per day. How long can India alone bear this burden and how will it rehabilitate those who do not want to go back are questions which need immediate attention.

Refugees Relate Deeds of Pakistan Army

Mr. Jogendra Sahni, standing outside a camp in Krishnager, related the following: "The Pakistani army collected some 400 disabled beggars and slum dwellers, brought them to the Sadar Bazar area and machine gunned them to strike terror among the civilian population."

Another man who wished to remain un-named told how about 125 young men were machine-gunned by Pakistani Firing Squads in the Mayamari-Amjhupi area, near Meherpore in Kushtia District. They were made to stand in rows and asked to read the "kalma" before they were shot.

Among the victims of the genocide in Bangla Desh last week were thousands of boys from schools and colleges selected by the Martial Law authorities for training in the National Cadet Corps. The trainees were taken out in army trucks from Dacca to Norshingda on the false promise that they would be allowed to go home with their pocket money. But, once they reached Norshingda, the homesick boys were taken to a warehouse and told that they would be served tea and then let off. When all of them were thus lured in, the doors were bolted from the outside and within minutes the bloodbath followed as the army kept on firing through the windows.

Catholic Relief Services Feeding 600,000 Daily

Catholic Relief Services has responded promptly to this difficult situation, as it responds to human need wherever possible. At present this organization is responsible for feeding, daily, 600,000 refugees located in camps in West Bengal, at Jalpaiguri, and Krishnagar, Nadia District, and in Assam at Shillong in the Dawki District.

The CRS staff in Calcutta has been reinforced with staff from the main office in New Delhi. The Director of the India Programme, Mr. Joseph Nemecek, has himself travelled to the scene to see that everything is done to speed up the help needed.

The problem in terms of organizing relief has acquired immense proportions, putting tremendous strain on the administrative and material resources of the States concerned. The Central Government's willingness to be of as much assistance as possible has relieved the State of some of the financial strain, but it is felt that only through international effort can relief on the requisite scale be organized. The Government of India has already appealed to several international

organizations to come forward with help.

In addition to such basic foodstuffs as rice, CRS has flown in 150,000 doses of anti-cholera vaccine and mass inoculation jet guns to help stem an epidemic. Air-shipped also were clothing, cooking utensils and large numbers of shelter tarpaulins and tents to protect the refugees from the tropic sun and monsoon rains soon to begin.

Contributions to help keep this program alive can be sent to:

Catholic Relief Services
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10001

Peace Ship

(Continued from Page 3)

of a ship for a school where young people can learn not only seamanship but the many trades that landlubbers need — carpentry, welding, electrical wiring, cooking, etc. I've discovered the almost universal interest in electronics among young persons. The radio ship brings it out immediately and they give me lectures on the mysteries of this dark subject.

Able asked me to stay on the ship while he is in Tel Aviv. Communication always amazes me but here it is something special. One minute I am talking to Able in Tel Aviv, Israel, and the next minute it is Father Bourret on the phone in California. Then a reporter will call from Akron, Ohio, and in a few minutes I give him the details of the ship to answer a letter received from a subscriber to his newspaper.

The other night about 11 p.m., Rabbi Steve Schaffer and I had a talk with Able by phone. It was 6 a.m. in Tel Aviv and Able was slightly groggy from sleep. But there was a problem to solve. Rabbi Schaffer handles the finances of the Peace Ship Fund which has to be set up according to New York State law since contributions are sought.

By phone the status of the problem is soon seen. The steps to be taken are understood. It is truly amazing. I look out the window at the old World Telegram building and understand acutely the difficulties of a daily newspaper staying in business today when anyone can pick up a phone and get the story himself.

With this swift communication, there is really no night and everything has a Biblical touch. I feel like Noah a little, or Danny Kaye, and the decaying New York wharves are understandable against this background of communication with planes flying overhead.

I hope you got my message which is simple. Many little donations can make this ship a reality soon. The Peace Ship would like to reach the Mediterranean before the Fall when crossing the Atlantic will be difficult for this 570 ton vessel.

P.S. The Peace Ship Fund address is P.O. Box 1111, F.D.R. Station, New York, New York 10022.

LETTERS

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have always been rare. (Gandhi called them "public workers.") We would like to continue to join with you in the service of those who suffer needlessly and alone. They are so many, and those to serve them are so few. Together we can make up a mighty army of true servants.

Peace and love,
Dan & Chris Delany, Jeff Dietrich,
Sue Pollock, Dan Bender, and John O'Neill.