

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Unconventional Evictions

By KATHY CLARKSON

As the city prepared to receive the delegates to the Democratic National Convention this August, posters began to appear encouraging New Yorkers to help "polish the apple." Influential guests would be arriving to discuss the political agenda of the country. Our city leaders wanted to put on a good face.

The convention was held at Madison Square Garden, the great hall in mid-Manhattan. It stands above Pennsylvania Station, a terminal for thousands of daily commuters and "home" for hundreds of midtown's homeless men and women. Because of its proximity to the convention, Penn Station was a particular focus of "polishing." The night before the convention opened, the homeless people, who normally were ignored as they made their beds in rest rooms or on chairs and ledges around the station, were hustled away onto the night streets of the city, so that the political decision-makers, the guests, would not have to face them.

We knew how many people were going to be forced out. A few weeks earlier, David and I decided to tour the convention site. We arrived at Penn Station around half-past eleven. As we walked through its waiting-rooms and rest-rooms, we found 40 or 50 people already settled into their cramped quarters for the long night ahead. It was a very hot evening in July. We took the escalator up to the main entrance of the station; the Statler Hilton, convention headquarters, faces this entrance. Outside, we saw some hundred more homeless people stretched along the length of the station. We didn't recognize a soul, which surprised us, since we come into daily contact with numerous homeless people. When we returned on the opening night of the convention, all these men and women had been replaced by wooden police barriers.

### Remember the Dead

One work of the Holy Name Center (run by Archdiocesan priests through donations, to help the poor) is to bury the dead. During the winter months, the toll rises dramatically: pneumonia sets in with the winter cold and is one of the leading causes of death amongst homeless people. This past year, the Holy Name Center buried 74 homeless men and 1 homeless woman, all from the Bowery area. No one knows exactly how many others have died in different parts of the city; we do know that there are homeless men, women and children living on the streets and in parks, subways and abandoned buildings in every borough of the city — 36,000 strong, according to recent official estimates.

On August 10, the night before the convention started, 250 people gathered together at St. Francis of Assisi Church to commemorate these dead who pass so quickly from public memory. We hoped that the memorial service would draw some national attention to the desperate plight of homeless people across the nation. The Sunday evening service began a four night-long vigil outside St. Francis Church, which is located just a block from Madison Square Garden. The vigil was timed to coincide with the purging of Madison Square Garden and Penn Station of their homeless people.

We mailed invitations to the service

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## El Salvador

# Death and the Hope for Life

By JON SOBRINO, S.J.

(Fr. Jon Sobrino teaches at the Jesuit university in El Salvador, and has made an important contribution to the study of theology in his major work, *CHRISTOLOGY AT THE CROSSROADS* (Orbis Books).

At a recent conference in Detroit, he was asked about the role of the Church in El Salvador today. The film he refers to is "El Salvador: Revolution or Death" which is about the violent repression of the Salvadorean people. Eds. Note.)

This might end up like a theological meditation. As when we are in chapel, we are in front of very serious things—important things that you have to analyze. But in the last analysis, I think you have to meditate on them.

I am not going to describe what the Church is doing. That would take many hours. I am going to give you the general impressions I get from the Church in El Salvador. You heard a lot today about the vision of the Church in El Salvador. I am going to talk about the reality.

### The World Outside

The first point is to ask ourselves this important question. What is the basic fact about the Church in El Salvador? I would say it is the world outside of the Church: the type of world some of you saw in that film on El Salvador. The world outside becomes, as we Christians and theologians say, a sign of the times.

The world in El Salvador is characterized right now by two words: the first one is death, and the second one is life—or, more exactly, the hope for life. Exploitation is too weak a word to describe the situation in El Salvador right now. People in El Salvador are not just exploited, which they are; they are not only oppressed, which they are. They are people who get killed, assassinated.

The Church has incarnated herself in this world. Again, in this world. It's not just that we accept living among beautiful volcanoes in El Salvador, though that would be incarnation. It is much more profound than that. The Church, I believe, has incarnated herself in this world of death. And I would like to quote Archbishop Romero, because I think he put it very well. He said, two months before he was assassinated, "I am proud that Christians have mixed their blood with the blood of the people."

We can talk about incarnation on many levels, and rightly so. On the cultural level, we can say that the Church must be Indian, the Church must be Black, the Church must be Woman—that is all part of incarnating the Church Herself (or Itself?). But I think the depth of the incarnation doesn't come to light until one considers this further type of incarnation: sharing with the people of El Salvador what is most profound and most basic—death. Although this sounds tragic, it is not rhetoric.

This has helped us to solve a theoretical, and a practical, important question. Who are the poor in El Salvador? We all say that the Church should make an option for the poor. The Latin American bishops said that at Medellin and at Puebla. I don't have to explain that

(Continued on page 3)



Rita Corbin

## Love is the Measure

By DOROTHY DAY

(Reprinted from the June, 1946 issue of The Catholic Worker)

We confess to being fools and wish that we were more so. In the face of the approaching bomb test (and discussion of widespread radioactivity is giving people more and more of an excuse to get away from the philosophy of personalism and the doctrine of free will); in the face of an approaching maritime strike; in the face of bread shortages and housing shortages; in the face of the passing of the draft extension, teen-agers included, we face the situation that there is nothing we can do for people except to love them. We continue in our fourteenth year of feeding our neighbors and clothing them and sheltering them and the more we do it the more we realize that the most important thing is to love. There are several families with us, destitute to an unbelievable extent and there, too, is nothing to do but to love. What I mean is that there is no chance of rehabilitation, no chance, so far as we see, of changing them; certainly no chance of adjusting them to this abominable world about them, and who wants them adjusted anyway?

What we would like to do is change the world—make it a little simpler for people to feed, clothe and shelter themselves as God intended them to do. And, by fighting for better conditions, by crying out unceasingly for the rights of the workers, of the poor, of the destitute—the rights of the worthy and the unworthy poor in other words—we can, to a certain extent, change the world; we can work for the oasis, the little cell of joy and peace in a harried world. We can throw our pebble in the pond and be confident that its ever widening circle will reach around the world. We can give away an onion. We repeat, there is nothing that we can do but love, and dear God—please enlarge our hearts to love each other, to love our neighbor, to love our enemy as well as our friend.

This is the month of the Sacred Heart, the symbol of Christ's love for us. We are supposed to love as Christ loved, to the extent of laying down our lives for our brothers and sisters. That was the New commandment. To love to the extent of laying down our lives, dying to ourselves. To accept the least place, to sit back, to ask nothing for ourselves, to serve each other, to lay down our lives for our brothers and sisters, this is the strange upside-down teaching of the Gospel.

We knew a priest once, a most lovable soul, and a perfect fool for Christ. Many of his fellow priests laughed at him and said, "Why, he lines up even the

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

DANIEL MAUK, PEGGY SCHERER, Managing Editors

Associate Editors:

KATHLEEN CLARKSON, RITA CORBIN (Art), GARY DONATELLI, FRANK DONOVAN, EILEEN EGAN, ROBERT ELLSBERG, EDGAR FORAND, GEOFFREY GNEUHS, O.P., MARJ HUMPHREY, ARTHUR J. LACEY, DEANE MOWRER, JEANNETTE NOEL, PAT RUSK, JANE SAMMON, KATHARINE TEMPLE, SUSAN WEIMER.

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## EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

BACK TO CHRIST—  
BACK TO THE LAND!

## On the Level

Owen Young says:

"We will never have prosperity as long as there is no balance between industry and agriculture."

The farmer sells in an open market and is forced to buy in a restricted market. When the farmer gets a pair of overalls for a bushel of wheat, the wheat and the overalls are on the level.

When the farmer has to give two bushels of wheat for a pair of overalls the wheat and the overalls are not on the level. Wheat and overalls must be on the level.

## Industrialization

Lenin said:

"The world cannot be half industrial and half agricultural." England, Germany, Japan and America have become industrialized.

Soviet Russia is trying to keep up with England, Germany, Japan and America. When all the world will be industrialized every country will be looking for foreign markets. But when every country will be industrialized you will not have foreign markets.

## Mechanized Labor

Gandhi says:

"Industrialism is evil." Industrialism is evil because it brings idleness both to the capitalist class and the working class. Creative labor is craft labor. Mechanized labor is not creative labor.

## No Pleasure in Their Work

Carlyle says:

"He who has found his work, let him look for no other blessedness." But workmen cannot find happiness in mechanized work. As Charles Devas says, "The great majority having to perform some mechanized operation

which requires little thought and allows no originality and which concerns an object in the transformation of which, whether previous or subsequent they have no part, cannot take pleasure in their work."

As D. Marshall says, "Previously the workman fashioned every article with his own hands, bringing to bear on it all the skill of the craft which was his; now all of this is done by machine." **Industrialism and Art** Eric Gill says:

"The notion of work has been separated from the notion of art. The notion of the useful has been separated from the notion of the beautiful. The artist, that is to say, the responsible workman, has been separated from all other workmen. The factory hand has no responsibility for what he produces. He has been reduced to a sub-human condition of intellectual irresponsibility. Industrialism has released the artist from the necessity of making anything useful. Industrialism has also released the workman from making anything amusing."

## Regard for the Soil

Andrew Nelson Lytle says:

"The escape from industrialism is not in Socialism or in Sovietism. The answer lies in a return to a society where agriculture is practiced by most of the people. It is in fact impossible for any culture to be sound and healthy without a proper respect and proper regard for the soil, no matter how many urban dwellers think that their food comes from groceries and delicatessans or their milk from tin cans. This ignorance does not release them from a final dependence upon the farm."

## + + + REVIEWS + + +

## THE NONVIOLENT ALTERNATIVE.

By Thomas Merton. Edited and with an introduction by Gordon C. Zahn. (Revised edition of THOMAS MERTON ON PEACE). Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1980, \$12.95. Reviewed by Bill Barrett, O.F.M.

In mid-1964, Thomas Merton issued a call to retreat to a group of friends, bringing them to his monastic home that November. "We are hoping to reflect together on our common grounds for religious dissent and commitment in the face of the injustice and disorder of a world in which total war seems at times inevitable, in which few seek any but violent solutions to economic and social problems more critical and more vast than man has ever known before." Among those who went to that retreat were Dan and Phil Berrigan, Jim Forest and Tom Cornell; both of the latter were editors of *The Catholic Worker*. It is probably no understatement that that retreat at Gethsemani changed the lives of those who were there.

Although such momentous events are uncommon in most people's lives, analogous awakenings of the inner heart through the many writings of Thomas Merton are admitted by many. Few subjects escaped his interest, and Merton



wrote continuously about what interested him—literature, liturgy, his monastic and eremitical life, the life of the world at large. Because of and not despite his deep commitment as a monk, Merton wrote often and in depth on issues of justice and peace. In *The Nonviolent Alternative*, editor Gordon Zahn selected both long essays and shorter pieces from Merton's writings on peace. Though not absolutely exhaustive, this book collects the body of Thomas Merton on peace (which was in fact the title of this collection, long out-of-print, when it was first published in 1971); it is a major contribution to an understanding of Merton, as well as to the study of Christian attitudes toward peace, war, and nonviolence.

Merton was extraordinary, a sort of "renaissance" monk—or better, an "original child monk," as Gordon Zahn appreciatively calls him in the fine introductory essay. "Original Child Bomb"

is the free-form poem, in "easy essay" style, remarks Zahn, which opens the collection. "Original Child" was, as Merton wrote, "the name given to it (the bomb) by the Japanese people, who recognized that it was the first of its kind."

The *Catholic Worker*, both the movement and the newspaper, figure in the story of Thomas Merton and his peace writings. Some of these articles were originally contributed to *The Catholic Worker* by Merton; he was notorious among his publishers for dashing off a timely essay for folks like us while he was under contract for several books, often under deadline. His reputation was upheld by the obvious innocence with which he did things like that! (A relevant aside: Recently we reprinted "The Root of War," a Merton essay originally published in the CW in 1961. It was mistakenly reported that this essay is contained in the present volume. "The Root of War" is published in *New Seeds of Contemplation* by New Directions).

Although a few of the pieces in this volume can be clearly identified with the events of the 60's that sparked them, today the majority stand as necessary and as challenging, if not more so, as on the day they were written. The problems Thomas Merton wrote of have neither passed away nor faded, but escalated. The "deterrence" he saw through came to be called "Mutual Assured Destruction" by the plotters of the Pentagon; Merton called it "madness" long before the Pentagon called it "M.A.D." This is madness called sanity by the world. In "A Devout Meditation in Memory of Adolf Eichmann," Merton notes that "the ones who coolly estimate how many millions of victims can be considered expendable in a nuclear war, I presume they do all right with the Rorschach ink blots too."

Several of these essays, notably "The Christian in World Crisis: Reflections on the Moral Climate of the 1960's" and "Faith and Violence," stand as substantial analyses of even the present world situation and Christian response. One of the major essays, however, needs a corrective note in my opinion. "Blessed are the Meek: The Christian Roots of Nonviolence." I think this is not quite the right phrase; it seems that this article ought to be entitled "Blessed are the Meek: The Roots of Christian Nonviolence." The difference is subtle, but significant. This alternate subtitle, which I suggest is the correct reading, does appear on the *Catholic Peace Fellowship* pamphlet cover designed by Corita Kent and published in 1967. The pamphlet's inside title, however, again reads "The Christian Roots of Nonviolence." Nonviolence, it is true, is not an

(Continued on page 5)

## FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the *Catholic Worker* invites you to join us for our weekly Friday night meetings. They are held at Maryhouse, 55 East 3rd St., between 1st and 2nd Avenues (2nd Avenue stop on the F train). Meetings begin at 8:00 p.m., and tea is served afterwards. All are welcome.

September 12—Gordon Zahn: The Catholic Conscientious Objector, with the new film "Refusal."

September 19—Philip Scharper: The Theology of Justice.

September 26—James Finn: V. S. Naipul—A Troubling Voice from the Third World.

October 3—Margaret Pearson: Nonviolence and Resistance in Early Chinese History.

October 10—Dick Voight: How to Help an Alcoholic Person.

October 17—Sr. Jose Maria Hobday: Human Rights for Native Americans.

October 24—Colman McCarthy: Presidential Politics and World Peace.

October 31—Igal Roodenko: Touring the South—Reaching Out to the Unreachable.

November 7—Rev. Fleming Rutledge: Women in the Bible.

November 14—JoAnne Sheehan: Feminism and Nonviolence.

November 21—Fr. Joseph O'Hare: Faith and Justice: A Contemporary Jesuit Effort.

November 28—Thanksgiving Holiday: No Meeting.

December 5—John McCarthy: Northern Ireland and the Irish-American Dimension.

December 12—Sr. Joan Chittister: Benedictinism and Its Contribution Today.



# Death and the Hope for Life

(Continued from page 1)

by "the poor" is not meant the rich who, somehow or another, are poor in spirit.

The Puebla documents say that the poor are the peasants, the workers, the children with no hope of surviving, the elderly people. But for us in El Salvador, the poor, the image of the poor, are the dead, which, by the way, should be very clear, a priori, if we would consider the roots of our Christian faith. If Jesus Christ is "the poor," it is not so much because He was probably born into a family of low income. If He is "the poor," it is because He ended as He ended—crucified, dead.

## Death

Although it may be a bit macabre, I want to remind you of a few facts so that you have an experience, at least from a distance, of what it means to be poor today in El Salvador.

In this year, in the first six months of 1980, approximately 6,000 or 7,000 people have been assassinated. What you saw yesterday in the film was just a glimpse. And if, in a country of five million people like ours, 6,000 or 7,000 people have been assassinated, that is the equivalent of 300,000 to 350,000 United States citizens being assassinated. This is our reality at the moment. This is the type of poverty we live in. This is the type of exploitation and oppression we have.

On the 14th of May, at the Sumpul River, 600 peasants were killed. 600 people is more or less the number of people at this meeting. Can you imagine if tomorrow, in the newspapers, the headline would read, "600 people have been assassinated in Detroit in five hours, in one place." I imagine everyone in the United States—the President, Congress, everyone—would be very anxious to know what happened. Well, that is what happened in El Salvador: six hundred people were killed at one place in four or five hours. How were they killed? They were tortured; children were flipped into the air, bayoneted and thrown into the river . . . A fisherman from Honduras found the corpses of five babies in his net. Things like that . . .

I think death is the reality for peasants, for workers, and also for other people who usually don't get killed in civilized societies—people like school teachers. I don't know if there are many of you here. But, this year alone, 82 school teachers have been assassinated. The same is true for medical doctors. Usually these people don't get killed—they are professionals. As far as I know, at least 14 doctors have been assassinated because somebody suspected that a particular doctor might have helped, or could sometime help heal someone from the left. And, at times, these doctors have been assassinated doing surgery. There have been other things: wounded people in hospitals have been assassinated, and this is not normal in civilized societies. Some people who have been wounded in the struggles get to the hospitals, and, at least in seven cases that I know of, paramilitary groups, in connivance with the armed forces, with the government, have gone into the hospitals and killed them.

What I am saying is, I think, true. Who are the poor? Those who die.

To my joy, and I say this in all humility, I think that, by and large, the Church has incarnated Herself in that type of world. Just to give a few examples, seven priests have been murdered in El Salvador in the last three years, and also Archbishop Romero, who was a very good friend of mine. A few days before I came here, a theology student, a diocesan seminarian, who was going to be ordained a month from now, was preparing a little chapel where he was going to say his first Mass. He was there with eleven peasants. They were all assassinated. Many priests have suffered, have been threatened with death,



Fritz Eichenberg

Of course, many lay preachers among the peasants have been assassinated, so many of them I couldn't give you figures. Lay catechists have been assassinated. Residences of men and women religious have been searched, been bombed at times, or machine-gunned. The radio station of the archdiocese has had at least four bombings. The same thing has happened to the weekly diocesan newspaper office. And we Jesuits (though I don't want to go on about us, or me) have been threatened, as a group, with death—once in 1977 and once in 1980. Father Rutilio Grande, the first priest murdered, was a Jesuit. About 11 bombs have exploded in our University. (I don't think many bombs have exploded at Catholic universities in the United States.) But certainly what has happened to us, as you can imagine, has been very minimal. We, as Jesuits, have power, have international connections. So you can imagine that if these things happen to us, what happens to the peasants, who have no power?

The end result of this point is that the institutional Church in El Salvador has been persecuted. (You know, when people talk about the "institutional Church" I understand what is said, though not quite, because what is this institutional Church? It is not an abstraction. There are people who belong to that institutional Church.) This Church has incarnated Herself among the poor. And that is the most important thing that I want to say about the Church in El Salvador. If I sound triumphalistic, I don't mean to (I know our weaknesses well, don't worry about that), but on the other hand I have to tell the truth.

Now the next point is: what has the Church done for the poor, and what have the poor done for the Church?

What has the Church done for the

poor? Well, Scripture says very clearly that the poor are the privileged ones of God. You can say this, you can write about it, but the point is to make the poor the principals of action and of understanding. I think this is the first thing the Church has done for our country—telling everybody, the government, the armed forces, the intellectuals, etc. that the poor are the privileged ones of God. If you want to know what is truth, what is good, what is evil, what is just and unjust, the first thing you have to do, the Church says, is look at the poor. This is very significant.

## Basic Rights

I believe the second thing the Church has done is to state very clearly that we have to defend the rights of the poor. I think that it is obvious enough that when we talk about rights in El Salvador we are not talking about civil rights in abstract ways, but the most basic right: the right to breathe, the difference between being alive and being dead. Defending human rights has meant defending the right to live. And I think the Church has done that by denouncing death, and, positively, by being, to some extent (and certainly under Msgr. Romero), this phrase we hear so often, "the voice of those who have no voice."

The Church has defended other human rights, especially defending the right of peasants and workers to organize. That might sound very simple to you, but in El Salvador the peasants do not have a legal right to organize. Why the Church has defended this right is very important. It is not only a right which belongs to human nature, like being free to play cards, but if the poor, especially the peasants, and the workers don't get organized, they will be more easily victims of oppression.

Another thing the Church has done for the country, I believe, is to go a step

further and say that the poor should get some substantial part in politics. I won't talk today about what that might mean specifically; for example, whether there should be a Christian party. No. But at Puebla and Medellin, the bishops said that if the poor are not the makers of their own destiny, nobody will do it for them. Not the government, not the theologians, not the Church, not the North Americans or the South Americans. The people, the poor of each country, they are the basic makers of their own destiny. And that means that they should have a certain amount of power.

And finally, although everything I said before is true—the poor are the privileged ones—the Church has not tried to idealize the poor. Msgr. Romero was very free to criticize what, according to him, was wrong, even among the poor. Though they are the way to learn what is true, what is good, what is bad, they also can make mistakes. Of course, Msgr. Romero especially criticized the rich and the oppressors. He once called President Romero a liar. And, after most members of the first Junta had resigned, he said in a Sunday homily, "I wonder why the Minister of Defense has not resigned. He should." So, of course, the denunciation was and is directed especially to the rich, but also to the poor. At times, I have the impression that many of us feel that we are the saints. I think that we also need criticism, even as the poor struggling for liberation need criticism, and I think the Church has done that.

## Lessons

Now, what has the Church learned from the poor? That is, to me, more important, because we are used to the Church as teacher—"Mater et Magistra." But the Church, the theologians, the bishops learning from someone—that is almost incredible. And, I think the Church has learned from the poor.

What has She learned? Well, first, I think She has learned what sin is. I believe the Church has learned that sin is "that which brings about death." This, of course, is very traditional. Jesus Christ died because of our sins. Now you can interpret that very transcendently, and very historically. Jesus Christ died because some people killed Him. So sin is to kill the Son of God. And sin is to kill the children of God. Well, "how simple!" you say, "You don't have to study too much to understand that." But it is curious. You have to live—at least I have had to live—in a situation like ours to understand this: that sin is that which brings about death. That is why, also in the best theological tradition, sin can be mortal. Mortal sin, because it gives death. Of course we used to say, with fright, mortal sin gives death to the sinner, a spiritual death which, I believe, means a total failure of the one who commits the sin. But the tragic thing about sin is that it is not just a death somewhere inside somebody, but it is objective: it is there. People get killed. So that is the first lesson. You are with the poor, you see them dying; you say, well that can't be God's will—that has to be sin.

The second thing is the opposite. I think the Church has learned what grace is, sanctity—whatever you want to call it. I will say that, primarily, the Church has learned that nobody has greater love than he who gives up his life for others. That is St. John's Gospel—nothing new. It is not Liberation Theology, or Marxism. It is the Gospel. This type of love is the most important expression of sanctity or of holiness. And again, this is important: not all of us get killed (I hope not), but you begin to understand Christianity, the most profound roots of Christian faith. You begin to understand holiness and sanctity in the readiness to give to others, even to give up your own life.

## Idolatry

Third, I think the Church has learned what the following of Jesus means, which is a praxis of justice, within a conflict, to bring about the Kingdom of God—but like the servant of YAHWEH, as He is described in Isaiah.

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## PAX CHRISTI

"Peacemaking: A Call to Community" the Pax-Christi 1980 National Assembly will be held October 17-19 at the de Sales Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The keynote address will be given by Daniel Berrigan, S.J., on Fri., October 17, in the evening. Workshops will include "Preparing to Counsel Draft-Age Youth," by Tom Cornell.

Full program and registration forms (in single copies or in quantity) can be ordered from:

Pax Christi  
3000 N. Mango Ave.  
Chicago, IL 60634

(N.B. Pax Christi is keeping on file statements of conscientious objection. And the booklet, "The Right to Refuse to Kill: Catholics, Conscience and the Draft," will not be printed for a few more months; the price is not yet set.)

— Eileen Egan

## POLAND

"Among the basic rights of the human person must be counted the right of freely founding labor unions. These unions should be truly able to represent the workers and to contribute to the proper arrangement of economic life."

II Vatican Council  
The Church Today

On the 14th of August, 1980, the shipyard workers of Gdansk, Poland walked off their jobs. Within hours, United States newspapers gave widespread, front-page coverage to this curious event in the life of an eastern European nation.

On closer observation, symptoms of labor trouble could be seen developing long before the walkout at the Lenin Shipyard that 14th day of August.

On the first of July, the Polish government ceased subsidizing the meat industry, bringing about increased prices for a staple item in the Polish diet. Other goods were scarce, lines at markets were long and the patience of the Poles was running thin. The government felt its hands were tied, the victim of economic circumstances it was unable to cope with. The added demand by some workers for wage increases only added fuel to the fire, when Polish officials rejected this proposal as inflationary. Within a few short weeks, a number of strikes took hold of the country, including a general strike in the city of Lubin.

The situation in Gdansk on the 14th of August introduced a new element in the increasing articulation of workers' grievances. Points considered political in nature formed part of a list of demands to be presented in negotiations with the government. Among these were a lessening of government censorship, amnesty for workers involved in previous labor protest, and free access by Churches to government information. But the ultimate demand, and that which the government found hardest to swallow, was the strikers' insistence on the formation of an independent union. This was interpreted by officials of the government as "anti-socialist," reactionary and, perhaps, even downright ludicrous. After all, a true socialist would realize the party trade union as representative of the workers.

Time passed, the strikers remained adamant on this point, and the question raised itself: Could 350,000 Poles be wrong? No, they couldn't, and eventually the government would become its own critic, admitting its failure in listening to workers or comprehending their plight. At the end of August, a tentative agreement was reached between the government and workers of Poland.

For our own part, our media and government capitalized on the events in Poland. There is little doubt that some issues were improperly presented to the American public. The issue in Poland was not to demand a kind of capitalist economy — the astute workers often commented upon the watering down of socialism which would eventually relegate its principles to a utopian myth. Snide remarks about party elitism, which is opposed to socialism, and jokes about the "Red bourgeoisie" abounded

during the strike. One bit of graffiti in Poland stated, "Workers of the world, unite. I'm sorry, I'm very sorry." — Karl Marx. Yet, this was downplayed in our press.

Ironically, the strike in Gdansk was tentatively settled around our Labor Day holiday (the Silesian miners went back to work a few days later). Labor day is the traditional time to open a campaign in an election year, and the Polish strike was used by the candidates. It struck a hollow note to hear our president laud the workers of Poland and hail the settlement as a victory for human rights. In one of the richest, most powerful countries in the world, sweatshops still exist, migrant workers toil long, exhausting hours often for less than minimum wage; millions are out of work and millions more are unorganized.

On Labor Day, a U.S. worker spoke of his and others disenchantment with unions which do little for the rank and file, and with labor officials who earn high salaries and are seemingly more like businessmen than workers.

This is not meant to take away from the extraordinary events in Poland. We realize the stand taken there demonstrated exemplary courage on the part of the workers. Poland has been aggressive in its resistance to ideological domination and has confounded observers with its vibrancy, relative independence and fervent religious expression. One can only look in amazement at photographs of Mass being celebrated in a shipyard named Lenin.

It would also be naive to forget that beyond Poland the huge bureaucratic structure of the Soviet Union is not immune from entering countries under its influence when its own interests seem threatened.

Although it's much too early to predict what the future holds for Poland, we can only admire the manner in which the strike was executed. The strike leaders demonstrated a discipline and respect for their economic/social adversaries which is a lesson for our own labor movement.

So we join in solidarity with the men and women of Poland in their courageous struggle for justice. We pray with them as they endeavor to begin a new era in the history of their homeland (or nation).

— Jane Sammon

## CRIMINAL CODE

This past June the House Judiciary Committee approved a version of the proposed Criminal Code bill. The Senate is considering its own omnibus "reform" of the federal criminal code as S. 1722. Both houses of Congress are expected to begin debate on these bills late in August.

Although at this time the House version of the Criminal Code bill (HR 6915) is not as damaging to basic constitutional rights as is S. 1722, there nevertheless will be pressure on the House to bring its bill through amendments in line with the Senate bill which is being sponsored by Senators Edward Kennedy and Strom Thurmond. The Justice Department is in favor of S. 1722 along with its companion bill S. 114 which would reinstate a federal death penalty.

Under S. 1722 constitutional liberties, such as peaceable assembly, would be restricted. Demonstrators at any federal building or function would be subject to arrest and prosecution under section 1334 of the bill. Anti-nuclear activists, for instance, under section 1702 are specifically cited and are liable for federal prosecution for certain actions at nuclear power plants. The Senate bill would also reenact the 1917 Espionage Act and the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950. Critics of the Senate bill have noted too that the new code would restrict labor organizing activities.

## News and Notes

S. 1722 creates a "determinate" sentencing system under which judges would no longer have the discretion to decide on sentencing. According to the proposed law, a U.S. Sentencing Commission would develop guidelines which, in fact, would enable prosecutors to charge persons with crimes on the basis of these guidelines.

This so-called reform of the criminal code has been in the works for the last several years. The original bill was drawn up by Richard Nixon and his attorney general John Mitchell and became known as S. 1 which, according to one constitutional law professor, constituted an "unparalleled disaster for the system of individual rights in the United States." The Senate never acted on this version. Under Senators Edward Kennedy and John McClellan it was revived in 1978 as S. 1437. This was passed by the Senate, but not the House.

The new S. 1722 is expected to be overwhelmingly approved by the Senate as was the proposal in the last session. Consequently, at this stage of the legislative process, the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation (NCARL) is urging people to write and to exert influence upon certain key people in the House of Representatives where there is still a chance to prevent the bill from passage. NCARL suggests that concerned persons contact the House leadership and certain members of the rules Committee, especially, Representatives Thomas O'Neill, Shirley Chisholm, and Benjamin Rosenthal.

For further information and update one should write NCARL, 510 C Street NE, Washington, DC. 20002.

—Geoffrey Gnehu O.P.



Rita Corbin

## BOLIVIA

The July 17 coup in Bolivia, led by General Luis Garcia Meza, has resulted in a brutal repression of the Bolivian people. Many have been arrested, wounded, tortured, killed. Workers, political leaders, clergy and religious, as well as the general populace, are suffering from these direct attacks. There is also a suppression of all civil liberties, especially freedom of the press. The coup precluded the completion of the democratic process in Bolivia.

The Church in Bolivia, as all over Latin America, is the only group which has the power to speak out against the violence. Church people (especially Catholic and Methodist) are suffering persecution because of their condemnation of this coup and the subsequent violent repression. Archbishop Jorge Manrique Hurtado of La Paz issued a letter the day after the coup, among other things condemning the outrages, begging those responsible to halt them, demanding the release of prisoners, and urging the people to prayer in the face of the atrocities. The Archbishop was threatened with death, and his letter was altered by the government to include passages contrary to his own words, then circulated.

The whole bishops conference of Bo-

livia put out another letter several days after this, repeating their condemnation of the violence, calling for the government to comply with the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, calling the whole people to maintain a spirit of mutual support and reject feelings of hate. They stated their support of the original letter by Msgr. Jorge Manrique and condemned the attacks on him. With him they called on the Almighty and the Virgin Mary to protect the people of Bolivia. They ended by stating their right to express further thoughts as the situation required.

The United States has refused to recognize this government, as have other nations, and the Organization of American States and Amnesty International have taken various measures to express their dismay. Unfortunately, the additional danger exists that the U.S. and others might resort to helping a less repressive military government take over, an unsatisfactory solution.

It is of critical importance to bring pressure on this repressive government to allow an episcopal commission and/or the International Red Cross to visit the prisons where many are wounded and being refused medical attention. Prisoners are being tortured, and some of the torturers are Argentinians, a country now well-versed in repression of its own people. To protest the coup, its violence, and to call for admission of some international organization which could insure at least a minimum of humane treatment, write:

Gen. Luis Garcia Meza  
Palacio Quemado  
La Paz, Bolivia, S.A.

Letters of support to the Archbishop of La Paz would offer much needed encouragement to those who are risking their lives:

Mons. Jorge Manrique Hurtado  
Arzobispado de La Paz  
Casilla 259  
La Paz, Bolivia, S.A.

Prior to the recent coup, CONADE (National Committee for the Defense of Democracy) was organized in that nation as a non-political effort to support a democratic process. International support groups are now forming. For more information contact:

New York CONADE  
c/o Nancy Connor, M.M.  
Maryknoll Sisters  
Maryknoll, N.Y. 10545

— Peggy Scherer

## RESISTANCE COMMUNITY

Several of us in New York City are talking about starting a resistance community here. We are thinking of a community that would come out of Church teaching and tradition and continue our witness at the Catholic Center (the location of the offices of the archdiocese) over the silence of our archdiocese in the face of our growing nuclear arsenal. The other part of our witness would be to go to those places in the city where nuclear weapons are researched and where nuclear policy is defended.

We would like to talk to people in New York City and those in other places who would be willing to move to the city to be a part of this community. If anyone is interested, please contact Don Whitman at the Catholic Worker, 36 E. First St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003, (212) 254-1640.

— Don Whitman

## UNITED FARM WORKERS

The United Farm Workers have initiated a boycott against the Maggio Company, which grows and sells carrots under the labels "Maggio" and "Garden Prize." In March, 1980, the Maggio Company was found guilty of bad-faith bargaining. Twenty-two other vegetable companies have signed contracts with the UFW, but Maggio still refuses to sign. Maggio is the largest carrot grower in the nation and for years has resisted the rights of farm workers to organize. Farm workers have been on strike against this giant of the vegetable industry for 20 months now (since January, 1979).

The UFW boycott against "Red Coach" lettuce continues.







# The Need for Shelter

(Continued from page 1)

and vigil to the city and state officials responsible for basic human services, to other hospitality houses and shelters in the city, to friends, and to different community groups who touch the lives of homeless people. We also went out into the streets to invite the poor and homeless. Sunday morning, we leafleted the delegates who were attending a service at the Episcopal Church of St. John the Divine, inviting them to join us as well. We faced stiff competition for the delegates' attention. Our mayor, who prides himself for never missing the funeral of a policeman or fireman, had previously declined; he had invited the delegates to attend a performance at Radio City Music Hall. Official recognition of the homeless dead was negligible Sunday evening, but the Church filled with homeless people, friends and voices of concern from the community. NBC filmed the entire service, but this footage was never aired.

Monday night, August 11, the Democratic National Convention rolled into motion. Outside the Garden, all was brightly lit, and mobile as a movie set: hundreds of helmeted police with a smattering of demonstrators squared off across the street, giant vans for TV crews, dark-suited conventioners, delegates covered with buttons and badges — and police lines in place of homeless people.

We moved outdoors that night to the rear courtyard of St. Francis Church (across the street from the Statler Hilton on 32nd Street) where we kept our all night vigil with the homeless men and women dislodged by the convention. In the middle of the narrow courtyard kneels a statue of St. Francis—his body raised in supplication. Above this statue

Michael hung a large banner, lettered with the names of the 75 homeless people who died last year. Over the rear entrance to the Church there is a crucifix of the risen Jesus. We placed lumenarias (brown lunch bags weighted with



Meg Crocker—Birmingham

sand to hold a small vigil light) around the courtyard as another reminder of the homeless dead.

When we conceived the idea of the vigil, we had no idea of how many people might come. We asked St. John's Parish in Hillsdale, New Jersey, to pro-

vide us with enough food for 150 people for each convention night. By 10:00 p.m. we had exhausted Monday's supply and Bob set out in search of an open grocery store, not easy to find in midtown. He returned some time later with family-size tubs of peanut butter and jars of jelly. One woman, who lives in Penn Station, immediately started making

peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for the vigilers and continued to make them for almost two hours until everyone had their fill. Later on, an employee of CBS sent over plates of left-overs (pastrami, roast beef, cheese and olives) from the

Hilton.

The vigil keepers were a mixed group. Some came just for a sandwich or to join for a time in the singing. Others stayed through the night on mats or pieces of cardboard: we counted 50 people, sleeping side by side, Wednesday and Thursday nights. There was a middle-aged married couple, on the streets till their first paycheck arrived; folks from Covenant House who work with homeless children; parishioners from St. Francis; a member of a charismatic prayer group who served the tea and greeted the homeless from Penn Station by name; a young boy wrapped in a blanket sound asleep on a chair; sisters from a House of Prayer; a 74 year-old woman resident of a senior citizen's hotel who stayed awake all night and prayed the rosary; a Mexican woman living in a park nearby; volunteers from the Dwelling Place who shelter homeless women in Times Square; a lawyer who has brought two suits against the city to enforce the rights of homeless men to humane shelter; a Native American man; two friends from the Community Service Society; and residents from the Aberdeen Hotel.

The friars have worked in the Aberdeen Hotel down the street from St. Francis for the past nine years. The Aberdeen is a single-room occupancy hotel (SRO); meaning a single, squalid room with the bathroom down the hall, and where there is generally no access to any cooking facilities. Until recently, SRO's were the cheapest housing available to poor single adults living, for the most part, on fixed incomes. In the past five years, however, everything has changed. One-third of these hotels have closed their doors to the poor, undergone renovations, and reopened to a far richer clientele. That's what's happening at the Aberdeen where monthly rents now range anywhere from \$180.00 to \$270.00 (for a room with bath). This hotel is being renovated floor by floor. These days, it is very difficult to find another hotel with vacancies. Increasingly, former SRO residents are swelling the ranks of the homeless in different parts of the city. Many will gravitate to Penn Station for its warmth, the use of a bathroom, and because it is safer than the over-crowded, filthy Municipal Men's Shelter.

A few doctors and nurses also kept the vigil, offering free medical help to anyone who wished it. Homeless people frequently are afflicted with swollen feet and ulcerated legs, since they have to keep on the move much of the day and night. Monday evening, one of the doctors was besieged by three men who begged to be admitted into the hospital to get off the streets. We tried to get an ambulance for another man who said that he had been vomiting for two-days straight. The ambulance wouldn't come for this man, so Mike and Dana took him by cab to Bellevue Hospital. There are very few hospital beds available for poor people without medical coverage and there is a critical shortage of room in the psychiatric wards. A large number of today's homeless are deinstitutionalized mental patients. In New York City alone, according to a report by the State Commissioner of Mental Health, there are 5,200 ex-mental patients living on city streets with scant attention from anyone.

I've never gone to a demonstration where it hasn't rained. Monday's vigil was no exception. It poured for about a half an hour, flooding city streets, drenching us, the food, the banner, ruining the lumenarias. Some of the vigilers huddled together under the rear entrance to the Church, sharing pieces of

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

### Diary Notes

**Thurs., 7/24** — Ammon Hennacy's birthday. He would have been 87 years old today.

Who used to go through trash cans and collect books and newspapers, including *The Wall Street Journal* for me? Mr. Woodlock of *The Wall Street Journal* used to contribute to Peter Maurin — also Mr. Moody of Moody Investment Service.

"Their troubles were multiplied. Afterwards, they made haste." Where does this quotation come from?

**Fri., 7/25** — Ruth Collins\* stopped by this afternoon, bringing a gardenia plant in bloom which she had grown, and some Bronte books.

Dr. Marion Moses visited me this evening. She says Cesar Chavez will be in town soon for a fund-raising rally for the United Farm Workers Union at St. Paul's Church, to inaugurate a nationwide boycott of Maggio carrots.

**Sun., 7/27** — Sunday Mass on television this morning.

Earthquake tremors in West Virginia, Ohio and several other states.

**Mon., 7/28** — Jacques Travers, who runs the Arthur Sheehan House of Hospitality in Brooklyn, sent over gifts before leaving for France for a visit with his family. I loved the people in Mexico and Italy — they always tried to understand you — but not in France. Peter Maurin, Jacques Maritain and family, Jacques Travers and Leon Bloy appealed to me. The latter wrote *Woman Who Was Poor*.

**Fri., 8/1** — Isabella Levitan Yanovsky called. She and Dr. Yanovsky are on their way to Long Island for a vacation.

Received childhood pictures of my sister Della and me from Della's son, John Spier, who lives on the West Coast, in California.

**Sat., 8/2** — Listened to *La Boheme* on radio this afternoon. Tonight, a program

on television about Vincent Van Gogh in Amsterdam. His letters to Theo, his brother, told of his poverty, his hunger. He did without food to buy paints.

D. H. Lawrence and Frieda — his book *Women In Love*. My sister Della and I read him and wore colored stockings, as his heroines did.

**Sun., 8/3** — Mass on television at 10 a.m. Brahms lieder on the radio this evening. Then a Boston Pops concert on TV and a Bill Moyers show.

**Tues., 8/5** — Two books from Roger Lederer — some Tolstoi short stories and *The Truth Will Make You Free; Letters to the Little Brothers of the Gospel* by their superior, Renee Voillaume. Of our Little Brothers here in New York, Brother Peter is a priest and Brother Maurice is working with poor senior citizens.

A man is here doing research for a biography of Ammon Hennacy. Dan Mauk spoke with him.

Phone calls from Tina De Aragon and Eileen Egan. One of the women in the house gave me wild flowers (Queen Anne's lace, etc.) from city vacant lots! Beauty in the city! I like to press Queen Anne's lace in my books.

**Wed., 8/6** — Anniversary of Hiroshima. The first account in a morning newspaper that day was, "President Truman was jubilant." What a word to use!

**Fri., 8/8** — Eruptions again, yesterday and today, from Mt. St. Helens volcano near Portland, Oregon.

**Sun., 8/10** — Mass on television. — Nina Polcyn Moore called. We had a long talk (Sunday rates).

Dorothy Gauchat visited from Newport, Rhode Island. She is returning there after spending tonight with Anne Marie and Steve Kaune in Brooklyn. Her son, Eric, is taking care of things at Our Lady of the Wayside, Avon, Ohio, while Dorothy is away.

**Thurs., 8/21** — Some Wagner music on radio: the Prelude and Liebestod from *Tristan and Isolde*.

**Fri., 8/22** — A letter from Marge Hughes' sister-in-law, Helen Hughes, Seneca Falls, N.Y. Marge now lives in West Hamlin, West Virginia.

**Sat., 8/23** — Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* was the Saturday afternoon opera on radio. I prefer Puccini's *Tosca* and *La Boheme* to *Figaro*.

I am re-reading Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money*, a battered paperback, its pages yellow with age, but you can still read the quotations from *The New York Times* reviewer, enthusiastically recommending it: "It has the deep shadows of a Rembrandt picture and the high challenge of a Whitman poem." It reminded me so much of my first newspaper job on *The New York Call*, and my meeting with Mike, whose name was Irwin Granich. I must try to find another copy, bound and on better paper.

**Sun., 8/24** — Music from Wagner's *Tannhauser* and *Die Valkyrie* on radio.

**Mon., 8/25** — All Creatures Great and Small on TV, followed by a woman's rights program (the anniversary of woman's suffrage) about Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. I went to jail in Washington, D.C. for woman's suffrage in the fall of 1917, but I have never voted.

**Thurs., 8/28** — Feast of St. Augustine, (A.D. 354-430). My favorite quotation from *The Confessions of St. Augustine*: "What is it that I love when I love my God? It is a certain light that I love and melody and fragrance and embrace that I love when I love my God — a light, melody, fragrance, food, embrace of the God-within, where, for my soul, that shines which space does not contain; that sounds which time does not sweep away; that is fragrant which the breeze does not dispel; and that tastes sweet which, fed upon, is not diminished; and that clings close which no satiety disparts — this is what I love when I love my God."

St. Augustine is a favorite saint of Frank Sheed, who translated the entire *Confessions* during a trans-Atlantic crossing by steamship. Frank and his wife, Maisie Ward, were among the earliest friends of the Catholic Worker.

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cardboard for rainhats; others sought out doorways down the street and a few ventured towards the Hilton. It's good for those of us who work with homeless people to spend a night out every so often.

Throughout the four day vigil we leafleted passersby, explaining the reasons for our presence in the courtyard. Carol, who works at a welfare office in midtown, was one of the most energetic leafleters. A few visitors to the city were visibly stunned at the sight of these homeless people; we talked with them about urban homelessness as a growing problem which affects every large American city across the country. Countless people, though, refused our leaflets. Conventioneers would stride on by with a hurried glance, blind to the sight of their neighbor.

During the convention, the Democratic Party approved plans for the MX missile. Already we have 30,000 nuclear warheads, secure, tended by the military establishment, but there is no money to secure the 30,000 homeless men of this city. Our city and state officials exhibit extreme reluctance to the idea of opening public buildings to the homeless even during the winter months. Hundreds die on the streets while Armories remain locked tight to our neediest citizens.

While the conventioneers strode on by, I couldn't help but recall the words of the Psalmist: "They have mouths but they cannot speak; they have eyes but they cannot see; they have ears but they cannot hear. . . . Their makers will become like them: so will all who trust in them." Underneath this nuclear madness, surely an idol of our own times, lies a deep-seated fear and mistrust of our neighbor. At times this fear turns into outright hatred. Early Friday morning, during the final hours of the vigil, a drunken woman entered the courtyard and began to kick and stomp on two of the homeless men asleep on the ground. Before we had time to stop her, she yanked at an elderly woman, nearly pulling her off her chair; then she strode on down the street headed towards Penn Station.

The vigil ended Friday morning. When the sun rose, the 50 people who spent the night rolled up their mats, folded up their cardboard and helped clean up the mess to make way for those coming to the 6:00 a.m. Mass. It was the feast of the Assumption of Mary.

Our friends from Penn Station would return "home" now, their crying need for shelter still unmet. When we concluded the memorial service on Sunday evening, we asked those in attendance to join with us in forming a coalition to advocate for small shelters, urgently needed all over the city. One new-found member of the coalition signed her address as the 26th Street park; she apologized to me for not having a phone.

The September house column. Scattered images of a summer gone by. What to do with a September house column? They usually follow a pattern and often resemble each other from year to year: listing the summer volunteers and people who visited—what fun and vitality they brought into our lives; telling who's leaving and who's come to stay a while, and what we all did. With a few variations, it usually comes round to how hot and noisy the summer has been and how we all are looking forward to the cooler days of autumn with a sigh of relief. Rather than a noble attempt at altering this norm and striking out in the direction of something different and creative, being weary of mind and body (having spent the night up awaiting my muse, only to be disappointed), and being pressed for time as Kassie, Meg and I are traveling out to a wedding at the Families of Saint Benedict in Kentucky, I have opted for that path set out by my worthy predecessors in the writing of the September column.

#### Visitors

There can be no doubt about it that summers stick out most in our consciousness, not because of the heat, but because of all the folks who come by, either for the entire summer, for a couple of months, or maybe just a couple of weeks or even days. All have something to share and something to learn. Christina, from Holland, who spent this past year at the Yale Divinity School and had been with us for Christmas, spent her summer with us and is now back home finishing her studies for the ministry. Sister Joan Marie worked hard and brought a calm and a freshness to us during the hottest part of the summer. Cindy came from Seattle for a few weeks. Hans-Joachim Lung, from West Germany, passed through on his way to work in a parish in Colorado. Though there was "no room at the inn" so to speak, for Kathy Vargas from Spokane, she stayed with friends and commuted, more faithfully than some of us who live here. Just recently, we've had Toni come up from New Orleans to lend a hand, and Margaret Mary from Westminster, Maryland, who's home parish is living close to Peter Maurin's ideal of hospitality on an individual and parish level. Bob Tavani, whom we haven't seen for quite a while stopped by, and, one Sunday evening in June, Cliff Lichter showed up at our door and spent a few days before traveling on to stay with Dorothy Gauchat at Our Lady of the Wayside in Ohio.

Sharing our work is just part of what we do with the summer volunteers; they

also bring with them an excuse to get out of the neighborhood and share some of the sights of the city. There have been frequent rides on the Staten Island Ferry, trying to catch that elusive breeze or trace of salt in the air, and the long subway ride up to visit The Cloisters on the northern tip of Manhattan, or just sitting in the back yard after Vespers, talking, and taking long evening walks. During the worst of the heat it wasn't unusual for us to be seen dashing out of the house and jumping into the gushing water of a fire hydrant. I never saw open fire hydrants before I came to New York, and I'm still not sure how I feel about the whole thing. It's a controversial issue in the city and in the house, but it's hard to think about all that when it's over a hundred degrees out.

While some people in New York might think that the cultural event of the summer of Eighty was the Picasso exhibit, that's only because they didn't attend The Catholic Worker Summer Follies, held at Maryhouse on one of the hottest nights of August. Now I can only speak from hearsay, for I was doing a solo act at St. Rose's Home that night, but the Catholic Worker brought out its best, the reviews were great, and the audience sat for more than an hour and a half in the hundred-degree heat.

This has also been the first summer of our new farm, and not only have we



Rita Corbin

enjoyed all of the fresh vegetables that have been grown and harvested and brought down to us here in the city, but many of us have managed to go up and spend some time in the country, enjoying the peace and quiet, swimming in the pond and helping with some of the farm work.

Coming up out of the basement and into the back yard is Dave, carrying a box of something dark green and dripping: Dave is often to be seen in the basement sorting through the decomposing vegetables, separating the good from the bad and salvaging what he can. I think that rotting vegetables, like leaky faucets and drains in the kitchen, and the toilet on the first floor which cannot remain unbroken for more than twenty-four hours, we will have with us always. I breathe a sigh of acceptance, but fortunately Dave is not so accepting, nor are others, and, at present he and Kathy are in the process of building a cool room to store our produce in. While Dave is dealing with what is in the basement, up on the roof Michael is growing vegetables and flowers. Every now and then Mike will come downstairs with a handful of green or wax beans, or a squash, or maybe several ripe tomatoes that have escaped the ravages of the horn worms. A veritable green revolution. On the third floor, Isadore, aside from his stained glass work, has been busy fixing and painting the walls, windows and furniture. And, of course, day in and day out, regardless of the heat, the work continues in the mailroom, with Preston constantly breaking in the new folks, only to find them gone in a few weeks with a new crew to retrain.

At least three events brought home to us issues broader and more far reaching than the summer heat. This summer young men across this country had to register for a future draft. Many people from both houses spent time at local post offices trying to talk with the young men about what was being asked of them and how they could best respond. I think of Mary and Jennifer who, whenever they left the house to go anywhere, wore sandwich boards that said "The Catholic Worker supports your decision to resist registration." The signs prompted many a conversation, pro and con.

The month of August this year marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of "that butchery of untold magnitude" (Paul VI), the dropping of the bombs by this country on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We spent the morning of August 6 at the Catholic Center (the office for the Archdiocese of New York) in silent vigil and prayer. We went to remember the victims of the bombings, and to mourn the fact that the hierarchy of our archdiocese is so silent about nuclear disarmament, when statements from the Vatican Council, recent Popes, and the U.S. Bishops' Conference have been so clear in their condemnation of the arms race. Later on, we gathered at Columbus Circle and walked to Riverside Research Center to protest the planning and research of nuclear weapons which goes on there. The Democratic National Convention brought with it an interest in the cosmetic appearance of the Madison Square Garden/Penn Station area, and with it a blatant disregard for any human needs. During the convention a vigil was kept each night in the courtyard of St. Francis Church, to emphasize the plight of the homeless men and women in the city, and to offer these people food and a place to stay. Each of these events involved us in prayer and fasting, vigil-ing or demonstrating, and in speaking with many people. We must pray for real conversion in ourselves and in others, that the Lord would change our hearts of stone into hearts of living flesh.

#### Comings and Goings

It's just about a year since Michael Vincent arrived at Saint Joseph House; he couldn't have come at a better time. I remember it all so clearly. We had been very short on help, and I didn't let him wait 15 minutes to unpack or settle in before I gave him a rundown on what was going on and just what he could do to help. What's so unusual about that is that it sometimes takes two weeks or more before anyone even talks to a new volunteer; they are usually left to fend for themselves and figure things out on their own. Mike took it all in, helped ease the work load, took on the clothing room (most people's least favorite task), lifted our spirits with his humor, and this summer he planted the garden on the roof. He's now going back to New Haven to finish school. Though we will miss having him with us, we wish him the best in the coming year of studies. With Michael's leaving we've had two new arrivals, Mike Wade from Detroit by way of Cincinnati and Robert Chaney from New Orleans. They both plan on staying on with us for a while.

And so the summer is over, our lives have been full of many people and activities, some usual, some unusual, and it has been good. We can thank everyone who's been by for their help with the work, for the fun, and wish one and all God's peace and every good thing. Yes, indeed, it has been a hot and noisy summer, and we can each breathe a sigh of relief that cooler days lie ahead. But cooler days become shorter days and the end of September will put an end to Vespers in the back yard, and we must pray for strength for the winter months ahead. A special goodbye to Michael and a welcome to Mike and Robert.

The Lord will guard you from evil,  
He will guard your soul.

The Lord will guard your going and  
coming

Both now and forever.

## Love is the Measure

(Continued from page 1)

insane and baptizes them. He has no judgement!" He used to visit the Black hospital in St. Louis, and night and day found him wandering through the wards. One old man said to me, "Whenever I open my eyes, there is Father!" He was forever hovering over his children to dispense the Sacraments. It was all he had to give. He couldn't change the rickety old hospital, he couldn't provide them with decent housing, he could not see that they got better jobs. He couldn't even seem to do much about making them give up liquor and gambling—but he could love them and love them all, he did. And he gave them Everything he had. He gave them Christ. Some of his friends used to add, "whether they wanted Him or not!" But assuredly they wanted his love and they saw Christ in him when they saw his love for them. Many times I have been reminded of this old priest of St. Louis, this old Jesuit, when I have visited prisons and hospitals for the insane. It's hard to visit the chaplains and ask their help very often. They have thousands to take care of, and too often they take the view that "it's no use." "What's the use of going to that ward—or to the jail? They won't listen to you."

If we love enough we are importunate, we repeat our love as we repeat our Hail Marys on the rosary.

Yes, we go on talking about love. St. Paul writes about it in 1 Corinthians 13. In *The Following of Christ* there is a chapter in Book III, Chapter Five. And there are Father Zossima's unforgettable words in *The Brothers Karamazov*—"Love in practice is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams." What does the modern world know of love, with its divorces, with its light touching of the surface of love. It has never reached down into the depths, to the misery and pain and glory of love which endures to death and beyond it. We have not yet begun to learn about love. Now is the time to begin, to start afresh, to use this divine weapon.



# The Hope for Life

(Continued from page 3)

I think the Church has learned, I believe and I hope, the most important thing about the True God. You never learn that completely, of course, and you forget. But, as in our problem, sometimes one has the impression that people outside of Latin America or outside of El Salvador think "the Christians down there, and even the theologians, or priests, or bishops, are doing good on, say, the level of social ethics and things like that." Well, I think it is more profound than that. I think what is at stake here is **faith in God. Who is really God?** That is the problem. And we have learned, I hope, to understand the question—or better, the mystery of God—not in opposition to atheism (the denial that there is some sort of absolute), but in opposition to idolatry. That is our problem; not people who say, "I don't believe in God, I don't see Him." Our problem is **idolatry**.

What do I mean by idolatry? I mean the existence of real idols, gods who, in order to survive, demand victims. You know, in the old mythology Moloch is that type of god. The cult of Moloch was to kill people for him. Now this is not mythology, it isn't poetry: there are gods in our country, as in your country. For us the main ones are the National Security State, absolutized capitalism, and things like that. They demand for themselves the characteristics which only the True God could demand for Himself; namely, ultimateness, you know, that which is untouchable. Well, I think the National Security State, absolutized capitalism, etc. are idols which demand victims. That is the ultimate reason why some people get killed. So, for us to believe in God is very profoundly an option **not just for life, but to give life to other people**. And we found, a posteriori, a criterion to see if we believe in this True God or in idols. As I said, atheism is not important at the moment. And if we see that we, as Christians or non-Christians, are helping those who bring death, then we are in connivance with them, consciously or unconsciously. Then we will have to ad-

mit that we are idolators, we worship idols.

The first, the most fundamental thing about believing in God is not just to love life—we all do that—but to work that there is life.

The second thing about God is that, in a metaphorical way, He is a crucified God; somehow or another, the idea that God is suffering belongs to our faith in God, I think. And lastly, that God is a liberating God. That this experience of God also brings about hope.

## Salvific Hope

Another point in this reflection is something which, for me, is very important. I think we have heard, in this conference, a lot about different groups being exploited, being oppressed. But I don't think we have heard much about how to live this being exploited, this being oppressed. We do have to become aware that we are exploited, but once this state is reached, I think the next important question, at least from a Christian point of view, is **how we live this being exploited**.

It is very understandable that somebody who is exploited looks for revenge, for example. That would be one way of living your being exploited. You could live it with resentment, or resignation. Now my point is that I think people in El Salvador live this being exploited with hope.

Hope is not just optimism—"okay, don't worry, at the end everything will be all right." No, certainly not. We have had enough historical experience not to be optimists. Hope is something different. Hope is not a cheap joy, either—you know, "Okay, we suffer during the day, but at night let's get together and sing." It's not that either (although I am very happy when we sing at night, and I do, too). Hope is really believing that the suffering implied in the fight for liberation and for justice is salvific.

Now that is, I think, what this model of the servant of God drawn from Isaiah tells us: "My servant will do justice to the world." (Isaiah 42:1) He is sent for something very positive; namely, to do

justice. The last song of Isaiah recognizes that, precisely because he has been sent to do this, he suffers and dies. But, not only that: in doing this, the servant takes away the sins of the world. This is not just a theological conception. If a person, group, or whole people (by and large) have this experience, then this suffering is really salvific. Then there is a type of hope, and I mean historical hope—not just one in heaven, but that we will celebrate Christmas of this year in peace—which gives



Rita Corbin

hope to those who suffer.

I have listened to Gustavo Gutierrez (a Liberation Theologian from Peru) talk about joy, about how subversive joy is. I really like that idea. I would say that the type of joy we have at the present moment would be best described by the word hope, a **deep hope**. The fact that most Salvadoreans are Christians, at least culturally, and many of them

also explicitly, has helped us to go through a political struggle with hope. On the other hand, it has helped for the people of the Church to see that the whole people, **el pueblo**, doesn't despair. I think that it is a sign of the times for the Church to see that where the only logical thing to expect would be despair, not despair, but **hope** arises.

Just to make a final remark. I think something profoundly Christian is going on in El Salvador. I don't think the question is whether the Church is going to be given credit for that—that is a senseless question. This process includes many Christians and many Church people, but not all of them.

Why is this profoundly Christian? I would like to explain in the words of a second century theologian, St. Irenaeus (so, we Liberation Theologians also quote the tradition of the Church). I'll say it in Latin, and I will translate it for you: "**Gloria Dei vivens homine.**" The glory of God, God being God—what is it historically?—the living man. That people live. Msgr. Romero said (at the University of Louvain) in February—a month before he was killed—"In El Salvador we reformulate that sentence from Irenaeus, "**Gloria Dei vivens pauper.**" The glory of God, that God be God, is that the poor live.

If someone is able to put these two things together, not theoretically, but in his or her life experience, Gloria Dei, —God—and letting Him be God, and that people live, that the poor live; if you put these two things together, then I believe you have faith, which is both transcendent and historical. You have a sort of life and praxis which is both Christian and Latin American, and you have only one single experience: you are loyal to a history which is the history of God.

Now I think these would be the theological insights behind the actions of the Church in El Salvador. I am not saying that all of us think that. If you ask questions, you will hear that some bishops wouldn't understand a word of what I said—and some priests and some lay people. What is at stake here is what does it mean to believe in a living God in a country where people die and where there is hope for liberation and more life?

## LETTERS

Round Table House  
1904 S E Washington  
Portland, Oregon 97214

Dear Geoff,

Word came Monday that my appeal has been dismissed (as you know, I appealed solely for the purpose of being home for the birthing of our second child, Amy Jewett Baranski, born June 9—later to withdraw and continue my six months). A call came this morning that I am to surrender no later than Sept. 2. So I will be in jail again very shortly.

We, of course, have been prepared for this circumstance, though what is not set even now is some sort of financing to keep my family and our house of hospitality afloat. Normally we do not rely on donations per se in this Catholic Worker community, but try to share what little we earn or glean with the homeless and hungry that come to us in the spirit of the widow's pence found in the Gospel. However, given that I will be away for six months and Grace will be limited with a baby at the breast and a 3½ year old to care for, we must resort to begging.

I'm reminded of something Cesar Chavez said during Vietnam as I ponder this: "If you really believe in peace, if you want this war to end, quit your job, quit school and go to work full time for peace. You will never go hungry and will never be without friends."

Coming from a blue collar Chicago background, I'm sort of an anomaly. But one thing that still is ingrained is the old notion of working for what you live on. My experience in the Portland CW

has helped me to use that notion, I think, in a creative way. Still, I would be dishonest if I didn't say that I'm a bit embarrassed by this request for help; but see what you can do.

On other fronts, the kitchen here, the community, our efforts at self-sufficiency and personalism and hospitality all go well. One high point last month was Amy's baptism into the community. Bill Bichiel, a Jesuit from Tacoma who was on his way up from Lompoc prison in California after four months, presided. And the community is expecting two more children—one at the end of this month, and the other sometime in February.

Grace, Margo and Amy are well. God bless.

Johnny Baranski

(Johnny Baranski was sentenced to six months in jail for trespassing on the Trident Base in Bangor, Washington. Eds. Note.)

Dear Friends,

I believe that we must defend the freedom and human rights of our own country and of other people throughout the world. We must work for the fight for a decent, healthy and happy life for all people. I believe that the best way to defend our way of life and our rights is to maintain just, fair, strong, self-reliant and self-disciplined economic relations with other countries. That includes reducing reliance on foreign sources of energy, disciplining spending and overcoming inflation at home, and providing productive employment, particularly in the production and conservation of energy, for millions of unemployed and poorly employed Americans. This will give us the strength and respect in the world to defend human rights at home and abroad by vigorous

economic action and by strong concerted political pressures and political organization in the world community, instead of by massive, wasteful, military expenditures and dangerous threats of nuclear war. We must send a message to the President and Congress that militarism, war and threats of war are foolish and dangerous ways of falsely pretending to defend our way of life and values. We must wake up and find effective, non-military, political solutions to world conflicts and problems, or be wiped out by the dangers of the nuclear age.

The Government is saying now that it does not plan to actually draft men at this time. But registration is the first step. If they don't plan to start drafting men soon, then the list of names and addresses they are taking now will soon be out-of-date and useless. People who sign up now are letting the Government believe that they are available to be drafted, and available to kill and be killed in any war the President and the Congress may decide to get us into.

If we resist registration today we are fighting for our own lives and the lives of our children. If young people refuse to register and if parents and older people resist the process of registration by nonviolent protests and civil disobedience at registration centers, we can send a message to the President and the Congress that we and our children are not available to kill and be killed for causes that we may not believe in.

I have three children, William—age 16, Kristin—age 13, and Eric—age 9. I will fight for their lives to protect them from being drafted. I am sending a message to the President and Congress that they can not shove my children into the

front lines to die for their foolish military policies. I have worked much of my life for disarmament and peaceful solution of world problems. I resisted the draft myself by refusing induction in 1959. I have refused to pay federal income taxes since 1960 because of conscientious objection to the massive military expenditures of the Federal Government. I have spent about two years in prison for acts of resistance to militarism.

I intend to resist the renewal of the draft in the same spirit and the same way today, by stepping forward into the registration centers and taking the risks and consequences of resistance myself, not by pushing my children or other people's children into the lines to fight my battles for me, the way the government and military leaders do.

I invite all parents, all older people and all young people of draft age, to consider this carefully and wisely, and then to act vigorously according to their insight and conscience, as I will do. If you would like to just talk about the alternatives that are open to you, please feel free to contact me at 1460 Carmen, Chicago, Illinois 60640.

Karl Meyer

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The Eric Gill School

MARY PAULSON

69 Ridge Road  
Upton, Mass. 01568