

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XL No. 9

DECEMBER, 1974

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1¢

Behold, He Comes As One Who Is Poor

Housing

By DOROTHY DAY

What did Holy Mother the City do in the Thirties—those grim days of the Depression? Now we are having what broadcasters call a recession and inflation combined, and people are homeless again and breadlines grow longer and there are more of them. Sugar is exorbitant and rents of slum apartments are a hundred dollars a month and more. When people are evicted, landlords close down the apartments and then entire buildings and wait for slum clearance and speculators and developers. People sleep in doorways, empty buildings and, if they are lucky, get tickets for a night's lodging or two in "flop houses."

As small children, we used to read Horatio Alger and the plight of homeless newsboys. Dickens and Upton Sinclair later gave me pictures of poverty in our American cities.

Housing the Homeless

My generation experienced the Depression and the work of public authorities trying to handle it. The Roosevelts and their Work Projects: Artists, Writers, Theatre projects, civilian conservation corp camps, the latter showing great imagination and handling the problem of jobless teen-agers.

But it is the city homeless I want to write about. Our back files are not available to me as I write, as I am spending Thanksgiving Day on Staten Island, so I will trust to my memory. I wrote a number of articles in the paper about the municipal lodging houses, visiting them over a period of years, and looking back I repent me of the harshness of my judgment of the city's work. Now I realize how much was done in those nonviolent days, before wars brutalized our population. Wars conducted by those same benevolent authorities.

During those years, before W.W. II brought employment to all, we had not only a succession of municipal lodging houses, all in mid and lower Manhattan, but "the longest bedroom in the world,"—a pier at South Ferry, where double-decker beds stretched down the long length over the water, and the heat was piped in by the same system that heated those skyscrapers which made N.Y. famous.

In addition to that, there was another pier stretching out into the East River which, as I remember it, was like a bazaar with many booths stretching the length of it. Here men could get a shave, a haircut, have their clothes cleaned and pressed while they waited, and so on. These were public facilities to take care of the homeless and unemployed.

One of the municipal lodging houses for women (we all called these buildings the "Muni") was on West Fourteenth St., some old houses adjoining, with all their basements forming a large dining room which was so cozy and attractive that one of my old friends (unemployed) confessed that she went there for her Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. It was better than the C.W., she said—you could be anonymous and independent on those feastdays and just walk in. (Today, one of our "Ladies" is going around sampling the dinners served by the Volunteers of America and the Salvation Army. It is a beautiful, sunny, mild day of holiday cheer.)

(Continued on page 2)



Fritz Eichenberg

"From the beginning, my Church has been what it is today, and will be until the end of time, a scandal to the strong, a disappointment to the weak, the ordeal and the consolation of those interior souls who seek in it nothing but myself. Yes, . . . whoever looks for me there will find me there; but he will have to look, and I am better hidden than people think, or than certain of my priests would have you believe. I am still more difficult to discover than I was in the little stable at Bethlehem for those who will not approach me humbly, in the footsteps of the shepherds and the Magi. It is true that palaces have been built in my honor, with galleries and peristyles without number, magnificently illuminated day and night, populated with guards and sentries. But if you want to find me there, the clever thing is to do as they did on the old road in Judea, buried under the snow, and ask for the only thing you need—a star and a pure heart."

George Bernanos

Journeys

By LARRY ROSEBAUGH

(These notes from the diary of Fr. Rosebaugh are a "poor man's journey." Written in the Fall of last year they tell of his life with the destitute of our cities. "The Holy Spirit was calling me," he writes, "to the experience of being the poor man to whom the soup was ladled out." Fr. Rosebaugh is an Oblate priest. He spent 20 months in prison, 10 of them in solitary, for his part in the "Milwaukee 14" raid on a Selective Service office in protest of the Vietnam War. After his release he ran a job referral center for the unemployed in Milwaukee. At present he is on the road to Brazil, journeying to work with Dom Helder Camara. Eds. note.)

Milwaukee, November 11.—A year or two ago, when I was making a retreat, a woman prayed over me and discerned my direction. As I recall it, it had to do with my becoming a vagabond, a wanderer, one on the road.

The priest upstairs talks of Harlem, of the conditions there, his experience in the subways, and how we identify with this condition; that's precisely where the challenge exists. How prone I am to surround myself with this world's comforts until they overshadow my true calling!

The need to go deeper into myself and to the Spirit who speaks there has been vital. This summer I changed my living quarters from a shared apartment to an empty garage space, walking out on close friends to follow an inner drive. Then I built a tiny shack and lived there in the experience of silence. The need for prayer, for quiet is a gift; and that gift has been a further revelation into the reality of the Gospel as it is meant to be carried out by me. The last two and a half years here in Milwaukee have brought me to the point where, after testing myself in a whole realm of lived-out experiences of street conditions, the need to move on as a priest, an Oblate, overwhelms me. I have seen a certain level of human tragedy lived out by men and women in the State Street area of Milwaukee; the despair of drugs and confusion of people's minds as they go in and out of our city's mental wards. My inner drive is to see more of the reality encountered by men and women of our city streets. The people who show up at Salvation Army Shelters, missions, for free meals, are a portion of those who know destitution . . . but it is among these that I feel presently affiliated and with whom I am being called to identify. Hitting the road by way of thumb, and boarding down in the Skid Row facilities of our cities draws a whole new dimension from the gut: fear.

November 15 and 16. How does one recount what was in effect a prayer unfolding, a step into the dark, truly a faith excursion?

It was good going through the experience here in Milwaukee, a registering and going through the formal indoctrination that precedes admission into the Rescue Mission (a very cold, calculated speech given by one of the staff ministers on Jesus' love and forgiveness along with a series of quite personal questions about myself). But the Mission was clean, served good food, and pro-

(Continued on page 3)

Vol. XL, No. 9

December, 1974

CATHOLIC WORKER

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

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

PATRICK JORDAN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:

JAN ADAMS, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JACK COOK, MARTIN J. CORBIN, RITA CORBIN (Art), CLARE DANIELSSON, FRANK DONOVAN, EILEEN EGAN, EDGAR FORAND, ANNE MARIE FRASER, ROBERT GILLIAM, WILLIAM HORVATH, HELENE ISWOLSKY, KATHLEEN DE SUTTER JORDAN, WALTER KERELL, ARTHUR J. LACEY, KARL MEYER, CHRIS MONTESANO, DEANE MOWRER, PAT RUSK, JANE SAMMON, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI.

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

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

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

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

There was another Muni on East Fifth Street in the Fifties, which occupied an entire school house, and there was space for a cafeteria as well as dormitories and entire families were taken in.

Once when we were overcrowded at Mott Street, in the old rear tenement, and we filled an additional apartment in front (we had all this space in two unheated buildings with no baths and shared toilets with another apartment on each floor), I visited the Chancery Office when Cardinal McIntyre was a humble bishop and always available, and asked him why we could not use also the rectory of St. Mary's Church on Grand St. for additional quarters for the homeless. (With the Puerto Ricans increasing in numbers on the East Side, it is now a big parish and the rectory is used again.) The then Bishop McIntyre assured me we would have nothing but headaches with this broadening of activities. The building inspectors, health and fire inspectors would give us a rough time, he assured us.

We are finding that to be true. Indeed, it started on Mott St. when one of the women we housed and fed complained to the health department about a meal she did not like and we were harassed by building inspectors for some time over the equipment of our kitchen.

We are experiencing the same troubles now with our farm at Tivoli and with Maryhouse, which is bought and paid for and being worked over now.

Small and Homelike

But we still look with longing at the emptying convents and Academies and wish they could be transformed into hospices for the poor. But I can realize from my own long experience all the difficulties of equipment and personnel. If a floor were given over to hospitality, there would have to be far more than food, clothing and shelter supplied. There would have to be loving hands to serve. As it is, nuns are leaving their convents, priests are leaving their rectories to go into the slums and serve, and the emphasis is too often on just plain social work rather than "preaching the good news to every creature."

In one of our crises in the late fifties, when we were ousted from our wonderful old double house on Chrystie St., the women in the house (I also) were given shelter at the Joan of Arc residence in midtown, west side. I loved the atmosphere in that house (four bedroom dormitories with a locker in which one could keep food, a chapel, daily Mass, laundry and kitchen in the basement). Why aren't there more of them for the destitute?

And yet—and yet—we come back to the principle of "small is beautiful." Up and down the West Coast there are now

six houses of hospitality; a house in Kansas City and in the quad-city area of Davenport, Iowa; a new house in Chicago, with Karl Meyer one of the group! Visitors from the Niagara house and the Schenectady house were with us at Tivoli this last month. Stanley will be home soon to tell us all that is happening in Milwaukee. Many houses around the country, small and homelike, are better than the impersonality of city "muni's."

In New York some years ago, Fr. Wendell, O.P. had in his parish two young women who had a 4-room apartment. The city used to call this type of apartment a dumbell apartment. That is, the two inner rooms were smaller than the first room and the rear kitchen. The two inner rooms were the bedrooms, and the sisters who rented this apartment had 2 doubledecker beds, so that they could share with two others. We used to send up young girls to them and they in turn sent us older women. Those girls who received help never felt themselves to be recipients of charity. They could have been school friends or relatives. The two originators of this delicate charity are both married now with big families. God has blessed them.

New York is big. Our house on First Street, five stories and basement, seems



Rita Corbin

big, and the new house for homeless women will try to keep to the ideas of the personalist and communitarian revolution (emphasis on the personalist). That emphasis and what Peter called his synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation are food for mind and spirit.

Our weekly Mass, our nightly Vespers, our Friday night meetings and our farms continue the work of Peter's synthesis. Let us keep to the Little Way of Therese of Lisieux and say with E. F. Schumacher, an eminent economist, a Rhodes scholar, who as a Catholic has Peter's sense of the primacy of the spiritual, let us study his idea and repeat, "Small is beautiful."

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Wintry winds wail about the house, roar symphonically among late November's naked boughs, stirring wild music out of dead leaves and the organ resonance of pine and hemlock trees. Whitecaps surge on the river, prancing in futile protest against December's icy shroud. Juncos swerve through the winds, looking for snow. Melanie, voice vibrant with joyful anticipation, cries—"Snow is coming." Then between gusts of wind and waves, chickadees call: *Christmas is coming. Drop down dew. Let earth bud forth a Saviour.*

Up in the field the goats skip to warm themselves, seeking a more sheltered spot to browse. From time to time they look anxiously toward their still unfinished barn. "Where will we be," they bleat, "when the snows come down?" But Tony, Andy, Florent, Terry, Peggy, Mary Jo and all the barn builders view with satisfaction the signs of accomplishment already visible in the barn, and mention hopefully the new-purchased lumber waiting for the roofing. Early in December, they aver, the barn will be ready for occupancy. But Billy Goat tosses his horns, shakes his head, and bleats—"If they don't hurry up with that old barn, I'll take my wives and kids and hibernate the whole winter in a woodchuck's den."

One reason for the delay in finishing the barn is that Cathy St. Clare, who had been helping with the barn and other work projects, has been incapacitated for several weeks with a badly fractured leg. After spending some time in the hospital, and enduring much pain, Cathy is home with us now, but will have to continue with her leg in a cast for six months. Needless to say, her activity will be greatly curtailed. Meanwhile, Cathy is making good use of this restricted period. With the help of Tommy and Mary Jo she is learning to play the recorder. She is also doing some good reading and taking a lively interest in all that happens in the house. She has many visitors, including the children—Joshua, Tanya, Melanie, and Came. The other day when I went in to see her, I encountered Alice, Linda, and Lorraine making plans for our soon-to-be-enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner. Since my two readers are absent—Miriam on a slide show trip with Stanley and Kathleen for a period of helping out at First Street—Cathy is now reading to me.

The Sorry-State Economy

One of the books which Cathy has finished reading to me is Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful*. A good introduction to Schumacher's ideas is set forth in Pat Jordan's article "Hard Times-New Vision," in the October-November issue of the *Catholic Worker*. But the book *Small Is Beautiful* should also be read. It has been published in a paperback by Harper and Row, and perhaps if it is not available in bookstores, the publishers could be persuaded to make copies available.

Schumacher is a most unusual economist who studied as a Rhodes scholar and has since served on important British planning boards. Many of his ideas are close to those of Kropotkin, Tolstoy, and Gandhi, and will be familiar to readers of Peter Maurin and the *Catholic Worker*. They are based on genuine human needs and values rather than on abstract systems and the obsessive profit motive. In short, Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful* presents a real alternative to the economic megalomania which threatens to ruin us all.

Certainly the sorry state of our national economy becomes clearer every day with inflation mounting steeply, with energy, food, and housing shortages threatening. Here at the farm our cooks and shoppers are beginning to grasp some of these problems. Oil, gas, electricity, gasoline costs are exorbitant. We have more people living with us than we can house properly. If the old mansion should be closed for violations—no water, no plumbing, no flush toilets, no central heating, etc.—as might happen,

our problems will become more acute. The crowding together of too many people of such varied and disparate backgrounds, age groups, and personalities often makes for difficult living. Such conditions become more formidable when exacerbated by too many mental cases and serious alcoholics. Yet God willing, with the help of friends and readers, we hope to persevere.

Remembering the primacy of the spirit, as Dorothy Day has taught us, we shall certainly need to spend more time in prayer. For those of us who like to spend part of our prayer-time in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament, it is good that the new chapel is being made even more beautiful. Barbara Engst, a friend and neighbor from Cortland, New York, arrived last night with a floor sander with which she and Alice are hard at work cleaning up the badly soiled floor of the chapel. Theirs is a labor of love and will surely bring blessings to us all. *Deo gratias.*

Work, too, is a kind of prayer, and many share in that form of prayer here. Farmer John's winter work has already begun with the care of the furnace. Both furnace and water pump have given John special problems, and would, I think, become quite inoperable without his maintenance. Then we would have even more violations. Gordon and others have been putting up storm doors and winterizing windows with plastic. Sean keeps busy at the daily routine of washing cups and making things ready for mealtime. When Dominic cooks beans, they are so delicious one does not crave more expensive forms of protein. Chuck's whole wheat bread deserves a special award, though the reward is in the eating. But then all of our bakers and cooks—Alan, Florent, Mark, Alice, John, Arthur, Carol, Kathleen, Mary Jo, Earl, Terry, Peggy, Joan, etc.—do a good job with what they have. We thank them.

The Creatures Praise Him

Comings and goings are always with us at the *Catholic Worker*, yet there are some whose goings are particularly regretted. We certainly miss Marge Hughes who was in charge here for several years but left us last spring to settle in West Virginia near Chuck Smith's *Catholic Worker* farm. We also miss Clare Danielsson who did so much to make our lives more interesting and pleasant during her five years with us, but is now working full time at the Psychodrama Institute in Beacon and plans to begin studies for a Ph.D. in January. Another absence much felt among us is that of Helene Iswolsky who moved from here to Cold Spring last summer. Journalist, author of a number of books, founder and leader of the Third Hour ecumenical movement, Helene was always a vital force among us, helping to keep us alive intellectually, sharing with us her rich and varied experience. These are among the good friends whom we miss and hope will come to visit us soon.

This evening, the last Sunday before Advent, we shall say Vespers and Compline in a chapel made more beautiful through the efforts of several persons—Barbara Engst, Alice Lawrence, Rick, Will, Peggy, and some others before the project was finished. As Alice remarked—"The floor now looks worthy of an altar." Surely it is a blessed thing to care for the House of God.

This afternoon Ruth Collins (who handles our real estate matters and is here to meet with Tivoli officials about our violations which might cause curtailment of our operation) and I went for a walk in our woods. So lovely a Sunday afternoon. Part sunshine, part clouds, chill but still smelling of Fall, enough wind to sing in the tree tops, to rustle the dried oak leaves still clinging to the trees, to set the waves lapping against the river rocks and make another music for our ears. Ruth, who loves birds as I do, took her binoculars. Chickadees called, jays shrieked. Then

(Continued on Page 6)

Bread for the Road: A Poor Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 1)

moted a pleasant atmosphere. From the beginning I sensed a rapport and generosity among the men of a depth I've found no place else. When a person gets down to the level of total dependence on others, he learns the lesson of brotherly and sisterly love—a love genuinely grateful for a drink given, a bed to sleep in, some food.

The clothes one gets accustomed to are important, the food one eats and how much of it is important; how much money one earns and on what he becomes dependent is important. As I hit the road I realize that I have never really known what it is to be totally without. There is a faith dependency about which I do not know much at this point ... but if two or three persons were called to such a life of poverty correctly understood, of prayer, and of quiet: WOW! Back to the road.

November 17. Chicago library. Until the Church herself tastes poverty, the Church will not identify in any true sense with the poor.

Evenly said, as I read his *Credo* this morning, that when the poor have nothing else left they can allow that union between the Son, Jesus, and themselves ... to make that bond between themselves in the name of Jesus a living reality.

My first ride came from a man who appeared to be from India. He drove a very expensive car, and asked multitudes of questions about my living status. Why was I so poor? He offered to give me a place to sleep for the night, get me a meal. And only as we came to the corner where he was to let me off did he suggest that the first thing I should do was visit a church and ask the Lord for help with trust in Him; then he took from his pocket a wad of bills, peeling off fifty dollars which he insisted I take. "Get a good meal," he repeated in parting, "a place to sleep, and remember to stop into a church." It struck me clearly that this was a sign of the Lord's care, a confirmation that I was following out his will. I got on the "L" for Chicago, and made for the bowery.

Just where am I, Lord? The reality of where the Spirit draws me is not easy: is it really You who calls me here, all alone, on Madison Street, Chicago? And for what? Without all my clothes, without my hangups, without possessions. Jesus did have a message; He didn't just go and be poor; He knew the lay of the land and He spoke for the forsaken whilst being forsaken. Is that the call each of us has facing us? Can't I compromise whilst reading the Gospel? Be a little less than poor so I can accomplish my end?

I'm not sure what the meaning of all this is, but I trust the best I can. Amen.

November 17. Last night was a tough one for it spelled facing some of the fears and realities that bowery life has in store.

My entry in the rain and cold was a slow and prayerful one, a calming down within, a realization as to who was calling me along this path. Finally, I came to the area lived in by persons who have hit the bottom. Places that the Salvation Army or Missions provide were closed, and only two hotels with rooms for \$1.80 were open. A man with billy club in hand opened the door for me, about 11:30 P.M. Though I had a long weathered coat and worn clothes, they obviously knew from my face that I was new to the streets. They asked for my Social Security card; in the course of the night it would be checked in case I was wanted by the law.

This building, plus the other "hotels" commonly called flophouses, appeared to be deguttated factory buildings, with five and six floors sectioned off floor by floor into hundreds of 6 by 10 cubicles, with wire mesh for a false ceiling (and the factory ceiling 10 or 15 feet above). What a shock as I opened the door to my "room"; whiskey bottles lined the floor, a spoiled container of cottage cheese sat on the chair, old clothing hung inside

the locker. "Keep clothes inside locker at all times" read a sign on the inside of the door to the room. Later I understood why when the tossing of nearly empty wine bottles onto the wire mesh might bring dripping wine anyplace into one's quarters. The greatest shock came when I looked at the sheet which covered my bed: the dirt didn't upset me as much as the small jumping insects all over the bed along with many crawling roaches. Under the sheet was better than resting on top because insects were dropping down from the ceiling. All that plus the heat of the building and the bumping lockers unnerved me, not to mention the searching of police officers with the coughing and hacking of men throughout the night. All that is part and parcel of the lot of persons leading a street existence: day after day, year after year. Such a one knows nothing but scraping the barrel to survive; to have the roof over one's head is better than no roof at all; to have a cigarette butt or two is better than none at all; to have a few pennies towards a bottle gives a little more security than "shaking" the day through.

November 18. I stayed on another night in Chicago at the same hotel, primarily because I felt fear with an urge to get out of there. The same attendant at the desk, wearing dark glasses, who had threatened—as part of his spaced-out performance—to beat out my brains unless I conformed to "hotel" regulations the night before, granted me the same privilege this night. He also said his boss had raised the price 50 cents since the preceding night. That plus the manner in which he anxiously assigned me a room, steps from the elevator, made me realize I was being set up for something. But, because other places were closed, I didn't want to be stranded outside in the rain; I went along with it.

About 2:30 AM, I supposed, an elevator came to our floor, stopped, and three men got off. Hearing mumbling, I re-

alized they were stopping outside my door; as I peered through the 6 inch opening at the bottom of my door, I saw three pairs of shoes. A key went into my door while I heard one whisper: "I'll get him first, you second," and another said, "I'm third." (Something one reads about in the morning paper, perhaps, but new to me.) Spontaneously I leaped up, jammed my cot against the door, and let out every bloody threat I could think of. Although they reciprocated with a few threats of their own, slowly they took off ... to disturb or upset someone



Sr. Mary Lou Rose

else. I didn't dare sleep that night, to learn in the morning that three or four rooms had been broken into.

Frightened enough to question my ideas about getting a feeling for the other side of the soup line, I was approached by an older man who walked with me around the corner to a Mission

where we heard an early morning Scripture greeting and words of encouragement; plus sweet rolls and steaming hot coffee. About 200 men stood around the high tables, sharing the meal. The climate was friendly, and the men told me of other places where food could be gotten and free lodging for the night provided. Tales were shared and there, like no place else, I saw the face of Him who has called us, speaking to me again.

How do I continue my journey in writing? What is pertinent and what is not? It's hard to know, for everything on this trip seems essential: essential that I use my time well, and in the spirit of faithful prayer. That is what the trip is all about from the beginning.

I carried a knapsack full of books and articles planning to catch up on my reading in libraries along the way.

One afternoon I stopped for a visit in a large church in downtown Chicago. I pulled out this notebook to write down some reflections while also reading from a book. An usher, decked in a blue uniform, approached to inform me that such carrying on was not proper in church. Not wanting to upset him, I put away my papers until he got busy about other things. But soon he was back, ordering me to leave the church, threatening to have me arrested if I didn't comply: "You're just one of those dirty bums from Madison Street here to give us trouble." I should have left, but instead I responded defensively: "What if I told you I'm a priest?" He said, "Show me your credentials, or I'll call the police." I left then, regretting that I had replied in favor of myself ... but, just the same, I did not feel like going back to that church. Can't poor men visit peacefully in our churches? Must we be properly dressed to do so? This was a good experience for me.

It became noticeable as I continued my travels that persons tend to stare when one dresses for existence on the streets:

(Continued on page 8)

Dishwater and Powdered Milk

By KARL MEYER

"The Rock Island Line is a mighty fine line," the song says, and it runs right down the middle of 5th Street in front of the Catholic Worker house in Davenport, Iowa. I came in on Friday afternoon in late October to lead a Friday night discussion on anarchism and my own Catholic Worker experiences.

It seems at least every half hour, day and night, that the Rock Island freights roll by blowing their whistles. It feels good to sit on the front steps on a sunny October morning and watch the iron cars roll by, marked with the symbols of railroads from all over the country, filled with the rich produce of fields, mines and factories. Between the tracks and the house there is a narrow brick roadway and a small plot of front yard. South of 5th Street, the land falls away quickly to the Mississippi River below; and north of the house the pleasant streets of Davenport climb steeply above the river.

On the high ground, several miles from the house, the people of the house have the use of four acres of garden land, where they raise what they eat. This spring they divided a good portion of the land into small garden plots which they offered for the use of many families in the neighborhood. The rest of the land they planted in vegetables to keep the soup pot full at the house itself. Saturday afternoon six of us went up to the garden and rooted through the autumn weeds and burs to find the last few beets, turnips and carrots. We picked the small second-growth cabbages that grew around the stems where the big cabbages had been cut off before; and we gathered a few stalks of broccoli and kohlrabi that could still be found. We filled a huge sack with the leaves of the hardy, irrepressible kale, a most

fitting vegetable for making Catholic Worker soup.

I stood in the garden sampling each raw vegetable in turn as we picked, and the taste of each was exquisite, especially since I was already somewhat hungry after a day there. It seems that they only eat two meals a day, and not too bounteous at that. The soup is of course excellent, but the bread has that chronic stale taste of American chemical bread when it's a week old. There is none too much to go around for each, when there are so many to feed. The powdered milk is very thin, but I guess that has always been so in our houses. An old friend, Sister Catherine Wessels, was at the meeting, and she remembered vividly a visit to our St. Stephen's House in Chicago in 1958; there had been a glass of some liquid on the table that she took to be dishwater; she was momentarily surprised when one of the guys started to pour it in his coffee, until she realized that it was just watery powdered milk.

An Open Spirit

So it is with poor families—money is scarce and you buy what you need for the next meal. On Saturday morning one of the old men, very feeble, should have some oatmeal for breakfast, so I walked down with Marty to the store where we bought a bag for \$1.19. In the afternoon before supper when Floyd needed some margarine to finish mixing the dumplings, a delegation was again dispatched to buy a pound of margarine.

But the food is well made with what they have, and even men who have found jobs and a place to live will come to the house for supper because it is so good to sit down with this community, even for such a simple supper. There must be at least thirty at every meal, and a good number of them also sleep at the house. There are about fifteen beds in the main sleeping rooms, with only a

foot or two between them, and other men bed down on mats and couches in the living room and dining room.

After supper, when the dishes had been cleared away, I was bidden to a game of pinochle. Chuck and Polack, veterans of the house, showed the true spirit of hospitality to their guest, for Chuck dealt to my partner Steve double runs in both games, enabling us to walk away with both games quite easily. I would call Chuck a gentleman in all his dealings.

Neighborhood children like to come to the house, too. A small gang came in on Saturday morning and Margaret outfitted them with long lacy dresses and other frilly stuff for Halloween costumes. They came tumbling and laughing out of the house, dancing on the railroad tracks and munching pears from the back porch larder.

This has to be one of the finest examples of a house of hospitality, with a very open spirit toward the community and the world, with very much a spirit of sharing. May they be blessed with everything that they need for the winter, now that the garden is bare. The address of the house is: Catholic Worker House, 806 West 5th St., Davenport, Iowa 52802.

**CATHOLIC WORKER
CALENDAR — 1975**

\$2.50 each

(Plus Postage)

Designed and printed by

RITA CORBIN

Write: **RITA CORBIN**

Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583

The Vision Quest of the American Indian

By THOMAS BERRY

The American Indians are a numinous people living in a numinous world. "Numinous" is an ancient word for the divine, the sacred, the real over against the ephemeral, the temporal, the profane. This numinous quality radiates from the absolute eternal reality that makes its presence known throughout the entire visible world. To live within this radiance indicates a special mode of consciousness that most moderns of European descent have lost.

For the Indian this presence of the Great Spirit manifested itself throughout the cosmic order in the four directions, in the sky and in the earth: the six cardinal directions. It was especially evident in growing things, in the four-legged and two-legged beings of earth, and in the winged beings soaring through the sky, especially in the eagle. Man had only to "place" himself in relation to these six special points of reference and he experienced himself contained, protected, and immersed in that mysterious reality whence come the healing and invigorating powers, the "Medicine" that he needed to sustain his life on that sublime level which he felt was the only properly human level.

Ordeal and Vision

This numinous quality of life was derived from and expressed in the vision experience, the single most distinctive characteristic of the Indians of the North American continent. The vision consisted in the interior appearance of some cosmic phenomenon such as a bird flying or a horse prancing, or the experience of lightning and thunder, or seeing someone perform a certain symbolic act. But often it would be less a vision seen than a song heard, or a word spoken. The experience frequently conveyed upon the person a guardian spirit to protect and guide him during life.

Generally the visions were obtained through some form of self-affliction, primarily through isolation, fasting from food and water, and through intensive and prolonged prayer. This was above all a personal, experiential procedure. It was not fully dictated with precise details.

Each person expressed his own interior feelings in his prayer. Also as regards suffering, each person chose the

amount that he thought he could endure and that he thought proper with the advice of the spiritual guide that he consulted and who guided him through the more arduous phases of his vision quest. For the Plains Indians especially, suffering in some form was required. Although this was most often simply the isolation from the tribe and fasting over a period of some days, a more arduous program was undertaken on special occasions or when the person felt the need of help to a critical degree. Thus at times an Indian would cut off pieces of his own flesh and offer them to the Great Spirit as the only possession a man has that is truly his own. There is a photograph in the book of James Mooney, *The Ghost-Dance*, of Black Coyote, the Arapaho, with the seventy scars that remained from the pieces of his own flesh that he offered once when his children were dying to obtain the survival of his remaining children. According to Black Coyote himself he did this "in obedience to a dream as a sacrifice to save his children." After his offering no more of his children died.

The success of the visionary quest of Two Leggings, the Crow Warrior, was due in part at least to his willingness to suffer to attain a vision. He had tried several times to attain a great vision until finally he considered that he should make a greater sacrifice, such as a part of his finger in honor of the Great Above Person: "As I walked around I found a root-digger's stick. I turned to the sun and drew out my long knife. On the ground I crossed the knife and stick and then raised my left index finger. I called the sun my grandfather and said that I was about to sacrifice my finger end to him . . . Kneeling, I placed my finger on the stick and hacked off the end. Then I held the finger end up to the sun with my right hand and said my prayer again." Finally, he heard the words of his first medicine song, which, he tells us, he never forgot: "Anywhere you go, anywhere you go, you will be pleased." (Peter Nabokov: *Two Leggings, The Making of a Crow Warrior*, p. 50.)

The ordeal of Wooden Leg, the Cheyenne Warrior, was more customary since it consisted in isolation and prolonged fasting and prayer. Also the purposes of his vision quest could be con-

sidered more purely spiritual than those of Two Leggings who thought mainly of becoming a great chief. When he was seventeen years old and about to embark on his vision quest, Wooden Leg told his father: "All during my boyhood and youth the Great Medicine has been good to me. I have fond parents and kind brothers and sisters. I have had plenty of food and have had no bad sickness. No bullet nor arrow has hit me. No serious injury of any kind has fallen upon me. I ought to do something to show my gratitude for all of these favors." With such purposes in mind he fasted and prayed for four days. While on this occasion he received no special vision, he did develop an extraordinary awareness that remained with him throughout his life: "The Great Medicine sees me." (Thomas Marquis, *Wooden Leg*, p. 182. This entire chapter four gives us one of the most impressive accounts that we have of the vision quest of the Plains Indians. If this is supplemented with accounts in the book on *Two Leggings*, and with the two books concerned with Black Elk — *Black Elk Speaks* and *The Sacred Pipe* — a person has an excellent insight into this entire subject of the Vision Quest, how it is obtained, and the numinous world that it created for all those native peoples who have lived on the American continent for these past millennia.)

The Dimension of Suffering

We should not close this subject of the Vision Quest of the American Indian without more extended reference to one of the most remarkable accounts that we possess of a vision received, the one of Black Elk recounted in the book entitled, *Black Elk Speaks*. In this vision, which took place when he was only nine years old, Black Elk was taken into the sky where he saw the Great Spirit in the form of the six Grandfathers who spoke to him of his entire life mission after giving him the symbolic gifts among which were the sacred pipe, the healing herb, and the flowering stick which was to become the center of the nation. "And while I stood there I saw more than I can tell and I understood more than I saw; for I was seeing in a sacred manner the shapes of all things in the spirit, and the shape of all shapes as they must live together like one being.

And I saw that the sacred hoop of my people was one of many hoops that made one circle, wide as daylight and as starlight, and in the center grew one mighty flowering tree to shelter all the children of one mother and one father. And I saw that it was holy" (*Black Elk Speaks*, p. 43). Earlier, amid the horses prancing through the heavens, he saw a black stallion that came and sang a song: "His voice was not loud, but it went all over the universe and filled it. There was nothing that did not hear, and it was more beautiful than anything can be. It was so beautiful that nothing anywhere could keep from dancing. The virgins danced, and all the circled horses. The leaves on the trees, the grasses on the hills and in the valleys, the waters in the creeks and in the rivers and the lakes, the four-legged and the two-legged and the wings of the air—all danced together to the music of the stallion's song." All of this was to make him foresee the ultimate destiny of all mankind and the deep harmonies that pervade the universe, for it was also a part of his vision to learn of the terrifying disasters that would befall his people.

In these few paragraphs I have indicated some of the efforts made by the Indian in order to situate himself within the numinous presence and to deepen his encounter with the sacred. This was center and circumference of his existence. Nothing could be done of any significance apart from this presence. Outside this context nothing had meaning. Within this context all things had meaning, and the greatest suffering deepened rather than destroyed this meaning. Above all it gave to the Indian the heroic dimensions of his personality. The Indian did not wish to live simply within the phenomenal world, or even simply within an "ordinary" world. He wished to live sublimely, he wished to do heroic deeds, to suffer to an heroic degree. In doing this he was transformed from an "ordinary" human personality into a "wakan", a sacred personality. He became a numinous being in a numinous world.

(Thomas Berry has spoken often at our Friday Night Meetings, enlightening numerous areas of traditional wisdom and mankind's spiritual heritage. He is Professor of the History of Religions at Fordham University. Eds. note.)

Fasting and the Genesis of Corn: A Tale

(This tale, recorded by H. R. Schoolcraft during his sojourn with the Algonquin Indians in the early 19th century, is included in his volume *ALGIC RESEARCHES*.)

The extensive family of Indians known as the Algonquins included various tribes once inhabiting the eastern shore of the Hudson River. These, descending southward, were the Adirondacks, the hospitable Mohegans, the Wappingers, the Sint-sinck (a clan of the Mohegans), and the Monatons or Manhattans (also a branch of the Mohegans). A custom existed among these Indians according to which the older boys would greet the coming of manhood by means of a ceremonial fast known as kei-gui-shi-mowin. A small lodge was set up apart from the dwelling of the family where the boy fasted in solitude for seven days. During this time he paid special attention to his dreams, and by the end of seven days of fasting would be granted a dream-vision. This vision was his gift to the tribe and would become his guiding spirit for the rest of his adult life.

A story is told of the boy Wunzh at the time of his kei-gui-shi-mowin. His father built a hut for him at the foot of a hill, in a place where many different plants grew. Here Wunzh began his fast. For the first few days he felt little weakness. He spent the days watching the plants and berries, how they grew by themselves with no man to tend them. And he thought, "Could the Great Spirit not make it easier for us to get our food than by hunting animals and taking fish? I must try to find out this in my visions."

On the fourth day of fasting Wunzh felt weak, so he kept to the lodge all day. That night, in a dream vision, he saw a handsome young man coming down from the sky and advancing towards him. He was richly and gaily dressed, having on a great many garments of green and yellow colors, but differing in their deeper or lighter shades. He had a plume of waving feathers on his head, and all his motions were graceful. Wunzh asked the visitor for his blessing, and would he tell him his name? "I am the spirit of the grain berry," he said, "Mondawmin is my name. But my blessing you shall not have until you have overcome me in wrestling." So Wunzh wrestled with the visitor all that night, and when he thought he could hold out no longer, on account of his weakness from the fast, the grain spirit pulled himself free and was gone.

All the next day in his fasting Wunzh thought of his dream and pondered what it might be telling him. That night he fell asleep and the spirit of the grain berry came again and wrestled with him. And though Wunzh was weaker than the night before on account of the length of his fast, he held out longer yet against the visitor.

And when he thought he could struggle no more the grain spirit pulled himself loose and vanished from his arms.

Wunzh awoke and remembered his dream, but understood the vision no more than he had the day before. It was now the sixth day of his fast, and, because of his weakness, he stayed in bed all day. That night he wrestled again with Mondawmin, and though weaker than ever he wrestled longer than ever before. At last the grain spirit said, "It is enough, you have overcome me." And immediately he vanished.

On the following day, the last day of the fast, Wunzh's father came to the hut with some food for his son. But Wunzh said, "Let me yet fast a little longer, my father, until the sun has set. Then I will eat the food you have brought me." So his father went away, and all that day Wunzh did not know if he was awake or asleep, so weak was he from fasting. When evening came the sun went down behind the hill. The Mondawmin came again and said to Wunzh, "As soon as you have prevailed against me you will strip off my garments and throw me down. Clean the earth of roots and weeds, make it soft, and bury me in the ground." Wunzh then wrestled for the last time with the grain spirit. And finding his fast had made him strong in his dreams, he easily stripped Mondawmin of his rich and beautiful garments, and threw him to the ground. Finding him dead, he buried him on the spot, taking care to do all he had been told, knowing at the same time his friend would again come to life.

In the days that followed Wunzh weeded the ground where the grain spirit lay buried and broke up the earth to let the air in. Very soon he saw the tops of the green plumes coming up through the ground. Wunzh took his father with him to see. They walked to where the fasting lodge had stood, but now, on the same spot, grew a tall and graceful plant, with bright-colored silken hair, surmounted with nodding plumes and stately leaves, and golden clusters on each side. "It is my friend," shouted the lad, "it is the friend of all mankind. It is Mondawmin." And opening one of the husks and exposing the yellow kernels, he said, "See, my father, this is what I fasted for."

And he showed how the broad husks must be torn away, as he had pulled off the garments of Mondawmin in his wrestling, and how the skin was to be held to the fire until it browned but the milk kept in the grain. The whole family then united in a feast on the newly grown ears, expressing gratitude to the Merciful Spirit who gave it.

So corn came into the world through fasting.



Three Generations

Fritz Eichenberg

CREATION

the Great Spirit
gave

the bear thick fur
to keep warm

the eagle wings
to fly

the turtle a shell
to hide in

the ant medicine
to work

to naked man
he gave words

to imitate them

James A. Janda

Native Americans: The Enduring Tragedy

By Ann Hill

The events surrounding the occupation of the Village of Wounded Knee, South Dakota last year took the American public by surprise. Images of the passive "Indian" (I shall use the proper term, Native American, throughout the rest of the article), bearing poverty and pain in stoic silence, so pervade the public consciousness that the rise of the Native American Movement was not readily noticed. I would like to explore the reasons for such a movement, and examine this change in mood from one of silent stoicism to active resistance. This is a twofold task. First, to explore the *why* (those conditions which demand a reshaping of Native American-White relations), and second, the *why now* (an examination of the sociological and psychological factors which came together in the fifties and sixties to form the combustible mixture which has now begun to explode).

Roots of Outcry

It is difficult to convey through words the depth of poverty in which many Native Americans live, the denial of their rights, and the psychological pressures to which they are subjected. Putting aside their rather obvious grievances—that Native Americans have had an entire continent stolen from them by force; that they have been deceived, abused and the objects of genocidal government policy—let us move to the more immediate sources of dissatisfaction.

First, most Native Americans are poor. The annual income runs on the average about \$1,500 per year, but is as low as \$500 on some reservations. If they can find employment, Native Americans are concentrated in low-paying, low-status jobs. The distances between reservation and industrial centers, lack of formal training, and discriminatory hiring practices, all contribute to the high rate of unemployment. What land they have is often non-arable and unfit for grazing. If it is fertile, chances are it is tied up in a complex heirship network in which many people own a fraction of a 160-acre parcel. The land often ends up being leased to outsiders—usually Whites—who rent the land cheap and realize large profit on the crops.

The average life-expectancy for an adult, male Native American is about 44 years—almost twenty years shorter

than for a White American. Inadequate housing, lack of sanitary facilities and non-existent central heating contribute to the general illness of the population. Such exotic varieties of malnutrition as kwashiorkor exist in a large section of the population, although many Americans believe such ailments are indigenous only to India and parts of Africa. Most reservation Native Americans must haul their water, and the water is often contaminated.

Education has been employed as a deculturating tool. Well into this half of the century there were schools where the speaking of one's own language was forbidden and met with physical punishment. Native American religions have never (with a few exceptions) been given sanction in the schools, and often their practice is explicitly forbidden.

Native Americans have found political and governmental institutions unresponsive to their needs. From the beginning, relations between the races on this continent have been characterized by the propensity of Whites for making and breaking treaties as expediency dictates. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, which has primary responsibility for the quality of Native American life in this country, has been for years the tool of powerful economic interests, removing lands from Native American control if they appear to have mineral or agricultural utility. Native Americans have little voice in the management of their own affairs. Although elected tribal councils exist in many locations, many tribal chairmen are BIA pawns who do not represent true leadership. Native traditionalists do not accept the election concept, but put their faith in grass-roots leaders. But in any event, even the hands of good leaders are tied, as most important tribal decisions are subject to approval by the BIA.

Finally, outright prejudice also plagues the Native American who lives on or near the reservation. All of these phenomena are the answers to the *why*—the need so deeply felt by many Native Americans, that the lives they lead need changing.

Movement Politicizes

These conditions testify to the need for change. How was it that in the late sixties and early seventies a movement against those conditions grew where none had existed before? Several

sociological conditions combined to form the genesis of the Native American Movement.

The sparking event was the "termination" of specific Native groups during the Eisenhower administration. The unique status given tribes was removed from several groups, including the Klamath and the Menominee. This placed unbearable financial pressures on them. They had to begin paying substantial taxes on their lands, and eventually had to sell a great deal to pay their debts. The fate of these groups angered all Native Americans and roused the interest of many Whites. A conference held in Chicago in 1960 to protest the policy of termination brought together concerned Natives from many tribes and from different geographical locations. The common enemy—the threat of cultural genocide—tied them together. They came to realize the commonality of their concerns and confirmed one another. Native Americans must take a stand now, it was felt, or their needs would be forever ignored.

Besides this feeling of resolve, there was a population of Native Americans whose political awareness had been sharpened by the urbanization of the Native American group. After World War II, more and more Native Americans moved to the cities either at the suggestion of the BIA or on their own in search of jobs. Today, almost one-half of the Native American population is urban. Urban Native Americans have gained greater understanding of the

political and legal systems of the U.S., and how to make them work for their cause.

At this time there also emerged the Native American veterans. Through extensive travel they were exposed to new ideas, and became aware of the struggles of previously colonized peoples. The parallels between these oppressed groups and their own people were not lost on them.

In addition, many Native American veterans took advantage of the GI Bill. They became the first sizable group of college-educated Native Americans who could argue their cause in a manner to which Whites would respond. They acted as liaisons between the White and Native worlds.

The Civil Rights Movement created an atmosphere which was conducive to the articulation of grievances. Many Native American leaders took part in the movement and gained organizational skills that they later applied to their own cause. The Civil Rights Movement also set the pace of public sympathy, which made Whites more receptive to the beginning of the Red Power Movement.

The development of the communications networks contributed to the flow of information to reservation people, and heightened their discontent with the condition of their lives.

Finally, there was the return of many people to Indian ways, especially to

(Continued on Page 8)

The Jaguar and the Moon

THE JAGUAR AND THE MOON. By Pablo Antonio Cuadra. Translated by Thomas Merton, Greensboro, N.C.; Unicorn Press, 1974. 39 pages, illustrated, \$5.00. Reviewed by Br. Patrick Hart.

Pablo Antonio Cuadra is one of the most exciting Latin American poets working within the primitive Indian tradition. He is also a leading intellectual figure of Nicaragua (he has been co-editor of *La Prensa* since 1954), and is one of the strongest voices in Latin America against tyranny of any kind. Having completed university studies, he abandoned his law profession because it was incompatible with his true vocation. He became a migrant farm worker and cattle herdsman for twenty years, and his experience led him deeply into the native indigenist movement prevalent in Central America.

Cuadra's poetry owes its strength to the vital Indian present, through which the past still breathes in all the arts—architecture, folklore, music, poetry and drama. As Thomas Merton explains in his introduction, "Cuadra, then, absolutely refuses to regard the Indian heritage of Central America as a matter of archeology ... it

(Continued on Page 7)

36 East First

By ANNE MARIE FRASER

The Catholic Worker Positions state, "... we advocate a personalism which takes on ourselves responsibility for changing conditions to the extent that we are able to do so. By establishing Houses of Hospitality we can take care of as many of those in need as we can rather than turn them over to the impersonal charity of the State." At times, hospitality at St. Joseph's House becomes impersonal charity; at times, we even involve people with the impersonal charity of the State. When our beds are full, we send men and women to the Municipal Shelters or to the Welfare Department.

One night a worker from the Emergency Welfare unit called and asked if a woman just released from the hospital could spend that one night with us. The next day she would receive emergency assistance. Seven weeks later, she was still with us, having been rejected by Welfare. It amazed me that a woman who was penniless, homeless and disabled was not qualified for public assistance, so she and I went one morning to the local Welfare office to appeal her case. We arrived before 8 A.M. Already the line stretched along the street. By 9 A.M., when the doors opened, we were fiftieth in a line of over a hundred people. As we filed in, a guard gave us numbers on green, white or pink cards which indicated what line we should go to next. We waited on our line in a huge room partitioned into corrals — a reception area, an interviewing area, a waiting area. At the reception desk to which our line led, the "client" tried to explain his or her situation to a man or woman who filled out the appropriate form to be given to the appropriate interviewer, after an inappropriately long wait. By 9:30 we were settled in our plastic chairs in the waiting corral with about 60 other people, who sat in rows, staring blankly past each other, some paging or thumbing absently through the morning newspaper. An occasional remark was passed, but no conversation. One man, after an apparent heroin fix, was dozing against the wall; a mother tried to calm her whining infant; a young couple shared a container of coffee; an old woman complained to herself; and a man, with a broken leg, shifted the weight of his cast. At 12 o'clock (lunchtime), one clerk got up in the middle of an interview leaving his clients waiting at his desk for one hour; no-one was called between 12 and 2 o'clock. The woman on my left took a buttered roll from her bag and began her lunch; several others followed suit. They were apparently veterans of this system and immediately spotted the newcomers. After lunch, the interviews went faster and I began to prepare our defense. Finally at 3:30, after more than 7 hours of waiting, we were called. By 3:31 our

case was rejected again. The clerk would hear none of our story. We hadn't complied with a previous demand (one that was impossible to meet) and our reasons did not matter. We returned home frustrated, angry and beaten. (A neighborhood law office has taken the case.)

After a day in a Welfare center, returning to St. Joseph's House was a joy! Bill quieted us with steaming coffee; Ginny and Kathleen, visiting from the Farm, were folding appeals with Jonas; Jimmy worked on a radio. Even the noise was welcome!

November

November is an especially busy time at the Worker. The appeal, October-November issue, and December issue of the paper had to be folded, labelled and mailed. John Geis and Cliff told enough corny jokes on the 2nd floor to keep us all laughing while we were filling the mailbags. Brother William Parker and Sr. Grace Robinson borrowed cars from their communities to deliver the bags to the post office. Frank Donovan, Lee LeCuyer and Pat Jordan worked for days preparing the annual report for the post office. (Lee can match almost any town with its zip code in his sleep!) While the work of the paper went on upstairs, Smitty, Andy, Arthur, Tony, Peter, Marc and Brother Tom carried on the soup line. Tom has left us, after two months, to work in a boys' home before he returns to Australia.

There have been some welcome diversions from the work. We celebrated Dorothy's birthday with pie and ice cream, and the following week there was a birthday cake for Esther. Marcel faithfully shows his Saturday night movies. And we have all enjoyed visiting and participating in Walter Kerell's vibrant art exhibit in a Soho gallery. Walter's display included paintings, sculptures, drawings and brightly-painted shirts and jeans.

Pat Jordan ended the Friday night series on personalism with an inspiring talk on Martin Buber, Buber's writings on the I-Thou relationship, community, and the Hasidic spirit speak, directly to the Catholic Worker philosophy. On another Friday, Paul Avrich spoke enthusiastically about the Christian anarchism of Solzhenitzyn, whose writings defy the totalitarianism of the Soviet government. December is the anniversary of the death of Thomas Merton, whose vision continues to inspire the American church. Gordon Zahn began a series of Friday night meetings on Thomas Merton with a concise study of Merton's nonviolence which is rooted in the Gospel message of nonviolence, and is especially sensitive to the sufferings of the oppressed. Hearing of the nonviolent struggle of an oppressed people always reminds us of the present-day struggle of the United Farm Workers. The consumer boycott and picket lines remain the most effective actions. Each Saturday Bill Griffin and others from the house have been joining farmworkers in picketing a major fruit store in our neighborhood. Though they have met with harassment and violence from the fruit stand's management, the picketing remains constant.

As we prepare for the holidays, we remember that the bounty in the fruit and vegetable stalls and on our tables is the result of the toil of the farmworkers around the country. Our holiday celebrations, like most family reunions, are always hectic but joyous. This year, Mary Lathrop is back from her year's study in France and Jerusalem, and Marge and Johnny Hughes have returned to New York from West Virginia for the winter to join in the festivities. Harold Henry will begin to decorate the house for Christmas, and Jimmy's desk will make way for our Christmas tree. The aroma of Roger's baking bread will fill the house and the pile of wrapped Christmas gifts will mount. The warmth of Christmas will help us challenge another chilling winter on the Lower East Side.

Notes in Brief

POPE PLEADS FOR WORLD'S HUNGRY

Stating that the world food crisis is the result of "the insufficient willingness of nations to contribute to a better distribution of available resources," Pope Paul told the UN-sponsored World Food Conference held in Rome last month that, "The right to satisfy one's hunger must be recognized by everyone." Said the Pope, "That right is based on the fact that all the goods of the earth are destined primarily for universal use and for the subsistence of all men, before any individual appropriation."

The Pope appealed for cuts in military arms budgets, insisting that such resources could be used instead for food aid and development. He pointed out "the absurdity of a situation in which some people can be satisfied with highly-enriched and diversified consumption, while millions of other persons are facing starvation."

The Pope warned against relying on forms of industrialization and technical solutions to solve the world's food problems which are not based on "fundamental human values." He deplored the one-sided solutions set forth by many of the richer nations to meet the food crisis by means of population control. "It is inadmissible," said the Pope, "that those who have control of the wealth and resources of mankind should try to resolve the problem of hunger by forbidding the poor to be born, or by leaving to die of hunger the children whose parents do not fit into the framework of theoretical plans based on pure hypotheses about mankind's future."

In his speech the Pope also issued a call for the reform of agriculture and our attitudes toward it. He emphasized, as did the Vatican delegation to the Conference, the important role of agricultural workers in solving the world food crisis. Subsequently, the Vatican pledged \$100,000 to the Conference for the development of farming.

The Pope concluded his address with this stiff advice: "The time has come for energetic and binding decisions, and for an end to alibis."

A leaflet entitled "Hunger Information Sheet" has been prepared by and is available from the Community for Creative Nonviolence, 1335 N. St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

AID APARTHEID VICTIMS

Sybil Sticht, whose letter on Apartheid Victims in South Africa appeared in the March-April C.W., writes again that she has many requests for aid from the "discarded people" of South Africa. "Many of these people are ex-political prisoners, old people, invalids and widows. They have no money, no food, no work and no future." The aid can take the form of clothing parcels and food parcels (since the government tolerates this type of assistance). "I am trying to find 'adopters' who would like to share a little of their relative abundance." For the names and addresses of those in need, write Sybil Sticht: 2099 Magnolia Way, Walnut Creek, Calif. 94595.

TENANTS TO VIGIL COLUMBUS HOSPITAL

Tenants of two apartment buildings owned by Columbus Hospital in New York City have called for a vigil outside the Hospital on the Sunday afternoon before Christmas. For years the Hospital has been trying to oust the tenants, first for a parking facility, and when that failed because of public pressure, for a gut-renovation scheme which would effectively allow the Hospital to raise tenants' rents to a point where many of them would be forced to move. The tenants, many of long-standing, are calling on the Hospital to rent the 30 rent-controlled apartments which are NOW EMPTY in the buildings—this in a city chronically short of housing, particularly housing in the low-income

bracket; and in property owned by followers of Mother Cabrini, an Order dedicated to serving the poor and the sick. For more information about the demonstration, "No Room at the Inn," to be held outside Columbus Hospital on 19th St. at 2 p.m., Sunday, Dec. 22, contact tenants at 777-6346.

MARTIN SOSTRE BEATEN AGAIN

On May 19th, Martin Sostre was beaten by New York State prison guards for refusing to submit to the dehumanizing rectal examination. Because of this assault, he filed charges against the State. As a reprisal, the State has now charged him with assaulting prison guards. Shortly before appearing at Clinton County Courthouse on Nov. 4th on this matter, Sostre was again given the degrading rectal examination. When he resisted, he was nearly strangled by a prison guard. Friends are alarmed for his safety, and urge supporters to write Judge Robert Feinberg, Clinton County Courthouse, Plattsburgh, N.Y. 12901 in Sostre's behalf, calling for the charges to be dropped and for Sostre's protection while in State custody.

UNIVERSITY OF THE STREETS

130 East 7th Street
New York, N. Y. 10009

Dear Dorothy,

The University of the Streets is going to have to discontinue its typing/office training classes unless we can figure out a way to pay the bills till January 15, when Manpower funds are expected. Do you think any C.W. readers would send us any small amounts to help us keep the doors open? Twenty-six former drug users are now working after receiving our training, and I am sad to think of "shutting down" on those still coming.

Sincerely, ROSE MORSE

(P.S. Four hundred and fifteen other young people, trained at the school in other skills, have gotten jobs, including one of our C.W. family, in the last few years.—D.D.)

PUBLICATION NOTES

The War Resisters League 1975 Peace Calendar and Appointment Book, "Where Am I Going?", is available for \$2.75 a copy from WRL 339 Lafayette St., NYC 10012. This year's theme is the rearing of children.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685. Title 39, United States Code.)

1. Title of publication: THE CATHOLIC WORKER.
2. Date of filing: September 23, 1974.
3. Frequency of issue: 9 times a year (monthly except double issues Mar.-Apr., July-Aug. and Oct.-Nov.)
4. Location of known office of publication: 36 East 1st Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business office of the publishers: Same.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: Dorothy Day; Editor: Dorothy Day; Managing editor: Pat Jordan; all of 36 East 1st Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.
7. Owner: Dorothy Day, 36 East 1st Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (section 132.121, Postal Service Manual.) 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626. Frank Donovan, associate editor, business manager.
10. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable.
11. Extent and nature of circulation (First figure is average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months; (parenthesized figure is actual no. of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date.): A. Total no. of copies printed: 85,000 (86,000); B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: None (none); 2. Mail subscriptions: 78,000 (78,000); C. Total paid circulation: 78,000 (78,000); D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means: 5,000 (5,000); E. Total distribution: 83,000 (83,500); F. Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 2,000 (2,500). Total: 85,000 (86,000). I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

FRANK DONOVAN, Assoc. Ed.,
Business Manager

Tivoli Farm

(Continued from page 2)

came a sweet twittering announcing goldfinches. There they were, a happy flock. Some in their winter olive green, some still in summer's gold. Best of all, perhaps, Ruth saw a fox sparrow who allowed her to peruse his russet markings in detail. The fox sparrow, like the tree sparrow and white-throated sparrow, is among those winter visitors whom we are always glad to have. What luxury of woods, and birds and weather. Our fellow creatures, all, as St. Francis knew. To Him Who made us all, with St. Francis we sing—Praise Him.

We move toward Advent and the Nativity. For all our friends, readers, and benefactors, we pray a holy Christmas, and a New Year filled with the hope and love the Christ Child brings. Gloria in excelsis Deo.

If we kill men, what brothers will we have left? With whom shall we live then?

Nhat Hanh

The Stone Which the Builders Rejected

THIS MAN JESUS: An Essay Toward a New Testament Christology. By Bruce Vawter. New York: Doubleday, 1973. 216 pages, \$5.95. Reviewed by Pat Jordan.

This is an exacting book, born of refined scholarship and a considered integrity. Its subtitle, conspicuously modest, is both illuminative and misleading. For while Fr. Vawter "outlines the constitutive elements of New Testament thinking on the mystery of Christ" with great skill, he also points the reader toward such important realms of faith that both one's head and one's heart are at times overwhelmed in their insufficiency.

I will not attempt to judge this book for its scholarship. (It would take a scholar to do it.) Rather, I wish to indicate something of the author's purpose and method, and the book's import for those of us who will never exercise either Fr. Vawter's sacred trust as a scholar of the Scriptures or have the intellectual tools which he so adequately employs in this undertaking.

Fr. Vawter is the author of several books on the Bible (*A Path Through Genesis and The Four Gospels*). A former President of the Catholic Biblical Association, he has lectured around the country and is presently head of the Theology Department at DePaul University in Chicago. His scholarship is up-to-date, and the present volume shows not only his familiarity with the literature of the field, but of ecclesiology, dogmatics, and history as well. The book, "an outline" (and thus we might hope the basis of a more lengthy study), declares Vawter's chagrin at present-day theology's "disinterest in the central figure" of Christ. To remedy this, Vawter sets out to study and discourse on the historical events which had a decisive effect on the Church's understanding of

the Christ Event, i.e., its Resurrection faith, and the formulation of the Gospels.

Such an investigation is rooted in history. "History is a record of events that have been transmitted with interpretation... To investigate the interpretation is the only way we have of investigating the event itself" (p. 24). The reader soon becomes aware that modern criticism has enormously complicated historical inquiry into the Gospels. But, Vawter points out (and this is the value of this splendid but difficult little book), "it has neither made it impossible nor rendered it superfluous."

It is with the high boots of scholarship that Vawter leads us through the landscape we have seemingly known so well from afar, but which becomes wild and surprising with every penetrating step into Biblical study. We begin to discern, for example, the various christologies which exist within the New Testament itself and actually see them in the process of development. But just when the unknown and new become almost engulfing for the reader, our guide flashes forth with the sword of enlightenment we thought was surely and irrevocably lost (an enlightenment that makes us realize such a thing as "catholic scholarship" really yet exists). It is precisely the variety of images, notes Vawter, the "variety and the contrariness of the lines that converge" in the Gospel portrait which give us a clear understanding of This Man Jesus, this most remarkable "someone unlike anyone else." To help us comprehend anew the "revolutionarism of Jesus," i.e., to meet a person undefined by, yet recognizable through, a score of human categories: this is indeed a remarkable feat. And by doing it, I believe, Vawter has accomplished something of the "comprehending anew" we

associate with this season of Advent.

To be concrete, there is his discussion of Messiahship. He investigates this concept, a later development in the thought of Judaism, in its historical setting at the time of Jesus, along with the many ramifications such a body of thought had on the Jews of that period. By delineating the various strands of the concept at the time of Jesus (Messiah as priest, prophet, teacher, liberator, suffering servant; as messianic people), Vawter creates a more ready compre-



Sr. Mary Lou Rose

hension of why the newly emerged Christian community of the New Testament endeavored to utilize the concept in speaking of Jesus. But more important, and indeed its distinguishing mark, is that the Christian community used the concept in its own definitive way. As seen in the New Testament, Messiahship is something distinct and different than all its antecedents. How can this be? Says Vawter: "The explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs is undoubtedly the extraordinary personality of Jesus himself, which escaped all the usual categories. Jesus impressed his contemporaries variously as rabbi, prophet, and teacher, and all these impressions have been registered in the Gospels. In registering them, however, the Gospels also confessed that they were approximations which, if pressed, would belie rather than define what had occurred in his proclamation of the kingdom of God" (p. 97). Cesar Vallejo, the Peruvian poet, caught something of this in a poem Robert Bly believes speaks of Christ. Wrote Vallejo:

They demanded in loud voices: ...

"We want a mass of men like him to stand in between him and another man just like him."

And that simply couldn't be done.

What Vawter has done here, but what theologians and others are not so apt to do, is to turn us once again to the person, Jesus, this unique man, the summation of Revelation who "showed us

who God is ... through his humanity" (p. 150).

For Vawter, the transforming event of the New Testament (both for Jesus and the Christian people) is the Resurrection. It discloses Jesus in his essential relation to God. With it began the Church's understanding of who precisely This Man Jesus is. Vawter notes (with Kasemann) that while Jesus did not place his person but his work in the forefront of his own preaching, in light of the Resurrection the community responded to his message and mission with its own precise acknowledgement of him as Messiah and Son of God. This is certainly in keeping with the personality of Jesus discernible in the Gospels: he is the One who came as servant to do the will of his Father. Yet with the Resurrection comes the community's deeper recognition (Vawter terms it a "retrospective power") of the full meaning and import of the teaching and person of Jesus, i.e., the true nature of him as Son of God.

Vawter's method of investigating the New Testament sources, "the mystery," is exacting. He shirks neither from modern scholarship nor from the weight of tradition. His appreciation of the theological preciseness of the early Councils, particularly the Chalcedon formulation, is ready and avid. He remarks that while theologizing has its limitations, "Had the Church evinced no interest in the nature and being of him whose activity had actually called it to life, it would have achieved something of a record in the annals of human incuriosity" (p. 141). His own study has the merit of illuminating without formalizing: it allows ambiguities to remain with which we are invariably destined to live in the life of faith. Again Vallejo put it well:

"We want them to call him finally by his own name."

And that simply couldn't be done.

By always arching back to his initial concern (the decisive role of the Church's Resurrection faith), by consistently adding to it fuller layers of understanding (for example in his discussion of the Wisdom Literatures and their impact on the christology of the New Testament), Vawter draws the reader again to a meeting with the Lord of the Scriptures themselves. If we can say, as I believe is true of this book, that it gives us a renewed sense of the ineffable mystery of the wisdom and favor of God, if it opens for us a way of approaching the Scriptures and their Lord with a new and prayerful directness, then such a book and its author deserve our gratitude.

Namibia: Being Born

Three years ago, Namibia—a mandate territory occupied by South Africa in defiance of the United Nations—was swept by a general strike which crippled the country for months, particularly the lucrative base metals industry which so benefits South Africa and various multi-national corporations, some of them American. The Black African workers walked off because of poor wages and living conditions, and because of the contract labor system which separated men from their families and reduced them to a modern version of serfdom.

But behind the protest lay the unquenchable urge for freedom from foreign domination which for decades has held the Namibians in thrall, first under the German Empire and later under the South Africans operating with a mandate from the League of Nations. The League's successor, the U.N., has tussled with South Africa since 1946 on various issues. Finally in 1966 the U.N. revoked the mandate. South Africa would not budge. On June 21, 1971, the international Court of Justice declared South Africa's presence in Namibia illegal. Namibians reacted spontaneously: tribesmen faced up to government-appointed chiefs; students demonstrated; chiefs not in the pay of the South Africans spoke out; a week later two Namibian Lutheran leaders, Bishop Leonard Auala and Moderator Paulus Gowaseb, issued an Open Letter to the South African Prime Minister, Balthazar Vorster, listing the grievances of the African people and calling on South Africa to work with the U.N. to bring independence to Namibia. Their stand was supported totally by Anglican Bishop Colin Winter and in large part by

the Roman Catholic Bishops.

In 1967 the U.N. had established the Council for Namibia to administer the country and aid the Namibians toward complete independence. South Africa refused to allow the Council to send representatives into the country, and meaningful efforts to dislodge Vorster's satraps have failed, largely because South Africa has compliant friends in the United Kingdom, France and the United States. But change is imminent. The Portuguese withdrawal is well underway in southern Africa, and the Republic of South Africa has for the first time a militant radical Black African government-to-be on one flank: Mozambique. Angola, which lies just north of Namibia, is sure to be free in the near future. Already steady reports of talks between African leaders and the Vorster regime are in the press. South Africa is flying political balloons weekly, trying to hang on to as much as possible, floating the idea of partition of Namibia and the continuation of its Bantustan mini-state scheme.

But Namibian leaders and the U.N. are determined on a free and unified Namibia. The people support this unqualifiedly, all three-quarters of a million of them. (The 90-odd thousand Whites must soon decide whether they are Namibians or not.) Led by the South West Africa People's Organization, the largest, most widespread political group in Namibia, and strengthened by a rapidly growing sense of solidarity which began to operate with the strike three years ago, the people of Namibia are at least within sight of nationhood. Under the leadership of Sean MacBride, former head of Amnesty International and winner of the 1974 Nobel Peace Prize, the U.N., despite the laggardly Western powers, is now becoming serious about its responsibilities to this "sacred trust of civilization"—as the original mandate termed Namibia.

William Johnston,
Episcopal Churchmen for South Africa

The Jaguar and the Moon

(Continued from page 5)

is to him something living, something that boils and fights for expression in his own soul, and in the soul of his people" (p. 8).

El Jaguar y la Luna (*The Jaguar and the Moon*) unites both poems and pictures of Pablo Antonio Cuadra in a living reality of great beauty. We are indebted to the publishers of Unicorn Press for bringing out this handsome volume in such a fine translation by the late Thomas Merton, monk and poet in his own right. The layout and design perfectly complement the English translations with Spanish facing texts and drawings by the poet.

I yield to the temptation of quoting one of the poems which I found especially full of meaning, entitled: "The World is a Round Earthenware Plate":

A mean fate surrounds our life with fear. / Whichever way we turn, we meet / Beasts lying in wait. / The bat, in the East, seeks / Possession of your shadow. / In the West, the crocodile / Fishes for your secrets. / Eagles, in the South, destroy / All traces of your history. / In the North, the jaguar / Chases your future star.

Ah, tell me, / Who can protect my inmost heart?

Or who could resist being moved by these poignant lines which bring the volume to a close? ("Lament of a Maiden for the Warrior's Death"):

Ever since the old days / The rain weeps. / And yet / Young is the tear, / Young is the dew.

Ever since the old days / Death has stalked. / And yet / Your silence is new, / And new is my pain!

One regret: on a recent visit to the Merton Archive at the University of Kentucky, I unearthed four additional translations of Cuadra by Merton (from the same volume), which for some unknown reason, failed to get published in *Emblems of a Season of Fury*, and consequently in this edition. Had they been included here, another unique feature would have been added to *The Jaguar and the Moon*.

A life of nonviolence means not merely occasional revolution but perpetual revolution, and not merely revolution but joy in revolution.

Vinoba Bhawe

The Mushroom Pickers of Morgan Hill

By JAN ADAMS

On September 7 some 80 mushroom pickers employed by Steak-Mate, Inc. in Morgan Hill, California, walked out on strike seeking higher wages, better working conditions and the right to form a union. They sought help from the United Farm Workers Union field office in Salinas and received strike sanction.

Since that time, many have been on the picket lines 7 days a week, 10 or more hours a day. The company hired a labor contractor to import strikebreakers. He makes stops in the skid rows of Oakland and San Francisco each morning, jamming his bus with people desperate for any job. The contractor and most of the strikebreakers are Black, setting up a tense situation between them and the Chicano strikers. Steak-Mate also advertized on radio for new workers while the strikers countered with spot announcements about the strike. A Santa Clara county judge issued an injunction limiting picketing.

Steak-Mate seems at first sight an odd place for a strike by the United Farm Workers. The mushrooms are grown in a plant, several long single-story warehouse-type buildings. If it were not for the signs bearing the company name, you might think it another electronics factory. The workers do benefit from

this industrial arrangement: since the mushrooms grow year round at artificially controlled temperatures and humidity, they work year round instead of only for a peak harvest season.

Facing the Conglomerates

But work at Steak-Mate combines all the usual disabilities of farm labor with the added oppression of human operatives made subject to the artificial environment. As is usual in unorganized agriculture, workers are disposable, the victims of the whims of bosses and foremen. The walkout at Steak-Mate began over the firing of a worker who had received permission from one foreman to punch out his ailing son as well as himself, but was ousted by another foreman for doing it. Though the work goes on year round, employees are treated as if it were the peak of a hurried harvest. Although officially they are entitled to a day off a week, if a foreman asks them to come in they know they must or lose their jobs. The hours of work vary unpredictably with the state of the mushrooms. One day workers may report at 7 A.M. and be sent home by 10 A.M. because the plants cannot be picked just yet; on another they will be kept until midnight or 1 A.M. to complete the work. It takes three years tenure at Steak-Mate to earn a five-day paid vaca-

tion. The work is legally classified as agriculture so no labor laws guarantee workers' rights.

As with much of California agriculture, the strikers are struggling against not an individual farmer, but a huge corporation. Last year the Ralston-Purina Company purchased Steak-Mate from its local owners for \$10 million. Ralston-Purina, based in St. Louis, also produces breakfast cereals and dog and cat food.



Rita Corbin

It owns the Jack in the Box chain of hamburger stands. Since Ralston-Purina bought Steak-Mate, the workers have been pushed to produce more for the same piece rates. The company pleads

poverty when asked for a wage increase.

The Steak-Mate mushroom strike is certainly not the most important struggle the UFW is caught up in this fall. Cesar Chavez commented recently: "Since we've lost the grape contracts, we've conducted more strikes than in the history of the movement. It's curious, huh? It shows how dead we are!" Especially important, thousands of citrus workers have struck in Arizona seeking union recognition, a struggle which could win the entire citrus industry. The boycotts of grapes, head lettuce and Gallo wine go on. But these few families in Morgan Hill have demonstrated again the conviction which farm workers have learned from their union struggles: that through dedication and sacrifice, injustice can be ended. Their unequal contest with Ralston-Purina should remind us that wherever there are pockets of farm workers, oppression is going on to bring food to our tables.

The mushroom strikers need help. Direct contributions to their relief can be sent to Coalicion Christiana, c/o Fr. Richard Garcia, St. Catherine's Church, Morgan Hill, CA. 95037. To help build the agricultural workers' union throughout the southwest, send help to the United Farm Workers of America, Box 62, Keene, CA. 93531.

Bread for the Road: A Poor Man's Diary

(Continued from page 3)

three or four coats, long johns, heavy pants are part of it. Appearances are not important when the possibility of being stranded outside for the night in the cold and rain is always present. I felt annoyed when, without pretense, people turned to look at me, and continued to look: a different creature. Though there are no words to express those glares, I was made aware of the fact that when one doesn't meet certain acceptable standards of dress and appearance, he becomes less than human in many eyes. How does the man or woman who has only a few tattered, not too clean, clothes feel in our cities? Out of place in churches, restaurants...

November 20. The frustration of dire poverty doesn't really impress until we become utterly impoverished. The pains of hunger become real to us only when they are ours. In the meantime, we can only try to put ourselves in the place of such victims, and attempt to alleviate some frustration and pain.

I am reflective of what Jim Douglass is saying in his *Resistance and Contemplation* book: we keep going down into the pit of nothingness... sacrifice at the experience of the whole... and

there in the nothingness we'll be given light and bread to sustain us.

November 21. The road: getting from one city to the next; being stranded on rainy, cold nights, sometimes all night; never knowing whether it would be two hours, three or four before the next ride comes along; alone. The cities, the streets. Two different aspects of poverty, but they blend into a powerful experience: when one has nothing else to turn to the Spirit speaks many things about people, about life and about an all-encompassing love.

November 22. Arrived in Rochester, N.Y. The phone directory gave the name of a Mission which, after walking across town, I discovered did not exist. As it began getting dark, I came upon two men sharing a pint of wine, and asked where a place to sleep was available. They replied that this city had no such place, but that I could get a meal at St. Joe's church—which turned out to be a Catholic Worker's House of Hospitality. After walking in the cold for hours in a strange city, not knowing where to go, it is meaningful to have two friendly poor men direct one to a place to stay. I went through the soup line at the Catholic Worker. Although my experience has turned me against Day Labor Agencies, I wanted to get a sense of how many persons file into such places, so at 6:00 AM I went to one. A day at factory cleaning and sweeping made me appreciate physical work, despite the fact that it was at the hands of those who make money off those desperate for a day's pay. On the road again for New York.

Cold, rainy dark highways greeted me. Thoughts of turning back, doubts of hitching in this kind of weather, came tumbling in. These kinds of thoughts would be a common thing: doubting thoughts; a prayer, a call on the Father—and then, usually, but not always, a ride, a resurrection, hope and life arising from the grave. Such a warm feeling comes to me when people pick me up, and immediately relate as if we'd known each other for years.

November 23. Yesterday was Thanksgiving. All works together: the speaking of the Spirit is all around. We must be discerners, and pray that slowly all is seen as a movement towards the God of Abraham.

November 24. As I sit reading the *Theology of Liberation*, I come across the Bishops' statement on the need of our identification with the poor. The Mexi-

can Bishops say that the Church must not turn its back, but must risk its life in order to make known these injustices.

November 26. Cold again. Very few cars on the road, and miles from anywhere, and again the need to put myself at the disposal of the Father's way. Soon a pickup, driven by a young man, stopped. He was not going far, but I was welcome to stay with him for the night.

We stand in rain, in cold. We meet men themselves traveling the roads from East to West: men with strong constitutions, with a toughness beyond that known to one who has experienced securities all his life. We meet people who are students, young businessmen, etc., who share their stories, their lives with us.

December 1. New York City without a dime in my pocket. I gave my last dollar to a needy person, becoming needy myself. I pick my way down new streets, having to ask for a dime to call the Catholic Worker house. It's late, not much room there, but come anyway. One AM before I find my way to the bowery... a weird experience walking the streets asking for a dime to ride the subway, humiliating. Now it's cold and damp, and the Catholic Worker is closed tight. I begin to walk by park benches, alleyways, doorfronts. A taste of poverty: to walk all night with nowhere to go, knowing that the Salvation Army has good food but wants 25 cents a meal, and I don't have 25 cents. Men standing out in the cold, here and there. Finally, feeling exhausted, I saw a woman with a coat over her head sitting by a wire basket, trying to keep warm from the tiny fire she had made within it. Another man and I approached together, and these two began to talk about survival on the city streets, where one could go to get warm, how the subways are closed and don't allow men and women to sleep there anymore at night, that certain apartment buildings leave entrances purposely open for persons to get in out of the cold, how to build a fire that would last the night using only one piece of wood at a time.

Hundreds of men this morning in the social center, many sleeping on the floors with sores, wounds, glad to have the bare floor as their blanket, bed, pillow all combined. This I needed to see: to leave Milwaukee, and go places where I had never been, and leave myself open to injury, fear, the crazed minds of the despairing, the misery of the night. Now I am getting that for which I prayed:

an understanding of some of the pain of the Third World. I did pray to know better what this existence of the streets is about, and it's been given to me: its mean, cruel, everyday routine; liquor is the God of State Street. There didn't seem to be much Christlife this morning on the bowery.

December 3. Definite types of works, practical and needed, seem to be emerging from this trip: a free, floating brotherhood of the streets, helping where one can and as best as one can, being present among those with nowhere to go. Perhaps the depression must set in more completely, and maybe flares and rockets fly over our cities before a brotherhood and sisterhood occurs that is real, meaningful, to the hundreds of human persons on the streets. We must not remain sterile, but open and prayerful, full of the hope given us in silence.

Tragedy

(Continued from page 5)

Indian religion. The people I talked to at Wounded Knee earlier this year, for example, felt this was a unifying, strengthening factor. They believe that pride in Indian identity is increasing in the younger generation.

Realization and Change

While it is common to seek an answer or one explanation for a social phenomenon like the Wounded Knee occupation, adherence to any uncausal explanation of such an event avoids both the extent and the complexities of the many factors which combine to bring it about. I have briefly mentioned a few that have contributed to the rise of the Native American Movement. What events will next unfold is hard to determine. But the decision of a tough-minded St. Paul judge to dismiss the charges against Russell Means and Dennis Banks, leaders of the occupation of the village of Wounded Knee, is an occasion for optimism. Judge Nichol was clearly shocked and outraged at the behavior of the government and its agents at Wounded Knee. He is apparently a man who learns from exposure to facts. Doubtless there are many others whose attitudes could be changed by a full realization of the facts of Native American life and a massive educational effort is needed to reach them.

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 E. 1st St., between First and Second Avenues. After the discussions, we continue to talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

December 6 — Julius Lester: Meetings with Thomas Merton.

December 13 — Barbara Wall: Marx's Concept of Community.

December 20 — Carmen Mathews: Christmas Reading.

December 27 — No Meeting.

January 3 — "Frameup": Film on the Case of Martin Sostre.

January 10 — Fanchette Clement: Poverty and the Fourth World.

January 17 — Ned O'Gorman: Trip to China: Slides.

January 24 — Richard Chavez and Dolores Huerta: Nonviolence and the Farmworkers.