

CATHOLIC WORKER



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RIWA Organizes Working Poor

By JAN ADAMS

The Rhode Island Workers Association (R.I.W.A.) is struggling to bring new dignity and security to the lives of the unemployed and working poor of the smallest state. A recent leaflet members distributed at a state Division of Employment Security Office read: "R.I.W.A. acts like a union for unemployed people who have grievances with the D.E.S. We are made up of individuals who feel that the power of the group is the only way to fight agencies who don't care how long you have to wait to receive the benefits that you work for. We educate ourselves on the appeals procedure in order to understand the process when denied a claim. We go with fellow members to the appeal hearings, and have won over 80% of the cases." People who received the leaflet were urged to attend a meeting to share their problems.

I was privileged recently to attend the weekly meeting of the Providence R.I.W.A. chapter (there are eight such local chapters). About twenty-five people of all ages made up the meeting. The chairman, Charlie Freitas, a middle-aged unemployed worker who had originally come to R.I.W.A. with his own problems, asked people to present their cases.

People and Their Problems

An elderly man reported his difficulties with being relocated by urban renewal. A woman brought up trouble getting her refrigerator serviced under its warranty. Freitas turned to a lawyer from a community legal office, and, apologizing for "imposing on your presence," had him explain her rights.

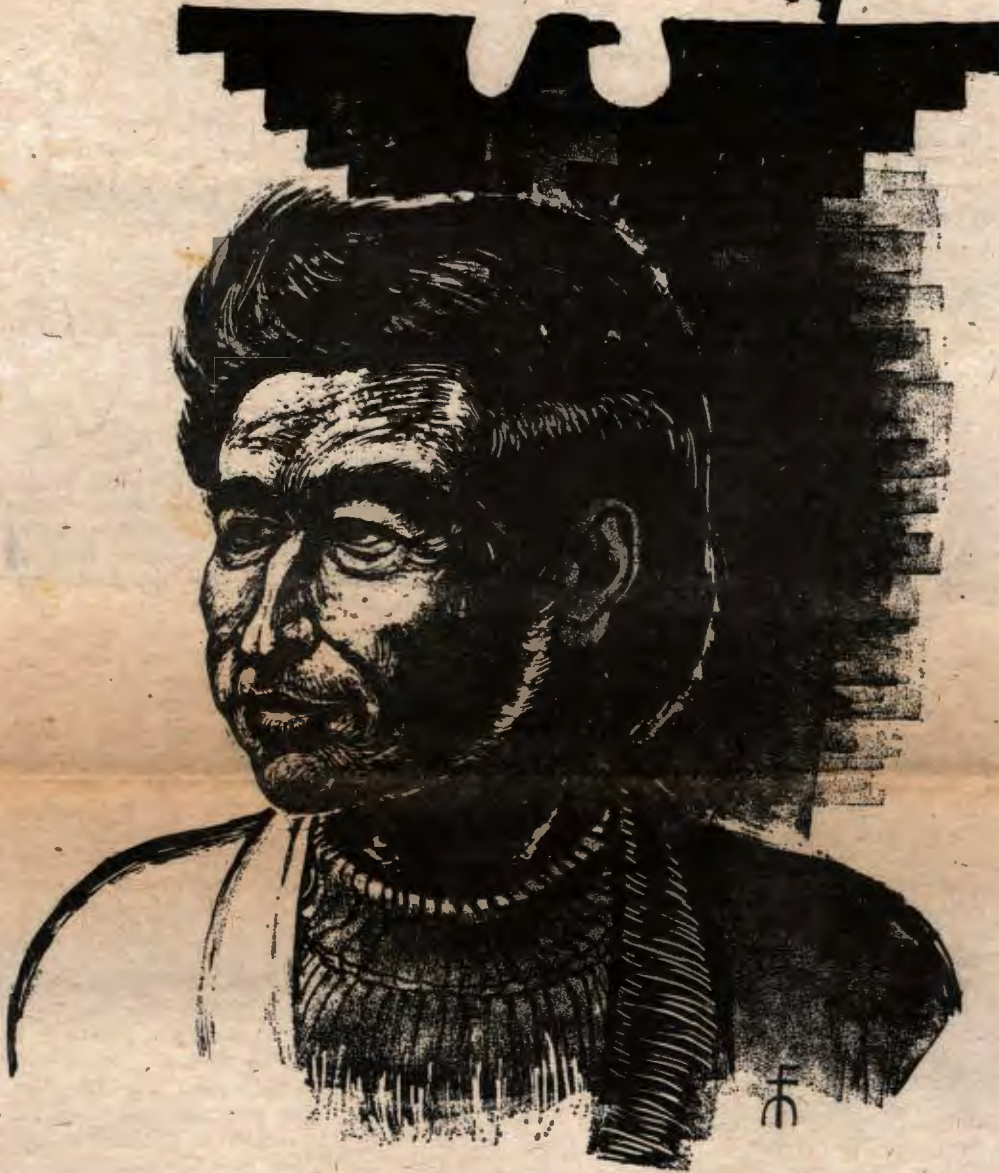
A Spanish-speaking man, with some translation help, reported that he was having trouble collecting temporary disability benefits due him. His doctor had ordered him to stay in the house to recover from a respiratory infection. Following instructions, he had not gone out to sign in at the agency, and so officials had neglected his case. Now he was well enough to go back to work, but when he had needed those checks, he had not received them. A group agreed to go with him to try to collect the back benefits.

One woman had driven 45 miles from Westerly, R.I. to seek help. For several years an invoicer for Bradford Dyeing Association, a textile firm, she had quit because she got sick (despite wearing thermal underwear and several sweaters) in the unheated building. When it rained, puddles would collect in her work area, and water would even drip on the tables where workers ate lunch. Often, uncovered garbage cans would be piled right beside her desk. Despite these violations of state and federal health laws, D.E.S. officials had ruled she had left work "without good cause" and so was ineligible for checks. Several of us decided to visit the plant to see the conditions, and to try to persuade D.E.S. to change its decision.

After announcements about the Farm Workers' boycott of A & P and legal services available to the poor in Rhode Island, the meeting broke up for coffee, doughnuts, and entertain-

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VIVA LA CAUSA



Chavez, Workers Step Up Boycott

By DOROTHY DAY

It was a thrilling sight last month to stand on the steps of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and to see the parade of the United Farm Workers coming up the steps—beautiful, dark, sturdy men, women and children, dressed in those clothes in which they work in the fields, flags flying with the Mexican Indian eagle black against the red of their banners, led by Cesar Chavez and Mrs. Martin Luther King. I had been invited too, but I could not take that long trek from the Riverside Drive Council of Churches headquarters, thru the Columbia University campus, and down to 110th Street where the Cathedral stands, magnificent in its stately grounds, on a height looking East over the City of New York.

I had enjoyed every minute of the evening before—a fiesta held in the hall of the great old Paulist Church, surely one of the biggest in the city, where Marcos Munos (who heads the N.Y. office of the United Farm Workers) had prepared a party to greet the busload and caravan of ten cars which had made its zig-zag way across country from California. It was a pilgrimage to encourage the workers in various cities to continue the boycott of iceberg lettuce.

Fiesta at St. Paul's

The speaking started late, of course, what with undependable cars and bus, but a fiesta meant a feasting, and everyone, hundreds, served themselves from the buffet tables. They sang (they had good leaders) and radiated a spirit of joy as they sat on chairs, benches and the floor, keeping a semi-circle in the center of the hall in front of an improvised speaking stand.

Some of the group from the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli had driven down in two cars with fifty loaves of homemade bread, and St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on First Street baked three ten-pound boneless hams. All the guests had brought food of various kinds. No need to worry about having too much left over because the Farm Workers now have an old brownstone house on West 84th Street to put up those who come to picket, to help in the campaign to boycott the A&P and other stores where iceberg lettuce is being sold.

Dolores Huerta, one of the vice presidents of the Union, spoke first. She is the mother of eight children who sits with the agribusinessmen, the growers, in conference over contracts

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UFW Seeks Health Care Revolution

By SISTER PEARL MCGIVNEY

There is a revolution going on in health care, and it is happening among the most medically-neglected segment of our population—the farm workers. Under the auspices of the National Farm Workers' Health Group, men and women of the fields are pioneering a health-care delivery system which will make a significant contribution to the new and emerging national model.

The Farm Workers' Health Group Program is based on the fact that a strong Union contract which brings decent wages and healthy living and working conditions does more to promote good health than all the doctors and medicines in the world. Preventive medicine grows from the awareness that healthy people are the product of a healthy life. And farmworkers are organizing to live healthy lives!

New Models

Health professionals have a new role to play in this radical approach to rural medicine. Clinics are being "de-doctorized." The myth of the sacred powers of the doctor is being dispelled by the sharing of his/her knowledge and skills through "physician expanders." New roles for nurses, nurse practitioners, and midwives are being de-

veloped. Training of farmworkers to serve as para-medicals in the clinics, in the fields, and in homes is an essential aspect of the plan. While the team approach summarizes the activities of the staff, full participation characterizes the role of the health care consumers themselves. The integration of traditional and modern medicine, and of various cultural beliefs and practices, is a hoped-for goal as the program develops.

The unique aspect of the Farm Workers' Health Program is that the very roots of poverty and powerlessness are being attacked through union contracts. The United Farm Workers are actively engaged in the process of social change and social justice, and the Health Program flows from that fact. Each contract negotiated provides for a ten-cent per worker-hour employer contribution to the Robert F. Kennedy Farmworkers' Insurance Plan. A pre-paid plan is then developed between the National Farm Workers' Health Group and the Robert F. Kennedy Plan for the development of a health care program for the workers under contract. All out-patient ambu-

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LIVE THE REVOLUTION

People struggle for a new society when there is vision, and the visions are developing now.

People defy repression when they are in solidarity, and communities are developing now.

People work hard for social change when they see disaster in the present course and scientists are painting that picture now.

A mass movement for fundamental change is possible. We can join that revolution for life and at the same time live the revolution.

George Lakey

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

A few days ago, early in the morning, Alice Lawrence, one of the hardest working members of our house of hospitality on the land, called me to come to see Mike Sullivan. His face was pale and strained. She had brought him his morning coffee and found him almost unconscious, struggling for breath. Most of us in these upstairs rooms are the older ones with various disabilities. Mike had been in and out of the hospital all winter, and it would take persuading to make him go again. Alice, with all her other duties, looked after him, as she had so many others.

His oxygen machine was on the table, and while I held his hand, Alice put it to his lips, helping him breathe. It took some talking, but finally he nodded his head he would go. Our people want to die at home. Our local volunteer ambulance came at once, and Mike was given every care; but he died twenty-four hours later. He was "waked" at White's funeral parlor in Rhinebeck the following night, and next morning six pall bearers (his fellow workers at the farm) carried the casket into the church of St. Sylvia in Tivoli, just as Hans Tunnesen had been last month.

Mike Sullivan, Worker

The funeral liturgy was offered by Father Andy who also gave the homily. He spoke to us about life.

After the Mass our little cortege followed Mr. White's station-wagon (which was the hearse) to the little cemetery on 9G, just north of Tivoli. Mike Sullivan is buried there with nine others of our C.W. family in the large plot which St. Sylvia's pastor, Msgr. Kane generously gave us.

John Filliger had made white birch crosses, and Laura Waes had lettered the names on them. There was a row of nine of them there now.

The night before Mike died, some of us had read the Vesper psalms from the Office of the Dead in the little chapel which Mike himself, with the help of Kay Lynch, had partitioned off at the end of the long, fifteen-bed dormitory which had been a casino years ago.

It would have been better if we who had gathered at the funeral parlor to say the rosary which Fr. Andy led, could have "waked" him in the chapel he built. Or even in the Community room, as we did years ago for Peter Maurin on Mott Street.

But with a population of babies (seven under five), early teenagers, and older teenagers, and the use of the Community room as library, sew-

ing room, play room, ping pong room and conference room, it is not practicable to lay out the dead there. And our chapel is too small.

That community room, with its fifty feet of windows along the front, had been screened by Mike in summer, and sealed with plastic in winter to keep out the gales. Wherever you look Mike had worked. Plumbing jobs, un-stopping toilets and sinks, seeing about fuses and electrical work, furnaces and water heaters. Mike was a knowledgeable man.

Many, too, were the kindnesses Mike did for the women of the house. The old as well as the young. He liked and helped women. Getting up early as working men and children do, he was the one Sally, years ago (she is now ten) and Coretta Corbin (four) demanded breakfast from — an egg, toast, milk, cereal. He waited on them



Rita Corbin

to let Rita get a little more much-needed sleep.

Coretta visited him daily on his sickbed before he was too ill, and we could hear a long one-sided conversation (a confusion of terms there) going on, little chatterbox as she was. Mike's smile was enough for her. It wasn't the candy he kept in his room—it was a listener she wanted.

God bless Mike Sullivan. May he rest in Peace. It has been very hard to write this little obituary, coming so soon as it does after Jack English's and Hans Tunnesen's deaths.

Mail and Jottings

The rest of this column will be "jottings." They were written before Mike died.

As a pilgrim, I comfortably stay at home and travel with maps, books, newspapers and journals. Maps may include detailed maps of Dutchess and

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Mild for March and mild for Lent is this day, with crocuses and cardinals rejoicing in the sun here in the garden of the Red House in Princeton, where I am again enjoying a visit with Caroline Gordon Tate. Caroline, Xenophon (one of Caroline's two cats) and I have just returned from a walk about the garden where the crocuses and snowdrops put on a special show for our delight—a visual pleasure which came to me through Caroline's word magic. Many other flowers were pushing aside the earthy blanket of winter. Trees and shrubs were bursting with buds. The sun touched my cheek with the tenderness of the lamb of March. It is March; it is Lent; but Nature is already singing—Alleluia. Easter will come.

Delicate Creation

This morning after breakfast, Caroline finished reading to me and my faithful tape recorder Christopher Derrick's *The Delicate Creation: Towards a Theology of the Environment*. Mr. Derrick, an English writer of considerable distinction, who acknowledges his theological indebtedness to C. S. Lewis and G. K. Chesterton, has written, I think, a book of great value to all who wish to preserve God's great Creation—this world—from the doom which the unholy trinity—Science, Technology, and the Standard of Living (this modern trinity is referred to several times by Mr. Derrick) seem determined to inflict upon us and the good planet, Earth, God gave us to live upon. I need to think much more about *The Delicate Creation* before I write more about it. Right now it seems to me that Mr. Derrick's theology is close to that of St. Francis of Assisi who revered all God's creatures because they were God's creatures, who thought of himself as brother of the sun, the wind, the rain, the birds and all the beasts, and even spoke of Sister Death.

We who consider ourselves Catholics certainly ought to know that the first story of the Bible tells us that God made the world and its creatures and found it good and loved it even before He created man. He put man in the world as a steward, rather than a conqueror, to preserve and use the world and its creatures—God's Creation—for the glory of God, and that he—the man, the woman, the stewards—might grow to that ultimate destiny of union with God through His great Christmas Gift, the Incarnation. I cannot do Mr. Derrick's book justice, but I can say—alleluia, and hope that many, many persons will read it and will undergo that change of heart, that true conversion with that true repentance of all the terrible sins we human beings have committed against God's Creation until in our very being we know our relationship to God and all His Creation, from the amoeba to the Pleiades. Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Greenhouse Plantings

Although we did not have crocuses and snowdrops in bloom at our farm with a view before I left, there were signs of Spring. The cardinals and song sparrows have been very tuneful, and now and then one hears a more exotic voice of some wintering bird doing a little pre-Spring, pre-migration celebrating. Buds are swelling. In the woods several of the young people are collecting maple sap for syrup. Fr. Andy and Mike Kreyche have built some excellent greenhouses, largely out of plastic. The other day Fr. Andy showed me about, and I was glad that there were several flats already planted. I do hope there will be a good growing season this year, for with the cost of food so high and so many to feed, we really need all the vegetables we can get from our garden. Meanwhile, in the greenhouses seeds are planted and the work of Spring is beginning.

As a kind of sign of Spring, I suppose, Maggie Hennessey came in the other day, glowing after a swim in the Hudson River. All the Hennesseys are very hardy and try to go in swimming every month of the year when it is possible at all. Maggie has been staying with us for several weeks now and has been very helpful. She is an excellent cook, helps her grandmother, Dorothy Day, with secretarial work, and has also been of great help to me. She is taping some material I want to use in a book, and has tried to write "thank-you" notes to all those who have sent me cassettes or money to buy them. I do hope we have not overlooked anyone. If so, it is probable that I have misplaced an address. And so I want to add here a special note of appreciation to all those generous readers who sent me cassettes for taping or money to buy them. I hope that God will bless each donor specially for his kindness. Deo Gratias.

Chores

Partly because of the mild weather and partly because Dorothy Day has been with us much of the time, we have had many visitors throughout the Winter. Hospitality is, of course, part of our work, but many visitors can sometimes make things a little difficult for Marge Hughes who is in charge. Marge, however, is the soul of hospitality, and always does her best to find a place for every guest, if at all possible. Fortunately, Marge has considerable help from the young people as well as from some of the older members of the community. Most of our young people seem to prefer cooking, baking, and gardening—activities which are not only useful but also involve something of the creative. Some of the older members of our community are often most dependable in doing routine chores without which we could hardly function. Marcel and Bill Tulley undertake the more difficult plumbing jobs, and have just completed their work on all the upstairs bathrooms in the main house. They have reason to be proud of their work. Mike Kreyche, Marcel, and Tommy Hughes are all good at repairing electronic gadgets.

Cleaning is not so popular among us. Now and then Dominic, who also acts as sacristan, organizes a crew to give the kitchen a thorough cleaning. When Roger comes for weekends, he almost always undertakes a cleaning job. The other day Helen Godowski, who takes beautiful care of Catherine Ryan, who is confined to a wheel chair, gave Catherine's room a real Spring cleanup. Arthur Sullivan helps Rita Corbin (who is very busy with her art work) greatly by cleaning her apartment and helping to care for Coretta and Marty John. Nevertheless, as some of our friends tell us, we really need to make more effort in the cleaning area. Those who have small children in their families will understand part of our problem. We almost always have six small, pre-school age children, and often several others visiting. Our food collective seems to be working very well. Perhaps we need a cleaning collective, too.

Culture

Study and reading continue to be part of our lives. The Russian and Spanish classes maintain a certain continuity of interest and discipline. Under the tutelage and encouragement of Clare Danielsson, Sally Corbin has become really proficient on the piano and is showing real gifts in composition. Several others love music and play the guitar or the recorder.

We were delighted when Cynthia Gooding, who had brought Caroline for a brief visit before I returned with them to Princeton, gave us a little concert. She used Marge's new guitar which has a golden tone, but best of all was Cynthia's own voice and the songs she sang. I have heard Cynthia

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Render to God: The Imperative to Resist

By MIKE DeGREGORY

"There are two things I've got to do in this world—die and pay taxes." This sentiment presents a serious theological problem for the modern world: equating the demands of the nation state with those of God. Given the violence and militarism of our times, the problem becomes a question of idolatry. As such, the payment of taxes must be examined with all its implications.

God and State

Since biblical times there has existed a tension between allegiance to God and allegiance to the state. Periodically, acts of resistance were made as a witness affirming God as the source of life in opposition to the state. Recently this tension has been manifested in this country when hundreds of thousands of Americans, motivated by belief in a higher authority, refused allegiance to the state. Draft resistance to the Vietnam war was widespread, and the war tax resistance movement reached a high point.

Now, however, that the ceasefire accords have been signed and American troops will be withdrawn from Vietnam; many consider war tax refusal an inappropriate anachronism. Such a view is a misunderstanding of the nature of war and tax resistance.

Mr. Nixon has repeatedly said, "Peace, peace with honor," but there is no peace. The Vietnam war continues with intense fighting. It is the Vietnamese people who suffer. Over 200,000 refugees have been created since the ceasefire began, while American planes daily bomb Cambodia, and frequently bomb Laos.

Outside Indochina, a similar "peace" prevails. America continues to arm other smaller nations for fratricidal wars, most recently in a \$2 billion

agreement with Iran. And America's nuclear overkill continues to increase, as does the military budget. This is peace only in an Orwellian sense.

William James has described the true nature of this "peace" in his *The Moral Equivalent of War*: "Peace" in military mouths is a synonym for "war expected" . . . Every up-to-date dictionary should say that "peace" and "war" mean the same thing, now in posse, now in actu. It may even be reasonably said that the intensely sharp competitive preparation for war by the nations is the real war, permanent, unceasing; and that the battles are only a sort of public verification of the mastery gained during the "peace" interval.

No Mere Protest

The existence of perpetual war makes war tax resistance relevant and necessary. Tax resistance is not just another form of protest. It is a refusal to participate in something, namely war. It involves a change of world-views, a conversion. It demands a commitment to a new way of living. It can be a truly religious response, stemming from moral obligation rather than expediency. In this moral sense, it is for everyone, not just the courageous few. For in modern society, how we use our money and how we relate to money determines what kind of lives we lead and the kind of persons we are.

For many Christians, this decision of how to relate to the issue of taxes is easily answered: pay them, for Christ said, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

The spirit of the Gospel is peace and nonviolence. A biblical response to the "Render to Caesar" passage does not mean blind obedience to the state. Rather, it suggests the responsibility to judge the "things" of Caesar in light

of the "things" of God. The essential part of the passage is the latter clause: "Render to God the things that are God's." Jesus intended no equality between God and Caesar. Therefore, before rendering to Caesar one must judge if the things of Caesar are compatible with the things of God. More specifically, today we must ask: is the payment of an income tax of which more than 50% finances the works of war, compatible with the things of God who desires from us the works of



Rita Corbin

mercy? We are faced with the moral imperative of examining war and our role in it as taxpayers. In conscience we must decide whether to pay or not.

The New C.O.

In the modern process of violence, our technological society increasingly replaces men with machines. The "big

business" of modern war relies more and more on citizens' money than on their bodies. In light of this, it becomes essential that tax resisters be seen as the new conscientious objectors to war, withholding their financial as well as their bodily resources.

In the past, draft resistance has been seen as the refusal to place the pinch of incense on the altar of a false god. Tax resistance deals more fundamentally with this same idolatry. For tax money is the very gold of which the false idols of war are made. War tax resistance is an alternative to this idolatry.

Some will object that war tax resistance, even with its corresponding alternate life funds, is ineffective. This is perhaps correct, but as I see it, irrelevant. Too often actions are undertaken simply for effect. The words of Dietrich Bonhoeffer sum up the effectiveness of war tax resistance: "One asks, what is to come? Another, what is right? And that is the difference between the slave and the free man."

"When it becomes the 'sacred duty' of a man to commit sin, one no longer knows how he should live," said Reinhold Schneider. "There remains nothing else for him to do but bear individual witness — alone. And where such witness is, there is the Kingdom of God." In this is the effectiveness of war tax resistance.

One of the best (and shortest) rationales for war tax resistance is Peter Maurin's statement, "The future will be different if we make the present different." If we continue to pay for war and the instruments of war, will we ever have peace?

(Ed. Note: For more information about tax resistance, write War Tax Resistance, 912 E. 31st St., Kansas City, Mo. 64109.)

Working Poor Organize in Rhode Island

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ment. Charlie Freitas raffled off a bottle of anisette to cover the cost of refreshments. The winner, the elderly man with relocation troubles, shared it around, adding to the conviviality. Competing with the hubbub, Lennie, an eighty-year-old mustachioed Italian gentleman, played polkas on his inlaid accordian.

A R.I.W.A. Action

The next morning, seven of us took part in the Westerly woman's "action." Bradford Dyeing Association turned out to be a forbidding complex of one-story buildings, surrounded by a high, wire fence. We never got beyond the guard house at the main gate. After demanding that we prove legal authority to question him, a pink shirted personnel man quickly ushered us out the gate.

We then tried the Westerly D.E.S. office. Although the woman's claim had already been denied, the office manager could legally overrule the finding. As a group, we demanded of Mr. Murphy, the D.E.S. official, that he do this. He in turn tried to get the woman to file an appeal which would take the problem out of his hands. But we pointed out that an appeal would involve the woman's waiting six weeks for the board of review to act, while he had the authority to issue her checks immediately. He admitted that no investigation of B.D.A. conditions had been made to support the finding against her. Finally, he agreed to review the case and call the woman the next day.

(It would be pleasant to report that Murphy found in the woman's favor the next morning—but that is not how it went. She was forced to file an appeal, while she joined R.I.W.A. people in demanding a state investigation of

B.D.A.'s working conditions to support her claim. She may yet win her checks—but only after more moneyless weeks, many more 45-mile drives to the state capitol, and more group confrontations with officials.)

De-mythologizing Government

In R.I.W.A.'s year and a half, this was but one of perhaps 1,000 cases members have taken up. In that time, group action has demonstrated its effectiveness. More important, individuals are gaining the consciousness that they can, together, take some control of their own lives.

From an anarchist perspective, there is something jarring about any effort which expends so much energy struggling to get the government to work as it is supposed to—for all citizens, not just the rich. One would like to tell the government to go hang itself. But this kind of response comes from looking at the wrong side of the coin. In fact, it signifies that we've let government mesmerize us.

In R.I.W.A. actions, people learn that they are not helpless. By banding together, they can assert themselves against government officials who have assumed power over them. Government is thus de-mythologized. The tyrannous assumption that we have to depend on a professional, an expert, for the decisions which will govern our lives is broken. If we will work at it together, and persist, we can govern ourselves, despite the government.

New Focuses

If R.I.W.A. is to realize its full liberating potential, it must become something more for its members than a useful emergency recourse. For this purpose R.I.W.A. organizers are developing new focuses. The Association has just affiliated with the Rhode Island Group Health Plan. Members will be

able to take advantage of the lower group insurance rates. Unlike other insured groups, such as unions, R.I.W.A. members have decided not to demand a minimum membership period before a person can take advantage of the plan.

R.I.W.A. is also concerned about health and safety conditions in the state's industries. Rhode Island's major industries (textiles, jewelry manufacturing, metal and machine working), are depressed and relatively primitive. Many of the plants are noisy, filthy sweat shops using unskilled workers at ancient, dangerous machinery. Industry management depends on worker ignorance and official neglect to keep legal safety standards unenforced. R.I.W.A. hopes to make available the information to dispel the ignorance and bring group pressure to end neglect.

R.I.W.A. is also sponsoring a legislative package to improve the legal position of the unemployed and working poor. This resort to law again jars the anarchist in me. But in a small state such as Rhode Island, state legislators and even the governor need not remain those remote, powerful figures of larger governmental units. If people come together to confront them, they can be made accessible, and perhaps even responsible. It is hard to hide out when the capital is only fifty minutes away from any state resident.

Finally, R.I.W.A. hopes for plant by plant union organizing. Because unions have not included so many workers, the state's average hourly wage is 20% less than the national average, 20-25% less than in neighboring Massachusetts and Connecticut. At first, state AFL-CIO officials saw R.I.W.A. as a bunch of screwballs. But they too become accessible when people are

visibly banding together to act. The head of the state Labor Council was the keynote speaker at R.I.W.A.'s first state-wide convention this fall. Gene Ryan, state organizer of the RWDSU, (Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union), has provided consistent support.

Happily, whatever forms R.I.W.A. activity has taken, it has continued to stress two themes. First, no one need feel helpless in dealing with government or employers because (s)he has to stand alone. Second, it is possible for people to join together to make their lives more nearly approximate what they would wish. As Charlie Freitas reminded the Providence meeting: "In Unity there is Strength."—Now that's important. We have to remember that."

BOYCOTT!

In an effort to bring human working conditions and just wages to striking workers and their families, please support boycotts against the following concerns/products:

SAFEMAY, A & P CHAINSTORES, which carry iceberg lettuce and are being boycotted by the United Farm Workers' Union;

FARAH SLACKS, which refuses to negotiate with striking employees, and maintains that its plants will never be organized, and which is being boycotted by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers;

J. C. PENNY, which sells underwear, T-shirts and briefs manufactured by the Oneita knitting mills. Oneita is being struck by 700 workers in Lane and Andrews, S.C. because it has refused to bargain in good faith with the Textile Workers Union of America.

Witness In Northern Ireland

By ROBIN PERCIVAL

Many people ask us why we have come to Derry to live and work, but really that question poses few problems. We are an embryo community based in an empty shop, developing into a center for nonviolence, which we call For-derry House. We are affiliated to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the European Workshop for an Alternative Society.

Most people ask, too, about what we do, and that is a much more difficult question to answer. We can mention the playschemes in Brandywell, the work with some of the young people on the Waterside, our involvement in the neighborhood association. But the real truth is that after four months of living in Derry, we are still very much at the stage of making relationships with local people, trying to build up a certain level of trust and respect between them and us.

However, one thing that has, I think, pleased us all, is the extent to which people in Derry feel free to come and visit and spend time with us, if only to chat generally about things. For it is important that there are places in Northern Ireland where people from both sides of the sectarian divide feel free to go and always know that they will be welcome.

Nonviolent Witness

As part of our peace witness, we organized a vigil and fast this Christmas at the Guildhall Square. It lasted a full twenty-four hours, midnight to midnight, and was attended by a hundred and fifty people in all.

During the vigil we gave to passing travellers a leaflet we had prepared for the occasion. In it we wrote that: "We are praying for an end to all violence, and for the end of the causes of violence." The leaflet also carried a list of all those people who had been killed as a consequence of the troubles in Derry, a list which carried seventy-eight names. At regular intervals during the vigil, the names of the dead were read aloud.

A number of those who came to visit us were relatives of the dead, and we were particularly touched by the visit of the brother of one of the five killed so horribly the week before at Annie's Bar on the Waterside. He told us that he hoped there would be no revenge killings, and that he hoped with all his heart the violence would end.

After what happened in Annie's Bar that night, it was terribly easy to despair and allow feelings of hopelessness

to take over. But in fact there is much happening in Northern Ireland right now that is positive and encouraging. For it seems to be part of humanity's condition that only in times of tragedy and death do we learn that co-operation and mutual aid are the keys to happy living. Derry is no exception.

One powerful reminder of this is the Bogside Community Association. The BCA was started last April, when Bogside was still a "no-go" area. It was formed by the coming together of a number of tenants' associations and



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such-like in response to a general feeling of powerlessness, of a community disintegrating through the tensions of the troubles. Elections were held in all areas of Bogside to form the executive committee of the BCA.

The objective of the BCA is to have street committees formed in every street of Bogside. These committees will then organize social functions, playschemes for the children, articulate the wishes of the people in their street concerning re-development, provide information and assistance for those who have problems with authority—social security, the army and so on.

It would be unfair to suggest that everyone in Bogside is happy with the BCA. Many don't feel that it will work. Others feel that it threatens their influence and power within the community. Many are just apathetic. But for myself, I think that it is one of the most exciting self-help projects I have come across—precisely because the object is self-help. Only time, and a lot of conscientious work, will tell whether it can achieve the goals it has set itself.

UFW Seeks Health Care Revolution

(Continued from page 1)

latory care is directly provided through the clinics, as is referral to specialists and hospitalization when needed.

Organizing For Prevention

Since the farmworker is organizing to take the responsibility for his life in his hands through the Union, it follows that the enforcement of health and safety clauses in the contract is his/hers to enforce. The Health Group is undertaking a campaign to educate the masses of people to carry health care into the fields—to inspect sanitary facilities, to keep regulatory checks on pesticide usage, to recognize needs for medical attention, to promote and carry out basic preventative testing and diagnosis. With a strong, active, representative ranch committee on each ranch under contract, there is little problem of indifference, apathy, or lack of participation on the part of the consumers. The Health Group is the Union—is the Farmworkers!

This design is currently being carried out among the farmworkers of Fresno County, California. A core team of professionals is available to plan the program with the people. Two other farmworker health facilities

already exist—in Delano and Calexico. The workers of Salinas Valley have been promised their health professionals soon.

Personnel Needed

United Farm Workers director Cesar Chavez has said: "Healing bodies while simultaneously healing the social ills that create conditions causing illness is truly a revolutionary and innovative approach to preventative medicine." In order to develop this plan to revolutionize medicine (as we are already radically changing agricultural history in this country), the National Farm Workers' Health Group is looking for medical personnel with a social consciousness. The basic need is for people dedicated to people—doctors, nurses, lab and X-ray techs, dentists, pharmacists, mid-wives—any and all who would contribute their medical skills while learning with the people what it means to be a community organized to live healthy lives.

For further information, or if you would like to join in the great Health Campaign among Farmworkers, contact: National Farm Workers Health Group, Box 131, Keene, California 93531, (805) 822-5571.

Step Up Lettuce Boycott

(Continued from page 1)

for better wages, decent living conditions—all the most elemental needs of man.

The first time I saw one of those huge lettuce fields was when I was visiting Ammon Hennacy outside of Phoenix, Arizona, where he was working nights irrigating. It extended as far as eye could see, and the lettuce had been sold to feed flocks of sheep since "the market price then did not make it profitable to harvest it." Not far away from Ammon's shack, there sat a Basque shepherd whom we went

toller of poverty for love of God and one's brother.

We too shared a little in that poverty having fasted from grapes and now from iceberg lettuce to assist in the boycott. It was this "little way" which had won the strike against the vineyard owners of California and would win this also.

Cesar's was a talk delivered simply and clearly, explaining the issues. Not only workers were involved but the public because the insecticides used in the fields which poisoned the men, women and children who worked there, also threatened the health of the public. (It was not many days after his talk that the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture halted and destroyed many thousand crates of lettuce contaminated by an insecticide, the poison of which was closely related to the nervegas manufactured during World War II.)

Cesar spoke of non-violence—how we had to deepen our understanding of Gandhi's teaching. He spoke with gentleness, with encouragement, to all those who are striving towards a truly human life, without bitterness towards those strangely associated enemies, the growers and the Teamster's Union which is trying to claim those who work in the fields for their own membership. (Years ago when we had a house of hospitality in Seattle, I remember how confused I was at finding the Teamster's Union claiming every shop girl, stenographer or waitress for their own membership. Maybe in time of war women drove "teams" or trucks.)

We came away from this gathering with a renewed sense of how this Union of Farm Workers stands closer to an ideal association of men than any other in the history of the American labor movement. Who knows—it may leaven all the rest.

Mine Workers, Farm Workers

When Chuck Smith's paper *The Green Revolution* first came out, many of our friends said—he's concentrating on Peter Maurin's solution, "Back to the Land." But with the Buffalo Creek disaster, the strip mining in West Virginia and elsewhere, the callous indifference of mine owners to the welfare of those who work under ground and on the ground in villages and farms, plus the profiteering of corrupt union leaders who assassinated those who tried to reform the union, Chuck was plunged into every aspect of the non-violent constructive struggle today. He is a worthy and effective companion to Chavez in this.

Chavez has started clinics, cooperatives, communal groups like the retirement camp for elderly Filipino workers, who by California law had never been allowed to marry here, or bring their families from the Philippines. (They had been considered "colored" like Mexicans, Chinese, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, etc. had been.) Chavez has planted trees on Forty Acres, in Delano. He is interested in the Moshavim of Israel. There is a well-run credit union, headed by Helen Chavez, his wife.

It all goes together—as Eric Gill wrote. So, as an afterthought, I should add that perhaps the United Mine Workers, what with its recent victory in fighting corruption and finding a new President, Arnold Miller, will partake of the spirit of The United Farm Workers. And be a leaven, too.

MEN'S CLOTHING

Through your generosity we are often able to help those who come to us for clothing. While we have sufficient supplies of women's things, invariably we need men's clothing. If you have men's wear you can share, we would gratefully appreciate it at St. Joseph's House.

Vietnamese Prisoners

By BOB MURPHY

In the last issue of the *Catholic Worker* an article appeared concerning civilian prisoners in South Vietnam. To date no civilian prisoners have been released. In fact, numbers have increased, according to the United Buddhist Church of Vietnam.

The United Buddhist Church of Vietnam has issued a list containing the names of more than one thousand prisoners.

Responding to last issue's plea for action, a group of us went to the South Vietnamese mission to the U.N. Officials at the mission gave little response to our plea for the safe release of civilian prisoners.

On February 28, at noon, a group of about fifty demonstrators picketed in front of the building that houses the South Vietnamese mission. A mock tiger cage, the type used on Con Son Island, was constructed, which later that day was carried on a cart through mid-town Manhattan. The demonstrators solicited signatures for petitions requesting Congress to cut off further aid to the South Vietnamese government. The march ended at Central Presbyterian Church where a series of speakers shared information with about two hundred people. Cora Weiss spoke at length on the conditions in Vietnamese prisons. Fr. Dan Berrigan called for a period of silence to reflect on the plight of the prisoners. Then he read a letter from a group of prisoners at Danbury Prison expressing solidarity with the prisoners in South Vietnam.

On March 1, another demonstration was held, this at the Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza. Cards were passed out with prisoners' names on them. Each person was encouraged to relate to the name on the card on a one-to-one basis. From the Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza we marched to the South Vietnamese mission. The group of demonstrators was ignored by South Vietnamese officials.

In a separate vigil at Calvary Episcopal Church on March 7th, Andre Menras and Jean Pierre Debris, two released prisoners, vividly described the inhumanity of the South Vietnamese prisons.

Readers are encouraged to show their concern for the plight of the civilian prisoners by taking a prisoner from the list below, trying to find his whereabouts and his health, and urging authorities for his release.

Nguyen Van Ohi
Le Van Nam
Cao Van Thinh
Pham Van Thuoc
Dang Van Da
Duong Phat Minh
Ngo Quoc
Le Huu Phuoc
Nguyen Ngoc An
Pham Van Tong

Ho Van Nghiep
Dinh Van Gioi
Vo Thanh Tong
Trinh Van Det
Doan Van Minh
Chi Nguyen thi Phe
Chi Nguyen thi Que
Le Van Phong
Nguyen Tuong Phouc
Nguyen Tan Tai

Send letters and packages to prisoners at the following address:

c/o Sister Thich Nu Huynh Lien
Vietnamese Buddhist Peace Delegation
11, Rue de la Goutte de Or,
Paris 18, France

BOOK REVIEW

MARY BARNES: TWO ACCOUNTS OF A JOURNEY THROUGH MADNESS.

By Mary Barnes and Joseph Berke. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, N.Y.: \$7.50. Reviewed by Clare Danielsson.

This is a two-author story, remarkable for its spiritual insights, of one woman's recovery from thirty years of schizophrenia. Her victory was achieved at Kingsley Hall, a settlement house founded in London at the turn of the century, which sheltered Gandhi during the final six months he spent negotiating the independence of India. In 1965-1970, the key period spanned in the book, a community of doctors, paramedical people, and their friends, headed by the innovative and controversial R. D. Laing, lived, worked and ate with patients in a kind of psychiatric House of Hospitality.

"Mary had her 'trip' all worked out years before she had heard of Laing or myself," writes her co-author and psychiatrist, Dr. Berke. "She was so strong-willed (pigheaded) that she had decided she would try 'to get back inside her mother, to be reborn, this time, straight and clear of all the mess.'" She needed a place where she would be understood and allowed to go down into her madness, and come up again. Kingsley Hall was that place.

Mary's view of the now internationally-discussed Laing approach to "anti-psychiatry" not only describes, in often raw and urgent language, her discovery of health but discloses how she and her therapists unlocked her hitherto unrecognized talent for painting. The book includes reproductions of her works, the subjects of most of which are the Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

"My faith and my madness are the two great inseparable influences in my life," she writes. A reader who sees only the psychological aspects of her voyage would comprehend only part of the book's message. Her spiritual journey closely parallels her journey through madness. In writing of her search through faith to reach the wholeness buried within her, Mary

tells of how she was led by God's grace to be baptized a Catholic at twenty-six. She then began visiting Carmelite convents, ultimately being admitted to one as a novice.

Five months later she had her first breakdown. As she was to understand fully years later, her retreat into catatonic schizophrenia was her way of dying and starting again. "There was no question of my 'hiding' under a habit, a false divided self. It was my quest for God, for myself, that brought me to this conclusion." Neither a convent, nor the conventional mental hospital, which kept her for a year before judging her fit enough to be discharged, would allow her to have a complete psychotic breakdown. Then for twelve years Mary studied and taught nursing, looking all the while for a place and a doctor who would permit her to attempt the uncharted passage she had envisioned.

The internal disagreements of the therapeutic community trying to live with Mary Barnes (and others) as she was acting-out her various levels of regression is both exciting and exhausting reading. Laing's theory that a "psychosis is a potentially healing experience for a person who has the proper 'life support' to go through it," does not include the agony any such community inevitably suffers in the process. Tolerating and caring for a forty-year-old woman, who often refused to eat or drink for days at a time, then insisted on being bathed and bottle-fed like a baby, and who began "painting" by smearing her excrement on the walls, takes more than human strength. It takes faith to love a neighbor like Mary.

The quote that closes the book is typical Mary Barnes and calls for more such communities. "The (therapeutic) place must be strong in the strength of God. Good enough to take the (pain) of all its people. It must always be getting better—through the people who are already there, through everyone that ever sets foot in the place. That's the sort of place I want, something sacred, full of love."

36 East First

By ANNE MARIE FRASER

New York's Lower East Side is the city at its worst and at its best. At its worst it is rat infested apartments and slum landlords, Bowery flop houses and drug "shooting galleries." Its night hides homeless men huddled in doorways for a few minutes rest, or gathered around ash can fires for scant warmth. It hides families who sleep in winter coats near open ovens to escape the chill of their drafty, unheated homes, and wait for the relative relief of the day.

At its best, the Lower East Side is family, community, neighborhood. It is the traces of Europe often oblivious to American progress and coldness. Merchants' wares spill onto Orchard and Delancey Streets, tempting bargaining shoppers. Colorful gift shops offer samples of the crafts of Italy, Poland, and China. Small family restaurants offer the specialties of the nationality of the area. In the warm weather, people come from their houses to the sidewalks. The older people sit on chairs lined up along the buildings, or on the steps and share conversation, laughter, and memories. Children play street games and artfully dodge traffic. On the Bowery, groups of men come together, sharing what little they have managed to panhandle.

On the Fringe

Saint Joseph's House sits in the center of the Lower East Side. We are on the fringe of each of its several communities, but not really a part of any of them. We have no neighborhood. We are closest to the men of the Bowery, who come each day to share our soup and bread, and a little conversation. But they move on and we become a self-contained community like all the others around us. Mille and Charlie like to tell us of simpler and quieter times when the House was on Spring Street, and the workers lived in apartments around the neighborhood. Walking home with Mille, it is good to be reminded of a time many of us younger people do not remember or understand. We are in many ways a microcosm of the whole Lower East Side. We share the lot of the surrounding communities. Noise, overcrowding and violence are part of our life. We often mirror the fear of those around us when we

A recent reason for celebration was Stanley's slide show on the history of the Catholic Worker. Jan, who has left us to travel to other Catholic Worker communities, returned with Stanley and Marge Hughes to participate in the family reunion. Stanley's explanations and recollections were a delight, especially to those of us who are new to the CW. His memory was aided by just about everyone, who had a special remembrance to share. Afterwards, we sat around talking and laughing, sharing Jonas' tea.

Farmworkers

The Farmworkers have also brought joy and hope to Saint Joseph's House. They embody the true spirit of non-violent revolution and patience. Many people from the House were at St. Paul's Church to receive the striking workers to New York. The next day we joined the workers at St. John the Divine Cathedral to hear Dorothy, Coretta King, and Cesar Chavez speak. Mary Lathrop and Mike Kovalak made a beautiful banner for the occasion. It was a moving day. The Farmworkers are also introducing us once again to our immediate neighbors. We are working with them in boycotting A&P, meeting our neighbors as they go about their routine chores. Many have been receptive to the pleas of the farmworkers. Recently, Bob, Danny, Jane, and Michael joined the strikers for a dawn picket of D'Arrigo Brothers, a large grower whose supplies come in at the Hunts Point Market. Viva la huelga!

The first floor is an important part of 36 East First Street. It is the center of most of our activities; it is a combined family room and community room. We are Spring cleaning with a new face for the first floor. Frank, Michael and Danny painted two walls in the kitchen bright tangerine (!) and Walter artfully rearranged our posters and pictures. Richard spent a whole day scrubbing the walls in the stairwell, and Ellen and Michael are busy making posters of Peter Maurin's Easy Essays, a reminder of our beginnings. We are looking for round tables to replace the ones we now have. If anyone can help...

We are facing a new season. The winter clothes will be replaced in the clothing room by light-weight garments (through the generosity of our readers). Our windows and doors will be left open and perhaps we will sit outside with some of our neighbors. We will continue to share all the problems of our neighboring communities. We will continue to remain separate as one community among many others. Because of that separateness we will be thrown closer to each other for friendship and support. That very closeness may result in impatience and irritability and failure. But it will also continue to draw us together as a family, complete with reaffirmation of love and community. Hopefully our growth as family, and it must be a daily growth, will help us in our growth as community and neighborhood.



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should respond with love; confusion ensues. Many of our members deal daily with incorrigible landlords in deplorable conditions. (Angle and Ray are finally moving to a liveable apartment after many months in a rat hole.) Those of us who are sure of a place to sleep each night sometimes fail to empathize with our brothers who are not. We hurry about getting things done, sometimes forgetting to sit quietly and listen to one another. We fail.

But we are truly a family, and members of a family keep on giving each other the chance to try again. In this way we reflect the joy of the Lower East Side. At meals, and teatime, Vespers, and Friday night meetings, and especially our Monday night liturgy, we come together to talk, laugh, learn and pray.

"We do not suggest a denial of science and complicated technology, but a reordering, showing what is secondary, . . . often dangerous, sometimes deadly, usually very costly and finally inadequate to resolve the great problems of the world: hunger, misery, slavery, and war.

"It seems to us that only simple and poor means can help in the establishment on this earth of the kingdom wished by God. The kingdom must be available to the poorest and realizable as soon as the necessary conversion of heart and spirit takes place."

Pierre Parodi, Companion of the Ark, in *The Use of Poor Means in Helping the Third World*.

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Render to Caesar

506 South 6th St.
Springfield, Ill. 62701

Dear Dorothy Day,

I was struck by the close application of your quote, "The less we ask of Caesar, the less we will have to render to Caesar," to the present problem here in Springfield, Illinois, following the Supreme Court's abortion decision.

The attached clipping is from the diocesan paper. In the article, Sister Ann of St. John's Hospital points out that because St. John's is receiving federal funds they must knuckle under to federal laws or else lose their subsidies. In this particular case, St. John's Hospital could be required to set up abortion facilities or lose federal funds.

St. John's Hospital here was founded by the Hospital Sisters of St. Francis who have a motherhouse here. They have recently been dispossessed, and no longer operate the Hospital because federal funds were used to expand the Hospital several years ago. Now the good nuns are employees of the Hospital and are paid the same wages as lay nurses, and pay social security and O.A.S. taxes. When you accept federal funds you accept federal dictation of your entire operation.

I think the same principle applies to us Catholics who are tempted to accept federal funds for our Catholic schools. If we really want Catholic schools, we will support them. The diocese here does a good job of fund drives. Parishioners here seem to take this obligation seriously.

If people (Catholics) would realize the subtle effect that acceptance of federal aid to Catholic schools would bring about, they would be vehemently against it.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton

North Dakota

Emerado, N.D. 58228
January 11, 1973

Dear Dorothy Day,

I get *The Catholic Worker*. My mother who lives in Palo Alto gave me *The Book of Ammon* some years ago which I loved. What a rich, but hard, life Ammon lived. I also read in the CW of his death some years ago.

I am a farmer on a small farm which I bought in 1947 for one dollar down. The land had no buildings, fences or water, so I set about to fix it up with such old material as I could lay my hands on. And raised four children here. The children are gone, except the younger boy, now twenty.

I just finished a book, published in 1971, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. Very well written. It defines clearly how savage a people can be in taking from others their lives and property for selfish gain, and never satisfied.

Exploitation continues to ravage everywhere it seems, in the name of Christianity and progress.

What can I do to help? I see no other alternative than to stop my donations here. The church I attended only talks and sings hymns. Therefore I quit last year. I would rather help your cause, as I feel you are doing what you think is right, not for the effect, which is up to God, in his own time, and who knows when that will be. But I am satisfied to help and wait, in the only way I can.

Please accept a widow's mite in memory of Ammon Hennacy. I never had money out to draw interest as there wasn't any, with only 20 acres of wheat at \$1.25 a bushel, but this much I will invest, and believe it will double for all you people in your work.

I am Sincerely your Friend,
Leif Strottrup

Oxford Conference

304 Vicarage Rd.,
Birmingham, England

Dear Dorothy,

I'm writing to you with the enclosed poster which Stan Windass has asked me to send.

(The poster reads in part: "The Alternative Society wishes to draw your attention to three Summer Schools to be held in Oxford in the Summer of 1973 entitled: *Revolution and Change in Contemporary Society*."

"Many people are coming to realize that we have reached a crisis point in our civilization when a radical change in values and social structures is necessary. The Alternative Society believes that we have the responsibility here and now to create alternatives."

"The Summer Schools will be led by a team of men and women who are all distinguished by their active concern for the future of our society. The purpose of the Summer Schools will be to consider the collapse of Western Civilization and to draw attention to the struggle for re-birth. It will consider practical alternatives in education, industry, community, politics, medicine and other fields, and their underlying meaning."

"The dates of the three schools are June 3—June 17, June 22—July 8, July 11—July 25. We are keeping numbers down to fifty in each school, and each school will cover similar ground. If you wish to register for one of these schools please write to Stan Windass, 9 Morton Avenue, Kidlington, Oxford. . . ."

The idea of starting an organization for fostering the alternative society in Britain partly originated in Stan's experience of sending volunteers overseas under the scheme operated by the Catholic Institute for International Relations. The volunteers tended to come home with lots of ideas about the need for radical changes in the organization of society,

but soon found there was very little they could do about it. Part of Stan's idea is to bring them together, for weekend conferences, summer schools, etc., in order to crossfertilize and get something started. The Oxford Summer School is the first, and should be of interest to your readers.

While I am on the typewriter, you may like to know how Pax Christi is getting along here. As you know, I've been made chairman of the organization, now that Pax and Pax Christi have combined. We have had a useful drive for new members and activities centering on Peace Sunday (Jan. 7). There was a national BBC radio Mass for peace in the morning at which Bruce Kent preached, and during the day various events took place up and down the country. There was a folk evening, with readings by Cyril Cusack, at St. Martin's in the Fields, London. In Oxford, a showing of the film "Winter Soldier" attracted a good audience. In Birmingham we had a Peace Fair. As a result of that, we have a visible Pax Christi group in Birmingham.

ham, and several other places, too. (Incidentally, as an interesting precedent, my own parish priest asked me to preach at the Masses on Peace Sunday. It was the first time a layman had done such a thing. The next stage must be to get a lay woman to do so!)

Finally, a colleague of mine from the University is trying to get people over here interested in the forgotten political prisoners (Buddhists, Catholics, and others) held in South Vietnam. I wonder what is going on in the U.S.A. on this question?

With best wishes to all at the Catholic Worker, from all of us in Pax Christi.

Yours ever,
Brian Wicker

Will the two persons, school teachers, who answered my appeal for an assistant in correspondence as printed in the January edition of *The Catholic Worker*, please telephone collect any hour after 4 p.m.—703-793-2138. Thank you. Mother Teresa, Society of Christ Our King, Danville, Va. 24541.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

Columbia counties on this side of the Hudson River where we live, and later, the counties on the other side. Then perhaps, when I catch up with mail, I can write some "rural rides" as Cobbett did in the *Everyman* edition. I must ask Stanley Vishniewski to hunt for them next time he goes to New York.

Stanley is now giving slide talks about the history of the Catholic Worker. He just gave one at a Friday night meeting, enthusiastically received. He'll tell all his jokes, two of the simplest and most famous being, "We change the sheets on our beds every week—from one bed to another," and "Yes, we have room for you if you don't mind sleeping thirteen in a bed," and so on.

"When my mail is caught up"—"When I catch up on mail"—phrases always on my lips. Stanley says, "Half of it doesn't need answering." He himself had just received a letter asking for all my writings, tapes, pictures, etc., because the writer was going to write a thesis. "Just throw it in that shopping bag full of mail which is going to the archives," he says.

It is true, I cannot keep up with the letters. The paper itself should answer questions asked. Read the *Catholic Worker*. If you are be-fuddled by it, ask God to enlighten you. The gifts of the Holy Spirit should enlighten you. Pray for knowledge (and forgive me for trying to take a sabbatical leave from letters as well as speaking).

Our May issue, marking our 40th Anniversary, will have articles written by some of our editors. We hope it will be the kind of paper which we can hand and send out when we are asked. "What is *The Catholic Worker* all about?" I'm supposed to write on "Anarchism-Personalism."

Publishing

Harper's has sent me a little book for review of beautiful, enlightening, thought-provoking quotations from Teilhard de Chardin. It is a small, giftsize book, bound in white, looking as though it were meant for a wedding gift since the title is *Love*. But it is for everyone, no matter what age or condition. Sex, energy, chastity, love—too bad I can't quote a paragraph, but one has to ask permission of publishers and pay for such paragraphs, I'm told. (I cannot remember the price of the book.)

Speaking of prices of books and royalties to authors, the author gets 10% of the price of the book, hard cover. But by the time advance "royalties"

are taken out (strange word, that, for rather insignificant sums), plus pay to some editorial assistant one could well do without (a former editor of a trade paper of Standard Oil was assigned to me once), and retyping (of course), how that first check decreases in size! And as for paper backs, editions of 75,000 are paid for by a \$750 advance. Does that mean the author gets 7½ cents a copy? I am all mixed up. I'm not good on arithmetic—someone else said 2½ cents a copy. So I warn all would-be authors never to expect to earn a living by writing. To be a writer one needs to have an overpowering desire to be heard.

But here it is Lent, and I should be fasting from "wanting to be heard." So many sorrowful letters come in, and one feels one must remind those writers of the "duty of delight" as Ruskin phrased it. "To rejoice always, again I say rejoice" (the message of St. Paul). To tell them to pray for consolation, healing, light, courage, strength to endure. Prayers are always answered (one way or another). Such prayers bring strange joy on occasion, even in the midst of seemingly unmitigated grief, even despair. Even in the midst of horror, one suddenly feels the touch of God's hand, and knows with Julian of Norwich that somehow or other "all will be well"—that "the worst has already happened and been repaired."

Other Books

Curtis Paperbacks, through its editor Patrick O'Connor, wishes me to call attention to the fact that my three books, *The Long Loneliness*, *Leaves and Fishes*, and *On Pilgrimage—The Sixties*, are available at \$1.25 a copy. When I look at them I think, "I have written that enough." But then I remember that admonition of Father John J. Hugo—"He who says he has done enough has already perished."

Don't write me for the source of the quotation. Write him. He is head of the Liturgical Commission of the Pittsburgh Diocese and has written many books himself, which ought to be read.

There is a "cottage industry" just begun and off it goes to a good start, bringing out a box of twelve tapes of Thomas Merton on Prayer. It was a joy to hear his voice. These conferences to his novices are well worth the money. You can buy them \$8.95 each, a few at a time, if you cannot afford them all. Far better than any other taped conferences I have heard. Very lively! Address: Electronic Paperbacks, Box 2, Chappaqua, New York, 10514.

"As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollow, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, underdogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top."

—William James.

From a letter to Mrs. Henry Whitman, in the course of comment on G. E. Woodberry's *The Heart of Man*, especially the paper on "Democracy," in *The Letters of William James*, vol. II, p. 90. We are happy to give the correct quotation and its source, after using, for several years, the version a reader had sent us. Eds.

Solzhenitsyn and the Artist's Vocation

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

No writer of our time has roused so much anger on the part of his country's rulers, and so much sympathy and admiration of the public of all countries, as Soviet novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn. His speech, written on the occasion of the Nobel prize awarded to him, had the same fate as his major works—suppressed at home, eagerly received abroad. And we have good reason to believe that, though officially silenced in Soviet Russia, Solzhenitsyn's novels, as well as his pronouncements, written or spoken, are well known in his own land, thanks to Samizdat, the underground Russian press.

This is an important aspect of his unique role: to be not only a gifted and powerful artist, but to be a spokesman for all who affirm a positive, moral, social philosophy and the charter of man's freedom.

Sudden Unity

Solzhenitsyn's Nobel Prize speech presented this charter in a condensed form. He stressed first of all that art, including his own literary creation, is a vehicle for the highest spiritual values. It contains an "inner light," as he calls it, and has an indestructible, timeless quality. Without it the world would be chaos. Art, true art, means beauty, and a *propos* of this word, Solzhenitsyn recalls Dostoevsky's saying: "Beauty will save the world."

This is why, the Nobel prize speech further explains, art is and must be serious. It cannot be trifled with as a mere toy of the imagination, nor can it be controlled, amputated and stifled by Party-lines.

The artist, and in this particular case the writer, has a universal vocation. And this is of special importance in our time, when the modern means of communication have brought together peoples and nations which up to now lived, each of them, in a closed circuit. They were locked in their separate languages, traditions and cultures. Not so today, when the whole world learns instantly and simultaneously about events taking place thousands of miles away; and while writings in many different languages are made accessible to all by means of new (although not always adequate), intensified techniques of translation.

And thus, writes Solzhenitsyn, hu-

manity has "imperceptibly and suddenly become united, hopefully united and dangerously united."

There is a note of warning in these last words. The "danger," the author believes, is due to the fact that people now hear about each other, try to learn about each other, but do not as yet grasp the many differences in standards, spiritual, moral and otherwise, which still divide them. Every land has its tragic problems, its own manifestations of injustice, suffering and confusion. There are the labor camps and the forced detentions in "mental clin-

ics" in Russia, and there are crime-waves, shootings, hijackings and civil wars in other countries. It is difficult to find a common denominator to these phenomena, except that they are all bred by violence and can be unanimously denounced.

Art and Hope

The world possesses a means to this end, says Solzhenitsyn: "It is art, it is literature. A miracle is within its power, to overcome man's liability of learning only by his own experience... Art communicates the long life experience endured by another being." Such is the

"hopeful" unity to be sought through world literature, "the one great heart," as the Nobel prize winner so movingly puts it, "which beats for the concern and misfortunes of our world."

And this, in our mind, is what the writer's vocation is all about. Not only to spread his art through the wonders of modern communications and "instant" translation techniques, but because of newly discovered ties of brotherhood that they imply. We begin to realize "who is our neighbor," and we take over, if not all, at least part of his burden.

Like Dostoevsky, quoted in his speech, Solzhenitsyn believes that we are all guilty for each others' sins, that we must share the wounds inflicted upon all of us. The writer, as he stresses, is not a mere observer, "no sidelines judge of his compatriots and contemporaries." And he exclaims: "Shall we find within ourselves the insolence to declare that we are not responsible for the ulcers of the world today?"

To recognize responsibility is essential, and literature, one of the most delicate instruments, has been the first, says Solzhenitsyn, "to take hold of, to assimilate, to seize, upon this feeling of the growing unity of humanity." And, we may add, there has been one courageous man, persecuted, denounced, oppresses, in prison or at large (like St. Paul) facing many dangers and punishments, who has performed this miracle to bring millions of men together through the "inner light" of art.

Solzhenitsyn has not concealed the ulcers of the world's "cancer wards." And yet, he is no pessimist. He believes in the salvation of mankind through the rediscovery of the lost standards of a common truth. This is why the Russian-Orthodox theologian, Father Alexander Schmemmann, asserts that the author of *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward* belongs to the family not only of great artists, but to that of great Christian writers of all times.

1) Quotations from the Nobel Prize speech are from the text published in the *New York Times*, Sept. 30 and Oct. 7, 1972 (translated by Thomas P. Whitney). 2) *VESTNIK*, No. 98, Paris IV 1970. (Eds. Note: Copies of Solzhenitsyn's Nobel Prize speech are available from the Community for Creative Non-Violence, 936 23rd St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037 for a donation of 10c. apiece.)



Prisons: The Sorcery of Experimentation

By PAT JORDAN

Kenneth Patchen's statement, "Most people don't grow up, they grow down," is by rights the watchword of the U.S. Penal Establishment. This is even more true today as new forms of human experimentation and behavioral modification are being developed by U.S. prisons. In mirroring the mental prisons of Soviet Russia, American prisons are indeed "growing down." This is apparent in two general areas: scientific experimentation and criminal punishment.

I. Experimentation

As a group, prisoners are an ideal test-source for scientific and, in particular, medical research. Their availability and dependent status, not to mention a certain expendability society associates with them, make prisoners an easy research reservoir for "scientific" experimentation, and prisons the ideal place for such research. Dr. Irwin Feinberg says that because of specialization and a growing remoteness from others which characterizes our society, "It is easier, at least on an unconscious level, to regard the patient as an object for manipulation, and to be less sensitive to his suffering."

For some time, international medical societies have sought to outlaw the use of prisoners as test subjects. But Jessica Mitford ("Experiments Behind Bars," Jan. '73 *Atlantic*) reports that

these efforts have been frustrated by American medical experimenters. In fact, she reports, "In recent years most of the early testing of our increasingly exotic drugs has been done in prisons." She is referring to what is called Phase I testing. In the initial experimentation, a new compound is given to a small group of healthy individuals to test for its effectiveness and possible toxic properties. Ms. Mitford relates that in the U.S., prisoners furnish virtually the entire pool of subjects for Phase I testing. Her article includes a long (but still incomplete) list of U.S. prisons in which experimentation of this sort takes place.

Consent

There are a number of sordid aspects to this phenomenon. First is the question of voluntariness. Can a captive group or individual give truly free consent? The incentives used on prisoners to participate in experimentation vary from financial remuneration to commendation to the parole board. (Although financial remuneration is small, in comparison with the usual rates of prison pay, it can be substantive. Some prisoners explain they could not do without this added money.)

The Nuremberg Code states that the voluntary consent of human subjects is absolutely essential in medical experimentation on human beings. Further, the Helsinki Declaration (which added

to the Nuremberg Code) states that "the responsibility for clinical research always remains with the research worker; it never falls on the subject, even after consent is obtained." Yet many prisoners are unaware of this fact. At the California Medical Facility at Vacaville, for example, prisoners must sign consent forms and waivers releasing the state and the research company from all liability. Few prisoners knew these waivers have no legal binding power.

Included in the prescription for voluntary consent is that the consent be informed. That is, before obtaining consent, it "must be made known to the subject the nature, duration, and purpose of the experiment; the method and means by which it is to be conducted; all inconveniences and hazards reasonably to be expected; and the effects upon health or person which may possibly come from participation in the experiment." This procedure is highly vulnerable in a prison setting. Ms. Mitford gives several instances where the consent could hardly have been informed because prisoners were not told the nature and hazards of the experiment.

"Incentives"

To this must be added other factors: the incentive to research companies themselves in terms of lucrative monetary benefits resulting from their re-

search on prisoners, and a pressure from prison-staff members on prisoners to participate. Not only do some prison physicians cash in on the benefits of experimentation, but money is poured into the prison itself. Upjohn and Park-Davis, for example, have fully equipped laboratories at Jackson State Prison in Michigan to the tune of half a million dollars. While this enhances the prison plant, it also provides the companies with vast sources of labor at extremely low costs. Until recently at Jackson State, prisoners who frequently put in sixteen-hour days were paid a wage ranging from 35 cents a day for a nurse to \$1.25 a day for a chief technician! A member of the U.S. Institute of Mental Health has commented on this situation: "Without this reservoir of skilled technicians, laboratory aides, clerical help, medical research could not be more than a token activity in the prison setting."

Ms. Mitford was told by Mr. Urbino, manager of Vacaville's research program, that "the main benefit to the Department (of Corrections) is that the research programs cut down on disciplinary problems." This is yet another, sordid aspect of the situation. And prisons employ other techniques to arrive at this same end. Writing in the June, '72 issue of *Rough Times*, a federal prisoner relates how prison higher-

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Prison Experimentations

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ups are implementing modern group-therapy techniques to "cool" prisoners. Using Transactional Analysis, prisons are attempting to create a type of self-policing among inmates by means of informing one against another. This, of course, divides the men, and even pits those who are in the "games" against those who are not.

While the exploitation of prisoners is verified by these facts, the unity which exists between prisoners and the rest of the world's poor and oppressed becomes all the more clear. And as the outcry over these prison abuses grows, drug companies involved in the experimentation are likely to turn more often to Third World countries as potential source of human experimental material.

II. Punishment

The second general area for use of modern techniques in prisons is in the realm of punishment. With prisons already working as research centers, prison officials have felt secure enough to do experimentation of their own. Some years ago the Director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, James Bennett, told a seminar of his wardens: "If there is one thing you can get out of this visit to Washington, let it be that you are a thoughtful people with lots of opportunity to experiment. There is a lot of research to do—do it as individuals, do it as groups, and let us know the results."

Mr. Bennett was seconded by Dr. Edgar H. Schein of M.I.T. Dr. Schein, whose treatise "Man Against Man: Brainwashing" was a study of North Korean methods of brainwashing, is a luminary of present developments in the U.S. penal system. "In order to produce marked changes of behavior and/or attitudes," he said, "it is necessary to weaken, undermine, or remove the supports of the old patterns of behavior." This can be done, he continued, by proving to the prisoners that "those whom he respects are not worthy of it and, indeed, should be actively mistrusted."

Thus, Jerry Borkenhagen, a draft resister imprisoned at Sandstone, Minn., has recently been threatened with removal to Springfield, Mo. where, he relates, "They have been known to send incorrigible hardcore 'criminals' like me for various 'treatments.' They sometimes bring the results back as an example to others who think that they might like to think" (Peacemaker, Jan. 26).

Drug Techniques

The U.S. Bureau of Prisons is presently constructing the "Behavioral Research Center" near Butner, N.C. It is scheduled for operation early next year. This facility will be run by psychiatrists and, according to a handout from the Bureau, will experiment with the "treat-

ment and management of various types of offenders." The principle activity of the center will be the "behavior modification program." The Bureau says that the objective is to "develop and implement intensive treatment approaches for . . . patients who constitute a management problem."

A definitive movement away from traditional forms of physical punishment toward psychological and drug-induced "behavior modification" is afoot in the prisons. It is taking place in both federal and state facilities. Recently a federal prisoner sent me a list of basic brainwashing techniques which Dr. Schein proposed as applicable to U.S. prisons. The list includes forms of isolation and sensory deprivation, all calculated to diminish a man's will to self-determinism.

The use of drugs is another facet of what some prisons call "aversion therapy." In California, for example, brain surgery was contemplated for certain inmates until public outcry put an end to it (for the present). In its stead, drugs and electroshock therapy have been administered. At Vacaville, experiments consisted of injections of anectine and prolexin. Anectine paralyzes the voluntary muscles for 1½-2 minutes. It overwhelms one with the sense of drowning. While this state is being imposed, the inmate is told that next time he has an impulse toward "unacceptable behavior," he will think of anectine.

Prolexin is a personality-altering drug. Dr. L.J. Pope relates that it was administered to 1,093 inmates at Vacaville in 1970, while electroconvulsive shock was administered to 433 inmates in 1971. This punishment is not necessarily given for medical reasons, but as a sanction for violation of rules. Bernard Weiner (Nation, April 3, '72) reported that such treatments are aimed at Black and Chicano militants and those in general who refuse to accept the dehumanizing prison system. And Weiner also reported that those who would not consent to the treatment were given it nonetheless, consent being granted by the Special Treatment Board.

Outside Surveillance

What is needed in the prisons, says Steve Nederiger, is civilian presence that will deter correction officials from trampling so on prisoners' rights. Nederiger, employed at the N.Y.C. "Tombs" by the Health Service Administration (a body autonomous from the N.Y.C. Dept. of Corrections) feels there is the desire within the prison power structure to alleviate all such meddlesome third-party presences as he and his co-workers provide. Perhaps the beatitude of visiting the prisoner takes on even more important ramifications in this technological era.

It is likewise important to realize that prisoners see such techniques as Transactional Analysis, psycho-drama, primal therapy, and encounter-group marathon sensitivity as camouflaged forms of Dr. Schein's brainwashing program. These techniques, along with the more behavioristic practices, have been developed largely in universities. To some extent there exists a complicity between sectors of higher education and the penal establishment.

A vast potential for sorcery is being nurtured actively in our prisons. We must face this reality, and combat these powers of darkness. As Glen Seawell concluded this October Fortune News article, "My reason(s) for writing this précis are to alert not only the public, but the inmate populace of every prison, state and federal alike, to the sadistic, barbaric, and unethical methods prison officials are employing to destroy what they consider incorrigible—the minds of human beings who have had the misfortune to be incarcerated in an American prison facility."

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

sing a number of times and always with great pleasure. I was glad, too, that day that Dorothy was with us, not only to hear Cynthia's music, but also to visit with Caroline who is an old friend whom she doesn't get to see very often.

I also felt glad on this particular day because Dorothy had given me a set of her paper-back books—*The Long Loneliness*, *Loaves and Fishes*, and *On Pilgrimage: the Sixties*. Sometime I hope to have these books read on cassette so that I can listen to them often. For they are books of spiritual nourishment, a kind of sustenance not found in many modern books. It is good to think that Dorothy's books are avail-



Rita Corbin

Mild are these days, mild with the promise of Spring. Yet this is Lent, and Lent came to us this year with a most dramatic reminder of our mortality on Ash Wednesday. Shortly after Mass, after Fr. Andy had placed on our foreheads the ashes to remind us that we are dust and unto dust must return, we had a call from the hospital telling us that Mike Sullivan had died. He had been in a coma for some time and had not expected to recover. Mike had emphysema, had been in and out of the hospital many times during the past two years. He had suffered much. Mike had been with the *Catholic Worker* for many years. I remember him from Spring Street, where, in the midst of chaos, he was always kind and helpful to me. He came to us here at the farm shortly after we moved, and as long as he was able to work, was our best plumber and general maintenance man. He also repaired many cars, and was the devoted servant of little Coretta Corbin who used to come to him to get her breakfast. Here, too, he was always kind and considerate of me. He had his faults, of course, the familiar weakness for alcohol, and almost no tolerance for young men with long hair and beards. Yet he worked and took pride in good work, and did much that was good and charitable. When Alice Lawrence was ill, he did all he could for her; when he was ill, she did everything she could for him. Many of us will miss him much. Now he lies with Hans and Peggy and all the others in the Catholic Worker plot (which Msgr. Kane gave us) behind the lilac bushes, under the crosses carved by John Filler set up by Dominic. Requiescat in Pace.

Last Sunday morning when Cary Peebles came by to take Caroline and me to Mass, I heard a mourning dove and a cardinal singing antiphons in that great Mass of Nature in which God's Creation reflects His Glory. O cardinal, O mourning dove, O crocuses and snowdrops, sing Alleluia that we may meet Him, Christ Our Lord, in the garden as Mary Magdalene met Him on that first Easter morning. Let Beauty sing, and Suffering—those potent two—Alleluia, Alleluia. Christ is risen. Now new life begins for all who follow Him. Deo Gratias.

Note On Publications

Nhat Hanh's play "The Path of Return Continues the Journey" has been published in English by the Hoa Binh Press, which specializes in publishing the works and vision of Vietnamese artists involved in the nonviolent struggle for peace and justice in Vietnam and abroad. The press has also published Jim Forest's "Only the Rice Loves You," and will publish Nhat Hanh's "Love in Action" and Cao Ngoc Phuong's "Voice from the Burning House." The Hoa Binh ("Peace" in Vietnamese) Press hopes not to set fixed prices for its publications. For more information, write: Thomas Merton Life Center, 1047 Amsterdam Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10025.

The March 15 issue of WIN Magazine deals with the Harrisburg trial. Phil Berrigan and Jim Forest examine events of the trial. Subscriptions to WIN are \$7 a year, or 50¢ a single issue. New subscribers will receive the March 15 issue free. Write WIN, P.O. Box 547, Rifton, N. Y. 12471.

"For our sake Christ became obedient unto death, even death on a cross.

"Therefore God has exalted him and bestowed on him the name which is above every name."

"Christ our passover has been sacrificed; let us celebrate the feast, therefore, by getting rid of the old yeast of wickedness and evil, having only the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." 1 Cor. 5:8

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, The Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 East 1st St., between First and Second Avenues.

Forthcoming meetings include:

April 6—David McReynolds: The Necessity of Amnesty.

April 13—Joseph Fahey and Robert Oliva: Can Peace Be Taught?

April 20—Good Friday: NO MEETING.

April 27—"A Sense of Loss": Marcel Ophuls' film documentary on Northern Ireland. Courtesy of Cinema 5. Will begin at 8 p.m.

May 4—"Catholic Worker Positions": A panel discussion.

May 11—Dolores Huerta: Lettuce Boycott Update.

After the meetings, we continue to discuss over hot sassafras tea, prepared faithfully by Jonas. Everyone is welcome.