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WARS AND MORE WARS: "IT IS ENOUGH!"

Vietnamese Monks Drafted

11, Rue de la Goutte d'Or,
Paris 18e, France
August 17, 1972

Dear Friends:

We write to ask your assistance in opposing a new aspect of "Vietnamization"—the drafting into the military of monks and novices of the Buddhist community in Vietnam.

As you know, the American government, in pursuing the policy of "Vietnamization," has intensified its air war, causing sufferings which are even greater than before. Not only is the killing and injury even more unselective, due to the so-called "electronic battlefield," but now the Saigon government has vastly increased its efforts to conscript Vietnamese men into the military forces. Recently, the draft age was lowered from 18 to 17 in order to further enlarge the number eligible for the draft.

Those who resist conscription, due to their pacifism or their inability to support Mr. Thieu's government in Saigon, are ruthlessly sought by the police. Similarly, those who support and assist these conscientious objectors are subject to arrest and imprisonment.

The New York Times (in a detailed news article reprinted in the August 16, 1972, edition of The International Herald Tribune) has estimated that 10,000 to 15,000 persons have been arrested by the Saigon government in recent months. We can add to that report that not only is the estimate accurate, but that many, perhaps the majority, are arrested on draft-related charges or suspicions. These same press reports have, at last, taken note of the common use of torture upon those arrested (cigarettes applied to breasts, suspects being hung by their feet, the use of electricity, needles through fingers, etc.).

In a new decree of the Saigon government of Mr. Thieu, authorization is granted for the drafting of monks, novices, priests and seminarians between the ages of 18 and 43.

We have just received reports from the Unified Buddhist Church of Vietnam that armed police, implementing the decree, have surrounded various pagodas in the night and, at gun point, taken away monks and novices within the age category indicated, with the intention of forcing them into

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Rita Corbin

American Monk Walks for Peace

By FR. MATTHEW KELTY, O.S.C.O.

(Fr. Kelty is a Trappist monk, prior of an experimental monastery under the guidance of Gethsemani Abbey. The article which follows states his purpose in the walk for peace which he undertook this August. Eds. note.)

A monk is a man of peace.

It seemed appropriate to me as a monk to give exceptional witness to this truth by some non-violent action of resistance to the Vietnamese war and the growing emphasis this nation has placed and continues to place on war as a legitimate method for settling disagreements.

A Pilgrimage of Peace, by way of walking (Route 15) from the Monastery of the Mother of God (Salem Township, North Carolina) to the Shrine of the Mother of God in Washington, D.C. (226 miles) is to be at once a prayer, an act of penitence, and a cry of anguish.

"This sort of demon is driven out only by prayer and fasting." (Mt. 17:21) I plan to leave on August 6th, the 27th anniversary of the first use of atomic weaponry, the military version of Transfiguration.

I join with those who begin this same day a "FAST FOR LIFE" in New York City. I will continue my monk's prayer each day, abstinence from meat. I plan to walk by night, for I feel very truly that a dark night has descended on this land, a night in which it becomes evident what is in our hearts. A night of genocide against the people of Indochina and all poor people of the world. God's mercy will lead us out of it if we will have it. This is a plea that God will remove violence from my heart and every heart, that as a nation we will turn from the ways of violence that have long characterized us.

It is an expression of union with every citizen who loves this land and who resists the might and power of a military that threatens to dominate our country and take it from us.

This pilgrimage is an expression of sorrow and regret for the harm we have done to our brothers and sisters who were to live with us in peace on the earth God gave us. We have much to atone for, much to answer for. Unlike men, God is as good as His word: He will surely punish us if we do not turn from our evil ways. He will humble this nation; He will humble those who lead us in the ways of war.

Peace Chronicle

By EILEEN EGAN

A "Peace Summer" featuring eight peace weekends on a variety of themes took place at Mt. Paul, Seminary of the Paulist Fathers, at Oakridge, New Jersey between June 24th and August 6th. The peace program was called "Oakridge II" as a reminder of Oakridge I, locus of atomic bomb research.

The Reverend Ed Guinan, Paulist priest, and the members of the Community for Creative Nonviolence conceived and worked out the program with the aid of Tom and Monica Cornell of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, James Forest and Harriet Goldman of Emmaus House, and other members of the Catholic peace movement.

Over 1,500 persons attended the eight week-end conferences, coming from points as distant as Texas and California. Many remained through the week to help as volunteers or simply as vacationers at \$2.00 per day per person.

LEAP FORWARD

The coming together of so many peacemakers was a leap forward for the Catholic peace movement in the United States. The whole effort was made possible by the generosity of the Paulist Fathers who turned down the large fees offered by an encounter group in favor of the free use of Mt. Paul by the Catholic peace community.

There is hope that the Community for Creative Nonviolence will lead a similar "Peace Summer" in 1973. In

the meantime, the Community is conducting free courses on such subjects as peace teaching and gospel nonviolence at its center (936 23rd Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20037).

Following the Oakridge II experience, the Community has added the works of mercy to its program. Rochelle Linner, a member of the Community writes: "Since returning to Washington, we've opened up a soup kitchen and community down by the bus station—the kitchen is a walk-down at 905 New York Avenue, and the rent is \$45 a month! The DC health inspector working with us has been very helpful and is sympathetic to what we are doing. The Community of people living and working with us will live in a house a block and half from the kitchen, and many people from Oakridge are coming to Washington—from Boston, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Things should be getting underway soon. We've named the Community Zaccheus."

FASTING FOR PEACE

Able Nathan, noted Israeli peace pilot, went on a fast on August 6th, the 27th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, to move people's hearts towards action for peace in the Middle East. His Peace Ship, long berthed in New York's East River, and then moored on the Jersey side of the Hudson River, was immobilized because of lack of \$40,000 for dry-docking and

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TAXES KILLING YOU?

Think about the
Vietnamese,
Cambodians, and
Laotians . . .
Your taxes are
killing them too:
for real!

WAR TAX RESISTANCE

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GAME TIME AGAIN

"All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers, or backgammon, a playing with right and wrong; its obligation never exceeds that of expediency. Even voting for the right thing is doing nothing for it. A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority." H. D. Thoreau

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Now in September—month of gold-ripe sunlight, grape-fragrant, tangy with apples—cool breezes sing among the dusty green of late summer trees, making music half-sad for the passing of summer, half-glad for the bright coming of fall. The season of singing birds is over. Most are busy preparing for migration, or with some, midway in flight. Nuthatches hold a nasally-sardonic colloquy near my window feeder. Now and again a jay shrieks with wild abandon, like a small boy yelling for the sheer joy of noise. Where goldenrod and purple-fringed asters delineate a somnolent afternoon, cicadas buzz and buzz. Then with the declining sun, the song of many crickets mounts to that crescendo of ecstasy which seems to be the crickets' sweet rebuttal to the rasping note of katydids warning of frost and cold and death to come. Death is not the end, the crickets sing. O September, there is a Heaven in your crickets' song!

The affairs of human beings here at our farm with a view also attain some kind of crescendo in early September, usually about Labor Day. From mid-July until sometime in September, visitors keep arriving at the farm, some with sleeping bags, some with tents, some with campers, others seeking a possible spare bed among us. They come from many places, with many motivations. Some are genuinely interested in the Catholic Worker; some are seeking needed outings and vacations in the country; others are among the restless many who travel up and down the land stopping off at just about every place where they have heard hospitality is offered. Some look us over with a critical eye—and sometimes critical tongue—finding us sadly wanting. Some find something good even in our chaos, and are so helpful in their appreciation that we are indebted to them. During this summer-camp period it is difficult to retain a sense of community. But once the migratory flocks have flown, we who remain—like wintering birds—begin to settle into autumnal community rhythms in preparation for the coming of winter. For those who live on the land must live with the seasons. And in whatever small degree we may consider ourselves a family, it is in part at least because we are part of a larger family of Nature, of wind and river, of sky and sun and stars and moon, of trees and herbs and all that grows, of birds and chipmunks and deer, and all living creatures. And as St. Francis taught us, God is Father of us all.

The afternoon of Labor Day was so sun-gold ripe, with such a sweetly sing-

ing wind, that Clare Danielsson and I could not resist a walk in the woods. We walked at a leisurely pace, with Clare giving me a descriptive commentary on the passing scene. Clare has a real gift for such description, so that with the help of my own senses of touch and smell, as well as a vivid memory of past experiences of Nature, I felt that I could really visualize the scene about me. Clare has a sharp eye for berries and found some luscious,

fully sun-ripened blackberries that would have made a feast for any epicure. We ate and went on our way refreshed as fruit-loving cedar waxwings. I thought gratefully of all the berries Andy has picked for us this summer and of the canning and preserving he has done. Others have helped on occasion, but Andy is certainly our best harvester of Nature's garden.

As we neared the top of the ascent, (Continued on page 6)

36 East First

By DAVID WARNKE, CSC

(Brother David spent the summer helping out at First Street. This article is an edited version of a sermon he preached about the experience at Christ (Methodist) Church in Pavillion, Wyoming. Eds. note.)

On the morning of June 10, 1972, at 10:30 A.M., I stuck my hands into the rinse water of the sink at St. Joseph's House and became a Catholic Worker. That was all there was to it. Beginning and end of apprenticeship, novitiate, right there.

Working at the Catholic Worker was a new beginning for me. I had, to my mind, exhausted the meaning that I had got from religious life for the present, so I sought it there. "There" was a down-at-the-heels five-story tenement where the Bowery meets the East Village in New York City. I was dipping my hands into water to help wash by hand large serving spoons, handleless coffee cups, and soup bowls in preparation for some 60 to 300 men and women who were coming in and out of the yellow-painted door to the first floor "soup kitchen" to eat soup and bread, drink sugared tea, and then return to their lives on the Lower East Side.

I rinsed. Cliff, a stammering fellow with phenomenally earnest eyes, and a light-haired young man, a reject from the Merchant Marine Academy (hair too long!), did the washing. As soon as I had removed the utensils from the sink, they were scooped up and used for still other people who had come in. Faucets stuck, and the water got dirty too rapidly, but we finished off the dish-washing. The sign "SORRY SOUP LINE IS OVER" went up on

One thing had emerged during that forty-five minutes of that cloudy Saturday in June, I had arrived at a doing place. Not a place to announce membership dues to me, a newcomer, or one to exact testimony to the Risen Savior in song or prayer from the men and women who were fed, given drink, some of them housed, and many of them clothed. None of us comers was asked for any allotment; none of us was queried.

Weekdays soon fell into a routine. I was getting to know the Workers and the men and women who came daily. I was learning of the life, the gritty essences of the drunken men and women, strungout, freaked out young people. Dirty faces, fingernails not quite fully pared, foul-smelling clothing, ugly people. Within this, behind this, I was getting the non-message of the Worker: life is. I affirmed that.

I had come this far. In the days that I had been with the Workers, I had learned that you live accurately when you agree that food, clothing, and drink are necessities which you have to provide for other people, even if you take these things for granted because you have always had them. I had had them; now I was helping to spread my "wealth" around. I was going to need lots of humility to avoid the smugness, the supercilious feeling that I was giving to these unfortunates out of my own bounty. It was God's bounty, Christ's deliverance, that got me to the Worker; I had to carry the load now.

About Wednesday of the first week, I met Dorothy Day, a bit by accident. We were going in opposite directions in the kitchen section of the first floor and Dorothy spoke to me. She appeared a shy woman, wearing a peasant scarf over whitish hair, and a house dress, and sensible orthopedic shoes and black stockings.

Later that morning, after the soup line, we talked as I drank coffee, and was admonished by Dorothy about my failure to eat the nutritious, "protein-laden" soup—the "soup de jour" as Arthur J. Lacey calls it.

Dorothy suggested that religious people, members of religious orders and congregations, ought not to give up their commitments, but rather renew themselves in the kind of work she herself was doing, practicing the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

Personalities at the Worker began to come into focus. There was Jim with whom I could "rap" as he chose to call it, and who could trade witticisms and clever repartee with me. I was surprised to discover people of such learning at the Worker house, a part of my sniggering superiority that needed honing away. But good conversation such as I had not expected prevailed at the Worker when people got together for meals.

But conversation was not the best of it. The best of the Worker was the people, the Workers and the "clients" (as cynics called them), the men and women who came to the door in need. I was bit by bit coming to understand without condescension those who asked and those who answered.

June passed into July. The weather turned from rainy and dark to sultry and humid. The tempers of the Workers and the men and women in the streets shortened, often flared. I was now "a step up" the rungs of the Worker and was being used to "have the house" in the afternoons. But I still had hands in the suds of the three tub sink on the first floor, and ladled out soup and tea, and placed these before men and women who came in the door.

I would often come to the house at 6:30 in the morning when the soup is being made. Many people make the soup, sometimes Ed, sometimes John, or Micki. Soup bones are obtained

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LOOK FOR ME IN THE WHIRLWIND

LOOK FOR ME IN THE WHIRLWIND: The Collective Autobiography of the New York 21. With an Introduction by Haywood Burns. Random House. Paperback \$2.45. Reviewed by Edwin Kennebeck.

None of us knows how to deal with a whirlwind, so I am no less qualified than most whites to comment on this book; and I may be more interested in it because I sat in judgment on most of its protagonists at their 7-month-long trial. Eleven other people and I, and four alternate jurors, listened to stories about their conspiracy as presented by a New York State Assistant District Attorney and some 70 witnesses. If we had decided that the stories were true, the eleven men and two women might have been sentenced to jail for a hundred years or so, and most of the inhabitants of New York City would have thanked District Attorney Frank Hogan for saving them from a bloody Easter week in 1969.

That week would have lived in our imaginations as a very real possibility: policemen being shot down as they ran from exploding precinct stations; subway cars smashed and passengers screaming as the tracks blew up; fire bombs raging in the ladies'-handbag sections of Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Alexander's; fuels ablaze in the basement of Korvette's; guns and ammo ripped off from Abercrombie and Fitch, to be doled out to rebel blacks; trains on the New Haven Railroad running wild as time bombs hit the switches. Beautiful. A beautiful movie.

Instead, no evidence of such a conspiracy.

Now we have a book that tries to tell

Friday Night

Friday evening discussion meetings for the clarification of thought have been part of the life of the Catholic Worker from the time of Peter Maurin. Last year stimulating discussions were led by people from all parts of the world.

We counted among our guests, Lanzo del Vasto (called Shantidas by Mahatma Gandhi) of the community of the Ark, France; Rev. Richard Neuhaus, who had just returned from Africa; Robert Coles, author; Rev. Tom Berry, who shared his insights on Ramakrishna; Jose Gomez, on the lettuce boycott of Cesar Chavez' Farmworkers; Fritz Eichenberg, artist, speaking on the "Faces of Man"; Frank Sheed, author and publisher discussing "What Difference Does Jesus Make"; and Ramsahai Purohit, the Indian peace pilgrim, who made his way from Delhi to the U.N., New York City, without resources, by putting his complete trust in God.

The speakers for the coming year promise to be as stimulating. They include:

Sept. 8—Abie Nathan—Peace Witness in the Middle East.

Sept. 15—Rev. Jack East—People's Blockade of Arms Shipment.

Sept. 22—Dr. Homer Jack—World Religions and Peace.

Sept. 29—Joseph E. Cunneen—Christianity and Political Commitment.

Oct. 6—Marian Moses—Wider Aspects of the Farm Workers' Movement.

Oct. 13—Helen Iswolsky—Trends of Russian Religious Thought.

Oct. 20—Rev. Aldo Tos—War, Peace and the Bible.

Oct. 27—Charlie King—Songs of Freedom and Solidarity.

Nov. 17—Br. Thomas McGowan—Discovering American Theology.

The discussions will take place at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, 36 East 1st St. in Manhattan at 8:30 P.M. They will be followed by partaking of Jonas' sassafras tea.

us who those people are who were arrested (most of them) at 5 a.m. on April 2, 1969. Newspaper readers became aware of their noise at the first pretrial hearing:

The Court: "The defendants are assured that they will have a fair trial..."

Defendant Moore: "How can it be fair if Hogan picked you?"

The Court: "You are represented by counsel—"

Defendant Moore: "But I still got a voice and it is going to be heard in this court whether you like it or not."

At a later pretrial hearing, a bigger indictment superseded the first—thirty counts altogether, which Justice John M. Murtagh reduced to twelve at the end of the trial in May, 1971. There were other reductions: the original 21 Panthers became 13—because of illness or flight or age (Jamay severed, too young). And during the trial two of the defendants split—Richard Moore (D'haruba) and Michael Tabor (Cetewayo) jumped bail.

Dharuba's voice isn't heard enough in this book, and it is not as ferocious as the mutterings I heard from him in the elevator at the Courthouse. Cetewayo's distinctively rich deep voice—which we heard frequently because he was defending himself, as was Afeni Shakur—can't even be suggested in print, but there are several long passages, and we may be hearing more of him one day—Cetewayo, speaking from Algiers or wherever else he gets to. He ought to be granted amnesty here.

He started "snorting" when he was eleven and a half, in Harlem. It all seems very simple: "I said, 'What's going on?' He said, 'Nothing to it. Just the same ol' same ol.' He said, 'I got a little something, I don't know if you're down with it.' I said, 'What is it?' He said, 'You want some blow?' I

said, 'That's cool.' He said, 'Come on in the hallway.' We went in the hallway and he busted out this little glassine bag with a white, powdery substance in it..." "One of my claims to fame was that at that age [thirteen now] I was sticking up..." Cetewayo is an athlete, tall and powerfully built.



Fritz Eichenberg

"He took the belt, looked at my arms. He said, 'You got some hellified veins.'"

To Kill Bad Niggers

Kinshasa says, "My father and I went on a lot of trips to different cities... In Washington we walked for what seemed hours, looking at large, empty, cold white buildings. We also saw the Constitution and a lot of other fictitious documents from America's history. In Washington one time my old man took me into a restaurant to get something to eat, and we were told

that blacks weren't served there."

Lumumba Shakur—who also, of course, has stories of white basic savagery—tells about smoking reefer in the summer after his sixth grade in Atlantic City, and about incessant gang-fighting there and in Philadelphia and New York. "It was a bad-nigger-kill-bad-nigger process and it was encouraged by the police and the power structure... Years after, when I was in prison, I knew about 100... who were in prison for murder during the gang fighting of the 1950's. Today, instead of nourishing street gangs, the American government constantly saturates the black communities with heroin... If the street-gang brothers and sisters were ever politicized to the point where they knew who their real enemy was, the American system would be in danger of collapse."

White Men's Privileges

The gangs and crimes are something for a middle-aged white to... think about. As I did so, sitting on a friend's New Jersey lawn and staring beyond it to a field where deer occasionally nibbled in the early evening, I realized that we may take these leisure amenities dangerously for granted; the establishment city worker has his out-of-town weekends of relaxation and fun and peace. A pale green insect with tiny Gothic wings explored a page of this book, and words on the page reminded me of city dwellers who don't get away to the country; maybe someplace like Coney Island is their recreation. But the ghetto tenant can find relaxation and fun and peace in at least one way; he can shoot it into a vein.

Lively Sketches

This book is not the rounded-out, detailed, "structured" account that maybe Michael Tabor's will be—part of which is included here. There is a long passage by Joan Bird about the way the Woman's House of Detention worked, and an inside account by Kuwasi Balagoon of the riots in the Queens House of Detention last October. The chronological arrangement is not flawless, although it seems a good idea to have the autobiographers speak in broken-up sections.

These reminiscences were composed not by writers but (mostly) by defendants on trial; it closes with a letter by Afeni Shakur to her unborn child, dated March 20, 1971. They knew even less than I what verdict would fall on them three weeks later. But the book is a lively sketch of the several backgrounds to the trial that occasioned it, another attempt to tell about a kind of life that has finally begun to impinge on "our" life.

The book will not stand up under literary judgment; an unsympathetic review in the New York Times makes that clear. But nowadays many of us are willing to try new ways of evaluating things. Try reading this book and evaluating it as statements made by people who spent nearly two years in jail before being acquitted. It could help us see why some whirlwind must rise up again, to cure local infections and holler cosmic threats. Toward some kind of revolution.

Unions Seethe with Discontent

By MARTIN ARUNDEL

Union despots are in far more serious trouble with their members than the spat between them over the endorsement of a U.S. presidential candidate. But the endorsement furor served at least one good purpose—it brought to the surface the widespread discontent in union ranks with what ranks-and-filers consider the callous indifference of many of their leaders to their needs and aspirations, and acquainted the public-at-large with their grievances.

Militants and other democratic forces within the unions have high hopes that the current talk-back-to-the-union-boss trend among unionists will spark a long overdue shakeup in the labor movement by replacing the present top leadership with officials responsive to what the workers decide they need and want.

The rebels conceded they have no national organizational base; nor even a popular leader to lead them against their status-quo foes. All they have, they say, are their own small groups and caucuses within their local unions and work-places to ferret out issues and popularize them with their fellow workers. They regard the present widespread wave of ferment in the unions as a period of "education" of workers and, just as important, one of organizing the unorganized, particularly members of ethnic minorities.

Many rebel leaders now are said to be patterning the organizing and operating techniques in their groups after those of Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers and the Hospital Workers (Local 1199) union. These two unions heavily stressed the "union as a way of life," something that would allow a worker to retain his human dignity no matter how menial or disagreeable his job.

It worked, despite the dreary predic-

tions of the well fed and barbered Labor Establishment nabobs. The latter insisted that Blacks, the Spanish speaking and other minorities had no "history of unionism," and inferred that their shiftless habits made them unorganizable.

The Price of War

Angry criticisms of the way the labor status-quo leadership were doing things cropped up on several occasions since the U.S. turned the Vietnam civil war into the murderous fiasco it now is. Since 1965, union rank-and-filers have been rejecting labor contracts negotiated by their union officials with employers by the scores, because they failed to match the inflationary prices of necessities caused by the needless war.

Two well entrenched bosses of huge unions—James B. Carey, of the International Union of Electrical Workers (IUE) and David McDonald, of the Steelworkers, were defeated in re-election bids. The issue in both the IUE and the steel union was the unions' top leaderships' disregard of the members' often expressed desires.

The rebels haven't yet publicly spelled out the issues on which they plan to wage challenge to the present Labor Establishment. But no doubt one big one will be opposition to employer-enforced and union-sanctioned production speedups. The big strike of this year—the United Auto Workers' shut down of the General Motors assembly plant at Lordstown, Ohio, last winter—was the worker's rejection of the company's attempts to turn them into production-line drones.

Here are a few of the unions in which the rebels say they are making their militancy felt: the United Mine Workers, the auto workers, the steelworkers, government workers, electrical work-

AID LETTUCE BOYCOTT

The United Farmworkers' Union, directed by Cesar Chavez, is launching a major campaign to win the lettuce boycott in New York City. People are urgently needed to help spread the word to people to stop buying head lettuce, and to bring pressure on chain stores to carry only union produce. New York is one of the largest lettuce markets in the country and will be key to the workers' efforts to win recognition of their own union. Fulltime volunteers, who will receive room, board, and \$5 a week, are especially needed. Contact Jose Gomez at 212-594-0694.

Creating a Financial Basis for "Alternatives"

By DAVID SCHIDAKEL

While there has been discussion of an "Alternate Society," in our view the alternate society that has been haphazardly evolving over the past few years is a defective society—defective in that it has no economic base of its own. We find this "Alternate Society" a strange place indeed—all filled up with free clinics, free schools, and free social services of great variety, all dependent upon the host society for its charity! How seriously can a parasitical organism call into question the values of its host?

We conclude that it is time to begin developing a new model based on new principles.

The Community of Work

We select the name "Community of Work" from the French community, Bolmondau. Claire Huchet Bishop's explanation of the name (from her book *All Things Common*) is: it "is the economic expression of a group of people who wish to search for a new way of life better suited to present living conditions and to a fuller expression of the whole man."

Accordingly, we are beginning several industries, an electronics repair shop, a furniture and toy shop, and an auto repair shop. They will have the following characteristics:

In setting prices, we try to reflect all of the costs necessary to keep a business running efficiently including contingencies, depreciation, and salaries (the fixed amount that the workers pay to themselves). There would be no profits. Should a surplus be earned, it would be redistributed through lower prices. There is remarkable confusion in our society over the term profit. Without undertaking a medium-sized lecture series, let us

merely note that we anticipate your confusion and the feeling of alarm.

In order to minimize worker alienation, all permanent members of an industry are co-directors of that industry making decisions through consensus. We shall refer to this co-directorship as "the collective." There is an initial probationary period for new workers.

Wages are established on a basis of need. Wage requests beyond a predetermined figure are reviewed by the entire collective with an eye for fairness. An important concept: there is strong importance attached to the



Rita Corbin

fact that our earnings are paid by the customers and that we have some obligation to keep our wages as low as our personal needs permit; however, there is another strong force at work. We recognize that wage needs for single people living in a group are dramatically small, but because the many attempts to build businesses centered around intentional communities have demonstrated a remarkable self-selection process for white middle-class people, we would not restrict wage-

levels or applicants to the group-living life-style.

Although there are penalties to be paid in terms of higher wages, nonetheless, people with families and mortgaged homes will be welcomed into the project as full participants. One more comment about wages—and this about style. It is not our intent to make anyone feel subject to heavy personal scrutiny in making wage requests. For wages below a predetermined level there would probably be no questions whatever. In the case of larger requests, it is hoped that wage requests will be handled respectfully and compassionately.

Support services will be available to members of the businesses wishing to reduce their personal expenditures without martyring themselves. Consultation on such matters as food co-ops, self-medical insurance, and group-living possibilities will be provided.

To further promote the possibility of reduced personal consumption and to aid in the general exploration of new and satisfying life forms, 220 acres of land eight miles from Ithaca will be available for a "Community of Communes."

Alternatives Fund

4% of the gross income from each business will be placed in an "Alternatives Fund" controlled jointly by an association of contributors. This fund is of extreme importance to the entire strategy. It is to be used in direct grants and loans to new industries interested in organizing along the lines we are describing here. Thus, the model we have built is a self-propagating one and has within it the ability to build upon its own momentum. A

second priority use for the Alternatives Fund is that of support for social change and social service institutions.

Every effort will be made to emphasize the human side of our places of work. We will try to break through traditional feelings about the people that we work with and the places that we work in.

On the other hand it is important that a good level of efficiency be maintained. Particularly because of our emphasis on human values, our societal concern reaches beyond our fellow workers and to our customers. It serves no one well if our businesses are not viable and efficient. By trying to avoid the profit incentive, it is hoped that we can reduce the motivations to deceive our customers, but if it is our goal to build trusting relationships with our customers, we can not expect them to pay the price of needless inefficiencies.

In order to increase the probable survival and growth of our model, we are organizing our various non-profit businesses around the Alternatives Funds. Each Alternatives Fund will be central to a cluster of perhaps ten businesses. This arrangement lends itself to the development of an official "fund approved" business certification. Thus we can engage in a "buy alternatives" campaign urging that people support non-profit businesses. The Ithaca Project sees itself in an initiatory role in regard to these businesses. Although our people expect to work within many no-profit businesses (and may comprise a few of these businesses entirely) we would expect that the Alternatives Funds would take over the task of organizing new industries.

For more information, contact The Ithaca Project, 112 Cook St., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

Prisoners, Fasters Seek Peace

(Continued from page 1)

equipment expenses. The Peace Ship is outfitted as a Radio Ship to broadcast news of peace and moderation to Israel and the Arab world from Mediterranean waters.

After fifteen days, Nathan ended his fast with chicken soup and orange juice when the \$40,000 was subscribed through donations and loans taken out by friends in the business world.

Nathan hopes the Peace Ship will sail on its reconciling mission during the fall of 1972 after dry-docking repairs are finished and the radio and ship's crew is completed. Help is still needed to cover fuel oil, running expenses, and supplies: Peace Ship Fund, Box 1114, FDR Station, New York.

Hiroshima Day, Sunday, August 6th, was also the first day of a "Fast for Life" initiated by fourteen anti-war activists. Among the fasters are David Dellinger, one of the "Chicago Seven" and author of *Revolutionary Nonviolence*, Rev. Paul Mayer, theologian, Anne Walsh, engaged in campus ministry at Boston University, and Ted Glick, indicted, but not yet tried, as one of the Harrisburg Eight.

The fasters made a joint statement beginning as follows:

"Today, August 6th, 1972, we are beginning an open-ended fast against any continuation of the war by any method or for any reason. For an indefinite period we will eat no food and drink only water. We hope that our fast will help stimulate the American people to engage in anti-war activities that will force an end to the war now..."

On the thirty-fifth day of the "Fast for Life," I visited Fr. Lumpkin at the Seminary. He was alone. Seven of the fasters still continued the fast, but all the others were away for the weekend. The tall priest had a cadaverous look having lost over forty pounds. At 97

pounds, he had begun to show signs of extreme weakness in his voice and shuffling walk. He explained his fast: "I was looking for another step to protest the war and this was a step I was comfortable with."

He told me that having celebrated the Eucharist so many times, he had appropriated Jesus' words to himself: "This is my Body... this is my Blood." He saw the fast as an act of self-surrender and accepted in advance that it might have no visible effect. For himself, the fast had given him a deeper awareness of and identification with the sufferings of the Vietnamese. Another personal effect was greater understanding and patience with the weakness of others, since the fast had made him more aware of his own weakness. The fast served to increase his love for others.

The fasters are living in community at the New York Theological Seminary, 235 East 49th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

August 6th also signalled the beginning of a water fast by eleven men in Danbury federal prison. The men, some of whom are imprisoned for draft-law violations, state that they have begun "a water fast to the death to protest American atrocities in Indochina—our electronic battlefield, our mining of ports and rivers, our bombings of dikes and dams."

The Danbury Eleven, who have been moved to the Federal Prison Hospital in Springfield, Mo., announced to the prison authorities and to the press that they will end their fast, "when it becomes clear that the American people, the peace movement, and our servicemen have undertaken mature and responsible action to end genocide in Vietnam. Literally, we place our lives in the hands of our countrymen."

PAX CHRISTI

"Nonviolent Builders of the New Society" is the theme of the 12th In-

ternational Congress of Pax Christi to be held at Strasbourg, France; November 4th and 5th, 1972, at the Council of Europe Headquarters.

The Congress is open to all peace-makers. It will deal with the peaceful means of achieving changes in attitudes and in the structures of society. The aim is to reach the brotherly society described in the Gospels.

For young people, accommodations are available at a Youth Hostel. For other participants, medium-priced shelter is available. Address all communications to Secretariat, Pax Christi 1, Rue de la Comedie, Strasbourg 87000 France.

NONVIOLENCE IN IRELAND

For ten days, 300 members of Pax Christi walked 100 miles along the roads of Ireland, meeting each evening to discuss "Christian Alternatives to Violence."

The peace pilgrimage, an annual activity of Pax Christi, takes place in a different country each year. The pilgrims in Ireland, representing many different nations, started from twelve different points and converged on Kilkenny on August 12th where they were addressed by Msgr. Bruce Kent, spiritual director of Pax Christi in England. In urging Christians to confront the injustices of the times with positive action, Msgr. Kent remarked, "What a tragedy that the initiative (in Ulster) did not remain with those heroic people of the nonviolent Civil Rights Movement but passed to the men who worshipped the gun."

PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

A series of readings and Study Packets to challenge those who say the search for peace in the Middle East is hopeless has just been published by CONAME (Committee for New Alternatives in the Middle East) and The Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Study Packets presently available

are: Who Are the Palestinians, The Israeli Peace Movement, Israel's Arab Minority, Alternatives for Middle East Peace, and In Search of Middle East Information. Each packet is \$1.00. All five packets can be obtained for \$4.00. They are obtainable from Middle East Peace Literature, Box 271, New York, N.Y. 10016.

A free leaflet describing the packets and other pertinent literature can be obtained from the same address by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WHAT TO DO WHILE WAITING FOR THE VOLUNTARY ARMY

With the publication of *Catholics, Conscience and the Draft*, PAX ends its series of publications which included a quarterly entitled *Peace*. In line with recent developments, the final booklet can be called *What To Do While Waiting For The Volunteer Army*.

PAX is now in the process of following its parent organization, PAX-ENGLAND, in a merger with PAX CHRISTI. There will be news on the merger in a later issue.

Priests—USA, publication of the National Federation of Priests' Councils, says of *Catholics, Conscience and the Draft*: "This American PAX booklet is one of the most concise and valuable summaries available of what Catholic authorities have said about war in general and the Vietnam war in particular."

The booklet contains key statements from *Pacem in Terris*, *The Church in the Modern World* of the Second Vatican Council, *Human Life in Our Day*, and other pronouncements on war, peace and Christian conscience. It also carries several articles, a listing of draft counseling centers and a selected bibliography. It is obtainable from PAX, Box 247, Murray Hill P.O., New York 10016. \$1.50 per copy.

+ + + LETTERS + + +

West Virginia

Catholic Worker Farm
West Hamlin, W. Virginia
August 21, 1972

Dear Miss Day,

I must apologize for not writing in such a long time. The past three months have been a very busy time as this letter will tell. All of us here have been inspired and encouraged by the confrontation between the IRS and your community. We really enjoyed your "On Pilgrimage" column in the July-August Catholic Worker. It is a practical lesson in Gospel non-violence.

This summer has been one of development for us. We have had a number of long stay visitors. Their life with us has made many positive contributions to our community growth and our self understanding.

Because of our larger community we had regularly scheduled discussions throughout the summer. Every other Saturday we held roundtable discussions on various aspects of the theory behind our community and its practical applications. Each Monday afternoon we have had a scripture study and discussion.

Chuck and Beth came to us in April from the Catholic Worker house of hospitality in San Francisco. They plan to help their community in California start a farm in the future. They hoped to stay a year with us but returned to California in July after being here three months. I learned a lot during their stay. First of all, simple and direct as Peter Maurin's ideas are they are still interpreted many ways. Their idea of the basic direction a farming community should take is different from ours. While we see farming, they see country life; we think of living on the land as a way of life, they are thinking in terms of a retreat from the city; we seek self-reliance and evangelical poverty, they talk in terms of depending on a city community for support and growing food for themselves and the city house.

Chuck from California also introduced into the community the stress between the workers and the scholars, which you have so often mentioned. I tend to be a worker rather than a scholar while Chuck tends to be a scholar, seeing work in terms of a release from the tensions of study. Work is the life-blood of our farm, both theoretically, as Peter said, "labor is a gift to the common good," and actually, because we support ourselves by our work. During the spring, summer and fall we often work 10 to 12 hours a day, taking off Sunday and perhaps one or two afternoons for study and discussions. Then we spend the larger part of the winter and rainy days during the rest of the year in study and reading.

But we do more than study or work. One of our first roundtable discussions this summer dealt with the form of our community prayer. Out of that discussion came a plan of prayer which replaced the Matins, Lauds and Vespers we were saying with a more versatile arrangement of psalms. We now say 3 psalms and morning prayers soon after we get up. We read from the Bible during part of the noon meal and we say 3 psalms and evening prayers, before we retire. We also have Scripture services on special occasions. In this we are seeking a freer more spontaneous prayer life that reflects the life of our community.

Our meals are also high points during the day. At breakfast, Sandy and I talk over the day and plan our work. At all our meals we enjoy the fruit of our work and the whole community is together.

Having a large community this summer has allowed us to have fun in the evenings playing games, sometimes cards, but usually games like charades,

killer or password which we can all enjoy together.

In late April, Margy, who also had been associated with the Catholic Worker in San Francisco, joined our community. Several days later Susan, a student from St. Louis University, came to us. These women both grasped the spirit and ideas of our community and have helped us grow in love. Margy plans to be with us on into the winter. Susan may return for several weeks this winter. Two students from Wilmington College in Ohio also spent the summer with us. Jim and Steve contributed greatly to our discussion and brought a spirit of fun and openness to our community. I think the summer helped them learn how to translate the theoretical into the practical.

All of these people and experiences led me to some very important understandings. As a farm we are completely capable of providing for the 3 of us who live here, but not for the many visitors we have. So I no longer see subsistence farming as our primary goal. The way we live and the witness we seek to give to the Gospel is itself an invitation for others to visit us and expect help and support from us. This demands more food than we can possibly supply at some times of the year.

So it seems that hospitality may be the reason we never become completely self-sufficient. But the Gospel presents hospitality, not self-reliance, as a way for the follower of Jesus, so it is an easy choice for us to make.

This summer has also seen a lot of physical improvement on our farm. Our crops are better planned and producing better than past years. We have cleared land and built a guest house and started yet another fence for goat pastures. We have already got a good number of vegetables canned for the winter.

Our Summer Seminar went very well this year and I feel that there was a lot of learning. But we did not reach the community spirit that developed between the people attending that we had last year. This year during the seminar we had some visitors who detracted from that spirit by always running into town and showing little interest in what we were trying to do together.



Rita Corbin

The last news I have is unfortunate. I discovered the day after the seminar that the money (\$90-\$100) for The Green Revolution is missing. There is never much more than that, we usually have just enough from renewals and resubscriptions to print the next issue. The money that the newspaper brings in all goes back into the paper and we usually have just a little more than we need each time. So the September issue may be late, but I am sure we will be able to get money we need to get it out. The money was probably taken by one of our visitors who needs it more than we do.

Your friend in the risen Lord Jesus,
Chuck Smith

Spreading the Word

Dear Dorothy,

You asked me to write you regarding my activities in obtaining additional distribution for the Catholic Worker, plus informing as many people as possible about the lettuce boycott. I gladly do so, because I believe it implements Catholic Worker principles—and was inspired by you ("Aims and Purposes," February 1940):

"We cannot live alone. We cannot go to Heaven alone. . . . If we don't



Rita Corbin

keep indoctrinating, we lose the vision. And if we lose the vision, we become merely philanthropists doing out palliatives. The vision is this: We are working for 'a new heaven and a new earth' wherein justice dwelleth."

Actually, I could quote the article in its entirety because it covers all of my motivations. I write this to show that everyone—no matter what their circumstances—can implement Catholic Worker principles.

The Catholic Worker is now being distributed in New York City in the bookshop of the St. Francis Friary and Church at West 31st St., St. Vincent Ferrer Church at 65th St. on Lexington Avenue, and the Church of Our Savior at 38th St. on Park Avenue.

It is relatively easy. First, I phoned to ascertain the title, complete name and initials of order, if one was involved, of the pastor of the church. Then I wrote to that person, requesting permission to distribute the Catholic Worker free—any money gained from the C.W. belonged to the church involved. I also enclosed Catholic Worker Principles, xeroxed from an earlier issue. (If xeroxing is not feasible, mimeographic copies will do just as well.) Then I let three, at most four days go by, and phoned the person I wrote. In the above three instances, I received permission on the phone, though I also did subsequently talk to the Franciscan and Dominican priests in charge.

Another church started and then stopped distributing, and one other flatly turned me down. I write this, because it should be recognized that there must be some failures as well as successes. Anyway, they know what the Catholic Worker stands for.

If someone selects a church a month and gets a third of them to distribute the Catholic Worker, leaving twenty-five to a hundred copies in each church, just think how many people will be exposed to the Catholic Worker message!

Spreading the news about the lettuce boycott was also fairly simple. I simply copied (xeroxed) a United Farm Workers leaflet and wrote an individual letter to as many friends as pos-

sible; I wrote to every member of organizations I belong to, i.e., Third Order of St. Francis (still has to be done), Woodstock Prayer Group, Inter Church Service Committee; also the market where we shop (in my area I am going to write to all managers of all food stores); and restaurants I frequent for business purposes.

Some have written to me in response to my letters. Other people have told me they will boycott iceberg lettuce—not too many, but some—and then, of course, some people boycott without corresponding. Anyway, as you wrote in "Aims and Purposes": "And why must we see results? Our work is to sow. Another generation will be reaping the harvest." Besides, there is great satisfaction in doing something—no matter how insignificant.

I have written to about one hundred and fifty people so far—ten a night. Everyone can set their own time, of course, from fifteen minutes to two hours a night.

P.S. United Farm Workers leaflets have been placed on the magazine rack at the St. Francis Bookshop by the Friars. The leaflets are available from 19 W. 34th St. in New York.

Faithfully,
Roger Lederer

Australia

Balgo Mission
Balgo Hills
Via Derby,
West Australia

Dear Miss Day,

I have been a priest for nearly six years now. I spent the first year involved with a group of young people in Melbourne, a city of 2 million. We built and staffed a sort of coffee shop in the heart of the city. At the end of the year I was transferred to the largely unpopulated North West of Australia, 3,000 miles away, to work with the Pallottine Fathers among the Aboriginal people.

There are not many of them, the stone age people, co-existing with European people belonging to an openly materialistic and secular culture. Their tribal lands, which they still relate to, are in the control mainly of big pastoral companies with head offices in the cities of the East Coast. The Aborigines are settled either on Mission settlements (the church has five such settlements in the North West of Australia), or scattered around the tiny townships whose population is little in excess of 1,000. There they live in humpies and live as much in their own style as they can. They wear European clothes and eat European food, and work, when they work, either on the cattle roundups or as labourers with road construction.

They were once about 200,000 strong in Australia, emigrants from the Northern Islands possibly as long ago as 12,000 years. The cultural clash is grievous, and I have hardly met an aboriginal person who has begun to understand what is going on.

The poverty of one family is in sharp relief to the next where a young stockman, earning up to 38 dollars a week, brings home a second hand car and drives all over the North to visit friends and relations until the money is gone or the car breaks down. He then returns to the welfare settlement and lives on the child-endowment or the pension money of one of the others of his family group.

The responsibility of life has been removed, and it is impossible to put the onus back without social evils. If welfare handouts are not available he will not die but his children certainly will. As it is now, malnutrition through neglect has meant large numbers of chil-

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A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

Clare and I took a path branching off and soon found ourselves in the cool and pleasant hemlock thicket where the admirably organized encampment of the Marshalls is located. By good chance Dan Marshall was at home and invited us into a compact, efficiently equipped tent, complete with a small library, well chosen, well read, and ingeniously shelved. Books and trees; civilization and Nature. We need them both in this our web of life. And both are nothing without God, Who Fathered all.

Young Farmers

Not far from the Marshalls' encampment are Andy's cabin and the cabin Mike Kreyche and Bill Rargette are building. Father Tony, Father Andy, Mike, Bill, the Marshalls—these are young people with a vision, and with the discipline, dedication, and knowledge to realize the vision. They study organic farming, bio-dynamics; they attend conferences to learn new or better techniques (which are often older).



Rita Corbin

They are cheerful, considerate of others; they work. They are draining land; planning to break and build up more land, building a barn, planning to acquire goats. Other young people—I think particularly of Chris and Alan—often help them. Others will undoubtedly do so; for work, too, can be contagious. These young people give me much hope for the future of the Catholic Worker. If Peter Maurin were alive, I think he would be very happy. As it is, I think he is praying for us. I pray he will continue so to pray.

Clare Danielsson also brings to our community life much that is constructive and dynamic. Clare, who teaches brain-damaged children in Poughkeepsie and directs psycho-drama sessions in hospitals, has conducted a series of Theater of Reconciliation programs here at the farm in Peter Maurin House. Many who participated in these programs have told me they found them stimulating and helpful. For my part, I found the last meeting of the Labor Day weekend, in which I heard Sister Brendan tell of her visit with a Shaker community in Maine, very interesting indeed. Clare plans to continue these programs from time to time. We hope also to hold some Catholic Worker conferences and retreats in Peter Maurin House, which is far enough removed from the general confusion to be suitable for such meetings. At the end of September, Father Lyle Young will give us a retreat.

Older Members of the Family

It is undoubtedly true, and I think I have said as much many times in

this column, the older members of our family have contributed much through many years. Since his arrival at Maryfarm in Easton, Pennsylvania, in the 1930's, John Filligar has certainly been the best practical farmer the Catholic Worker has had. This summer, as usual, John has labored to grow many vegetables, though the odds of weather have been against him. Larry Evers, who is a professional clown, often spends working vacations at the Catholic Worker and always helps John with the work in the field when he is here during the summer. He also gives clown and Punch-and-Judy shows for the children of the community. Larry is a good clown, but he is also, John says, his best helper.

Another older person who has certainly been very helpful this summer is Arthur Sullivan. Some time in June, Rita Corbin broke her leg, and for a time had to get about with crutches or in a wheel chair. Arthur's help with the housework and the children has, I am sure, hastened Rita's recovery. Arthur has also done much of the community bread-baking, and was "highly honored," as he said, to have a loaf of his bread used for the hosts at Father Andy's Mass this morning.

We are a microcosm of the larger society. We have young and old, children, middle-aged. There are clashes and hostilities; the generation gap is often in evidence. In general, the young people who are dedicated and responsible and have studied the history and tradition of the Catholic Worker know that some of the older members of the community have made important contributions through the years. I think particularly of Hans Tunnesen, who has certainly done enough chapel building, housing renovation, general carpentry, baking and cooking for large retreats to earn the gratitude and respect of all Catholic Workers. Then there is Mike Sullivan, who until his long hospitalization last winter was our principal maintenance man. Alice Lawrence is still our principal cook, and the best.

Keeping Order

There are times here when the floating population becomes so large that all seems confusion, noise, chaos; when Marge Hughes, who is in charge, probably feels that she is at the center of some kind of maelstrom. But the Blessed Sacrament is also with us, and is a powerful influence. In the end we move toward more peaceful, purposeful patterns.

Such activities as Helene Iswolsky's Russian class and Claudia Beck's Spanish class, which have continued even through the summer, also help to promote order. The responsible helpfulness of Steve Eldard, who is planning his own house of hospitality in Cleveland, certainly makes for order. He is not only a good cook but also a good electric and electronic repairman, and has helped greatly in both areas. Cliff's daily kindness with all persons and in all situations is a contribution that sustains us through many difficulties. There are many others. We must be grateful to them all.

Yesterday morning at Mass, we were all glad that Dorothy Day was with us.

We move toward October and the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, that great apostle of peace. Yesterday morning at Mass we prayed for the victims of the terrorist attack in Munich. There is so much of terror in our world; so much of killing, assassination. The senseless war in Vietnam goes on while politicians make fine phrases about peace. The injustice, extreme poverty, exploitation, and greed, which are often at the root of violence, terror and cruelty, continue. Certainly we need the prayers of St. Francis. Help us to pray, St. Francis, in the great prayer of the Mass: *Miserere Nobis. Dona Nobis Pacem.*

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

free the day before from the Essex Street Market, if the cook for the evening meal remembers them. Beans or peas or cabbage are simmered in a pot the girth of an oil drum. By 8:00 or 9:00, the soup was well on its way and required stirring with an aged, burnt ladle.

The Workers breakfasted, the bread would arrive from the baker, and then the two tables could be set for ten men each, five on a side. At 9:30, rain or shine, the line of men and women were let in. If there was an overflow, and most often there was, we left the men in the basement as we finished preparations for the line. All women stayed on the first floor. As the men gathered in the cellar, someone from the house would sit and "rap" if possible, prevent trouble if necessary. Toward the end of July I got to go to the cellar to "rap" with the men who numbered anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five at 10:00 when the feeding began.

Of course, they had my number at once. The blacks called me "brother" at times and I smiled at their getting that. They also called me "Professor" and such names and I marveled at their accuracy. On humid days, the temperature in the high nineties, we all became edgy, and some men would stomp back upstairs and out in disgust at not being served at once. The majority stayed, some even expressing gratitude for our soup.

The specialness of the Catholic Worker is recognized by the New York Police Department which sometimes sends us persons stranded in such places as the Port Authority without a "sou or a dollar" in their pockets. They sent us Bill. Bill stayed two days, got the flu, was nursed back to health, and was no more heard from after three days.

The YMCA sent us Jacques. He had arrived from France on an Air France Jet and been "rolled" for his money and traveler's checks. The "Y" thought him worthy of being cared for by the Worker, as he had not a sou to his name.

So the Catholic Worker does "its own thing" and there seems little or no competition to do that thing. Despite my initial squeamishness at the prospect of smelling badly from closeness to these "undesirables," I soon found I

had to curb the growth of my halo a bit. After queasiness over sounds and smells wears off, the next temptation at the Worker is a "holier-than-thou" attitude toward the rest of the world. You suddenly become very superior, asking why the rest of the world is not facing Christian martyrdom as you are, you who deal daily with these unfortunate men and women. If you can beat down that smugness, you are ready for the next onslaught, boredom.

Life at the Worker is not a multi-dimensional environment in which one is stimulated by new excitements in an intellectual fashion. The boredom comes from the sameness of caring for other people in their basic needs. Stimuli do not abound in such surroundings. You need to work against taking for granted the people with whom you work.

The shadings and subtleties disappear. I remember with regret not finding a pair of shoes for a man in need, his other pair having worn through so that his feet were exposed. Details like that stay with you after you leave the scene.

And with it all, I had been hooked. I was meeting the men who came to the Worker as they woke in the morning from sleeping in Washington Square Park, as I walked down and crossed on the way "to work." Some said hello; others did not. I had developed enough equanimity so that I was not hurt if I took a tongue lashing from someone in a frenzy, either at First Street, or on the street. I had learned to differentiate between a drunken person, a junkie or dope addict freaking out, or tripping, and a psychotic or schizoid type as he or she "did a thing." I saw the CW thing, warts, crochets and all; and I found the embodiment of what the Master told us when He gave the Good News. I had got more than I had given; I know that for certain.

I had been taken in, allowed to help, no questions asked, and the men and women off the streets had been taken in, no questions asked, too. I was and am heartily grateful for the chance to do it. I had made an unexplained Quantum Jump in my life while at the Worker. I feel that I have to move out and away, now, for the next thing—in the Lord.

"Blessed Are the Peacemakers"

By TED SCHIRM

The majority of us have not lived during a time of peace among nations; war and preparation for war has become the normal occupation of men of every nation.

Isalah's prediction that a day would come when men would study war no more remains a dream with little possibility of fulfillment. Rather than putting aside the study of war, man has increased his knowledge of destruction to such a degree that he is not only able to destroy his enemy, but his entire world as well.

Jesus promised a blessing upon peacemakers, proof that the good day promised by Isalah will come to pass. If thought is father to the deed, then the yearning of man for peace should hasten the day of everlasting peace, for one of the deepest desires of the heart of man is for a warless world.

There is a belief afoot that war is the supreme sin of mankind but that there is nothing that man can do to banish it from the earth. Man, it is said, is a fighting animal. He has fought through history and will continue to do so down to the hour when the curtain is drawn on all history. As proof of this, some quote scripture to the effect that there shall be wars

and rumors of wars to the end of time. If this is true then there is nothing left for us to do but to continue to send the best of our youth to kill one another.

Jesus taught us to pray for the coming of His kingdom. If nothing can be done to bring about a warless world then the prayer our Lord taught us has no meaning, for war can have no place in His kingdom.

What road must men follow to everlasting peace? There is only one way to a warless world and that is Christ's way. All the efforts of the leaders of the world to bring unending peace have ended in failure because it is doubtful that a single thought has ever been given to Christ and His teaching.

It is through the followers of Jesus that peace is to come to the world. When every knee shall bow at the name of Jesus and every tongue shall call Him Lord, then the promise of everlasting peace shall be fulfilled. Our duty is to remove all hate and selfishness from our lives by looking at all men as brothers, by doing our part to end distrust for those with whom we live. If we do this, we shall win that blessing that Christ bestowed upon all peacemakers.

Mental Patients Oppressed

By EDYTHE SHEWBRIDGE

A fifteen-year-old drug addict is punished for running away from his "therapeutic community" by being clothed in diapers and forced to lie in a crib for three days.

A seventy-year-old woman is forcibly removed from her apartment and placed in a public nursing home in which disease, over-crowding, and rodents are rampant, on the basis of a five-minute interview with a Department of Social Services' psychiatrist. The reason for the psychiatric referral? The OAA recipient had participated in a sit-in at a local social service center.

A brain-damaged five-year-old girl's habit of hair pulling is extinguished by the application of electric shock.

A hospitalized adult schizophrenic is refused food until she discontinues her habit of hoarding towels.

All of these barbaric and inhuman practices are carried out and condoned under the rubric of "psycho-therapy." Under the guise of such therapy, countless mental patients are deprived of their legal and human rights, and subjected to physical and psychological abuse exceeding that suffered by any other minority group in America today. There is no one school of therapy which is solely to blame for the intolerable oppression of the institutionalized mentally ill. Behavior modification, transactional analysis, reality therapy—all are equally guilty of the abuse of psychiatric authority which results in the cruel and extremely anti-therapeutic methods of treatment described above.

There exists a widespread opinion that anything done or recommended by a licensed mental health professional is without question in the patients' best interest. With the advent of the Mental Patients' Liberation Movement, and in light of the support given these organized patients by a small but significant and increasing number of professionals themselves, it is currently incumbent upon us to re-examine this pre-conception in the light of the meanness, ennui, and despair which is the more than occasional result of unlimited and unchecked psychiatric jurisdiction over the mental patient.

Dehumanization

I am not talking about the many documented acts of violence perpetrated by sadistic aids, but about the systematic dehumanization and brutalization, sometimes physical as well as psychological, carried out by psychiatrists themselves as part of a patient's "treatment" plan. Consider, for example, the plight of Raymond B. (an alias for an actual resident of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C.). For his occupational therapy, Mr. B. is assigned the task of stuffing and sealing envelopes in exchange for one-fourth of a cent per sealed envelope. For exercising his constitutional right of refusing to work for this pittance, Mr. B. is penalized by denial of meals. His one occasional visitor, representing his only tie with the outside world, is told that future visits are inadvisable until Raymond adapts a more "cooperative" attitude.

In the infamous children's shelter, Junior Village, in the same city, adolescents who exhibit "maladaptive" behavior are placed in a barren "time-out" room for an indefinite length of time. For sleeping accommodations, these adolescents receive a single blanket on the concrete floor. All of their clothing is confiscated for the duration of their "time-out." Due to frequent administrative oversight, "time-out" for many of Junior Village's inpatients extends into two or three days.

Junior Village is currently in the process of being "phased out"; however, the deplorable conditions existing in this municipal shelter are duplicated

even in some of the most expensive private institutions. Writing under the pseudonym of Hannah Green, a former patient in the nationally-reputed Chestnut Lodge told of being tied in an ice pack for five hours. The bindings were deliberately tied so as to prevent blood circulation, causing excessive pain after a period of two hours. The same writer recounts that another patient similarly restrained was struck in the face while immobilized, for refusing her medication.

"Management Problems"

In reviewing Ms. Green's book *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, a psychiatrist noted that it illustrates "the management problems the chronic schizophrenic patient presents to the treatment institution." Like the majority of his colleagues, this man's professional orientation quite obviously blinds him to the many anti-therapeutic, if not outright destructive, forces existing in the hospital itself.

The paternalistic assumptions underlying the treatment of mental patients are perhaps best articulated by the transactional social worker Jacqueline Challif. Ms. Challif refers to the adult schizophrenics living in her simulated family in Fredricksburg, Va. as "her children." Ms. Challif sees her maternal prerogatives as extending to frequent physical abuse of her children. On one occasion recounted in her book (appropriately titled *All My Children*), Ms. Challif attempted to "cure" a homosexual schizophrenic by going through the motions of preparing to castrate him with a kitchen knife.

Mental Patients Unite

Equally horrendous examples could be enumerated indefinitely. Simply to do so, however, would not in itself bring about change. The mental patient, until now the forgotten man of the civil rights revolutions of this century, is finally joining other oppressed minority groups, in seeking liberation and self-determination. In fighting for their individual and collective rights, these organized patients have many enemies; indifference, intolerance, and irrational prejudice. To this formidable list, I think we must add the mental health establishment itself as one of the foremost perpetrators of the oppression and discrimination which is now the almost inevitable lot of the mentally handicapped in this country. One can only hope that new organization and militancy of these mental patients will act as a spur for profound self-examination, and basic change, on the part of the mental health professions.

The only humane alternative to such change is the replacement of the mental hospital with some indigenous institution administered by those truly committed to the full liberation of the mentally ill, as is now being proposed by some organized ex-patients seeking to establish schizophrenic and homosexual communes. Such an alternative structure hopefully would provide the mentally ill with a sense of community and a truly therapeutic environment.

dren with some sort of retarded brain growth—even with free medicine and free hospitals and a travelling nurse to police health and hygiene.

So we have begun a council. It is called the MIRIMA, which is the Aboriginal name for the area, and we discuss. My hardest job is to get things going, and as yet nothing much has happened. But I think that that is the



Rita Corbin

answer, and it will have to be worked on.

At the same time the whole thing has been the most terrific challenge. The laughter and lack of greed and envy, the simple friendship of the people and their courtesy. This year I was invited to the sacred tribal ceremonies which still persist in areas farthest from civilization. Here the mantle of Jacky-boy was gone. They became adult and serious, organized the affair with the minimum of fuss, and their singing and dancing around their sacred tchuringas, boards carved with signs of their history, was real and dignified. It is hard for them, who see the power of the spirit in every leaf and animal, to take seriously our materialistic culture. And yet it is there and they can not or will not see just what it is. One old European station hand said to me, "You see that old fellow under the tree? He's hoping that one day he'll wake up and find that all the whitefellers have gone home and that it was just an awful dream. He's hoping that his relations who were chased by white stockmen on horseback and shot will be restored to him, that the kangaroos and waterholes will be plentiful again and that the people will go on walkabout to their ancient meeting places and re-live their old stories."

And that is his problem until his people can see what makes the present situation tick. Until they see what people are trying to do and how they

fit into this plan. And at the same time, until they feel within their hearts some sort of power to control their destiny.

Peace,
Fr. Peter Willis

Consumer's Bulletin

Box 3528
Washington, D.C. 20007

Dear Friends,

The Conscientious Consumer's Bulletin was created because we think that many vital social changes can be markedly helped—or severely hindered—by our behavior as consumers.

When we buy products from irresponsible manufacturers or distributors, we reward their lack of concern for our social well-being. And we make it harder for their responsible competition to stay in business or even to get into business in the first place.

What kind of irresponsibility are we talking about? Discrimination in hiring and advancement policies. Lack of concern for hazards to humans and to the environment. Taking advantage of developing nations and of our own disadvantaged people. Conspiring to defraud the buying public and our government as well. Our list is, unfortunately, only a partial one.

To be useful, fair and honest as a publication, the Bulletin will have to devote considerable time and effort to investigating alleged irresponsibility critically and dispassionately. (If you can make a contribution, it will help keep us clean and effective.)

But more important than keeping us solvent, is the need for you to participate in selecting the areas we peer into. What sort of irresponsibility is most significant to you? How can we improve our publication and its impact?

The street price of CCB is 5c but we are forced to charge \$2 for ten-issue subscriptions to cover mailing costs.

We have the gut feeling that many Americans do not feel they have much of a hand in the improvement of our society, in truly bringing us together as people. To those Americans, and to those already vocal in effecting long overdue changes, we extend our warmest invitation to give selective buying a chance. Obviously, all we can do is give you the information we gather. You have to take it from there, if it is to do any good.

Yours for Peace and Freedom,
CCB People

Monks Drafted

(Continued from page 1)

the military. Monks at still other pagodas have been threatened—unless they "volunteer," they will be subjected to similar police assaults.

We believe that Buddhists' efforts in behalf of peace and reconciliation are the main reasons for this new phased "Vietnamization."

So it is that we urgently appeal to you to write letters of protest to both the South Vietnamese and American Presidents.

So that these letters can be more useful, it is necessary that photocopies or carbons be sent to the Peace Delegation of the Unified Buddhist Church at this address. Otherwise, Mr. Thieu's government may be able to keep your concern secret and ignore your protest.

Thank you for your concern, your prayers, your work and fasts in support of our efforts to bring peace to our country.

Sincerely,
Thich Nhat Hanh
Chief of Delegation

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REBEL AMERICA

REBEL AMERICA: The story of Social Revolt in the United States by Lillian Symes and Travers Clement with a new introduction by Richard Drinnon. Reprinted by Beacon Press, Boston, 1972. Reviewed by Pat Rusk.

This book, which is a reprint from the thirties, begins with the Utopians who expressed their ideals in the formation of communities such as Robert Owen's New Harmony in Indiana in the 1820's. There were a succession of communal attempts in such places as Yellow Springs, Ohio and Haverstraw, New York. On Long Island, an anarchist colony was formed by Josiah Warren, founder of the American school of Anarchism, whose ideas centered chiefly on "a revolution in the system of banking and exchange." The ideas of men like Warren found expression in an infant movement known as the Greenback Movement which reached the masses in modified form but made little impression upon them.

The free land struggle was much more important and far-reaching. It blossomed into a full-blown issue resulting from the Homestead Act of 1862; but, it also "helped to postpone labor's coming to grips with American industrialism . . ."

The whole struggle of the early labor movement, Capital vs. Labor, with its many shades, colors, tendencies and splits, programs and platforms, issues and causes, varies little from what we see going on today: "shorter hours and bigger wages." This was the carrot that held the working class together. In 1903, John Mitchell of the United Miners confided that "the average wage-earner has made up his mind that he must remain a wage-earner." This disillusionment of the "average worker" came about on seeing in action the "power of the State" as it is wielded in strikes by the "troops" and in the courts by the "injunction." The State intends to defend its privileges with its force against whatever might the worker may amass.

Dolci Tour

Friends of Danilo Dolci, the U.S. group supporting the work of the non-violent activist leader who has brought hope to the poor in Sicily, have arranged a series of meetings around the country where people may hear Dolci speak. More specific information can be had from the schools and organizations at which meetings are scheduled.

September 25, 26—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.

September 27—University of Maine, Portland, Maine.

September 28—Niagara County Community College, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

September 30—Shimer College, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

October 1—Little College, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio.

October 2—University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.

October 3—University of Wisconsin, Green Bay, Wisc.

October 4—University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point, Wisc.

October 5—Southwest Minnesota State College, Marshall, Minn.

October 6—Institute for Study of Peace, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

October 7—Dos Mundo School, Corpus Christi, Texas.

October 9—East Harlem Interfaith Committee, Church of St. Edward the Martyr in N.Y.C. (Anyone interested in attending this meeting must contact Rev. James M. Lodwick in advance.)

October 9—Fund Raising Dinner, \$50 a plate, hosted by Eugene McCarthy at Elaine's Restaurant, N.Y.C. (Contact Joan Simon, 212-288-0756.)

October 10—New York City area open meeting in Brooklyn, N.Y. (Contact Sumner Rosen, 212-661-2545.)

October 12—Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

October 14—Lehman College, New York City.

October 15—Manhattan College Peace Conference, Bronx, N.Y.

The book, *World Around Danilo Dolci*, describing his accomplishments and his trials, is being reissued in paperback. Copies can be obtained by contacting Robert Huehner, 212-543-7166.

The Irrepressible Wobblies

The Twentieth century begins with a riotous history of two groups who carried forward the banner of the workingman's cause, the Socialist Party and the I.W.W., or, as stated in the introduction, radical groups struggling for the "soul of labor." I found the delight of my soul in reading about the Wobblies. Rather than argue fine points of Marxian theory as did the skilled craftsmen, the Wobblies went about the country dragging, stampeding and pulling into their fold every workingman, skilled and unskilled. The I.W.W. knew no race, creed or color; it had no policy of exclusion. It was born out of conflict, the terrible Cripple Creek disaster, which saw the assassination of mine bosses, the murder of mine pickets and the herding of strikers into bull pens. The I.W.W. was formed in Chicago in 1904. Every man who had to earn a living by the sweat of his brow was sought after. When a strike was on, the Wobblies were there, organizing parades and rallies in such a frenzy of activity and with so much organizational skill that the membership soared to the skies. Between their spectacular strikes and free-speech fights, the Wobblies were riding high and were a force to be reckoned with. From the period preceding the first World War and through the Great Depression of '29, the Wobblies' cause was strengthened. It maintained its strength because it was truly on the side of the underdog. Though it gathered its forces in the western mining regions of the Rockies, it was spirited to the east to join with the textile workers of Lawrence, Mass. "Big Bill" Haywood personified this spirit of the newly hatched union of workers.

Although the I.W.W. was anti-political, its members, many of them, voted the Socialist ticket and Haywood was on the party's National Executive Committee. There were internal disputes over the use of violence in whatever form until, in 1920, the I.W.W. declared at its twelfth convention that the I.W.W. "does not and never has believed in or advocated either destruction or violence as a means of accomplishing industrial reforms."

Anarchist Intellectuals

Anarchists, fearful of any centralized authority, branched away from even the I.W.W., decentralized as it was, to form the Syndicalist League of North America. They organized to spread the ideas of syndicalism (trade unionism), direct action and the general strike among the workers. As a whole, the anarchists attracted more poets and artists than workingmen, and their activities were largely educational. As personalities, they were on the whole more charming, colorful and exciting . . . than the rank and file of either socialism or syndicalism. "Anarchism stresses the individual." For this reason it drew to itself a larger lunatic fringe than the other radical groups while at the same time it attracted "the artist, the idealist, the mystic, the bohemian." The anarchists in New York started a school in an old building on Twelfth Street in honor of a Spanish educator, Francisco Ferrer, and one of its organizers was Harry Kelly who had assisted Peter Kropotkin on the anarchist paper *Freedom* in London. The school was highly successful and was aided by a former Jesuit seminarian, Will Durant, and soon became the rendezvous of the radicals in New York. In 1915 the school moved to Stelton, New Jersey where it flourished up to the fifties.

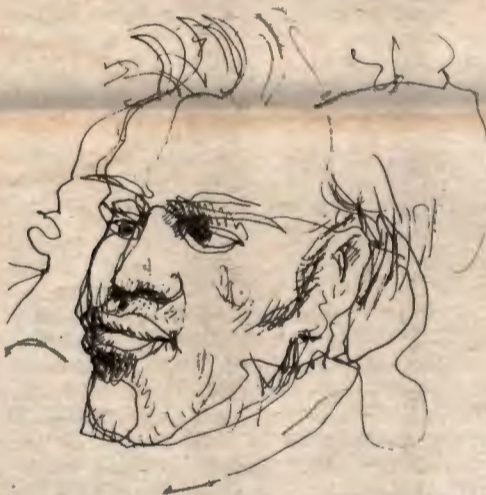
Around this time a free magazine was started, *Masses*, edited by Max Eastman and dedicated to revolution not reform, with a sense of humor, and no respect for the respectables. However, it did not appeal to the worker, rather to the "restless and yearning

sections of the middle, intellectual classes, just beginning to greet the dawn of a new day." The *Masses* had its happy and exciting side but also reported the grim and tragic. The Rockefeller interests were threatened in the coal fields of Ludlow, Colorado and the militia set fire to the tent colony of families of the striking miners. "A wave of horror swept the country."

Witch Hunt for Radicals

The mood of the country in 1917 was against entering the war. However, according to authors Symes and Clement, "George Creel and his staff of high-powered publicity and advertising experts undertook the campaign to 'sell' the war to the American people . . ." We went in April of that year, and an "ominous quiet settled over the land."

The Socialist party stated its opposition to the war; other than that, everyone reasoned his way to support the colors. The authors refer us to a bitter essay written by Randolph Bourne: "The War and the Intellectuals." While the war was being waged on foreign soil, with the passage of the Espionage Act on June 15, 1917, our own country was subjected to a witch-hunt. In Bisbee, Arizona, 1200 striking I.W.W.'s were corralled in a ball park by armed men and shipped to the desert by cattle cars in July of that year. In September, every I.W.W. hall was raided and the Wobbly leaders,



Rita Corbin

Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and the poet, Arturo Giovannitti, were held for trial on charges of treason. Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman were convicted on charges of obstructing the draft. These war-time persecutions extended beyond the radical circles into academic and clerical circles. "To express the shadow of a doubt was treason." A new alignment of pacifists, socialists, liberals, anarchists, I.W.W.'s, single taxers, utopians, men and women from every walk of life came together to fight for an early peace without victory. It had two million members and gained support from high places and caused such a stir that its organizer, Scott Nearing, found himself arrested and denied places to speak. People lost their jobs. When they met in convention, the troops were sent in to break up the meeting.

In 1915-16 the National Civil Liberties Bureau emerged and issued a pamphlet documenting hundreds of cases of persecution under the espionage and treason laws—"Rose Pastor Stokes sentenced to ten years for a letter on war profiteering;" a governor sentenced to five years for anti-war campaign speeches, and an I.W.W. organizer hanged on a tree in New Jersey by the chief of police. To be a pacifist or radical in those years in the smaller places across the nation was suicidal.

In the big cities like New York the radicals could still be vocal and the Socialist Party swelled because of its opposition to the war. However, the party became alienated from the worker as his pay envelope swelled; "whooping it up for the war," he joined "enthusiastically in the various red hunts." Eugene V. Debs who quoted Edmund Burke on patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel" was sentenced to ten years in the federal penitentiary and just before sentence was pronounced he said to the "grim-faced trial judge": "Your Honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one whit better than the meanest of earth. I said then and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free . . ." As Convict 9653, Debs polled nearly a million votes, the "highest number ever recorded for an American Socialist candidate," for the Presidency.

As the war was ending the Federal government closed in on the radicals and people like "Big Bill" Haywood were jailed for twenty years. His case was appealed and he came out under heavy bail and fled to Russia, leaving the I.W.W. fully responsible for the bail. The Wobblies paid in full even though "Big Bill" had deserted to communism, and the I.W.W. could barely maintain itself. The mass trials of the I.W.W. spread across the nation and they sat in the courtroom refusing legal aid and uttered not a word in their own behalf.

Radical Leadership

There were more strikes, more raids and Wobbly history became largely a struggle with the communistic unions and a shadow of its former "rowdy and picturesque self." The Brookwood Labor College trained young men and women for radical leadership in the labor movement. A. J. Muste, the world-famous pacifist figure, was their leader, and they became known as "Muste-ites." A. J. was revered in America's peace movement and when I came across this very tall, bony man at numerous peace meetings, I was always struck by his humble manner. He seemed to me always to melt into the crowd and be one of the people rather than someone who stood above the people. It was easy to feel a sense of comradeship with him. David Dellinger, who more or less fills Muste's shoes, also conveys the same strong desire to be at home with his fellowman. Such are the men, dedicated and courageous, who attempt to lead a movement along non-violent lines. To these men I'd like also to add Dick Gregory, who is on a liquid fast to end the war. Marge Swann of the New England Committee for Non-violent Action is in her second year of such a fast.

I would like to close with the following quotation which occurs very near the end of the book: "The promotion of revolution in the United States has always been an uphill job. We have our own tradition of radicalism, but it is not a tradition of collectivist radicalism. Anarchism is undoubtedly the philosophy most native to the American temperament."

LANZA DEL VASTO TO VISIT

On October 16th, Lanza Del Vasto, noted author, activist, and founder of the Community of the Ark, will begin a one-month speaking tour in the United States. For those interested in ascertaining his schedule or arranging an engagement with him, please contact:

George Willoughby
1006 S. 46th St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19143