



Medical Care For The Poor

By MARION MOSES

The Rodrigo Terronez Memorial Clinic was founded in October, 1966 to serve poor farm workers and their families in the Delano area. It is part of the over all program of the National Farm Workers Service Center, Inc., a non-profit tax-exempt corporation with headquarters in Delano, California.

The clinic is now operating out of two converted house trailers and has provided limited medical care to migrant and seasonal farm workers for the past four years. The clinic is staffed by an M.D. and 2 registered nurses. While the clinic has never had the funds or facilities to operate on a scale to meet the full health needs of farm workers, it has gained unmatched experience as a result of involvement with the medical problems of the rural poor.

We have learned some of the reasons why farm workers have a life expectancy of 49 years as compared to 70 years for the average American, why 36% more babies born to farm worker women die than is true of other occupational groups, why farm workers have the highest occupational disease rate of any group in California, and why they have three times the national incidence of tuberculosis. We have experienced the discrimination meted out to farm workers by hospitals, doctors and other medical personnel. We have seen the tragic results of medical neglect.

The Rodrigo Terronez Memorial Clinic was founded to protest that discrimination and neglect. It is named in memory of Roger Terronez, a 27 year old farm worker and union leader who died in January, 1966. Roger had been seriously injured in an automobile accident. He was taken to Delano Hospital emergency room. As his fellow workers gathered at the hospital in a vigil for their friend, the doctor walked out of the emergency room, his smock covered with Terronez's blood. He was unable to do the tracheotomy necessary in such trauma cases because "His neck is too fat... and besides... he's going to die anyway." Shortly thereafter he did die without ever having the simple operation he needed to make a fight for his life.

There is an acute shortage of medical facilities and personnel in the rural areas to meet the needs of farm workers and their families. And even where there is some medical care available, the workers complain of callousness and

indifference and of always being put in the position of being a charity patient.

The Delano grape strikers won their own medical insurance plan through their union contracts with the table grape growers. This plan, called the Robert F. Kennedy Farm Workers Medical Plan, is small, but it is a beginning. The workers realize that with their own clinic their medical dollar will go further and they can begin to effect the changes in medical care that they struggled so long to achieve. The Rodrigo Terronez clinic is an outcome of that struggle.

We hope to develop a group health plan to provide complete out-patient care up to cases that require hospitalization. In order to do this we must have a greatly expanded facility in Delano. We are planning a clinic that will have approximately 4,433 square feet of working space. With the exception of initial capital costs for construction equipment, income should be sufficient to meet operational costs so that the clinic will become self-supporting within 12 to 18 months of opening.

The clinic will be equipped to provide total out-patient care including the provision of complete radiological examinations with fluoroscopy. A clinical laboratory will be available for the most common hematology, chemistry and bacteriological tests. A fully equipped emergency room will be available for the immediate treatment of trauma cases, job-related accidents, pesticide poisonings, etc. There will also be a routine diagnostic procedure for all patients on their initial visit to the clinic. The clinic plans to develop an active health and safety program in cooperation with the ranch committees, to develop uniform safety practices for the use and handling of pesticides.

The initial staffing pattern will include four physicians, two registered nurses, three health aides, one receptionist, one bookkeeper, one medical record librarian, one lab technician, one x-ray technician, one pharmacist, and an administrator. The clinic plans to make use of paraprofessional health aides and to develop training programs to meet staffing requirements. Use will be made of physicians' assistants, nurse practitioners and other professional assistants as the clinic expands. Health aides will be trained to do medical his-

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KILL FOR PEACE?

Kill for Peace? by Richard McSorley.
New York: Corpus Books, 1970, paperback.

Reviewed by ROBERT A. PUGSLEY

Father Richard McSorley, Jesuit theologian; nonviolent activist; counselor to and friend of many in the peace movement, has arrestingly entitled his new book, *Kill for Peace?*. The grimly ironic contradictions within that formulation are interestingly, if all too briefly and incompletely, touched upon in the present work.

Father McSorley, focusing on the development of the technological implements of mass destruction since the end of World War II, almost evenly divides his attention between two closely interrelated phenomena. First he portrays the universally catastrophic effects which would be the inevitable result of nuclear warfare (the "unthinkable" think-tanks to the contrary notwithstanding), with all the attendant implications for the type of first-stage, "limited" war the United States is currently waging in Southeast Asia. Secondly, he indicates the far-reaching consequences which the very existence of these weapons and our engagement in the Vietnam War have had and will continue to have on the traditional just-war theory of the Catholic Church and the consciences of individual Christians.

Drawing liberally from several relatively recent analyses of the probable effects of nuclear interchange, the author constructs a spatial-temporal scenario of the impact of a nuclear blast levelled at New York City and its metropolitan area. The outlook is black.

He also briefly recounts the damage done by the American A-Bombs to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and makes

passing reference to the continuing terror of nuclear annihilation still felt by the Japanese. (A recent news item disclosed that 70 Japanese died last year alone from the long-term after-effects of the 1945 Hiroshima blast.) A scholarly, humanly moving, psycho-cultural analysis of this important subject may be found in Robert Jay Lifton's *Death in Life/The Survivors of Hiroshima*, New York: Vintage Paperback, 1969.

A final section in the first chapter deals with the very timely unresolved subject of chemical and biological warfare (CBW). The U.S. has never ratified the Geneva Protocol, subscribed to by 62 other nations, which completely renounces the use of both of these types of weapons. Congress is currently holding hearings on this matter. The present Administration, under pressure from the Pentagon, has endorsed eventual ratification, with the reservation that it not restrict the use of certain types of tear-gas and herbicides; among other responsible groups, the Federation of American Scientists has termed this position legally and politically indefensible. Suffice it to note here that while this country's supply of bacteriological weapons is supposedly in the process of being destroyed by virtue of Presidential directive, the chemical agents remain. The U.S. continues to develop, produce and store these stockpiles, some of which are used in Southeast Asia, and others of which are ready for use in "crowd control" on the domestic front.

Concluding his treatment of this topic, Father McSorley poses the issue squarely, in terms of individual moral choice, a recurring challenge throughout the book and, I feel, one of its chief virtues:

The scientist cannot, with good
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East Chicago:

Harbor House

By FATHER DON RANLY

I want to tell all your readers that this past week-end (March 13-14) I visited with Michael Cullen and his wife and three children. Michael was released from Sandstone Federal Penitentiary on February 14. He had served there since May 15 for his participation in the action of the Milwaukee 14.

Michael is fine! He and his wife and children are enjoying, in Michael's words, "a love feast." They are living in a farmhouse on a farm owned by Mrs. Cullen's father. Those of you who know Michael from his work at Casa Maria in Milwaukee and from his glowing testimony at his trial will probably not believe me when I say I found him even more thoroughly Christian and more deeply committed to non-violence. Michael spent a lot of time in jail reading the Lives of the Saints, the desert fathers, John of the Cross and others to find deeper roots for his strong faith. Of course, his positions against the war and other basic policies of this country remain the same.

Michael and his wife Netty have no immediate plans—except to find themselves again as a family. "We must have time to get our heads together," they say.

I got to know Michael during my four year stay at Marquette University in Milwaukee where I received a master's degree in journalism and a master's degree in speech. One of the tasks I presently am engaged in is writing Michael's "autobiography." The book is near completion and I truly think it is a significant book. We do need help in finding a publisher, however. Casa Maria and, of course, The Cath-

olic Worker, are primarily responsible for the founding of Harbor House. Harbor House consists of two storefronts located in the pit of Indiana Harbor across the street from the steel mills. Indiana Harbor is actually a part of East Chicago, Indiana. In the fall of 1969 I came to East Chicago to teach speech and journalism at St. Joseph's College Calumet Campus here. I am a Precious Blood Father, ordained in 1962, and this college is conducted by the Community of the Precious Blood.

In that same fall I began gathering a handful of men to start a hospitality house. By December we had a facility, a building which had been abandoned six years previously and had no proper electricity, no heat, no water and not enough plaster on the walls to paint. Our intention was, and still is, merely to provide an emergency over-night shelter and food for men in need.

Because we live in one of the most highly industrialized areas in the world, many men come to East Chicago.
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If a thousand men were not to pay their tax bill this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure as it would be to pay them and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

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SPRING APPEAL

St. Joseph's Day, '71
St. Joseph's House
36 East 1st St.
N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear and beloved friends,

Every morning at nine-thirty a crowd of men, and a few women, arrive at our doors, and once again my heart is warmed with gratitude to you who make our hospitality possible. I often quote Terese of Avila who said she was so grateful that she could be bought with a sardine. It is much more than a sardine to have this house of hospitality and keep it going. The waiting room for our guests is in the basement, cheerfully painted a pale yellow by the students from the Christian Brothers around the corner. Jimmy painted a black cross on one wall, slightly askew. Bob started the Beatitudes beautifully lettered on another. The room is brightly lit, there are benches for all. Upstairs the soup is served, beginning at ten, and it has taken five to make it. A good and holy soup. Plenty of bread, plenty of tea and sugar. I have mentioned that the bread bill goes up to a thousand dollars. The mailing of this appeal has gone up too! All the young volunteers who come are taught to make soup. At Tivoli they are taught to make bread. Fifty live and eat three meals a day there. Sometimes I think the Catholic Worker keeps going because food, which epitomizes life, is being freely and daily and lovingly served, since 1936. We editors did not start it, nor the volunteers. It was John Griffin who had charge of the clothes and when he could not give a coat or a pair of socks, would offer coffee and bread, and so the line came about and grew and continued. It was Peter Maurin who urged upon us the making of sturdy soup, the food of the peasant he was. Now we have not only soup but yogurt, mislabeled and so discarded at the market, and fruit too, half-frozen or over-ripe, which parts can be cut away and good salads made of it. Black and white, young and old, sick and well, people arrive daily, and the miracle is, not just that we have the food to serve, but that so many young people feel in their bones the validity of what we are doing and keep coming to help us. It is indeed a contact with Christ, who is our Peace, our Truth, our daily Bread. "They-knew Him in the breaking of bread . . . Take, eat, this is my body . . . do this in memory of me . . . Inasmuch as you have fed one of the least of my brethren, you have fed me . . . All men are brothers."

It does not cost any money, only time, to take people to clinics, to dress their ulcerated legs; eventually it costs to bury them, and we have had half-dozen or more deaths this year. We have no salaries to pay, but we have taxes on our two hospices at First Street and Tivoli, and the heating and lighting and gas for cooking, and bread and margarine, coffee and tea, meat and staples, all must be bought. The bills pile up, and we beg your help.

The work is not without danger—this adventure of ours. We live on a war-front,—class war, race war. Mental cases abound, drugged youth haunt our streets and doorsteps. We are, here at First Street, a school of non-violence. Not a week passes when there have not been knives drawn, a first up-raised, the naked face of hate shown and the silence of bitterness and despair shattered by the crash of breaking crockery or glass, a chair overthrown. But there are other days when suddenly there is laughter, scraps of conversation among the men, and one feels men have been wooed out of their misery for a moment by a sense of comradeship between the young people serving and those served.

God, the Father of us all, must want this work, otherwise He would not prompt you to keep it going all these years. Some of the second generation Catholic Workers come to help us now. Perhaps we epitomize in a strange paradoxical way—abundance, freedom, love and joy, in the midst of destitution, enslavement, hate and grief.

Of course, Spring is here, and the seeds of Faith, Hope and Charity are sprouting anew within us all. So we know that you will help and you will pray for those you are helping us to care for.

With grateful love in Christ,

DOROTHY DAY



Theology of Work:

A Scriptural Basis

By CHUCK SMITH

Peter Maurin was a teacher. His effectiveness as a teacher lay not only in his repetitious Easy Essays but also in his willingness to put what he taught into practice. William Gauchat points this out in the May, 1965, CATHOLIC WORKER. In 1941, a summer school was held at Our Lady of the Wayside Farm in Avon, Ohio. There were classes in various crafts and the liturgy. Peter was leading discussions on church history.

One afternoon a car was damaged by a large rock buried in the road leading to the farm. Gauchat was, later in the afternoon, walking down the lane and discovered Peter digging away to remove the boulder. He had gone to work without telling anyone. The two of them worked until the obstacle was removed. "Peter taught me," Mr. Gauchat recalls, "the most important lesson of the summer school: When unemployed college graduates will have learned

how to use their hands they will find out that the use of their hands will greatly improve the working of their heads."

A PHILOSOPHY OF WORK

Peter felt that in order to develop a new society, we must first develop a philosophy of work. Manual labor was for him a natural and necessary part of man's life. It was for him a part of the development of the whole man.

Peter patterned his ideas for a green revolution on the missionary activities of the Irish Benedictines in medieval Europe. The ideal St. Benedict set before his monks was "Ora et Labora," prayer and work. So when these Irish missionaries established monasteries across Europe they were concerned with farming and crafts as well as prayers. These monasteries were prototypes of the agricultural centers Peter envisioned where CULT (liturgy) is to be combined with CULTURE (literature and philosophy) and CULTIVATION (agriculture) to act as the foundation of a new society.

This new society recognizes work not as a commodity to be bought and sold—rather labor is a means of self expression, the worker's gift to the common good of the community. Such a lofty goal demands a great deal of "clarification of thought." So Peter emphasized the need to develop a philosophy of work, the need for the worker to see the intrinsic value and meaning in his work. The Christian should develop such a philosophy in the light of the scriptures. Although work is not one of the major themes of the Bible, it is an important one.

WORK AND THE NATURAL ORDER

The main theme of the scripture in regard to work is that it is the natural function of man, it is the role which God appointed for man. This idea is clearly expressed by the trend of thought in Psalm 104:

"You made the moon to tell the seasons,
the sun knows when to set:
you bring darkness on, night falls

all the forest animals come out: savage lions roaring for their prey, claiming their food from God. The sun rises, they retire, going back to lie down in their lairs, and man goes out to work, and to labor until dusk.

Yahweh, what a variety you have created,
arranging everything so wisely!"
(Psalm 104:19-24)

In this psalm man is seen taking his place in the natural order of creation by working. By working man continues the work of creation begun by God. The scriptures picture God's work as that of creator, who brought his work to an end of the seventh day (see Gen. 1:1 and 2:2). The Yahwist tradition presents man carrying on this activity. "Yahweh God then took the man and settled him in the garden of Eden to cultivate and take care of it." (Gen. 2:15). In the Priestly account man is to work as co-creator in two ways: the propagation of mankind and the bringing of the earth into useful submission. "Be fruitful, multiply, fill the earth and conquer it. Be masters of the fish of the sea, the birds of heaven and all living animals on the earth." (Gen. 1:28). Hellenistic Judaism looks to this divine commission as the origin of human work. Thus Sirach wrote: "Do not shirk wearisome labor, or farm work, which the Most High created" (Ecclesiasticus 7:15).

Working sets man apart from other creatures. Through his work man is able to improve his environment. It is in his work that man fulfills his role as the first among creatures. So unquestioned is the concept that each man has his work to do that there is no specific commandment to work. The commandment to rest on the Sabbath includes the clause, "six days you shall labor" (Ex. 20:9).

The plan, then, as revealed in the scriptures is that, as a caretaker, man should develop the earth he has been given. But he is to be a co-worker with the creator. While man toils, it is God who brings his work to fulfillment (Ps. 65:10-13). When man doesn't work in concert with God's overall plan his efforts will fail:

"If Yahweh does not build the house,
in vain the masons toil;
if Yahweh does not guard the city,
in vain the sentries watch.
In vain you get up earlier,
and put off going to bed,
sweating to make a living . . ."
(Ps. 127:1-2)

The worker depends on God even to the extent that his skills come from Yahweh:

"Does the ploughman do nothing but plough
and turn the soil and harrow it?
Will he not, after he has levelled it,
scatter fennel, sow cummin,
and put in wheat and barley
and on the edges spelt?
He has been taught this discipline

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CATHOLICS, CONSCIENCE & THE DRAFT

"Required reading for those concerned about the Catholic conscientious objector," says INTERCOM, Center for War/Peace Studies.

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INDIA: PEOPLE-TO-PEOPLE AID

By EILEEN EGAN

This is the last of four articles on the visit to India made by Dorothy Day and Eileen Egan in the course of a round-the-world peace pilgrimage made possible by the invitation to Australia by the Rev. Roger Pryke, editor of NONVIOLENT POWER.

A row of about twenty women walked past us, upright and graceful. Their long skirts undulated rhythmically as they moved. On their heads were round wicker baskets and in each basket twelve bricks. They delivered the bricks to men who were fashioning the walls of a half-finished modern building. Another row of women went by, each with the supple, controlled gait of a ballet dancer. Under the shade of the wicker baskets, the faces of many of the women were of stunning beauty.

"These women are from Rajasthan," Meera Mahadevan told us. "They come with their husbands and whole families and settle on a worksite. Two or three years later, when the buildings are finished, they move on to another site. Both husband and wife are in construction work, but there is a clear division of labor. If there are bricks to be made, the men make them. The men do the actual construction; the women do the carrying."

It was high noon in the Delhi sun. Fifteen minutes of the blinding light and we were dazed. Mrs. Mahadevan took us into the shade of a school pitched right on the worksite. The children were lining up with enamel plates to receive a large helping of bulgur wheat and vegetables. Bulgur wheat is a cracked wheat easily cooked by boiling and therefore much used in the Middle East and Asia where baking ovens are not common.

"This is what I wanted you to see," said Mrs. Mahadevan. "These are the children of the women you saw carrying the bricks. We have 180 children in the school and nursery. Naturally, we have to provide a big midday meal if the children are going to be able to concentrate on their lessons. These mothers work a long day, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. As you saw, they were working right through the hottest hours of the day. If we did not have the children in school, they would be running around like wild little animals. And if we could not feed them at midday, we could hardly expect the mothers to prepare an adequate meal."

Mrs. Mahadevan, a former resident of Karachi, Pakistan before the sub-continent was divided, is small and ardent. As a volunteer, she heads a group known as Mobile Creches to supply schooling and food for the children of construction workers, mostly migrants. Collecting money and food among such groups as Brothers to India, the Delhi Red Cross, the American Women's Club and the construction companies themselves, she sets up creches and school-creches at the sites of the larger construction projects around Delhi. She has five such school-creches serving over 500 infants and children.

We watched as the children cleaned their plates and finished their last chapatti. Then a teacher asked them to sing us a song. It was about a crow who tried to reach some drinking water but could not manage it. With much repetition, the song related that plac-

ing a stone, then another stone and still another stone, finally raised the level of the water so the crow could get his drink of water. The Rajasthani children were as lovely as their mothers. They were full of spirit and their voices were happy and unrestrained. Yet, when classes were re-

sumed, they settled at their work tables with almost solemn concentration. "I am amazed at these children," Meera told us. "Some have had no formal schooling before now. When they have their basic reading and writing skills, we get them admitted to the nearby municipal school. We can only enter them after we have the parents take time off to go to court to file affidavits for birth certificates. Once the child is in the municipal school, he competes with children who have had much more regular schooling. Some of our Rajasthani children lead their classes. It will not be hard to get them into secondary school."



sumed, they settled at their work tables with almost solemn concentration.

She was as proud of them as if they had been her own. She explained that she had time to take up this volunteer service because her own two children were already in their teens. Her husband, editor of Gandhi Marg, Journal of the Gandhi Peace Foundation, gave her encouragement in her demanding work. Finding teachers and volunteer doctors is not too difficult, but finding the money to pay the bills is a wearing task.

"Just think," said Meera Mahadevan, "a child on a worksite can be provided with school and food for only \$20 a year." We went out of the school and creche into the blinding sun and strolled around among the homes of the workers. They were of solid pukka construction, with brick walls and cement floors. A granny with gaping

teeth asked me to visit one of the homes. (Is this what becomes of the beautiful young brick-carriers, I wondered?) The room was large, about 15 by 12 feet, but there was no light except that which came from the door. There was a fireplace at one end, and a small storage room at the other end.

The main feature of the room was a large rope bed or charpoy. Perhaps there was an extra bed for the children, or possibly they slept on mats on the floor.

"We all come from the country near Jodhpur. It is good to come here for work, but that is our home and we always go back to our village."

Grail Mobile Unit

Our lunch one day was with the International Grail Team and their specialists drawn from Indian life. On the team are Elizabeth Reid of Australia, and the following representatives from India: Romila Kapur, Marina D'Sa, Zareen Chester, Lola Albuquerque and Chia Sircar.

Debora Schak is Agricultural Con-

sultant to the team. They are truly mobile in that they are ready to go to any part of India to give courses or to work in rural development projects. They pool their skills in nutrition education, health education, kitchen gardening and poultry keeping, and crop science, and make them available to ongoing development projects in the villages—especially projects in which women are involved. Already they have worked with local groups in Rajasthan, Maharashtra, Bihar, Uttar Pradesh, West Bengal and Tamil Nadu (formerly the State of Madras).

They happened to be in Delhi during our stay, so we met them all and saw how these young, skilled women were on fire with their task of meeting the needs of the women and families of village India.

Debora Schak I had met in Hong Kong during a brief visit. She was a special friend of Dorothy Day's, having volunteered for many months at the Catholic Worker before going overseas.

I had often wondered why the word Grail was chosen for this international women's movement. A recent description seemed to give me an answer. "The name GRAIL," says the leaflet GRAIL INDIA, "was chosen for this movement because it is a sign and a symbol of a particular quest that has quickened within the human family during the past twenty centuries—the quest (as intangible as a sky-lotus) for truth, a full life in God and a deep understanding of His activity in world events. The Grail members share with others the concern for the whole human family. They strive to find ways and means of making God's love, justice and peace a continuing reality on earth especially where there is material and spiritual privation."

Action For Food Production

Elizabeth Reid of the Grail serves as Executive Secretary of a development organization known as Action for Food Production, most often referred to as AFPRO. She sat in her bright office in an area of New Delhi known as South Extension, Part II and talked about AFPRO.

"I could describe it as a secular agency of Christian inspiration. It is a consortium of voluntary development agencies. The funding for our office comes from three sources, the World Council of Churches, from Catholic sources and from OKFAM, Oxford Famine Relief of Great Britain.

"AFPRO has developed a panel of experts in such key fields as water re-

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The rush of water down our ravine sounds the music of Spring. The loud clear whistles of the cardinals announce on this, the Ides of March, that the lion-roaring month must go, that the slow Lenten stirring of sap must bud forth Easter, the pain and ecstasy of re-birth, the greening, daffodil-dappled, rain-washed, apple-blossomy days of late April. Now more often I hear the chickadees varying their daily chatter with their sweet-whistled springtime refrain. Even the winter-visiting white-throated sparrow can sometimes be heard singing, with nesting nostalgia: "sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada." The dogs and children make a livelier clamor. The roosters crow earlier each morning, while the hens break their own egg-laying records and sing their own thanksgiving. And I, winterweary, cry: Glory be to God, who said, Let there be Spring.

Like intimations of Spring—a soft April breeze, a bluebird's song—Daniel and Mary Dauvin arrived for a too-short visit recently, the first visit here since their marriage in San Francisco last December. Dan and Mary (Mary Greve before her marriage) met here at the farm in Tivoli. They were both among our best helpers—dedicated, cheerful, ready to help at anything, possessed of the true Franciscan spirit. Both spent much time taking care of Peggy, who died last Fall. Both made my hospitalization and convalescence last year more bearable. Both prayed with us, and helped bring a little of

God's order into the confusion of our days. Mary, who is gifted with a rarely beautiful voice and plays the guitar with equal talent, brought much joy to our community with her singing. Needless to say, during their recent visit, we enjoyed a festival of music. We hope their married life will be long and happy, and that they will come back to visit us as often as possible.

Now today another intimation of Spring has manifested itself in the little greenhouse which Father Andy Cruschel constructed in the enclosed porch adjoining the Corbins' apartment. Father Andy began work on the greenhouse amid the snows and cold of mid-winter, and one day shoveled away a snowdrift so that I could come and explore his work. Now, he tells me, cabbage seedlings have come through, and there are many more seeds which should be up and ready for planting when garden-making time comes round again. Father Andy has a real green thumb, and his garden last year produced some wonderful vegetables for our table. John Filligar, who has been farming for the Catholic Worker for so many years and does our most extensive gardening, has also, I am sure, been making plans for Spring planting time.

Thanks largely to the efforts of Helene Iswolsky, our intellectual life has not been allowed to decline during the dreary winter confinement. Our third Sunday afternoon discussions

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WE CELEBRATE LIFE

In the midst of death we celebrate life:

All that is green, growing, quick,
warm, daring, aware;
Thirst that makes deserts run cool rivers;
Hunger that hangs fruit on barren branches;
And in a lonely country
the voice that calls our name.

Rains of spring;
the bird that cries once before dawn;
the cruel mouth of the newborn;
Beautiful children,
young but once and innocence fleeing before them;
Promises given and broken before the day-fall;
Even the bare black tree, ancient among squirrels,
standing with honor in its wintry chains;
And those who strike poems
from the speechless dark.

In the midst of death we celebrate life.

BETTY SHEEHAN

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Hennacy House

House of Hospitality
605 N. Cummings St.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90033
(213) 266-6516 264-8144

Dear Dorothy,

Greetings from the new and permanent House of Hospitality! Yes, the incredible has happened: after we had painfully raised only about a fourth of the downpayment, and were about to give up, along came an old friend who gave us the entire sum. So we were able to buy the house, and also pay the escrow costs and make the needed changes (which we are still doing), plus pick up a typewriter needed to begin our newspaper, *The Catholic Agitator*, which we hope to be able to send to you shortly.

There is sad news too, about the meals we serve on skid row: we have had to stop temporarily. The two causes are the Health Dept. which says we can't serve food the way we have been doing it outdoors, and the near exhaustion of the three of us who were doing most, but not all, of the scrounging, buying, cooking, transporting, serving and cleaning up. We could have fought, but we think it is for the best in the long run. A permanent place is needed indoors, and so is a crew to help do the work. We don't know where the place or people will come from, but so many wonderful things have dropped unexpectedly from the sky that we just keep saying, with more belief, "the Lord provides." The men keep asking us when we are coming back and we tell them it will be very soon. (If we can't feed the poor and the hungry, we would be phoney Catholic Workers.)

We set out in March of last year to do things Christ told us to do—like feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, housing the homeless and visiting the prisoners. And we are not ashamed to offer thanks to God (and to you) publicly and to marvel that we are going stronger than ever, especially now that we have a large sturdy old house among the poor and close to the jail and skid row. And we are happy that our friend, who gave the \$5,000 out of the blue and who is wealthy, used his money to serve the poor. Gandhi said the wealthy hold the wealth of money in trust for the poor. It is all terribly encouraging and it is difficult to be grateful enough, to all of you.

It was terrible at the jail during the days of rain. The men came streaming out, many of them wearing the usual T-shirts or short-sleeved shirts, some of them barefooted, and were soaked by the time they reached our van. We got them inside the van, gave them hot coffee until it ran out (and then heated the lemonade), and drove them downtown so they could go to a mission or sell their blood to get money for a room or a bus home. (We hadn't moved fully into the new house at that time.) We especially need for these men, now that it is cold, good used shoes, long-sleeved shirts, coats, and jackets. Please drop them by if you can and save us the trip.

The new house (it's about 65 years old) has been operating at capacity from the beginning. Before we moved in we had two families here, one with three small children and a mother-in-law, and the other made up of a heroin

addict, just released from his second five-year sentence in prison, and an alcoholic woman and her four-year-old boy. We have also been caring for a mentally disturbed man we picked up upon his release from the jail. Most nights we have had at least two people sleeping on the sofas downstairs. (We are painting a large bedroom and when it is finished we should be less crowded, until more people hear about us.)

And we are terribly happy. "We" is Jeff Dietrich, who edits the paper among many other things; and Dan and Chris, and 15 month old John Delany who keeps his mother busy and the rest of us smiling. We have a very happy busy house and invite you to come share with us anytime and see the new House of Hospitality. You are a part of it. Please come.

We must cry out passionately again against the continuance of the rotten war with which our nation goes on



and on, devastating the pitiful peoples of Indo-China. The plan to rout out the North Vietnamese sanctuaries in Cambodia has ended with almost the entire country occupied by the Vietnamese, and the Cambodians being ravaged. Now Laos has been invaded and is bombed. This is no time for public apathy or "well it's almost over." It's not.

We beg you to continue to press for an immediate end to the war rather than allow the American military to destroy Southeast Asia. Of us here, Dan Bender has spent months in the Army stockade and been discharged rather than train and serve as a murderer. Jeff has refused induction altogether and is waiting to suffer the consequences, and Dan and Chris have since last year openly refused to pay any federal income taxes to buy more murder and devastation. Our special greetings go to Fathers Dan and Phil Berrigan who sit in federal prison for resisting this sick war, to Mike Cullen, the founder of the Casa Maria Catholic Worker House in Milwaukee, who was recently released from federal prison for the same reason, and to all the others in military and civilian prisons and elsewhere who choose like Jesus to pay the needed price with their own suffering rather than with that of the other person, be he guilty or innocent. These greetings, then, also go to those American troops who try hard not to hurt or kill others during their tour in Vietnam, rather than give in to the body count madness.

We always need your help in whatever way you can give it. We are down to rock bottom again. Our house payments are \$230 every month (we got two low cost loans, thank God), and there are property taxes, utility bills for this big house, a large food bill, several old vehicles to keep patched up and full of cheap gas, and on and on. And we need a place on skid row to feed over 300 men a day, equipment to furnish it, donated food, and especially people to do the work along with us there. And we need blankets (we don't have enough and we have no heater hooked up yet in the basement) and sleeping bags for the men who will have to sleep on sofas and the floor as it continues cold and the word goes out that our door is open to all.

A. J. Muste, a famous old pacifist, always said, "The only way to have

peace is to make peace." That's the kind of peace we wish for you, a peace growing out of courage and compassion, not out of sentimentality and short-lived good wishes.

Peace and love,
Dan and Chris Delany

Merton House

Dear Miss Day,

I am working with the Thomas Merton Community in Cleveland which, as you may know, operates a store front that I described to Chris. The Community provides food and clothing as well as emergency shelter, counseling, etc., to alcoholics, transient workers, the unemployed, and the needy. Until the end of last summer all the food the Community had been using has been bought with Community funds. Then we made a contact with a nursing home in the outskirts of Cleveland which is operated by a community of Hungarian nuns. The nuns were getting day old bread from Kroger's and as much as half a ton per week of produce and cooked food from markets and catering companies. They started sharing this food with us for feeding the poor. The nursing home is on 40 acres of farmland which has been fallow several years. We are about to propose to the sisters that we be allowed to raise food for the poor. We would probably also have training in nonviolence out on the farm. In our proposal to the nuns, I want to use the Catholic Worker ideal as a model, and if necessary, YOU for a reference. So if it seems necessary that we refer them to you I want you to know what we are trying to do before hand. (Fr.) Bernie Meyer and Fr. Bob Begin as well as the Corrigan, McGuire, etc., send their greetings. I think you know of Ralph Delaney and his work with the black adolescent dropouts—he, too, I'm sure, would like to have me say hello. He's well and busy with two other schools as well as his Aurelius Place. Ralph and the writings of Hennacy got me on to the C.W. thing.

Thank You,
Bill Merriman
3709 Whitman Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio 44113

Help Needed

1400 North 16th St., Apt. 105
McAllen, Texas 78501
February 26, 1971.

Dear Miss Day,

I wish to thank you for the kindness and interest which you showed during our telephone conversation of February 24, 1971. The United Farm Workers Union saw a need for increased medical services and began a clinic which was open three mornings a week offering services to all who came without charge. It was staffed by volunteers and supported in part by contributions and also by funds from Hidalgo County. That original clinic has evolved into a full time clinic with paid staff offering services to migrants and seasonal agricultural workers and is supported by a federal grant. It is the only clinic of its kind in the area and we are all hoping that it will be a significant factor in our effort to meet the health needs of the Rio Grande Valley. We are in need of a physician who has completed an internship and is either licensed to practice in the state of Texas or is eligible for licensure. A knowledge of Spanish is necessary and if the applicant does not have this knowledge it will be necessary for him to begin to learn it. The salary is approximately \$25,000 per year with two weeks vacation, sick leave, and other fringe benefits offered by the county. Anyone who wishes further information should contact:

Mr. Otis Newkirk
Hidalgo County Health Dept.
1425 South 9th Street
Edinburg, Texas 78539

In reference to your question about a need for nurses, while this particular clinic has a complete staff, nevertheless, the county health departments in this area are in great need of registered

nurses. The natural tropical beauty of the Rio Grande Valley contrasts sharply with widespread poverty, unemployment, poor nutrition, illness, and a shortage of personnel, services, facilities, and resources. The health departments are faced with the overwhelming task of carrying a large part of the burden of meeting the many needs of the people. The public health nurse finds herself faced with a challenge which calls upon all of her professional and personal resources. The job is frustrating, exhausting, neverending, and, fortunately, at times even rewarding. The people of the valley have a beauty and grace and approach to life which makes the nurse aware that she is the true recipient. If there are those who feel that they want to help us meet this challenge, open themselves to life in another culture, and learn the difficult virtue of patience, please have them contact:

Mrs. Ruth McDonald, R.N.
Director of Nurses
Hidalgo County Health Dept.
1425 South 9th Street
Edinburg, Texas 78539

OR

Mrs. Louise Fischer, R.N.
Director of Nurses
Cameron County Health Dept.
186 North Sam Houston Blvd.
San Benito, Texas 78586

Sincerely,
(Miss) Sharon Jeanne Smith

Peter Maurin Farm

Catholic Worker Farm
Route One, Box 308
West Hamlin, W. Va. 22571
February 22, 1971

The Lord give you his peace!
Dear Miss Day,

I received your letter today; I've been planning to write for some time but the farm has kept me busy. Right now I am putting together a short article on a scriptural basis for a philosophy of work; when it is finished I will mail it to you for consideration for publication in the *CATHOLIC WORKER*. Also I have selected about 30 of Peter's *Easy Essays* for a booklet. It will be 48 pages with a heavy cover. 2000 copies are costing us \$400. The page size will be the same as this paper. Could you write an introduction for the book? I will have a rough draft up by the middle of March and will mail you a copy.

There are five of us living here now, and we are developing into a good Christian community. We spent the last few days fencing in a new goat lot and sowing pastures. We will have cleared about 4 acres of pasture for this spring.

Today we cut and dragged logs for one of our new houses. It takes all five of us to pull one log down the mountain to the building site. But it was a bright crisp day and we enjoyed the work. We've got 14 logs down; this house will take 42 logs, 12 foot long and will be a one-room cabin 10x10.

This evening when we were reading Matins the lesson (*THE CHAIR OF ST. PETER*) reminded me of all the people I know who are leaving the Church. They often ask Sandy and me why we stay in, when the Church is irrelevant. They know a priest who said or did so and so; Christians don't follow the Gospel, etc. I thought of all the time I've been frustrated in trying to get something going in the parish, the few times I've had disagreements with our bishop, and how the Church takes a strong stand against abortion, but ignores war and capital punishment. Then I remember that Jesus founded his Church on Peter and the apostles. They often failed; they had disagreements. Anyone who wants the Church to be relevant is not going to help it become relevant by leaving. We are the Church, and by attempting to follow the Gospel we can be a challenge to the whole Church. But once one leaves the Church, even if he be a bishop, he is soon forgotten.

Spring's approach means lots of work to get our gardens and soybeans planted. We're growing our own peanuts so we will be able to make our own peanut butter. We are also growing soybeans
(Continued on Page 8)

Hennacy Books

In view of the fact that there are quite a few Hennacy Houses of Hospitality opening up around the country, we call attention again to the fact that you can purchase Ammon Hennacy's *Autobiography*, and his *One Man Revolution*, both in paper back, from Joan Thomas, Box 25, Phoenix, Arizona 85001. Each is 5 dollars. I assure you that when you pick up an Ammon Hennacy book, you cannot put it down. When I read again Ammon's account of life at hard labor, and recall his cheerful sense of personal responsibility, I am reminded of Peter Maurin's dictum, "Be what you want the other fellow to be."

Dorothy Day

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

AMERICAN RADICAL THOUGHT: THE LIBERTARIAN TRADITION, ed. Henry J. Silverman (Lexington, Mass.: D. C. Heath and Co., 1970); **THEORY AND PRACTICE**, ed. Hugo Adam Berau (New York: Pegasus, 1969), \$1.95; **DISSENT: EXPLORATIONS IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN RADICALISM**, ed. Alfred F. Young (DeKalb, Illinois: Northern Illinois University Press, 1968), \$7.00 or \$2.50 (paperback).

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL TRUE

The radical tradition is available to us because of the people who live it, day by day, testing, resisting, re-making the world around them—somehow absorbing and transforming the destructive forces that threaten and dehumanize us even when we're least aware of it. And although many of us would rather read about the radical culture than try to live it, we all need the reminder and the encouragement, as well, that histories of American radicalism provide.

Louis Kampf has said that the task of "the movement" is to make the secret language of a radical culture public "by realizing words in acts, images in institutions, analyses in practice. If the movement does not become embedded in the general culture, the concept of a radical culture will remain a ghost visible only to the elect." Over the past five years, several young historians have worked hard, in study and in practice, to deepen and broaden the radical culture. Three recent books that make its tradition more readily available are prose anthologies: (1) A collection of primary documents, from Jefferson to the present; (2) Hugo Adam Berau's handbook built around the most famous document in American radicalism; and (3) a collection of essays, secondary sources, by academic scholars.

The term radical has been much abused of late—"radical chic," as someone has called it, and a once specific term is now, in Karl Shapiro's words, "dying of popcorn." Scores of volumes, principally texts for college reading and writing courses, over-work the word in their titles. An exception to the rule is Henry J. Silverman's excellent anthology, with brief introductions, twelve illustrations, and a useful eight-page introductory bibliography of primary sources, from which his selection was made. Over half of the book is devoted to contemporary libertarians, including the basic documents of the student radicals and the black rebellion; but nineteenth-century resisters and twentieth-century anarchists, from Emerson to Emma Goldman, are represented, too. In "ABC of Anarchism," Alexander Berkman, for example, argues against the clichés with which most people dismissed his political philosophy: "You have heard that anarchists throw bombs, that they believe in violence, and that anarchy means disorder and chaos. It is not surprising that you should think so. The press, the pulpit, and everyone in authority constantly din it into your ears." Reading this essay, one can understand why Ammon Hennacy (also represented in the volume) valued his friendship with Berkman so highly.

The book's most interesting departure from the usual anthology is its inclusion of statements on radical aesthetics as well as radical politics. Essays by Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and Gary Snyder suggest the political consequences of the new poetics. In rediscovering and rejuvenating the Whitman tradition, these poets have reminded us of the depth of America's radical tradition in literature—an achievement practically buried by the cold war aesthetics that dominated the academic scene from 1940 to 1970 (and maybe forever?).

Walt Whitman's admonition to the states to "obey little, resist much," appeared early in *Leaves of Grass*, and a similar call has gone out from American poets often since his time. Ginsberg's eloquent testimony at the Chicago Conspiracy trial repeated Whitman's earlier challenge to humanize these states. And Shapiro's essay "On the Revival of Anarchism," reprinted in Silverman's anthology, reminds us of the close association between poetry and anarchy since 1800. (More about

the poetry of the resistance in a later review.)

In his handbook on civil disobedience, Professor Bedau of Tufts University studies Thoreau's celebrated essay, looks briefly at the civil rights and peace movement during the sixties, and, through commentary from various disciplines, attempts to define, appraise, and justify civil disobedience philosophically: commentators include Judge Charles Wyzanski, Albert Bigelow, ACLU lawyers, founders of RESIST—as well as well-known heroes of non-violent direct action. Many of the essays dwell upon the legal and political implications of civil disobedience, but several—including one by Harry Wofford, Jr.—suggest the religious implications of Thoreau's method. Wofford says at one point that, adapted to the present day crises, "civil disobedience is a new answer to the question of how to divide our duties to Caesar and God. As the claims of Caesar have grown louder, our answer too often has been: We render unto Caesar that which Caesar says is Caesar's and go to church on Sunday. With non-violence we can make real decisions—effective moral choices—in this apportionment between God and Caesar, between our conscience and the state. That is what happened in Montgomery when churches filled on days other than Sunday and people started walking with God on their work days."

Together with the so-called "anti-texts book" series—*The Dissenting Academy* (1967) and *Towards a New Past* (1969)—Alfred F. Young's *Dissents Explorations in the History of American Radicalism* is invaluable as a source study in American history. Several of the essays in the volume have already been expanded into books; but here under one cover are the beginning explorations—readable and exciting, extensively documented and indexed. At least four of the historians—Staughton Lynd, Jesse Lemich, Vincent Harding, Howard Zinn—are actors

THE ICON AND THE AXE by James H. Billington, (Alfred A. Knopf, 3.50). REVIEWED BY HELENE ISWOLSKY

The paper-back reprint of Mr. Billington's book draws our attention to a work which is well worth discussing once more, as when it first appeared in hard-cover. The title chosen by the author symbolizes what he considers two typical aspects of Russian popular life; the icon (holy image) and the axe were "traditionally hung together on the wall of the peasant's wooded hut." However, the parallelism is, in our mind, not quite clear: the icon was hung in the Eastern corner of the hut, or room; it was a shrine with a small vigil light burning in front of it, and distinct from other household objects. For the rest, the symbolism is appropriate; the book further shows us, of course, that the axe is here not only meant as a weapon, but also as the pioneer's and builder's tool, the long enduring Russian people's skill and "know how."

HISTORICAL IDENTITY

"The Icon and the Axe," as Billington writes in his introduction, intends to show "the historical identity of the spiritual and ideological forces which are recognized even by Marxist materialists in the USSR to have been of great importance in the development of their country."

Like every historian dealing with Russia's past and present, Billington is deeply aware that her development was not only due to cultural and religious forces within; the influence of the West also played a considerable part in this development. And like every historian concerned with this subject, the author may ask himself which of the two elements finally prevailed? He seeks to offer us his own interpretation, but wisely says that "the Soviet experience has added fresh controversy to the unresolved earlier dispute." He also reminds us that the great Russian poet, Alexander Blok, who died in the early days of the revo-

EARLY MEDIEVAL PERIOD

The first section of the book is devoted to the primitive Russian habitat, and covers the country's early medieval period. The great civilization of Kievan was developed almost spontaneously, together with the adoption of Christianity—thanks to the Kievan rulers' close ties with Byzantium. They recreated in their own land the splendor of the Byzantine basilicas and liturgy. In early Russian religious architecture "panoply of heaven was represented by the composed central dome; its interior was embellished with the awesome image of the Pantokrator, the Divine Creator (Billington writes). Prominent among the other mosaics... was the Theotokos, the 'God-bearing Virgin.'" Mosaic was later replaced by painted images, so that Ilarion, Metropolitan of Kiev, could write about his diocese: "a city glistening with the light of holy icons."

Kiev was also in those early days (XIth-XIIth century) quite closely linked to Western Europe, through trading and intermarriages of Russian princesses with important families of Western rulers. And there was another city, Novgorod, a great medieval commercial center, a member of the Hanseatic League, and proud of its independence; Billington describes it as "having both the purest republican government and the wealthiest ecclesiastical establishment in Eastern Slavdom."

With the conquest of Russia by the Mongols, the splendor of Kiev faded, but Novgorod and other cities survived and developed. We usually think of Moscow as the symbol of ancient Russian power. But before Moscow acquired the leading role, there were several political and cultural centers: Vladimir, Suzdal, Yaroslavl. Of these historic strongholds, the cathedrals, monasteries and even Kremlins (antidating the Moscow one), were until recently rarely revisited. But Soviet archaeologists have so to say "re-discovered" these famous religious monuments, now mostly turned into national museums after elaborate restoration. They are attracting many tourists from far away Soviet regions, as well as from Western Europe and America. The cupolas of the ancient shrines have been rebuilt with their crosses and regilded at the expense of the state. Fine gold is imported from Siberia and pressed for this purpose. The making of gold leaf has become one of the newly developed industries of these "museum-cities," which preserve the memory of medieval skilled craftsmen. Novgorod is also famous for its religious monuments.

THE GREAT FORESTS

The survival of these cities, located in the North and Northeast of Russia, and the emergence of Moscow as the capital, was due to the protection offered to these regions by the great forests. We particularly enjoyed the chapter devoted by Mr. Billington to this typical habitat. Russian chronicles often spoke with deference of the "wooded land," as a reminder that "the virgin forest was the nursery of Russian culture." He goes on to say that "popular folklore taught that the primeval forest had extended all the way to heaven."

The wooded land not only protected Russian settlements against the invader, it provided them with logs for their cabins, houses and even churches; it was a source of fire-wood, of bark for shoes and writing tablets, of berries and mushrooms. Wild bees of the forest provided honey and wax and tar (for home use and for trading) the only rival that man had in this treasure hunt was the bear; there was hunting, too, for his skin, and for other furs, essential for winter-clothing and good for export.

It was here, in the North and Northeast (the Volga region and beyond) that the axe was active to build the civilization that endured. This process, deplored by today's ecologists, was in those days inevitable, and admissible, inasmuch as it was constructive. However, the Russian ethnologist, P. Melnikov-Pechersky, who was a great specialist of the Russian for-

(Continued on page 6)



A. de Bethune

as well as researchers in the American radical tradition (one reason, perhaps, for the depth of insight and understanding that characterize so much of the writing in this volume).

Although the collection makes no pretense about "covering" every aspect of American dissent since 1700, it contains brief accounts, at least, of important libertarian groups since the revolution: abolitionists, labor organizers, wobblies, progressives, feminists, Marxists, black and white radicals from World War I to the present. Since the twelve essays move in several directions, I can merely mention the general scope: using Lynd's opening essay on the intellectual origins of American radicalism, and Zinn's closing essay on the differences between radicals in the 1930's and those in the 60's, as reference points.

Lynd's essay deals primarily with the ideological ancestry of the Declaration of Independence, arguing that it relies more on Paine than on Locke for its sentiments. Thus, Lynd sees Jefferson's document as more revolutionary than did most historians who wrote about it in the 1940's and 1950's. Hundreds of pamphlets published in the United States before 1776 echoed the radical religious sentiments of English dis-

lution, compared his people to the "sphinx."

James Billington has based his truly encyclopedic work on extensive study of every primary source available: documents, scholarly publications, monographs and many volumes of research; a great deal of this material is in Russian, which is an important asset. Many works on Russia are written by Western authors who can read only translations of the original works, or rely on assistants whom they are unable to check. Billington has no such handicap. He was guest-lecturer on Russian history at the University of Leningrad in 1961 and an exchange research professor at the Moscow University in 1964. He could assemble his material in Soviet archives and libraries. He has added to it a study of the writings of eminent Russian scholars in exile and of Western historians who are authorities on Russia past and present. The bibliography of his book offers some fifty pages, and is in itself an invaluable tool for the student of things Russian.

Armed with this tool, rarely presented with such minute care, the reader can follow the story of the Icon and the Axe with a sense of security and the intention of answering at least some of the difficult questions.

(Continued on page 6)

AMERICAN RADICAL THOUGHT

(Continued from page 5)

senters and prepared the ground for the Declaration of Independence. Or as Sidney Lens has said in another context, rebels and pamphleteers in colonial America "sowed the seed which the Founding Fathers harvested." Thus, one sees in an earlier "movement" a truth to be remembered at present: radical changes, and even radical documents, do not spring readily from unprepared ground; rather they appear after great preparation—planting, tilling, seed by seed. The Declaration of Independence represented a culmination of a century's experiment in thought, writing, and dissent.

One problem still with us, however, is the unresolved conflict between the rights of property and the rights of people in the Declaration. Democratic and capitalist, the document left itself open to several interpretations; as the loose confederation of states became more and more centralized, property rights gained a stronger hold. Jefferson's strong condemnation of slavery was cut out of the final draft of the Declaration of Independence, for example; and by the time the Constitution was ratified, the "capitalist side" came to dominate the life of the new country. But, as Lynd shows, the libertarian sentiment stayed alive, through the work of many writers: Robert Owen, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry George, W. E. B. Dubois, Eugene Debs—and down to the framers of the Vietnamese declaration of 1945, as well, whose document begins, "All men are created equal."

Jesse Lemisch's essay shows how the tradition of radicalism was maintained by merchant seamen, many of whom protested the cruel exploitation of New England ship owners and the English navy. Sailors—through resistance to impressment by the British navy, with riots in New York; Newport, Rhode

Island; Casco Bay, Maine (in 1764-65)—and the so-called "inarticulate" crowds carried on the tradition of dissent against oppression. As Lemisch says, the seaman "had a mind of his own and genuine reasons to act, and he did act—purposefully—in support of the Revolution itself . . . It might be extravagant to call the seamen's conduct and the sense of injustice which underlay it in any fully developed sense ideological or political; on the other hand, it makes little sense to describe their ideological content as zero. There are many worlds and much of human history in that vast area between ideology and inertness."

Two other essays in the first section of *Dissent* study the abolitionist tradition from the late 18th century through the 19th century, tracing as well its peculiar manifestations in the South before the Civil War. The second section of the anthology deals with the labor movement and various challenges to the status quo, in foreign and domestic policy, through the 1920's. Herbert Gutman, in "Protestantism and the American Labor Movement: The Christian Spirit in the Gilded Age," and Melvyn Dubofsky, in "The Radicalism of the Dispossessed: William Haywood and the IWW," challenge the typical academic view of the working class radical, and begin the important work of viewing the struggle of the working classes from the factory window rather than from the ivory tower. In the third and final section of the book, four essays bring the radical history right up to 1968, with specific discussions of the feminist movement and the black rebellion—including Vincent Harding's view of black radicalism from Montgomery to the present moment.

Anyone wishing to understand the similarities and differences between the radicalism of the 1930's and the 1960's will find Howard Zinn's view of

the old and new styles especially helpful. Focusing on SNCC, SDS, and the resistance to the Vietnam war, he sees a place for both admiration and hesitation in comparing old and new radicals. The New Left's "refreshing lack of pompous intellectuality, however—of quotations from the great of a 'line'—has an unfortunate side: the lack of analyses of alternative tactics, systems, and institutions."

For most readers, these explorations in the history of American dissent will provide hints, clues, and even some specific suggestions for thought and action. The more difficult task of giving form to the theoretical formula-

tions, of building models through experimentation, or risking time, energy, and sacrifice is left to those willing to act, often in the face of substantial odds. Living a radical life style, from colonial times to the present, has always been a difficult task.

Libertarians from the past do not tell one precisely what, in the midst of the present "mess," we must do from day to day; but they do suggest models for strength, for encouragement, for thoughtful imitation. They challenge us to make of *their* lives, in other words, something more than interesting subjects for academic investigation.

Axe & The Icon

(Continued from page 5)

est and its people, wrote that the inhabitants of the upper Volga dealt ruthlessly with the treasures of their homeland: oak, pine and birch. And environment problems in the U.S.S.R. are still a source of grave concern.

The axe was not only the instrument of deforestation, carried at times to the extreme. It was also, as Billington describes it, the woodman's "universal tool". Tolstoy said that the Russian can build his house and make a spoon with this unique instrument. Russian carpenters can still put up a cabin using only the axe without a single nail to hold the logs together. "You can get through the world with an axe", it is "the head of all business" old Russian proverbs declare. A clearance made in the woods by a peasant could be used by him, but he had to show that he could plough it up. It then became his plot in the commune.

We liked this section of Billington's Russian panorama, because it reveals a "hinterland" or "back-drop" to the events and tragedies to follow. It gives a picture not only of the habitat, but of the people who were and are still active in it. Tourists who merely visit the main Russian cities like Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, or the Black-Sea resorts, do not have, at least in most cases, the opportunity of exploring the mystery of this "wild kingdom." Even Soviet-man, armed with technology, is awed by this immensity, as reflected in Leonid Leonov's novel *The Russian Forest*, published in Moscow at the height of the First Five Year Plan. Technology was not easily accepted.

XIIIth to XVII CENTURIES

The following chapters of *The Icon and the Axe* deal with Russian history as it developed through the pre-Muscovite periods, from the XIIIth to the end of the XVIIth centuries. There were long and complex periods placed under the sign of many contradictions.

The heavy burden of "the Mongol yoke" did not prevent Russia's achieving unity. The repulsion of the Western invaders (Germans, and Teutonic knights of the "Alexander Nevsky" movies) gave Russia a new sense of strength and confidence, but awakened in her a deep hostility toward the Western neighbors. There was the patient bearing of the cross by a land devastated by war, and at the same time a hardening of the people's mores in the face of the conqueror's brutality. The founding of the Monastery of the Trinity by Saint Sergius introduced the strict ascetic rule, the love of poverty and of the poor. Thanks to this great religious center, Christian culture was extended up to the Far North. This was also the time of the flowering of icon-painting with Andrei Rublev. (A movie of his life and works was made in Soviet Russia recently, and later—banned.) Moscow became the virtual capital of "all the Russias" and proclaimed itself "The Third Rome" taking the place of fallen Constantinople. Byzantine pomp and traditions were adopted by the rulers who now called themselves Tsar (Caesar). They renewed at the same time the ties with Western countries, while the Mongol yoke melted away. This renewal was the creative and dynamic character of the earlier Muscovite period, pre-

ceding the time when Ivan the Terrible spread his monstrous shadow over the Kremlin. After his death, Russia was thrown into confusion. These were the tragic years when the axe was no longer a tool, but a deadly weapon.

In the XVIIth century Russia's equilibrium was restored and unity strengthened. But not for long. Members of the clergy and of the laity (the elite of Russian-Orthodoxy) revolted against the established Church's attempt to introduce certain reforms and corrections in the liturgy and sacred books. The revolt, known as *Raskol*, led to acts of extreme fanaticism, entire congregations burning themselves alive. Paradoxically enough, a leader of the *Raskol*, Avvakum, a confirmed "traditionalist", is the father of modern Russian literature. Instead of using Church-Slavonic, as was the custom then, he wrote his famous autobiography in colorful, colloquial, Russian. He is the most unusual character of his time.

In spite of the turmoil in the Church, the late XVIIth century was marked in Russia by considerable progress in the field of culture, as well as by further contacts with the West; Russia had been practically cut off from the rest of Europe by the Mongol invasion, and from Rome by the final religious break of the XIth century. Now, there were Catholic infiltrations from Poland, and there was the presence of Germans, Scandinavian and Dutch Protestants in Moscow; they were the technicians, scientists and tradesmen, invited, or rather recruited by the Tsars to strengthen their falling military and economic set-up. Young Peter the Great first discovered Europe in the so-called "German quarter" of Moscow. He later visited Western countries, which inspired his reforms, "opening Russia's window on Europe," to quote the great poet, Alexander Pushkin.

MODERN RUSSIA

The last sections of *The Icon and the Axe* project the two centuries, i.e. modern Russia, starting with Peter's "break-through" and the "Enlightenment" of the XVIII century, when Russia was not only Westernized but secularized. The book ends with our times, offering perhaps all too vast a panorama to be easily absorbed by the reader. But the Western student of Russia's modern age, is more familiar with this period than with the preceding periods. Billington guides this student along more intricate paths than those usually shown to the public at large; political life, social movements and upheavals, the development of new philosophies and ideologies, the flowering of art and literature, all these important aspects of XIXth and XXth century Russia are presented in a necessarily condensed, but clear and exciting form bringing us to the Bolshevik revolution.

After this crescendo, there are the chapters devoted to Lenin's legacy, to Stalinism and destalinization, to the pressures still exercised on culture in Soviet Russia today, and to the free creative spirit which survived in Pasternak and is manifest in Solzhenitsyn. As we approach the last pages of Billington's book we may ask ourselves: has the author found an answer to the sphinx's riddle as to Russia's future? He says himself in his concluding pages that "a cultural history cannot offer a net prediction." However, one of the book's

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Harbor House

(Continued from page 1)

cago from all parts of the country looking for jobs. However, even if they are hired, most often they do not receive their first pay check for three weeks. We have provided housing for such men for many weeks. Nevertheless, the most frequent guest at Harbor House is the alcoholic. On several occasions we have permitted women to sleep on a couch overnight. We now have a chapel in the basement into which we can roll beds for a family to stay safely.

We have one storefront as a kitchen-lounge and the other as a dormitory in which we can put fifteen beds. We can set up another dozen beds in the basement. We now have a washroom in the basement with three sinks and two showers. Everything—everything—we have received through begging. We are not funded by any church or company or government agency. Every bed, sheet, pillow and towel was begged one by one. Also, all the food is begged for day-time light meals and for a substantial meal at night.

We operate with guidelines which are loose and flexible. Simply stated, we try to treat each man differently—as fits his particular needs. Some men we have asked to leave, others have stayed on for almost the entire time we have existed. The place more or less runs itself, although we do have a "board of directors" of about a dozen men, including an accountant, a lawyer, and a medical doctor. We also have "guestmasters" who volunteer to stay overnight, and other groups of people who come in once a month to prepare the evening meal. Some of the groups are young families with little children. Some of them are small convents of Sisters. Sometimes they come with all the food prepared and sometimes they come and prepare the food at Harbor House.

At times last summer we were hosts to some thirty-five men. At the end of the summer the city came and closed us down for housing and sanitation violations. But we have worked long and hard since that time to come

up to city regulations and we believe that we can now remain open without fear.

The first time we entered the building we now call Harbor House, all we found was a long, deep snowdrift inside. Now, we are continually giving away beds and television sets and refrigerators and washing machines, etc., etc. We have been able to meet our bills through the goodness of God in people. Last summer some Lutheran young people sponsored a Hunger March for us and gave us some \$500. Recently a Presbyterian church in a near-by suburb sent us \$300. Also, one lady sent out letters asking for money and this is a big help. The man who owns the building has collected only one month's rent since we began well over a year ago, and now a group of women are sponsoring a style show to benefit Harbor House.

The only thing difficult to find is time. I am a full-time college professor and work for several magazines and am writing the Cullen book, and the other men who work with me are for the most part mill workers with families. But we maintain our strength mostly by a marvelous Eucharist every Wednesday night in Harbor House basement, after which we meet to discuss problems. All of our people have made the Cursillo and often during our meetings when no solution is found, we simply fall on our knees for a while. So far we have always reached a consensus without ever taking a vote. Our most agonizing question always revolves around the question as to how we can remain Christian while trying to stop a man from poisoning himself by drugs or alcohol. What is the Christian to do?

But one thing is for sure, Harbor House is not in our hands. The graces we have received far outweigh the anxious and troublesome nights we have had. We have all come to realize experientially that indeed it is our privilege to help the poor and that we need the poor, to remain human—much more than the poor need us.

Kill For Peace?

(Continued from page 1)

conscience, say that his work is neutral, that the decisions to kill are made by the government. He cannot say this if he is working on a weapon. He is a necessary instrument for that government, necessary to effect the killing.

This is exactly the point—the individual, and hopefully many individuals acting in concert, must make a choice and then continue to act in the directions indicated by that choice, by that first act of moral will.

For the contemporary Christian, the second chapter, which examines the tenets and assumptions of the just-war theory, and demonstrates their inapplicability to technologically modern warfare, is really the heart of the matter.

Answering the question of war's justification with the Gospel's ethic of love, Father McSorley unequivocally asserts that, "Clearly, the Gospel does not give approval to war." The clarity and quiet forcefulness of this simple, but far from simplistic, stricture ought to give us pause. Indeed (as will be immediately claimed), the world's realities are most often complex and seemingly quite unyielding to forthright canons; and yet, Christ's counsel was to be in the world, but not of it. The so-called "realistic" solutions to international conflicts cannot always be legitimately considered the Christian solution. This does not imply, needless to say, any justification of a stance of isolated retreatism from the real affairs of the real world; it is rather merely to suggest that the Christian's approach and weapons must be of an entirely different order; those of non-violence.

Father McSorley outlines the official expressions of a growing consciousness in this area of primary moral concern on the part of the Church's episcopate. Especially noted is the breakthrough represented by the *Constitution on the Church in the Modern World*, part of which explicitly calls for "an evaluation of war with an entirely new attitude" (par. 80).

The moral and legal inequities of the Draft, briefly dissected here, again serve to remind us that Vatican II (not to mention Nuremberg) has placed the burden of conscience on each individual; the State is an inadmissible surrogate in the performance of this responsibility.

Chapter 3 discusses the ever-increasing dehumanization of war wrought by the weaponry of a modern mass technology. The realities of America's involvement in Southeast Asia leave no room for comfort to those who would attempt to rationalize this war in accord with the prerequisites of the just-war theory.

Technology has moved war from a battle between armies to an attack on people. It is no longer a duel but a massacre. If that is the case, technology is forcing us either to reject war altogether as inhuman or to conduct it without moral restraint, according to whatever necessities technology imposes.

The news from Southeast Asia shows clearly that the second alternative is by far the dominant one.

The final chapter deals with the "Process of Peace." Father McSorley here reiterates a valuable distinction between the short-term effort to end the Vietnam War and the arms race, about which he is justifiably pessimistic; and the long-term assault of thought and action on those problems—social, economic and political—which issue in war.

Education is singled out as the first priority of this long-range effort; thence, action: Draft and tax resistance, and their supporting auxiliary actions. Several active groups are listed for reference, including The Catholic Worker Movement, about which this encapsulated tribute: "Through them [the Workers, and their friends, associates, visitors and readers] and others the movement has reached the nation."

In his Conclusion, Father McSorley affirms the continuing need for non-violence, adopting the Gandhian insight so well explicated by Joan Bon-

durant in her *Conquest of Violence: The Gandhian Philosophy of Conflict*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1965, paperback, that, "The means is the end in this process of developing. Our big mistake as humans has been to seek peace by killing each other." This brings to mind Reverend A. J. Muste's aphorism that, "There is no other way to peace; peace is the way."

Kill for Peace? is useful as a brief, if cursory, introduction to the topics under consideration. The critical challenge to the just-war theory's ever being used again as a legitimate justification for organized, systematic killing in the attempted resolution of conflict is this essay's strength, a line of reasoning which will hopefully encourage further reading and reflection on the part of the reader. Father McSorley, who, it is to be hoped, will find the opportunity to bring his obvious learning and expressive ability more fully to bear on the treatment of these subjects in some future work, has here presented us with a checklist of some of the critical areas of moral responsibility which must be included in any examination of a modern Christian conscience.



Medical Care For The Poor

(Continued from page 1)

stories and other tasks generally thought to be the prerogative of doctors and nurses.

Our objective is to develop a system which can serve as a model of what quality medical care for the poor can and should be. Our goal is to raise workers' expectations about how doctors and nurses should provide care; and by drawing the farm workers and their families into the daily operation of the clinic, educate them on how to secure the health rights to which they are entitled. By doing so we hope to establish a pattern of change towards equality of care that will improve the delivery of health services to all poor people of the state.

Our plan is a hope, and a beginning. If we succeed in Delano we can then duplicate our efforts in other areas of the state where we have large concentrations of farm workers. We would be able to expand our services into Coachella, Salinas, Fresno, Stockton or any other place where there is worker demand for a clinic of their own. Building, equipping and staffing the facility in Delano is the first step.

Mary Galligan, who took care of the desk at the Worker for years, has been missing for several weeks. If anyone has information about her (a seventy-year-old, white-haired Scottish woman) please contact the C.W.

People-To-People Aid

(Continued from Page 3)

sources development, poultry and livestock and agriculture in general.

"Our focus," said Elizabeth Reid, "is on the cultivator of five acres or less. Through the development network of the country, governmental and voluntary, responses can be made to the requests from the small cultivator. Up to now, our special thrust has been in the sphere of water resources, with emphasis on the construction of drinking water wells. We have become a technical information service, and we have lines out in all directions. For example, right here in New Delhi, sixty embassies have Agricultural Attaches with skills drawn from the greatest technical universities around the world. We can call on them for special consultations."

"Our technical library is developing. It is strong in the subject of water resources. We subscribe to journals and magazines issued by Research Institutes, Government Studies and Agricultural Universities. Last year we responded to 1,577 requests in sixteen general fields from irrigation to fisheries, from animal husbandry to soil conservation."

After our talk with Elizabeth Reid and her staff, we had a chat about her recent visit to Australia, a work trip in which she appeared on television with the Minister of Agriculture of India. She had arrived in Australia as we were leaving, and she had heard echoes of the talks Dorothy Day had given and the seminars in nonviolence we had conducted.

"A number of people in Australia," she told us, believe that you were there to give courses in revolutionary activity, in methods of guerrilla action. They were Catholics. I was glad that they said it to me. I was able to tell them that you were both committed to non-violence, that Dorothy had been chosen to receive the Eucharist from the hands of Pope Paul VI and that Elleen had been decorated by the Pope. I hope I helped."

We all smiled helplessly.

People-to-people Aid

Ad Perquin, a Dutch nutritionist on the staff of the Delhi office of Catholic Relief Services, showed us the colorful food charts that are used in the villages in nutrition course. "Besides the food habits that go with religious belief," Miss Perquin explained, like vegetarianism, for example, there are food taboos that are really dangerous."

"It is in these areas that our nutrition teams work. Sometimes it is as simple as rice-eaters fearing wheat and refusing to eat bulgur wheat which can be cooked as easily as rice."

"Our teams must know the food needs and food taboos of each area that we visit. Only then can we do anything meaningful."

The Delhi office of Catholic Relief Services, overseas aid agency of the American Catholic community, is one of five offices serving the main regions of India. The other offices are located in Calcutta, Madras, Bombay and Bangalore.

Catholic Relief Services has been involved with aid programs in India for a quarter of a century, always working with Indian voluntary agencies, always trying to reach the poorest of the poor. One of its most dramatic programs was its cooperation with Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity, not only in Calcutta, but in twenty other cities of the Indian sub-continent. When the Tibetan refugees began streaming over jagged mountain paths into India it was Catholic Relief Services which had its representatives at Missamari Camp, an Indian refugee reception center, to give extra services to the men, women and children who survived the mass flight.

In some years, the feeding program reached a total of 2,000,000 persons, an enormous responsibility for a voluntary agency. But local groups, Christian, Hindu and non-sectarian, had networks of aid to reach the poorest. People-to-people agencies working in India have included CARE, Church World Service and Lutheran World Relief. Feeding the hungry was made possible by the fact that these agencies were able to draw on U.S. surplus foods as long as they had outlets of distribution in

India. The so-called "surplus food" in the U.S. is not surplus when we view our world as a global village and our neighbors as members of the same human family. The people-to-people agencies like Catholic Relief Services felt that they were drawing on peoples' food, since the stocks of agricultural abundance were built up by taxes of all Americans. It was therefore logical that the channels by which the food reached the poor of the world should represent the spectrum of American society.

A few figures on last year's activities: 1,557,000 persons were reached with about 350,000,000 pounds of food through 3,480 welfare centers. Among these centers were, for example, the schools set up in slum areas of Calcutta by Mother Teresa.

Others who received food were villagers engaged in what are called "Food-for-Work" projects. Thousands of wells were dug in Bihar during a drought when, without massive importation of foods through international, governmental and voluntary agencies, an untold number of people would have died. The men who worked received enough food for themselves and their families. Catholic Relief Services threw all its energies into the Bihar famine area where 50,000,000 people were affected by the drought-induced famine. When the threat of famine receded, the whole area had been improved by wells, new roads and latrines. During the Gandhi Centennial Year, 2,000 wells were dug in his memory.

Of recent years, the U.S. government has made much more stringent rules about the use of American foodstuffs, limiting their use to pre-school feeding, school feeding and "Food-for-Work" projects. Mother Teresa begged us to have these rules relaxed in favor of the street-dwellers and their children—children who will probably never see the inside of a classroom. This would be classified as family feeding and has been disallowed by U.S. Aid regulations. Thus the poorest of the poor, who are really under sentence of death without free food, are excluded from American abundance. It is for these, who of course do not receive any public assistance as we know it, that Mother Teresa pleaded with us in Calcutta. Let us hope that U.S. Aid will see her point when the regulations are re-studied.

BOMBAY

Our visit to Bombay was for the purpose of catching a plane to Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania. We stayed overnight and saw little of the great port city except the sprawling shacks of hundreds of thousands of Bombay's workers that lined the airport road. Bombay is still far from being Calcutta, but it is on its way. Our Sikh driver put a question to us as soon as he had ascertained that we were from the United States.

"Who are your hippies?"

We answered with a question, wanting to know where he had met them and why he had such interest.

He explained. "I am a Sikh. At our gurdwara, we serve a free meal to anyone who comes. We have many gurdwaras in Bombay. The people who come to us are hippies from America. Some of them, when they get off the plane ask 'Where is the nearest Sikh temple.' We are glad to feed them because that is part of our religion, but we do not understand it at all. They are not old and feeble."

I do not think we were able to explain the phenomenon to him. I mentioned that the woman who was with me had a similar house of hospitality in New York City, where those who came for food were fed, and those who needed clothing and shelter were helped as far as possible.

"What do you call your center," he asked. "Is it a temple?"

"No," Dorothy Day replied. "It is a House of Hospitality called the Catholic Worker. I am very glad to learn about your hospitality. I would like to learn more about it."

That was how we got a serious and beautiful account of the Sikh religion and a promise that we would be sent books that would acquaint us with it more deeply than could a taxi-driver.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

have continued and will do so through the months of Spring. On the Third Sunday of February, Professor Jacques Travers, who teaches in the Modern Language Department of Brooklyn College, spoke to us about a remarkable French woman—Madeleine Delbrel. Although Madeleine Delbrel's life was simple, she made an important contribution to our century through her social work and writing. She followed the "little way" rather than the glamorous path of more public figures. She did much to encourage a better relationship between Communists and Catholics, and also much to encourage the worker priests. Professor Travers finds in her life many parallels with the Catholic Worker; with all her interest in the poor and in radical Christianity, she was devoutly Catholic. In fact, in many ways she was a true precursor of Vatican II. She was also—judging by the translations Jacques read to us—a really fine poet. We are grateful to Professor Travers for this scholarly talk.

In spite of our driveway—which ought to be preserved as a museum piece, I think, since it must establish some kind of record in terms of ruts, ice, mud, depending on the season—we have continued to have much company. Several from here have also gone traveling. Walter and Miriam Jarsky made a trip to Toronto. Father Andy has recently returned from a trip to various Catholic Worker centers in other parts of the country. Helene Iswoisky spent a week in New York City. Charlie Krudner and Ellie Spohr are spending a while with us after journeying to Minnesota, San Diego, and back through the Southwest. Tommy Hughes is back, looking somewhat healthier after a visit to Puerto Rico. Clare Danielson spends a good deal of time going up and down the road to her teaching job in Poughkeepsie, the Moreno Institute in Beacon, New York where she has been directing psychodrama courses, and visits to New York City; with all of which she still finds time to teach piano to Maggie and Sally Corbin, and to help me in many ways. Meanwhile, Dorothy Day is here at the farm, trying to recover from a severe cold and from accumulated fatigue resulting from winter speaking engagements.

In a large community like ours, cooking and baking take much time, and fortunately involve many helpers. Marge Hughes, who is in charge here, is largely responsible for shopping and meal planning and also does much cooking and baking. Alice Lawrence remains one of our best cooks, a real professional. Then there are others who also prepare good meals for us: Miriam Jarsky, Laura Waes, and most recently Charlie and Ellie. As for baking, David Wayfield, Gill Tully, and Sandy are Marge's principal helpers. Whoever bakes, the bread always tastes good. Mike Sullivan remains our invaluable maintenance man, rescuing us from many a plumbing or electrical peril. Then there are those—though sometimes they are hard to find—who do the cleaning and dish-washing. To all these we should be most grateful, especially to Dominic Falso, who takes such good care of the bathrooms and the chapel.

Marge Hughes, I think, would really appreciate it if those who wish to visit here would contact her either by phone or mail. Sometimes there are no beds available and even a shortage of living room sofas. It would also be wise for those who come not to expect Utopia. We are—as Dorothy Day often reminds us—at best imperfect instruments. Yet we live in the midst of great natural beauty, and many have told me they have found peace here. Certainly we have much to thank God for.

We have living with us now a new member of our youngest set, little Tanya Kell, Dorothy Day's great granddaughter. She is about six months younger than Coretta Corbin and Johann Waes, is very charming, and gets along very well with the other children. She arrived in the depths of winter with her mother Susie (formerly Susie Hennessy). Her father, Jorge Kell, who drives a taxi in New York City and also does beautiful leather work, comes

up to see his family whenever he has time off. Meanwhile our very youngest—Martin John Corbin and Mathew Jarsky—who were both a year old in February, are getting more active every day and making it more difficult for their mothers to keep up with them.

Those who have been sick among us seem to be recovering. Certainly Stanley Vishnewski and Hans Tunnesen are much improved. Even Mrs. Ham was able to get out the other day for a little fresh air and sunshine.

Winter, however, has not passed without bringing us another death. On the day before his birthday, which is the twenty-eighth of February, Jim Canavan died. He had been in the hospital a short time before, but had been released to the farm. Tom Likely, who shared his room, took care of him, with the help of Mike Sullivan and Alice Lawrence. Jim had been with the Catholic Worker many years, and Dorothy often tells about the good care Jim gave Tom Cain during his last illness at Peter Maurin Farm. Monsignor Kane said a beautiful requiem Mass for Jim in St. Sylvia's Church in Tivoli, with many of us from the farm present. Then Jim was buried in St. Sylvia's Cemetery, with Msgr. Kane saying the burial service. The grave had been dug by men from the farm, and the pallbearers were also from the farm. Many of our Catholic Worker family now lie in St. Sylvia's Cemetery. "Eternal life grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

This evening, while we were at supper, John Filligar entered bearing an armful of pussy willows. Who now can doubt that Spring is near?

It is night in mid-March, and the torrents of Spring rush down our ravine, seeking the river and channel to the sea. So, too, flow we in the continuum of life, headlong towards Easter, and the waters of life, which is the Resurrection of Our Lord.

Theology of Work

(Continued from page 2)

by his God who instructs him.
(Is. 28:24-26)

WORK AND SIN

Man is not a worker as a punishment for sin. All of creation is messed up by sin. Isaiah wrote, "The earth is defiled under its inhabitants' feet, for they have transgressed the law." (Is. 24:5). The extent of this disarrangement is the subject of chapter twenty-four of Isaiah. Work, like the rest of creation, is now affected by sin (Gen. 3:17-19). But God did not cause work to be a distasteful thing. Rather the sinfulness of man now affects work just as it affects all of creation (Ecclesiastes 2:22). In fact, in the area of labor, sin is most active. Workers are denied their pay (Jer. 23:31), taxes are levied (Amos 5:11), and men must undergo forced labor (II Sam. 12:31) and slavery (Ecclesiastes 33:25-29).

God did lessen the painful aspects of work after the fall by establishing the sabbath rest (Ex. 22:12), providing for the protection of slaves (Deut. 24:14), and assuring his blessing on the efforts of the workers who are faithful to the law (Deut. 14:29, Ps. 128:2). But more important, he promised that with the coming of the Messiah a harmony with nature will be restored (Is. 11:6-9), then too, the land will return to its prosperity and fertility (Amos 9:13-14, Hosea 2:21-23).

DELIVERANCE FROM SIN

Work can now be free from the effects of sinfulness. "Creation was subjected to futility; this was not its own fault but the works of him who so subjected it. But creation still retains the hope of being freed, like us from its slavery to decadence, to enjoy the same freedom and glory as the children of God" (Rom. 8:19-21). Through Jesus, sin has been conquered. The Christian, by seeking to live in union with Christ, can work to remove the power sin has in all areas of human endeavor. The first profession of work of the Christian should be the building up of the body of Christ. "Never say or do anything," the apostle Paul wrote to the Colossians, "except in the name of Jesus."

for ourselves and feed for goats and chickens. By the end of the summer we will be growing all our livestock feed. We do not plan to buy much more than salt, shortening, and flour by the end of the summer. We used wood for heating and cooking and though we have electricity for lights and refrigeration, we are avoiding things like an electric pump for our well so that we can have the electricity out if necessary. I hope and pray that our community life grows and develops as well as our farming. Now things are going very well and I think we have a good foundation for community. We will appreciate all your prayers including a mention of our community. The next issue of *THE GREEN REVOLUTION* should be mailed about March 15.

Love,
Chuck Smith

The future will be different if we make the present different.

—Peter Maurin

Subscribe to Chuck Smith's paper *The Green Revolution* at above address.

Brother John

February 25, 1971

Dear Dorothy:

I wish to call attention to the case of Brother John William, a monk of the Episcopal Church and a member of the Community of the Agape.

On Christmas Eve of last year, Brother John threw gasoline on the files of the San Jose draft boards, causing thousands of dollars damage. He now faces over thirty years imprisonment and is being held on \$50,000 bail.

Brother John is not a big name. He's just another draft file burner, another prisoner facing long years alone, and he needs support.

Anyone may write him in county jail at this address: Brother John William

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

Simpson, CA, P.O. Box 11, San Jose, Calif. 95110.

His community of young people exists to serve the poor and publishes an interesting newsletter from 239 Anderson St., San Francisco, Calif. 94100. Donations to his ball fund may be sent there.

Yours truly,
Jonathan Bell

Axe & The Icon

(Continued from Page 6)

Last chapters is entitled "new ferment." It speaks hopefully of Russian youth, of its return to spiritual values, even of its revived interest in religion. This interest, Mr. Billington writes, "is more than casual curiosity." It arises in the first place out of the re-examination of the Russian past, that has been quietly going on among the young. But this is not the archaic, "museum" past for tourists; it is a living heritage, which co-exists among Soviet young people, with the profound sense of a dynamic future. Comparing the bearers of the "new ferment," to youths sailing down "one of those long rivers of the Russian interior," Billington says, "one senses that deeper currents may be slowly pulling those on the rivers away from bend and banks into more open seas."



ADDRESSES

The following is a list of reading material sources.

PEACEMAKER
10208 Sylvan Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio 45241 \$3.00 yearly

RESURGENCE
24 Abercorn Rd.
St. John's Wood
London, N.W. 8 \$4.50 yearly

SARVODAYA
American Representative
Art Harvey
Greenleaf Books
Canterbury, N. H.
... annual subscription—\$2.50

PEACE
a quarterly. \$2.00 a year
Box 139
Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

MANAS
Box 32112
El Sereno Station
Los Angeles, Calif. 90032

ALIVE
Alive Press Ltd.
6 Meyer Drive
Guelph, Ont., Canada

Madonna House Apostolate
Announces Its 1971
Summer Volunteer Program
The Theme of the Program is—
Christian Community

Madonna House offers to its "summer volunteers" the opportunity to help build a community of love, a family of God, which shares its life of prayer, recreation . . . Hard work on many levels in a depressed rural community area and on our farm . . . Spirited discussions, lectures, open forums, seminars—under lay and priestly expert leadership on the summer theme.

Interested in an unusual Apostolic adventure with God? Eager to prepare yourself for today's living of the gospel message in a changing world?

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