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Rita Corbin

Dan Berrigan In Rochester

Crying out in behalf of the jail population of this country which is by and large made up of blacks, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, poor black and poor white, in other words the poorest of the poor, Fr. Dan Berrigan has been heard from during this last month when he was called as a witness for one of the Rochester group, who are the latest to destroy draft files in government offices. This group is one of the first to refuse lawyers (who must be paid sooner or later) except for one defendant who engaged only one — we presume, in order to call as character witness Fr. Berrigan from his prison cell in Danbury, Connecticut, where he is serving a long sentence with his brother Phil Berrigan, Josephite Father (dedicated to work among the blacks).

Fr. Berrigan was brought in chains to this upper New York State city where he was a character witness for Joe Gilchrist, one of the group. For some reason it took three days to transport him from Connecticut to New York State! He complained of the brutal and inhuman treatment he had received in transit. He testified also for all the prison poor in his protest.

The other defendants are remarkable in a number of ways. Two of them, Suzie Williams and DeCourcy Squires, refused bail and spent their time in prison awaiting trial. The others all showed up, not jumping bail and failing to appear as did some of those who have taken part in these actions of destruction of property.

In general the Catholic Worker takes the position of the War Resisters, Quakers and Fellowship of Reconciliation peace groups in not taking part in these actions, on the principle that, although it was only property which suffered destruction, we ourselves have suffered violence, vandalism by hostile right-wing groups, the beating of individuals, the destruction of mailing lists and records, the burning of houses and barns, etc. So we repeat the golden rule, "Do unto others what you would

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From the Arusha Declaration:

Socialism & Self-Reliance

Absence 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 is 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 grossly divergent.

In a socialist country, the only people who live on the work of others, and who have the right to be dependent upon their fellows, are small children, people who are too old to support themselves, the crippled, and those whom the state at any one time cannot provide with an opportunity to work for their living.

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 led 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

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Gitanjali

X

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

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

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest
company with the companionless among the poorest,
the lowliest, and the lost.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

When I was a little girl of twelve and broke my arm, my dear Aunt Jennie sent me a book a week. Since it was a fracture in three places, and my arm was stiff for a long time, it was a slow recovery and many a book came to me by mail. King Solomon's Mines, She, and various other tales about Africa and it was from them that I got my first sense of Africa. Of course later I read about Livingston's explorations and a good deal about South Africa, but one never has any real picture of a country until travel takes one there.

Certainly Dar-es-Salaam, the Arabic name for Port of Peace, was not Africa, not Tanzania, as one of the women I met there kept assuring me, too many times. It was just a coastal city with too many tourists, a few big hotels, good shops, and so on. But just the same, I have been to Tanzania.

It was a pilgrimage made because I had read an article by Julius Nyerere in Cross Currents in 1968 which showed the common sense, the vision, the assurance of a man of faith and hope in and for his fellow Tanzanians. Since then some of Nyerere's speeches and writings have been brought out by the Oxford University Press in paperback and should be available at most college book shops. I know that in New York one can get it at the Eighth Street book shop.

The Arusha Declaration reminds me of Peter Maurin: "making points." He would have prepared some of the talks of this African leader in his phrased writings and given them to us to ponder in relation to the political and social system of our own country.

Tanzania is a country in East Africa, south of the equator. Coming from Bombay by plane we touched Nairobi, Kenya, which is just north, after a five-hour flight, then flew on another hour to Dar-es-Salaam. The East African Airways weekly plane proceeds on to Lusaka, capital of Zambia, whose president, Kenneth Kaunda, is another outstanding leader whom I have been reading about.

We passed the great mountain, Kilimanjaro, cloud-capped with three mushroom-shaped clouds. Tanzania has the highest mountain, (over ten thousand feet) and the deepest lake, Tanganyika, (fourty-seven-hundred feet deep) on the continent. The Congo and Zambia, and lakes and rivers bound Tanzania on the west, and south is Rhodesia and Mosambique, both white-dominated still, and west is Angola, where the struggle is going on between Portugal and her black colony. Tanzania is larger than France and Germany combined and more than six times the size of England.

One day Eileen Egan, who was my companion on this voyage, and I walked along the beach front of the Indian ocean, which is the eastern boundary, and watched black men calking and repairing their dhows drawn up on the shore. The dhows are

Arab coasting vessels made of hand-hewn timbers, exceedingly ancient in appearance, with two great masts, the living quarters covered with matting. These fishing and cargo boats sail up and down the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea, and when they are at sea they look tiny on the vast waters, but drawn up on the shore they look like huge-masted row boats.

The park at night is crowded with strollers and street vendors, but in the noon heat during the siesta, which begins at noon and lasts until three, many take their rest on the grass on the shore. The population of the city is two-hundred thousand but it is wide spread and one does not get the impression of a crowded city. Ninety-five per cent of the Tanzania population is rural, agricultural. There are more than a hundred and fifty tribal languages. Swahili is the common language and most of the children growing up know it and two or three tribal languages besides.

Eileen and I put up at the Y.W.C.A., which was filled with African girls who also knew English; and some of them had gone to Europe and knew some of the European languages. There are ninety-nine Maryknoll sisters in Tanzania, working in clinics and teaching in the schools which they have started and which have now been taken over by the government. Over the years I have known many of the Maryknoll sisters. Sister Martina, who died July 20, helped us start our first house of hospitality years ago, in Los Angeles, and the leader of the house, George Putnam, became a Maryknoll priest himself and is now working in Kenya, the neighboring country. Sister Xavier, who was a dear friend in Stockton, California and in Chicago, gave me a tape after I returned of the talk Julius Nyerere gave to the Maryknoll general chapter last month. The sisters in the cloister hold us in their prayers.

One of the sisters in Tanzania, Mary Lou Rose, who made the woodcuts in the last issue of the CW, was staying in the Y.W.C.A. in a little apartment, and is engaged in illustrating a children's Bible with Tanzanian background. She has been travelling around Tanzania for the last eight years, working in villages, and learning much from the culture of the people.

But this is truly an African country, with less than one per cent English or Europeans. The reason I am interested in it, and I think our readers, especially students, should be interested in it, is because of the political and economic policies of Mwalimu Julius Nyerere, who was the first prime minister and is its first president by popular acclaim. He has just begun his third 5-year term. Mwalimu means "teacher." The English consider him a man who is a political genius.

In October 1959 Nyerere wrote, "We would like to light a candle, and put it on top of Mt. Kilimanjaro, which will

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More About Smokey

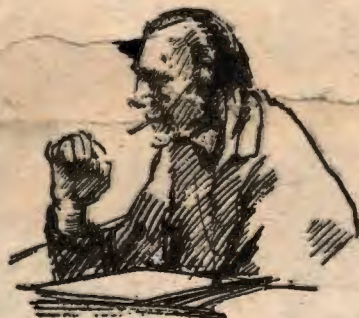
1903-1970

Smokey Joe has left us, and indeed there is not a little sorrow. After completing almost sixty-seven years of rugged contention, on September 29 he succumbed, at home, and at peace in his sudden end.

It was not as if there had been no warnings. In his last months they were written all over, visible as flags, in the swelling of his joints and the stony hardening of his brow. But he would not be touched or moved to see a doctor, and he endured the weighty breaking of his lungs and heart until the final battle was won.

Smokey was ever ready to take up the fray. He did so for peace or other dubious causes. He was, to his toes, NAVY, and I can once recall addressing him as "Sir" only to be corrected. He never was indeed an officer, he said, and must never be addressed as one. His was a courageous but never wholly-disciplined impetuosity. He tackled stairways, charging them, even to the last. It was as if he was again heading to the pitcher's mound, the citadel of his early and only days of glory.

In those days, as a pitcher for the Navy, he had once defeated "Rockefeller's" College All-Stars. ("Rockefeller" for Smokey meant anything that was rich and supposedly untouchable, and he never ceased showing his contempt for such overstuffed airs by bursting their balloon whenever given the chance.) The band had played after that victorious game, and he was ever after the hero. Only two other episodes ranked with this in his hall of memories, the winning of a spelling-bee in seventh grade, and the serving of Mass, the latter which he always mentioned with a very wry sparkle that



watched his listener's face fall into disbelief. This inevitably brought a chorus of his best, "I am a bad boy, I is, I is, I is!"

It was the impetuosity and a certain bolsterousness that led Smokey to the Bowery. Eventually he arrived at Mott St. and the Catholic Worker. During those early, depression years he conducted the coffee line, and in one emergency it was his tough veins that gave blood by direct transfusion to a dying girl and saved her small life. No doubt this was a greater achievement than his pitching victory, but Smokey found it harder to take credit for doing good than for winning ball games.

Several times Smokey battled for his own life. Once he was raked by a fuel truck along the Bowery, and remained for months in a hospital. His arms, legs and hips were badly fragmented, and when he left the hospital he was never to walk or look the same. In fact, he resembled a man pasted together by a child, his limbs like those of a snarled tree.

His other critical battle resulted from a delicate eye operation. His cataracts were removed. Characteristically, he had told the doctor to proceed "full speed ahead," that he was willing to risk blindness if it would be for the betterment of mankind.

Smokey had a remarkable presence to the case at hand, a singleness of purpose. The latter led him to a CW desk almost every day of his final ten years. He addressed the new subscriptions, and must have autographed more papers than almost anyone in the century. His script was distinctive, hurky-jerky, so individualistic as to be a signature. He was a Catholic Worker through and through. His faithfulness was a real achievement in the rolling gears of New York City.

His was also a very real simplicity. When he spoke of "Mommy Day," for

example, and beamed at reading the paper and the appeal which he spent his final days working over, one knew there was no put-on. It was the same openness that remembered your name and face, perhaps even your address, over the long years. It was a care which brought him to pray every night and each morning for Peter Maurin and "all the great Catholic Workers" down the years.

On top of that, Smokey, this unusual sailor, was rich in poverty. Indeed, he was the poorest man here, and seemed to have an aversion for things which would only clutter his way. He died without even a pair of shorts, and with only the shirt he was to wear the next day. On opening his suitcase only bits of dust and an ancient blue laundry tag remained. I recall that once when Smokey's eye had caught the flash of a new shirt he set out a claim with untypical swiftness. Then, after a moment's thought, he returned this superfluity, saying he already had one, and that this one should be given to someone who really needed it.

When the policeman who examined his belongings discovered several lone pennies in Smokey's pocket, he directed to have done with them what undoubtedly (and very importantly) Smokey would have done with them himself. "Put these in some poor box," remarked the officer.

The fullest aspect of Smokey's poverty was his gratitude. A good dinner never passed without his OK to the cooks, a personal recommendation of "I thank you, ladies." Occasionally he would sing one of his songs for them, or let his tattoos dance in the ripple of his muscles. And then he would be off for his brew, the crown and purpose of his day.

I think we'll always remember Smokey for his straightforwardness. He could terminate hairbrain discussions with one swift and exacting invective. He hated to be preached at, especially about religion, and his judgments of character were usually precise and accurate. He could spot a "phony" around the corner. Furthermore, when pushed to it, he would let you and world know his graphic feelings about it.

Such are the makings of the hidden treasure. When so many died this spring, Smokey, more than any other, took these things to himself. It was then he prepared himself for death, a death which up to then and to the rest of us seemed much farther and happily removed.

The night before he died Smokey went to bed as if something had been resolved. He had been sitting on the stoop and had tried to cheer up a young fellow who sometimes comes to our door. Then he had gone up the stairs unassisted. It was the last time we saw that unique walk, what Bob Gilliam once described as a sanderab walking sideways. A later inspection found Smokey resting peacefully. And then it was over.

Nothing more is needed except words of the psalm: But I am a beggar and poor: the Lord is careful for me (39:18). Now, Smokey, "wake up and dance in the clarity of perfect contradiction." The Lord is very careful for you, indeed.

PAT JORDAN

"Who is the covetous man? One for whom plenty is not enough. Who is the defrauder? One who takes away what belongs to everyone. And are not you covetous, are not you a defrauder, when you keep for private use what you were given for distribution? When someone strips a man of his clothes we call him a thief. And one who might clothe the naked and does not—should not he be given the same name? The bread in your hoard belongs to the hungry; the cloak in your wardrobe belongs to the naked; the shoes you let rot belong to the barefoot; the money in your vaults belongs to the destitute. All you might help and do not—in all these you are doing wrong."

Basil the Great

CALCUTTA—SCOURGED CITY

By EILEEN EGAN

A small woman in a white sari came forward as we emerged into the blinding light of the waiting room at Dum Dum Airport. Since our plane did not get down in Bengal until nearly midnight, we did not expect Mother Teresa to be at the airport. A garland of white flowers hung over her arms. First, she put her hands together before her face in the Indian greeting, and then gravely put the wreath over the head of Dorothy Day.

Mother Teresa, small and compact, took Dorothy Day's hands in hers, looking upward at the taller woman with a smile that lit up her tawny eyes like live coals. "Welcome to Calcutta and India," she said. It was the first time for Dorothy Day to set foot in India.

A young Indian woman, dressed in a rough cotton sari identical with that of Mother Teresa, placed a flower garland around my neck. She was Sister Gertrude, a doctor and the second Indian girl to join with Mother Teresa to work on the streets of Calcutta. Not even the Swami-founder of the Krishna Consciousness Movement who arrived on the same plane received a more Indian welcome than we did.

As we left the air conditioned terminal for the steamy Bengal night, I wondered if we would be riding in the old ambulance I knew from earlier days. This was the vehicle which had taken me to the nest of lepers around Calcutta and which regularly carried the dying from the gutters to the Hostel for the Dying. I was grateful

that it was not, for my mind was already too death-haunted. Instead, we climbed into a large station-wagon loaned by an American friend, and took off along a straight new road. It was just twelve miles to the slum of the world.

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

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

As we talked, I thought back to the plane ride from Hong Kong. Just as dinner was being served, the flight captain announced that we had reached the coastal town of Qui Nhon, South Vietnam. I looked down and saw, 30,000 feet below, the meeting of Vietnam with the 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 scalding sands outside the town. Small puffy clouds moved over the towns and jungle areas. Were they simply clouds or signs of bombing raids? The bombers, I realized, would fly at lower altitudes, so there was no way of knowing. No more reference was made to the terrain of South Vietnam as we streaked by overhead. The passengers ate their dinners and ordered drinks and second cups of coffee.

I did not know what they ate. My stomach was churning as I thought of what was going on in places that I knew. Kontum in the mountain highlands, and all the little villages whose names began with Kon. And beyond the villages, in the secret recesses of the jungle, did the jungle organ still sing its ghostly song to frighten the boars away from the growing rice? Or was it, along with the mountain people who fashioned it, silenced by the massive violence that struck down villagers and sheared forests. How like gods we were, I thought, enjoying our feast on a moving Olympus while underneath us human beings were engaged in mutual slaughter.

Sister Gertrude was telling me something about a "hartal," a three-day 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 out on the streets at all on Martyrs' Day," said Mother Teresa. I think we were both relieved at the day's reprieve before we plunged into the agony of Calcutta.

"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 hap-

pen at Kalighat if the Sisters stayed home?"

Kalighat is the name given to the Hostel for the Dying since it is located within the precincts of the Temple of Kali. The whole area is often referred to as Kalighat. Included in it are the burning ghats beside a tiny tributary of the Ganges where Calcutta's dead are regularly cremated.

For the next two days, we had plenty of time to listen to radio broadcasts in English, to read the local papers and to check with Calcutta residents on what was going on. We were the guests of an American friend of Mother Teresa who lived on a short, quiet street near the center of the city. Our only sortie was on Sunday afternoon when Mother Teresa came in the old ambulance to take us to mass in the nearby church. It turned out to be a Catholic church much frequented by Anglo-Indians, a fair number of whom still live in Calcutta. The noise from the street crashed through the open windows so that we could hardly hear the priest, but even more distracting was a corpus of Christ on the cross above the altar. It was a figure of a man somewhat greater than life-size. He was plump and his skin was that unearthly pink and white achieved by cheap paint on plaster. The hair was auburn and ringleted. The slash in the side was not bloody but a modish shocking pink. The ludicrous evocation of the Messiah before a congregation composed of multifarious shades of tan and brown made us shiver in our seats.

On the Monday morning, Abdul the

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36 East First

Following are reflections by two CW volunteers:

As the days turn into weeks and the weeks to months and the months to years, the intensity of modern life often leaves a person's life empty. The same thing can be true of life here at First Street.

Life in our society and at First Street often reminds me of the first chapter of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, *Bound For Glory*. Woody is talking about his experience of riding in an over-crowded box car roaring along at 60 miles an hour in which a fight breaks out. He ends up on the roof hugging on for life. He can hear the cursing and fighting going on beneath him. There he muses: "Who's all of these crazy men down there howling out at each other like hyenas? Are these men? Who am I? How come them here? How in the hell come me here? What am I supposed to do here? . . . I wonder just where in the hell we're bound."

So too, our society roars on to more and more developments; yet, it still wages war, neglects starvation and poverty, accumulates more and more wealth, and lives life at such an intense pace that the essential questions go unanswered or even unasked! What an example of unasked questions New York City is! Cars can go down Third Avenue and around a man lying in the street. No one stopping to help or move him. Traffic can roar along at 60 miles an hour. There are airplanes, subways, trains, buses—people are always rushing somewhere; but where?

Here at First Street we live in the midst of this agitation. Where the men come and wait for soup in the basement, there is often cursing and even fighting. Sometimes it is a fight to be first and other times it is a fight of race against race. In numbers far more than we can handle they come rushing to our door for shelter. Many times they come to us tattered and torn inside, bearing a demon we can not cast out. We are admonished. They come at all hours, sometimes even to rob. We just do not have enough. When the men come to the clothing room they push and shove. They know we may not have enough. Indeed, we don't. After the first cold spell, we gave away all our heavy coats. We need more.

Day after day we are overwhelmed. We are besieged by the problems of a society gone mad. Our society has lost its vision and purpose. It is crumbling. Daily our environment becomes worse and there is more violence. Since we here at First Street live in the middle of all this violence in its physical, psychological and spiritual aspects, we too can rise or fall. Sometimes we fall, and often we are simply swept away by what besieges us. What becomes important is that we take the time to remember who the men who come to us 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 Tagore says, "Here is Thy footstool and there rest Thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost." Also, it is profoundly important that we see ourselves as poor. We too are men and bear 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 strained beneath the weight. Yet, especially in the season of Advent, we can lift up our heads, for we are

entering a season of hope. The voice of John the Baptist clearly cries out, "Bee that you do something to show that your hearts are really changed!" We are reminded of where we are bound. We are bound for a new life, one of justice tempered by love. In our own humble way we struggle to bring to birth this new life both in ourselves and on First St.

CHRIS MONTESANO

At 10:00 a.m., on the morning of August 18, 1969, ten of us attempted to enter the office of the Selective Service System, which is located on the 39th 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, concerning the mutual 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,

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A Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWREER

It is the first Sunday of Advent. This morning, Father Andy Chrusciel, who lives with us, and Father John Simono, who visited us during the Thanksgiving vacation from LaSalle University, where he teaches and acts as chaplain, concelebrated Mass for our community. Father John spoke briefly of the wonder and mystery which we associate with this season of preparation for the Nativity of our Lord. My thoughts leapt ahead to the words of another Advent Mass: DROP DOWN DEW, YE HEAVENS FROM ABOVE, LET EARTH BUD FORTH A SAVIOUR.

It is hard, however, to think of the wonder and mystery without pondering, too, the horror, the horror that seems to dominate the news of our day. War, murder, riots, robbery, exploitation, injustice which permits more and more of the world's resources and wealth to be concentrated in the hands of the corrupt and powerful few, while the multitudes, the many, must do with less and less, even to the point where millions—some in our own country—literally die of starvation. Then there is the Earth itself, the planet we live on, so wounded by man's prodigal subjugation, his lust for conquest and profit, that the very air we breathe, the water we drink, the soil which produces our food are so poisoned, so polluted that unless drastic measures of conservation are taken soon, human beings and myriads of other creatures can hardly hope to survive. Then there is the ugly commercialization of the Christmas season which has profaned and debased the true meaning until many, many cease even to seek it.

Where, then, is the wonder and mystery? It is to be found, I think, as Dorothy Day has often taught, in the following of that "little way," that way of personal responsibility, of sharing, of kindness, of true humility, of striving for justice while accepting the cross of daily living. It is the hard way, the way of love and self-abnegation, the only way lighted by the Star of Bethlehem.

Although this is the first Sunday of Advent, we are still in the mood of Thanksgiving, which we celebrated Thursday of last week. We have much

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New Russian Saints

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

The solemn canonization of two saints by the Russian Orthodox hierarchy in Moscow and New York has brought to the world's attention a little known chapter of Russian Church history. The humble monk Herman and Archbishop Nikolai Kassatkin preached the Gospel far away from their native country. Though they lived at different times, they had many traits in common: a great missionary zeal and a deep understanding and love of the people they evangelized. Both were bold in applying modern missionary methods, and yet were inspired by ancient Russian monastic tradition.

Russia had, and still has, vast areas of wilderness, inhabited by many tribes, some of them nomads, others hunters and fishermen, speaking many different languages and observing many different customs. They are as exotic in their religion and mores as the Indians, Africans and Chinese evangelized by Western missionaries. That is why the chief concern of the Russian Orthodox apostolate was, at an early stage of its development, an interest in languages, anthropology, and environment.

The story of Russia's first pioneers in the apostolate can serve as a prologue to the lives of the two newly canonized saints.

As early as the Fourteenth century, Saint Stephen of Perm ventured into the Russian Northeast. He brought the gospel to the Zyrians (also known as Komi) and the Permyaks; these tribes lived and can still be found in various settlements on the shores of the Northern Dvina, a gateway to the Ural mountains and to Asia.

It is often said that the Orthodox Church, and especially her Russian branch, had but few missionary contracts in distant countries. This is mainly due to historical reasons. Russia, for instance, was cut off from the world for many years by the Mongol invasion. But there was, as we see, missionary activity even in the Middle Ages, as far north and east as the Urals.

Stephen was born in this region, in the city of Veliky Ustyug, where there



was a large Russian Orthodox population. He was the son of the lector of the Ustyug Cathedral and succeeded his father in this capacity. He studied theology and the Greek language and became a monk in a community of the Volga region; he copied manuscripts and was fascinated by the art of calligraphy and by language structure. Returning to his home town, he obtained permission to evangelize the Zyrians and the Permyaks; these tribes, of distant Finnish origin, were quite primitive and had no alphabet. Stephen realized the necessity of learning their language and of translating the liturgy and scripture texts for them. He composed an alphabet for them, using for its basis the crude signs and runic symbols they carved on trees to guide them through the woods. He taught them to read and write and to pray in their vernacular. After his death, he was canonized.

The saint was a tireless traveler. Even when he was consecrated Bishop of the Perm region, he plied his way on foot from one native village to another, and sometimes walked as far as Moscow to seek the supreme hierarchy's support, which he always gained, even for his boldest plans. The Metropolitan of Moscow encouraged him, in spite of the fact that his methods were revolutionary; until then the Russian Orthodox Church admitted only two liturgical languages: Greek and Slavonic.

Stephen was contemporary of Saint Sergius, the founder of the great abbey of Radonezh, near Zagorsk (which is still open to worship today and attracts thousands of faithful). In the life of Saint Sergius, written by one of his

disciples, there is an episode related of Saint Stephen of Perm. One day, Abbot Sergius was sitting at table with his monks in the refectory; in the middle of the meal, he suddenly stood up, and bowing low, said, "Peace be with you," as if greeting a visitor, but there was nobody at the doors. He explained to the monks that Bishop Stephen was passing by. At that same time, the missionary was walking some seven miles away, but had no time to stop at the monastery. He too had paused to greet Sergius from afar.

This "long-distance communication" illustrates the relation existing between Russian monastic life, founded on stability, and the missionary vocation, demanding travel and exploration.

Another missionary saint of Irkutsk, one of the main cities of Siberia, who lived in the Eighteenth Century. Like St. Stephen, he realized the importance of the vernacular and was an expert in the Mongol spoken by many natives of that region. He founded a seminary in Irkutsk where Mongol and other native languages could be studied by young men preparing for the priesthood in Siberia.

Innokenty died in 1747 and was canonized in 1804. He is the patron saint of the Russian Orthodox Church of North America. Six years before his death he sent chaplains aboard the two ships, Saint Peter and Saint Paul, on which Bering and Chirikov sailed to explore Alaska. After the new territory was discovered and claimed by Russia, a mission composed of eight monks left for Kodiak Island to establish a center there. Among them was the future saint, Herman.

The monks of the first Alaskan mission belonged to the community of the great Abbey of Valaamo, located on an island of Lake Ladoga, near the Finnish border. Herman had entered Valaamo in 1782; his family name has been lost, but we know that he was born near Moscow in 1760 and that his parents were pious and well educated people. At the age of seventeen Herman was attracted by monastic life and lived for several years as a hermit in a small monastery near Petersburg, where he made his profession. He later came to Valaamo, as a man used to a life of solitude and contemplation, but found in his new surroundings considerable activity and a large community. The Abbot of Valaamo, Nazarius, was an expert administrator, architect and builder, engaged in restoring the Abbey, which had been half destroyed in previous wars. Herman learned the art of building in stone and lumber from Nazarius and later made use of this skill in the Alaskan mission.

But the Abbott was not merely a practical man restoring the monastery. He was known as a starets, a wise and experienced director of souls. Before being assigned to Valaamo he had lived for many years as a hermit, in prayer, contemplation and mortification, and had been the spiritual master of Saint Seraphim of Sarov, one of Russia's greatest mystics.

Nazarius of Valaamo is the author of a number of spiritual writings and instructions which throw a light on Herman's formation under the guidance of his master at Valaamo.

"If you live the angelic life," wrote Nazarius, "you will draw the celestial life into you, for Christ said: 'The Kingdom of God is within you (Luke, XVII, 21)'. And so your soul can contain nothing that is earthly; you will know that you are a disciple of Christ, if you have taken up His Cross, this means afflictions, asceticism and virtue; and if you flee from the world, its attractions and its deeds, and walk toward the Heavenly Jerusalem."

But on the other hand, Nazarius calls his spiritual son to action, saying: "The present age is not a time of rest and sleep, but of struggle, it is a combat, a market-place, a school, a navigation. Therefore you must bestir yourself, you must not be dejected and idle, but exert yourself in divine actions."

It was Nazarius who followed this

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SOCIALISM &

(Continued from page 1)

be a strengthening of oppression, not the building of socialism. True socialism cannot exist without democracy also existing in the society.

Socialism is a Belief

Socialism is a way of life, and a socialist society cannot simply come into existence. A socialist society can only be built by those who believe in, and who themselves practice, the principles of socialism. A committed member of T.A.N.U. will be a socialist, and his fellow socialists—that is, his fellow believers in this political and economic system—are all those in Africa or elsewhere in the world who fight for the rights of peasants and workers. The first duty of a T.A.N.U. member, and especially of a T.A.N.U. leader, is to accept these socialist principles, and to live his own life in accordance with them. In particular, a genuine T.A.N.U. leader will not live off the sweat of another man, nor commit any feudalistic or capitalist actions.

We are at War

T.A.N.U. is involved in a war against poverty and oppression in our country; this struggle is aimed at moving the people of Tanzania (and the people of Africa as a whole) from a state of poverty to a state of prosperity.

We have been oppressed a great deal, we have been exploited a great deal and we have been disregarded a great deal. It is our weakness that has led to our being oppressed, exploited and disregarded. Now we want a revolution—a revolution which brings to an end our weakness, so that we are never again exploited, oppressed, or humiliated.

The Wrong Weapon

But it is obvious that in the past we have chosen the wrong weapon for our struggle, because we chose money as our weapon. We are trying to overcome our economic weakness by using the weapons of the economically strong—weapons which in fact we do not possess. By our thoughts, words and actions it appears as if we have come to the conclusion that without money we cannot bring about the revolution we are aiming at. It is as if we have said, "Money is the basis of development. Without money there can be no development."

If one calls on the Government to spend more, one is in effect calling on the Government to increase taxes. Calling on the Government to spend more without raising taxes is like demanding that the Government should perform miracles; it is equivalent to asking for more milk from a cow while insisting that the cow should not be milked again. But our refusal to admit that calling on the Government to spend more is the same as calling on the Government to raise taxes shows that we fully realize the difficulties of increasing taxes. We realize that the cow has no more milk—that is, that the people find it difficult to pay more taxes. We know that the cow would like to have more milk herself, so that her calves could drink it, or that she would like more milk which could be sold to provide more comfort for herself or her calves. But knowing all the things which could be done with more milk does not alter the fact that the cow has no more milk!

External Aid

One method we use to try and avoid a recognition of the need to increase taxes is if we want to have more money for development is to think in terms of getting the extra money from outside Tanzania. Such external finance falls into three main categories:

- (a.) Gifts.
- (b.) Loans.
- (c.) Private Investment.

We made a mistake in choosing money—something we do not have—to be the big instrument of our development. We are making a mistake to think that we shall get the money from other countries: first, because in fact we shall not be able to get sufficient money for our economic development; and secondly, because even if we could get all that we need, such dependence upon others would endanger our independence and our ability to choose our political policies.

Overemphasis on Industrialism

Because of our emphasis on money, we have made another big mistake. We have put too much emphasis on industries. The mistake we are making is to think that development begins with industries. It is a mistake because we do not have the means to establish many modern industries in our country. We do not have either the necessary finances or the technical know-how. It is not enough to say that we shall borrow the finances and the technicians from other countries to come and start the industries. The answer to this is the same one we gave earlier, that we cannot get enough money and borrow enough technicians to start all the industries we need. And even if we could get the necessary assistance, dependence on it could interfere with our policy on socialism. The policy of inviting a chain of capitalists to come and establish industries in 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 Plight of the Peasant

Our emphasis on money and industries had made us concentrate on urban development. We recognize that we do not have enough money to bring the kind of development to each village which would benefit everybody. We also know that we cannot establish an industry in each village and through this means effect a rise in the real income 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 in the towns comes from loans. Whether it is used to build schools, hospitals, houses or factories, etc., it still has to be repaid. But it is obvious that it cannot be repaid just out of money obtained from urban and industrial development. To repay the loans we have to use foreign currency which is obtained from the sale of our exports. But we do not now sell our industrial products in foreign markets, and indeed it is likely to be a long time before our industries produce for export. The main aim of our new industries is "import substitution"—that is, to produce things which up to now we have had to import from foreign countries.

It is therefore obvious that the foreign currency we shall use to pay back the loans used in the development of the urban areas will not come from the towns or the industries. Where, then, shall we get it from? We shall get it from the villages and from agriculture. What does this mean? It means that the people who benefit directly from development which is brought about by borrowed money are not the ones who will repay the loans. The largest proportion of the loans will be spent in, or for, the urban areas, but the largest proportion of the repayment will be made through the efforts of the farmers.

SELF-RELIANCE

This fact should always be borne in mind, for there are various forms of exploitation. If we are not careful we might get to the position where the real exploitation in Tanzania is that of the town dwellers exploiting the peasants.

The People and Agriculture

The development of a country is brought about by people, not by money. Money and the wealth it represents, is the result and not the basis of development. The four prerequisites of development are different; they are (I) People; (II) Land; (III) Good Policies; (IV) Good Leadership. Our country has more than twelve million people and its area is more than 362,000 square miles.

We can produce food crops (which can be exported if we produce in large quantities) such as maize, rice, wheat, beans, groundnuts, etc. And we can produce such cash crops as sisal, cotton, coffee, tobacco, pyrethrum, tea, etc. Our land is also good for grazing cattle, goats, sheep, and for raising



Sister Mary Lou Rose, M.M., Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania

chickens, etc.; we can get plenty of fish from our rivers, lakes, and from the sea. All of our farmers are in areas which can produce two or even more of the food and cash crops enumerated above, and each farmer could increase his production so as to get more food, and more money. And because the main aim of development is to get more food, and more money for our other needs, our purpose must be to increase production of these agricultural crops. This is in fact the only road through which we can develop our country—in other words, only by increasing our production of these things can we get more food and more money for every Tanzanian.

The Conditions of Development

Everybody wants development; but not everybody understands and accepts the basic requirements for 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 wage-earner does. The truth is that in the villages the women work very hard. At times they work for 12 to 14 hours a day. They even work on Sundays and public holidays. Women who live in the villages work harder than anybody else in Tanzania. But the men who live in villages (and some of the women in towns) are on leave for half of their life. The energies of the millions of men in the villages and thousands of women in the towns which are at present wasted in gossip, dancing and drinking, are a great treasure which could contribute more towards the development of our country than anything we could get from rich nations.

The second condition of development is the use of intelligence. Unintelligent hard work could not bring the same good results as the two combined. Using a big hoe instead of a small one; using a plough pulled by oxen instead of an ordinary hoe; the use of fertilizers; the use of insecticides; knowing

the right crop for a particular season or soil; choosing good seeds for planting; knowing the right time for planting, weeding, etc.; all these things show the use of knowledge and intelligence. And all of them combine with hard work to produce more and better results.

The Roots of Development

We should not lessen our efforts to get the money we really need, but it would be more appropriate for us to spend time in the villages showing people how to bring about development through their own efforts rather than going on so many long and expensive journeys abroad in search of development money.

None of this means that from now on we will not need money or that we will not start industries or embark upon development projects which require money. Furthermore, we are not saying that we will not accept, or even that we shall not look for, money from other countries for our development. This is NOT what we are saying. We will continue to use money; and each year we will use more money for the various development projects than we used the previous year because this will be one of the signs of our development.

What we are saying, however, is that from now on we shall know what is the foundation and what is the fruit of development. Between MONEY and PEOPLE it is obvious that the people and their HARD WORK are the foundation of development, and money is one of the fruits of that hard work.

Because the economy of Tanzania depends and will continue to depend on agriculture and animal husbandry, Tanzanians can live well without depending on help from outside if they use their land properly. Land is the basis of human life and all Tanzanians should use it as a valuable investment for future development. Because the land belongs to the nation, the Government has to see to it that it is used for the benefit of the whole nation and not for the benefit of one individual or just a few people.

In order properly to implement the policy of self-reliance, the people have to be taught the meaning of self-reliance and its practice. They must become self-sufficient in food, serviceable clothes and good housing.

The principles of our policy of self-reliance go hand in hand with our policy on socialism. In order to prevent exploitation it is necessary for everybody to work and to live on his own labor. And in order to distribute the national wealth fairly, it is necessary for everybody to work to the maximum of his ability.

T.A.N.U. believes that everybody who loves his nation has a duty to serve it by co-operating with his fellows in building the country for the benefit of all the people of Tanzania. In order to maintain our independence and our people's freedom we ought to be self-reliant in every possible way and avoid depending upon other countries for assistance. If every individual is self-reliant the ten-house cell will be self-reliant; if all the cells are self-reliant the whole ward will be self-reliant; and if the wards are self-reliant the District will be self-reliant. If the Districts are self-reliant, then the Region is self-reliant, and if the Regions are self-reliant, then the whole nation is self-reliant, and this is our aim.

Published by the Tanzanian African National Union (T.A.N.U.), Feb. 5, 1967; excerpts by Martin Corbin.

ED. NOTE: The complete text of the now famous Arusha Declaration, along with the essential writings and speeches of Julius K. Nyerere from 1965 to 1967 have been collected in *Freedom and Socialism Uhuru na Ujamaa*, a thick paperback volume published by Oxford University Press in its Galaxy Books series for \$2.95. President Nyerere's own essays are lucid and highly readable and range in subject-matter from such topics as the pleasure of reading and the treatment of leprosy to the wider problems of rural reconstruction, education, and economic development.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

shine beyond our borders, giving hope where there was despair, love where there was hate, and dignity where there was humiliation."

At the time of the Kent State tragedy when students were demonstrating all over the United States, I was speaking at a State University. I attended one of the rallies on the campus. The scheduled speakers were speechless, the only action envisioned was violent action, to disrupt the "Establishment" and the only action that did actually take place was the momentary blocking of a highway. I am in favor of demonstrations, certainly, but oh, the study which is needed! With what kind of a social order do the students want to replace the Establishment?

There is a long section on religion and socialism in the Nyerere book emphasizing man's complete freedom of religion. "Man's religious beliefs are important to him and the purpose of Socialism is Man." He goes on to point out that a secular society would avoid interfering with deeply held religious beliefs and customs. "The wearing of long hair, the erection of statues to the religious heroes or saints, the pouring of libations, the ban on music or dancing—all these things appear at best irrelevant to those who do not follow the religion concerned, but they are important to those who do. And because they are important to these believers, a socialist society will not interfere. It will not force people to cut their hair, nor allow others to be forced to wear their hair long. It will not prohibit libations, although it may ask that they be poured where they will not damage public property."

"It will not force people to dance, even if the society has agreed that its people should do a period of National Service which normally includes dance activity. It will protect the statues from wilful damage. It will allow genuine conscientious objection to the bearing of arms, and so on. Always socialism will try to enlarge freedom, and religious freedom is an essential part of man's liberty."

"There is no theology of Socialism," he goes on to say, although "the works of Marx and Lenin are regarded as holy writ in the light of which all other thoughts and actions of socialists have to be judged." . . . "Indeed we are fast getting to the stage when quarrels between different Christian sects about the precise meaning of the Bible fade into insignificance when compared with the quarrels of those who claim to be the true interpreters of Marxism-Leninism!" But he adds that Marx was a great thinker and gave a brilliant analysis of the industrialist, capitalist society. But "it is unscientific to appeal to his writings as Christians do to the Bible and the Muslims to the Koran."

"Traditional Tanzanian society had many socialist characteristics—all were workers, there was not much difference in the amount of goods available to different members of society. It was a society in practice organized on a basis which was in accordance with socialist principles."

He goes on to point out how much they can learn from others. "Why should Tanzania not learn from the agricultural communes of China? Their experience could promote thought and ideas about our own rural organization provided we go to learn, and proceed to think—not to copy."

We visited the University of Dar-es-Salaam, which is situated on a high hill on the outskirts of the city. There are more than a thousand students. "One main aim of our educational system is to prepare all youth in primary and secondary schools, in universities and training colleges, to serve the people. They are required to serve the nation for two years. This is known as National Service and is for all youth of the country. When they are out in the field or camps they are taught various skills such as carpentry and masonry, mechanics and agriculture." "The society has agreed that its people should do a period of national service" is the way President Nyerere put it in his talk on religion and socialism. As I understood it, it is not

required of those students who do not have the opportunity or the capacity for college work. The period of training in camps is five months and after that students go to their jobs wherever they may be, and contribute sixty per cent of their wages to the government to build up the educational system. In the field of education, Tanzania is spending twenty per cent of the national income. In one year they graduated 320 teachers to go back and serve their area.

One student interviewed by the *Maryknoll* magazine talked of the need for a cultural revival in the rural districts. The most common music, he said, was Congolese and the blending of Congolese and Tanzanian music was very beautiful. "We open our eyes to other parts of the world, especially the teenagers who like English, American, Indian and Arabic music, as well as something most popular today, soul music which originated among Afro-Americans in the United States. Not only does it sound good," he added, "but we feel we should take it enthusiastically, try to interpret it and have sympathy for our brothers in America."

Three colleges, Makerere in Uganda, Nairobi in Kenya and Dar-es-Salaam in Tanzania, have in the past made up the University of East Africa, and now Dar-es-Salaam is the University of Tanzania with all its own faculties.

The most striking and original feature of Tanzania is the plan to unite the people in the rural areas in *ujamaa* villages. (The last two vowels are pronounced separately, *ujama-a*.)

I heard the word often and when I asked what it meant the young students defined it as relationship—with love towards one's neighbor—cooperating, but Nyerere himself calls it "familyhood" and says it is also the Tanzanian word for socialism. The villages are modelled after the kibbutzim of Israel but adapted to African needs and capacities. After I returned from our round-the-world trip I found an article in *The New York Times* about these villages which are voluntary but capture the imagination of the rural people, whose villages up to 1962 have been made up of separate, and even widely, separated huts. The correspondent of the *Times* calls the new villages, socialistic communes. These villages number over a thousand, some with only thirty families and some with more than two thousand. There are said to be a million and a half small farmers on scattered holdings working along traditional lines, but for the most part the rural people are responding to the call of the government to a co-operative life and are building up *ujamaa* villages and getting schools and clinics, free veterinary service, seeds and fertilizer, and building up of a water supply. One village is described by the correspondent as looking like a progressive oasis in the bush. On one side of the road is a neatly painted school, a small clinic, and the office of the only political party, the Tanzanian African National Union, known as T.A.N.U. Across the way is a larger water tower, a carpentry shop, a dairy and a barn with tractors and harvesters, and there is also a small cashew-nut factory, recently opened.

Eileen and I drove through groves of cashew nuts, which grow as abundantly as the pecans of California. It was on an island where we went to visit Geraldine Munseri, who lives in an old fort which was built in the nineties. (Tanzania was a German colony until the First World War, then English and

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Dan Berrigan In Rochester

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have them do unto you," and its contrary, "Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

But we take this opportunity to tell the Fathers Berrigan, and all those who are suffering imprisonment now, that not a day goes by that we do not think of them, and hold them in our prayers together with all prisoners, who are the poor, at Compline and Rosary at the Tivoli Farm, and at First Street, St. Joseph's House of Hospitality.

Our love goes out to them, and love, like wisdom, is the most active of all active things, according to the Book of Wisdom. You have chosen suffering for your lot, dear friends, suffering and bitterness and depression and hopelessness, which must in many ways be comparable to that which is suffered in Vietnam and in all those parts of our struggling world (where the United States has military installations and personnel—in 48 of the countries of the world).

Dostoevsky in his *House of the Dead*, telling of his prison life in Siberia, says that once he thought that the suffering of the intellectual could not be equal to that of the poor, but he had learned that all men suffered alike. God help them in their bitterness and despair. And I do pray that they learn the reverse of the coin, that strange happiness and joy which following one's conscience brings. I hope someone sends them *The First Circle*, that book of the great Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who himself spent fifteen years in Stalin's prison camps. "Happiness," he wrote, and I quote from memory, "can be a crust of bread and a bowl of thin soup and conversation with a comrade." D.D.

We are in jail, we insist, because we would neither remain silent nor passive before the pathology of naked power, which rules this country and dominates half the world, which shamelessly wastes resources as well as people, which leaves in its wake racism, poverty, foreign exploitation and war. In face of this we felt, free men cannot

remain free and silent, free men cannot confess their powerlessness by doing nothing.

We spoke out, committed civil disobedience, and went to jail because our peace hangs senselessly and precariously upon weapons costing billions to build and billions to improve—weapons which became more useless as we add to their destructive force. With this money, we could have fed the world's people. Half the children on earth go to bed hungry—millions more have retarding and stunting protein deficiencies. Instead of building the peace by attacking injustices like starvation, disease, illiteracy, political and economic servitude, we spend a trillion dollars on war since 1946, until hatred and conflict have become the international preoccupation. Indeed, following our quality of leadership, 70 per cent of the nations are either now at war, or preparing seriously for war.

What we plead for, I suppose, and what we are attempting to live, is a theology of hope, which asserts with all optimism that man has been made new by Christ, that he can use his freedom responsibly, that he can build a world uncursed by war, starvation and exploitation. But hope is like freedom, it must be created and fought for. And hope, once created and defended, leads inevitably to non-violent revolution, which to remain viable, must be continually renewed.

(From a sermon by Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan, federal prisoners in Danbury, Conn., October 1970.)



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reacted hysterically. We were given threats of violence, the door to the Selective Service System was hastily locked, elevator service to the 39th floor was immediately halted and within minutes the corridors were filled with armed guards. We persisted in asking why we were not allowed to enter, and the only response we could elicit was when one of the guards shouted, "You'll enter over my dead body!"

So we sat in the corridor outside the office, and read aloud from the list of the American war dead. The reading was done in a spirit of sorrow and mourning in an attempt to calm down the chaos which we apparently were causing. Finally, at noon, we were arrested and charged with obstructing government administration and with criminal trespass. We were later released on \$500 bail.

Eventually, after over a year's delay, on November 20, 1970, our bureaucratic justice system finally got around to taking us to trial. Following two weeks of testimony, the jury took less than five minutes to acquit us. As one of the jurors put it after the trial, "It was a travesty of justice that you were even taken to the courtroom."

The legal implications of the trial are important, for a precedent has been set whereby a government official can't close his ears to the public's grievances by simply locking his door and arresting the petitioner.

But from the time of the original arrest to the time of the trial much has happened to me which the trial experience has helped to verify. About a week after the arrest, I came to work with the Catholic Worker, and over a period of a year I have come to a better understanding and appreciation of the Catholic Worker position of the complete rejection of the present social order, and attempting to build a new social structure in the shell of the old. Which all means that I view our victory in the courts with somewhat dubious emotions. Sure, our constitutional rights were defended, but also under the same constitution, farm workers are enslaved, peace-loving men are thrown into jails and blacks and

Puerto Ricans are discriminated against. Under the same constitution, the old are not cared for, American Indians have been systematically killed off, South American liberties have been trampled upon, and a large percentage of the world's population, namely China, isn't even recognized as existing. The same constitution, which freed me is now terrorizing the Vietnamese people. I wonder if the color of my skin had anything to do with my acquittal.

We also, by paying bail money, accepted our white, middle class standing. In the one-man cell in the Tombs (the New York City jail) in which I was placed there were two other men, both of whom were Puerto Rican. They had both been in for more than nine months while waiting for trial. Theoretically, all three of us were innocent till proven guilty, but these two men didn't have middle class friends, whom I had to bail me out. We didn't throw our lot in with the poor, which saved us a year and a half wait in jail, only to be acquitted after five minutes in the jury room. The true nonviolent revolutionary must truly be poor, and accept the fact that his only weapons are those of the powerless, which are the spiritual weapons and non-cooperation. We accepted the weapons of the rich, namely money, and lost our alliance with the forgotten of the earth.

But hope did filter through the trial. During the jury selection, nine people, many of whom were working class, refused to serve, for they claimed bias would make them unable to render a fair judgment. Eight out of the nine said that they were so against the war that they couldn't fairly judge an anti-war demonstration case.

Also in the jury which was selected, we saw women and men responding to moral issues which our lawyer, Mr. Milton Friedman, never let be smothered out by legalities, which both the district attorney and the judge would like to have seen happen. It seemed as though each juror knew the war was still going on, and that simple fact was the issue of the case. The crime was that people were still being

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NEW RUSSIAN SAINTS

(Continued from page 4)

advice for himself: after having "exerted himself" in rebuilding Valaamo, he resigned from his functions as an abbot and retired to a hermitage, where he ended his life in solitude and contemplation.

As to young Herman, he obeyed his master, sharing the daily toil of the abbey but leaving community life as often as he could, to continue to lead the eremitical existence he had initially chosen for himself.

Before retiring from the Valaamo monastery, Nazarius designated the eight monks who were to go to Alaska; there were five priests and two deacons. As to Herman, he did not wish to be ordained. He remained a humble monk to the last days of his life.

The party set out in December 1793 and journeyed for 6,229 miles, crossing Siberia by sleigh, horse or river boat. Another eleven hundred miles were covered by sea on a ship named *The Three Saints*, which anchored in Kodiak harbor September 1794, after a voyage of 293 days.

Immediately after their arrival, the monks established their mission at Kodiak Island and built a church dedicated to the Resurrection. There were many conversions among the natives, who were Aleuts (a branch of the Eskimo family); they were attracted by the kindly monks and by the serene beauty of the Byzantine liturgy, and soon the Kodiak mission extended to the mainland and to the Aleutians. This was the beginning of the Russian Orthodox Church in North America. Herman, it is said, predicted that the Alaskan territory would not remain long in Russian hands. After the purchase of Alaska by America, the Russian hierarchy moved to San Francisco

and then to New York. But the first seeds were sown and flowered in Kodiak.

After the initial success of the Valaamo mission, difficulties arose. Alaska was at that time administered by the autocratic Alexander Baranov, president of the Russian American Trading Company. His aim was the forced colonization of Kodiak and other regions under his sway. The natives were treated like slaves, good enough as uncouth hunters to be baptized and "tamed" to provide furs for the Company.

The Valaamo monks refused to assist the administrators. They were seeking souls to draw to Christ, not men to serve the traders' interests. The favor of the missionaries rapidly declined, and as they protested vigorously against the mistreatments of the Aleuts, they were placed under house arrest. After their release, they refused to celebrate Mass for the lord of the island and remained secluded in their compound. One or two ventured forth and met disaster, murder by hostile and fanatic hunters or drowning at sea. Others died of epidemics which swept the island. Herman alone remained, but he left Kodiak and settled on a smaller island, off its shores; it was called Yelovy (Spruce), because of the dense woods of spruce trees which covered it, an ideal place for a hermit's cabin. Herman was at last far from the world and its turmoil. But he also remembered his master's instruction to "exert himself."

And so he devoted his life to the natives of Yelovy. He built a school and orphanage for them, and many were baptized without being regimented by the fur-traders. He tended the sick, prayed for them, and cared for the

poor. He also taught the Aleuts agricultural methods completely unknown to them. Under his guidance they grew potatoes, garlic and green vegetables. He showed them how to fertilize the soil with seaweed (the species known as kelp, and still used in organic gardening). He irrigated the land and dug wells for fresh water. Bringing comfort to others, he lived in extreme poverty and mortification, sleeping on a small bench covered with a reindeer skin, with a stone for a pillow. He wore a shirt of reindeer hide and rough leather sandals. He is said to have girded himself with a heavy chain and an iron cross; an old patched monastic cloak was thrown over his shoulders.

With all the austerity imposed upon himself, Herman was a pleasant, gentle man, compassionate to men and kind to animals. The natives were devoted to him and called him Apa (father). His prayers were considered potent during the epidemics and the storms which swept the little island. After his death in 1837, there were miracles on his grave, and he was considered a saint by his spiritual children and their descendants. His canonization in 1969 was due to this popular acclaim.

Herman had passed away when the Bishop of Kamchatka, Innokenty Venyaminov (named after the Saint of Irkutsk) came to Alaska, which was part of his vast diocese. He was sailing off the coast of Kodiak when a storm broke out. Recalling the good hermit of Yelovy, the Bishop prayed to him, asking him to save him from shipwreck. And immediately the storm abated. Tolstoy's story of the humble hermits of a lonely island saving a proud bishop from a storm at sea may have been

inspired by the Kodiak miracle.

But Bishop Venyaminov was not proud, he was very close in spirit to Herman and to his predecessor of long ago, Saint Stephen of Perm. Like St. Stephen, he too was a tireless traveler and deeply imbued with the principle that missionary work should be conducted in the vernacular. He had studied the Aleutian language, as well as the mores of these natives, and was well versed in anthropology. Thanks to this knowledge he inspired another missionary, a young priest, Father Nikolai Kassatkin.

The Bishop, traveling by dog-sleigh through Siberia, met Father Kassatkin when the latter was on his way to open the first Russian mission in Japan. He was a monk who had completed his studies at the Moscow Theological Academy. In the library he had found books on Japan, a very little known country in those days, where missionaries scarcely dared venture. Father Nikolai felt not only interest but deep love for these far away people. However, he had still many things to learn before he gained the necessary experience.

Nikolai Kassatkin, born in 1836 in the Smolensk region, was the son of a poor deacon, who inspired him with his simple faith and devotion; his subsequent education at the Academy and his monastic training gave him a solid basis for his future activities. But he had not been in contact with native life and culture. Bishop Venyaminov was the first to impart to him the principles which he had himself applied. He urged the young missionary to learn the Japanese language thoroughly, as well as the national, religious and psychological setup of the people whom he

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CALCUTTA—SCOURGED CITY

(Continued from Page 3)

cook arrived early. He had dared to enter the market to do the day's buying on his way.

"Not many people at their stalls. I bought only meat and a few bananas," he explained. "Many small bombs bursting, you know, two near my side. People are getting afraid. The market is closing."

"Did you see many soldiers?" we wanted to know. We had seen a detachment of about six Regular Indian Army men in bottle-green tunics standing at the end of our block.

Abdul, who had served in the Indian Navy, told us that he had seen not only jawans (army privates) but men of the Border Security Force and Home Guards.

"I came walking most of the way from Kidderpore. Only a few buses and trams are out today. Too many are set afire with petrol. Most vehicles on the streets today are trucks filled with police jawans."

We felt we were in a city under siege. In point of fact, the plan of the CPI (M), the Maoist faction of the Communist Party of India, was to use the Martyrs' Day to "lay siege" to Calcutta. There were rumors that the "seige city campaign" would focus on the Writers Buildings where many government offices were housed. Heavy patrols were placed around the impressive Gothic-type buildings erected long ago for the junior clerks, or writers, of the East India Company.

Bengal, under direct rule from the Delhi Central Government since its state government had been dissolved in the spring of 1970, tried to prevent a total crippling of governmental and other services by promulgating a regulation against all mass gatherings. But on Martyrs' Day the regulation had to be rescinded for Mullick Square where stood the Martyr's Monument. I asked if the monument was a recent one since I only remembered the tall shaft memorializing Sir David Ochterlony, the British General notable for his several military victories and his harem of thirteen wives. The same shaft, I was informed, was now Indianized. Ochterlony's name had been expunged and it had been rededicated to the "Martyrs."

I asked Abdul and several Indians and Americans which martyrs were honored by the monument and by the "Shahid Dibas" on Martyrs' Day. Some claimed that the commemoration included all Indians who had suffered and died in the struggle against colonialism. Others insisted that the martyrs were a group of Bengali peasants who were shot in the act of "liberating" large stocks of rice.

Short news reports on the radio announced that there was no disruption around the Martyrs Monument in Mullick Square. The Writers Buildings were not under siege. Most of the markets and bazaars closed as the day wore on. Train services in the Sealdah Division were paralyzed. Government and business offices were closed at 3 p.m. because of transportation difficulties. Six large jute mills remained closed because workers did not show up.

From Howrah, across the Hooghly River came the news of a clash with police in which seven bombs were thrown. An army jeep was attacked by pipe bombs. In Bagbazar, a sustained attack was made on police patrols in which 150 bombs burst. In the Burtolla area police fired on a group of bomb-throwers attempting to ambush them and killed two young men identified as Naxalites.

Dorothy Day read the psalms of David and wrote letters to her Catholic Worker family. I was involved in reading Gandhi's "The Science of Satyagraha" a compendium of his writings on nonviolence. Amidst the news of the bombings in various parts of the city, I pondered on Gandhi's definition of Satyagraha as "adherence to the eternal principle of truth and insistence upon it by self-suffering." At a certain point, I picked up a pile of Calcutta newspapers, *The Statesman*, the *Hindustan Standard*, the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, and began to realize

what the people of the city were living with day by day.

"Naxalite" was a word that leapt from every front page. This was the name chosen by the Maoists, mostly students and unemployed graduates, who were committed to destroying "the system" and its representatives, the police. They took their name from Naxalbari, a township in Bengal, which was the scene of an armed revolt by landless agricultural laborers. It was thought that the total number of Naxalites did not exceed 5,000. Though their network reached into the countryside, where they had murdered many small landholders, their dread strength was in Calcutta where their weapons were home-made bombs. I began to groan inwardly as I read the news items.

Van Carrying Prisoners Attacked by Acid Bombs: Three Policemen Blinded. The story went on to relate that the young prisoners, suspected Naxalites, got away. No Durga Puja This Year Warn Naxalites. Naxalite leaders threatened violence if public processions and other acts of veneration of the goddess Durga were carried out. They began their campaign by destroying clay models of the goddess and by intimidating the men who earned their livelihoods by fashioning images of Durga. Bombs Dearest Now. The demand and prices of bombs in Calcutta had risen about 10 times in recent months. Bombs sold at 38 paise are now sold at 3 rupees in the clandestine market. West Bengal Urges Bill to Control Sale of Bomb Ingredients. The West Bengal Government suggested to the Delhi Government that unless there is control in the sale of potassium chlorate there can be no lessening of the explosives discharged on the streets of Calcutta. 890 Anti-Socials Held. Calcutta police put 890 anti-

social persons under arrest in the week preceding Martyrs' Days to help ensure peace during the observances of that day. Raiders Refused Money to Make Bombs. Armed men who invaded a slum area and demanded money for bombs from the residents, opened fire with double-barrel guns and pipe guns when their demands were refused. Potassium Chlorate Prices Shoot Up. The increased demand for potassium chlorate, the essential ingredient in bomb production, has sent the price from 15 rupees a pound to 100 rupees a pound. Five Policemen Injured in Bomb Attack. Two pedestrians as well as five policemen were injured in one of the routine bomb attacks on a police van. Group Insurance Scheme for Calcutta Police Force. For the first time in India, an insurance scheme for policemen injured or killed on duty was proposed for the 18,600 man force of Calcutta. It was proposed that 10,000 rupees (about \$1,400) be paid to the family of any man who died on duty, whether he were a Commissioner or any rank down to a constable. Close to 40 members of the Calcutta police force have been killed on duty.

At the end of the day, the number of dead was 5, but dead bodies kept turning up as days went by. There were no figures on the number of the injured.

The horror of the day was not alone the violence, but the evidence of the amount of human energy put into a continuing campaign of violence. If ever a city was ready to sink under the sheer weight of human need, it was Calcutta. At the time of the partition of India, the number of Muslims and Hindus slaughtered in the so-called communal rioting was so enormous that the city was brought to a complete standstill. Bengal, and especially Calcutta, were inundated by a

tidal wave of human agony from East Pakistan (formerly East Bengal). As many as four million destitute people flocked into Bengal, long known as the "suburb of dissent" after 1948. The Province of Bengal became a "suburb of despair." Hindu refugees were still fleeing to Calcutta at the rate of about 25,000 monthly. At that very moment, there were 5,000 of them squatting on the platforms of the Sealdah station, their only bed the stone floor of the station, their only source of water the station waiting rooms. Large numbers of Calcutta's residents did not officially exist. They were on no census; they were listed on no employers' tally sheet for they had no regular employment. They hawked straw mats fashioned from Hogla reeds, picture frames made from scraps of wood, or clay models of goods and goddesses made from Calcutta's plentiful mud. If they were lucky, they had a lean-to of straw matting and mud. If not, they joined the uncounted thousands who ate, slept and procreated on the streets and alleyways.

The army of lepers who walked the city's streets was at least 100,000 strong. When the marks of the disease became evident, the blunting of fingers of the bulbous growths, the victim of leprosy was dismissed from any job. Lepers gathered outside Hindu temples, outside the mosques, and on Sundays, outside all Christian churches. What they gleaned in alms, they took back to their bustees, or shanty towns. The lepers lived, like the ordinary run of Calcutta's poor, in miserable bustees that sprawled around the city limits. Common faucets were a luxury and water was drawn from lakes or canals. Open sewage was the rule. With the spring came the regular cholera epidemic and many felt that if Calcutta's water system continued to suffer from the seepage of sewage, the city might become the spawning ground for a world cholera epidemic.

I groaned at the news items because while I could understand the tragic frustration of the students and graduates, and above all of the refugees, in the face of social inequity and slow reform, I could not see how bombs could help repair the water system, or plan the millions of rooms necessary for minimal human shelter. The Bakunin-syndrome of "destroying the structures that exist" in order to implant new ones, might, in Calcutta, where so many structures existed in a highly precarious manner, bring everything toppling down with little or no chance at reconstruction out of chaos.

Official and voluntary agencies had performed prodigies of relief and rescue work; otherwise death would have undone many millions. In two earlier visits, I had come to know the underside of the city through working with Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity. An Albanian by birth, Mother Teresa had worked for twenty years as a teaching sister in Calcutta before getting permission to leave the order to serve the poorest of the poor. As her former pupils joined her, she conceived the idea of a congregation linked totally with the very poorest. In 1950, the Missionaries of Charity was founded and there began a series of daring experiments in service to the rejects of society, the lepers, the children of lepers, the school-less children of slum-dwellers, the doctor-less mothers and children of the poorest bustees, and, most dramatic of all, the poor left to die in the streets. In twenty years, the Missionaries of Charity had opened 59 centers in Calcutta alone, as well as centers in 20 of India's largest cities. At the initiation of various of the world's bishops, small teams of skilled Indian Sisters had gone to take up difficult tasks in Venezuela, Australia, Tanzania and the slums of Rome.

Now, as part of a round-the-world peace pilgrimage, with Dorothy Day, it was possible to see the growth of Mother Teresa's work and the escalation of Calcutta's problems. In next month's continuation of this article, there will be a description of the works of the Missionaries of Charity in Calcutta.

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

to be thankful for—the Catholic Worker, this farm with a view where we enjoy so many of the gifts God surely intended us all to enjoy. There is the great and beautiful Hudson River, which flows before our door. The view of the Catskill mountains across the Hudson, which anyone who looks can claim for his own. Our little wilderness where we and our fellow creatures—raccoons, possums, skunks, squirrels,



rabbits, woodchucks, even snakes—can roam about and enjoy, except when illegal hunters come with their guns and frighten us all away. Then there are our fields and gardens, which have provided us with better vegetables than ever came out of a supermarket. We are thankful for the pattern of rural life and for the rhythm of the seasons, which seem to exemplify the mysteries of religion, of birth and death and resurrection.

We are thankful for the chickens and all the eggs they give us to eat. For Sean, who takes such good care of the chickens. And now we are thankful for a pig.

One day, not long ago, Jerry Lane of Adirondack, New York, drove up with a pig for us. On first hearing of

this new guest, I, knowing we had no proper pig guest-house, was worried that the pig, like other domesticated animals—namely, cats and dogs—might try to move right in with us. But thanks to the industry and initiative of Bob Massingale and Billy Tully, the pig is now dwelling in a classic style pig house, with his own enclosure adjoining that of the chickens. When Tommy and Mary Hughes, Abena, and I visited the pig in his new domicile, we found him slurping away at his feed while his neighbors, the hens, softly sang and the white rooster stood on his toes to crow. There was no doubt that John Filliger was taking good care of his new farmyard animal.

For my part, I am most particularly thankful for the birds, whose voices are so familiar to me and who add so much interest to my life. The birds, too, are grateful, I think, for the food Mike Sullivan puts out for them in St. Francis' garden and for the food Helene Iswolsky and I put in the bird-feeders outside our windows.

All of us who spent Thanksgiving here are grateful to Hans Tunnesen for a fine turkey dinner, and to Tina, Laura, and Abena for some equally fine pies. As always, there are many per-

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NEEDED!

For Our Clothing Room:

HEAVY WINTER COATS
for MEN
and
Other Warm Men's
Clothes—Shirts, Pants,
Sweaters

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 5)

achieved its independence in 1961.) The fort is battle-scarred, but nevertheless is a very substantial dwelling, which is used also as a clinic. We drove around the island with Mrs. Munseri, through the paw-paw and cashew groves to some well-built centers and schools, where we talked to Mr. Mhando, who was head of the MZIZIMA district council. He told us there were sixteen villages which were consolidated into four Ujamaa villages.

The island reminded me of one of the Florida keys I used to visit, where one of my Southern cousins worked in a coconut grove and it was like a colonial setup, what with the few whites with their separate school and separate hurricane shelters, which were equipped in vivid contrast to the buildings provided for the blacks. What a difference between the atmosphere which still is found in many parts of the South and that of this island and these people we were meeting every day!

Mrs. Munseri was very much a leader and coordinator, knowing as she did the more than two hundred women who came to her in groups of fifty with their children to be examined and inoculated and to attend classes of all kinds. Even the children in the primary grades are taught the cultivation of the soil, to start small gardens and care for animals. Mrs. Munseri has ten children of her own, and the little one who clambered up on my lap smelled of fish as though he had been playing around on the fishing boat, which was anchored near the house. The villagers are fishermen as well as farmers, and casava and sweet potatoes are grown, in addition to the nuts and fruit mentioned before.

While we visited around during the week I picked up some biographical details about Nyerere and found that he was one of twenty-six children born to Chief Nyerere Burito of the Zanaki tribe, which was one of the smaller tribes of the country. (His father had other wives, as the custom was, besides Julius Nyerere's mother.) Julius had his education in Catholic mission schools and attended Makerere College in Uganda. It was there that he became a Catholic. From 1949 to 1952 he went to the University of Edinburgh where he took his M.A. in history and political science. He was thirty years old when he began teaching in a village school at Pugu, 12 miles from Dar es Salaam. In 1953 he was made President of T.A.N.U.

There are a hundred and twenty tribes in the country, and "the more the better," Nyerere said once. "If only five there would be clashes. My own tribe consists of 35,000 people and my brother is now the chief. If my brother wanted to be a nuisance to me, he could not be much of a nuisance." And he went on to say after he became President that when his relatives came to visit him they were treated as guests for two days, as was the Swahili tradition, and on the third day, "you put a hoe in their hands."

Nyerere is married, and his wife Maria was taking courses in political science while we were there (in addition to being the mother of eight children). She is a young and beautiful woman and shares her husband's responsibilities and plans. It was said that after their marriage, he sent her to Israel to study the kibbutz system and to learn how to run a poultry farm. As I understood it, there is now a poultry farm connected with the Presidential residence.

I have written at length about Tanzania because Nyerere's ideas remind me of Peter Maurin's. The very titles of his speeches attract one and are provocative of thought:

Unemployment is No Problem
Agriculture
is the Basis of Development
The Importance and the
Pleasures of Reading
Leaders Must Not Be Masters
Rhodesia in the Context of
South Africa
The Role of Universities
The Power of Teachers
Education for Self Reliance
The Varied Paths to Socialism
The Purpose is Man

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, "announcing, not denouncing."

It was a most enjoyable visit, that short stay in Tanzania, and it is enjoyable to spread the news of it, and I am enjoying spreading the news of it, together with our other news of non-violent social change, and of alternatives, such as the strong and steady movement of the organizing which is still going on among farm workers under the leadership of Cesar Chavez and the continuing non-violent movement of the Distributive Workers Union with its black leadership and its black members organizing the unorganized in the South.

News of Us

We too are living in communes, both in New York City, where our house of hospitality could be termed a commune, and here at the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli, both places schools of non-violence where young and old, workers and students, men, women and children numbering between forty-five and fifty and guests bringing it up to sixty-five on many a weekend or holiday. A tribe indeed.

Stanley, who usually answers all our appeal mail, is recovering from a heart attack in our local hospital near Tivoli and different ones of us are sitting around trying to keep up with mail. As for my personal letters, what with speaking at various places last month and more talks coming up in December, I must ask our readers to forgive us if acknowledgements and



answers to questions are late in coming. Be patient, and accept our nine-times-a-year Catholic Worker issues as long letters, letting you know the news of non-violent revolution in these parts, among these people. Jack Cook, one of our best writers, is out of jail and I hope will take time between talks and travellings to write about teaching in Allenwood Federal prison and life in the hole at Lewisburg.

To all those who have answered our appeal and have been helping us catch up on bills we want to express our heartfelt thanks and to tell you that it is with love and gratitude that we hold them in our hearts when each evening we say our prayers on First Street and at Tivoli farm. May God bless and sustain us all.

36 East First

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killed, not that we remained in the corridor after being ordered to leave.

A few weeks after the incident, the same draft board was bombed. Neither our action, nor the bombing has been able to stop the war. But the violence which the Selective Service System fosters, the violence which permeates New York City and the country as a whole, can't be stopped by adding to the violence. The state can't be fought on its own terms and using its weapons, but only by nonviolence—a force which the state doesn't know how to fight, but the people, both working and non-working class, can respond to. Love is the most revolutionary thing one can do in a society built upon hatred.

The district attorney looked foolish during our trial. His insistence upon legalities and his avoidance of main issues all seemed absurd to the onlooker. But I am sure that he will be the hero when the bombing case comes to court.

HARRY WOODS

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 7)

sons who participate in the work here—old and young. We thank them all.

Above all, we are thankful for our chapel, with the Blessed Sacrament reserved, and for Father Andy and the many visiting priests who say Mass here on many occasions. We are thankful for Dominic, who takes such good care of the chapel and who took special care to make it ready for the visit of a Bishop. We are thankful indeed to Bishop Pernicone and Monsignor Kane, who took time from a very busy day of visitation at St. Sylvia's to pay a visit to our farm and chapel.

Finally, we are thankful to Dorothy Day for her leadership and guidance and for the time she has been able to give us in recent weeks. All of us are deeply grateful to those who are so interested in the Catholic Worker that they help keep things going through their prayers, work, money and other contributions. To all such readers, friends, benefactors, *Deo Gratias*.

Under the capable management of Marge Hughes, who pinch hits in many phases of the work with equal competence, things have gone reasonably well with us, considering the turbulence inherent in the disparate, heterogeneous nature of our community. We have had many visitors, and many comings and goings, especially among the young people, who seem to belong to a new breed of nomad.

We have also enjoyed several pleasant community evenings with good documentary films selected and shown by Tommy Hughes and Joe Geraci. There have also been a few evenings with guitars and folk songs; last night it was Billie and his original compositions; last weekend, our old friends Joe and Audrey Monroe, who sang with their accustomed warmth and charm.

On the third Sunday of November Helene Iswolsky spoke to us on some

recently canonized Russian saints. Helene also has an article on this subject in this issue of the paper. As many readers know, Helene has written much on Russian spirituality, including the books—*Christ in Russia* and *The Soul of Russia*. These newly recognized saints (popularly acclaimed for many years) seemed right for our times and deserving the dynamic presentation Helene accorded them.

As usual, many persons in our community continue to have bouts with colds and other virus disorders. Will Waes, however, is making a good recovery from his appendectomy and is able to help with wood sawing and other chores again.

The most seriously ill person in our midst is Stanley Vishnewski, who suffered a heart attack on November thirteenth. He is receiving good care in Northern Dutchess County Hospital, and is making a good recovery. Stanley has been with Catholic Worker almost since the beginning. He does fine hand printing, and writes for the Catholic Worker and other periodicals. He edited and wrote the Introduction to Dorothy Day's last book, *Meditations*. He is also master of the bad pun and the bad joke. He is in fact an essential member of our community. We miss him and hope he will make a full recovery and be back with us soon.

Rain falls on the night of the First Sunday of Advent. The noise of playing children has subsided. We move toward the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, toward Gaudete Sunday, toward the Birthday of Our Lord.

To all our friends, readers, benefactors, to all who have written to us, who have shared our work, our hope and prayers, I wish an Advent ripening in wonder, and a Christmastide filled with the glory of that star-bright night in Bethlehem when the angels sang to a Newborn Babe—*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

New Russian Saints

(Continued from Page 6)

intended to evangelize. These seeds of a true missionary spirit fell on fertile soil.

Father Kassatkin landed in Hakodate, Japan in 1861 and immediately set about studying Japanese culture, language and customs, and got acquainted with the two main religious trends of the country: Buddhism and Shintoism. He later transferred his mission to Tokyo, where he obtained many conversions and built a cathedral, dedicated to the Resurrection but out of reverence for their pastor, the newly baptized Japanese Christians called this beautiful edifice Nikolai-Do. By that time he had mastered Japanese completely, he could not only speak, but also write it, and translated the liturgy for his native flock. He built a school, visited the poor and the sick, and gained a reputation as a healer. When, in 1880, he was consecrated Bishop of Tokyo and Japan, one of his main concerns was to form a native Japanese clergy. His diocese was developing and even flourishing, with a large congregation and an ever closer relationship with the Tokyo population, even with non-Christians.

This development was interrupted during the Russo-Japanese war, when Bishop Nikolai lived in seclusion and poverty, all the subsidies from Russia having been cut off. But he was still respected by the Japanese and was unmolested throughout the entire war. When Russia was defeated, and the crowds of Tokyo marched in a victory parade, they were careful to make a detour in order to bypass Nikolai-Do and the Bishop's residence.

This remarkable missionary prelate became Archbishop in 1906 and died in 1912. As in the case of Herman, miracles were reported on his grave. He had identified himself so completely with the Japanese that he had become one of them. And yet he retained that peculiar charismatic and compassionate spirit which Dostyevsky portrayed in "The Russian Monk," a section of the *Brothers Karamazov*. And like Her-

man, Nikolai Kassatkin was canonized, so to speak, by popular acclaim, long before his formal elevation as a saint.

As I am concluding these lines I am deeply moved at the thought that as a young child I was taken to Nikolai-Do in Tokyo, where I lived with my parents at that time. I attended a mass sung by Archbishop Nikolai and was later taken to his residence. He blessed me and gave me a little picture representing Noah and his ark landing on a desolate shore. The skies were still stormy, but a rainbow spanned the horizon. Its bright colors filled me with great joy and security. I recall this moment every time I see a rainbow. I could not guess that the tall, bearded man bending over me would one day become a saint of all Russia. But when I saw his photograph, published on the occasion of his canonization, I immediately recognized him. Even in childhood there are unique moments of a spiritual breakthrough.

Source material for this article is contained in: "Saint Stephen of Perm," Third Hour, No. 1, 1947. *Treasury of Russian Spirituality, Ascetics Russes* (translated from Russian texts by Father S. Tysiewicz Bruxelles, "One Church," No. 3, 1970, Russian Orthodox Church in Alaska) (Diocese of Alaska, Sitka), and "This Alaska" (Herman of Alaska issue) No. 7, August, 1970, Anchorage.



Just write the truth, son, just the truth . . . Look for the truth in yourself and take it to the people . . . Look for the truth in people and store it in yourself.

Yevtuschenko