

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Interview With Cesar Chavez

The morning following his release, Cesar was interviewed at his home by El Malcriado. The following are Cesar's recollections of his 20-day stay in jail.

EL MALCRIADO—How do you feel after going to jail for civil disobedience?

CESAR—Well, it was partially civil disobedience. It wasn't a real classic case of civil disobedience. I was sentenced to an indefinite period. So I couldn't look forward to a year or two; I didn't know what was going to happen. Really what the judge was saying is that it is up to me to get out of jail if I called off the boycott. That put the responsibility on me to say: No, I'll never call it off. It wasn't the classic civil disobedience case but it was a very good case. It was hard but now that it's over, I feel elated.

EL MALCRIADO—What was your relationship with the other inmates?

CESAR—I made a lot of friends, inside with the inmates, did a little organizing and spread the word around quite a bit. I wasn't too successful in convincing anybody about non-violence inside, but they are all with us. This includes blacks, whites and chicanos. The saddest thing is that the people who are in jail by and large are poor people. Only poor people go to jail and stay there. Also men who don't have anyone on the outside who really cares for them. Or who have someone on the outside who cannot really help them. It's very, very sad. Mostly young people. The routine . . . they put them in jail, they book them. Then they bring them into court and have the hearing and bring them back. It's like a completely different world. I couldn't help feeling sorry for them. At least I had something on the outside going for me and I had the conviction of the cause. But they don't have any of those things. I learned that there is a very serious problem on the whole question of parole. Parole, I think, is a damaging, unconstitutional and damning thing for people. It gets a guy, puts him on parole, and they'll never let him go.

EL MALCRIADO—Did those on the vigil keep you company?

CESAR—Yeah, I never felt alone. For one thing at night I could hear their singing. I heard the mananitas. Oh great! I was asleep you know. They started singing and the jailer opened the front door. I heard this rapping on the bulkhead "Wake up . . . They're singing!" Then I heard the chicanos in the jail gritando (yelling) you know. "Eran las mananitas," about the second verse and ool, you know how they feel really good. So I just opened my pillow and blanket. It's the first time they gave me mananitas, you know. Well, they were for the Virgin and the chicanos were all over the jail. Four-thirty in the morning gritando, you know, gritos de la raza, all over. It was really great. The poor guys on the vigil sacrificed more than I did. See the determination? The growers said they were going to do the same thing. They lasted a day. But the people were really beautiful. The visitors were a tremendous support. I talked to about 150 the 1st Saturday and about 300 the 2nd Saturday. I talked to a lot of women, really very sincere. It gives you a tremendous feeling. I was very happy that Coretta King, Ethel Kennedy and Bishop Flores came. They did a lot of good for me spiritually and an awful lot of good to the people.

EL MALCRIADO—What did you think of our opposition's violence during Ethel Kennedy's visit?

CESAR—It's a clear example exactly how violence, whoever does it, really hurts their cause. Those guys really (Continued on page 7)



Rita Corbin

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

INDOCTRINATION

In Houses of Hospitality unemployed college graduates will be fed, clothed, sheltered, as well as indoctrinated. Unemployed college graduates must be told why things are what they are, how things would be if they were as they should be and how a path can be made from the things as they are to the things as they should be. Unemployed college graduates must be told how to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

ON FARMING COMMUNES

When unemployed college graduates will have been indoctrinated they will be moved to Farming Communes. On Farming Communes unemployed college graduates will be taught how to build their houses, how to gather their fuel, how to raise their food, how to make their furniture; that is to say, how to employ themselves. Unemployed college graduates must be taught how to use their hands. And while time is on the hands of college graduates their heads don't function as they should function. On Farming Communes unemployed college graduates will learn to use both their hands and their heads.

FIVE DEFINITIONS

A Bourgeois is a fellow who tries to be somebody by trying to be like everybody, which makes him a nobody. A Dictator is a fellow who does not hesitate to strike you over the head if you refuse to do what he wants you to do. A Leader is a fellow who refuses to be crazy the way everybody else is crazy and tries to be crazy in his own crazy way. A Bolshevik is a fellow who tries to get what the other fellow has and to regulate what you should have. A Communitarian is a fellow who refuses to be what the other fellow is and tries to be what he wants him to be.

THEY and WE

People say: "They don't do this, they don't do that, they ought to do this, they ought to do that." Always "They" and never "I." People should say: "They are crazy for doing this and not doing that but I don't need to be crazy the way they are crazy." The Communitarian Revolution is basically a personal revolution. It starts with I, not with They. One I plus one I makes two I's and two I's make We, We is a community, while "they" is a crowd.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS ON NON-VIOLENCE NEEDED

The United Farm Workers, O.C., Stockton Area Office (covering San Joaquin and Stanislaus Counties, California) is setting up a department of non-violence. The director of the Stockton Area Office is Andy Imutan, Vice President of the United Farm Workers, O.C. Future plans include training courses in non-violence and a library on non-violence. Readers of the Catholic Worker and members of all groups are asked to donate books or material on non-violence or to send names and publishers of relevant books to:

UNITED FARM WORKERS, O.C.
620 WEST ANDERSTON STREET
STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA 95206

Crossing India

By EILEEN EGAN

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

Underneath us, the River Hooghly, choking with silt, moved sluggishly in a barely perceptible tide. Around us, on the Howrah Bridge leading from central Calcutta to the Howrah Railway Station, we felt the inexorable onrush of a tide of human beings. They were crossing the bridge on foot, padding their sandalled way by the tens of thousands to their homes on the west bank of the Hooghly. It was the end of a work day for these numberless marchers, mostly men, whose long white tunics and flowing dhotis gave the effect of an assemblage of hurrying ghosts. It was the end of our stay in Calcutta for Dorothy Day and me. Our path led Northwest to New Delhi.

Mother Teresa of the Missionaries of Charity, who had met us at Dum Dum Airport on our arrival, took us to the station in the ambulance. It was the ambulance that carried doctors, food and medicaments to the communities of lepers in and around Calcutta, and that also brought the dying to the Kalighat Hostel. Twilight had merged into darkness by the time the slow-moving traffic had reached the other side of the bridge. To me, it was a wonder that we had made as good time as we had at a peak traffic hour. Howrah Bridge, already nearly a century old, is the one bridge over the Hooghly, a river cutting through a city of between 7,000,000 and 9,000,000 souls.

As we walked toward the station, men old and young fastened burning eyes on us and plucked at us with arms thin as twigs. Inside the station, there seemed to be no beggars or homeless people squatting in corners. During my earlier visits Howrah had given shelter to an untold number of the homeless, some of whom had come to die at Kalighat.

A short muscular man approached Mother Teresa. He was wearing a dark red tunic, or kurta, over a dhoti. His dark eyes lit up with delight as he chatted with Mother Teresa. He took off a dirty cotton scarf, carefully wound it in a circle on top of his head, and hoisted our two suitcases on his head.

"That man seems to know you, Mother. Do you know him?" I asked. "Oh, yes. Ashokri is a good man. He works hard for his family."

We were standing in the center of a platform packed so tight with people that the hawkers of fruits, snacks or newspapers had to push their way through the massed bodies. They screamed out their wares in shrill cries that hardly carried above the noise of arriving trains, the announcements on the raucous loudspeaker and the din of hundreds of conversations. We had over an hour to wait for our train, so we started to talk to Ashokri. To our surprise, he knew some English. He was not a Bengali, having migrated from a place called Chapra in Bihar.

"I have my matric," he told us. A matriculation certificate is the equivalent of a high school diploma. With Mother Teresa helping, he explained that after coming to Calcutta from Bihar, the only work he could get was as a Howrah porter.

"I have three children," he said. And then he smiled. "They are students. All three of them. My eldest boy is in the tenth class, the middle one is in the (Continued on page 6)

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Underneath a picture of Angela Davis which appeared in the "Daily World" a few weeks ago, there was a caption, "All generations shall call her blessed." To continue to quote scripture, she has been "counted worthy to suffer dishonor" for justice sake. Angela Davis is a Communist, in this case and it is a name for vilification nowadays, though the early Christians, working for the common good became communists in a very literal sense. "Property, the more common it becomes, the more holy it becomes," St. Gertrude said in the middle ages.

That quotation from the Magnificat used by the Communist daily, reminded me of the Scottsboro case during the depression, when we were all fighting the death sentences of nine black youths in the South. I used the headline on the front page of *The Catholic Worker* "The Scottsboro Boys are the Children of Mary," which is the name of a pious association for youth in the Catholic Church. This caused great controversy among our readers although I explained in the body of the text that they should read in John's Gospel how Jesus from the Cross, called out to Mary, his mother, "Behold thy son," and to the apostle John, "Behold thy mother." The Gospel account continues, "and from that time, the apostle took her for his own." So we are all children of Mary.

Certainly in the light of this teaching, since Christ is our brother, Angela Davis is our sister, and we love and esteem her as such. We cannot and must not prejudice her case any more than we can the case against Fathers Phil and Dan Berrigan.

Angela Davis is a beautiful young woman, a graduate of Brandeis University, and at a time when jobs even in the academic field were scarce, risked her livelihood by openly stating her faith in the kind of social order which she thought would bring justice and a better life for her black brothers and sisters. We all know the flagrant discrimination which keeps the black in the slums, the first to be fired, the last to be hired; unable to achieve the status of college students and so the first to be drafted for the ever extending war in Southeast Asia where our mad violence has laid waste the land and slaughtered its people. And then we decry the violence of a class conflict. Father Daniel Lord, the Jesuit once pointed out the main objections to the Communists. They wanted to do away with private property, they instigated class war, they denied God. And I could always point out looking around me at the homelessness of the destitute, the ever worsening slums, the expropriation of small homes for highways and other public projects, including luxury housing—that we Americans are the most flagrant deniers of private property for the masses. And as for war used as a means to subdue our enemies, we have glorified it and con-

tinued to try to glorify it as a holy crusade against Communism; as for denying God, how often do we deny Christ in our destitute brothers, or in those of a different color, race or creed?

According to our boast as Americans we consider everyone innocent until he is proved guilty—or we are supposed to. And what a travesty we see. From the time a man or woman is arrested he is treated by judge, and court and jail attendants as though he were guilty. The very heavy ball prejudices him guilty and liable to jump bail at the first opportunity. The poor are judged because they are poor and since they cannot raise even a fifty or hundred dollar bail bond, they are kept for long months awaiting trial.

Last winter, Sister Donald Corcoran, a Benedictine nun from Minnesota who was working with us went out during the Christmas season in snow and sleet and picketed and kept vigil one night at the Woman's House of Detention, where Angela was being held for the months while her lawyers tried to prevent her extradition to southern California, where the case is prejudged and by its very presence an incitement to violence on the part of the police. Of course there is many another incitement; poverty, injustice, unemployment and discrimination, are already incitements to violence. I should not say "poverty." I should say destitution which is what the "poor" American suffers today, ninety-nine per cent of them, whether they are Afro-American, Mexican-American, Puerto Rican, Filipino, Indian or any other shade of color. Or just poor white.

Angela Davis is already judged because she admits she is a communist. She was also a teacher of philosophy at a California university and losing her job because she was a communist.

And yet today Catholics can boast that the Vatican has started an Institute of Marxist Studies. It makes me want, though it is rather late to do so, to enroll in the Marxist school here in New York. Of course we should all study Marxism, instead of thinking always of the dangers of such knowledge of a philosophy and economic theory which has dominated today the thinking of much of the world.

Black Studies

I was looking back today in the *Catholic Worker* past, thinking of how much we had to do with the situation of blacks, how much contact we had with them. From the very first issue in 1933 we have covered the story of discrimination as to jobs.

We were living then in an Italian, German and Irish neighborhood, so there was no close contact in New York. But as Houses of Hospitality began opening up, we had houses in Houma, Louisiana, Memphis, Tennessee, and Baltimore. The Baltimore House was crowded with blacks coming up from the south looking for jobs. They filled

(Continued on page 4)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Now on the brink of February, the early afternoon sun shines warm on the new-fallen snow covering the slippery surface of January's accumulated ice and snow. Clare Danielsson and I, lured by the sun to take holiday from the monotonous winter confinement of the house (Clare, who teaches, gets out regularly, but even teachers enjoy the pleasure and freedom of a Saturday walk) made our way cautiously along the narrow snow-banked path towards the pig and chicken quarters.

The pig, drunk with sunshine perhaps, greeted us with exuberant grunts and cavorted about his enclosure with a porcine nimbleness that might have aroused admiration in a goat. The chickens were snug inside their house, but as we approached we heard the hens singing with their accustomed sweetness.

Then, hearing our voices, the rooster crowed for us. "Where is Spring," he seemed to say, "Where is Spring." The dried brown leaves, still hanging on a nearby oak, made another kind of music as a winter breeze set them rustling. And "Grapes", Johnny Hughes' coon hound—grown longer now, leaner, taller—so wrapped herself about me that I thought for a moment she was two dogs rather than one.

Then dog and pig and chickens, Clare and I murmured a peaceful wintry paean to the sun, the bringer of warmth, the promise of Spring.

Today, February first, the arctic air mass, which began moving into our area yesterday and brought our temperatures to sub-zero levels last night and early this morning, has kept me indoors warming my wintry mood with the memory of a meditative moment in the sun.

A casual comment on the radio caught my attention, as I twisted the dial in quest of a better weather forecast. February, the unknown commentator said, is derived from a word which meant to *purify*. And as most Catholics know, February is the month when we celebrate the great Feast of the Purification of Our Lady. That Feast we will keep tomorrow, the second of February.

Lent, too, usually begins some time in February—this year Ash Wednesday falls on February twenty-fourth—and this is certainly a period of

purification, as are the preparatory weeks between Candlemas and Ash Wednesday. What better month then, than February for us to begin to purify ourselves, to purify not only ourselves but also our environment, which we human beings have for so long despoiled and polluted?

Thinking with a kind of winter-weather gloom about the great problems of pollution which confront us—the problems of earth, air, water, human pollution, I thought of the walk David Wayfield and I took to the river yesterday afternoon, the last day of January, the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

The great Hudson River, which our farm with a view overlooks, is so much a part of our lives that many of us must, from time to time, make pilgrimages to its banks to inquire of its news, its tidal movements, its deep-channelled quest of the sea.

Snow in the growing cold crunched under our feet as we walked. In the woods nearby several bluejays set up a wild alarm of shrieks and activity. Somewhere not far away, starlings and sparrows gossiped about the scarcity of grain in the snow-covered fields.

But when we had crossed the tracks and stood overlooking the river, there seemed to be no sound at all. Not even the cracking of the ice on the river. Only the music of silence which is like the breathing of earth. We stood in snow, and the river was sheathed with snow-covered ice, but ice with a rough uneven surface with great blocks of ice overlapping each other, frozen in mid-leap.

Down underneath the ice, the water flowed, bearing its heavy burden of pollutants which we human beings have forced upon it, silently pursuing its ancient course to the sea. I was glad that the ice gave the river a temporary freedom from the great oil barges and tankers, which, when the ice breaks up, will once again make this river their roadway, polluting the air with noise and the water with oil.

The thought of the tankers reminded me of the great spillage of oil which has taken place along our coasts as the result of collisions and other accidents. I thought of the ecological damage resulting from off-shore drill-

(Continued on page 5)

36 East First

By KATHLEEN DESUTTER

Perhaps winter reveals time's truest face. There are the holidays, sometimes holidays, when earth and heaven seem not so very far apart—for an instant masks can be removed, gifts and smiles exchanged, and the faces one has seen every single day appear suddenly beautiful. Between the freezing and the melting and the freezing again, a reminder: make of neither fire nor ice an idol. And in the quiet stillness of nights covered with snow, the silence itself can teach us once more how to "love the questions themselves."

For the questions, the questions sometimes come down hard. Mary Hughes' death early this month touched us all, even those who did not know her well, very deeply. And a few weeks later came more tragedy, when Tony Biczewski was found dead in his apartment, apparently having suffered a fatal seizure. Friends will remember Tony's handsome, smiling Argentinean face, as well as the many good meals and times he was part of at the Worker. It is said that Rabbi Nachman, in order to persist in his struggling, thought every morning that only this one day was still left to him. May the memory of these and all our friends be strength for us to live.

Hospitality

The need for houses of hospitality is as great today as it has ever been; this we learn from William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne as well as from all the "ambassadors of God" who make a home at the *Catholic Worker*.

The absence of and need for shelter for the poor and homeless become only too clear during the winter—trashcan fires and building hallways are ephemeral relief at best from this city's deadly cold. Genuine hospitality, like most important things, comes only at the cost of personal sacrifice. Higher taxes and patched-over welfare systems are neither causes of nor solutions to the fact that the rich grow richer while the poor remain poor. The "gentle revolution" toward a new society will surely come only as we care for one another daily, learn to know each other as brother and sister.

St. Joseph's House

An unusual "straightened up" look came over the *Catholic Worker* early this month, as all pitched in to make straight the paths to the fire escapes on each floor. As faithful as Arthur Lacey's teasing or Frank Donovan's smile (but not nearly so welcome), a serene walling of city fire trucks has become part of every night in this neighborhood over the past months, and it is impossible to be too cautious about fires in these buildings. One big task was the mailing of back issues of the paper to the dozen or more CW houses across the country. Louie, Brother John, Wong and Marcel work faithfully on the paper every day, with help from Charlie, Larry Burch, Julia, Mr. Anderson and others. At times I'm convinced, were we on the banks of the Mississippi rather than the Hudson, the entire second floor (distributing floor and office) would rise up, take afloat

(Continued on page 5)

THE FARMWORKERS' STRUGGLE

London, Joan and Henry Anderson. So Shall Ye Reap. New York, 1971: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$6.95.

Starting in the 'fifties, urban Americans have been made increasingly aware of the plight of the farmworker, and the long struggle to establish a farmworkers' union to bargain with agribusiness. Much writing on the subject has been devoted to the personality of Cesar Chavez, or otherwise limited in scope to the present unionization drive and the conditions of poverty and discrimination against which the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO (UFWOC) is fighting. Joan London and Henry Anderson have made a beginning at

strikes led by Wobblies just before World War I and Communists in the depression, the people in "shoe string" farm communities reacted to bad pay, working conditions and housing by trying to negotiate collectively with their bosses for a better break. But they lacked strong, united leadership based in the different ethnic groups, and faced vicious attacks by vigilantes and "law enforcement" officials who helped the growers import scab labor to break strikes.

The 'fifties and early 'sixties saw a series of attempts to organize the farm workers by Catholic priests, the National Agricultural Workers' Union, and the AFL-CIO's Agricultural Workers' Organizing Committee. The complex

help working people—were always on the side of the government. While the Nixon-Reagan-Murphy crew were the most obvious enemies of farm labor, the Democratic Party and President Kennedy's Department of Labor betrayed the movement as well.

The UFWOC of the late sixties succeeded where others failed with the leadership of Cesar Chavez and Larry Itliong, a Chicano (Mexican-American) and Filipino who had themselves worked and organized in the fields for many years. The new union is careful not to depend on support from government agencies, and instead to build a community base with services like a credit union, insurance, and a gas co-op. While support from the UAW and AFL-CIO came through in large amounts, UFWOC has had to fight Teamster bureaucrats who sign "sweet-heart contracts" with growers who want an easy way out.

London and Anderson show the sharp contrast between the approach of UFWOC and that of the "labor fakers." Unfortunately, they also try to fit the farmworkers' movement into a quest for something they call the "American dream," as when they say the farmworkers want "only those things which the American economy has demonstrated it is quite capable of conferring upon other workers: reasonable wages, reasonable safety and other working conditions, reasonable fringe benefits, reasonable job security, and, underlying all, a reasonable voice in determining what is reasonable." But recent years have seen millions of "other workers" thrown out of work, applying for food stamps, and sold out by union bureaucrats, government officials, and bosses. At the peak of Vietnam war casualties, more Americans were being killed on the job than in Southeast Asia! The authors fail to link the oppression of farm workers to that of other workers, who during the 'fifties' faced the same attacks on leaders who stood up for the rank-and-file.

Similarly, not once is racism mentioned, although we can only understand the farmworkers' movement as part of the movement of Chicanos, Blacks, American Indians and other minorities for self-determination and against white racism. As a result, no clear explanation is given of why it is that white small farmers, whose objective interests lie in organizing collectively against big agribusiness rather than opposing the union; remain antagonistic to the mostly non-white workers. Nor is there any mention of racism in the refusal of white government officials to respond to farm

workers' pleas for proper enforcement against growers' illegal practices.

Instead, the authors emphasize the supposed "great capacity . . . for endurance" of the Mexican who "shrugged" and felt "it was out of one's own hands." When unionists ignore the orders of hostile police, it is chalked up to the "inspiration from Thoreau-vian friends of the movement." This stereotype ignores the long history of uprisings and strikes of the Mexican people, exemplified in the Revolution of 1910-1918, in which *campesinos* seized land for themselves and defended it. U.S. farm workers did not have to wait for white liberals to show them how to resist orders of racist sheriffs and judges. There is a strong, uncritical emphasis throughout the book on the virtues of non-violent leadership—including two priests and a farmer who were quite unsuccessful—but very little description of the experience and activity of the masses of farm workers, who in the beginning voted to strike over the reservations of Cesar Chavez.

It is suggested that for UFWOC to succeed, important factors will be the support of organized labor and influential liberals like Robert Kennedy, and a legal climate such as existed under the Wagner Act in the late 'thirties. But London and Anderson ignore these factors, both of which were absent, in blaming the failure of unionization in the early 'thirties' on revolutionary leadership. Similarly, they claim "the IWW's goals would ultimately have repelled most farm workers, who seek only decent wages and working conditions, and a voice in setting them, rather than any revolutionary changes in society."

All of this ignores the question of whether the Di Giorgios, Nixons and Rockefellers will give up a fair share of the nation's wealth while they still control the land and industries, and pull the strings of government. The "American dream" seems impossible in this system of capitalism, in which racism is used to "divide and conquer" working people, unionists are threatened with joblessness, and people get not what they deserve but what they can fight for and defend together. More and more people are coming to see that only "revolutionary changes" can give working people a real voice in their lives, and decent income and working conditions for all. A young Chicano grape picker put it best when he said, "Our problems won't really be solved until we ourselves control the farms."

Tim MacCarthy

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO MOURN FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED BLESSED ARE THE MEEK FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO HUNGER AND THIRST FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR THEY SHALL BE SATISFIED BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY BLESSED ARE THE PURE OF HEART FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE SONS OF GOD BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Rita Corbin

placing the present leaders and issues in the context of the century-long contest between California farm owners and the poor, non-white workers who have for so long made fortunes for others and fed the rest of America.

They effectively explode the mythology of California agribusiness, which claims to qualify for benefits and subsidies given to small family farms, and give a truer picture of how the state's profitable agriculture was built up. The irrigation system itself was first developed with the skills of Chinese immigrants, who were put to work in the fields they had made valuable. Later came Japanese, Mexican, Filipino, and, most recently, white, Jamaican, East Indian and Arab workers.

From the early ethnic struggles of Chinese and Japanese, to the militant

story of these years' failures brings home two clear points:

(1) The big time AFL-CIO bureaucrats had little interest in the farm worker. Ernesto Galarza, a persistent organizer, recalled: "One time I was at a meeting with three or four of them. It was at one of these plush motels. It would be beneath their dignity to gather in a workingman's place. There they were, around the pool, overflowing their swimming trunks, wallowing around in the water for all the world like a bunch of great white whales. I felt like Captain Ahab making the discovery of his life! If I had had a harpoon handy, I would not like to be responsible for what might have happened."

(2) Local, state and federal agencies—even those which were supposed to

Farmworkers Versus Pentagon

By KATHLEEN DESUTTER

Fort Hamilton

On Martin Luther King Day last month, over 200 supporters joined Cesar Chavez and local UFWOC organizers in a demonstration at Fort Hamilton (Brooklyn) to protest the Department of Defense's strike-breaking efforts against the lettuce boycott. Figures supplied by the Bureau of Labor Statistics indicate that the government has significantly favored the Bud Antle firm (which has refused to sign or negotiate contracts with the UFWOC) in its lettuce purchases for the armed forces. The figures released show that in fiscal 1969 (July) the Department of Defense purchased \$840,000 worth of lettuce from Antle ranches; in fiscal 1970 (July) the figure for such was \$730,000; but in the first three months alone of the present strike, these purchases have totaled \$750,000. Percentage-wise, it amounted to 9.9 per cent in fiscal '69, 8.3 per cent in fiscal '70, and 29.1 per cent in the first quarter of fiscal '71, which is to say, the defense department has tripled its purchases of lettuce from Antle since the strike began.

Consequently protests at military bases have sprung up the country over, and will continue as part of the farmworkers' struggle. Fort Hamilton was a particularly apt and uncommonly welcome base for our demonstration that cold winter morn. As we marched and sang outside its towering stone entrance pillars, we thought of the group of "G. I.'s United" inside, who had just issued a proclamation stating

they would boycott the base commissary in solidarity with the farmworkers, and refuse to eat Bud Antle lettuce.

Foley Square

A cup of coffee and an hour later, we proceeded to Foley Square and the Municipal Court building. Here the demonstration grew to include striking telephone workers, members and leaders of many local unions, and several political officials. Looking out over this motley, noon-hour crowd, Cesar Chavez began his speech with a most logical question: "Often we are asked, why is it that so many groups who don't agree on other points come together in support of the United Farmworkers?"

"Ours is a gentle revolution," Cesar responded, "and our supporters know we're not here today and gone tomorrow, that we'll struggle to the end" . . . "The power of nonviolence is so immense," he continued, "that no power can stop it. We are willing to fight and to fight hard, but we are also willing to love. That is what the whole struggle's about: that men know each other and themselves as human beings."

The rally's finale came when Cesar and a union lawyer entered the court building to issue a federal lawsuit naming Secretary Laird, Bud Antle and Major Walter Higgins (commanding officer at Ft. Hamilton). The suit seeks a preliminary injunction to enjoin and restrain Laird and Higgins from engaging in lettuce purchasing activity in excess of amounts bought prior to the strike.

Post-Prison Poems

By JACK COOK

Soupline Revisited

As if two years ago today
(We meet again outside the Worker)
Were but a prolonged yesterday,
He and Blacky, his still sole partner,
Forget the cold and downward way.
"Hi, Man," "You've been gone a bit," he sighs.
My hand reaches out in warmth and play—
But strange scene! Our eyes suddenly die—
To see, to touch where lost fingers cry.

In Deerfield, Massachusetts
For Tricia and David

I celebrate the gentle ways
Your snowbound quiet home affords;
This little house so richly filled
With all that is needed, ennobled, and loved;
My tension-twisted First Street soul
Unwinds, and, as the drifted byway
Smoothed by the noxious snow-mobile,
My churning mind now softly rolls
In easy rhythm through dark and day.

David, we are miles, we are miles
From the prison life we shared;
Yet as Ahab felt still his lost leg,
So we, too, though free, remain barred—
From the common pursuits, the ruts, and files
Upon files of those who ingenuously beg
Accomplishment, as in iron cradles they climb
A weekend mountain; then wind down—sleek pegs
Seeking refuge in safe and sanitary holes.

O, Gentle ones, stay loved and loving still.

Jan. '71

From Puerto Rico

December 14, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

You probably remember me because I have been in touch with Pat Jordan. I talked to him for about three hours last summer when I was in N.Y.C. We talked about our struggle for independence and the perspective of using non-violence (we called it militant pacifism in Puerto Rico) as our tactic. Lately there has been much discussion among militant people on the whole subject of militant pacifism.

The Puerto Rican Independence Party (PIP) have accepted militant pacifism as their way of struggling for independence and socialism. PIP is trying to be a political party and at the same time a movement of liberation. "Peacemakers" and "A Quaker Action Group" have been very much interested in our struggle for independence. Last summer I attended the first orientation program of the "Peacemakers" at North Carolina. About a month ago, PIP sponsored a seminar on civil disobedience and militant pacifism which was given to us by Jean Goss and his wife from the International Fellowship of Reconciliation.

I just wrote to Cesar Chavez expressing my solidarity with him for refusing to call off the lettuce boycott and choosing to remain in jail instead of betraying "La Causa." I wanted too that he know how our people are struggling against U.S. Imperialism. We have and are developing the following campaigns:

1. against the obligatory military service—Puerto Ricans are forced to serve in the Army of the U.S.A. since 1917. This campaign is so developed that nothing happens to the young men who refuse induction.

2. against the presence of atomic bases in our island. The U.S.A. controls 13% of our agricultural land for military purposes.

3. against the use of a tiny island called Culebra (about 20 miles east from Puerto Rico) as a target by the Navy of the United States.

The third point is the one that I am more interested to talk to you about today. Since April of 1970, the people of Culebra, the Puerto Rican Independence Party and other Puerto Ricans (in P.R. and in the U.S.) have been protesting against the constant use of Culebra as a target for the Navy of the United States and the navies of almost all Latin American and European countries. The people of Culebra and PIP have taken the following actions:

1. invasion by PIP of Navy target practice in Culebra for one day as an act of civil disobedience against a Presidential decree.

2. ultimatum given to the Navy people in Culebra by the people of Culebra.

3. a march of protest by the people of Culebra in Puerto Rico to make the colonial government

of Puerto Rico and its people conscious of their problems.

4. a hearing in the U.S. Congress about the problem.

5. invasion by PIP of the Navy target area for four days.

6. another march in P.R. protesting the presence of the Navy in Culebra.

7. protest the decision of the Congress of the U.S. that the Navy should continue using Culebra as a target until the Department of Defense prepared a study about other possible spots for their target practice or the possibility of moving the 800 inhabitants of Culebra to another place in P.R.

8. 5 boats of Culebrans stop the Navy from making detonations of the old unexploded bombs buried in the ocean of Culebra, because this explosion was killing thousands of fish and destroying the breeding places of fish.

9. last Saturday (December 12, 1970) about 500 Puerto Ricans living in the U.S.A. took a trip to Washington to protest the presence of the Navy in Culebra.

A Quaker Action Group, Puerto Rican Peace Center (the group that I work with), PIP and the Sane Committee of Culebra are going to sponsor a project in Culebra in early January. We are planning to build a chapel in the main target in Culebra as a symbol of resistance and peace in the face of the Navy shootings. I hope you will be interested in our project and would like to participate in some way.

Ivan Gutierrez del Arroyo



From Milwaukee

January 25, 1971

Dear Dorothy,

After a year in the state's maximum security prison, it seems only natural to be enthusiastically involved in a project like the Independent Learning Center. Many of the men I met in prison were from the neighborhood, working-class white and chicano, from which our school draws. Many of the men trapped in the revolving door of prisons began with problems our students now face.

ILC is a "free" school designed for the needs of low income, high school youth facing unbearable obstacles in the public school system. ILC is more than just a school for those involved. It is a whole style of living, focused on learning. Sometimes a staff member or student will spend over 12 hours a day in the school. We are open from 8 AM to 10 PM. There are no rules or requirements. A student can pick the subjects of his interest from about 30 course offerings, ranging from working in a Printing Co-op, Third World Studies, Math, Biology, Remedial Reading, English, Social Issues, to many more. Much use is made of the city as a learning tool. We regularly attend movies, meetings, plays, etc.

A first question asked by many who first discover us is how we are funded.

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LETT

The fact is that, although we are applying for private and government grants, we are not funded by anyone as of now. Since our beginning last fall, we have been making it financially with a little bit of aid from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, VISTA, a local government agency, and from our friends. We will be sending out our first appeal letter soon. We charge no tuition. One of the lessons we are learning is how to humanly survive independently in a capitalistic society.

Are we a legitimate high school? Thanks to the efforts of a local, private, Catholic high school our students are fully accredited for their participation in ILC.

The students are discovering that learning is fun; our staff and teachers are learning that working without financial profit is rewarding. And together we are growing.

If your friend in Worcester, or anyone else you know, is interested in knowing more about the school, there is material available which we can send. Our new address is 1437 W. Lincoln, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53215.

Peace,

Bob Graf

PS The Ex-Con Group plans are progressing slowly. However, soon we are sending over a thousand books and records to the State Maximum Security Prison.

From Baltimore

VIVA HOUSE

26 S. Mount Street
Baltimore, Md. 21223
December, 1970

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

A letter long over-due. In a small way we are still attempting to relate to the struggle in this country, and Baltimore still represents but another mirroring of the injustices perpetuated by the richest and most fire-powerful country in the world. You are many brothers and sisters who deserve more than our thanks for bearing with us and supporting us. Also, we would like to share with you the news of our last two years. We have not written a letter such as this since we first opened Viva House in October, 1968.

Our first days that October brought us in contact with the Catonsville 9, convicted felons for burning draft file trash in the public streets. We were able to share the house with them as a resting place during a week of momentous trial days. This experience helped to set some direction for the house, and provided insights into the "grotesque" that is, into the American system of injustice, which is today further—it pinpointed where poor people here and everywhere are trampled upon by American Mother Church and Father State.

During the last two years we developed strong fellowship and community with the Catonsville people—Marge and Tom Melville, Mary Moylan, John Hogan, Dave Darst (died tragically in an auto accident last year), George Mische, Tom Lewis, Phil and Dan Berrigan. All of them helped us to grow. The days spent with these people before they were jailed (Mary is still "at large," to use their phraseology) were both beautiful and difficult. They all came at the issues from different viewpoints, and personalities; this helped to concretize and humanize many realities. One evident fact was agreed upon unanimously—the American way (the way of Nixon-Agnew, the way of an un-poor Church in bed with an exploiter State in complete disregard of the Testaments, the way of middle America clinging to properties, false securities, and the fable of electoral process) is crushing people and must be toppled with new imagination and alternatives.

It has become clearer to us, as it has to many Catholic Workers, that feeding, clothing, and sheltering people, as well as holding all property in common, are merely basic human responses to the inhuman condition, "goes without saying." The more enormous task is one of identification and confrontation.

No one desires to view the children of the children of today's generation lining in the streets for bread, clothing, or shelter ad infinitum. On the contrary. If a poor person gains some knowledge of who is breaking his bones and spirit, he might refuse to be used any longer. He might, in fact, stand like the tree planted by the water—immovable. The American Giant is also firmly entrenched; he has dug in for the long haul and means to protect all the property he acquires, acquired, or will acquire. So it is extremely important to help in the identification of the enemy, and then refuse to accept his way of death any longer.

As we view things, the works of mercy are not "fantastic expressions" of Christian charity. They are merely expressions of humanity. Thus they are basic, but not solutions. We feel strongly that nothing but a revolution, a metanola, a change of mind and heart will bring about what Nixon euphemistically calls "a just peace." To talk about reform or adhering to American law, which in the main protects property rather than people, is to talk absurdly. The need for new communities of resistance and new communities of life-style—building a new society in the monster's belly is fundamental. We have not taken up guns nor armed ourselves to the teeth, because we still do not see that as any solution. The rhetoric which urges poor whites and blacks to "kill a pig today" is not only not a solution, but this country is so powerful and so devious that it would (as a friend puts it) napalm the rebellious city slums while private industry raked in fantastic profits on the rebuilding. We still feel that non-violent resistance, which includes discriminate destruction of property, is still a workable alternative and has the best possible chance of winning the minds and hearts of the people. Of course many of you might view non-violence as naive or irrelevant, and we would welcome responses to this. At any rate, all of this—basic response to the human condition, the need for human resistance, and the formation of new communities is in the Christian tradition; it is in the tradition of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. More important it is in the human tradition.

After the trial we began living in community with those severely damaged by the American way of life—the rag-tag real; the winos who came at all hours, at any hour; the addict who needed the house TV set for funds and the addicts who got to feeling so good they burned a mattress and tossed it out the third floor window; the mothers who came with their babies while the husband was imprisoned or just off the scene; those just released from hospitals or jails with no jobs and no money; and people in need of a simple meal or a place to relax. Meeting all of these people crystallized what the Catonsville people talked about and helped us to understand what this country was really about. During the time from November, 1968 to December, 1969 the number of people coming to the door for food or relaxation increased to such a degree that our house was too small for the numbers. So, in September, 1969 Willa, myself, and Tom Lewis (one of the Catonsville 9 and an artist who lived with us and worked on an eye-opening portfolio about prison and America) decided that we would concentrate all our efforts into providing a "living room" atmosphere for all the people who visited us each day.

After many weeks in the streets and long hours of discussion with regard to the relevance of a storefront, we located a place in a commercial area five blocks from our house and began building—Viva House—a Catholic Worker Community to serve the people—the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love.

Our goal from the outset was to make this a people's place and to create an atmosphere that would bring people together and lend itself to the discussion of important issues. So we converted three rooms into a kitchen; a clothing room, and a community dining room. Tom Lewis painted two huge signs on the outside that read "VIVA" and

Through an oversight, we neglected to include the source of the article on "Socialism in Tanzania," translated from the French, which appeared in the January Catholic Worker. It originally appeared in the December 17, 1970 issue of *Témoignage Chrétien*, the left-wing Catholic weekly published in Paris, and was reprinted by permission of the editors. The author, Denis Martin, is a young French writer who recently returned from Tanzania. We take the opportunity to call the attention of C.W. readers to this excellent journal, which was founded during the Resistance and each week provides informed commentary on political, ecclesiastical, and cultural matters. Its circulation in this country is apparently small (although some of our more perceptive journalists, like I. F. Stone, are faithful readers) and we are convinced it has a much wider potential audience. For information on subscriptions, write to: *Témoignage Chrétien*, 49, faubourg Poissonnière, Paris 9e, France.

TERS + + +

"CELEBRATE LIFE," he also gave the inside walls a real expression of Viva with his silk screens and etchings. Phil Grimes worked with us last December and January and wrote Bobby Seale's Parable with Gren Whitman's sequel on the main wall. The parable is one for all times and all places and has created much discussion among the community; it deals with a hog who enjoys a necessity of life, water, and then will not allow his brothers and sisters to do so. So the parable is a vivid portrayal of life around the globe.

At present we are open at the storefront from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m., Monday thru Friday. We have coffee and cookies (Al Lewis provides us with Nabisco treats) on a help-yourself basis and then serve a robust soup around noon. Thus we have attempted to do away with a dreary soup line and hopefully open up new areas of communication. Our clothing room is open to encourage the women to stop by. Willa tries to pursue with them some of the real issues of women's liberation. Society certainly needs to hear the voice of women and women certainly need the support of their sisters. Without engaging in heavy dialogue, we've been able to talk about the inhuman conditions in peoples' lives and then search for the causes. Poor people know existentially about the burdens "right on" their backs and they speak of them all the time. So it is only a further step to learn who makes the burden so heavy and why they are forced to carry it. This is the first step in the identification and confrontation of the enemy. It is the beginning of "self-help" and revolutionary change.

Our house on Mount Street is now a community house with everyone sharing in the communal experience. Frank, a social worker, Chris, a worker at a neighborhood day care center where our daughter Kathleen enjoys herself, Joe and Jim, who operate the storefront with us, and Willa, Kathleen and I form the body of the community. The entire experience is opening up vast areas for growth.

Again we thank all of you, but particularly we are extremely grateful to Mary Brawley who helped us in the rough early months, to Pauline Lewis, who prepared some tremendous meals for the people, to the Baltimore Anawim Community, which has done much to keep us going, to all those who cooked the holiday feasts at the storefront, to all our donors, particularly an anonymous donor who gave us the impetus to begin and continue the storefront.

So, after thanking all of you, we again seek your continued support. Our financial resources are decreasing rapidly and the storefront bills increase every month. The rent is \$125; the gas, electric and heating bills run as high as \$60 a month during the cold months; at present more than 100 people come in for coffee and we serve more than 70 meals each day, (these figures have risen every month since we opened) so food and supplies are costly; the four of us who work at the storefront do this full time and work odd jobs (when we can find them) to pay part of our living expenses. Thus, our operating the storefront depends entirely upon donations. We would enjoy hearing from you and be assured that you are more than welcome anytime. All power to a change of mind and heart in America!!!

With love,
Joe, Jim, Frank, Chris
Willa, Brendan, Kathleen

From England

Taena Community
Whitley Court
Upton St. Leonard
New Gloucester, England

Dear Dorothy,

I often think of writing to you, especially when the Catholic Worker arrives, but when I start there is always the same difficulty of sorting out what there is to say.

We hear so much about America in the news: I am always reminding my-

self that there is another more important America which one hears of in the Catholic Worker, and that there nothing could ever be as cold as it sounds on the news. The same sorts of things go on in England, but on a smaller scale and their effects are more subtle, and what one has to rebel against is less obvious. It is probably why we tend to become apathetic.

Things here at Taena haven't changed much. The Bishop has now given us permission to have Mass in our own chapel once a week, and we are served by one of the monks from Prinknash. We recently had a very happy Mass with several First Communions: we had a large congregation of visitors, and we (including the children) were able to take part in the readings, the bidding prayers and in the singing. We also had a most enjoyable breakfast party afterwards.

We now have an Indian working on the farm. He seems to have settled down quite well, and we enjoy his company a lot.

Apart from the weekly Mass and a weekly meeting in each other's houses on Saturday evenings, we have no organized community as such, but I'm



Rita Corbin

beginning to see how 'being related' "at home" is the way to be related in the world. Sometimes it seems that everything in society nowadays militates against this happening, and that modern society only requires one in a functional capacity; and that moments of real being are less often possible.

Recently we were able to go to two meetings conducted by a Zen Buddhist monk who was visiting the Community near here. Altogether we spent only four hours there, but it made a great impression on me. I came away with the notion of wholeness. Everything is Zen; it can't be split up by us into good and bad. What I have to do will come out of my seeing, and not out of my superficial intellectual involvement. A lot of it is what June says, and a lot is what Sebastian Moore says, viz., that God is the meeting, not that God is in the meeting, not that God can be so to speak injected into life to improve it but that God is the whole of life, and is to be found by us in it, exactly as it is. On a beautiful day like today when to step outside is like stepping into Paradise, it isn't difficult to believe—but there are other days.

People like you who have been in prison seem to know about these things better than we. I remember that book about a concentration camp by Primo Levi and called IF THIS IS A MAN: one is taken through the most horrible situations that one could possibly imagine, and yet one is never drawn into resentment or hatred—one is shown what is, and out of it comes an extraordinary charity.

I think most of us are suffering the consequences of having put the intellect on a pedestal.

I think the move in England towards

Comprehensive Schools will foster our appreciation of man as a whole again. We have a new one that has recently been opened in our district and all our younger children are going to be able to go there. It is a most exciting development.

We all send you our love and very good wishes. We read the Catholic Worker, and we think about you a lot although we so rarely write.

With very much love,
Hilary and Ron

Community For The Retarded

We are a family that has spent the last several years living in a village community for mentally retarded adults, and are now interested in establishing a hostel for these folks within commuting distance of an urban area. This home as we visualize it would initially accommodate our own family, plus volunteer staff and 10 or 12 handicapped residents in a sort of extended family relationship. This would provide a home away from home for those whose own families are no longer able to meet their needs, be-

cause of the death or disability of the parents. We feel that we could provide a homey atmosphere, and tension-free environment that is so essential if these folks are to be able to function in the work a day world. With this kind of supportive family background society can become a source of stimulation instead of a source of failure. In this sheltered residence they may continue to develop their own personality and social skills through vocational work and recreation. We would expect to utilize the resources of the community not only for its employment potential for these folk, but for cultural and recreational activities as well.

We would expect to staff this home exclusively with volunteers. Would any readers of the paper like to join us in this venture? Is there an existing religious community that would be interested in our services in an auxiliary role? Would a diocese or religious community allow us the use of a building to initiate this project?

We are willing to relocate anywhere to bring this dream to reality, and we would like to accomplish this during the summer months so as to interfere as little as possible in the children's education. Our address:

Hostel Box 33
Tivoli, New York 12583

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

ing, the damage that will undoubtedly ensue from the great pipeline to be placed in Alaska.

I thought of the immense wealth of the oil companies, of the billion-dollar families that have been founded on and flourish on this oil, of the many who work for the oil companies, of all who use the oil—for heat, for power, for the multiple industrial uses of oil. So many of us are involved. Even here at the farm, we enjoy the heat of an oil-burning furnace.

I thought of the lands from which the oil is taken, and of the people who dwell in poverty there and have no use of the oil and derive no benefit from it. Yet once the great oil companies have totally depleted the land of this fossil fuel, there will be no more for the descendants of these poor people, nor for any of us.

The great geologic cycles of time that result in fossil fuels take eons of time, and are beyond, I think, even a computer's calculation. The responsibility of the great oil companies to

today and our immediate future seems heavy and obvious.

Oil spillage not only ruins our coasts and kills vast flocks of shore birds, but also destroys immense quantities of living creatures in the sea. When we add the damage of oil pollution to the many other dreadful pollutants we have cast into the sea, we begin to see what the scientists mean who say that if we do not halt this polluting, the vast ocean will become a dead sea where no life can grow, where no longer will there be a huge storehouse of food to feed the hungry generations of man.

Then indeed millions of human beings will need to fear famine. Yet this need not be. The oceans can be saved, can become the reservoirs of food which will feed future generations if we—enough of us human beings—insist that the terrible polluting be stopped.

The great industrial and military complexes which have been responsible

(Continued on page 7)

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

and aptly rename itself "The Showboat."

Harry Woods, who recently briefed a T.V. audience on the Catholic Worker, has found himself in a curious position. On our regular Friday morning trips to Hunts Point Market for vegetables; you could often catch him muttering "I am actually boycotting someone I usually beg from!" (referring to the House of Bud, distributors for Antle who carry only scab lettuce and are refusing to cooperate with the UFWOC). Marcel, sporting a different hat for each occasion, has taken to wearing a button with a smile on it, so that in case he's not smiling, it can smile for him (Walter's considering getting a bushel of such buttons). Ever-Irish John McMullen, who needs no button for his smile, has added barley to his variety of soup bases. And Marty Arundel won a prize for turning the tables on joker Earl Ovitt when he bestowed upon him an autographed copy of *Fat Power*.

A bit of "culture" visited First Streeters the past weeks, as Noreen Toth sang in the Master Institute Chorus and listeners enjoyed works of Bach, Handel and other Baroque artists. And to the dismay of Mary Galligan's Scottish ears but the pleasure of some others, we've had our own "country and Western" music from Carolinian Walter on several occasions. Scotty of course always adds his own music. Though he slows down more every day, his physical stamina continues to astonish the medical world, and he laughs all too knowingly when reminded of his multiple proposals of marriage.

There seemed to be many hands around the house this month. Eric

Spencer, from Colgate, added a real lift to the spirit and work the weeks he was with us. Connie Parks came down from Detroit for a week, and Jean LaRose, Dana's sister, visited one weekend. Just after Tom and Jeremy Gill left behind the California sun for a taste of NYC's winter, Paul Quinlan returned to Oakland after several months at the Worker. We wish you grace in your searching, Paul. Chuck Matthei, whose commitment to peacemaking challenges us all, has been in town for several weeks.

Friday meetings brought much of interest along with Jonas' sassafras tea. One evening Chris read essays from *The Green Revolution*, and from the lively responses of workers and scholars one would have thought Peter Maurin himself were present. Father Pierre Conway, an old friend to the Worker, analyzed the worker-priest concept. And from Cooper Union came Professor Richard Bowman, who described the many different types of "religious searching" he and his students have discovered on the Lower East Side. The man and his message conveyed a deep, simple unity that all people have in the face of their common seeking.

January takes its name from Janus, a Roman god and patron of beginnings who was to have had one head but two faces. It has been the month, for instance, when Apollo 14 took off and a "conspiracy to save lives" was arrested. We watch with Merton for the sign of Jonas, when "what was vile has become precious, what was cruel has become merciful," and rededicate ourselves to living every moment in such a way that this sign might emerge.

CROSSING INDIA: GANDHI'S INFLUENCE

(Continued from page 1)

fifth class and the smallest is in the third class."

I noticed that his hair was streaked with grey, though his round face was fairly young. He must be close to forty, I thought.

"I have to work long hours, but I can earn 200 rupees in a month."

He was proud of his achievement. I realized that he was one of the more fortunate men among the hundreds of thousands who had been sucked into the great dark maw of Calcutta from the surrounding countryside. Not many of them made \$27 a month and had all their children in school. Mother Teresa knew people in all parts of Calcutta and she never mentioned how they had met. I often wondered at what point of need their lives had been touched by the works of the Missionaries of Charity.

As we settled ourselves on the hard slab of a seat in our compartment, Dorothy Day said happily, "I am looking forward to this train trip across India. I am glad we could not fly."

Mother Teresa said, "You have plenty of room here in this compartment. Even the Third Class in these big trains is mostly quite empty. I often sleep in the luggage rack on a long journey."

I knew her habit of hoisting her small body onto the hammock-like rack for a quiet sleep after she had finished writing letters—her invariable task on the train journeys that took her to visit Missionaries of Charity in twenty cities of India. I had no heart for the train journey and was only forced into it because Dum Dum Airport was under water, a casualty of the floods that paralyzed Calcutta during part of our stay.

I was still enveloped in the anguish of Calcutta, in the dead of the leper hostel at Dhappa where human flesh putrefies before one's eyes, in the stupor of the countless men, women and children who live and die on the streets and alleys, in the despair of the shack dwellers whose mud and straw shelters had been turned into mounds of slime by the pitiless monsoon deluge. I had resisted until the last moment buying the train tickets for Delhi. I had hoped that a speedy plane trip and a plunge into activities in Delhi would help lift the hopelessness that weighed me down. But when all flights were cancelled, there was no choice.

Mother Teresa gave us a bag of apples for the trip and stood to wave us off, a tiny white figure in the press of people on the Howrah platform.

A waiter took our order for breakfast, explaining that at eight o'clock the next morning a dining car would be attached to our Kalka Mail train. Then our beds were readied, meaning that two upper berths were opened out. The berths were covered with a leather-like material that was hard and unresilient.

The two women who shared our compartment took out their coverlets and blankets and made themselves comfortable for the night. One was a young woman with Chinese or Tibetan features, the other, an older Indian woman whose grand-daughter was brought to her berth as soon as it was made up. Dorothy Day stretched out on her bare slab without a murmur.

I climbed to the upper slab, noticing that the dust of the plains had begun to sweep in through the window. A fan in the ceiling, just above my face, swirled the dust around like light brown snow. As soon as the lights were put out, the compartment door was opened, and another current of dust entered from the open windows in the corridor.

There was no breakfast at eight o'clock because the dining car never met up with the Kalka Mail. We looked out at the groves of mango trees and at an occasional neem tree with fig-like leaves. Rice paddies in uneven shapes gave way to stretches of land with herds of cows and goats.

They were watched by men naked except for loin cloths. One of them stood like a statue, braving the molten sun under an enormous black umbrella.

In one long field, a white-clad farmer followed two stark white bullocks

in ploughing a furrow. We passed village after village, squat and dun-colored. When the homes were thatched, they seemed to cling to the earth-like large mushrooms. The roofs of many village houses were of orange-red tile, brightening the landscape like bunches of marigolds.

I always looked for the mandir, or temple, and sometimes spotted it. The temple of one neat village, near Etawah, stood alone at some distance from the houses. The fluted bulbous dome shone like a yellow balloon against the pale blue sky. Despite the encrusting dust, which was swept up every few hours by a railroad employee, I began to be glad that I was crossing India by train. I thought of the villages I had known on earlier visits. There was often poverty, but not the death-in-life poverty of Calcutta.

There was beauty, too, in the naked, darting children, in the graceful wom-

en and their brass waterpots, in the red mark that a woman carried along the middle part of her black hair.

This was the mark signifying that her thoughts should be concentrated on her husband and that her fidelity should be total and eternal. There was beauty in the way the men worked with their animals, and above all, in the way they carried out the sacred custom of "cow protection." This was not merely superstition, but, as Gandhi put it, cow protection stood for "the protection of the dumb creation of God."

I thought back to Calcutta and of the victory I had won over myself. When Mrs. John, a dying Anglo-Indian, was being brought to the Kali-ghat Hostel, I had been able to help carry her. She was resting on a light wicker chair which was borne by two Sisters.

By an effort of will, I had supported her legs from the ambulance to the

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

every room of the old house we had rented which had formerly been headquarters of the longshoremen's union. There were many homeless and unemployed so we were certainly overcrowded and perhaps a health hazard. One of our friends donated his truck and moved in with the two young men who were running the house and there was not a day when we were not taking some of our poor friends to the hospital. There were four young men running the house and many a time they donated blood. They gave up their beds and slept on the floor to accommodate these destitute ones. What is more they endured danger and abuse. A number of times men had to be gently disarmed. They had the courage born of crisis and the sense of safety which comes from a deep religious faith. "Were you never afraid?" I asked Jim Rogan once. "When I had to take a knife away from a man, I sure did shake a bit afterward." He told me another time, rather sheepishly, that one night when he had been sleeping on a bench he awoke to find a man urinating on him. It was to show his contempt—that was the hideous part of it—the contempt, the resentment, the bitterness of the poor.

The house was eventually closed by court order as a public nuisance. The boys had already been in court a number of times. When the young men were brought to court, priests from the Josephites (Father Phil Berrigan's order) testified for them, especially when the charge was that they were running a disorderly house. Nevertheless the house was closed. Whites and blacks together under one roof was not acceptable at that time in Baltimore. Jim Rogan went into a conscientious objector camp which, to the benefit of all concerned, was a "camp" within the Alexian Brothers Hospital in Chicago. He took his training as a male nurse there. He used this training some years after his marriage to go to Durban, South Africa with his wife and two children, and work in a hospital for Africans and Indians for three years.

The Houma house was closed also because it was interracial. The young priest who started it, Father Jerome Drolet, made a vacant lot into a ball park and had interracial teams competing thereon. He also was indiscreet enough to invite men off the road into the rectory to take showers and partake of hospitality there, which was not at all acceptable to his pastor. So he was transferred and the house was closed. Perhaps he was kicked upstairs to study sociology at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. I am not sure. He has since had the courage to face a crowd, a mob (with his only companion a Protestant minister) which was trying to build up the lynching spirit against a lone black man and his two children who were trying to enter a white school when attempts were made to integrate it.

The Memphis House also is closed now. It was run as a day care center for babies of the neighborhood whose mothers were cotton picking in Arkan-

sas and Mississippi. I stayed there also when it was against the law for whites and blacks to share the same house. The house was closed when the girl who ran it moved west. She was a young black nurse, and a skilled writer. She married and has a family of her own now.

Our contacts continue. Right now in the house of hospitality at First street two black women help mail out the paper, and Jimmy, whose she long hair I am always threatening to comb for him, is an interesting artist whose pictures we have never been able to reproduce in the CW because they are in wild color and certainly on the psychodelic side. Marion has a dog, where she lives down the street who has a strong and ominous bark. She named him Heathcliff. Minerva is always bringing treats to us all from her own home in Seagate—where she has a number of grandchildren who visit us too. Her recent treat was a big pan of cornbread dressing for our Christmas turkeys, and the other day she came in with a plate of fried chicken and hot biscuits, a meal not enough for the House, but enough for the women on the third floor.

In Harlem itself there are Joe and Audrey Monroe who spend many a week end and holiday with us at Tivoli. Joe was the one who triggered the demonstration at Morningside Park over Columbia University making a deal with the city to get a piece of that Harlem public park for their gymnasium. He was the one who sat on the bulldozer and led the demonstration and was arrested with eighteen others. During the occupation of one of the Columbia buildings during the student strike, Joe and Audrey organized a mobile soup kitchen and brought food to the blacks in Jackson Hall. They should have written about this but it is like pulling teeth to get people to write of their adventures and our activists do not include good interviewers right now. Elaine Freeman, a beautiful young woman with five children in the Tivoli slum, is a writer too and has contact with a number of those at the farm. We are a good school of non-violence, I often think, with class war (workers and scholars), race war, war of the sexes, war between young and old, children and parents, always breaking out in small ways in our midst.

"Black studies" into our own situation in the United States, our history, culture and religion is going on apace. We are calling attention to the emerging Africa, right now to such leaders as Julius Nyerere, Kenneth Kaunda, and Milton Obote.

In This Column

It all goes together somehow—the things I write of in this column, things that have happened in the past, things that are happening today. The past looks unutterably horrible with its lynchings and the tale has been told again and again of blacks burned alive, dragged behind cars through the

(Continued on page 8)

pallet in the Hostel for the Dying. That one small act made me feel better about my stay in Calcutta.

My thoughts were interrupted by the noise of our entry into a busy station—Allahabad, the holy city at the confluence of the Ganges and Jamna rivers. Here at last we could order breakfast from good hawkers or from the station canteen. It was close to 11 a.m. For Dorothy Day, who needs an early cup of coffee to start moving in the morning, this must have been the hardest day of our whole journey. I had longed to spend some time in this ancient pilgrimage city and was disappointed that all we could see from our carriage window were some far-off roofs and nearby crows pouncing on scraps of refuse on the platform.

At Kanpur, a number of other passengers were assigned to our compartment. They included a Parsee woman with high-bridged nose who spoke perfect English, a beautiful, liquid-eyed Punjabi girl in purple pants, turquoise overblouse and flying filmy scarf, and, much to our surprise, a boy of about twelve. Ours was a woman's compartment, but the boy's mother explained that because of his age, he was assigned this place during the day-time ride. He was a Sikh youngster, too young for a beard and full turban. His uncut hair was secured in a top-knot covered in white material and tied with a white butterfly bow. Sikh, Assamese, Parsee, Punjabi, Orthodox Hindu from central India—here in one compartment we had a sampling of the dazzlingly wide spectrum of India's racial and religious groups.

Instead of proceeding to Delhi, our train was switched to a siding where we sat for a steaming hour. There had been an accident and the tracks ahead had to be cleared. We got to know our compartment mates. The young woman with what I took to be Tibetan or Chinese features was an Assamese doctor, on her way to Delhi to "stabilize" (her word) her appointment to a government hospital in Manipur. She was tall and slender and her dark grey silk sari was splashed with orange and yellow flowers. The Indian woman with the seven-year old grand-daughter spoke no English. At six o'clock in the morning, she had sat upright with a prayer book in front of her to begin a low chant of a chain of mantras. Her husband, who came in from another carriage, introduced her to us and offered to share with us the wicker basket filled with vegetarian foods that they had prepared for the journey. We took some rich honey sweets.

We talked with the Parsee woman about our stay in Calcutta. The Parsees came to India from Persia in the 7th century, taking refuge from the Moslems who overran their country. They have preserved their Zoroastrian reverence for the elements such as fire and water. There is a never-extinguished fire burning in their temples not unlike the sanctuary lamp in Catholic churches. Reincarnation is not part of their system of belief. Instead they see the soul as facing a Last Judgment. Each soul must cross a bridge which narrows for the sinful one until he falls into the kingdom of darkness, but expands for the righteous one so that he reaches the kingdom of light. The Parsees are well known for their social welfare and educational initiatives, especially in Bombay. When we mentioned that we had seen the work of Mother Teresa, the woman became animated. She not only knew about her work, but felt somewhat involved since her nephew had been the winner of the white Cadillac raffled by Mother Teresa.

"You know," she reminded us, "that the Cadillac was given to Mother Teresa by Pope Paul when he came to Bombay for the Eucharistic Congress. We all took tickets because the money would go to the care of lepers. My nephew could never use such a car, he sold it and gave a part of the sale money to Mother Teresa."

As we talked on, we found out that the Parsee family to whom I had been closest during my second stay in India were also close friends of hers. I wondered if perhaps most Parsees in India either know, or knew of each

(Continued on page 7)

Crossing India

(Continued from page 6)

other. She asked us if we had friends to go to in Delhi. When we mentioned that we were worried as to whether we would be met since we did not know whether our wire had been delivered, she offered to have her husband and family take care of us until we had found a place to stay. Fortunately it was not necessary. When we arrived in Delhi, we were met by Debora Schack of the Grail Team and Ad Perquin, nutritionist on the Catholic Relief Services staff. We were the classic dust-begrimed travelers and were glad to be driven to the International Guest House of the YMCA. We had completed the 900 mile trajectory in 25 hours.

Most visitors to New Delhi make their way to the Rajghat, the cremation-place of Gandhiji. Dorothy Day and I sat and prayed under a veranda facing the shrine-area. In front of us, lettered large were the words of the Gandhi Talisman, and they seemed to become part of our prayer. It began: Recall the face of the poorest and the most helpless man whom you have seen and ask yourself if the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him. Will he be able to gain anything by it? Will it restore him to control over his own life and destiny?

Gandhi's message ended with the confident assertion that if the action were truly in the direction of self-rule for the neediest and most spiritually starved of our fellowmen, then all our doubts about ourselves and our work would disappear. It was the hottest time of the day as we rested there, but the stream of people never abated. It was a healing time for us to see the reverence for Gandhi in this peaceful, open place. We had just come from a city where there was an active campaign to smash the pictures of Gandhiji, to vandalize Gandhi libraries, and to do everything possible to erase Gandhian teachings from the minds of the young. New Delhi was in this respect an antidote for Calcutta.

Across a wide road from the Rajghat is the Gandhi Museum where we saw a large photograph of Gandhiji lying dead, his breast pierced by three bullets. As the bullets smashed through his body, his mouth had framed his last word, "Hey Ram," "Oh God." We had an appointment with the Secretary of the Gandhi National Memorial Trust, located near the Gandhi Museum. Devendra Kumar Gupta, the Secretary, took us into his plain office and served us a cold drink. The Catholic Worker was well known to him and he was happy that Dorothy Day had finally reached India. He was a tall man, dressed in plain white khadi, or homespun. We asked him about the weaving of khadi, a self-help activity basic to Gandhi's program of village uplift and self-rule.

"The khadi program goes on," said Gupta. "About 200,000,000 rupees worth is now produced annually." (The rupee is seven and a half to the dollar.) "Let me show you our newest spinning wheel."

He took out a compact spinning wheel and started to operate it. Dorothy Day was enthralled and related how her daughter Tamar had learned to spin and weave as a little girl. Dorothy practised on the little spinning wheel until she could work it.

"With this charkha, any villager could learn to spin. This is the smallest. It has only one spindle. There are some that have four spindles."

I thought of Gandhi sitting at his charkha trying to spur village India to meet its own needs so that the economic ties of colonialism could be broken. One of his rules for satyagrahi, those who took part in nonviolent campaigns, was, "He must be a habitual khadi-wearer and spinner. This is essential for India." The charkha became the symbol of Indian independence and is the central design of India's green, white and orange flag.

Gupta went on to talk in a measured way about the Gandhian social programs very much alive in India.

"You know that the work of Vinoba is spreading. It keeps alive the spirit of Gandhiji, sarvodaya, the welfare of all. The gift of land, the bhoodan, launched us into a much more revolu-

tionary step, the gramdan, gift of village. The title of all the village land is turned over to the village assembly. The owner can still cultivate it and can will it to his heirs, but he must not sell it without the agreement of the village assembly. One-twentieth of his land holdings will be surrendered to the landless of the community.

"Every family or working person is asked to donate yearly one-fortieth of his produce or work-time to a village fund. When three-quarters of the villagers including the owners of more than half the local land, are agreed on this course of action, we have a gramdan village.

"Nearly 100,000 of our villages are already gramdanized. But then we have about 580,000 villages in India. By far the greater number, over 40,000, are in the state of Bihar.

"These gramdan villages may be seen as islands of compassion where each member of the community is reminded daily of his loving dependence on every



other member. We set in a gramdan village how a meeting house, a nursery, a village store, a school, a milk cooperative can be started through voluntary cooperation."

"But islands of compassion are not enough. We must find ways toward the kingdom of compassion. Perhaps Bihar, where Vinoba's work has brought the most fruit, can point the way. If most of the villages in Bihar, for example, make a declaration of gramdan, then there can be a gift of state. At that point, there would come into being a sort of social compulsion for the non-cooperators to cooperate. But there would be no other force or compulsion. The basis would be compassion, not compulsion.

"We started with the village. That is where more than four-fifths of our people are. Following Gandhi, we begin with the lowest and the least to build the new structures of the new society."

As Gupta spoke, his eyes were fixed on Dorothy with a gaze of warmth and compassion. I thought of Gandhi who went about the villages of India with the message of the Sermon on the Mount, telling people to practise mercy and compassion with each other, and also with their oppressors, the representatives of the British Raj. The kingdom of compassion that Gupta was talking about was none other than the kingdom of love, for mercy and compassion are only love responding to need, love going out to meet the needs of the person loved.

But Gupta was not anchored to a cloud. He had worked in a village himself and knew the tensions of day-to-day living.

"We need a group trained to resolve fights and tensions nonviolently. We have a real beginning in the Peace Brigade, the Shanti Sena. The first Shanti Sainiks were part of Vinoba's bhoodan teams, but in the past few years, people outside the bhoodan movement have volunteered. The Gandhi Peace Foundation, a part of the Gandhi Trust, is taking over the training of Shanti Sainiks in nonviolent techniques in various cities."

We asked him what sort of activities the Shanti Sena would engage in.

"I will tell you a personal experience," he replied. "I was at a meeting when a man appeared who belonged to the community to which Gandhi's assassin belonged. The group was en-

(Continued on page 8)

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 5)

for such terrible forms of pollution must not only stop polluting but also bear the major cost of cleaning up areas they have polluted.

Surely the struggle against pollution is one where youth is most needed, where the energy, intelligence, daring, and idealism of young people will almost certainly result in victory. For if they lead in such a struggle, they will be surprised how many older people will follow, how easily the generation gap can be bridged in such a cause.

Let them throw away their brain-damaging drugs and their masks of apathy or nihilism. Here is a cause, a challenge, a dedication on which their future depends, their future and the future of their children and their children's children's future.

Here in the struggle against pollution is reality, is relevance. Let them hold up, as the great mythological hero, Hercules, once did, the weight of the world, the fate of Earth's sur-

ning and preserving. Now she is one of Marge's principal assistants in the kitchen, and even succeeds in giving Alice Lawrence the day off she so much needs. Betsy's cooking and baking are not only good but good for one, according to the teaching of the health-food experts.

Another person who helps keep us up to par in health is David Wayfield, who not only bakes good whole wheat bread but also makes yogurt.

As always, there are many persons who deserve much credit for keeping things going during the difficult winter months. Marge Hughes, who is in charge, deserves much credit, but she has, thank God, a number of helpers. We thank them all.

Stanley Vishnewski and Hans Tunesen have been making good recoveries, Stanley from his heart attack and Hans from his fractured arm and shoulder. As for the rest of us, we have our ups and downs with colds, viruses, etc.

In the month of January, we were all much saddened by the death of Mary Hughes. She was buried in the Catholic Worker plot in St. Sylvia's cemetery in Tivoli. Monsignor Kane and Father Andy Crusciel said the burial service.

Then Dennis Cox played and sang two songs, which Mary, I think, would have loved. There were present members of the Hughes family, many of Mary's friends, many from our community, and some who had known Mary for most of her life: Charlie and Agnes McCormick, Bob Ludlow, Anne Marie Stokes, and Mary Boyd.

The grave had been dug by men from our community; and Dennis's music hung over it like a wreath of song.

It is night of the first of February, the month which means to purify. Tomorrow is the Feast of the Purification. We move towards Lent. *Agnus Dei, miserere nobis.*

Interview With Cesar Chavez

(Continued from page 1)

lost points. The day after it was on TV, how bad the guys were. A lady came to the vigil in a Cadillac and gave \$25. They wanted to take her name and address and she said no, I trust you: I'm giving you \$25 because I think I understand one thing—I want to become an American again. I can't give you my name because my son is a grower." You see, that kind of spirit, that kind of discipline, nobody can reject. You can't beat it.

EL MALCRIADO—During the confinement, how did you feel physically and mentally?

CESAR—Physically very well. Psychologically I was prepared. Spiritually I knew I was going to jail. So I just made up my mind that I was going to go and not be suppressed. I said that they could have my body here but my spirit's going to be free. It took me a couple of days to get used to the routine. You see, all of a sudden I'm in jail—I'm confronted with just an upside down of my life schedule. On the outside I'm going 16 hours a day every day. I had to schedule my time inside so I would use it wisely and make the best out of my stay. I just settled down and said I got to work myself out of it, and I did. In fact the almost three weeks in jail did not seem like a long time. I lost about 15 pounds, eating about a quarter of what I would usually eat outside.

EL MALCRIADO—What are your thoughts about possibly going back to jail?

CESAR—I don't want to go back, but if I have to I will. To commit civil disobedience I wouldn't have had a hearing. I would just tell the judge I'm guilty, give me the maximum time. Although I wanted to do that, I had to consider the union. If it had been me personally I think that I would have pleaded guilty and asked for the maximum time.

EL MALCRIADO—What is in store for our future?

CESAR—Back to the grind.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 6)

street, castrated and hung, fingers cut off and kept as souvenirs, stories to match the horrors of Vietnam and Brazil today. Only a few years ago students kidnapped, beaten and buried, two of them white youths and the other a black, was not the last atrocity in this tale of suffering. I remember the black who ran a little cleaning establishment who was locked in his shop which was sprinkled with gasoline and set afire a few years ago. It took him a few days to die. And how many black students and slum youth shot to death this last year!

It is hard to be complacent about gains made. Such gains for instance on my last visit to Natchez two summers ago when we could drive around in a car together, black and white, eat together at restaurants, visit the tutoring projects where black and white worked together. But destitution continues, the war goes on in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. And how many other wars are we responsible for, providing armaments for the world as we do.

I speak of past horrors, but who knows about the conditions in the prisons today, the beating and the torture which goes on. Where there is continuing suicides of young Puerto Ricans who have been beaten cruelly and who despair of any justice. Riots take place in four city prisons at one time, yet conditions remain the same and more terrorization continues. We can be glad that there are some among the whites, like the Berrigan Brothers who with all the others who have had jail experience are witnesses and accusers of the injustice of our so called justice, who are suffering side by side with their brothers.

We have a letter in this issue from Bob Graf, one of the Milwaukee 14, about the school for ex-prisoners which has been started in Milwaukee and which we will write more about as we learn more about it.

We would suggest too that more books be sent to prisoners, books such as Julius Nyerere's speeches and writings. There are two volumes of them, published by the Oxford University Press. In them are teachings for us all. Others beside me have found the similarity to Peter Maurin's writings, nobility of thought, the practicality, the simple directness of style. Keep asking for them in book stores. They are in paper back as well as hard cover.

As I am writing this I remember that in Dar es Salaam in Tanzania last September I was invited to speak to a class of sixteen Tanzanian young men who were studying journalism. They were to ask me questions, and then write an interview with me as a visiting American, an editor and writer myself. The best interview was to be reprinted in the local paper, the largest paper in Tanzania. I enjoyed the encounter with these young men, which enabled me to know something about them by the very questions they asked, and their response to my answers. And indeed a few days later an interview was printed. I had all but forgotten this meeting, and certainly did not see the significance of it until I read a report of a visiting English economist who was analyzing the economy of the country and its resources. Tanzania is an agricultural country, 95% of the population living in villages. How to build up the villages rather than the city where slums build up is one of the problems. This economist says it is not only the question of better farming methods and increasing the food supply, building schools and clinics, but it is also a cultural problem. He advocated the production of small local news sheets with contents appropriate for people living in poverty. . . . Apart from the news, the poor need small pamphlets with printed matter and visual supports which describe down-to-earth possibilities of self help and self improvement—how to build a small feeder road; how to improve one's house; how to feed one self and the children; how to paint, make music, and further develop the culture.

I wondered after I read these things if the British journalist who was teach-

ing this group recognized the gulf which separated the city man from the country man, the antagonism between the student and the worker and so on. We see it all the time around the Catholic Worker. I have often thought, when heating systems, plumbing and electrical systems failed, it was the "worker" who could teach us to survive.

I would hate to see groups of Tanzanian journalists alienated from their people and its needs by western journalism—"giving the people what they want," recording history rather than making history.

As I Write

As I write, Arthur J. Lacey calls me to tell me of the death of Tony. He was an epileptic, he drank, he had been in the Bellevue psychiatric ward once or twice and he was a person we all loved. He used to cook for us Sundays when he finished his week's work elsewhere. He was a good cook and earned his living. He had a little apartment on Allen Street where many of our single men live. He had a girl, hoped to get married. This was a new development and I did not know her. Tony was a Russian, born in the Argentine, or just raised there, I do not know which. Today his girl who had not seen him for a week asked one of our men to go with her to Tony's apartment to find him, and there they did find him—dead. He had been dead five days, the medical examiner said.

And as I write, I must record here too, the death of Mary Hughes, 23 years old, who was living in the East Village, but who had grown up with us on Staten Island. How tragic is the death of the young. Neither Deane Mowrer nor I could write last month, so hard it was to put even this stark fact down on paper.

We in America are being afflicted for our own sins, and for the sins of our country. To me that phrase, "My country right or wrong," means that we are all responsible. We are our brothers' keeper. It was the first murderer who said "Am I my brother's keeper?" Mary was a little victim of our cruel time. And there is so little we can do, so little we have done, to bear one another's burdens.

The Primacy of the Spiritual

It is certainly borne in upon us, day after day, how little it is that we do, or can do. But we are not alone. I remember that sense of shame at turning to God, as I lay in a cell at Occoquan, Virginia, so many years ago. I wanted to stand on my own feet. I thought there was something ignoble about calling for help in my despair, at my first taste of real destitution, of utter helplessness in the face of the vast sufferings of the world. I read the Scriptures, as Ammon Hennacy did. It was the only book we were allowed in jail. But I was ashamed and turned away in the pride of youth for another dozen years. Then it was in gratitude that I turned to Him again, for my own happiness, for the beauty of the sea and the sand, for the smallest shell, the tiniest creature, the gulls, the sky and clouds. It is easier to praise God then, to thank Him, to call upon Him, and to learn that He does indeed answer.

But when we are able to bear some small share of the sufferings of the world, whether in pain of mind, body or soul, let us thank God for that too. Maybe we are helping some prisoner, some black or Puerto Rican youth in the Tombs, some soldier in Vietnam. The old I.W.W. slogan, "An injury to one is an injury to all," is another way of saying what St. Paul said almost two thousand years ago. "We are all members of one another, and when the health of one member suffers, the health of the whole body is lowered." And the converse is true. We can indeed hold each other up in prayer. Excuse this preaching. I am preaching to myself too.

January and February are those months when winter seems interminable and vitality is low. In the face of world events, in the face of the mystery of suffering, of evil in the world, it is a good time to read the book of Job, and then to go on reading the psalms, looking for comfort—that is, strength to endure. Also to remember

Crossing India

(Continued from page 7)

raged and was ready to express its rage against this one man. They would not be calmed. There was only one thing I could do. I put my arms around him so that if they attacked him they would have to attack me. The man was saved.

"At one of our market towns, two groups separated by an old dispute decided to settle it with lathis (metal-headed sticks). They started at each other when a Vinoba worker stepped into the middle, begging each side to stop the violence. He was knocked down and hurt for his efforts. When the fighting men saw him lying hurt and helpless, their anger petered out. One of them said, 'He was hurt because he wanted to prevent us from hurting each other.' They found another way to work out their dispute.

"What sort of people will you recruit for Shanti Sena?" I wanted to know. "Young people, city people, rural people, university graduates?"

Gupta's answer went beyond such categories.

"We want people who are socially conscious but not politically aligned. But I do not need to tell you that most people who are socially conscious are already politically aligned. We need a group of people in the Shanti Sena who can love both sides and are willing to suffer the consequences. I feel that those who come to the Training Camps at Indore or Gauhati, and to



the smaller courses around the country, have this as their objective."

I mentioned that Narayan Desai, Secretary of the Shanti Sena, had made a deep impression by his talk and by his very presence at the War Resisters International Conference held at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, in September 1969. Desai's Training Manual for Instructors and Organizers of the Shanti Sena had been photocopied for some of us who heard him.

"Of course," Gupta explained, "the Shanti Sainiks will not be resolving conflicts on a full-time basis. They will be involved in village uplift, health programs and cooperatives, perhaps well-digging. But they must also be ready at any time to be the reconcilers. If there are Shanti Sainiks in the area, they are sure to be called upon. Recently, the police called on the Shanti Sena in the case of a fight between two unions. The Shanti Sainiks had established their credentials for objectivity. They were able to play a part in resolving the conflict."

"There are so many divisions in our society. There are 100,000 groups and sub-groups in our society, for example, who do not intermarry. Lines of sympathy, or lack of sympathy, are clearly drawn within such groups. It is not enough to wait until conflicts and even riots break out and go in to provide relief. We must be there to stem riots before they break out. We must be

the importunate widow, the importunate friend. Both are stories which Jesus told. Then to pray without ceasing as Paul urged. And just as there was that interpolation in Job—that triumphant cry—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," so we too can know that help will come, that even from evil, God can bring great good, that indeed the good will triumph. Bitter though it is today with ice and sleet, the sap will soon be rising in those bare trees down the street from us.

there as peace-builders and as community builders. We must work with the least in our society, with the landless, the rejected. In an acquisitive society, the poor are like defeated players in a bad game. The social sanctions of a non-acquisitive society would not bear down on the poor. They would not feel so defenseless. Through their gift of work, they would be part of the village assembly in a gramdan village. They would feel part of a whole network of gramdan villages, of that network of compassion that Gandhi brought to birth in sarvodaya."

Gupta had a special gift for Dorothy Day. It consisted of the entire life of Gandhi in a series of colored lithographs, in size about four by three feet. They had been produced by Indian artists during the Gandhi Centennial year of 1969. Gandhi was born on October 4, 1869. He took them out, one by one, and showed them to us. In all there were thirty of them. His lean, striking face had a special light of its own as he described in a few words the steps in Gandhi's pilgrimage. Then he presented to the Catholic Worker and Pax a set of Gandhian publications printed during the Gandhi Year. Among them was a life of the Mahatma in comic book style, complete with bright colors and conversations lettered in white balloons.

Devendra Kumar Gupta thanked Dorothy Day for coming to New Delhi and for her long work for the spiritual values that are the seeds of peace and human brotherhood.

"We believe," he said, "that it is only through the spiritual force in man that he can rise out of the morass in which he finds himself. All people who feel the importance of this spiritual force must join hands."

As we drove past the Rajghat, I thought of those groups of Indians training for service in the kingdom of compassion, for nonviolent resolution of conflict by Gandhi's method of accepting suffering rather than inflicting it. At the back of my mind, nightmare scenes intruded of the young people of Bengal, the Naxalites, meeting to fabricate the pipe bombs that blinded and killed policemen, and to plot the beheading of the minor landlords of the villages. The Naxalites pattern their activities on those of Mao. They feel that only by bringing down by force the rotten around them can they impose a new and better structure. Jayaprakash Narayan, a powerful Indian leader and long-time supporter of Vinoba's bhoodan and gramdan programs, put the choice before the Indians as follows: "There are only two ways, Vinoba's and Mao Tse Tung's."

Vinoba's way was Gandhi's way, as Gupta had described it. It had achieved much, the collection of 4,000,000 acres and the distribution of 2,000,000 of those acres among half a million landless Indians. This was more than twice the achievement in land reform by the various State Governments of India. And of course, much more is involved than a mere transfer of land from possessors (not always rich) to non-possessors. What is involved is a revolution in human relationships and in the social structure.

But little is known of the actual achievements of this revolution aside from the dramatic pictures of Vinoba marching through the land begging landholders to consider a landless poor man as another son.

Devi Prasad, who worked with Gandhi and now heads the War Resisters International, attributes this lack of knowledge on our sick concept of what constitutes news. Prasad points out:

"Firstly, the information media are not interested in something which happens gently. They must see flames and tanks before they are convinced that something is happening. The same is unfortunately true about the consumers of the media. They have got used to expecting 'hot stuff' all the time. Secondly, man has lost faith in himself as an individual. Therefore, he fails to see revolution being carried out by ordinary people like himself, especially a revolution without bloodshed."