

CATHOLIC WORKER



VOL. XXXVII No. 7 ★

SEPTEMBER, 1971

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Attica

In the prison uprising at Attica, New York, the news on September 15 was of forty-two dead, prisoners, hostages and guards, all of them of gunshot wounds. As to the atrocity stories of throat cuttings, how these contributed to precipitate the attack on the prison, we do not yet know. How much was dramatic threatenings and rhetoric? No guns were found in the intensive search of the prison, so it is agreed that the prisoners did not participate in the shootings. It was indeed a slaughter of a body of desperate men, willing and knowing that it was inevitable that they were going to lay down their lives in this protest. It was the lives of many guards. There were indeed knives and homemade bombs of some kind or another, and gasoline at hand to wreak further havoc, but there were no guns and the deaths all were, as far as we know now, from shootings. It was indeed a massacre. Now reflection begins which does not seem to lead to less repression or any mitigation of the brutality and savagery, or of the cold cruelty which makes up the lives of prisoners and guards to a great extent. The main complaint of the rioters was that they were not treated as men, but as beasts. They were thrown into prisons and forgotten. Nobody cared. Eighty-five percent of the prisoners at Attica were black or Puerto Rican.

All this morning the words have been in my mind. "What you have done to the least of these, my brethren, you have done to me." How hard and terrible a thing is the Christian religion, which teaches us that those who take the sword will die by the sword, that we must forgive our enemies, who are to be found in "our own household," Jesus Christ said.

We call ourselves Christian, we citizens of the United States, the majority of us, but no one would ever know us as Christians. Reflect on the life of Jesus who came to call sinners, who was born in poverty, who lived as a worker for thirty years. He was an itinerant teacher, walking the roads of Palestine, who hungered and thirsted and was fatigued to the point of exhaustion, who was tempted in all things like us but He did not sin, because He was also God. As the apostles said, we are called to be other-Christ, we are called to put off the old man and put on Christ, we are told to see Christ in our brother. Hard sayings and who can understand it. Only the Spirit can teach us. It is some comfort to remember those further words, when Christ himself died because His whole way of life was revolutionary—He spoke them from the torture in which He hung, nailed as He was to a cross—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." And He also said to the thief dying by His side, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

I hope all priests who have read in the papers and seen on television these terrible happenings, will be offering Christ's holy sacrifice of the Mass for our brothers who have had such a long enduring agony, which led to their death.

I am afraid of what is before us, because what we sow we will reap. It is an exercise in courage to write these words, to speak in this way when it is revolting to consider how much we profess and how little we perform. God help us, D.D.

On Pilgrimage:

First Visit To Soviet Russia

By DOROTHY DAY

I mentioned in my column last month that this trip was through the generosity of the philosopher Corliss Lamont (author of *The Illusion of Immortality*, *The Philosophy of Humanism*, and *Freedom of Choice*, in addition to works on literary criticism) who heard, third hand, that I desired to go to the Soviet Union and called me to offer the annual travel fellowship which he gave to his friend Dr. Jerome Davis, who had long been a friend of Russia. For this great act of kindness, may God bless him mightily, and Jerome Davis also, who heads yearly tours to Eastern Europe, under the title "Promoting Enduring Peace." Now I am back again from our three week jaunt which began July 15 and from which we returned on August 5.

I am home again with a handful of colorful postals, including reproductions of ikons and a folder of picture postals of Lenin's exile in Siberia, where he lived, where he studied, where he taught his peasant neighbors and their children, where he fished and hunted and rested in the forest! How I wish we had such a Siberia where the Fathers Berigan and all the prisoners of conscience could go and meditate and study and prepare for a new social order "wherein peace and justice dwell."

First of all I will try to give the FACTS (I have been reading about Mr. Gradgrind in Dickens' *Hard Times* and the word FACTS is imprinted on my mind.) We took plane at Kennedy Airport on the 747 which is comfortable, rises easily from the ground despite its size, and comes down from the air with the same gentleness and ease! We landed in Amsterdam, then in Brussels. Took another plane there for East Berlin, a small airport and from there, still another plane flew us to Warsaw, where we stayed at the Grand Hotel (cannot remember a thing about the hotel) and rose the next day to board a sightseeing bus for a tour of the city. It reminded me, and was to continue reminding me, of the sightseeing buses which empty tourists out into Chinatown, New York, to see other sights of the great city which we had just left, though in travelling like this "one day is as a thousand years."

POLAND

I was most moved by Poland. Nina Polcyn, and one Canadian woman, Helen MacGinnis, were the only other Catholics on this trip of Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and perhaps a number of "unbelievers" whatever that all-encompassing word means. The city charmed us, clean and spotless, the churches beautiful and frequented, benches everywhere in the little parks and squares, and even for those awaiting busses, and many outdoor cafes where doubtless at night people took their ease.

But though this was Saturday no one seemed to be loafing, everyone was at work, even the school children were being taken from museum to church, and to other public buildings. Nina told me that when she and her aunt, who spoke Polish, had been there not many years before, there had been much more

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Pat Jordan Arrested

On August 11, 1971 Pat Jordan, worker and associate-editor of *The Catholic Worker*, was arrested in Wallingford, Pa., where he is currently working on the teaching staff of Pendle Hill. At the presentment a week later in the Philadelphia Federal Court, Pat was indicted on two counts: refusal to report for induction and refusal to report for the pre-induction physical. It had been nearly a year since Pat refused induction, and at that time he wrote the following to his "friends" at his local draft board (97) in Los Angeles:

"I look about me and see a nation of very precious individuals. I see a country where individual freedom has been treasured with a devotion unparalleled in human history . . .

"In the same scan, however, I recognize appalling, nightmarish images. I see, for example, the overwhelming majority of human beings hungry, ill-housed and diseased . . . I see a peaceful American people perpetrating wars on innocent neighbors, and I see the incongruity of it all backfiring, literally firing back on us in the unprecedented violence of our streets.

"At such a moment in history I am not free to pick among truths. Truth makes itself evident and commands me to stand with her. 'Thou shalt not kill,' says she, and means it.

"I refuse your induction . . . I will pay the price to speak this justice, to care for our common responsibility. We bear the burden of facing other generations, of facing God, with the work of our lives. I care to face them with life, not ashes."

In the Philadelphia courtroom Pat received legal aid from Charlie Butterworth, a long-time friend of the CW. Magistrate Leonplora released him on his own recognizance. On Sept. 13 Pat was arraigned in Los Angeles; he entered a mute plea, and the court entered a plea of not guilty. His motion to defend himself was denied. The trial date was set for December 7 by Judge Irving Hill.

Kathleen DeSutter

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN

The *Catholic Worker* received good news this week from a friend who has just visited Fr. Dan Berrigan at Danbury prison. Father Dan is alive and in fact well, and feels that he is making good use of his time there. Our prayers for him and all prisoners will continue.

The Editors

Vol. XXXVII No. 7

September, 1971

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly (Bi-monthly March-April, July-August, October-November)

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Editorial communications, new subscriptions and change of address:
36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003
Telephone 254-1640

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Summer has set a sultry mark on September. These hot and humid days are stagnant with August, seeming to say—The frost of Autumn shall not prevail. But the chickadees are once again visiting my window-feeder, proclaiming their names with cheerful egoism; and this morning I heard the nasal ank-ank-ank of the nuthatch. Gerry tells me he watched a brown creeper perambulating a tree. The song of the crickets is less robust, thinning to a tired acceptance of a not-too-distant death. Somewhere, not far away, a wild aster and a red-splashed spray of sumach are posters announcing September's annual welcome of Fall.

We are as yet not far into September, though past Labor Day, which, as always, brought us many guests. Now we are somewhat diminished, since many of our Summer visitors and working guests have taken their departure. Dennis O'Sullivan, who—with Adrienne—did so many things for us this Summer, has returned to England, where he was born, to live. Betsy has gone to California to study at the Joan Baez Institute for Non-Violence and to visit the Ammon Hennacy house in Los Angeles. The school-age children here are preparing for school. Clare Danielssen is once again driving back and forth to Poughkeepsie to teach a special class for brain-damaged children. Whatever the weather, such events—chickadees about the house; children and teachers returning to school—clearly evidence Fall.

But in the heat of this particular afternoon, I find it easier to think of August than of September. And so I turn back to that month of many visitors and swarms of children, of much noise and confusion, of innumerable comings and goings, to select from out the chaos a few of the pleasanter interludes. For such—thank God—there always are.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

I think particularly of a Saturday afternoon in mid-August, the Vigil of the great Feast of the Assumption. Dorothy Day had come up from our First Street house for the first time since her return from Russia. Doris Grumbach, who writes for Commonweal and The National Catholic Reporter had brought a young priest from Albany to visit us. This priest, Fr. Steuer, graciously agreed to say Mass for us out on the lawn under our pines. There—with the view of the river and the mountains beyond, beautiful enough surely to suggest some idea of heaven—we participated in the liturgy which is the Food of Heaven.

The rites of this day, however, were not yet over. Mrs. Lorraine Freeman,

our good friend and neighbor from Tivoli, arrived with her infant daughter, Michel. With Joe Nolting and Emily Coleman acting as godparents—Joe held the baby, Emily made the responses—Fr. Andy Cruschiel performed the great Sacrament of Baptism. Michel sounded as though she were more than a little alarmed at what was happening to her, but once the ordeal was over, accepted her new role with Christian resignation and fortitude. To commemorate the occasion, Sandra played a selection on her flute, and Joe Geraci and Emily read poetry, Joe reading from William Butler Yeats and Emily from Wordsworth. Then a baptismal feast and party were held in Peter Maurin House. It was the Vigil of the Assumption. May-Our Lady always have a very special care for little Michel.

On the morning of the Feast of the Assumption, Fr. Andy said a beautiful Mass on the lawn. Then in the afternoon Dorothy Day spoke to us—and to many friends and neighbors from nearby areas whom Helen Iswolsky had been able to notify—about her trip to Soviet Russia. She emphasized that no one should be expected to make any very profound observations after only a three weeks' visit. Nevertheless someone who has loved Russia for many years and has maintained an interest in what has happened there, an interest made profounder by a great love of Russian literature, is not without insight in her experience. It seemed to me that Dorothy's talk not only conveyed something of the excitement of first impressions but placed those impressions in a larger context of Russian thought and literature.

PAX CONFERENCE

Earlier in the month of August some of us from the farm—including Helene Iswolsky, Stanley Vishnewski, Kofi, Sr. Elaine, and I—drove down to Graymoor to attend some of the Pax conferences. This is the first summer since our move to Tivoli that the Pax Study Weekend has not been held here. We are too crowded now to accommodate so large a group.

We do, of course, feel very close to Pax, and were glad indeed that Graymoor was able to provide what we could not. Because of car trouble—which has really plagued us this summer—we missed the talks of Clare Danielssen, Eileen Egan, and others in the morning; but in the afternoon we heard Marty Corbin and Dorothy Day.

Marty gave a scholarly but lively talk on usury, in which this ancient evil—long forbidden by the Church—was related to the money problems and

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Koinonia Means Fellowship

By WALTER JARSKY

In preparation for our attempt to start a new community in Toronto, my wife Myriam, our son Matthew, and I spent the month of June visiting four communities on the East Coast. The whole question of communities, which seems to be quite fashionable these days, is made so much simpler when one can call to mind a variety of concrete instances.

Baltimore

Our first stop was Viva House, the Catholic Worker community in Baltimore. They provide one meal a day at a storefront two blocks from where they live. The men are invited to make themselves at home; they shave, play checkers, read the papers, talk a bit, and rest.

This small community lives in a poor white neighborhood near the borderline with the black community. I heard some strange accents for an Eastern city, and I was very surprised to learn that there were many people from the mountains of West Virginia living there.

We also visited one other community in Baltimore called Joseph House. Mae Gintling started this place in a church basement six years ago and it now involves four buildings and four staff members. They provide long-term counseling, an ex-offender program, a literacy program, a Montessori school, a hot lunch program, plus any other need that might be put before them by their neighbors. It is truly encouraging that the black and white people are able to work together in this community.

West Hamlin

From a weekend of sweltering heat in Baltimore we went to the Catholic Worker Farm in Hamlin, West Virginia. We drove all day and finally around midnight found the little hollow that was supposed to be their home. I knocked on the doors but only dogs and chickens answered. We could not find the farm so we decided to stop right where we were.

The morning sun, chickens, roosters, dogs, and goat bells greeted us good morning, and a longer walk into the hollow found us at the new Catholic Worker Farm.

Chuck Smith and Bill Schmidt, one-time Vista workers in the area, started the farm in March, 1970. Now six men and six goats live on eighty acres of rich woodland. The goats have their barn and the men their log cabin. All cooking and baking is done in the fireplace. They simply set their covered baking tins in the wood ashes and glowing embers of a fire that has been stoked well for a few hours. Everyday we had whole-wheat bread baked in old coffee cans with steaming porridge to quiet our outdoor appetites.

While there, we were all busy fencing a new goat pasture, working in the vegetable gardens, and preparing for a conference on the philosophy of Peter Maurin and the skills of living simply on the land.

It is quite ironic that the poor whites we met in Baltimore left these very same mountains, and now we were meeting men who were saying with their lives that a life can be made on this land despite the fact that it is not very fertile, that the governments are not helping this depressed area, and that big companies own all the mineral rights.

Americus

The same irony struck us during our visit to Koinonia Partners in Americus, Georgia. Clarence Jordan, a Baptist minister, was aroused by urban poverty in 1942 and considered starting a community in a southern city. He came to believe, however, that the poor adjustment of poor rural people to the city and the unemployment and fear that met them there was not the problem but the symptom of the problem which actually existed in the country. Consequently, he and several friends started a Christian community in the country and called it Koinonia which means fellowship. The original purpose was twofold: to live as a Christian community and witness to Christ's teachings of peace, sharing, and brotherhood; and to enable local farmers to gain self respect through prosperous work. In the early years they were accepted by their neighbors but eventually they became the object of hostility because of their relations with black people. For a decade they suffered an economic boycott, shootings, bombings and burnings.

Things are much better now. Twenty-eight adults comprise the fellowship and as many as one hundred people live there during the summer. The harassment has ended and they now run a pecan industry which makes them more independent of local markets. The community puts its energy into three areas: self-development through meetings, liturgies, bible studies; the development of small-scale partnership industries to provide jobs for the local people; and betterment of the lives of the local people through the building of low-cost housing and the setting up of a Child Development Center for children of ages two through five.

To make all of this possible they have set up the Fund for Humanity which invites people to give money or non-interest loans for use by Koinonia Partners. Thus the possessors are able to share with and invest in the dispossessed. Koinonia says: "What the poor need is not charity but capital, not case-workers but co-workers. And what the rich need is a wise, honorable and just way of divesting themselves of their overabundance."

Through the Fund, Koinonia is able to buy land and give the use of it to partners free of charge. Ordinarily a new farmer would have to grow huge crops just to pay the interest on the land. Often this becomes impossible and he is forced to move to the city

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CARLOS FELICIANO

"I am a victim of a political arrest planned and directed by the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States of America, the empire that oppresses and persecutes mercilessly those men and women who, forsaking material goods and other natural privileges . . . have dedicated a part of their lives to combating . . . the injustices and other social evils that exist in our beloved country."

This statement is Carlos Feliciano's explanation of his arrest on May 16, 1970 and subsequent jailing without trial for over a year at \$150,000 bail. A Manhattan district attorney has publicly charged Feliciano with 35 bombings in support of Puerto Rican independence, although the indictment only specifies one bombing and one attempted bombing. Feliciano, for fourteen years a refugee from Puerto Rico, employed in the Bronx as a cabinet maker and apartment building repairman, denies the charges while affirming his desire for Puerto-Rican independence. Further information is available from: The Committee to Defend Carlos Feliciano

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Book Reviews:**DOM HELDER CAMARA**

THE VIOLENCE OF A PEACEMAKER—DOM HELDER CAMARA by Jose De Broucker. Maryknoll, N.Y.: Orbis Books, \$4.95. Reviewed by Pat Jordan.

Early in Pope John's *Pacem in Terris* we find the distilled embodiment of Dom Helder Camara's philosophy. Camara's voice in Northeastern Brazil proclaims: "We see that every man has the right to life, to bodily integrity, and to the means which are suitable for the proper development of life; these are primarily food, clothing, shelter, rest, medical care, and finally the necessary social services" (*Pacem in Terris*, #11). Jose De Broucker's short book on Helder Camara is a sketch grasping at Camara's philosophy in action.

While Camara has become more widely recognized from a recent nomination for the Nobel Peace Prize, he remains a stranger to many. De Broucker's book comes as a peg in a knowledge gap. A journalist, De Broucker shows us Camara as a churchman, an organizer, a spokesman for development. Unfortunately, he shows us too little of Camara beneath the speeches, and is satisfied with reporter's-depth questions.

The importance of Camara is that (to quote Jack Cook in the CW some years ago), "Revolutionized men and their followers . . . are the revolution." So in *The Violence of a Peacemaker* (a curious title we never hear adequately explained) we find Camara in his poverty, his battles with pride, his inventiveness, his organizational ability, and his great compassion. He is a pastor to the core: "I am not an expert either in economics or sociology or politics. I am a pastor and I see my people suffering." "I am making the most of a certain clerical advantage. There! That is what I am doing! Because, in this country today and in present conditions, a bishop can say what a student or a workman or an intellectual, even a professor, could not risk saying."

This pragmatism is a touchstone of Dom Helder's nonviolent solution. Why is he against violence? One reason is that, "The revolution will not be fought either by the students or the priests or the artists or the intellectuals; it will be fought by the masses, the oppressed, and they will be the victims of that repressive action of the powers." Camara respects the real guerillas, their fire and their guts. "But since they

recognize that there are no real chances for violence in the next ten or fifteen years, I tell them, 'Then give me that time. I am going to make an experiment.'"

De Broucker's book helps us admire Camara's self-reliance, and note his affinity with Nyerere of Tanzania. As the Archbishop puts it, "It is up to the poor nations and the poor of all nations to accomplish, themselves, their own betterment." For those who strive to



practice the works of mercy, Camara has this encouragement: "On the battlefield," he says, "the wounded are those you attend to first." Don't be satisfied with just that, he tells us, but the priority cannot be denied.

Dom Helder has much to say on education, private property as depriving others of property, organizing communities on small scales, and hope. And as is the case with most men of vision, Camara says it better than his interviewer. The best part of De Broucker's book is the Epilogue (which is entirely Dom Helder speaking of his life and his motivations). It is all too short, and we await the study of Camara that will show us more the man and not the personage. John Padula's photos grace *The Violence of a Peacemaker*, making deeper sense than much of the prose. For Dom Helder's own speeches, see his meaty collection *The Church and Colonialism* (Denville, N.J.: Dimension Books).

REVOLUTION THROUGH PEACE—World Perspectives, Vol. 45, edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen, Harper & Row, 1971, \$5.95. Reviewed by Mrs. Cornelia Holbert.

"There are sure to be those who smile ironically at this pact (between Brazil's

Northeast Province and Amazonia) which may look like an alliance between a man in rags and a man in tatters. But it is a step forward when the weak no longer mock the weak . . ." (p. 122)

For Brazil, Latin America, Asia, Africa, Archbishop Camara asks not mutual assistance but justice from developed nations. "The problem is not one of raising development assistance to one or two percent (of GNP) . . . It is not a question of aid, but of justice on global scale" (p. 99).

Financial aid as currently offered and extolled eventuates as a sound investment for development capital, a socially throttling loan at usury for poor countries. Tariff barriers and trade quotas are such that the products of Latin America cannot compete in U. S. markets, while our government and large corporations support Latin American regimes which ignore the desperate need for social reform and ruthlessly repress those who attempt it, even as at present to the point of torture. Archbishop Camara comments: "Unless I am much mistaken, the golden rule is still the same: invest where profits are highest, quickest and safest. If that means crushing a few, or many, or numerous human beings, it is regrettable, but, the reasoning goes, that is the inevitable prices of progress" (p. 57).

Other counsels: the U. N. should end the veto privilege of the Big Four; free and relevant universities should turn their energies towards peace and development, which the author feels stand or fall together. With no disrespect to the people of the U. S., but rather for the 'cold masters of the world,' he attacks neo-colonialism, which makes citizens of exploited countries economic slaves. Equally, for his beloved Brazil, he defines internal colonialism: "the system through which some Brazilians base their wealth on the misery of other Brazilians kept in a subhuman state. To rail against this accusation and call it subversive is as absurd and ridiculous as it was absurd and ridiculous to oppose the abolition of slavery in 1885" (p. 144).

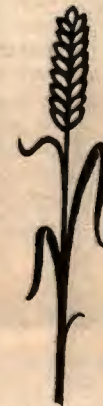
The archbishop admires and quotes Good Pope John, but his admiration for Paul VI is evidenced by even more extensive quotation, particularly from *Populorum Progressio* whose full vision of peace and justice he unfolds.

Dom Helder is a man of Teilhardian

vision who can encompass as part of creative evolution automation as a liberating and enhancing life; the development of technocracy and the use of robots; life from the test tube; genetic control. For God is not "The ingenuous, spiteful, magic-working God of our superstitious poor, but the Creator and Father Who, far from mistrusting man . . . and insisting on the prerogative of creating each separate being through His personal intervention—elephant and ant, star and worm—set creative evolution in motion and opened for the beings created in His image almost boundless opportunity to participate in His act of Creation" (p. 23).

Of atheists he says: "Today (the Church) perceives that all those who love their fellow creatures are obeying one of the two great commandments: that everyone who loves his neighbor and is concerned with his fulfillment and happiness, though he proclaim himself an atheist, is nevertheless doing the work of God" (p. 26).

Hiding in his Paris garret from Robespierre's police, Condorcet wrote: "Our hopes . . . may be reduced to three



points: the destruction of inequality between different nations; the progress of equality in one and the same nation; . . . the real improvement of man." A golden rose to Dr. Anshen for her unique gift in presenting in *World Perspectives* men of such diverse minds as Auden and Silone, Fromm and Maritain, Suzuki and Whitehead, and for including as the latest contributor to her series Archbishop Camara, whose ultimate demand is for recognition of the God within.

Farmworkers Win Boycott

By JAN ADAMS

On August 17 the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee led by Cesar Chavez signed a three year contract with Heublein Inc., makers of Italian Swiss Colony Wine, which had been using non-union grapes. The victory followed a week-long worldwide boycott of Heublein products, backed by local boycotts as much as two months old.

Cesar Chavez called the Heublein agreement a "landmark contract" in the struggle to organize farm labor. Not only did it ensure farm workers \$2.40 an hour guaranteed by recognition of their own union, but also it pledged Heublein not to mechanize its operations for three years and to pay the full time union shop stewards on whom enforcement of the contract depends.

In the wake of the contract with Heublein, Almaden Wines also came to terms with UFWOC, while the Delano grape grower Didi Dilio signed a rewritten contract incorporating the Heublein provisions. Farmworkers as yet unorganized in California have been displaying the union eagle demonstrating the confidence which the

union victory has inspired.

Launching the worldwide picketing of Heublein products, Delores Huerta, UFWOC vice president, called the boycott "the single most important non-violent tool available to farm workers . . . Once we have started a worldwide boycott, these things have a life of their own and they are much more difficult to control because people of good will tend to support us and it often takes far longer to call off such an operation than it does to start one."

This Farmworker victory points up again the power consumers can exercise through selective purchasing. Boycotts generate bad publicity; all companies, and especially those giants which depend on spending millions for advertising, are sensitive to challenges to their public images. Moreover, the damage to the company persists long after the campaign. Since huge corporations instigate and support the vicious aspects of American life, imperialism, racism, and exploitation, all who seek non-violent revolution should take encouragement and active inspiration from UFWOC's success with well-publicized, well-organized boycotts.

"No Trespassing"

By PAT RUSK

Recently I went with a friend to the local sanitation department's dumping grounds to dump a stack of newspapers. In vain my friend had been looking for a place that would accept them for recycling. The stack had grown so that it was embarrassing to put them at the curb for the regular sanitation pick-up.

The dump is a fascinating place, as the junk that is piled there seems almost as high as a mountain, and at a glance it all appears to be redeemable; at least my friend believes so. In fact a wonderful operation could be set-up with workshops for repair and a store for resale, a truck and a storage place. But I am getting away from my point. I was taking the papers from the car and tossing them onto the mountain of trash while my friend was examining various items. She found a beautiful winter coat, slightly rumpled, that when dry cleaned would look like a million dollars. She took it saying there will be someone who will need it. Secretly I thought that someone will be me. We found a few other useful items.

Suddenly, I realized a man was standing close by. I looked up and asked the man if he was a cop. I thought he was a guard who might have wandered in on his round of the grounds and nearby building which houses the sanitation trucks. He answered me yes, he was a cop and that what I was doing was illegal. My friend overheard his remark and immediately challenged him to arrest her. His mood changed from "hands off and clear out" to "I'm only doing my duty." She demanded and got an explanation from him that, because some people brought suit against the city as a result of injury, no more picking would be allowed. She refused to believe that story and went on talking about America's terrible waste and the abuse of the poor. She got all the things she wanted, packed them in her car and, as far as I could make out, he looked ashamed at having defied a lady and even bewildered by her presence at the dump and her show of concern for the poor. Her parting suggestion was that a sign be put up—to trespass at your own risk.

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LET

Racism at C.W.

Dear Dorothy Day:

Nothing in all these years of the CW has been more persuasive—even Merton, even Stern, even Eichenberg, even all of On Pilgrimage—than “A Return to Life” in the July-August issue. Dignity for every man—the God’s eye view.

But please, please refute the statement in page 4 in Jan Adams’ column that blacks are allowed only on the breadline at 36 East First. That has to be wrong—or there has to be a reason so compelling that we should hear it.

Love & Peace—

Cornelia Holbert

Dear Mrs. Holbert:

Dorothy Day passed on your letter so that I might elaborate on the assertion which disturbed you. That First Street column attempted to describe the New York Worker community in its aspirations, and in its imperfections. One of the chief observations was that the Worker here is a real microcosm of American society, relatively undistorted by middle class “movement” fantasies, yet carrying within it unsoftened the seething contradictions of greed and poverty, good will and hatred. America is a society full of racial hatred—only by walling ourselves off from reality could we at the Worker escape corruption.

I seem to have misled you into thinking that we have a conscious policy of excluding blacks from our hospitality. This is false. Rather I meant to indicate that the community of individuals at First Street (mostly white, mostly middle-aged or elderly, many from hard-pressed European immigrant origins) does not easily welcome blacks who come to us.

Like most white Americans, the First Street community fears blacks as troublemaking, dangerous, and violent. While some middle-class white Americans, buffered by secure possessions and the canons of polite respectability have moderated their expressions of these fears, at First Street, amidst poverty and frustration, racial feelings burst out in their raw violence. Thus a middle-aged white man comments of blacks: “I know these people; three of them tried to mug me on the Bowery; you know, ninety-nine percent of them are no good.” A white alcoholic woman who lives on the streets sometimes rages when seated at the table with blacks, because she has been raped so many times, mostly by black men. Many of the men, when drunk, will shout about wanting to go shoot some niggers.

Nor are those at the Worker, who consciously try to overcome hatred, free from the taint of American racism. Much as we try to extend our sense of the human family to every individual who comes to us, our perceptions are colored by living in a racist society. For example, I have caught myself responding less sympathetically to the black alcoholic demanding a clean shirt at a moment when I have five other matters to attend to, than I would to a white man with the same inconvenient request. Everything in my American experience taught me that the black man is somehow less worthwhile.

Of course racial polarization in America has another side—black racism which replies to white racism. Blacks must see the Worker as a white organization and hence one to be mistrusted at best. Blacks sometimes will interpret as racial slights the jarring outbursts which are a quite ordinary event in such a vulnerable, volatile community. Occasionally, blacks will exploit the desperate, naively conceived efforts which some members of the community make to avoid appearing racists.

Interactions between the races at the Worker thus partake fully in the current American agony. Despite great tensions, we stumble along, doing the best we can—hoping to maximize the truthful, loving interaction between unique, often agonized, individuals of both races. Since we are forced to deal with American reality, we find no easy answers.

Even when we see ourselves as a family, which though it quarrels accepts its relatedness, we risk defining our situation too facilely. The American myth of progressive ethnic assimilation, in which the once despised (immature) Irish and Italians eventually joined WASPs and other forerunners (grew up) in positions of power in our society (adult status), is completely inadequate to bridge the terrifying chasm of color hatred. With blind arrogance, this type of thinking can demand that blacks “earn” full participation in the corrupt corpse whites offer.

If our belief that all men are brothers is to serve us, (here at the Worker and in America at large), our brotherhood must imply not only our ultimate relatedness, but also the glory in our brother’s uniqueness, whether in temperament, or in cultural habit, or in skin color. We are going to have to learn to love one another for our differences. And we are going to have to learn to love one another better in every way, so that the greed and power-hunger which reinforce our racism are beaten down. If black and white Americans cannot at least begin to do so, those with power will increasingly kill those without, psychically and physically. Like all Americans, we at the Worker can only start the imperative process of learning to love better with ourselves.

Jan Adams

Martin de Porres House

Martin De Porres
House of Hospitality
2826 23rd St.
San Francisco, Calif.
Wed., Aug. 18, 1971

Dear Dorothy,

We have opened! What surprises! We are doing more than just providing the meals mentioned on the poster. There is a neighborhood organization called Center Latino that has been providing a free breakfast for the children in the area as well as a free school. They have closed for the rest of the summer so the children came to me last week and asked if I would fix breakfast. How could I say no? One group of the children is from a family of 11—the father is dead and the mother is supporting the family. The only meal they have is dinner unless there is “spare” money. The children are amazing, especially the girls. Cynthia, 9 years old, stopped in the middle of her breakfast and took one of the other younger children home (not in her own family) to change her diapers, brought her back with dry diapers and then finished her own meal! After breakfast she asked me if they could hold school! The older children 8-10 each took several of the younger children 5-7 and began tutoring them. They then began to practice writing letters & numbers. I was absolutely astounded. I just watched in amazement! What an example of gentle personalism! A few of the children are retarded, the other children refer to one of them, Dwaine, as the mental boy. Cynthia corrected them and said that he was just slower in learning than they were. The children stayed for lunch too. After lunch they didn’t want to go, they wanted to come for dinner too. I told them that dinner was for adults and that if their

parents came then they could come too.

We have only had a few men coming in and one evening we had a family. I am not worried about numbers. We have been putting up posters in key areas and sending them to various other groups. I don’t think that we will have to worry about numbers! I is just a matter of time. In fact, it is nice with few people. We can all sit down together and eat as a family. There is no line. It is so much more human.

I am sorry to hear about Rosie Gilchrist. I am keeping her in my prayers. How is everything else going? How is everyone? How was your trip to Russia?

The children around me are clamoring for lunch. Got to go. God bless.

Love,
Chris

“Aujourd’ hui maman est morte”

My hand bathes in the evening breeze and I know I am at peace.

News of her death reached me in prison.

It was raining; the end of a long dry season.

I wonder where shall I reach for the shoulder on which my hand rested

as we walked the many streets together?

Where shall I be able to drink her strength

to taste her unyielding love to glimpse her tenderness?

I look over my shoulder expecting feelings I do not find: but there is no grief,

only joy and hope.

I stretch my neck to the stars and discover no anguish in their silence,

for once again, she is the window through which I look.

Wife, brothers, good friends, gather now close round her grave

and you with ears to her will recognize her eternal whisper

for it is yours, mine, and ours.

Dear Dorothy,

My deepest gratitude to you and all the friends at the Worker, who have been so helpful. I have learned much from all of you.

Love,
Joe Gilchrist

Medical Student Writes

22 Darling St. No. 3
Boston, Mass. 02120

Dear Dorothy Day:

Right now I feel very committed to the various people I am relating to in my neighborhood. There is a large, white, working class, Irish-Catholic population. With them I am trying to be a brother, a listener, and to begin to raise questions of non-violence and conscientious objection within the Catholic tradition. Also, I try to broaden their openness and understanding of socialism beyond education or health care. This is very difficult since for most people in this group socialism equals communism equals atheism.

Thank you for putting us on to Julius Nyerere and the T.A.N.U. I knew of him and his leadership policy based on self-reliance already, but your affirmation of what he is doing made me turn seriously to his works. I have already found them helpful in speaking with people here.

Another project to which I am committed is draft-counseling for Puerto Rican youths in my neighborhood. Because I speak Spanish I have come to know a large number of the Puerto Rican families who have recently come to the area. So much of the Boston area draft-counseling is limited to Harvard,

Brandeis, and Boston University students, especially graduate students. These students, usually unaware, are simply shifting the burden of war more onto the shoulders of the poor, the black, the Puerto Rican by their various technical ways of avoiding the draft. The same technicalities or services are generally not available to the ghetto youth.

So there are a number of things which will keep me here in Mission Hill for at least the next year or so.

I want to tell you about a discovery I made while in San Antonio, Texas at the beginning of February. I went to participate in a National Consumer Health Conference. There I met a number of chicanos from the Rio Grande



Valley and other parts of the Southwest. One girl was especially generous to me in taking time to explain the work and the struggle of chicanos in Texas.

But the most interesting thing I learned is that chicanos have begun an all-chicano community college in Mercedes, Texas. The name of this college is Colegio Jacinto Trevino. Jacinto Trevino was a legendary bandit who roamed the Valley long ago antagonizing the gringos in a Robin Hood fashion.

Right now the college has 15 graduate students getting masters in education degrees, and 15 local residents getting high school equivalency degrees. The whole program is designed to involve all members of all families in the communities around the college. It is an educational project of and for the people. The 15 graduate students have classes 2 days a week and spend the rest of their time doing organizing

TERS + + + + +

or service projects in the numerous small chicano villages of the Rio Grande Valley.

I would like to recommend that the C. W. carry an article on Colegio Jacinto Trevino sometime in future months. I'd be willing to write it but I know that there is a Hospitality House in San Antonio. Someone from there might be able to go down and visit the Colegio (near Brownsville) and get a more complete story.

In any case the history of the college is exciting and the people who make it are beautiful and dedicated. The address is:

Colegio Jacinto Trevino
Box 865
Mercedes, Texas 78570



Until I see you or write to you again, I wish you peace and strength to carry on.

There is nothing I read so thoroughly or with such a feeling of affirmation as the Catholic Worker.

Goodbye for now, sister,
Venceremos!
Dan Doyle

Mexico

Secretariado Social Mexicano
De Tampico

July 11, 1971

Dorothy Day, Walter Kerell
Pat Jordan, Ed Marszalkiewicz, etc.,
Amigos at the Catholic Worker:

I've been thinking of you for some time, and especially in this time of summer when all the young people from school and convents and seminarians are in full tilt. Is Bob Gilliam still hitting on all sixes and the

playground across the street? And the soup line facing up to Our Lady of Guadalupe's picture (I hope) in the dining and waiting rooms? I'm presuming that Earl Ovitt has been keeping things in working order and utilizing his wiz dry (there's that Spanish phonetic spelling for sure) during the usual emergencies.

Hope the insects are under control in the bed-rooms. That OKO is real good for mosquitos, and probably for bed-bugs. Right now we have a few teams of Mexican and Northamerican students working together in rural development during the summer. As usual the pragmatic American system to see results questions the validity of this type of effort, but then I'm remembering a line I saw yesterday, "All the sociology in the world isn't worth a moment of poetry." I spoke recently to a newly elected Bishop here who asked me if any of the students such as came a few years ago (from main-line outside Philadelphia) would be coming again. The Indians who live about as primitively as before the Spaniards sleeping on their mats in the mountains of Hueyheutla, remembered these young people who came and lived as they did and who when they left lived "a moment of poetry" as everybody wept at the bus terminal; Indians and rich blue-bloods from the Philadelphia main line.

Looks like immorality is coming home to roost in bureaucracy but it is a shame that many innocents have to pay the price of fear and insecurity. Guess the PAX Conference is about due. Can't find my old CW for exact date. As usual I'll be plugging (praying) at the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe as our diocesan pilgrimage to this shrine is for August 5th, and our Bishop will be including your Peace prayers. Incidentally our student group has been delving into ideas of pacifism and this morning the president of the groups asked me about PAX ROMANA. Where's the headquarters here in Mexico, Eileen Egan?

Have great need for a bread line as many campesinos come to town on their way to the sugar-cane cutting fields and wind up in jail on suspicion. Here jail means third-degree but we've been getting some publicity on this and now we cannot hear the prisoners' screams from the secret service next door to the Cathedral as before. Maybe they are working over them in another place. The students are still not satisfied with the government investigations and resignations of officials of the June 10 deaths. About 10 admitted but students claim as much as 100 killed that day. Echevarria has promised much and seems to be really trying but has to go thru years and years of corruption with gangsters still in control positions. Mexicali elections in Baja California will be a test of truth. There have been changes but the cancer is deep.

Love in Xto.
Spike
Tadeo Zywiki

Dallas Vineyard

4806 Tremont St.
Dallas, Texas 75246

We are a community of CHRISTIANS who are seeking the courage to join totally in the lives and struggles of the human community. We are seeking the fortitude to be religious and a community (from which no one is excluded), searching for whatever binds us humans as human, welcoming differences, and comprised of men and women.

The community is both residential and nonresidential . . . the members may make a commitment for a given time, and range in age from 19 to 45. We meet every Tuesday for a com-

munity meeting, every Wednesday for our Vesper service, and every Sunday for Mass, which is open to the community at large. All meetings are part prayer, part discussion and friendship.

Our final constitution and by-laws, as well as life style have yet to be arrived at, and leadership is under Father Daniel Gorham, as president, Thom Peters, as vice-president, Paul Russell, as treasurer, Joyce Tepley, secretary, Norman White, coordinator, Richard Williams, in charge of the C. O. program, and others whose work is beyond compare. Before final decisions are made, they are discussed by the group as a whole. Informality, flexibility, and spontaneity are characteristic.

We feel that in order to be an effective Christian communal witness, Christians must meet today in ad-hoc situations, outside denominations, around actual human needs. We must think in terms of what Bonhoeffer wrote, "The Church is her true self only when she exists for others." And so our house has become a house of hospitality for those who are lonely, who have no place to sleep or eat, who can not find a job. Which is hard and presents its problems . . . but it is FAITH!

The VINEYARD is a new kind of community that goes beyond traditional boundaries; it is a center working to break down barriers which exist in the world and in the Church.

There is a vision emerging for renewal and human revolution among all people today. The VINEYARD is able to have something to do, at least in a small way, with that radical rethinking only because it grooves, if you will, on the new vision.

How does it all happen? The members do all the cooking, cleaning, writing, correspondence, talking with visitors; some of these members work at the house after leaving a regular day-job. No one is paid a salary at THE VINEYARD: everything is voluntary. Everyone pitches in and THE VINEYARD "happens."

We are trying to walk in the true freedom of the CHRISTIAN faith, out of the oppression of our closed and too clubby little world and into open air and open history, into the middle of ultimate realities. Where are we going? WE DON'T KNOW! But we seek to find out, in PEACE, and in HOPE, for in hope there is the future where man grows, evolves and becomes.

The Vineyard House

Scotland

5 Robertson Street
Greenock, Scotland

Dear Friends,

Things are really going from bad to worse here. On the national political level the Conservative government is increasing charges in our, once free, Health Service, cutting out cheap milk for pregnant mothers and young children, eliminating the school milk scheme and increasing the prices of the children's school dinners. They have also cut income tax by 2½% (you have to be earning a lot for that to benefit you) and the reduced government expenditure which they are promising certainly will not be in items which progressives would wish.

We also have an increasing unemployment problem and in Greenock at present the rate is 14.2%. One male in four is out of work. Admittedly this figure is partially inflated by a shipyard strike and resultant suspensions in other trades. There is a growing right-wing demand to abolish government benefit payments to strikers, for their dependents, wife and kids.

The employment situation has really hit us. Hugh has been out of work since last August, when he went to

Edinburgh to help run the Edinburgh Festival Peace Centre. In all these months he has only been offered one job by the Employment Exchange and he was not accepted. He applied for vacancies with the Civil Service but was turned down. They do not give reasons. Last time he was unemployed for six months and was offered a job as a scientific assistant in a Defense factory! He was not interested of course.

We are running a small craft/book shop but it is not making money and in fact we are probably subsidizing it out of our unemployment payments.

Thankfully though, activity in the left/militant etc. scene is increasing. And in Scotland we are having a minor upsurge of local community papers and groups, including a projected alternative to the Catholic established press. It is to be called "Kerygma" and will be launched on 1st May. A good omen we hope.

At present we are looking around for a house and we have a possibility of one in Glasgow. It is large, cheap and centrally situated. If you have any other readers in Scotland who may be interested, we would like to hear from them. We would really like to take more copies of the Worker each month to spread round Scotland but perhaps we should wait until we are in a position to send you some of that money which you obviously need for your work.

We have also, on January 29th, had the happiness of becoming parents for the first time. A boy named Colm.

Think of us all as we think of you and share your prayers with us,

Yours in the love of Christ,
Mary and Hugh Clark

Quebec

R. R. Piopolis
Comte Frontenac
P. de Quebec

Dear Dorothy Day,

Please subscribe me to your newspaper. When I was a child our home always had your newspaper residing on the living room table. I used to gaze at the wood-cut-like illustrations. They depicted so clearly the human soul, most often in sadness.

I've missed your newspaper.

So now I shall have it. I am living in Quebec on a small farm. My husband and I are attempting to subsist here as self-sufficiently as possible. We use horse power and the old ways of doing things by hand. There is much reward in living this way and very little is wasted.

Our neighbors, all French Catholics, have been very kind and helpful to us—we are lucky.

Good luck to you in your striving to lessen human suffering. My husband is beckoning me to come help with the horse.

With love,
Adrienne Whitter

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Foreword by Dorothy Day

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Call for Catholic Tax Resistors

By REV. BERNARD SURVIL

Like a slowly awakening giant, the Roman Catholic Community in the United States is beginning to give due credit and support to those young men who often, without the support of the official Church, followed their conscience in declaring themselves opposed to personally participating in war.

The American Bishops, in their November, 1968 Pastoral letter declared their support for such Conscientious Objectors and even suggested that for "reasons of conscience more personal and specific, selective conscientious objection should also be a moral and legal possibility for Catholic young men."

The reasoning applied in that national episcopal document, as well as the tenor of Pope John's *Pacem in Terris*, Pope Paul's *Progressio Populorum*, as well as Vatican II's *The Church Today*—all give common Church teaching backing for another form of conscientious objection to war-making: Objection to the payment of taxes, ear-marked for war-making or preparation for war-making. Conscientious Objectors cannot avoid service to the community, but they can ear-mark their service to the exclusion of war-like activity. In the same way, the Catholic tax-payer who is so ordered by conscience, should be able to ear-mark his tax to the exclusion of war-like applications.

Pope Paul asks us: "Let each examine his own conscience, a conscience that conveys a new message for our times. Is he prepared to support out of his own pocket, works and under-

takings organized in favor of the most destitute? Is he ready to pay higher taxes so that public authorities can intensify their efforts in favor of development?" (*Progressio Populorum*, Par 47).

Examining our consciences, many of us find it morally impossible to pay Federal taxes that support warmaking. We feel that in this day of advanced weaponry, our dollars can be as brutal a killer, or potential killer, as the fixed bayonet rammed and twisted by the combat soldier. And further, we regret that our tax moneys are not, therefore, being used for that Development called for by Pope Paul. Educational development is a case in point.

We therefore urge that local bishops, Priests' Associations and Senates, as well as parish councils and even individuals, go on record in support of Catholic War Tax objectors. We encourage you to broach the subject with study clubs as well as from the pulpit.

And since some of us have been forced by present law to pay over \$1,000 this year to support war-making, we will use matching "conscience money" from our own pockets if necessary, to send you a copy of *What Belongs to Caesar* for your study. The author is a Mennonite, speaking to Mennonites. Hopefully the Catholic community will soon be able to publish one comparable.

Simply send your name and address to the following address: Ammon's Tax Associates, Box 1744, Indianapolis, Ind. 46204. We won't turn down donations to extend this educational effort. Your donation is not tax exempt!

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

evils of our day. Dorothy spoke on property, discussing this controversial concept in terms of practical everyday Catholic Worker experience. It is stewardship—ownership for use, for work, for need rather than for profit, status, or aggrandizement, that marks this approach to property. Money begetting money, property held for profit rather than need or use will surely diminish human values. Detachment, not attachment, is the rule of soul.

(The following are additional notes on the conference by Colin and Fleur Brennan:

Howard Everngam, harpsichord maker and former Pax Chairman spoke on Work and the New Society. "At one time, work was an integral part of life

the worker?" If it was, it should be retained and divided into shops owned by the work crews. . . . At the Memorial Mass for Franz Jagerstatter, the Austrian conscientious objector executed in World War II, and for the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Pax Chairman Professor Gordon Zahn said that where Hiroshima and Nagasaki "represent the total marshalling of a nation's forces to create a potential for destruction at a hitherto unimagined scale, the Jagerstatter story testifies to the marshalling of a single man's spiritual force to produce a perfect affirmation of faith in a higher and more enduring Power."

D.D.)

Another occasion which gave us much to meditate on was the day of recollection which some sixteen of us from the farm kept at Brother Victor Avila's little Monastery of the Resurrection. Fr. Vincent Haut was with us, offered Mass, and gave an excellent conference on the Apocalypse. With table reading during meals, much time in the chapel—in quiet prayer and meditation as well as common participation in the prayers of the Office—this was truly a day of spiritual refreshment. The quiet ascetical beauty of this small monastic house is also well suited to such a purpose.

CLEARWATER

For one of our family, Gerry Williamson, the summertime place of meditation and refreshment was not in a monastic chapel but aboard Pete Seeger's sloop *Clearwater*, sailing up and down the Hudson. Gerry, who plays the guitar with professional skill, learned about the *Clearwater* sloop and its witness against pollution through playing in the Kingston festival with Pete Seeger and other musicians.

Gerry volunteered to work on the *Clearwater*, and has come back from his voyages not only with enviable nautical lore but also with the quiet conviction of the power of this beautiful sailing ship to stir people to care

36 East First

By JEAN-PIERRE BOYETTE

The long, hot days of summer are gradually fading, and here at the Catholic Worker we are eagerly awaiting the arrival of fall.

It has been a pleasant summer for most of us, despite the heat and humidity. Every day has brought a collage of new faces and new experiences. First Street has been alive with laughter and music. Visitors to the house have been plentiful. The strain sometimes has been tremendous, but surprisingly enough a general spirit of tranquility has prevailed.

Many of our summer volunteers have now left for home. Among these are Katie Porter, Bernadette Schwarz, Carol Daniels, Diane Fassel and Rosemary Tinetti. Some older friends have also left, but not for home: Kathy Schmidt has gone to Boston to work in a new health clinic and Pat Jordan

the future, for they are not only fun, but helpful in getting the neighborhood together.

The block party was an isolated event; of course there are many pleasant daily experiences at First Street. Seeing Marcel's devotion to Scotty is one. He bathes Scotty, shaves him, dresses him, gives him his medication, and watches him like a mother watches her child.

Many people help to keep us going day to day. Paul Bruno struggles manfully to prevent our wasting anything. We count on Earl Ovitt to fix and replace the many things we break and lose. Marcel, Wong, Gordon and Louie make sure that the paper will be mailed correctly and quickly.

John McMullen and many helpers make tasty and nourishing soup for the line daily. Soup making is not only an act of charity, but also an outlet for the soupmaker's artistry as he or she tries to make something creative of a few basic materials.

Another pleasure of the summer has been talking, playing, and painting with the neighborhood Puerto-Rican children which can be both relaxing and informative.

Even though seasons change and friends come and go, life at the Worker continues. Frequently our commitment to non-violence is put to the test. A voice may be raised or a hand tightened into a fist. An argument reaches the boiling point. To me, such day to day experiences are the ones that give testimony to the strength of such a commitment.

Life is a school of experiences and here at the Worker experiences are innumerable. One can draw a lot of knowledge from a single experience. Such knowledge gives a person a meaningful look into life.

P.S. We acquired a new addition to the First Street community today; an active grey squirrel which seems to be living on the fire escape and enjoys running in and out open windows.



Jesus said also to the man who had invited him, "When you give a dinner or a banquet, do not invite your friends or your brothers or your kinsmen or rich neighbors, lest they also invite you in return, and you be repaid. But when you give a feast, invite the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and you will be blessed, because they cannot repay you. You will be repaid at the resurrection of the just."

Luke 14:12-14

has returned to Pendle Hill in Philadelphia. I pray to St. Christopher to guide and protect these travelers on whatever roads they might take.

The end of the summer has brought Noreen Toth back to us from Minnesota. With her, a new volunteer: Steve Nowling from Louisville, Kentucky. Right now we are a bit short of help, but with the passing of time more people will arrive.

During the last month we had a block party here on First Street. It gave people on the block a chance to relax and get to know one another. It also gave them a chance to get some information on the rents strikes which are in full swing on the Lower East Side. (We expect to lose our clothing room which is in a building where tenants are striking against their landlords' attempts to evict them and raise rents; fortunately we have good hope of getting another, roomier storefront nearby).

The Metropolitan Council on Housing came to the block party to pass out information and circulate a petition. I hope there are more such parties in

about their environment. How can one look at such a ship without recalling times when the waters of our streams really were clear? How can one undergo the poetic experience of sailing on a river, quietly, so near the water, with the moon splashing at night, and ashore the lights go squiggly—without sensing a little of the inevitable relationship of man to nature, of each thing in nature to everything else. So the spread sails of the *Clearwater* sing for ecology, and the ancient poetry of a sailing ship tacking up moon-splashed water sings in the blood of that modern troubador, the now familiar young man with a guitar.

Meanwhile all green growing things have gone about their work of photosynthesis, making food for us or food for what will become our food, somewhere along the chain of life, making oxygen to keep the air from becoming

totally unbreathable, that air which, we are told, would have had no oxygen at all without the power of growing green, staving off the desert by holding water in the soil. O green leaves of trees, of plants, even of weeds—we owe you our life. DEO GRATIAS, who made us part of the web of life.

In a hospital bed in Rhinebeck, Mike Sullivan suffers with emphysema, that dread disease which is caused by, or made more difficult to bear by, the heavy pollutants of our atmosphere. It is time to call a halt to smokestacks belching poison. It is time to clear the air so that Mike and many, many others can breathe.

We move toward October and the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, who knew that we are related to the wind, the rain, the sun, to earth and all its creatures. St. Francis of Assisi, pray for us.



and mind and sweat were indivisible. Only in modern thought has there been a split," he said.

The worker no longer had control over the article he was making because materialism caused the fragmentation of labor and brought industrialization. He suggested as a solution a distributist society where the means of production would be owned by twenty-five to thirty per cent of the population. This need not rule out socialism or other systems, and did not mean pulling down all the factories. The criterion would be: "Is it good for the work and

Koinonia

(Continued from page 2)

and look for work. Thus a farmer must inherit the land either from his earthly father or his heavenly father. Koinonia works toward the realization of the Father's Kingdom.

There is certainly a great deal of activity at Koinonia: making pottery, building houses, farming, gardening, setting up small clothing and bicycle industries, and involving large youth groups in all of this. Regular study of the bible informs this work.

Since the death of Clarence Jordan in 1969, Millard Fuller has brought a new spirit to the community. At dinner with Millard's family and a middle-aged white couple who were hitchhiking around for work and were given a lift to Koinonia, Millard was quite joyful to have the opportunity to help some white people in the area. Ordinarily the local whites regard going to Koinonia for help as debasing themselves to the level of Negroes.

We were quite sad on leaving Koinonia after only a four day stay, but we were consoled by our escape from the 100° heat. We extended our stay vicariously by reading Clarence's book *Sermon On The Mount* which is an excellent expression of the spirituality which informs Koinonia. The book has a special word for those trying to start communities, and helped us to understand the four communities we had visited. Commenting on Jesus' advice to be "agreeable with your opponent quickly while you are with him in a difficulty lest he take you before the judge" (Matt. 5:25). Clarence notes that Jesus said "be agreeable" not necessarily "agree." He knew that many times a Christian would be in disagreement with men of the world. But his emphasis was on the attitude. "The fact that they are right and know it, has a powerful tendency to make them intolerant of those who are not in a position to see it their way. And this further alienates the very people who need to be drawn closer. Truth is thus hurt by its own advocates."

Speaking of the change of values that goes with making community, Clarence again made a valuable statement: "Nor do you have to deal in big figures to be Mammon's slave. All you need is a materialistic set of values. But don't think that getting out of silks into blue denim automatically makes you God's slave. He wants you to change your loyalty, then your clothes."

MEDITATIONS

by Dorothy Day

Selected and with introduction by Stanley Vishnewsky

Illustrated by Rita Corbin

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

poverty, the airport was a poor one, there was much evidence of barbed wire and soldiery. The tour included two weeks around Poland where they saw the extermination camps. Nina's family is Polish on both sides, and she remembered some of the Polish of her grandparents who had come to the United States long ago. It had been a sad trip and she had been looking forward almost with dread to this revisit, thinking of the tears she had shed there. Now we saw order, cleanliness and restoration, children in schools, and people with what Peter Maurin always called a philosophy of Work. With all our unemployment at home it was a cheerful sight.

We were shown a film, *Poland Reborn*, in one of the museums. It was our first day of sight seeing and I had been tempted to sit out in the sunlit square and avoid the mustiness of museum touring, but I am glad I went. It showed the deliberate destruction of Warsaw by the Germans, from film taken from the Germans themselves after the war. It showed also the rebuilding, the work of the men clearing away the rubble, salvaging what could be salvaged, using what could be used, with all the vigor of men and women who loved their country and their church—it was inspiring and my heart rejoiced. We saw too, the Square of the Ghetto Heroes and the Parviak prison. One sensed what St. Paul called the mystery of iniquity. That there should have been a ghetto at all is part of that mystery. On that extensive wasteland in the heart of the city which has not been rebuilt, there was only a monument, by the American sculptor Rappaport. The dome-like reddish stone entrance to the sewer was like a monument to the children of the ghetto. They were smuggled out by night to forage for food for the starving victims within this prison area. The story of the three weeks uprising in 1942 has been written by John Hersey in *The Wall* and cannot be forgotten.

MAN'S COURAGE

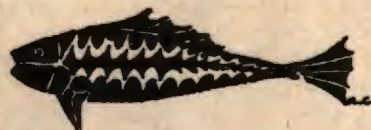
To start our tour with such sights as these, is to make us realize how little we have suffered from war and oppression except in the suffering of seeing our country corrupted by luxury mainly derived from war and preparations for war in all parts of the world. How much need we have to plumb the depths of voluntary poverty, humble work and acceptance of suffering, as penance.

But I must stick to my facts.

We had a Sunday afternoon at the park which was Chopin's country home and sat on benches listening to a concert of his work which came to us through loudspeakers. On the way back we visited a collective farm which impressed me by its ugliness. No wonder people want to move to the city! The barns were near the road and we stood among them talking to the young and modest manager of the operation. I am sorry I do not have the facts, which would be interesting to me too, as to the proportion of private farming and collective farming. I do know that communal, cooperative farming could

illustrate more of a synthesis (as Peter Maurin said) of cult, culture and cultivation.

The highlight, I suppose, for the leaders of our tour was the seminar we had with the prime minister of Poland and members of the Polish Peace Committee. We were regaled with refreshments of coffee and cold drinks and cake. There were speeches, ably translated by an interpreter who did not give a running translation as they do at the United Nations, and as our friend Anne Marie Stokes did for us a number of times at the Catholic Worker. It was instead a phrase by phrase translation, with a great insistence on accuracy, which slowed up the conference a little. Yes, we both, East and West, must try to work for general and complete disarmament. There are two large peace groups in Poland, the PAX group is the largest. (When I asked about the one closer akin to our own CW peace work, ZNAK, the question was evaded, though they admitted there was such a group). The



parting message was "Withdraw all troops from the rest of the world," and send more Polish Americans over to Poland to see all that had been accomplished for their people by the troops of the Soviet Union.

LENINGRAD

Three days in Warsaw and we were on to Leningrad, "Peter the Great's Window to the West." There we stayed at the Hotel Sovietskaya, made the usual tour along the Nevsky Prospect, the Fifth Avenue of Leningrad, which seemed to be crowded at all times. We had a delightful guide named Helene who spoke very good English and who gave us untiringly her time and her interest in all our needs. We learned during the trip that these guides had twelve years training in languages, and not only in the history of their country and its economics and political theory, but in art and music etc. They were not at all mechanical in describing the places we visited. In describing the taking of the Winter Palace, she said "The Revolution was well prepared by Lenin while he was in hiding and living in disguise. Only six were killed in the storming of the Winter Palace." We saw the armored car in the garden at the Lenin Museum from which he had given his speech. We saw Lenin Square and the Finland station, and as we drove along the Neva, it made me happy to see fishermen and sunbathers loafing on the Peter the Great Embankment. Of course there was a trip in a hydrafoil along the Neva to the Summer Palace on the Gulf of Finland with its fountains and gardens. And of course we visited the Hermitage, perhaps the most famous museum of art in the world. I cannot remember whether it was there or at the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow that I saw Rembrandt's "Prodigal Son" which moved me deeply, reminding me as it did of our companions on the soup line on First Street, and the men who come in off the road at the farm.

ALEXANDER NEVSKY LAVRA

But my lasting impression of Leningrad will always be the afternoon I spent with a friend I had arranged to meet in Leningrad, who had spent quite a few summer vacations from her teaching in New York in that branch of Leningrad University located on the Finland Gulf, studying advanced Russian. She was my companion all one afternoon and evening there and later in Moscow, and her knowledge of the language made possible some exploring on the side. She took me by cab to the monastery which has on either side of

the entrance two or three cemeteries, very well kept and we walked through these before we went on into the church. I visited Dostoevsky's grave and those of Moussorsky and Rimsky-Korsakov and many other musicians. There were flowers on all the graves and people were visiting these cemeteries as they did museums. The other cemetery was for priests, monks and nobles and there the graves were not well cared for, nor were there visitors. My friend said that she had gone there to try to find the grave of Helene Iswolsky's grandfather, but had not been able to.

This Lavra, or monastery, is made up of three churches, actually only one of which is what the people term a "working church." Of the others, one is a museum and the other is under repair. There is also a seminary where, if my memory is not faulty, there are sixty seminarians, and I was told that throughout Russia there were seminarians who worked, but studied theology and scripture by correspondence course.

It was in the middle of the week, so we did not expect a service, or even that the church would be open. But as we passed the rear of the church in our exploration of the grounds (there was a dining hall too, where in more happy days the congregation used to break their fast after the long services) we saw seated on some boxes a row of little old ladies, drably dressed and with babushkas over their heads, murmuring together like a row of birds. Pretty soon a nun joined them and my friend asked about a service. Yes, at five vespers would start and the church door would be open. So we too sat and waited and it was good to sit. I was fortunate in having a cane which opened out like a seat, which had come in very handy ever since I left home in New York, and which had excited much comment. I used it later, I am ashamed to say, in the church which filled up with worshippers little by little. Even the czar had to stand! There was much scaffolding all through the building showing work was underway here also. It was a long service but there was a good choir of mixed voices and some beautiful singing. We left before the service was over and by that time the church was full of lighted candles and the smoke of incense. We too venerated the ikons and went away happy that we had had the opportunity to praise God. Yes, of course it was mainly older people, both men and women, who have more time. The younger ones were no doubt busy with family duties at the time of life when it is proper to be so. Who can judge another's state of belief?

Coming out a long roundabout way through the grounds because of the closing of the entrance, it amused me to see the same weeds, the burdock, the lambs quarters, the daisies and many other familiar weeds. We took a bus and had to transfer to another to reach our hotel and the busses were crowded with people. My friend had some butterflies embroidered on her dress and a number of people commented on them. "They are a symbol of the resurrection in Russia," she told me. We learned later, the day we left for Moscow, that there was a daily liturgy at St. Nicholas cathedral.

ON TO MOSCOW

Just before I had left New York I had read Arthur Miller's article on Russia, and in my note book I had copied those last lines: "Is there still beneath the polemics and the threats, an unadmitted commerce of a human-kind? Or is there truly no fresh wind in any corner of the sky to blow away the fumes of fear we all breathe now, this terror of each other that will finally murder us all?"

"Circling Warsaw and trying for a

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On Pilgrimage

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glimpse through the fog wet windows, the cabin so silent and orderly, the thought for some reason comes of The Seagull. And Chekhov spitting blood in the loneliness of Yalta, and writing those minimal and yet ultimate lines for the betrayed and suffering girl—... to endure. To be able to bear one's cross and have faith. I have a faith. I am not afraid of life.' How terrible that seventy years later, seventy years of the most astonishing acquisition of knowledge in man's history, it is so very much harder to speak these lines without fatuousness on this planet."

SOLZHENITSIN

Had Arthur Miller forgotten Solzhenitsin and that wonderful sense of faith, that of the little Baptist in A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich in a labor camp? He takes the precious gospel in his hands and, lying in his bunk, turns to Ivan who in hunger and exhaustion was comforting himself with the extra ration of black bread he had secreted in his bedding, thanks him and God for the good day when together they accomplished their hard labor and finished the job they had set out to do.

Alexander Solzhenitsin was another of the reasons I wanted to visit Russia, to set foot on the soil that produced the likes of him. There is nothing fatuous about his writing. He is a man of "faith and not afraid of life."

When I got to Moscow the meeting (the first in four or five years) of the Writers Union, was over. Three thousand members had attended. I do not know how many members there are, but I had the occasion to meet three of them and protest the treatment he had received and pay my tribute to this great writer, whose Cancer Ward and The First Circle are in paperback now. Helene Iswolsky reviewed his works in The Catholic Worker and spoke about them at one of our Friday night meetings at First Street.

We met with the Soviet Peace Committee at the House of Friendship in Moscow, formerly the home of a rich merchant. Raymond Wilson, who has been lobbying for the American Friends Service Committee for the past twenty eight years in behalf of peace, was chairman of our group and elicited questions from the members of the group. My questions were first about religion in Soviet Russia, and I stated appreciatively that I was glad there was no longer any crude expressions of atheism as I had understood there had been in the museum, formerly the church of our Lady of Kazan, which was frankly used to preach atheism to children and expose the "trickery" of the priests and saints with their miracles. Now we saw that the churches were treated with respect and were all in the process of restoration, and that half of them in Moscow were what they termed working churches, which meant that religious services were held there.

Dr. Andrew Johnson, another member of our group, spoke also of religion. He was the chaplain of the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, and making the tour with his beautiful wife, a child psychologist working with disturbed children.

Then I brought up the matter of Solzhenitsin and said that I could not be in Moscow without expressing my great admiration for this writer whom one could compare with Tolstol and Dostolevsky. I said I did not know if there were any members of the Writers Union present at the Peace meeting, but expressed my desire to meet with some of them. Michael Gold, an old friend of mine since 1918, was many a time a guest in the Soviet Union of the Writers' Guild.

Perhaps it was my tribute and my expressions of regret at the treatment of this great Russian that caused the meeting to break up then. At any rate they decided that those who wished to talk about culture could meet in one workshop and those who wished to discuss peace could go to another. So the discussion began again with three writers to whom I was introduced: a critic, Piskynov, the poet, Lukevin and the novelist, Uryev. I am not sure I have their names right, though they themselves wrote them down in my notebook.

I repeated what I had said in the Peace seminar and added that it lifted the world's heart to see Russia

duces and profits by in their sale around the world. Now in Pakistan, our arms have been used in a war which has resulted in a carnage and displacement of people, not to speak of plague and famine.

So Solzhenitsin lives in poverty and has been expelled from the Writers Union and cannot be published in his own country. He is harassed continually, and recently his small cottage in the country has been vandalized and papers destroyed, and a friend of his who went to bring some of his papers to him was seized and beaten. The letter Solzhenitsin wrote protesting this was widely printed in the west, and I was happy to see as a result a letter of apology by the authorities in Moscow, saying that it was the local police who had acted so violently.

"Now we are in a period, in our literature," the novelist went on to say, "when

for the journal or correspondents have kept the controversy going. Helen Iswolsky, one of our editors, gets this journal which has a name which resembles, with its Cyrillic characters, the capitalized word HOB0, and the people around our farm call it flippantly the "Hobo News."

How many misunderstandings are built up because of censorship and lack of frank discussion!

The poet contributed his quiet statement that he had written fourteen books of poetry. He had written one book of prose, "about pottery, and about myself and poetry," and he apologized for his lack of fluency in English but pointed out that he had just started to study English at the age of forty.

The critic went on to say that he was working on another book on Soviet realism compared with other artistic methods, a history of Soviet literature. "Neither my wife nor my daughter reads my books," he added.

After this little interchange, I felt more friendly towards these writers, who had never had the joy of reading anything but One Day. Their grim looks, frowning faces and turned down mouths at the beginning of our exchange made me remember an incident I had heard that morning. Another group of students on tour had been given a chance to visit a Young Pioneer camp and when they disregarded the injunction not to ask questions or enter into conversation with the students, they had been transported to the border and expelled from the country. Friends had said to me before I left not to disturb the tour by mentioning Solzhenitsin, but I was sure enough of my companions on the tour that they would take very calmly anything that might happen along the way. They were good radicals, and amongst them were those who had been in jail in the U.S. because of demonstrations.

The criticism made by Edmund Wilson in the August 14th issue of The New Yorker shows opposition to Solzhenitsin on what I feel are religious grounds. Wilson accuses the Russian writer of a somewhat masochistic point of view, and speaks of the book The First Circle as oppressive. He states that relations between human beings which indicate a recognition of the fact that all men are brothers and are non-judging and forgiving and reflect the teachings of the Gospel "are certainly quite abnormal." But he does of course pay great tribute to this "very courageous man and very gifted writer."

I am glad that Edmund Wilson brings out the fact that Solzhenitsin is sincerely religious, and he concedes that it is this man's religious faith that is responsible for his survival. He quotes a few lines of a prayer which has not been published except in a religious paper in France, and which, Wilson says, "sounds authentic." This prayer reads as though Solzhenitsin were writing a letter to the God whom he, by this writing, acknowledges publicly as the object of his faith and hope. It expresses his faith too that God will raise up others, where he has not succeeded, to bring to others the "serene certitude that You exist and that You are watching out to see that all the paths of the good be not closed."

I find it hard to express my own joy that Solzhenitsin himself exists and that not only Russia, through the underground circulation of his writings, is hearing these great truths, but our own confused country also.

To be concluded next issue.

TO SAY TORAH AND TO BE TORAH
Rabbi Leib, son of Sarah, the hidden zaddik who wandered over the earth, following the course of rivers, in order to redeem the souls of the living and the dead, said this: "I did not go to the maggid (teacher) in order to hear Torah from him, but to see how he unlaces his felt shoes and laces them up again."

Tales of the Hasidim



"How easy it is for me to live with you, O Lord! How easy it is for me to believe in you!

"When, in perplexity, my spirit bares itself or bends, when the most intelligent do not see farther than this evening and do not know what will have to be done tomorrow: you pour into me the serene certitude that you exist and that you are watching out to see that all the paths of the good not be closed.

"On the crest of earthly glory, I consider with astonishment this path through despair. This path from which I myself have been able to send to humanity a reflection of your rays.

"All that I shall still have to reflect of them, you will grant me. And what I shall not succeed in reflecting, you have assigned to others."

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSIN

still producing such men of genius to inspire the world. I felt that I could not be in Moscow, where the Writers Union had just been meeting for the first time in four years, without paying tribute. There had been silence in the other meeting room at my words, but now the novelist (who spoke fluent English) came out with the flat statement that any writer who has United States publishers competing for his work to the tune of half a million dollars has been betraying his country by his criticisms: he is writing the things the United States wants to hear, that is, he is holding up his country to the criticism of the world. He has "sold out." Besides, he added, he is not a great writer. It is foolish to compare him to Tolstol or Dostolevsky. It is understood that in every revolution there are mistakes but that was no reason to write volumes on them.

I pointed out that Solzhenitsin was not profiting by the money which publishers were offering for his work, nor by the money which came from the Nobel Prize. The money could not get in to him, nor would he go out to get it, for fear that he would not be able to return to his own country which he loves. His is the bitterness which is a part of love of country, a bitterness which we Americans feel remembering the armaments which our country pro-

village themes; close to William Faulkner, close to the soil—grass roots stuff—that is what people want. We like Hemingway, Dreiser, Whitman, Fenimore Cooper. And yes, detective stories and science fiction are popular. I myself write science fiction and a recent book of mine sold 300,000 copies in a few weeks."

The poet and critic could understand English and had studied it, but were not, they said, fluent enough to talk with us. So the novelist translated for them. When Nina asked whether there was interest in philosophy or theology—religious works—like those writings of Bonhoeffer, the critic replied modestly that there was not much interest, but that he himself had done research to find out whether such a man as Jesus Christ existed, but whether he did or not, he greatly influenced man for the good.

(Strangely enough there is at present going on in a New York Russian periodical a debate as to whether Solzhenitsin ever existed! One writer insists that no one man could have turned out such long novels, not to speak of the several volumes of short stories and sketches, early work which has been translated and has just come out here in the United States. His contention was that no such person as Solzhenitsin exists, but a group of writers under that name. Several other Russian writers