

CATHOLIC WORKER



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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

One use of these columns is to give the news of all the members of the Catholic Worker family to all the readers who have been closely associated with us over the years. I will begin with April 27, the day the last issue of the CW was delivered to the St. Joseph's House at 175 Chrystie Street to be mailed out. On that Saturday afternoon there were three parades. One was the Loyalty Day parade, another a Peace parade of many organizations which came down Fifth Avenue from east and west sides of Central Park and converged on the Sheep Meadow; the third was a protestors parade which began at Washington Square and without permit attempted a march, which was stopped by the police. One would not have expected our new Archbishop to walk, or head this third parade, but how nice it would have been, if he had joined what one might call ecumenically "his flock" in the Sheep Meadow! Past popes have spoken of the fallacy of an armed peace so we would not have had him march in a Preparedness Day parade. But since this was a (Continued on page 2)

Life And Death

As this June issue goes to press (we have had to omit the May issue), this very morning news comes to us of the attempted assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy. We do not know yet whether he will live or die. For many hours he was operated upon at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles where he and his followers were celebrating victory in the California primary in the Ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel. The meeting was ended at two a.m. and as he left the hall, he was shot twice, in the skull and shoulder. Four others were wounded, one of them seriously. We received the news here on the East Coast at five, and it was repeated over and over on radio, and the scenes in the ballroom and corridor of the hotel were rerun over and over again on television. Now while we work at the printer, bringing out the Catholic Worker, it may still be going on, these words, these cries, these wallings and shoutings while newsreel men grind on, adding to the horror inflicted upon us, forcing us to live and relive the moment of tragedy.

Medgar Evers' brother Charles who was working with Robert Kennedy in his campaign was there and spoke briefly of his brother's assassination. Martin Luther King's cousin, a doctor, was there. In the last issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER, we were recording Martin Luther King's death. And of course everyone thought of the assassination of Robert Kennedy's brother John, President of the United States. The whites of this country are not used to this sudden doom, which has been inflicted upon the blacks over and over, year after year, and most often the deaths have been unhonored and unsung, and often unreported.

Lord Jesus Christ, son of the living God, have mercy on us!

Last report: the hours of operating are over. Robert Kennedy still lives, but is in critical condition. Radio states there is no brain damage. A miracle if true.

D. D.



Nonviolent Napalm in Catonsville

By TOM CORNELL

On October 4, 1967, Fr. Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., Thomas Lewis, Rev. James Mengel and David Eberhardt of the Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission entered the office of Selective Service Local Board No. 3 in Baltimore, opened file cabinets containing the draft records of men registered with that board and poured several cups of their own and animal blood into them. On May 24, 1968 they stood for sentencing, having been convicted of the criminal charges growing out of that incident.

One week before they were to be sentenced, on May 17, Fr. Philip Berrigan and Tom Lewis were joined by seven others, Fr. Daniel Berrigan, S.J., John Hogan, Brother David Darst, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Melville, Miss Mary Moylan and George Mische at Selective Service Local Board No. 33, in Catonsville, Maryland, where they seized the files of six hundred registrants and destroyed them with home-made napalm in a parking lot adjacent to the local board's office.

Fr. Phil Berrigan and Tom Lewis were sentenced to six years in federal prison, David Eberhardt to three years, and Rev. Mengel's sentence was deferred pending psychiatric consultation. The lawyer for the group, Fred Weisgal, filed an appeal immediately. Judge Northrop however, refused to allow Fr. Phil and Tom to be released on bail pending their appeal. They are a "menace to the community," and were returned to Baltimore County Jail in Towson, Maryland,

where they and the seven others face charges brought against them by the county for the Catonsville action: theft, assault, arson and sabotage.

Tom Lewis is an artist and an art teacher, and lives in Baltimore. He studied at the Uffizi Galleries in Florence and served eight years in the Maryland National Guard. He was a founding member of the Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission and has been deeply involved in peace and civil rights work.

Fr. Phil Berrigan was just relieved of his duties as curate of St. Peter Claver Church in Baltimore, a Negro parish essentially, which became a center of activities for black liberation. Fr. Phil is the author of *No More Strangers* (Macmillan, 1965), co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, chairman of the Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission, and a U.S. Army veteran decorated for bravery with a field commission in World War II.

Brother David Darst, a Christian Brother and summa cum laude graduate of St. Mary's College in Winona, Minnesota, is a teacher at Providence High School in St. Louis, Missouri. He turned his 4-D (ministerial deferment) draft card in to the authorities on December 4 last year, was subsequently reclassified 1-A delinquent and ordered to report for induction. He refused. Brother David recently won a two-year scholarship to Harvard Divinity School.

John Hogan, fifteen years a Maryknoll Brother, recently re-

signed from the order. Maryknoll had forbidden him to continue his association with the Christian Guerrilla Movement in Guatemala.

Thomas Melville and his wife, Marjorie Bradford Melville, were both expelled from Guatemala for revolutionary activities. He had been ordained a Maryknoll priest eleven years ago and Marjorie, his wife, was a Maryknoll sister. They had served eleven and fourteen years respectively in Guatemala.

George Mische, a U.S. Army veteran, studied at Seton Hall University, the Foreign Service School for the State Department, formerly served on the staff of the Association for International Development (AID) with extensive background of activity in Latin America, currently works and lives as a peace activist and organizer in Washington, D.C.

Mary Moylan, R.N., is a certified nurse-midwife from John Hopkins University in Baltimore. She served in Uganda for three years with the Women's Volunteer Association, and as executive director of W.V.A. since 1966.

Fr. Daniel Berrigan, a Jesuit, poet, chaplain at Cornell University, who with Professor Howard Zinn went to Hanoi last February to receive three U.S. airmen, prisoners of war, released by North Vietnam to the American peace movement, has published many volumes of poetry and essays. One week before his brother Philip was to be sentenced for pouring blood on the Baltimore files, Fr. Dan joined him in the (Continued on page 2)

Cesar Chavez Talks In New York

During his recent visit to New York, Cesar Chavez, director of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, spoke at an interfaith luncheon of clergy and labor people at Calvary Episcopal Church, Manhattan. Excerpts follow:

"We are not in the age of miracles, and yet it is surprising that we can attract, and keep, and increase the type of support that is needed to keep our economic struggle going for 33 months. It is a struggle in which the poorest of the poor and the weakest of the weak are pitted against the strongest of the strong. We are fighting not against the family farm, not against agriculture, but against agribusiness.

When we think of powerful interests, we think of General Motors and other great corporations. But we must turn our minds to the power of the land. It is hard to think that agribusiness could have such tremendous power as it has in California—it is worth five billion dollars in our state alone. We must see it as it is, a similar situation to Latin America. The interests can control not only the land but everything that moves, everyone that walks in the land. They control even the actions of the Congress of the United States, even some church groups. Right up to today, some groups in the churches think we are a bunch of communists. I can take the credit for one of the first ecumenical actions of the churches in the Delano area. Some ministers and priests got together to make a statement denouncing us as outside agitators.

You must have some of the background of agriculture in California to understand what we have been doing. The three basic elements people, poor people, to provide the cheap labor.

We know how the land was acquired. The railroads, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, got large tracts of land, and so did the Bank of America. Who would think that the Bank of America is a grower, but it is.

When the land was reclaimed, water had to be brought in from great distances, even six-hundred to seven-hundred miles. Your taxes are paying for this water supply today. Ours are not, right now, because we are on strike. Back in the early part of this century, legislators began to see that the family farm should be helped. So water was to be supplied to 160-acre farms. This was never enforced. The water went to the larger tracts.

One thing was necessary to the success of the exploitation of California land: workers. The whole cry to get poor people to do the work of the land is a story in itself. When the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads were completed, the Chinese were left without work to do. They went to the cities. The growers who needed workers dealt with contractors who supplied the Chinese. The contractors, who were Chinese themselves, began to sell their brothers for profit. When the Chinese wanted to own their own land, we had the Chinese Exclusion Act. The Chinese land workers could not own land nor could they marry Caucasian women, so they left agriculture for the cities.

The growers went to Congress for special legislation. Tailor-made immigration laws made it possible (Continued on page 6)

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

Loyalty Day parade, he could have rightly appeared at both. Enrico Malatesta, the famous Italian anarchist, used to urge his friends and followers to rightly love their country, and in their loyalty do all they could to work for freedom and justice there, as well as in the entire world.

Arthur Sheehan, one of our editors, walked in the peace parade and suffered a heart attack the next morning. He had been helping us in the new house, coming each morning at eight o'clock to wait for inspectors and workers, and leaving at noon when someone else came to spell him. I visited him at Jacobi Hospital, which is new and spacious, and was delighted to find him recovering. He is now resting at his home on City Island where he can be written to: Box 25 City Island N.Y. 10464. Arthur has always lived in voluntary poverty, so if anyone wants to send a gift, let it be in cash, to pay rent for some of those little delicacies needed by the sick. (St. Francis called for some sweet cakes in his last illness.)

Sunday, April 28th
Attilio Cantori and his wife and child came for the day and we had a delightful concert of flute, guitar and banjo, and singing too. Joe and Audrey Monroe had their guitars, so it was a delightful day. Deane Mowrer taped an interview with Joe, who has been a leader in the black protest in Harlem against Columbia's getting part of Morningside Park for their new gymnasium and depriving the local people of much needed park space. The student rebellion made this protest part of their demonstrations and sit-ins which went on through the month. Black students occupied Hamilton Hall and the Harlem group brought hot meals to them, adding the peaceful works of mercy to the sometimes violent struggle which was going on.

Joe is also demonstrating and speaking at meetings opposing the closing of Sydenham Hospital, which is so much needed in Harlem. Shutting off of Medicaid and the closing of the smaller hospitals is inflicting great hardship on the poorest.

Let us hope that in future issues we will report more of the students' revolts. We have too few writers among our editors and co-workers. It is not only injustice to the blacks, corruption in the city, but cooperation with government research for war, and relations with administration that are being discussed in many other colleges and universities too. A happy note was struck when it was announced that classes one bright day would be held on the lawn and under the trees with cooperating faculty, and workers, employees and neighbors were all invited.

May 5th and 6th.

Went to see the movie, War and

Peace, with William Oleksak, who has helped me by clipping Washington, Detroit and New York papers for many years, keeping track of affairs in Latin America, the peace movement and among the agricultural workers. The most beautiful scene in the picture is Prince Andre's drive through the woods, when he sees the old oak tree, seemingly dead, when all the young trees around him were covered with spring growth. The tree reflects his melancholy. Then after his overhearing Natasha's springtime, midnight soliloquy from her balcony, he leaves next day and retracing his journey finds the old tree bursting into fresh leaf. Helene Iswolsky, our Russian scholar in residence at Tivoli and I both liked those beautiful rural scenes and were exhausted by the hours of battle, Austerlitz on Sunday, and Borodino on Monday, the spectacle of tens of thousands of French and Russian soldiers mowed down in that brutal invasion, an invasion duplicated in this century also, and a slaughter which brought home to us what was going on at that very moment in Vietnam.

Undoubtedly the picture will make us go back to reread Tolstol's masterpiece.

May 12, Sunday.

Happy news. Peggy Baird (to use her maiden name) is taking instruction from Fr. Charles to be received into the Catholic Church. She was baptized a Presbyterian as a baby. On hearing the news, Malcolm Cowley, a former husband, came to see her, "clothed and in her right mind" as my mother used to say, surrounded by her kittens and flowers and books, and studying the Baltimore catechism, of all things! I heard that WBAI in a recent auction to raise funds for a new headquarters was given a Baltimore catechism to auction off as an antique. Myself, I am reading the Dutch catechism with much joy, beginning with the chapter on the resurrection and Pentecost.

May 13-May 19

A delightful visit to Perkinsville, what with Eric, 19, home for ten days from Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Delightful in that it is spring, good weather, the children all well and healthy and playing out all day, and sorrowful in that Eric is in the army, right now transferred to Fort Benning, where he will be until November. Then a last leave, and then shipping out. Where, God knows. At Tivoli, Mr. Moore's son was sent to Ethiopia. Mrs. de Ruyter's grandson has spent his entire time at Fort Knox and will be out of the service in September.

Tamar and I picked dandelion greens and rhubarb and walked in the garden, and we had milk from a neighbor's goats and maple syrup from Hilaire's labor in the spring, and I rested and was

(Continued from page 1)
destruction by napalm of the Catonsville files.

The Catonsville board was selected because it was logistically well situated and relatively vulnerable. There is a parking lot outside where records could be burned with no danger to any person or any other property. The Special Forces Handbook supplied the formula for napalm, the jellied gasoline which has killed, crippled and disfigured so many innocent Vietnamese, children especially. The protestors carried the ten-pound package of napalm with them, past two workmen plastering up a recruiting poster on the sidewalk outside Local Board No. 33, and placed it under the stairway leading up to the office.

Tom Lewis, Mary Moylan and Marjorie Melville entered first. Three female employees were working at their desks. Lewis began to speak, to try to explain what they were about. He was ignored. The Fathers Berrigan, Mische, Melville and the others entered brusquely carrying large wire trash baskets, proceeded immediately to the file cabinets where registrants' records are kept and emptied their contents into the baskets. Mrs. Murphy, the clerk of the board, became aroused. "My files," she shouted, "Get away from my files!" Fr. Dan went after the 1-A's first, then the 2-A's, and then the 1-Y's, stuffing them furiously into the baskets. George Mische warned him not to pack them too tight, lest they fail to burn through. One of the local board assistants darted to the telephone to summon the police. Mary Moylan put her hand on the receiver button and held the phone, telling the young lady to wait till they were through. As soon as the files were safely basketed Mary gave the woman the phone, saying, "Now you can call whoever you want." The young woman then threw the phone out the closed window, to attract the attention of those on the street below. Mrs. Murphy, the clerk, lunged toward George Mische, still screaming, "MY FILES! Get away from MY FILES!" and grabbed George by the seat of his pants. They gave at the seams. With a basket in one hand and his dignity upheld with the other, George made it to the parking lot outside. Mrs. Murphy's finger was scratched when she attempted to wrest George's basket from him:

relaxed although the house was bulging just as Tivoli always is, with young of all ages. One woke up to find them sleeping on the dining room floor too.

May 20.

A wedding at the farm, Will Gilbert and Laura, witnessed by Fr. Rogers, Episcopalian minister up the hill. Cake was baked by Joan Welch and music was supplied by three youths, two of them from Bard college, I understand, who were so covered with hair as to head and face that only a little circle of face appeared, and very bright eyes. They played recorder, drum, banjo and guitar, and at first they looked like the Huns of the old sagas who descended like wolves on the fold, but their music was gentle and so were they, and before they left I had come to think of them as more like the followers of St. Francis than of Alaric. Who knows, St. Francis might have been just as hairy, shabby in his shepherd's tunic and bare feet. Marge Hughes let fall the word Hobbit, and one of the youths turned out to be an enthusiastic reader of the Tolkien books. (Tolkien, by the way, is listed as one of the translators of the Jerusalem Bible.)

June first.

Peggy Baird received into the (Continued on page 3)

Nonviolent Napalm in Catonsville

hence the charge of assault. One of the billboard plasterers, still at work as the team gassed, remarked to his fellow worker, "I think they need us upstairs."

One of the men retrieved the napalm from under the stairway and brought it to the parking lot. Newsmen, alerted beforehand, were emerging as if from nowhere. The napalm was thrown upon the files, and, too volatile to be safely ignited by a match, was set off with a cigarette thrown upon the mass. The fire burned fiercely for perhaps ten minutes, devouring the files of six hundred Catonsville registrants. The team gathered around the pyre to recite the Lord's Prayer and to sing hymns. Thus they were found by a local policeman who asked, "Who is responsible for this?"

The sentencing of the first team, the "Baltimore Four," took place on Friday, May 24, before Trial Judge Edward Northrop. The courtroom is large, with three rows of benches six deep in the spectators' section. There were about a hundred and eighty public in attendance, many wearing religious garb, and perhaps fifteen or twenty crowded outside the entrance to the court.

Judge Northrop in black gown enters. "Open, oyez, this honorable court is now in session..." Fred Weisgal, attorney for the defense, calls character witnesses. William Carter of Baltimore Model Cities, former chairman of Baltimore CORE, speaks eloquently of non-violence, of vigorous action for change which does not involve the injury or violation of people. He speaks of the defendants, the convicts by now, as "almost kindly," and compares them to Jesus Christ. John Grady of the Drew Foundation in New York and Rev. John Harman of Roxbury, Massachusetts speaks of the depth of conviction that moves the men. Two women from St. Peter Claver parish speak, briefly, directly and most movingly. Stephen Sachs, the Assistant U.S. Attorney who prosecuted the case, in asking for "more than symbolic punishment," alludes to the action of a week before. "Berrigan and Lewis, in the company of seven others, did, with the use of whatever force against persons which was necessary to accomplish their purpose, did in fact cause injury, admittedly slight, did gather up files and burn them in parking lot outside." (They had not even been arraigned on these charges yet; that was to come later. Still it was brought up to indicate the unrepentant character of the defendants and to ensure a severe sentence.) Berrigan and Lewis were sentenced to six years in federal prison. Dave Eberhardt declared that he was not contrite either, and was sentenced to three years.

The prisoners were led away. Judge Northrop still sitting upon his bench. Slowly, an ovation rose from the spectators, swelling to thunder as everyone rose to pay homage to these brave men. Judge Northrop was at a loss to control the situation or reclaim his courtroom. Authority no longer sat on the bench behind the "bar of justice" but had devolved upon those who deserved it. With his few words of sentencing, harsh, severe, unfeeling and unseeing, Judge Northrop might as well have proclaimed the commencement of the revolution, or so many of us felt at that moment, and we might just be proven right.

But is this truly nonviolence? When an individual takes his own draft cards and burns them he makes a decision for himself: I will no longer be a part of the war system. He does not make a decision for anybody else. This is the kind of nonviolence we have grown used to (though just two years ago it shocked many of our natural allies.) But did the men

whose files these were decide to have them there? And if they had, does that give this property the right to exist? In their statement of purpose the Catonsville team wrote, "Some property has no right to exist. Hitler's gas ovens, Stalin's concentration camps, atomic-biological-chemical weaponry, files of conscription and slum properties are 'examples...'"

The burning of the Catonsville files signals a shift in tactics, from nonviolent protest to resistance to revolution. It is debatable whether revolutionary tactics are appropriate in a modern highly-organized industrial and complex society such as our own (or that of France). It is certainly true that the establishment, the white power structure, the power elite, have effective monopoly on conventional force. They have the guns, the tanks, the prisons and the McCarran Act detention camps, and they could scoop all the New Left, Old Left, Black Power activists and underground newspaper editors into their camps overnight with hardly a ripple from the liberals, just as in World War II the Japanese-Americans disappeared with almost no protest in their behalf. Compare the War Department budget with that of the Movement. We bring a quarter of a million people to Central Park for an afternoon and the Pentagon sends half a million to Vietnam for the duration. No, violent revolutionary tactics are not very hopeful... The only revolution they are likely to effect in the U. S. is one of the Right. Moreover as pacifists we know that violence will not bring about what we desire. The means inevitably determine the ends.

The word revolution has been cheapened by overuse; still it retains meaning, in calling for a restructuring of power in American society, a rechanneling of wealth and resources, and a devolution of political decision-making power so that everyone might have a voice in those decisions which most seriously affect his life. The scholars tell us that we are sufficiently advanced in technology to make it possible for us to offer a decent life to all Americans without scratching affluence from the backs of other Americans, or of Latin Americans, Africans and Asians. It would be pleasant and reassuring to believe that this kind of restructuring could come about as a result of protest, of the presentation of petitions for redress of grievances, through mass demonstrations and parades and the conventional electoral system. We will keep these actions up where appropriate. Nevertheless, there is not one shred of evidence that any substantial change in the distribution of wealth or decision-making power has been effected by such means so far. The best that can be said is that nonviolence has succeeded through its own kinds of protest and resistance activities in generating greater pressures for change and proving that ways other than those of conventional politics are more effective in generating the kinds of pressures needed for change out of the established patterns. Now it remains to develop yet more vigorous forms of non-violent intervention against the processes of murder and exploitation, and the Berrigans have given an example, an ingenious act of nonviolent revolution.

There are draft boards, induction centers, offices and properties which administer racism and war and which are amazingly vulnerable to those of their victims with the integrity, courage and imagination to dismantle them out of deep respect and love of life and the living. If nothing short of such revolutionary acts will accomplish the goal of the overthrow of the institutions of death (Continued on page 3)

Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The Eve of Pentecost, a rare and perfect first day of June, was for all of us here at the Catholic Worker Farm a day of great liturgical and community joy. For on this day, this Eve of Pentecost, Peggy Baird Conklin made her profession of faith as a Catholic and received her first Communion during the beautiful Mass which Father Hickey of the Redemptorist Fathers celebrated in our Chapel. Alice Lawrence acted as godmother; and Peggy, who is seventy-seven years old and was baptized a Presbyterian in her youth, read her profession of faith in voice clear and firm with conviction. The chapel was filled with most of our farm family and who had come for the event, with several of Peggy's friends Dorothy Day, who has known Peggy since they were girls together and shared the rigors of Washington, D.C. jail experience during the Suffragist demonstrations many years ago, was happily with us. From the woodland, which is so near our chapel, a wood thrush sang an alleluia which Mozart might have envied, and at the end of Mass, an oriole whistled again and again a jaunty refrain: Praise the Lord.

The old adage—April showers make May flowers—seems to have been reversed this year, with dry April bringing us a host of early-blooming fruit trees and Spring flowers, both wild and natural; and then May bringing us the showers, the downpours of rain so that early garden stuff—lettuce, scallions, radishes—are thriving, and the green of grass and leaves seems deeply dyed enough to withstand summer's hottest sun. Nor are all blossoms gone; for the other day, when Ruth Collins and I walked through our woods and fields, we found bees still sipping at the nectar of honey locust and horse-chestnut trees.

The long Memorial Day weekend, coinciding as it did with the weekend of Peggy's reception into the Church, brought us many visitors. Ruth Collins and her son, David, brought Rita Davis and her five children from Harlem for another visit in the country. Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner, Betsy Zwicki, Ed Turner, Tommie and Mary Hughes came most particularly because of Peggy. Malcolm Cowley and Sue Brown also came on the Eve of Pentecost to greet Peggy. Then David and Catherine Miller with their little daughter Junita, arrived from Washington, D.C. to stay with us until David is called to begin serving his two-and-a-half year sentence for draft card burning. Lou and Justine Murphy, who have operated a most efficient Catholic worker house and farm in the Detroit area for many years, also spent the weekend with us; and one evening, with Stanley Vishniewski and Marge Hughes on hand to remind them of old times, recorded on tape for me some of their reminiscences. Now today, Monday of Pentecost week, Tom and Monica Cornell have arrived with their two children, Tommy and Deirdre. Tom also expects to begin serving a sentence for draft-card burning soon. We hope that Catherine Miller and Monica Cornell with their children will regard the Catholic Worker farm as their home during the difficult time when their husbands are in jail. As I have said before, I regard these young men, who go to jail for 'conscience' sake, as the true heroes of our time. It is a kind of heroism, however, which asks much of their wives as well. May the sacrifices of these young people, both men and women, help bring us to that time when all human beings will find it easier to live in peace and love of neighbor and of God.

The third Sunday of May was an important day here at the farm,

not only because it was the day of our monthly Sunday afternoon discussion, but also because Ammon Hennacy and his wife came to visit. They did not stay long, but there was time for some friendly conversation, and before he left Ammon made a short talk to our discussion group. For most of us at the Catholic Worker, Ammon holds a special place by reason of his courage and steadfastness in a lifelong apostolate of uncompromising pacifism and poverty. For some of us, perhaps, the adventure of going picketing with Ammon or getting arrested with Ammon and Dorothy in the demonstrations against the compulsory air raid drills will always seem peak experiences, from which the rest of life sometimes seems to level off into a routine, too "dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Yet it is probably Ammon's faithfulness to the necessary but dull everyday routine which enables him to achieve the mountaintop so often and seemingly so easily.

Thinking about the many visi-



tors we have had this Spring and the many we anticipate throughout the summer, I realize that hospitality is certainly one of our most important functions. We are in fact not only a center where those interested in Catholic Worker ideas can find a place to sit down and talk things over, but we are also a kind of country resort for the poor, for those of our own movement who never have money enough for outings in the country, and for those who come from the city slums and could not afford the usual hotels and camps. I am reminded, too, that talking with visitors and providing for the daily needs of those who stay a while with us makes up part of the daily work. Listening to John Filligar and some of his assistants working around the swimming pool—where the murky Hudson River water is now being properly filtered, I realize that we are also a kind of recreational center for our friends and neighbors in the area of Tivoli. For soon we shall hear the splash and chatter of Tivolians and Catholic workers refreshing themselves in a true community pool. Perhaps good swimming pools, rather than fences, make good neighbors.

The excessive rain of May has retarded John's gardening, since the clay soil of the upper field has been too wet for planting. With enough sunshine this week, however, he hopes to get the major part finished since David and Catherine Miller and Larry Evers are all eager to help. Meanwhile, trying to put the antiquated plumbing of the old mansion in repair and cleaning out cesspools has provided work enough for John, Fred Lindsay, Mike Sullivan, and several others. The old mansion is a beautiful old house, which if properly renovated, might stand another hundred years and house many people in comfort as well as picturesque. There is enough of the picturesque at present,

though comfort is certainly minimal.

Those who do the cooking here, who include Hans Tunnesen, Alice Lawrence, Fred Lindsey, Marge Hughes, and Joan, are glad that Al Learnard is staying a while with us since Al, too, has real culinary skill and is able to cook the large quantities which are required for an over-expanding family like ours. Several other young people, including Mary Kae, Mary Morris, and Peggy Quinn have also visited in recent weeks and given much help cleaning, cooking, etc. Then there are the stalwarts of the dishwashing and dining-room contingents—Henry Nielson, Placid Decker, Fred Lindsey. There is, of course, Kay Lynch, who is a kind of pinch hitter, filling in wherever needed. Bob Stewart and Tommy Hughes do much of the driving. As for Reginald Highhill, he has been busy catching and hiving several new swarms of bees, setting out a small vineyard and orchard, and cultivating small gardens in various parts of the place. As for Marge Hughes, during the past two weeks she has learned—thanks to Art Rosenblum—a new trade, photo-offset printing. Art is an itinerant printer who lived with the Bruderhof in Paraguay for fifteen years. He is a confirmed pacifist and has worked with various peace groups, as well as Students for a Democratic Society. At present he is making his headquarters with us, though he continues to travel about to help various groups with their printing problems. Stanley Vishniewski, of course, continues his beautiful handpress printing and his writing. It would be impossible to enumerate all contributions from the varied members of our community. Helene Iswolsky's conversational gifts and gracious entertainment of visitors are much missed when she is away. With some the gift is more intangible, hardly noticeable. Perhaps it is suffering or praying. We are not likely to know how important such a contribution may be.

As for Arthur Lacey, his gifts are valuable to the efficient functioning of our community. We are all glad that he has returned from his retreat and sojourn at Chrystie Street to look after the mail for us, perform the duties of sacristan and altar boy, and see that the bells summoning us to meals or prayers are properly rung. We are glad, too, that Wally Kendricks is back with us and know that in his quiet way he will do many things of real service to us all.

Most of our events this Spring have been visitors, it seems to me. Yet one weekend recently fifty-five members and friends of the Workshop in Non-violence decided to use our place as a setting—peaceful, we hope—for their discussion and recreational activities. Another event in which several of our farm family participated was the wedding of Will Gilbert and Laura which was performed by Father Rogers at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Tivoli.

For many here at the farm an event of some importance was the arrival in the mail of Dorothy Day's copy of the new Catholic Worker anthology—A PENNY A COPY. This book, which is published by Macmillan, is edited by our good friends and former Catholic Worker editors, Thomas Cornell and James Forest, who are now with the Catholic Peace Fellowship, which they founded several years ago. The book is beautiful, I am told, and includes many interesting and lively articles from the rich store of the Catholic Worker, with an excellent choice from the best of Dorothy Day and many others from many other writers. I am looking forward to hearing this book in its entirety, and expect to enjoy it, though I have, of course, read many of the articles before. During her recent visit Ruth Collins read me a few of the articles, including one by Stanley Vishniewski, which had me laughing as though I had never heard it before, though I had actually read it more than once some years ago.

Always in spring, I think, the

(Continued on page 7)

CHRYSTIE STREET

By JACK COOK

To James E. Wilson
Allenwood Prison Farm
Allenwood, Pennsylvania

Dead Jim:

Raona asked me a little while ago to write a letter to you about Chrystie Street. It should not have taken her prompting to make me write, but it probably did. Lethargy and lack of discipline explain to some extent my remissness, but there is yet another reason why I so seldom write to you or Bob Gilliam. It isn't a case where words cannot convey what I think of you both and your witness; but that what I think cannot be conveyed by words. It can be conveyed only by actions in which the words are implicit, the ideas understood, the word, to use the Christian term, become flesh. And these actions and the words they contain are known so well to you and Bob that I need only continue to do them to make known to you both where we all are at.

So, as I'm sure you understand, I've written my own peculiar letters to you when I and others

STING
NETTLE



make and serve the soup, do the clothing room thing, respond (not always well) to the endless requests, and, in short, do the things that must be done to keep afloat this inimitable community of ex-members of homes for the aged, the orphaned; of TB sanitariums, mental hospitals, jails, penitentiaries, concentration camps; of army barracks, ships, prep schools, and Catholic colleges; of monasteries and convents. If each of us delights in our freedom from those haunting institutions, we nonetheless are bound together in poverty and need to another "total" institution (see Erving Goffman's *Asylums*): the prison of the Bowerly, capitalism's concentration camp, the Great Society's sanitarium, a contemporary Christian's cloister, the nonviolent combatant's training ground. But float it does and float it will.

We had a heavy rainstorm here this morning and when I arrived the furniture was all but literally floating. The front window might as well have been missing for all the protection it gave, and waterfalls were to be observed in several places in Siloe House. I hastily put cans and pots under the major drips on the third floor. That poster depicting Christ as a wanted subversive was swimming in a puddle on the floor. As Dennis and Chuck were stuffing rags into the gap between window and ceiling, the wires in the light fixture nearby began to smoke. Chuck sustained only minor shocks as he separated the wires, while standing in pools of water; Earl Ovitt, recently returned from New England, has repaired the window and secured the wires.

Ed "Horizontal" Brown kept rather busy a week ago applying for a job with Welfare. After all the tests and the interviews, though, he decided not to accept it. He's recently been doing much of the evening cooking chores; we've been the recipients of some rather unusual sauces and strange concoctions. He says he's a chemist, not a cook. At the

moment, he's joking with Irish John, whose laconic humor was evident in his comment on Big Louis (remember him?): "Yeah," said John "Religion drove him nuts. Well, it won't drive me nuts." We have a new man with us, a "Chinee" as John calls him; his name is Wong and he's young and good-natured. He says he has no trade, but he seems to me to be much more intelligent than the dishwasher-handman he says he is. He knew the whole kitchen-soup-line routine the day I asked him to help, and he had been observing it for only a few days.

Whiskers has split for uptown; Roger DuBois has left for Canada; Paul Muller and Joe Glosemeyer took off for the West Coast; and Mary Kae Josh has been traveling on the East Coast. But we have some volunteers for the summer: Tom Temple, whom you may remember from three years ago, returned with Linda Glassner; Sue Bziennik, a friend of Karl Meyer, is with us for a short time; Julian Abernathy, a tall red-haired college graduate from Georgia, delights in waiting on the soup-line and reminds me of Bob Gilliam's gentle ways and friendly manner. But the most refreshing person on our scene is Joan Levy, a young high-school senior, who originally came here to do a term paper but has been coming around ever since; she talks back to Italian Mike, talks down Horizontal Brown, quafrels with me, and is very much herself.

Our men's clothing room thing has changed some because we no longer can use the back room. One section of the wall of that room had to be used as a ceiling-board for the front pantry; some of the local kids invaded the pantry by chopping through the roof. They got away with a lot of laughs and a few spices.

Paul thought I was, in league with the devil when I suggested that a friend of mine who does research on cats and monkeys might be interested in some of his cats. He thinks that some of our readers might be more humane recipients of them.

We did not have a May issue of the paper, so the second floor has been somewhat deserted. Frenchie and Johnny, Polish Walter and Italian Mike, Brother John and Herbie, and all our new volunteers will soon be busy on this issue. The post office has made more work for Preston and Gordon by demanding that even isolated subscribers be zip coded. Smokey has lost his glasses again.

We were honored and delighted to meet Ammon and his wife Joan on their recent visit. Ammon spoke at the Friday night meeting to a packed house. His life—rich in the essentials, poor in the necessities, consistent in principle, rife with privation—remains a challenge to us, as he well knows. To endure and face life with the joy and energy he still retains and radiates may prove too much for us—the children of the Bomb.

Check week, that first week of the month when the penniless may briefly indulge in second helpings, will soon be upon us. It is then that my role as guard to the rioting and rampaging prisoners of the Bowerly really grates upon me. For I, who identify with you in principle and being as prisoner and witness, must play guard to other prisoners, keep the peace in our cell block. But, unlike the guards of prisons or the staff of mental hospitals, we, who guard the prisoners here, are bound to them in need and desire; for, in so far as we participate in, actually or vicariously, their day by day suffering, the recurring stupefaction, the hourly humiliation, we dissolve the distinction between guard and prisoner, until there is no line left at all and we remain, to be remembered to you, as the people at Chrystie Street.

THE WILD PLACES

By THOMAS MERTON

Man is a creature of ambiguity. His salvation and his sanity depend on his ability to harmonize the deep conflicts in his thought, his emotions, his personal mythology. Honesty and authenticity do not depend on complete freedom from contradictions—such freedom is impossible—but on recognizing our self-contradictions and not masking them with bad faith. The conflicts in individuals are not entirely of their own making. On the contrary, many of them are imposed, ready made, by an ambivalent culture. This poses a very special problem, because he who accepts the ambiguities of his culture without protest and without criticism is rewarded with a sense of security and moral justification. A certain kind of unanimity satisfies our emotions, and easily substitutes for truth. We are content to think like the others, and in order to protect our common psychic security, we readily become blind to the contradictions—or even the lies—that we have all decided to accept as "plain truth."

One of the more familiar ambiguities in the American mind operates in our frontier mythology, which has grown in power in proportion as we have ceased to be a frontier or even a rural people. The pioneer, the frontier culture hero, is a product of the wilderness. But at the same time he is a destroyer of the wilderness. His success as pioneer depends on his ability to fight the wilderness and win. Victory consists in reducing the wilderness to something else, a farm, a village, a road, a canal, a railway; a mine, a factory, a city—and finally an urban nation. A recent study of *Wilderness and the American Mind* by Roderick Nash (Yale University Press) is an important addition to an already significant body of literature about this subject. It traces the evolution of the wilderness idea from the first Puritan settlers via Thoreau and Muir to the modern ecologists and preservationists—and to their opponents in big business and politics. The really crucial issues of the present moment in ecology are barely touched. The author is concerned with the wilderness idea and with the "irony of pioneering [which was] that success necessarily involved the destruction of the primitive setting that made the pioneer possible."

Nash does not develop the tragic implications of this inner contradiction but he states them clearly enough for us to recognize their symptomatic importance. We all proclaim our love and respect for wild nature, and in the same breath we confess our firm attachment to values which inexorably demand the destruction of the last remnant of wildness. But when people like Rachel Carson try to suggest that our capacity to poison the nature around us is some indication of a sickness in ourselves, we dismiss them as fanatics.

Now one of the interesting things about this ambivalence toward nature is that it is rooted in our Biblical, Judeo-Christian tradition. We might remark at once that it is neither genuinely Biblical nor Jewish nor Christian. Nash is perhaps a little one-sided in his analysis here. But a certain kind of Christian culture has certainly resulted in a manichean hostility towards created nature. This, of course, we all know well enough. (The word *manichean* has become a cliché of reproof like *communist* or *racist*.) But the very ones who use the cliché most may be the ones who are still unknowingly tainted, on a deep level, an unconscious level. For there is a certain popular, superficial and one-sided "Christian worldliness" that is, in its hidden implications, profoundly destructive of nature and of "God's creation" even while it claims to love and extol them.

The Puritans inherited a half-

conscious bias against the realm of nature and the Bible gave them plenty of texts that justified what Nash calls "a tradition of repugnance" for nature in the wild. In fact, they were able to regard the "hideous and desolate wilderness" of America as though it were filled with conscious malevolence against them. They hated it as a person, an extension of the Evil One, the Enemy opposed to the spread of the Kingdom of God. And the wild Indian who dwelt in the wilderness was also associated with evil. The wilderness itself was the domain of moral wickedness. It favored spontaneity—therefore sin. The groves (like those condemned in the Bible) suggested wanton and licentious rites to imaginations haunted by repressed drives. To fight the wilderness was not only necessary for physical survival, it was above all a moral and Christian imperative. Victory over the wilderness was an ascetic triumph over the forces of impulse and of lawless appetite. How could one be content to leave any part of nature just as it was, since nature was "fallen" and "corrupt"?

The elementary Christian duty of the Puritan settler was to attack the forest with an axe and to keep a gun handy in order to exterminate Indians and wild beasts, should they put in an appearance. The work of combating, reducing, destroying and transforming the wilderness was purely and simply "God's work." The Puritan, and after him the pioneer, had an opportunity to prove his worth—or indeed his salvation and election—by the single-minded zeal with which he carried on this obsessive crusade against wildness. His reward was prosperity, real estate, money, and ultimately the peaceful "Order" of civil and urban life. In a seventeenth-century Puritan book with an intriguing title—*Johnson's Wonder Working Providence*—(The "Great Society"?—we read that it was Jesus Himself, working through the Puritans, who "turned one of the most hideous, boundless and unknown wildernesses in the world . . . to a well-ordered Commonwealth."

Max Weber and others have long since helped us recognize the influence of the Puritan ethos on the growth of capitalism. This is one more example. American capitalist culture is firmly rooted in a secularized Christian myth and mystique of struggle with nature. The basic article of faith in this mystique is that you prove your worth by overcoming and dominating the natural world. You justify your existence and you attain bliss (temporal, eternal or both) by transforming nature into wealth. This is not only good, but self-evident. Until transformed, nature is useless and absurd. Anyone who refuses to see this or acquiesces in it is some kind of half wit—or worse, a rebel, an anarchist, a prophet of apocalyptic disorders.

Of course, let us immediately admit that there is also superimposed on this, another mystique: a mystique of America the beautiful, America whose mountains are bigger and better than those of Switzerland, scenic America which is to be seen first, last and always in preference to foreign ports; America which must be kept lovely for Ladybird. (So don't throw that beer can in the river—even though it is polluted with all kinds of industrial waste. Business can mess up nature, but not you Jack!)

Here again nature is not valued for itself but as a business asset. Nevertheless a cult of nature appeared in the 19th Century.

The Romantic love of wild American nature began in the cities and was an import from Europe which benefited, first of all, the rich. But at the same time it had a profound effect on American civilization. Not only did poets like William Cullen Bryant proclaim that the "groves were God's first temples,"

and not only did the nineteenth-century landscape painters make America realize that the woods and mountains were worth looking at; not only did Fenimore Cooper revive the ideal of the Noble Primitive who grew up in the "honesty of the woods," and was better than city people; but also it was now the villain in the story (perhaps a city slicker) who ravished the forest and callously misused the good things of nature.

The Transcendentalists, above all, reversed the Puritan prejudice against nature, and began to teach that in the forests and mountains God was nearer than in the cities. The silence of the woods whispered, to the man who listened, a message of sanity and healing. While the Puritans had assumed that man, being evil, would only revert to the most corrupt condition in the wilderness, the Transcendentalists held that since he was naturally good, and the cities corrupted his goodness, he needed contact with nature in order to recover his true self.

Walden One

All this quickly turned into cliché. But nevertheless the prophetic work of Henry Thoreau went deeper than a mere surface



enthusiasm for scenery and fresh air. It is true that Walden was not too far from Concord and was hardly a wilderness even in those days. But Thoreau did build himself a house in the woods and did live at peace with the wild things around the pond. He also proved what he set out to prove: that one could not only survive outside the perimeter of town or farm life, but that one could live better and happier there. The fictions, rites and conventions of New England society did not deserve the absolute allegiance that they claimed. There were other and better values.

On the other hand, Thoreau explored the Maine woods and had enough experience of the real wilds to recognize that life there could be savage and dehumanizing. Hence he produced a philosophy of balance which, he thought, was right and necessary for America. He already saw that American capitalism was set on a course that would ultimately ravage all wild nature on the continent—perhaps even in the world. And he warned that some wildness must be preserved. If it were not, man would destroy himself in destroying nature.

Thoreau had enough sense to realize that civilization was necessary and right. But an element of wildness was necessary as a component in civilized life itself. The American still had a priceless advantage over the European, one that would enable him to develop a greater and better civilization, if he did not miss his chance. He could, in Thoreau's words, "combine the hardness of the

Indian with the intellectualness of civilized man." For that reason, said Thoreau, "I would not have every part of a man cultivated." To try to subject everything in man to rational and conscious control would be to warp, diminish and barbarize him. So too, the reduction of all nature to use for profit would end in the dehumanization of man. The passion and savagery that the Puritan had projected on to nature in order to justify his hatred of it and his fanatical combat against it, turned out to be within man himself. And when man turned the green forests into asphalt jungles the price he said was that they were precisely that: jungles. The savagery of urban man, untamed by wilderness discipline, can be arbitrary, ruthless and pure. It is wanton savagery for its own sake.

Thoreau, basing himself on the Chinese cosmology of Yang and Yin, preached an inner integration and proportion between the conscious and unconscious that anticipated the discoveries of Freud and Jung: civilized man needed an element of irrationality, spontaneity, impulse, nature to balance his rationalism, his discipline, his controlled endeavor. These two should have the same "proportion that night bears to day, winter to the summer, thought to experience." For this reason, Thoreau was one of the first to advocate wilderness preservation. He thought the very township ought to include an area of wild nature "for modesty and reverence's sake."

It has been consistently proved true that what early nature philosophers, like Thoreau, said in terms that seemed merely poetic or sentimental, turned out to have realistic and practical implications. Soon a few people began to realize the bad effects of deforestation, and already in 1864 the crucial importance of the Adirondack woods for New York's water supply was recognized. About this time, too, the movement to set up National Parks was begun, though not always for the most fundamental reasons. The arguments for and against Yellowstone Park (1872) are instructive. First of all, the area was "no use for business anyway." And then the geysers, hot springs and other "decorations" were helpful manifestations of scientific truth. Then of course the place would provide "a great breathing place for the national lungs." Against this, one representative advanced a typical argument: "I cannot understand the sentiment which favors the retention of a few buffaloes to the development of mining interests amounting to millions of dollars."

Masculine Mystique

John Muir is the great name in the history of American wilderness preservation. Muir's Scotch Calvinist Father was the kind of man who believed that only a sinner or a slacker would approach the wilderness without taking an axe to it. To leave wild nature unattacked or unexploited was, in his eyes, not only foolish but morally reprehensible. It is curious, incidentally, that this attitude has rather consistently been associated with the American myth of virility. To be in the wilderness without fighting it, or at least without killing the animals in it, is regarded as a feminine trait. When a dam was about to be built in a canyon in Yosemite Park (1913) to provide additional water for San Francisco, those who opposed it were treated as "short haired women and long haired men." Theodore Roosevelt, though a friend of John Muir's, associated camping and hunting in the wilds with his virility cult, and this has remained a constant in the American mystique. Muir tried without success to persuade Roosevelt to stop hunting.

Muir seems to have worked out

his wilderness philosophy on a very deep symbolic level in personal conflict and crisis, through which he attained an unusual level of psychic integration. His decision to travel on foot through a thousand miles of wild country from Indiana to the Gulf of Mexico seems to have been an act of self-liberation from a Father-dominated super-ego. And the reason he gave: "There is a love of wild nature in everybody, an ancient mother love, showing itself whether recognized or not, and however covered by cares and duties." This was not mere regression, but a recognition of the profoundly ambiguous imbalance in the American mind. Muir saw intuitively that the aggressive, compulsive, exploitative attitude of the American male toward nature reflected not strength but insecurity and fear. The American cult of success implied a morbid fear of failure and resulted in the overkill mentality so costly not only to nature but to every real or imaginary competitor to our "manifest destiny." A psychological study in depth of John Muir would probably reveal some very salutary information for modern America, and help us deliver ourselves from the demon of overkill.

Muir was of course completely committed to wilderness preservation. But at first he thought he could accept the compromise of those conservationists who were content with a policy of forest-management. There is an important difference. Forest-management implies exploitation of the woods by selective cutting which "helps" the woods by "weeding out unwanted trees." It also puts emphasis on the development of forest areas for recreation, opening up roads, campsites, hotels, and so on. Muir soon saw that this was only a milder form of exploitation. He felt it was essential to preserve areas of actual wilderness, completely undeveloped and even without roads, in which no cutting, no hunting, no exploitation whatever would be permitted. These areas would be open only to those who were willing to camp out in the most primitive conditions in direct contact with wild nature.

Muir's basic insight was not simply the romantically religious one that "God's good tidings" are heard in the mountains, but the realization that man needed to feel a part of wild nature. He needed to recognize his kinship with all other living beings and to participate in their unchanged natural existence. In other words, he had to look at other living beings, especially wild things, not in terms of whether or not they were good for him, but as good for themselves. Instead of self-righteously assuming that man is absolute Lord of all nature and can exterminate other forms of life according to his own real or imagined needs, Muir reminded us that man is part of nature. He must remember the rights of other beings to exist on their own terms and not purely and simply on his. In other words, as Nash remarks, Muir here anticipated the teachings of the recent ecologists who have shown us that unless man learns this fundamental respect for all life, he himself will be destroyed.

An investigation of the wilderness mystique and of the contrary mystique of exploitation and power, reveals the tragic depth of the conflict that now exists in the American mind. The ideal of freedom and creativity which has been celebrated with such optimism and self-assurance runs the risk of being turned completely inside out if the natural ecological balance, on which it depends for its vitality, is destroyed. Take away the space, the freshness, the rich spontaneity of a wildly flourishing nature, and what will become of the creative pioneer mystique? A pioneer in a suburb is a sick man, tormenting himself with projects of virile conquest. In a ghetto he is

(Continued on page 6)

LETTERS

Co-operative Buying

855 East Fifth St.
Boston, Mass.

Dear Miss Day:

After many months at Columbia Point, a massive twelve-hundred-apartment public housing project in Dorchester, I am able to tell about the beginning of a co-operative buying club. Its purpose is to pool the small individual purchases for meat and groceries and select a market where we can buy in larger lots for less. Last week I drove six mothers to Haymarket and we purchased \$138 worth of beef and pork. The ladies acted as an informal committee in "price and quality" supervision. One member took shorthand notes and is writing up a report for our first newspaper, which we named *The Co-operator*. With group buying we can save from twenty to thirty per cent for our members. Our requirement is that in order to use the club each member must contribute two hours a month either to the co-op service or to the community by helping others.

The Boston Housing Authority offered the Columbia Point families the opportunity to take over management through their own company. But it was on such short notice (one week) that the people are very skeptical. I am becoming more aware that without education and models of small self-contained communities of the poor, even when our better opportunities arrive, we'll be like children and not know how to use them. Fortunately, we have a self-governing board of directors, as required by the Office of Economic Opportunity, and it is to them that we must now turn. The problem is that the authorities want to bypass this elected body of representatives and give thousands of dollars to an outside professional research company to set up the management company. They tell us that the poor have their own council, but when something this vital to the people comes up, the policy is set by the old landlord, the Housing Authority.

Our own management would mean that each family would elect a tenants' management committee to run the housing, make the rules, set rents, improve the property and perhaps eventually turn it into a real co-operative.

William Horvath.

Labor's Failure

As America enters its final crisis period, it is time to examine the role that the trade unions have played in this developing tragedy. From a militant and dedicated minority, generally led by radicals—many of whom believed in "building a new society within the shell of the old"—to their present position as a pillar of the Establishment, a supporter of the status quo and a center of reaction.

Over these past years many of the trade-union leaders have become professional patriots, equating opposition to the war in Vietnam with treason and herding their members into the more conservative political camp. But all this is of secondary importance compared to the crucial role that many unions have played for decades in closing the job door in the face of Negro applicants. If there is a subversive group at all within the ranks of organized labor, it is this coterie of super-patriots who have done so much to make this race war inevitable.

Instead of obtaining easy popularity by going along with the racist tendencies of their membership (a surprising number of union men are transplanted Southerners), the leaders could and should have played a truly patriotic role by leading their unions away from their traditional discriminatory practices. Very few of

them made any real effort to do this. Instead they employed whatever talents they possessed in trying to circumvent or nullify the recent Federal legislation, which was a belated effort to cure the racist cancer of society before it killed all of us. (The simplest test will identify these unions: the total membership figures of any union and determine the percentage that is black. If the figure is well below the percentage of Negroes in the area, it is just about conclusive.)

Nor is it an answer to say that the rank and file supported racist objectives. It is the moral obligation of leadership to propose and advocate unpopular measures when the very existence of the country is at stake. For make no mistake about it, the whole "American dream" is up for grabs today. Some of these leaders are now making meaningless civil-rights speeches—strictly for the legal record but it is much too late to fool anyone with ploys of this sort. The Negro people are no longer listening, and future historians will not be taken in.

The record of the Federal government in the trade-union field is little better than that of their "labor friends." Many fine-sounding laws against job discrimination have been passed, but they have been largely unenforced in the bailiwicks of organized labor. To enforce them might have cost some of the political aspirants the white backlash vote, and that was too high a price to pay for such a remote ideal as justice. They preferred to risk a race war. Their gamble did not pay off and it will be interesting to see how they conduct themselves in the resulting holocaust. One Negro leader after another has pointed out that Negroes no longer judge whites by what they say—only by what they do. By that criterion these lily-white unions and their leaders are high on the list to be replaced. Any sympathy would be misplaced.

Robert D. Casey

Farm Ministry

St. John's Major Seminary
5012 East Seminary Road
Camarillo, California 93010

Dear Dorothy:

For some time now I've intended to write you, and it was my reading through back issues of the CW in the last few days that prompted me to do so. I also realize that Cesar Chavez' deeply moving "Fast for Justice through Non-Violence" was another factor in my decision to write. I always look forward to your "On Pilgrimage" articles and am particularly interested in your comment on the "Huelga." CW articles concerning U. F. W. O. C. activities have been especially appreciated and valuable.

I can enclose \$3 for CW activities, but more than that is impossible presently. My summer work in the fields of central California, in an area unfortunately unaffected by the "Huelga," provided very little monetarily, but yet more importantly I grew in understanding and appreciation of the principles of non-violence and voluntary poverty.

It is quite heartening to see the concern of recently installed Bishop Timothy Manning of Fresno and Catholic Charities Director Msgr. Roger Mahony for the farm workers and the union representing many of them. The visits of these two men of God to Delano are very encouraging to those of us preparing to serve our brothers in the same ministry.

James Hanink's "Notes on Permanent Revolution" (January 1968) provides those of us maintaining 4-D ministerial exemptions with important insights into the role the Christian non-violent left can play in building up the earth.

I assure you of my continued prayers.

Your brother in Christ
Mike Clements

Community Union

2022 Elliot Ave. South
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friends:

In a southside Minneapolis neighborhood of poor whites, American Indians and black people. I'm working with a radical organizing project which hopes to build a real community union of poor people.

The people work together and back each other up in confrontations with the issues that have a direct effect on their daily lives: the welfare department, their landlords, the police, urban renewal, etc. In learning how people together are stronger than someone standing up for his rights alone, a people's power is built up that hopefully might change the basic structures of a society that keeps so many people oppressed.

The Minneapolis Community Union Project (M-CUP) began about two years ago, with former college students getting things going. We publish a monthly newsletter from the above address. Now for the first time people will be working along with national movements, too: the National Welfare Rights Organization and the Poor People's Campaign.

No revolution is accomplished overnight, but as we say, "There's a change gonna come." The support of any CW readers, especially in the Twin Cities area, for rent, printing, transportation and just our efforts would be welcome. Our phone number is: 332-3898.

For bread and justice,
Marie Kochaver



H. A. R.

57 Ladbroke Road
London W. 11

Dear Dorothy Day:

I have just felt a wrench on reading in your March issue of the death of my very old friend Father H. A. Reinhold, that fearless man and sterling character who always upheld the oppressed. I met him very soon after his escape from Nazi Germany and I particularly remember a pilgrimage we made together to the shrine of a Swiss saint, somewhere near Interlaken. He first introduced me to Waldemar Gurian, who was also in exile, and I still recall the frugal lunch we all had together in the house of a Swiss priest who had written a book on biblical questions which we all thought first-class—but which had aroused the suspicions of some bishop or other. In the train coming back two Nazis got in and began talking their stuff. They seemed to be talking against us. They could hardly have thought we were Jewish, perhaps it was the Roman collar that infuriated them. So I lost my temper and began talking in English to H.A.R. about that preposterous Nazi prophet Alfred Rosenberg, who at that time seemed to me more of a raving lunatic than diabolical.

In those days H.A.R. was having "bishop-trouble." You'll re-

member how he always spoke his mind and didn't give a hang for diplomacy — and was nearly always right. The last time I saw him face to face was in New York, where he had at last found refuge. I was travelling back to Europe by a German ship and he came to see me off, but he didn't want to go too near the ship in case there were spies. We met a good German officer attached to that ship and he and I managed to smuggle a letter from H.A.R. to his bishop in Germany.

I never saw him again, though we managed to get into contact once more after the war. It was a time when we were having a lot of trouble over here about the works of Teilhard de Chardin, which were viewed in many ecclesiastical quarters with grave suspicion. Once again H.A.R. raised his bold voice and wrote a consoling and encouraging letter about Teilhard. It was a bit angry, too, as he had a good appreciation of rightful wrath.

It's so good to see that his bold, hard and often painful life was so splendidly appreciated in America. He'll never be forgotten by me.

Bernard Wall

Rural Development

P.O. Box 16
Meru, Kenya

Dear Miss Day:

It would be wonderful if you got the chance to go to Tanzania to see for yourself and then to popularize President Nyerere's ideas in America. I've often wondered if it would be possible for some Catholic Workers to go to Tanzania to establish a community or farm. I'm sure Mwalimu would appreciate the example of Americans preaching and practicing distributism instead of capitalism. Even the local press in Africa tries to associate his experiment with sinister influences from the East. Do you send him the *Catholic Worker*?

"I've gotten hold of a copy of his 'Socialism and Rural Development,' in which he expounds his plans for organizing the countryside into distributist communities — Ujamaa villages — and of developing the untitled lands of Tanzania by settlement schemes based on Ujamaa villages. Perhaps some CW's could volunteer to work in one of these settlement schemes? I'm typing out a copy of this pamphlet which I will send you when I finish.

Two years ago when I read your *Long Loneliness* I wrote you about how its relevance to Africa impressed me. This is the only one of your books I have been able to get hold of. My students have been reading and enjoying it ever since I introduced them to it. I would like to read your other books and Peter Maurin's too, if you would be so kind as to send them.

Do you know of any pacifist reply to this attack by Trotsky, "If human life in general is sacred and inviolable, we must deny ourselves not only the use of terror, not only war, but also revolution itself . . . as long as human labor power, and, consequently, life itself, remain articles of sale and purchase, of exploitation and robbery, the principle of the 'sacredness of human life' remains a shameful lie, uttered with the object of keeping the oppressed slaves in their chains . . . to make the individual sacred we must destroy the social order which crucifies him. And this problem can be solved only by blood and iron." *The Basic Writings of Trotsky*, ed. Irving Howe, p. 151-2.

Kenneth Daly

God expects but one thing of you, and that is that you should come out of yourself in so far as you are a created being, and let God be God in you.

MEISTER ECKHART

Union Voice

Box 1060

Delano, Calif.

Dear Dorothy, Jack and Friends:

The new CW arrived today and is full of beautiful things. And it reminded me that I haven't subscribed for 1968. My father gave me some money this week, so before I spend it, let me send it to you.

We are about to resume bi-weekly publication of *El Malerado* here at Delano (Box 130, Delano, Calif. 93215). Subscription price for outsiders is now up to \$3.50 a year, so that we can give it to all the Union members free. It is in the old format, in Spanish and English, and will be the official voice of the Union. Tony Orendain, the treasurer of the United Farm Workers, will be editor-in-chief. He worked in the fields as an illegal wetback, as a bracero, as a "green card" immigrant, and finally as a United States citizen. He led the strike in Texas through most of 1966 and early 1967. And Cesar Chavez has promised to write more for the paper, as he did in the early days before the strike. Though the winter, as always, was hard for the Union, and we are desperately short of funds, the generosity and support we have received from so many, including many, many CW readers, has enabled us to get back into print. Hopefully we will never again be silenced.

I am trying to write something on Cesar's fast, but it is hard for me. It was such a deeply personal act and yet a part of the Mexican Catholic tradition that I can't pretend to "understand" it. But I will try to convey to you some of my impressions.

God be with you.

Peace and Justice,
Doug Adair

P.S.: Did you ever get the posters? Perhaps as pacifists, Emilio Zapata with a gun is not an appropriate gift for you. He was certainly not non-violent. And the bloodbath that was the Mexican Revolution has left only small improvements in the lives of the poor in Mexico. But Zapata was a very human man, dedicated to helping the poor, and he struggled with the only weapons he knew how to use.

Towards Community

Society for the
Preservation of
Early American Standards
R. D. #2
Oxford, New York.

Dear Friends in Poverty:

We turn to you in hope and trust in a time of need. We are in the process of building a training center as a first step towards community, much as Peter Maurin envisioned. So far we have two small log cabins built and hope to get some work done on a barn this coming summer and start some serious farming, with the help of Sugar and Spice, our draft horses.

But we need help. We are looking for at least two practicing Christian (Catholic or Protestant) families or single men to share in this project and live here permanently. We have 68 acres of rent-free land, plenty of raw materials for building a stone house or log cabin, and 20 acres of tillable fields.

If any of your readers are interested in voluntary poverty and subsistence farming with hand tools they have an opportunity to begin this spring.

Yours in Christ,
Richard Fahey.

All reality is an activity which I share without being able to appropriate for myself. Where there is no sharing there is no reality.

MARTIN BUBER

The Wild Places

(Continued from page 4)

a policeman shooting every Black man who gives him a dirty look. Obviously, the frontier is a thing of the past. The bison has vanished and only by some miracle have a few Indians managed to survive. There are still some forests and wilderness areas, but we are firmly established as an urban culture. Nevertheless the problem of ecology exists in a most acute form. The danger of fallout and atomic waste is only one of the more spectacular ones. There is an almost infinite number of others.

Fruits of Greed

Much of the stupendous ecological damage that has been done in the last fifty years is completely irreversible. Industry and the military, especially in America, are firmly set on policies which make further damage inevitable. There are plenty of people who are aware of the need for "something to be done": but just consider the enormous struggle that has to be waged, for instance in Eastern Kentucky, to keep mining interests from completing the ruin of an area that is already a ghastly monument to callous human greed. Everyone will agree that "deforestation is bad" and when flash floods pull down the side of a mountain and drown a dozen wretched little towns in mud, everyone will agree that it's too bad the strip-miners peeled off the tops of the mountains with bulldozers. But when a choice has to be made, it is almost invariably made in the way that is good for a quick return on somebody's investment—and a permanent disaster for everybody else.

Aldo Leopold, a follower of Muir and one of the great preservationists, understood that the erosion of American land was only part of a more drastic erosion of American freedom—of which it was a symptom. If "freedom" means purely and simply an uncontrolled power to make money in every possible way, regardless of consequences, then freedom becomes synonymous with ruthless, mindless and absolute exploitation. Such freedom is in fact nothing but the arbitrary tyranny of a wasteful and destructive process, glorified with big words that have lost their meaning. Aldo Leopold saw the connection, and expressed it in the quiet language of ecology.

"Is it not a bit beside the point to be so solicitous about preserving American institutions without giving so much as a thought to preserving the environment which produced them and which may now be one of the effective means of keeping them alive?"

Aldo Leopold brought into clear focus one of the most important moral discoveries of our time. This can be called the ecological conscience. The ecological conscience is centered in an awareness of man's true place as a dependent member of the biotic community. Man must become fully aware of his dependence on a balance which he is not only free to destroy but which he has already begun to destroy. He must recognize his

obligations toward the other members of that vital community. And incidentally, since he tends to destroy nature in his frantic efforts to exterminate other members of his own species, it would not hurt if he had a little more respect for human life too. The respect for life, the affirmation of all life, is basic to the ecological conscience. In the words of Albert Schweitzer: "A man is ethical only when life as such is sacred to him, that of plants and animals as well as that of his fellow man."

The tragedy which has been revealed in the ecological shambles created by business and war is a tragedy of ambivalence, aggression and fear cloaked in virtuous ideas and justified by pseudo-Christian clichés. Or rather a tragedy of pseudo-creativity deeply impregnated with hatred, megalomania and the need for domination. This is evident in the drama of the Vietnam war, cloaked as it is in the specious language of freedom and democracy. The psychological root of it is doubtless in the profound dehumanization and alienation of modern Western man, who has gradually come to mistake the artificial value of inert objects and abstractions (goods, money, property) for the power of life itself, and who is willing to place immediate profit above everything else. Money is more important, more alive than life, including the life and happiness of his closest and most intimate companions. This he can always justify by a legalistic ethic or a casuistical formula of some sort: but his formulas themselves betray him and eventually lose even the meaning which has been arbitrarily forced upon them.

As against this ethic of money and legal verbalism, Aldo Leopold laid down this basic principle of the ecological conscience: "A THING IS RIGHT WHEN IT TENDS TO PRESERVE THE INTEGRITY, STABILITY AND BEAUTY OF THE BIOTIC COMMUNITY. IT IS WRONG WHEN IT TENDS OTHERWISE."

In the light of this principle, an examination of our social economic and political history in the last hundred years would be a moral nightmare, redeemed only by a few gestures of good will on the part of those—and they are many—who obscurely realize that there is a problem. Yet compared to the size of the problem, these efforts are at best pitiful: and what is more, the same gestures are made with great earnestness by the very people who continue to ravage, destroy and pollute the country. They honor the wilderness myths while they proceed to destroy nature.

Aldo Leopold has defined the ecological conscience. Can such a conscience be formed and become really effective in America today? Is it likely to be? The ecological conscience is also essentially a peace-making conscience. A country that seems to be more and more oriented to permanent hot or cold war-making does not give much promise of developing either one. But perhaps the very character of the war in Vietnam—with crop poisoning, the defoliation of

forest trees, the incineration of villages and their inhabitants with napalm—presents enough of a stark and critical example to remind us of this most urgent moral need. Catholic theology ought to take note of the ecological conscience, and do it fast.

Meanwhile some of us are wearing the little yellow and red button with a flower on it and the words "Celebrate Life!" We bear witness, as best we can, to these things.

ED. NOTE: Thomas Merton is a frequent contributor to the CATHOLIC WORKER. His article "The Vietnam War: an Overwhelming Atrocity" appeared in the March issue.

Land Experiment

Route 1, Box 275
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Because good land is in limited supply and many people need it, land ownership is an opportunity to profiteer in renting and selling, and concentration of land ownership in the hands of a few people leaves many dispossessed and forced to make excessive payment for rent or purchase if they are to have a place to live. Thus sale and rent of land is one of the basic sources of exploitation and unearned income. Concentration of ownership of land is one of the major sources of injustice, social conflict, and war.

It is with such considerations in mind that we members of the intentional community called The Vale have undertaken to pioneer and experiment with new patterns in occupation, management and responsibility for land. One feature of our pioneering is to have land held by individual families in leaseholds rather than in "fee simple" ownership—a procedure similar to that followed in Israel with land held by the Jewish National Fund and leased to individuals and communities. Each Vale member family has a leasehold of half an acre or more, and each family pays not only for common expenses, such as road maintenance, but also approximately three per cent of the value of its land holding goes into the common fund. Once a year at a Vale meeting we decide on the distribution of this fund for purposes of human welfare, especially towards improving circumstances and serving needs in regard to land ownership and tenure. This year our contribution will go partly to the land fund of the Mitrakietin project in India in which we share concern for this pioneering educational and community venture; part will go to a cooperative land holding for evicted sharecroppers in Mississippi, and part will go to another concern we share: the Yellow Spring Peace Action Center, which is not only working for world peace but helping market handicrafts made by people in the freedom movement in the deep South.

This procedure of taxing land value (and not its improvements) is in part an expression of Henry George's philosophy; rightly used, it stimulates the right use and development of land and helps prevent speculative holding of it for profit or its being held undeveloped or unused. It also expresses a clear recognition of economic responsibility in the occupancy of land, that our payment to the fund is not a "charity" or gift, but something we owe, and that we have the responsibility to decide where it should best be used. We value the feeling of personal responsibility this gives us, as compared with the impersonal character of the payment of taxes to the state and federal government.

The Vale not only recognizes its responsibility to human society, but has devoted about a third of its land to a wildlife easement to be used and enjoyed alike by wildlife, Vale inhabitants, and by people who come from miles away to enjoy its beauty—and its mushrooms. This part of the Vale is part of the Yellow Springs Country Common.

The Vale

Cesar Chavez Talks In New York

(Continued from page 1)

for them to recruit labor from Japan. When the Japanese used the slow-down (they had no unions and could not strike) to get better conditions, the growers began to get rid of them. The Japanese could not own land, either, but began to rent it. In time they began to exploit the laborers.

The growers even went to India for labor, and in the early twenties they were recruiting in the Philippines. When they saw that many Mexicans were leaving their country because of the Revolution, they saw an opportunity. One grower explained that Mexicans were good for California land work because they were short and close to the ground. The growers went further than they ever went before. During World War II, our own government became the recruiter for laborers, "braceros." Even today, as I stand here talking to you, we cannot choke off production on the great farms for one simple reason. The regulations on immigration are not being enforced. Our own government is the biggest strike-breaker against the union. The biggest weapon in the hands of the growers is the "green card" commuter.

You can live in Mexico and come in to work for a season and then go back home. This is not like the regulations covering immigrants from Europe. Hundreds of thousands of people are recruited and put into employers' camps. We cannot reach them there. They are like concentration camps. If the laws were enforced, we would not have to boycott. Employers are not supposed to recruit workers while labor disputes are in progress.

We have to play the game without any rules or procedures. In New York, the rights of unions are enforced, but in our case, 95% of the workers were signed up with the union but the producer or table grapes, Giumarra, refused to sit down with us for representation procedures. We were willing to abide by the results of the election. The employers would not talk to us. The only approach left to us is the strike and the boycott.

Now that the growers are hurting, they want an election. Our men are outside. Their strike-breakers are inside. Who can win an election this way? This is the predicament we are in. We say to Giumarra, you are not going to get two bites at the same apple. You will have to sign an agreement under pressure. With Edison, we called off the strike and the boycott and we had a contract. Then the land was sold to another grower and we are out a contract. The day the contract is concluded with Giumarra, that day we take off the pressure.

Even if you have an election—without rules or procedures or protection—what do you have but the law of the jungle? The Board says we have no protection, but when we institute a boycott, the growers go to the Board and get protection.

People raise the question: Is this a strike or is it a civil-rights movement?

In California, in Texas, or in the South, any time you strike, it becomes a civil-rights movement. It becomes a civil-rights fight.

The local courts say we have no right to use an amplifier to reach strikebreakers who are a quarter of a mile away. In every case, the growers get an injunction against us immediately. Then we go to the Appellate Court and up to the Supreme Court. Justice is very expensive sometimes.

We go further. We take advantage of modern technology. I even went up in a plane with two priests to broadcast to the strikebreakers from seven hundred feet up. As soon as we came down, the growers were there to protest.

We have had priests with us before, during and after the strike.

The priests of the California Migrant Ministry, Chris Harmeier and Jim Drake, have been with us from the beginning. They took losses in their church because of the Migrant Ministry and the suffering they accepted was for the migrants and for justice. It was from them that we learned the importance of the support of the church in our struggle. The church is the one group that gives help and never qualifies it or asks for favors. The priests and ministers do everything from sweeping floors to giving out leaflets. They developed a true worker-priest movement. In the field and in the center, a minister and a worker joined together. The importance of Christian teachings to the worker and to his struggle for dignity becomes clear. Now we have a Franciscan priest working full time with us.

The three most important issues at this time are these.

First, union recognition by the employers. We have certain rights as human beings. Every law is for this recognition—except when it comes to farm workers. Recognizing the union is recognizing us as human beings. Second, an increase in wages is important. Third, in my opinion and in the opinion of the workers, is safety. The whole question of pesticides and insecticides must be met. The men who work to apply these poisons should have protection. Two or three weeks after working with pesticides a man begins to have trouble with his sight. In some cases, he begins to lose his finger-nails. It does not happen immediately. Someday, our government will have to undertake real research to determine the effect of these poisons, not only on the workers who are in direct contact with them, but on the consumers. Millions of dollars are spent in the research on the effectiveness of the poisons in destroying pests and insects on plants. This is from the business angle. Millions must also be spent on the effects of the same poisons on human beings.

There is a fine dust that nature puts on grapes. It is called bloom. The contamination from the insecticides remains in this fine dust.

I don't eat grapes because I know about these pesticides. You can stop eating grapes for your safety as well as for the boycott. Even our strongest supporters are afraid of the boycott of table grapes. The key to the success of this boycott is right here in New York. Action is necessary. If you don't do anything, you are permitting the evil. I would suggest that labor take a page in the largest newspaper and make the issue clear to all, and I would suggest that the clergy also take a page. The message of the clergy should be different, bringing out the morality of our struggle, the struggle of good people who are migrants, and therefore the poorest of the poor and the weakest of the weak.

Man is afraid of things that cannot harm him, and he knows it, and he craves things that cannot be of help to him, and he knows it; but in truth the one thing man is afraid of is within himself, and the one thing he craves is within himself.

MARTIN BUBER

A PENNY A COPY

Readings from
The Catholic Worker

Edited by Thomas C. Cornell
and James H. Forest

Introduction by Msgr. Paul Hanly Furfey
Published by The Macmillan Company
271 pages; \$6.95

Now Available Through Local Bookstores

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification or thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

King Memorial

Like almost everybody else, I was shocked and horrified when I learned of the assassination of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. It took me a few hours to realize the gravity of what had happened; I spent those few hours roaming the streets of New York. The city seemed very quiet; the only sounds were a few distant police sirens. I made my way back to Kenmare Street and went to sleep.

The next morning at Chrystie Street all the talk was about King's death. Many of the staff members wanted to go the march in Memphis, the funeral in Atlanta, or both. I decided to attend the funeral. On Monday night I was at Kennedy Airport, ready to fly to Atlanta. However, our flight was held up because the airline had received a message that a bomb might be on board. A black minister said, "O God, after all that's happened, you'd think they'd learn." A policeman at the airport told me that this was the third threat they had received that day to Atlanta-bound jets.

I arrived in Atlanta at two o'clock in the morning. A volunteer from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference greeted us as we got off the plane and directed us to an information booth, where I was assigned a place to sleep. I then proceeded to the S.C.L.C. transportation desk and obtained a ride to the Central Presbyterian Church. The white minister who drove me there explained that most of the food, bedding and manpower had been donated in response to a television appeal made by Rev. Dr. Ralph Abernathy.

The next morning we walked quietly through the streets of a city dead in silence to the Ebenezer Baptist Church. By the time we arrived there a large crowd had already gathered and the only available space was on a muddy knoll across the street. At 10:30 the V.I.P.'s began to arrive and some of the people on the street began pushing and shoving to get a better look at their favorite celebrities. Someone on the knoll began a new verse to "We Shall Overcome" with the refrain "We Shall Have Respect." Our singing had little effect, however; the crowd was now trying to force its way into the small church. Although Rev. Abernathy pleaded with them to move back, by now they had no place to go. As a last resort, Dick Gregory announced that the march would start early.

Five hundred thousand people marched hand in hand through the streets of Atlanta and sang "We Shall Overcome" as they passed the State Capitol, which was surrounded by police. And these same five hundred thousand people got a first-hand look at Atlanta's slums. The march ended at Morehouse College, where a public service was held. I flew back home the same night.

The entire event was not only a final farewell to a fallen leader but a celebration of human brotherhood and unity. Perhaps the whole attitude of the marchers and mourners was best summed up in one of S.C.L.C.'s slogans: "Our King Will Never Die."

PAUL MULLER

When Martin Luther King died, fifteen hundred of us, including two Mormon bishops and a score of more liberal Mormons, marched in downtown Salt Lake City. A big conference of the Mormon Church was being held at the time, but the only speaker to refer to King's death was a liberal apostle, Hugh Brown. The Mormons in Atlanta, far from the seat of Mormon power, did hold a memorial service. For once the Christian Scientists took account of death and happenings

outside their sphere to hold a similar service. After the march downtown the Catholic Bishop held services in the Cathedral. The Negro minister who is head of the local National Association for the Advancement of Colored People read scripture from the high pulpit, but had to come down to the audience level to deliver his sermon. The Presbyterian minister and a Monsignor read scripture from the high pulpit and the Monsignor delivered his sermon calling eloquently for action rather than words on the race problem. Jack Cook spoke truly in the April CW when he pointed out that the economic and cultural patterns of our society have not changed as a result of King's death.

On our trip east we had a fine meeting in San Antonio and a very small one in Atlanta. We went to the Federal Prison there but visitors are no longer allowed to see the inside. I could see the window looking into my old cell at 9-2 in the new cell house. The filling station across from the prison entrance has toilets marked Men, Women and Outhouse, the last being for Negroes.

The address we had for Dave and Cathy Miller's house of hospitality in Washington showed a vacancy. We found their new place by accident, but they were away. We did speak to them on the phone before we left Washington.

AMMON HENNACY

A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 3)

greatest events of all are the ancient miracles of nature—new birds arriving, mating, nesting, singing the ecstatic songs of the mating-nesting season. Suppose the birdsong is merely a part of territorial defence. (Would it not be wonderful if human beings fought their wars, defended their sacred property, with song—opera contests, say, or even competing rock-and-roll groups.) There is the miracle of budding, leafing, blossoming trees, new plants pushing through the earth, and now in June on wild strawberry vines, small berries form.

Now it is June, the month of the Sacred Heart, the week of Pentecost. Every morning I hear one of His miracles—the morning chorus of birds. Robins, wrens, rose-breasted grosbeaks, mourning doves, brown thrashers, song sparrows, indigo buntings, yellowthroats, yellow warblers, towhees, wood thrushes, and throughout the day that bird of splendid array, the Baltimore oriole. Jauntily sings the oriole, throughout the day, as he weaves his beautiful nest, as he feeds his mate and young, as he protects his nest and territory from would-be marauders of similar lordly array. In the words of Emily Dickinson—"To hear an oriole sing may be a common thing or only a divine."

The Community Of Farm Workers

By PAT RUSK

As we drove through the vineyards around Delano, California on May 1st, the traditional day for workers' celebrations, we saw workers in the fields rather than on the streets parading. But these workers were scabs, green-card holders, who are supposed to enter the United States from Mexico only to work in fields where there is no strike in progress. The laws are disregarded by the very people employed to implement them. Giumarra is being struck by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, and the union members were maintaining a silent vigil along the road, where they could be seen by the scabs.

Most of the workers we saw were women, who were tying and trimming the vines. I noticed a little boy sitting between the rows of grapevines, at his mother's feet. The field was his sandbox, the dirt his toy. It won't be long, if he doesn't do it already, when he will be cutting the fat bunches of grapes from their thick vines.

Children are not exempt from field work, whether it be cotton in the South, peaches, beans or grapes. One union woman told me that she began working in the fields at the age of seven and had

only three months of schooling a year. In the spring, the grape is in flower, its skeletal stem with tiny offshoots is bursting with green nibs and does not at all resemble the luscious bunches displayed in the supermarkets in late summer. Whether or not we will see these grapes this summer depends upon Giumarra's willingness to recognize the U.F.W.O.C. and sign a decent contract with its workers. The strike will be a year old in July.

As you enter Filipino Hall you notice two signs on the side wall: "Comrades of the firing line, with the help of God we'll prevail, our strike placards are our prayer" and "Let us sow the seeds and some day we'll reap." Filipino Hall is the heart of the U.F.W.O.C. for it is here that the hundred families presently out on strike receive their food and clothing. Children's clothes are sorely needed. If any of our readers have suggestions as to how these women might form a sewing co-op, please write to: Rosa Flores, P.O. Box 514, Richgrove, California.

Sorting of clothes is done in the main meeting room. There is a narrow dining room along one side and a very small kitchen at one end. Most of the people working at union headquarters eat here; the children are fed at home. The union purchases a quantity of milk every day from a local dairy. On the milk dispenser is a sign saying, "one half-gallon of milk per family per day." This is obviously too little for the large Mexican families. And the houses are too small, for aged parents and other relatives often live with growing families. A single two-bedroom bungalow will house from nine to fifteen people. These homes are extremely neat and clean, but sparsely furnished. The womanly touch brings gay colors and a sense of texture to even a field worker's home. The donated food is also stored in a small room at Filipino Hall and each family receives a carefully measured week's supply at a time.

Despite the language barrier between Filipinos and Mexicans, the heart has its own language that is felt and quickly understood by all people. A man can only work well when he is decently fed, housed and clothed. When the immediate aims of the U.F.W.O.C.—contracts and adequate wages—have been attained, the real achievement will be the lessons in Christianity that will have been learned by sharing and living cooperatively through struggle and sacrifice. A union of workers is not the ultimate, but a beginning for Christian living.

By mid-summer the union headquarters will have become centralized. At present its various operations—publicity, education credit union, works of mercy, clinic and newspaper—are spread all over town. The union has purchased a parcel of land, called Forty Acres, which is non-arable and in back of which the town's trash is burned and dumped. But according to a drawing of the union's future home which hangs on the wall of a room behind the co-op gas station; the layout will surpass any modern shopping center. At its center will be a plaza and the parking area will be covered with trees. The farm workers will have their own chapel; its site is marked by a huge wooden cross.

Until the strike is won and the U.F.W.O.C. receives national recognition and the farm workers gain their dignity, there will be little rest for anyone. Families share the work of looking after the children when parents have to be away from home. Many of the people work during the day at a desk job for five dollars a week

(Continued on page 8)

BOOK REVIEW

FRAME-UP, by Curt Gentry (W. W. Norton, \$7.50). Reviewed by AMMON HENNACY.

Perhaps only a California newspaperman like Mr. Gentry could have written this excellent book, which describes in detail how the corrupt unionists, financiers and politicians of San Francisco attempted to bring about the deaths of two honest, fearless and intelligent men: Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings. I visited Mooney in San Quentin in 1924 and have known Warren and Josephine Billings since 1949.

Tom Mooney was born in Chicago in 1882. His father was a coal miner and one of the organizers of the Knights of Labor. He attended a parochial school in Massachusetts for four years, but after an argument with a priest, left the school and the Church. A husky youth, he became a member of the Molders Union at fifteen. He became active in the Socialist Party and was literature agent on the Eugene V. Debs special train, which travelled around the country in 1908. Two years later he joined the Industrial Workers of the World and took part in the Wobblies' free-speech fights in Spokane, Washington and Wallace, Idaho. Around this time he met Rena Hermann, a young married woman who was teaching music in Stockton, California; they fell in love and, after her divorce, they were married in 1911. During the next year he was an organizer, along with William Z. Foster, for the Syndicate League of North America. "By the end of 1915," Mr. Gentry writes, "Mooney had succeeded in irritating the San Francisco Labor Council; a minor shoe company; the Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Stockton; the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and its subsidiaries; and the Governors of California and Utah. He now added to his list the United Railroads and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce." When Jim Larkin, the Irish revolutionist, was in San Francisco collecting money for the Sinn Féin, some Irish cops told him: "Keep away from that fellow Mooney. He is being framed on. Something dreadful is going to happen to him very soon." This was in the latter part of June 1916.

Warren K. Billings was born in

Middletown, New York in 1893. When he was two years old, his father died, leaving nine children. Billings worked in shoe factories in the East and later became head of the Shoe Workers Union in San Francisco. Before he was 21, he had served thirteen months in Folsom Prison after he had unwittingly transported a suitcase full of dynamite for employees of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company who were engaged in a wildcat strike.

On July 22, 1916, a Preparedness Day parade, in support of World War I, was held in San Francisco. The newspapers had received letters warning that the parade would be bombed and had notified the police. At 2:06 p.m. an explosion occurred at Market and Steuart Streets, which killed ten people, and injured forty. Police Lieutenant Bunker, whom Gentry describes as "big, flat-footed and incredibly stupid," had all of the debris from the bombing hosed into a sewer and District Attorney Charles Fickert took a sledge hammer and smashed the bricks from the hole in the wall that the bomb had created. So the evidence as to whether the bomb had been thrown from above, as the Bulletin and the Call reported, or was a time bomb left in a suitcase, as the Chronicle and the Examiner claimed, was effectively eliminated.

Billings, along with several other unionists opposed to the war, was arrested without warrant or any evidence connecting them with the bombing. At the time of the bombing, Tom and Rena Mooney had been watching the parade from a roof a mile and a quarter away from the explosion site; Billings had been three-quarters of a mile away. A man named John McDonald told the District Attorney that he had seen two men deposit a suitcase at the site a few minutes before the explosion. The description he gave at the time bore no resemblance to Mooney or Billings. Later when they were pointed out to him, he identified them as the two men he had seen. Years later, the Wickersham Report on the case was to describe McDonald as the first of the prosecution's major witnesses, who constituted "a weird procession consisting of a prostitute, two syphilitics, a psychopathic liar, and a woman suf-

fering from spiritualistic hallucinations."

The bulk of this interesting book tells in detail how the government's witnesses changed their testimony and how the prosecution first tried to prove the suitcase theory and then the bomb-from-the-roof theory. It was the perjured testimony of Frank Oxman that chiefly convicted Mooney. The commission appointed by President Wilson discredited the verdict against Mooney and Billings in prison.

Mooney was originally sentenced to be executed and Billings got life imprisonment. In 1918, after the information about the perjured prosecution witness was published, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Both men remained in prison until 1930. In January of that year, the newly elected Governor Olson pardoned Mooney. The release of Billings was complicated by his previous term in Folsom, so he was not released from prison until October. (In 1961 he received a pardon from Governor Brown.)

Upon Mooney's release he walked up Market Street followed by a crowd of thousands of sympathizers. "These were Tom Mooney's finest hours. What followed was anticlimactic and tragic." He asked Rena for a divorce but was refused. "Papers around the world picked up the news . . . they could never forgive him for deserting the woman who had waited for him for 22 years. . . . He became more and more dependent on the Communist Party for support." He died of stomach ulcers in 1942.

Billings married Josephine Rudolph, who had visited him in prison for many years, in 1940. He had learned watch repairing while in Folsom prison and had a shop on Market Street for many years after his release from San Quentin. He is the head of the North California Committee to Free Morton Sobell and active in the peace movement.

Students of history can learn

(Continued on page 8)

FROM THE WAR ZONE

By KARL MEYER

A cloud of black smoke was rising from the center of Cabrini-Green Homes, a group of multi-storied public housing tenements two blocks south of our house of hospitality. It was a bright spring afternoon in Chicago. I walked down Mohawk Street half a block and turned left down Clybourn one block to Division Street. At Clybourn and Division a handful of police were standing in the smashed doorway of a small diner. About a dozen soldiers were pressed in single file against a brick wall, all with rifles pointed over each other's heads at the top floors of a tall building across Division Street. When the City built these towering tenements, the designers did not consider their potential functionality for urban guerrilla warfare.

Around the corner and half a block west on Division Street, out of sight of the soldiers, a loose crowd of people was gathered, throwing stones and bottles at passing cars, sparing some and stoning others. A young white woman in a Mustang passed. The right front window was totally smashed in. Down the street, a delivery van was approaching. The crowd surged into the street to stop it. One man brandished a wire trash basket over his head to throw into its path. The van stopped. Stones pelted the windshield, and the crowd rushed in. The driver ducked out the door and raced for cover, followed by a rain of stones. People jumped into the truck. They came out loaded with boxes of flowers and potted plants. It was a florist's truck.

Four young men had come up behind me. I thought it might be a good time to go back home. I

turned and headed back up Clybourn. The soldiers had pulled back from the corner. A cop said to me, "You'd better not walk here. They are shooting from that building." I turned back onto Mohawk Street. Three doors down from our house, five little girls were skipping rope. As I passed, one of them said, "I'm gonna get him and kill him."

Our block remained peaceful, though there was looting or shooting within a few blocks in all directions. We heard gunfire off and on throughout Friday night, and again on Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights, coming from the Cabrini-Green project. Most of the rapid fire came from the overwhelming firepower of the troops, firing at a few men who were shooting from the roofs or top floors of the Cabrini towers. Women with children living in the top floors of the buildings told reporters how they hugged the floors of their apartments for hours while the shooting continued.

We kept to our house at night, but we didn't feel personally threatened, and went about freely during the day.

Down on Larrabee Street, in the center of the Cabrini-Green complex, the three outside-owned supermarkets were totally and selectively burned out.

Private agencies (the American Friends Service Committee, the Catholic Interracial Council, etc.) collected food from all over the city and suburbs for emergency relief to families that were dispossessed by fire or were unable to get food because so many groceries had been closed by burning. In our neighborhood few, if any, families had been burned out and enough groceries remained open

to meet the food needs of our area, but a relief center collected a one-dollar donation from each person who came, to provide bail money for people arrested during the disturbances. People waited there for hours to get packages of food, not because of emergency needs, but because by getting some free food they could stretch their budgets a few dollars further. That is the way we live in this community. That is why we resent the supermarket chains. The prices are higher on Larrabee Street than they are on "Gold Coast" ten blocks away, where we sometimes go to shop. Jean also went down with one of our neighbors, and got a good quantity of food for our house, for a one-dollar donation.

Palm Sunday, April 7.

I was walking to the 11:30 Mass. Jeeps full of soldiers streamed past me, down Clybourn, Division and Orleans. Dozens of blue police cars and green jeeps converged four blocks south at the corner of Orleans and Oak. I just kept going; I didn't want to be late to Mass. I remembered Saigon, April 1966, the bright sunlight on a Sunday morning, the soldiers stationed on corners, and the jeeps passing on the busy streets.

Where do we go from here? Chaos or community?

We have it in mind to find an additional house near here for our Catholic Worker community and to keep on working for a fraternal order of society based on economic and political equality of all people. Right now we are at:

1339 North Mohawk St.

Chicago, Illinois 60610

Meetings: Sunday afternoons at 2:30

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

Church by Fr. Hickey, Redemptorist from Boopus, across the river, Fr. Charles being absent at a retreat house. Visitors poured in this weekend, Malcolm, Muriel, Sue Brown, Betsy—Lou and Justice Murphy from Detroit (Deane taped an interview with them) and all the others that I am sure Deane has listed.

And now I sit each day in the new house, in New York, and there are so many visitors who wish to see it that I am not catching up with my correspondence yet. And there is no time to write more about resistance and non-resistance about which I am going to speak at the Pax conference this summer. Let us hope that in the next issue I shall report that we are moving into the new house and settled down to a more disciplined life of work. We are working, Peter Maurin used to say, "for that kind of a society where it is easier for people to be good."

We are hoping to go on the June 19th demonstration with all the other peace groups to Washington, to show our support for the Poor People's Campaign. Jack Cook meant to go to Washington to write about Resurrection City, but the condition of our own destitute kept him at home. Maybe when the flood of summer volunteers come, we can help more.

Book Review

(Continued from page 7)

from this book how public opinion can be influenced by bomb scares and outright lies. And how easily people can be persuaded to condone injustice, all in the name of God and patriotism. They can also learn that it is possible for a man to come out of prison after having spent half his life there, neither cynical nor embittered, rebuffing the F.B.I. men who came to ask him questions. At the age of seventy-five, he has never chickened. This is the lesson of the life of Warren K. Billings.

Non-violent Napalm

(Continued from page 2)

and oppression, then let it be! George Washington was far less justified in his revolutionary aspirations to make the North Atlantic free for Yankee merchants and slave traders. And he used violence, impressment of soldiers, confiscation of property, the harassment and even murder of Tories. His soldiers looted and burned and they brought down upon the heads of the majority of the colonists (who did not side with the Revolution) the wrath of the British Army, which burned and pillaged its way until called elsewhere. Still, we have Fourth of July parades, and George Washington's portrait hangs on so many grammar school classroom walls that it is impossible to count the number of maiden-lady teachers who have come to look like him.

Moreover, for those who have not rejected violence in the maintenance of the status quo, who believe in the use of violent force to suppress the realization of the legitimate aspirations of the great majority of emerging peoples, for those who echo Mr. Johnson in regard to ghetto riots, that violence never accomplishes anything, while he increases the tonnage of bombs dropped daily on Vietnam, to fault the Berrigans, Tom Lewis, the Melvilles and the others for escalating nonviolence to this vigorous and daring level in the light of all this is, at best, blind hypocrisy.

If the movement is to turn to revolutionary strategy we must ask what kind of revolution are we looking for. Violent revolution is impossible for those of us who are convinced that violence is fundamentally counterrevolutionary and corrupting beyond tolerance, an outmoded method of expression in today's world though it has always been antithetical to The Good. It is truly Providential that in our time we have at least the beginnings of a theory and a technique of nonviolent action, forged by Gandhi, Martin Luther King and A. J. Muste and their followers with which to build a nonviolent revolution.

The Catonsville Action may prove to be a powerful model for the next phase of the nonviolent revolution in America. Its power cuts through the fanciful rhetoric of the New Left to the core of frustration and longing for the Beloved Community that motivates those involved in the anti-war, student and black movements. The Action was small, carefully planned by people who know and trusted each other, and easily controlled. It was designed so that no one would be in danger of physical harm nor otherwise violated. It was aimed at things, at property that is violating young men and causing immense grief, suffering and death around the world, property that has no right to exist, but which current folklore invests with a certain mystical inviolability. The participants in the action made no effort to conceal their identities. They know what penalties they face and do not shrink from paying the price, which is an important part of the action itself, essential in the generating of the moral energies necessary for the kind of change they seek.

The price is high. Fr. Phil and Tom Lewis, with six year sentences, will stand trial twice more. They speak all the louder for this. They did not dissimulate or try to extricate themselves from the processes of retribution by invoking legal technicalities. On the other hand they are right to appeal and fight their conviction on moral and constitutional grounds, since by doing so they may widen liberty under law for those who follow.

Some of our friends were shocked by the Catonsville Action, primarily, I suspect, because of the terrible price that is likely to be exacted. Do they think, that

revolutions come for the asking, or that its victims are always anonymous? Even a nonviolent revolution, or rather, especially a nonviolent revolution will demand blood, our blood, not theirs, and that's the difference. It sounded stirring to us white men a few years ago to hear our Negro fellow demonstrators answer Dr. King's call to let the blood of his own followers flow in the streets before one of us should touch hair on the head of one white man. To come to believe in the literal truth of the necessity of this for the only kind of revolution that can mean anything in today's America is harder in the cold light of day, away from the singing and the shouting of an Alabama camp meeting. It is nonetheless indispensable.

Farm Workers

(Continued from page 7)

and then hurry to an evening meeting. Helen Chavez, who is in charge of the credit union and has seven children, attends these meetings. She is as charming as one could imagine, standing by her husband's side and laughing over the fact that Cesar was not allowed to visit at a hospital because he does not have the status of a minister or a priest. And there is the quiet serene devotion of Peggy McGivern, who came to Delano three years ago after working at the Stanford Medical Center. Now in a clinic that is housed in a trailer at Forty Acres she must daily witness the lack of medical services for the poor field worker. There is discrimination at the small local hospital and the next one is thirty miles away, at Bakersfield. The new clinic that will eventually be built will be named Roger Terronez clinic, after a field worker who died in the struggle to build a union.

The worst headache for the organizers is their absolute dependence on cars. Not only to get from Filipino Hall to Forty Acres, but to get to the surrounding communities where the scabs live and to keep in touch with the many small U.F.W.O.C. offices throughout the valley. The donated cars fall to pieces too soon and much money is wasted because of the need for constant repair.

When one speaks of beginnings, one usually thinks of the young, but many of the men I spoke with, whose devotion and dedication are remarkable, are middle-aged or elderly. I was introduced to one man who had just come in from the fields, where he helped to man a picket line. After lunch he would return to the roadside and the dry dusty heat of the San Joaquin Valley. He is eighty-two years old.

Another worker, Grigorio, came to the United States from the Philippines in 1945 and worked in the grape fields for twenty years. When the seven hundred Filipinos walked out in 1965 he did too. He is wholeheartedly with the union, sleeps at the Filipino Hall and takes care of the hall and the grounds around it. Although the lot on which the building stands is used mainly for parking, Grigorio has planted two rows of corn and one of garlic along the sides. He also plants cucumbers, squash, pumpkins and Chinese melons, which can weigh as much as 78 pounds and can be stored until needed. At seventy-five, Grigorio is as strong and sturdy as a walnut tree.

As you drive along broad roads past seemingly endless fields and see the silent tillers of the earth who constitute the only break against the immense sky and flat land, you think about the fields that have become factories and you know that with people like those I have mentioned and so many others the field workers do have a voice, and that it will soon blend into and become a vital part of the recognized voice of labor.

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