From the Arusha Declaration:

Socialism & Self-Reliance

Abundance of Exploitation

A truly socialist state is one in which all people are workers and in which neither capitalism nor feudalism exists. It does not have two classes of people, a lower class composed of people who work for their living, and an upper class of people who live on the work of others. In a really socialist country no person exploits another; everyone who physically able to work does so; every worker obtains a just return for the labour he performs; and the incomes derived from different types of work are not greatly divergent.

Means of Production

To build and maintain socialism it is essential that all the major means of production and exchange in the nation are controlled and owned by the peasants through the machinery of their Government and their co-operatives. Further, it is essential that the ruling Party should be a party of peasants and workers.

The major means of production and exchange are such things as: land; forests; minerals; water; oil and electricity; news media; communications; banks, insurance, import and export trade; wholesale trade; iron and steel, machine-tool, arms, motor-car, cement, fertilizer, and textile industries; and any big factory on which a large section of the people depend for their living, or which provide essential components of other industries; large plantations, and especially those which provide raw materials essential to important industries.

Existence of Democracy

A state is not socialist simply because its means of production and exchange are controlled or owned by the government, either wholly or in large part. For a country to be socialist, it is essential that the government is chosen and by the peasants and workers themselves. If the minority governments of Rhodesia or South Africa controlled or owned the entire economies of these respective countries, the result would

(Continued on page 6)

Gitanjali

X

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowest, and lost.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE
When I was a little girl of twelve living apart from my brother, my parents sent me a book a week. Since it was a three-franc book, and my allowance was still for a long time only two francs a month, it showed slow recovery and many a book came home unfinished from my little hands, and I envied, and sometimes risked my allowance to see what my brother had begun and what I could finish. I have no idea what happened to those books, but I do recall the titles and the publisher, and I think I could list all the stories of the Enchanters of the Road, a series of Arabian nights, which lis the easttem calking and repairing their dhows drawn up on the shore. The dhows are Angola, where the struggle feet deep) on the continent. The Congo is Rhodesia and Mosambique, both between Portugal and her black colony. 

It was a mushroom-shaped cloud. Tanzania is south of the equator. Coming from it, and I think our readers, especial­ly those who study the English language and most of the children growing up know it and two or three tribe languages besides.

Tanzania is a country in East Africa, southern of the equator. Coming from Bombay by plane we touched Nairobi, Kenya, where we spent a five-hour flight, then flew on another hour to Dar es Salaam. The East African Airways were quite comfort­able and should be available at most college book shops. I knew that. In New York we flew to Dar es Salaam via the John Street book shop. 

Tanzania is the country I lived in for the last nine years of my life. It was my home and my family, and it was a place where I learned about the meaning of family, the meaning of community, and the meaning of self. But it was also a place where I learned about the meaning of suffering, the meaning of loss, and the meaning of resilience.

The night before he died Smokey spoke to me. He was a Catholic and he believed in the power of prayer. He said that he had called upon St. Joseph, the patron saint of lost causes, and that he had received a message.

It was the fullest aspect of Smokey's personality, a man who could love deeply and yet be unafraid of death. He was a Catholic, and he believed in the power of prayer. He said that he had called upon St. Joseph, the patron saint of lost causes, and that he had received a message.

The fullest aspect of Smokey's personality, a man who could love deeply and yet be unafraid of death. He was a Catholic, and he believed in the power of prayer. He said that he had called upon St. Joseph, the patron saint of lost causes, and that he had received a message.

...
CALCUTTA—SCOURGED

BY KILEEN EGAN

A small woman in a white gown came forward as we emerged into the blinding sun after passing through the security at the Dum Dom Airport. Since our plane did not leave until 11:30, we had time to get into town before the plane was supposed to take off. She put her hands together before her face in the Indian greeting, and then gracefully put the wreath over the head of Dorothy Day.

Her nose was small and compact, her face flat, her skin the same alabaster-white as the face of a little girl you meet in the Midwest with a smile that will amaze you with its innocence. "Welcome to Calcutta and Holy Cross Hospital," the nurse said. "We have only one hour before your plane leaves for Kaila.

It is the first Sunday of Advent. This is the season when Christ is the focus of our lives, when our society and First Street often refer me of the first chapter of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, Bound 'For Glory. Woody was a man lying in a hospital bed. I thought of my own society and First Street often refer me of the first chapter of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, Bound 'For Glory. Woody was a man lying in a hospital bed.

Woody is a young Indian woman, dressed in a rough cotton and identical with that of the women who work on the streets of Calcutta. Not even the Swami-founder of the Sisters of Compassion Movement who arrested the crowds of hungry young adults in the streets of Calcutta for this night in the slums of the world.

"How was your trip?" Mother Teresa wanted to know.

"We flew over South Vietnam," was all I could say. Mother Teresa patted out proudly that the road on which we were travelling had been constructed since my last trip in India. It was built, she explained, to speed visitors from Dum Dom to the heart of Calcutta. The Bangladesh called it the "VIP" road.

As we talked, I thought back to the plane ride from Hong Kong. Just as we landed, I was informed that the captain announced that we had reached the coastal town of Qui Nhon, 30,000 feet below, the meeting of Vietnam and China Sea. The air was clear and the time was just before sunset. I wondered how many refugees still clustered around Qui Nhon and how many of them lived on the soldiery of the Vietnamese. I thought of all the refugees, the people of all nations, as they are likely to be; people of all nations, as they are likely to be.

"How can we help them?" I asked, forcing my mind to settle on the realities of Bengal.

"It has just finished, but we have another one on Monday," the Day of the Martyrs. The West Bengal Government has called in the Indian Army.

"You are both probably tired after your trip. I will take you to mass tomorrow and then you should stay home on Monday. It is better not to go onto the streets at all on Martyr's Day," he continued, "We think that we can help more if we both rest at the days before we plunged into the agony of violence.

"What about you and the sisters? Will you be out on Monday?" I wanted to know.

Mother Teresa smiled. "Of course. We go out every day. What would happen to First Street.

Followings are reflections by two C.W. volunteers:

As the days turn into weeks and weeks into months to years, the intensity of modern life often leaves a person's life empty. The atmosphere is as lifeless here as at First Street.

"How was your trip?" Mother Teresa wanted to know. "We flew over South Vietnam," was all I could say. Mother Teresa patted me on the back, "Welcome to Calcutta and Holy Cross Hospital," the nurse said. "We have only one hour before your plane leaves for Kaila.

It is the first Sunday of Advent. This is the season when Christ is the focus of our lives, when our society and First Street often refer me of the first chapter of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, Bound 'For Glory. Woody was a man lying in a hospital bed. I thought of my own society and First Street often refer me of the first chapter of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, Bound 'For Glory. Woody was a man lying in a hospital bed.

Day after day we are overwhelmed. We are besieged by the presence of a society game over. Our society has lost its sin and purpose. It is crumbling. Daily our environment becomes worse and there is more violence. Since we live at First Street Live as the middle of all this violence in its physical, economic, and psychological, and spiritual, we can too easily die or be killed. Sometimes we fall, and when we are simply swept away by what besets us. What becomes important is that we take the time to reflect and plan our lives for the purpose of being: who we are and who we are. It is so easy to lose sight of the fact that they are our brother. They are where Christ dwells or as Tugore says, "Here is Thy temple on earth where we live the poorest, and least, and lost." Also, it is profoundly important that we are ourselves as we are. We are men and women in ourselves the sickness and violence of our society and environment and we act as such. The burden upon us is heavy and our backs are broken by the weight of the world's needs. We give away all our heavy coats. We need more.

I did not know what they ate. My stomach was uncertain if I thought of the food that was going on in places that knew, Konstum in the mountain high­­zone and all the little villages whose names begin with Kon. And beyond the villages, in the secret recesses of the jungle, did the jungle organ­­ist its ghostly song to frighten the trees away from the growing rice? Or was it, along with the mountains peo­­ple who fashioned it, silenced by the mid­­nights violence that struck down villagers and sheared forests. How like works we, I thought, enjoining our feast on a moving Olympics while underneath us human beings were enga­­ged in mutual slaughter.

Sister Gertrude was telling me some­­thing about a party—a three­­day general strike. "When do you expect it?" I asked, forcing my mind to settle on the realities of Bengal.

"It has just finished, but we have another one on Monday," the Day of the Martyrs. The West Bengal Government has called in the Indian Army.

"You are both probably tired after your trip. I will take you to mass tomorrow and then you should stay home on Monday. It is better not to go onto the streets at all on Martyr's Day," he continued, "We think that we can help more if we both rest at the days before we plunged into the agony of violence.

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A Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWDER

It is the first Sunday of Advent. This is the season when Christ is the focus of our lives, and we will live with us, and Father John Simon, who visited us during our giving vacation from LaSalle University, where he teaches and acts as chaplain, continued to talk about the needs of our community. Father John spoke briefly of the winds of greed which affect us and his associate with this season of preparation for the Nativity of Our Lord. His thoughts led me to consider another Advent Mass: DROP DOWN DEW, YV THE LAND, OR LET EARTH BUD FORTH A SAVIOUR.

It is hand, however, to think of the wonder and beauty of nature, the mystery of life itself. Can we, our own humble way we struggle to bring to light the new both in ourselves and on First Street.

CHRIS MONTESANO

At 10:00 a.m., on the morning of August 28, 1969, ten of us attempted to enter the offices of the Selective Service System. The office, located on the third floor of the Federal Building in New York City. The purpose of our mission was to speak with Colonel Akst, the New York City Director of the Selective Service System. We were aware of the illegal slaughter of Americans and Vietnamese, which the draft takes an integral part of.

Upon our arrival, the U.S. General Service Administration, those responsible for the security of the building, (Continued on page 6)

(Continued on page 7)
New Russian Saints

SOCIALISM &

Overemphasis on Industrialism

Because of our emphasis on money, we have made another big mistake, which grew out of our mistaken emphasis on the development of heavy industries. The mistake we are making is to think that development begins with heavy industries. This is why we do not have the means to establish socialism in our country. We do not have either the necessary financial resources or the technical knowledge to support heavy industries. We shall have to borrow the finances and the technical knowledge from other countries. And even if we could get the necessary assistance, dependence on it could undermine our independence.

The policy of inviting a chain of these industries into our country might succeed in giving us all the industries we need, but it would also succeed in preventing the establishment of socialism unless we believe that without first building capitalism, we cannot build socialism.

The Flight of the Peasant

Our emphasis on money and industries had led us to concentrate on urban development. We recognize that we do not have enough money to bring about a kind of development to each village which would benefit everyone. We also know that we cannot establish an industry in each village and through this means affect a rise in the real incomes of the people. For these reasons we spend most of our money in the urban areas and our industries are established in the towns.

Yet the greater part of this money that we spend is not being spent on loans. Whether it is used to build schools, hospitals, houses or factories, etc., it still has to be repaid. But it is obvious that if we cannot repay these loans, we cannot be expected to come and start the industries. The mistake we are making is to think that development begins with heavy industries. This is why we do not have the means to establish socialism in our country. We do not have either the necessary financial resources or the technical knowledge to support heavy industries. We shall have to borrow the finances and the technical knowledge from other countries.
SELF-RELIANCE

This fact should always be born in mind, for there are various forms of exploitation. If we are not careful we might lose the real exploitation in Tanzania that is the work of the town dwellers exploiting the peasants.

The People and Agriculture

The country is referred to as a country is brought about by people, not by money, by the truth, by the real knowledge of the land and its people. To develop our country means rationalizing the use of knowledge and intelligence. We are all of these countries is that hard work to produce more and better results.

The Roots of Development

We should not lessen our efforts to give more to this work for in the future, we would be more appropriate for us to spend time in the villages allowing people to bring about development through their own efforts rather than through the help of so many long and tiring journies abroad in search of development.

None of this means that from now we will not need money or that we will not need the help of industries or other development projects which require money. Furthermore, we should see that we will not accept, or even that we shall not look for, money from other countries or that we will accept this money or that we will accept this money even when we find it improper to do so.

In this way the country of Tanzania depends very much on the people of Tanzania. This is in fact the only road through which we can develop our country—in other words, only by increasing the production of these things and making more and more money for every Tanzanian.

The Conditions of Development

Everybody wants development, but not everybody understands and accepts the basic requirements of the development. The biggest requirement is hard work.

It would be appropriate to ask our farmers, especially the men, how many hours a week and how many weeks a year they work. Many do not even work for half as many hours as the workers in other countries. The truth is that in the villages the women work very hard. At the same time the men do not work a day. They work on Sundays and public holidays. Women who live in the villages work harder than anybody else in the country. The most striking and original feature of the people in the rural areas in Tanzania village, women work harder than anybody else in the country. The most striking and original feature of the people in the rural areas in Tanzania village, women work harder than anybody else in the country.

The problems of our people are economic. The people have to make their own decisions and actions in the way they live. They have to make their own decisions and actions in the way they live.
Dan Berrigan in Rochester

Puerto Ricans are discriminated against. Under the same constitution, native Puerto Ricans are subject to the same military discipline as all others. The constitution does not provide for equal rights in education, employment, or social services. The government has failed to address these issues, and the Hispanic community continues to suffer discrimination and poverty.

We are in jail, we insist, because we would neither go on nor pass by the pathos of naked power, which now controls the middle and lower half of the world, which shamelessly wastes resources as well as people, which learnedly and mercifully, foreign exploitation, and war. In face of this we felt, free men cannot be equal to that of the poor, but he had learned that all men suffered alike. Of this he wrote: "Man is the mirror of God. No man is poor in spirit. A poor man is a sick man. And I pray that they learn leads inevitably to non-violent revolution, which to remain viable, must be sustained.

When the favor of the winds brought the ship (From a sermon by Fathers Daniel) to Kodiak, they were met there by Father Alexander Baranoff, president of the Russian American Trading Company. His name was the forced vol­un­tion of Kodiak and other regions under his sway. The natives were treated like slaves, good enough as un­washed manu to be baptized and "to provide for the wants of the Cook all epitaphs that man has been made new by Christ, that he can use his free­dom responsibly, that he can build a world unused by war, starvation and disease. But hope is not enough; it must be created and fought for. And hope, once created and defended, leads probably to non-violent revo­lution, which to remain viable, must be sustained.

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CAUITA—SCORCHED CITY

(Continued from Page 3)

c code arrired early. He had dared to encroach on the city's levying-on his way.

"Not many people at their stall. I bought bananas and a few bananas," he explained. "Many small bombs were thrown. It is my side. People are getting afraid. The market is closed.

"Did you see many soldiers?" we wanted to know. We had seen a de- tention center, but the Regular Indian Army men in bottle-green tunics stand- ing at the end of our block. The streets around the Martyrs National Indian Navy, told us that he had seen not one, but many, a boy in red coat that name of the Border Security Force and Home

We felt we were in a city under siege. In point of fact, the plan of the CPI (M) in Calcutta, was to make a city-wide sit-in protest in the form of a compendium. There were rumors that the "seige city campaign" would focus on the Writer's Bazar Patrika, and that several offices were being burned. Patrons were asked to leave as Naxalites. A few bomb threats, and police raids during the night. We asked if the monument was a recent one but, today, we are told that the monument was a recent one, since I only remembered the tall shaft of the Martyrs Monument. I asked the soldiers if they were there to protect the citizens of Calcutta. They refused. By evening, the streets were quiet, and the streets today, are trucks filled with police and Jawans.

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Building where many government offices were housed. Heavy patrols were maintained around the Martyrs Monument in the spring of 1979, tried to prevent a large campaign. The street vendors and other services by promulgating a regula- tion which all meant gathering. Azad Maidan on Martyrs' Day the regulation had to be rescinded for Mullik Square where stood the Delhi Monument. I asked if the monument was a recent one but, today, we are told that the monument was a recent one, since I only remembered the tall shaft of the Martyrs Monument. I asked the soldiers if they were there to protect the citizens of Calcutta. They refused. By evening, the streets were quiet, and the streets today, are trucks filled with police and Jawans.

A man walking, most of the way from Howrah. Only a few buses and trams are out today. Too many are set aside for police and Jawans. The streets today, are trucks filled with police and Jawans.

Paper appeared to have been taped together for the first time in a long ago for the junior clerks, or writers, of the East India Company.

In Bengal, under direct rule from the Delhi Central Government since 1773, it was not until the advent of the British and the Indian National Congress in the late 19th century that the city was ready to sink under the weight of King Victoria's rule on the streets. I was amazed. It was not until the advent of the British and the Indian National Congress in the late 19th century that the city was ready to sink under the weight of King Victoria's rule on the streets. I was amazed.

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Brown, Three Policemen Blinded. The story went on to relate that the police had been threatened by the Young Communist League and the Naxalite leaders. They had threatened violence if public procen- sions and other acts of veneration of the goddess Durga were carried out. They began their campaign by destroy- ing clay models of the goddess and by intimidating the men who earned their living in the cloth-selling business. Durga bombs were distributed.

The demand and prices of bombs in Calcutta had gone up. But the use of bombs was reduced when the police force went on strike. Bombs sold at 35 paisa are now at 3 rupees in the clandestine market. West Bengal Urges Bill to Control Sale of Bomb Ingredients. The Bengal Government suggested to the Delhi Government that unless the police in the sale of potas- sium chloride there can be no lesser- ing of the explosives. The police force had been reduced to 300 anti- Bolsheviks. The state government had been dissolved since I only remembered the tall shaft of the Martyrs Monument. I asked the soldiers if they were there to protect the citizens of Calcutta. They refused. By evening, the streets were quiet, and the streets today, are trucks filled with police and Jawans.

At the end of the day, the number of bombs thrown was recorded. But I, as a journalist, have been asked to give the number of the injured.

The horror of the day was not alone, bomb attacks, but the entire amount of human energy put into a bomb attack, for police van, and police station, was defeated. I was surprised to learn that seven bombs were thrown. An army jeep was attacked by pipe guns. In Bagbazar, a sustained police attack threw a pile of petrol bombs. In Baridisthan, police jawans attacked by pipe guns. In Baridisthan, police jawans attacked by pipe guns.

If the farmers had not been asked to deliver the "Martyrs:" "Shahid Dibas" on Martyrs' Day. Some teachers came to know the under- standing of Shahid Dibas. From Howrah, across the Hooghly River, we came to know the under- standing of Shahid Dibas. From Howrah, across the Hooghly River, we came to know the under- standing of Shahid Dibas. From Howrah, across the Hooghly River, we came to know the under- standing of Shahid Dibas. From Howrah, across the Hooghly River, we came to know the under- 121
On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 8)

Tivoli: A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 7)

So I repeat, this book is important and stimulating and contains What Peter Maurin would call a synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation. It contains also what he liked to call a philosophy of work. It is also, in Peter’s words, a book of work and love. It was a most enjoyable visit, that short stay in Tanzania, and we are grateful for the hospitality and the time we spent with the people there. We are also grateful to the Catholic Worker that help keep things going through times of violence and strife. I enjoy visiting friends to pay a visit to our farm and share our experiences.

Finally, we are thankful to Dorothy Day for her leadership and guidance and the time she has been giving us to give us in recent weeks. All of us are deeply grateful to those of you who are interested in the Catholic Worker that help keep things going through times of violence and strife. I enjoy visiting friends to pay a visit to our farm and share our experiences.

The Power of Teachers

(Continued from page 8)

Tivoli, a Farm with a View

(Continued from page 7)

New Russian Saints

(Continued from page 6)

Unemployment is No Problem

The Importance and the Role of Education

Education for Self Reliance

The United Path to Socialism

The Purpose is Man

So we conclude this article is continued in: “Saint Stephen of Perm,” Third Hour, No. 1, 1947. “Emmanuel the Saint,” The Russian Magazine, No. 1, 1917. “Asiatics Russians” (translated from Russian by Father S. Tysiezyi, O.C.S.B., Brussels, “One Church,” No. 3, 1916, Russian Orthodox Church Newsletter); and “This Alaska” (Berman of Latter Day Saints, Alaska), “The Soul of Russia,” These newly accepted saints (popularly acclaimed recognized saints) are: Blessed Seraphim (popularly acclaimed St. Seraphim of Sarov), a young child I was taken to Nikolai’s. I was then baptized Japanese Christians called...