

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Farm Workers

By REV. JAMES L. DRAKE

Soon it will be nine years since Cesar and Helen moved to Delano to "build a union for farm workers." In retrospect, the move demanded such faith and audacity that it is a wonder that one family would summon the courage to begin. Think about it! Several million workers hounded by hunger, excluded from most basic rights guaranteed laboring men in this nation, and one family says, "Well, there should be a union, so let's build one."

The events of those nine years form compact lessons in organizing. Few revolutionary efforts are initiated and carried to fruition in this day of the OEO and other pseudo-movements. But, here is a drive that is succeeding and which has not destroyed itself through internal friction.

So what are the lessons?

First, and simply, one must begin! Oak trees do not grow where no acorns are planted. In 1961, men sat at bars and argued how to build a farm workers' union. Students even went so far as to make erudite studies of the matter. But Cesar and Helen got the revolutionary idea that the wisest way to get from point A to point B was to take step one . . . they moved to Delano.

There seems to be much pessimism about the possibility of change. And yet there is such a flood of talk about revolution and radical movements. I wonder if there has ever been in our nation such a turgid situation. There is vast willingness on the part of many to consider experiment. Yet, few are taking the concrete step of "moving to Delano"—or wherever.

Cesar and Helen make a bold organizational suggestion. Their life is their lesson. People will follow if you are willing to show direction. The Chavez' seem to place a tremendous responsibility on our shoulders. They say to radicals everywhere: "Don't talk; act! You'll be surprised by the results."

It is clear now why Cesar was so



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

cautious about the source of financial support in the pre-strike years. Even his closest friends could seldom convince him to accept five dollars for food. His reasoning: "If the workers really want what I am offering, they will pay for it through dues." Often enough it appeared the workers did not want what he offered. In the winter of 1963, the family suffered greatly. But the principle worked. The workers shaped the organization by telling what they needed. What they didn't need, they didn't buy. Thus, to give, the organizer must first be at the other's mercy. By asking for workers' money to build the organization, Cesar was forming hundreds of partnerships.

To formalize these partnerships, nothing served better than the Credit Union. The trust built through that mechanism was a lasting glue. Such trust was absolutely necessary for confrontation with the growers. I believe that much of the spirit of mutual assistance which bore the grape strikers

through five years of suffering was born in the Credit Union. Firm organization requires a sound structure, and the Credit Union has served as the structural steel of the Union.

Many times we try to take shortcuts, launching grand organizational schemes, demanding firm underpinnings, as though people cluster together as simply as tiny magnets. But the history of the farm workers' union-building shows how needed is attention to the details of trust-building. The organization which seeks to build new and freer forms of community must begin and grow as a family, teaching and trusting each newly added member. Officers, boards, trustees—these are mere formalities. Economic interdependence and personal trust are the real source of strength in a confrontation with freedom-robbing powers.

Organizations that are lasting are built as a pyramid. One block must be

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New Drive To Organize Working Poor

By PAT JORDAN

Recently Honore Daumier's moving etching "If the workers fight, how shall the house be built?" appeared in a New York exhibition. While the etching is concerned with man's violence, its question is well taken. Could it be that wars and confrontation issue not only from politicians' gimmickry but also from the thirst of poor and just men for equanimity? The question is self-answering.

Since its inception, the Catholic Worker has shown a dedication to the plight of the poor. This has not been restricted to place or nationality, color or religion. And it has embodied allegiances with other groups seeking the alleviation of class and economic struggle. There has not been a univocal endorsement of all such groups' means on the part of the CW, and when there was not, such was generally made clear in these pages. (You will note the July-August issue's approach to the Black Panther Party.) Now, happily, we bring to your attention the ordered struggle of the working poor under the National Council of Distributive Workers of America.

The NCDWA was constituted at Suffolk Va. on May 4, 1969. Many of its members had or were about to disaffiliate themselves from the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, AFL-CIO, on grounds that it did not practically represent them, nor did its leadership respond to the union's large minority constituencies. As Cleveland Robinson, an official of distinguished District 65 in New York City, said to the founding conference of NCDWA, "We know there are millions of unorganized workers in this country and a highly disproportionate number of them are black and Spanish-speaking."

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

If I started to report all my impressions of Australia, India, Africa, England it would take a volume and I hope all my notes which I have kept in disjointed fashion, but very faithfully, will come out some day in book form. Certainly there is not room to do justice to such a trip in the columns of this eight-page tabloid which is always overflowing. Or to do justice to the people we met on the way, beginning with Fr. Roger Pryke and Fr. John Heffey who were responsible for the trip in the first place, since they sent Eileen Egan and me the round trip tickets.

They say they met me first back in the time of the second world war when they were seminarians, evicted, one might say, from Rome and on their way back through the States to the west coast where they took ship for Australia.

They said they came in on the headline at Mott Street, and received hospitality at the Easton Farm and in our houses all the way across the country. There is an Australian Catholic Worker, edited by John Ryan, a house of hospitality run by Brian Noone and Mary Doyle and a farming commune, the head of which is Fr. Heffey.

We spoke at seminars every day from eleven to four and often in the evening, in Sidney and Melbourne, and

also at schools and seminaries, so we can say that we worked our way to and from Australia, where we stayed three weeks.

The tickets purchased for us meant we had stopovers on the way back, at Hong Kong, in India at Calcutta, New Delhi and Bombay; at Dares-Salaam (Port of Peace) in Tanzania; a day in Rome and a week in England. We suffered the cold in Australia where it was still winter, a flood in Calcutta, and a day of bombings (150 were exploded the day after we arrived, after warnings in the press to stay off the streets), had peaceful visits with old friends in New Delhi, twenty-four hours in Bombay and a week in Tanzania, and finally more speaking in England. On leaving London high-jacking was at its height and we had to pass through some kind of a barrier at the airport which lit up on discovering any metal in our clothes or baggage. Even our handbags were inspected.

Eileen Egan will give a complete story of our visit in India where of course we saw Mother Teresa in Calcutta, and I will write more at length in the next issue about Tanzania and the work of this country's Catholic and Socialist president who recently spoke at the U.N. and at Maryknoll general chapter meeting in New York. Tight security measures kept anyone from hearing him or meeting him personally at either place, but we will hear the tape of his talk

at Maryknoll and be able then to give an account of the Ujamaa villages which are part of the socialization plans of this new and advancing country in East Africa. Here is a leader who is engaged in a peaceable revolution, socializing or nationalizing the land, and the schools and hospitals which were started by the Maryknoll order. I delight in this remarkable and peaceable happening.

The speeches of Julius Nyerere, of Tanzania, have come out in paperback, published by Oxford University Press. To me, the Arusha Declaration sounds like Peter Maurin's ideas incarnate.

Since I came back I have been reading about Kenneth Kaunda, president of Zambia, a neighboring and even larger territory which used to be part of Rhodesia. He and Julius Nyerere in Africa, stand in my mind with Cesar Chavez, Danilo Dolci, Vinoba Bhave, Dom Helder Camara, Mrs. Martin Luther King, Ralph Abernathy and others who have the vision and the integrity which enlightens our minds and brings us bright hope for the future. God is with them. May He bless them and protect them.

HOME AGAIN

The reason it is so difficult to write more this month is that I am faced with the necessity of writing the obituaries of two dear friends, both of whom have been with us for many years.

Here at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality we are overrun with youth both on the farm and in the city and these young ones throw themselves into the work with such fervor and such a spirit of joy that the older members of the community are being renewed constantly in the spirit of the work. There are tensions of course, race tensions and class tensions, and those between the old and the young, but the pains are growing pains. No one can say the Catholic Worker is stagnant.

Joseph Motyka 1903-1970

It was not so many years after the Catholic Worker started in the thirties that we met "Smokey Joe" as he called himself, who gravitated between Mott Street where we were living then, and the Bowery where he had many a comrade. It was some years before he really settled down and became a "Catholic Worker." It was in the time of our greatest need when the second world war was on, and so many young men were away in military service or in conscientious objector camps. Arthur Sheehan remained with us, but he spent a good part of his time travelling around with Peter Maurin. Dave Mason kept the kitchen and soup line going besides getting out the paper with Arthur. Smokey came into his own then, sitting at a desk in the office, receiving visitors, helping mail out the paper. He refused to recognize David, kept at a distance from Peter and Arthur and always insisted ever since

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FALL APPEAL

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Dear Readers of the Catholic Worker:

This is the way I remember you in my prayers daily. For you, and for all who break bread with us, the poor, the sick, the unwanted, the prisoners; and for all of you who answer our appeals for help to keep the work going, year after year. All small gifts add up, and we surely need them.

At the farm at Tivoli there is a population of about fifty, and though the crops are good and plenty of fine vegetables, there are heavy expenses of taxes, utilities, laundry, flour for bread and so on. In town we have run our bread bill up at times to \$900 before our East Side baker gets impatient for payment. We pay for our beans, peas, lentils which thicken our soup, into which goes meat stock and all the fresh vegetables we can beg. We even are given hundreds of little cups of yogurt each week to feed the soup-line, which is growing longer and longer—usually there are about 300 meals served daily. And community means more than a houseful now; it also means neighbors and guests and wanderers from coast to coast.

There have been some deaths in our group since I last wrote. The latest is Italian Mike, who presided for years at the mailing-out table (a group of devoted volunteers mail out 85,000 copies of the C.W. each month). He sat because he could not walk, what with his ulcerated legs. When he could walk he fetched our bread and our fish from as far as twenty city blocks away, in an old baby carriage made into a cart. When he swept the sidewalk in front of our house, he swept also the two adjoining sidewalks. He knew all the neighbors. He died with loving friends visiting him each day at Bellevue.

But Fred died in a bar, visiting his friends on the Bowery. He had worked long with us on the farm. When I shared a room with old Agnes (who died a few years ago), he used to bring us coffee on a tray (the life of Riley, Agnes called it), and he cut her tangled hair when she was too feeble to do it herself, shampooed it too. We have seen unbelievable tenderness shown to the sick, the old and the dying, by "the undeserving poor." Agnes herself once shared her room with three others, one of them a girl expecting a baby. "She cries in the night," Agnes said.

But there is much joy in our work, joy over babies, joy in having work to do, joy in companionship. There is enough conflict and tension to make our community a microcosm of the world around us, but ours is a school of non-violence in a world convulsed on every side by poverty and war. Thank God for the inspiration of such men as Cesar Chavez on the West Coast, and Ralph Abernathy and his associates in the South, and blacks who are organizing the unorganized there. It delights me that this leadership comes from the Mexican, the Filipino, the Afro-American. "The poor shall inherit the earth."

I will be writing about the two-month speaking trip which is taking me literally around the world, paid for by priests in Australia who have known our work since World War II, when they visited all our houses of hospitality as they crossed the U.S. on their way home. Literally, I have seen the poor of the world, the aborigines of Australia, the poor of Hong Kong, of Calcutta, of Africa where Julius Nyerere, Catholic president of Tanzania, has nationalized land and, with an Israeli Peace Corps, is studying the formation of communes like the Kibbutzim. There are great and noble men in the world today, and they write, thank God, for those who read. Men like Dom Helder Camara in Brazil, Jayapokash Narayan in India, and Ved Mehta and the editors of such journals as Resurgence, Manas, Peacemaker, Sarvadaya—who give another view of history and economics, and man and his capacities. My trip is a two months' one, but I will be back in New York by the time you get this letter.

With love and gratitude for the help you give us.

DOROTHY DAY

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

that he and I kept the work going all through the war.

I felt an especially close association with Smokey because he had been in the marines at the time when they were overrunning the mountains of Nicaragua, in pursuits of Sandino, the national hero who was at the head of the forces opposing United States interference and exploitation. And I at that time, in the mid or late twenties was a worker in a communist affiliate, the Anti-Imperialist League, together with some older Communist friends who were contributing medical supplies as well as publicizing the situation. My job was to write the news releases. And now I had become a Catholic. And Smokey and I were fellow-workers in a Catholic endeavor to build up a decentralist, libertarian, or in other words, an anarchist-pacifist social order.

Of course every now and then Smokey would yell, out of the side of his mouth, "Don't call me a pacifist!" and followed it up with exhortations against the yellow-livered scoundrels who were afraid to fight that infested the Catholic Worker. But just the same, he loved us all, was fiercely loyal and faithful to what in his late moment he called "The Catholic Shirker."

He delighted in telling me about his relatives, and his nieces who became nuns. They were second or third generation Polish and I met a number of them when I went to the funeral of one of his brothers. The older generation were bakers and lived in Brooklyn and Smokey used to horrify the young ones around the OW by talking of kneading the bread as grapes are crushed, in the old country, he said. The smallest of the children were so fascinated that they insisted at the Easton farm on trampling grapes and elderberries with their feet when we were trying to make homemade wine, but we would not let them try it out on the bread dough.

Smokey baked on board ship and when we would let him, he made pies for us in the old kitchen at Mott street. They were perfect to look at but tough as to crust. Once in a while he visited the farm, once every five years, to tell the truth. But the countryside put him in a panic and he got back to the city jungles as fast as he could.

It would not be a complete picture if we did not tell how he loved children, and when we had babies in the house he loved to babysit. One woman who came to us had twins and Smokey liked nothing better than to sit out in front with them in their carriage and show them off. I would trust him any time as a babysitter.

Here at First Street he had a table by the door on the second floor where he mailed out papers to all the new subscribers and wrapped carefully those which were sent abroad. He always kept me supplied with papers wrapped ready to be mailed. He took messages from our visitors when everyone had disappeared at some meeting and when evening came. After dinner which we have a five thirty, an unfashionable hour, he sat in the doorway and enjoyed his beer. He touched nothing during the day, and at first when we moved to First Street, he used to amble down to First Avenue to the corner bar. After a few attempted muggings which he interrupted by swinging in all directions and roaring enough to awake the dead, doubtless frightening off his assailants, he waited patiently at the step of our emergency door and sitting there in the dusk so as not to arouse the appetites of some of our other fellow workers, he enjoyed his evening refreshment.

He attended most of the Friday night meetings, and always stayed up late, because I could hear him stamping up the stairs around midnight just outside my room, to the fourth floor where he shared a dormitory with half a dozen others.

Then, just three days before I returned from England he got up in the night ill and fell to the floor in what must have been a heart attack. Pat Jordan hastened to Nativity Church for Fr. Pickett, and Smokey received the last rites, at home, surrounded by the men whose labors he shared in this

his adopted family. We were glad he died at home. The Requiem Mass was offered by a young priest Father Denis Dillon at our parish church. His nephews and nieces had Masses offered for him at their respective churches, and Arthur J. Lacey and I went with them to Mt. Holiness cemetery in Butler, New Jersey. His body now rests in beautiful surroundings, where Mike Herniac, Fred Lindsay, Bill Harder, Mike Solitto and Henry Nilson also rest in peace.

Peggy Baird (1890-1970)

Our Peggy who was so much a part of our lives these last ten years, died peacefully Sept. 23 around supper time and was buried in our parish cemetery not far from the Catholic Worker farm at Tivoli. I was in England when she died and did not get home for the funeral. She had said to me before I left, "It takes so long to die." It was the nearest thing to a complaint she ever made. She was much beloved by all the community at Tivoli. I had known her since I was twenty years old when I went to Washington with her to picket with the suffragists in front of the White House, more because of our interest in the treatment of prisoners than any interest in the vote. We were both anarchists in our own ways, even then. She was seven years older than I, knew all the literary crowd around Greenwich Village, had been married to Orrick Johns who died before I met her and was not yet married to Malcolm Cowley.

She was an ideal cellmate and we spent sixteen days at Occoquan Workhouse and the Washington, D.C. jail, sentenced to thirty days, but pardoned by President Wilson after we had served the sixteen of them. We were on hunger strike for the first ten days. I have written about this in more detail in my book, *The Long Loneliness*.

There were long lapses of time in our friendship. Peggy had a timeless quality which meant that coming and going, as I was, from Chicago and New Orleans, and various other places, I usually was her guest when I arrived back in New York. It was she who persuaded me to buy a beach bungalow on Staten Island after I sold my



first book to the Boni Brothers. The movie rights were bought by Pathe for five thousand dollars which the publishers, a struggling firm, and I shared.

I can never forget the spring day that we found the little house which was the scene of my conversion to the Church. Peggy wandered up and down the beach collecting not only shells but also the clams which the bait diggers dug up.

That was a new aspect of Peggy to me. Knowing her in jail, in the coffee house of the old Brevoort, in Greenwich Village, and now on the beach, I found in her a quality which remained with her through life—an intense love of nature, and so personal a contact with it that she made others see this beauty. It was a beauty which she integrated into her life. For in-

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FOR THE SMILE OF A CHILD

By MYRIAM JARSKY

"Our task now is to learn that if we can voyage to the ends of the earth and there find ourselves in the aborigine who most differs from ourselves, we will have made a fruitful pilgrimage. That is why pilgrimage is necessary, in some shape or other. Mere sitting at home and meditating on the divine presence is not enough for our time. We have to come to the end of a long journey and see the stranger we meet there is no other than ourselves—which is the same as saying that we find Christ in him."

From *Mystics and Zen Masters*, Thomas Merton.

My husband Walter and I arrived at L'Arche, Jean Vanier's community for retarded men, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the fifteenth of July. It was cold and cloudy and we were tired, but happy, too, because we had found the place. At one point we doubted whether it really existed. L'Arche in Trosly-Breuil? Even the policeman at the exit for Senlis, thirty miles North of Paris, on the Autoroute a Peage Lille-Paris didn't know. After many a telephone call he sent us forty-five miles back Northeast, to the road that connects Compiègne and Soissons. It was with scepticism that we started reading the village name along this road. But there it was indeed! At the first cafe after the sign for Trosly-Breuil we asked for L'Arche. "Jean Vanier does not live at L'Arche anymore," they told us, "he is staying at Le Val Fleuri, a big house around the corner a 100 meter up. L'Arche is two blocks further." We got back in the car and drove up the narrow winding street.

Trosly-Breuil is an old French village. Jean Vanier and his community occupy about ten of its houses. All the houses were built of the same grey rock. Sometimes three or four houses were hidden behind each other in the same backyard. Most of them, however, were built with their front up to the sidewalk. Everywhere there were geraniums in the windows and on top of the fences. Yes, each house had its lot securely fenced in. We thought that maybe the villagers were afraid of the retarded men, but later on as our trip brought us through tens of similar villages, we saw that everywhere the French peasants had their property fenced in.

We stopped at the biggest house, an old grey mansion, one of the only detached houses and with a yard in the front, the house of the Count in earlier times, now the headquarters for L'Arche. (L'Arche is the name of the first house the community started with. As the community grew and spread over different houses, it became the name of the whole community.) A French-Canadian assistant brought us upstairs to Barbara. She is Jean Vanier's secretary and has been at L'Arche for six years. She comes from Buffalo. Her office was cluttered with papers. Here already it was obvious that the community was short of space. I remember standing in the hallway of Jean Vanier's and Barbara's offices and it seemed that ten people at the same time were always trying to get past us.

(Later Jean Vanier told us that in America his community could not be possible, because it would cost too much. The law would always be after him with building and health regulations.)

Barbara, after Jean Vanier himself, had been there the longest period of time. She was in a hurry, but nevertheless found time to welcome us in a hearty way, to invite us to Mass, to explain to us where we were to have supper and to get somebody to take us to our room in La Grange.

They had just bought La Grange, a small two-story house with four rooms, and were still fixing it up. We were to stay in one of the two bedrooms; in the other one a Swedish Jesuit was staying. He is helping Jean Vanier to prepare a world pilgrimage of the mentally handicapped to Lourdes next Spring. They all hope it will bear witness for the right to live of the

mentally handicapped. Jean Vanier is afraid, and he has reason to be, that the French government will make abortion and euthanasia legal in the case of mentally handicapped.

This threat brings us to another aspect of L'Arche and right to the heart of Jean Vanier's work. L'Arche is not for a privileged few who can pay for a beautiful institution with all the comfort that could make life easier for the handicapped. L'Arche has to be poor, so it can be for everybody and so that more places like it can be possible—Jean Vanier's dream is to have them all over France—without too big an expense for the French people. There just is no money in France to set up villages for handicapped people with all the



comfort that has been invented in the U.S.A. and is made law in similar villages here. Somehow Vanier manages with the money the French government can give him. If he tried to get more, taxpayers would protest, and abortion and euthanasia could become legal all the sooner.

Next to poverty, continuity is one of the communities' aspirations. People should not be sent away after ten years of privileged life in a good community. Then it would be better for them if they had never been there. If a young man comes to live at L'Arche at eighteen, he should be able to live there all his life unless there is a better place for him to go to. Sometimes he can go home and attend a special workshop during the day. Sometimes he can start a life of his own and take care of himself.

Here we have a problem, Vanier says. The retarded man should be able to settle down in the community, to feel at home in it, but he should not get so comfortable as never to want anything else. The school he has gone to as a child has usually woken up a lot of his abilities. In L'Arche there is room to live out those abilities but there is also a search for more in the handicapped person. L'Arche tries to wake up the human awareness in him and helps him reach the happiness he is capable of reaching. Sometimes this should lead to leaving the community.

In the meeting we attended for the English speaking assistants, Vanier also attracted attention to the fact that the community has to make sure there is a balance between the amount of young and old people.

Somehow I have been telling you a lot about Jean Vanier's ideas, without telling you much about the place itself and what it is like to be there. We visited L'Arche for four days.

As I said earlier, we were staying at a house that was not lived in, yet. Each one of our meals, however, we had at a different house with a different group of people. The meals were extremely simple but there was enough. We remember breakfast best for it was always the same: chunks of crunchy French bread and un bol de cafe au lait, a bowl of light coffee, to soak the bread in. Usually the table would be set for about fifteen people, but during

the meal people from one "household" would drop in and join the meal of another "household." Meals were very cheerful. There was a lot of talking and joking, not to mention the amount of eating some of the younger people did. At the meals especially, we noticed the affection of the handicapped for the staff sharing the house, but also everywhere else: on the street, in the workshops, in church. Affection expressed in all kinds of ways: in hugs and kisses, in wrestlings sometimes, or just in a short bonjour.

I mention the staff for there is no better word. But there simply is no staff, except for some doctors and other trained people, there are only people who are considered normal

handicapped men along. The family ties of the staff is one of the most frequent topics at mealtime.

For the members of the staff there is no privacy, because there is neither time nor room for it. And that is hard. Most of the young people come for one or two years before they are married. For a family, lack of privacy is even harder. In a talk we had with Jean Vanier, he said that it was so hard for a family who volunteers to help, because very often only one of the members really wants to be there. The others just come along. This threatens the unity of the family, and together with the lack of privacy, this is disastrous. So he only advises couples to stay there if both people really want to do the work. Up till now only very few families have tried to do so, and when we were there, there were none.

Vanier mentioned another reason for lack of families in a community like his. He says that when people are still single, they are prepared to live on nothing and to accept what is given to them from day to day. When a young man and woman of this category get married, their attitude towards life too often drastically changes, and instead of finding their security in their unity, they look for it in accumulating things.

The morning of our last day at L'Arche, we worked in the mosaic workshop. There is a welding shop, a place where they glue brown bags for libraries, a vegetable garden and a mosaic workshop. The last one is the most productive and makes from \$2000 to \$4000 a year. An artist among the staff draws the different designs onto the boards and indicates the colors. The handicapped cut the tiles and glue and cement them. All of the mosaics they showed us were good and some were extremely beautiful. Walter and I made a little one together. The boy next to us showed us how. We didn't do very poorly, but it was rather bad compared to the examples displayed on the walls around us.

The general feeling we had concerning our stay was that we were really welcome, that everybody was glad to see us. Most of the staff members were

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36 East First

By HARRY WOODS

It was as though First Street were a desert. No display of red and yellow leaves has told us of the season's change, nor is there fresh air to tell us of autumn's glory. The seasons are rudely slammed upon us, from the humid, suffocating heat of the summer's days to the damp, chilling cold of the fall. And surely, in the past month we were all pushed a little further into the desert with the recent death of two members of our family. But, paradoxically, one must search into the desert in order to find life. And life was found, both in the death of Smokey Joe and Herbie Sund. Each man had left a legacy to the Catholic Worker, a legacy being reflected upon by all who knew them.

When I first came to the Worker, Herbie, as only Herbie could do it, showed me around the Bowery and introduced me to its "secrets". From how to roll your own cigarettes to how to walk down a dark street at night, Herbie had the "well-learned" method which he explained to me over and over again. I am grateful (not for the knowledge—I still can't roll a cigarette), but for his friendship. He spent most of his life working on various ships, and would love to tell you about the different countries he had docked in. He had a different story for every country in the world, and he would always come up with a new story which you haven't heard. (If you sat next to him while he sat upstairs helping to mail the paper out.) He spent the last few months of his life in acute pain from cancer in St. Vincent's Hospital. He always marvelled at the care the nurses gave him ("much better than a flop"), but always saw his hope as being at the Catholic Worker. The last time I saw him, he said to me, "Harry, I don't know what I would do without

the Catholic Workers." A further question came to my mind, "What changes when the man who showed you around the Bowery dies?"

But life does go on, and today a well-dressed visitor strutted into our kitchen and announced to all within earshot that all of us were a bunch of "bums", and that the \$15 dollar pair of pants covering his legs were absolute proof that he wasn't one. I immediately proceeded to babble incoherently, when suddenly John McMullen, a veteran soup-maker of over two hundred bowls of soup a day for our soupline, came to my defense. As only an Irishman can do, in the spirit of Easter 1917, he proudly declared that his pant cost him only fifty cents, and proceeded further to exclaim that he liked them better than the \$15 pair. John truly spoke for all of us, and the incident gave us a moment of reflection to further appreciate the spirit of simplicity which permeates the whole Catholic Worker Movement.

Simplicity is the word which best describes Smokey. I've only known him for a year, and the deep feeling of loss which I feel at his death, can't compare with the feelings of those who have known him for twenty or thirty years. Words can't describe emotions which are too personal for even us to understand. He was a simple man, a poor man whom I've seen refuse a new shirt for he already had two—that one on his back and another one being washed. He was loved and when the police marked his remains as twenty odd cents, and handed the money to Kathy Schmidt, saying give it to the poor, I felt as though he knew just what Smokey's life was all about.

Dorothy has come back from her travels with a suitcase full of new

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

stance, we washed and stewed those clams for supper that night, we enjoyed the earliest spring flowers she found in the woods on our way back to New York. If anyone ever lived in and enjoyed the present moment, it was Peggy. With her happy temperament, she savored every moment.

She was by that time married to Malcolm and they too found a little house on Woodrow Road from which Malcolm could commute to work, and where he had the quiet to do the reviews and essays which brought him fame as a man of letters within a few years. Peggy was a tumultuous housekeeper but a very good cook and a perfect gardener. She had been making plans for gardens ever since we had that spring day on Staten Island, and I was amazed to see the garden materialize. Within one summer she had made what was practically a wasteland adjoining the house she and Malcolm lived in, into something which rivalled the botanical gardens in beauty. It might have come out of the *House and Garden* magazine. Herbs and flowers—everything grew under her long able fingers. She was surrounded there, as she was at our farm in Tivoli, by her beloved cats, her



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

books, her flowers, and of course her friends.

I do not remember how long Peggy and Malcolm lived on Staten Island—maybe three years—and I saw her often of course. But when they moved upstate New York life began to change for both of us; for me, because of my conversion to Catholicism, and for Peggy because of her divorce from Malcolm, her life with Hart Crane in Mexico, and a subsequent marriage that took her to Washington, D.C. and later Atlanta. It was not until the *Catholic Worker* had been in existence for over twenty years that I saw Peggy again. For the last fifteen years, she lived with us, first on Peter Maurin Farm and the last five years at Tivoli. She was the same Peggy, happy, serene, lover of beauty. She bought flowers for the altar of our little chapel for feast days, and saw to it that we had a well-planned and well-tended flower garden. Just yesterday I picked a lovely little bouquet of marigolds and asters and put them on the altar while we said Compline.

Once while I was travelling she wrote me a letter thanking me for not trying to convert her. I noticed that she joined saying the Angelus before meals as we used to do when we were a smaller group and more of a family than a hospice on the land. The concluding prayer of the Angelus is this:

"Four forth we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts, so that we to whom the incarnation of Christ Thy Son was made known by the message of an Angel, may by His passion and Cross be brought to the glory of His resurrection."

"Better be careful when you say that prayer," I told her. "God takes us at our word." I was quoting two people actually. John McKeon once said, "Does anyone mean what he is saying?" And Fr. Roy said, "God takes us at our word."

Once she said to me that she would like to be buried with the "rest of the Catholic Worker crowd" in the little cemetery on Route 9G where Monsignor Kane has given us a plot. It was Fr. Jack English who confronted her with the question as to why she did not receive communion with us. She had decorated our chapel with flowers every Christmas and Easter for a good many years. "Why not?" was her answer to that, and Fr. Jack got her baptismal certificate from the church in Babylon, L. I. where she had been baptised as a child. After preliminary instruction, she received communion with all of us at the farm, from then on, until she died. As often as she could, she came to the chapel, but towards the last she had to sit in her wheel chair up near the altar.

It seems often that for the younger one, babies and little ones, there is no generation gap. All her life Peggy babysat for her friends. Children loved her and her cats. She loved to dig in the dirt as they did. But the older young ones loved her too. Jeff Rudick, a twenty-one year old Bard student who some months ago wrote one of the best articles we have had about Delano and his two months' work there, used to visit Peggy often. He serenaded her with not only his guitar, but his mouth organ, dropping the latter occasionally to sing in a voice that could be heard all over the house. She loved it. In the spring when she wanted to buy plants for the garden in front of the old mansion, he picked her up bodily and carried her to his car and took her into the greenhouses so that she could pick out the plants she wanted. He was one of the pall bearers at her funeral.

During her last months she set us an example of uncomplaining endurance, and always she rejoiced in life, appreciating God's bounty, His loving kindness and mercy. She did not go in for "spiritual reading." One was much more apt to find James Joyce's *Ulysses*, a detective story, or some poetry in her hands than the lives or writings of the saints. She did not read Charles Peguy's *God Speaks* to understand God's mercy. It is a wonderful thing to see how God's grace strikes one or another of us down.

Armitage Franciscans

By SERGIUS WROBLEWSKI, O.F.M.

A year ago on October 3, 1969, the vigil of St. Francis, we four Franciscan friars, Blaise, Dominic, Tom and I, settled in the third floor apartment at 1024 W. Armitage Street in Chicago, where Phil and Cathy Bredine have been holding Catholic Worker meetings for a little more than a year. Immediately, we consented to live as a community. We shared some principal meals, worshipped together twice daily and studied the political and religious vision based on the Catholic Worker and the Franciscan tradition. It is time to give an account of this unique association of friars with the Catholic Worker.

How we arrived at this decision is a story in itself. At Christmastime 1968, the Minister General, Constantine Koser, issued an encyclical letter to the Franciscan family asking it to examine its conscience in the matter of poverty. He posed three questions for self-examination: first, what are we doing in a socially beneficial way with land that we are not actually using; second, what are we doing to help the economically deprived; and third, have we initiated new forms of Franciscan life.

We responded to the third question by proposing to our Provincial Chapter held in May of 1969 that a resolution be passed to permit such experimental living in community. After the resolution was passed by a two-thirds vote, the four of us got permission from the provincial administration to settle in Chicago.

Our first move was to spend a month with the Taizé monks. It was our introduction to inner-city living—in many ways traumatic, because we had been used to suburban affluence so long a time. One evening Phil and Cathy Bredine shared supper with us

Join the Chastity Underground! I've been saying this on college campuses before incredulous onlookers, but am inspired to say it once again. My rather languid defense of chastity and fidelity has gotten more zealous, I guess, since I saw *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*.

The offensiveness of this typical Hollywood cop-out does not equal that of a *Good-Bye Columbus* youth movie, but it does give off that aroma of sweetly successful corruption. "How to have it both ways" is the game Hollywood plays—criticize, titillate and believe in the gospel, all at the same profitable time.

Alas, for true comedy you have to have guts and a defined point of view. To cleanse myself of B&C&T&A I sat down and reread all of Jane Austen's novels, beginning with *Sense and Sensibility* and continuing through to *Persuasion*. Here in addition to subtle comedy you get the stiffening breeze of a principled point of view. Principles? Ideals? A structured community with a bit of form? How refreshing!

I guess my main quarrel with the sexual revolution is its schmaltzy sloppiness—which is not unrelated to its mistaken notions of the nature of man. All those atrocious clichés about finding freedom, sexual fulfillment and being "natural" make me wince. The "man beneath man" point of view has seeped in everywhere. The behaviorists and Freudians have triumphed in pop culture. Simplistic faith in simple conditioning and stimulus-response reflex arcs remains ascendant. The men in the media believe we are driven by drives and shaped by instincts and cultural conditioning. Everything is relative, and we're all conditioned anyway, so why not? Let's get in touch with our "real" nature and be honest.

Fine. But anyone who has been following psychology lately has seen the triumph of cognitive studies (with a little help from the computers) and the re-emergence of reasoning, goals, inhibition and will. Suddenly it's all right to talk of consciousness and choice again. To hell with the rats and the salivating dogs, we humans are incredibly complicated timebinders who reflect upon ourselves and have goals,

gulls and aspirations.

Carry these convictions about man one step further and you come to promisekeeping and principles. The idea lingers that the virtuous man has long term goals of fidelity and loyalty which are more important to him than any present satisfaction. Furthermore the adult human being can control his attention and self-reflection and so guide his actions. One should remember how much torture it takes to break a man. Most of us are never overwhelmed by temptation. As Isaac Singer has a character say in one of his stories, "You are too insignificant to have the evil one chase after you, you are still chasing after the evil one."

Although our society is supposedly sexually permissive, most adults past adolescence have to chase after adultery and fornication. (Love using those *outré* words) It's a rather steep climb to the precipice where one can say with truth, I just fell over. Few adults live in such unself-conscious primitive states of unreflection. We're thinking, thinking, thinking and making decision after decision or deliberately avoiding same. What usually happens is that our goals get dim and our principles eroded by the *zeitgeist*; then we begin to sniff and nose around the edges of temptation, getting increasingly careless.

A lot depends upon the social circles one inhabits. There seems to be a huge range of crowds with varying degrees of principles and morals. What is expected in one social group is condemned in another. But as an adult you're responsible for the company you keep. Everyone's sensitive social barometer can register the way the wind's blowing and one can withdraw before things go sour. Happily, there are always people who remain true to idealism. In fact, a very minimum amount of attention and effort can maintain married fidelity. We're monogamously inclined, as well as fancy-free.

I'd like to witness to the fact that I've known more virtuous principled people than not. I don't recognize the people in the sex movies or in most fiction today. Most of the people I know don't lie, do keep their word and their clothes on, and are faithful to their marriage vows. I even know lots and lots of happy marriages, many of whose partners were chaste before the wedding. Yes, single people can also be chaste and happy.

It's good to know these things after living a long time. My first job out of high school was for two public health nurses in the U. S. Venereal Disease division (preview of things to come.) Those two single ladies were understandably skeptical about sexual morality in general and male sexual behavior in particular. Too skeptical. Despite the phenomenal rise of VD since the 50s, more adult men are probably more sexually moral than ever. It's the very young and the newly "emancipated" young women who are producing higher rates of disease and illegitimacy. With more confusion.

As Ellen Willis, new style feminist and rock critic, says, women are not really more liberated these days, "Now that we have won the right to say yes, men are challenging our right to say no . . . if sex is healthy, abstinence must be sick." She reports that many young women have been coerced and confused and exploited in sexual relationships. "What men like most about the sexual revolution is the rhetoric. By disingenuously proclaiming that we are free, they can confuse us and get more of us into bed."

Maybe, but this is too feminist a view. I think that, with many of the middle-aged and young, the problem is one of ingenuous self-confusion, amplified by dreadful rhetoric and loss of ethical nerve. As usual, Catholic confusion is the worst. Doesn't anyone read Farber's *Self-Deceit* anymore, or Jane Austen? In the Chastity Underground comedy and fidelity are going to have a chance.

Ed. Note:

Sidney Callahan's article originally appeared in *The National Catholic Reporter*, and is reprinted here with the permission of Robert Hoyt, Editor.

Freedom and Fidelity

By SIDNEY CALLAHAN

(Continued on page 7)

BOOK REVIEWS

A HIDDEN WHOLENESS: THE VISUAL WORLD OF THOMAS MERTON. Photographs by Thomas Merton and John Howard Griffin. Text by John Howard Griffin. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1970). Reviewed by Sister Donald Corcoran, O.S.B.

The title of this book aptly captures a quality of Thomas Merton's contemplative vision. The monk "sees" a hidden wholeness because he listens with the ear of his whole being for the Word. A monk's quiet, concentrated living and continual prayer of the heart tills the farm of his innermost being for the planting of the Spirit in every moment and every circumstance. His life is calm attentiveness to the things at hand. This book is a tribute to Merton by John Howard Griffin, who has been commissioned to write Merton's official biography. It contains photographs by Griffin and Merton plus a short written commentary by Griffin. Most of the photos are wisely left to speak their own kind of language. For those who have met Merton in spirit, the photos of him and his hermitage will be a special kind of treat. Griffin's comments on Merton are incisive: "Merton was a mystic and a poet, with an ability to see many facets of the same object and to combine within himself seeming opposites. He was simultaneously a man of profound discipline and astonishing freedom; a man who expressed himself eloquently concerning the spiritual life but who kept his own secret prayer private; a man of profound religious abandonment who refused to veil his humanity in the gauze of pietism; a man of the intellect who relished the simplest manual labor. He combined strength and toughness with faultless courtesy to others." (Griffin, pp. 1-2).

A monastery woods is a good place to review this book, for it is the milieu in which Merton's contemplative spirit particularly rejoiced. "There is no leaf that is not in Your care. There is no cry that was not heard by You, before it was uttered . . . There is no glen for a lone house that was not planned by You for a lone house. There is no man for that acre of woods that was not made by You for that acre of woods." (Merton, *The Sign of Jonas*, p. 361). Some critics of monasticism hold that it is not Christian. This may be a back-handed compliment. For the monk belongs not only to the order of grace but also the order of creation. Merton is not really so different from any of us. There is a monastic dimension in every human heart struggling in search of an Absolute. It is that quality of the human heart which transcends cultural boundaries and blossoms in the height and depth and breadth of all truly human experience.

Zen has been described as a "spring house-cleaning of the mind," a cleansing of the spirit. Similarly, a monk's life is disposed to such purification and sharpening of perception—a transformation of vision. "There is in all things an inexhaustible sweetness and purity, a silence that is a fountain of action and of joy. It rises up in wordless gentleness and flows out to me from the unseen roots of all created being . . ." (Merton, *Hagia Sophia*). Griffin is correct in seeing Merton's photography as a function of his inward eye: "... he struggled toward an expression of silence through the visual image." (Griffin, p. 4). Photographs such as the one on pages 80-81 reflect an oriental quality which a Jewish photographer friend of mine remarked on without knowing anything of Merton's interest in Zen. These particular pages are followed by several of Merton's own oriental style calligraphies. The same friend remarked that the photographs of oriental faces (pp. 130-131) say as much about the photographer as about his subjects—for the photographer must sense the inward essence of a person and call it forth by his relationship to that person. "All of his culture, his high poetic sensitivity, and his training in the arts, his spiritual and intellectual being formed the filter through which he viewed these things . . ." (Griffin, p. 50). One cannot help sensing some of Merton's spirit through the details given in this book, such as his comments that his first look

through a 50mm lens "blew his mind", the icons and Navajo rug with which he furnished his hermitage chapel, and the Zen garden made by the novices at Gethsemani—this last project must have particularly delighted him. Griffin intends that these photographs reveal something of Merton's personality; to a great degree that will depend on the eye of the beholder.

"What it is to be a monk" was a treasure guarded in Merton's heart. A monk tills the soil of his heart in preparation for the planting of the Word. "The seed is the Word of God" (Luke 8:11) . . . "You are God's farm" (I Cor. 3:9—Jerusalem Bible). The monk's immersion in the Liturgy blossoms in a "liturgy of the heart" which pervades the monk's day—chopping



wood, teaching novices, receiving guests, watching smoke rise above Kentucky hills. "Merton was convinced that if you let the hours of the day saturate you, and you gave them time, something would happen." (Griffin, p. 49). As long as there is even one monk in a woods, all mankind is richer.

The Abbot of Gethsemane said in his homily at Merton's funeral, "one does not receive a man like this from the hands of God very often." Thank God that Merton gave (still gives) his solitude to the world. "The hand lies open. The heart is dumb. The soul that held my substance together, like a hard gem in the hollow of my own power, will one day totally give in." (Merton, *The Sign of Jonas*, p. 361).

GOLIATH by David Harris (Richard W. Baron, \$4.95). Reviewed by ANDY CHRUSCIEL.

To young men in America, the first and most obvious intrusion of the state into life is through military conscription. David Harris has dealt with that intrusion by returning his draft card and refusing induction. For his non-cooperation he is presently serving a three-year prison term. In his first book, he reaffirms his faith in the power of life even as he explores the roots of violence in the whole American political system. Most of the 135 pages of *Goliath* are that exploration.

Doing is the word he uses to describe the process of shaping and being shaped by experiences. Myth is the word he uses to describe the model of

are separated from those in need, which includes all men, and control is exercised by owners. "Property makes suffering a marketable product." Competition is the behavior of Property. It proceeds on our acting assumption that all of us cannot exist. "It makes mutual destruction the common, accepted and valued behavior between men."

The myth of Property is reinforced and extended in the myth of Enemy, by which each person is reduced to a threat. Other men can be seen only as enemies or allies against enemies. "Enemy fragments, not for purposes of clarity and resolution, but in pursuit of itself." It is a pursuit based on contradiction, antagonism, and hence elimination.

Eliminating Enemy requires the use of destructive force. Ultimately all resources, including human persons, can then be reduced to weapons. "Extended to its full form, weapon means that we all pursue non-existence—both the butchers and the butchered." To this pursuit of death brought to form in social organization, David says the only response he can make is life itself.

The alternative reality which he describes as the revolution begins with the repossession of life, grows into community and finally supersedes nation-states.

Fundamental to the politics of life is the idea that all men's lives are sacred. Implicit are the operating premises that authority is fraternal and that resources be available and used to affirm life.

For David repossession of life came with saying No to military conscription. Consciousness (or retrospective consciousness) of his impending trial and imprisonment color every chapter.

It is perhaps that consciousness which makes the "me" of "me and Jimmie" and the Julian about whom he writes come to life. The lives of both are recently and obviously shaped by military conscription. The prison rebellion at the Ohio State Penitentiary reaches us as from the inside, perhaps for the same reason.

The chief value of the book is in raising to a conscious level the implications of accepting a negative philosophical politics. Closely reasoned and largely devoid of examples, the analytical chapters allow the reader to supply his own applications.

In my experience, the analyses seem equally applicable to both large and small institutions. They are valid both in describing our presence in America and America's presence in the world. The only question is how much deviation from the premises the state finds tolerable.

The new politics described, of course, operates on totally new principles. I see similarities to the politics of Lao-Tze, of Buddha, and of Jesus Christ; to the politics of Socrates and Vinoba Bhave.

Because it presumes operation in an existing nation-state it will have points of conflict with that state. I suspect that those will be rather identical with points of repossession of life.

David lists as tools for that conflict "noncooperation, occupation, boycott, strike, and organized disobedience." I find "strike" out of place, since it presupposes initial participation in the opposing force.

I do believe that when men refuse to be soldiers, armies will cease to exist. And I believe that when men refuse to be agents of destructive institutions, those institutions will cease to exist. Meanwhile, enough men pursue death enough of the time so that a pursuit of life based upon life-affirming premises is still an exception.

As I have hinted, the book is uneven. The descriptive chapters are written in a stream-of-consciousness vein. Despite obviously compassionate observation and because he is so aware of the premises of consciousness, it bothered me, as a reader, to find David referring to men by racial, national, occupational or behavioral categories. For whatever reason, that is particularly true in a Chapter called "Old Men and Losers." On the other hand, there is almost a studied avoidance of the use of jargon. The result is a freshness and concise-

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Mild is the day in late October, though the mournful-toned fog bell, tolling a warning of shrouded dangers to trafficking boats on the Hudson, paints the afternoon with grey. The skies are somewhat "ashen and sober," though the leaves are by no means all "crisped and sere." Some are splashed with bright color; others hold fast to green, though not for long now, not for long. A breeze, non-violent but tuneful, laden with moisture, stirs a soft autumnal music from the trees. And the leaves come softly down, while a lonely cricket sings a requiem.

Mid-afternoon, and the imperious call of a pileated woodpecker blasts across the sweet twitterings of goldfinches. Grapes, the young coon hound, scampers after a kitten with a playful growl; then, hearing Johnny Hughes, her friend and master, dashes headlong to welcome him home from school. Down by the old mansion Johann Waes and Coretta Corbin play with the happy sounds of unfrazzled two-year-olds. Then, as Bob Okragaski conducts me on a tour of inspection about the ingenious corn crib, designed and constructed by Daniel Dauvin and Walter Jarsky out of old bed posts and springs and other such materials, the hens in their nearby lot set up a murmur of gossip. Are they wondering if Sean has come out to feed them? Bob tells me that he and several others helped John Filliger harvest the corn. Among the others were Florent, Andy, Jim, Betsy and Abena, and Maggie Corbin. Quite a husking bee. Suddenly the rooster, irritated perhaps by the babble of hen and human voices, crowed, trumpet-clear as at dawn, announcing himself there and then, cock of the day, lord of the corn.

The sound-track of our lives here at the farm is made lively not only by birds and rooster but also by the many sounds of children which are part of the pattern of our days. There are five Corbin children, ranging in age from Dorothy, fourteen, to little Martin, who will be one in February. Then there is Marge Hughes' son, Johnny, who is twelve; Walter and Miriam Jarsky's son, Matthew, who will also be one in February; Will and Lora Waes' son, Johann, who like Coretta Corbin, celebrated his second birthday this fall. At present there is also Amy, nine, who recently came with her mother, Jana, to stay a while with us. So we have a full complement of children's noises: happy sounds, unhappy sounds: crying, shrieking, screaming, laughing, talking, yelling, running, dancing, banging, etc. When they all sound off at once, the effect can be somewhat devastating to nerves and eardrums. Then there are more individual sounds: Maggie Corbin practicing the piano and showing, we are glad to say, real improvement, Sally chanting a poem, Johnny talking to Grapes, and once in a while Coretta sallying forth with most of the breakfast Mike Sullivan has cooked for her plastered over her face but emitting such dulcet tones that one would surely think she was at least half-angel. In a few minutes, however, Coretta and Johann are embroiled in a noisy quarrel, which does not sound in the least angelic. So it goes through the day, children's voices—at the dinner table, in the living room after supper, during the interludes of the community movie program Tommy Hughes and Joe Geraci are putting on each week, and not too far away during the third-Sunday and other meetings for adults.

Sometimes at night after compline one can find ensconced at the head of the center table in the dining room, Emily Coleman, baby-sitting for Miriam or Rita. With several other older and younger women seated about, and looking on, making those admiring, almost gushing comments most women seem to indulge in when confronted with babies, Emily proceeds to spoon-feed the little Matthew or Martin. This little scene, with the admiring coterie of women, would seem to be a good example of what Emily has sometimes called "the cult of the baby." Although she says she does not subscribe to this cult, little Matthew and Martin can both attest that she has a handy way with babies.

Another day in late October, but now

no hint of the sad month of Poe's ULALUME. The sun shines, the wind—no longer moisture-laden—plays an Indian Summer melody among the leaves. A child eating an apple waits a sidery pungence roundabout. Up in the chicken lot the rooster crows again with lordly pride in his flock of hens—as he ought to do, for do they not lay wonderful eggs? In St. Francis' garden, chrysanthemums are white and gold.

On such a day my thoughts are full of harvest. I think of the fruits Father Andy and several of the young people—Betsy, Tima, Abena, Joe Geraci, Dave Wayfield, Florent, John Murray, Bob and Jim—have picked in nearby orchards and brought basketsful home. I think of the night-shift preserving operation, with Marge and Andy presiding over kitchen and dining room, while various young people and sometimes older people helped prepare apples, grapes, plums, etc. for sauce, jam, or jelly. In a community as large as ours—not counting guests, we are always about fifty—it is hard to keep up with current consumption, but Marge tells me there are a number of jars put away for later use. Among these are some canned tomatoes from John Filliger's garden. Marge also stored green beans in the freezer; and as always John has winter squash and other vegetables put away for winter use.

The kitchen is often a scene of work at night. Marge, Miriam, Tima, Laura and others usually bake bread during the early night hours. Betsy prepares pie crust, while others prepare apple or other filling. Sometimes when Hans wants to cook huge quantities of mashed potatoes for Sunday dinner, the night shift does the peeling so that Hans can get the before-breakfast start he always considers necessary. There is much work on the day shift too, and several to help, though as usual in the cookery department Alice Lawrence plays a leading role.

The third Sunday of October brought us a kind of harvest of ideas. Helene Iswolsky and Kay Lynch did most of the preliminary planning for the resumption of our Sunday-afternoon discussions, but Clare Danielsson returned to the farm in time to help send out notices and assist in the hostess role. As in previous years, Marty Corbin acted as chairman. Miriam Jarsky talked about L'Arche, the village community in northeastern France which Jean Vanier founded for retarded men. When Miriam and Walter visited L'Arche this Summer, they found that the emphasis is on love, sharing with, working with. The object is to help retarded men to live to the full extent of their capacity. An article by Miriam explaining this system in some detail appears in this issue. Surely there ought to be more such villages. And why not one for retarded women? Perhaps some of the religious orders looking for something more contemporary, more urgent to do, might experiment with this kind of work.

Walter Jarsky spoke on Talze, a Protestant monastic community also located in France. This community is, I think, rather well known and has been written about before in the Catholic Worker and other periodicals. The emphasis seems to be not only on a fruitful life within the monastery but also on a successful functional relationship with that larger community which is the environment or neighbors of the monastic order. Here too will be found examples helpful to others seeking community with meaning.

Dorothy Day, who spoke to us for the first time after her return from her long trip around the world, told of her experiences in Australia and India and of the conditions she found in those countries. She spoke at somewhat more length, however, about Tanzania and the work of the great leader, Julius Nyerere, whom she compared to Cesar Chavez in his direct and honest care for his people. Although Nyerere is a true Catholic, a daily communicant, he is also a socialist. The property and schools of religious orders have been taken over by the Tanzanian government, but Nyerere continues to maintain good relations with the members of these orders, so that they remain in the country, teach in the schools,

and help in other ways. Nyerere also tries to learn from other developing countries. With the help of some Israelis he has founded village communities based somewhat on the Kibbutzim.

There are also Chinese experts who are assisting in various developmental programs. Everything is, of course, not perfect. There are still hard conditions of life and harsh punishments. But a tremendous effort is being made, with the help of a really good leader, and the effort, it seems, is truly concerned with the good of the people. Perhaps it is on just such efforts as these that the future of the world depends.

Some of us—Clare Danielsson, Helene Iswolsky, Tima Newman, and I found ourselves involved in a somewhat different kind of discussion when we attended a talk on ecumenism at Our Lady Of The Resurrection, a new foundation of contemplative life established by Brother Victor Avila, a former Carmelite and member of the Fraternity of Charles de Foucauld in a house located on the Christian Brothers' property at Barrytown. Most of those attending this meeting are members of experimental contemplative groups who were holding a week-long conference at OUR LADY OF THE RESURRECTION to work out their problems together. We have missed our friends, the Christian Brothers, very much since they moved away; and are glad to have a new prayer center on their land. Brother Victor is to be commended for the exquisite simplicity and beauty with which he has furnished his chapel and house.

On September twenty-eighth, Kay Lynch, Helene Iswolsky, and I set out on a trip which was, I think, a true spiritual journey. Although I had made retreats at Regina Laudis some years ago when I could see at least a little, and so had no difficulty in remembering the beauty of the Connecticut countryside, I had almost forgotten the beauty of the Canonical Hours when sung by the high, beautiful and well-trained voices of cloistered Benedictine nuns. As for the high Mass—a special Mass for the three great Archangels, St. Michael, St. Gabriel, and St. Raphael—sung by Father Prokes with the nuns as choir, it was beautiful enough to be a foretaste of heaven. Then there were the talks with the nuns, talks which for me, at least, were a kind of *sursum corda* of hope. For these nuns—no matter what their former vocation; one was a movie star of great beauty; another had been head of a Catholic Worker house; others were scholars of some distinction—not only seemed possessed of the great gift of contemplation, but also of a kind of holy wisdom in helping solve spiritual problems.

It was good to learn that their vocations are not falling off, that they have more than they can accept, that they have as large a monastic family now as their present monastery can accommodate. It was good to learn, too, that they are not really cut off from the world, that many young men and young women, beset with the problems we hear so much about, come to these nuns for help and receive it, learning how to pray, sometimes finding their way into contemplation. It is good to learn, too, that young people are really interested in contemplation. It was equally encouraging to learn that many others—clergy and laity, Protestants and Catholics—often go to Regina Laudis for spiritual refreshment, for retreat. It is a place of true prayer, I think, a place where it is easier to listen to the voice of God.

We live in the midst of coming and goings, and hardly expect otherwise. When, however, those who have made themselves mainstays of responsibility and action go away, we miss them sorely and wish for their return. Daniel Dauvin, who has helped so much during the past year and who is now in California, is such a one. Kay Lynch, who has taken her mother back to Texas, is such another. Both Dan and Kay have promised to return. The sooner the better, we hope, and pray.

There is one who has left us who will not return—Peggy Baird Conklin, who died September twenty-third. Dorothy Day, who knew her so well, so long, has written about her in this issue. Her funeral Mass was said by Father Andy, assisted by Monsignor Kane, at St. Sylvia's, and attended by many of her friends from here and elsewhere. Her grave was dug by men from here, in-

cluding Will, Bob and Jim, and her pall-bearers were also from here. She had loved life, had suffered much, had accepted death. We pray for her soul, and pray that she will pray for us, that we, too, may learn acceptance and graciousness.

Our water shortage is critical again. Mike Sullivan is much concerned about certain repairs which ought to be made to the furnace and plumbing before winter really sets in. Some of us have already suffered from colds and viruses. But tonight Johann Waes is happy since his father Will returned from the hospital, where he had spent a week following an appendectomy.

We continue to have many visitors. (Continued on page 8)

LETTUCE BOYCOTT

The farm workers in the lettuce fields of California and Arizona have been on strike for over two months now, and representatives from Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee are spreading across the country from California to organize a new nation-wide boycott: iceberg lettuce. Jim Drake (cf. "Farm Workers," in this issue) is directing the boycott in New York City, and we are fortunate to have living with us at The Catholic Worker two men from the Salinas Valley, Jesse Carrasco and Ed Lopez, who are organizing the boycott on Manhattan's East Side.

For better and for worse, the boycott of lettuce is more complicated than was that of grapes; it's not as simple as saying "don't buy lettuce." Two major companies, the Interharvest Corporation and the Purex Corporation, have signed contracts with the farm workers. At present, therefore, eighteen per cent of the harvest does bear the UFWOC union label, and includes the following brands: Nunes Bros., Bluechip, Eagle, Eagle Eye, King Pin, King City, Amigo, Queens, Pasco, Favor, Gold Star, Hawk Eye, Chiquita, Fresh Pict, Ram, Prime, Sun Blush and Three Crown. Another factor complicating the boycott results from contracts signed between the growers and Teamsters, which of course completely by-passed negotiations with the farm workers themselves. One provision of these contracts gave growers the right to label the lettuce "picked by United Farm Workers," and so scab lettuce appears on the market with phony "union" labels. However, Jim Drake assures us, all major chain stores know these labels are phony, and are well-aware of the difference between scab and UFWOC union lettuce.

As in the past, this strike was born out of the terrible violence of injustice. Farm workers are fighting for rights most workers in this country have



known for years. And the dedicated nonviolent struggle of the farm workers, however, has been met by a more overt violence coming from the combined powers of the growers and the courts in the Salinas Valley. Strikers have been beaten, harassed and arrested, and have had their constitutional right of picketing stripped by the courts. Once again now, consumers, the country over have the chance, by purchasing only lettuce which bears the UFWOC label and boycotting all stores which carry scab lettuce, to show their solidarity with the farm workers' struggle. In his words to the workers at the beginning of the Salinas strike, Cesar Chavez quoted Thoreau:

"Where injustice prevails, no honest man can be rich; where justice prevails, there can never be need of anything."

Kathleen DeSutter

For The Smile Of A Child

(Continued from page 3)

very interested in the farm in Tivoli, where we have been living for the last year. Jean Vanier himself, though he obviously doesn't have a minute to spare, talked to us for about an hour, mostly about why he was doing this work, but also about how he saw the family in the present day crisis. I mentioned some of his ideas about the family in the first part of this article, therefore I will now only write about why he is doing this work. That part of the conversation consisted of three main points.

The first point is that everywhere in the West there is a need for places where the mentally retarded can live when they get out of school and the family cannot take care of them. The second point is that these places should not be cut off from society, for there should be no segregation between the "normal" and the retarded people. (I only mention retarded people here because that is the category out of which all the members of Vanier's community come. They are all "profoundly retarded", but they can at least walk.) The third point is that the care of the "abnormal" should be in the hands of the individual, not of the government.

I would like to explain all three points a little more. When parents have a retarded child, they can fairly easily bring the child to a special school where his abilities are awakened and where he learns to do certain things. At 18 years of age the young adults are sent home and at the best their parents will take care of them, but in many cases life is made very difficult for the parents by neighbors who do not like their "crazy" son or daughter. At the worst the young man or woman is sent to a psychiatric institution with the mentally disturbed people. The question is here: would it not have been less cruel to leave the child in darkness than to make him aware of all his possibilities when he never will be able to use them? Or to put it more bluntly: was it responsible to give the child a relatively happy childhood and help him reach the highest level of happiness possible for him; if afterwards he is dropped to the bottom of human loneliness in an institution? It is obvious that places like L'Arche are needed more than most people can ever imagine.

The second point is more of a thorn in our Western society's side. Maybe we are willing to give more money, maybe we are willing to train more

people, but we are not willing to live with those handicapped, we are not able to accept or to see their human values. To be human for Western man means to be intelligent and to be productive. The retarded man is not intelligent and not productive. Therefore, Jean Vanier says, there must be other qualities to humanity than those two. That is what he himself keeps looking for and keeps discovering, those other values. About his assistants he says: "They have to realize that the mentally deficient on the level of reason, has qualities on the level of the heart that are lost in our modern world, which is in love with technology which strives for power and economy, and is unfaithful to the heart." (Text from a conference at Tours, 1966). Very often mothers say, when their baby smiles for the first time, that now he has really become a human being. So is the smile of a retarded person like the smile of a child: he has recognized the person who loves him and is able to



respond to this love with a smile. I do not remember how Vanier exactly put it, but what it came down to was, that he admitted that he was doing this work for the smile of a child. I wish I could put it in his words, because Jean Vanier has such a very beautiful, poetic way of expressing things, but I am afraid I cannot recapture his words, unless I had them written down word for word.

The third point is this. When people build a place for their sick, they should not help society get rid of unwanted persons, neither should they do something for those "poor, unfortunate creatures". This is what the government does. We need places where people can live as integrated as possible in the society, and this is up to individual initiative. The state does not have the money to provide for this, so the individual, instead of paying taxes for institutions that get the sick out of his sight, should build homes where he himself takes care of them, which saves money and integrates the sick in the society.

As a conclusion I would like to tell you Jean Vanier's plans for the future. In the course of the next ten years there will be built in Troisy-Breuil a Center for Intensive Care, where the crawling and self-mutilating persons can be cared for, and a Center of Orientation for mentally handicapped coming out of school, to help find the best place for them.

Walter and I would like to thank Jean Vanier and all the people at L'Arche for their hospitality but also, and much more, for teaching us what it means "to see that the stranger we meet there is no other than ourselves—which is the same as saying that we find Christ in him." (Thomas Merton)

"My goal is friendship with the whole world and I can combine the greatest love with the greatest opposition to wrong."

GANDHI

Armitage Franciscans

(Continued from page 4)

and we regard this availability to people in need as an essential step in identifying ourselves with the poor. The intent is to be brothers and neighbors and in this way somehow to diminish the anonymity in urban centers. This way is so different from the cloistered monasteries which are closed to outsiders except for formal visits. The law of cloister not only enclosed its adherents and cut them off from normal living but also shut out people from the kind of religious contact they instinctively seek.

All along we were also exposed to thinkers who have analyzed bourgeois capitalism—Mounier, Berdyaev, Buber, Niebuhr, Maritain, Tillich and Bloy. This introduction to anti-capitalistic thought shattered our complacency about the American way of life—that is, the capitalistic system. It soon became apparent that we have to play a prophetic role against an economic system that is destructive of community and faith.

We also realized that our founder, St. Francis, appeared on the Western scene back in the 13th century when capitalism began spreading in Italian cities. Francis' renunciation of his father's patrimony was in a way rejection of capitalism, of a life-style that he found incompatible with the Christian commitment.

It was more than that. Francis was disturbed about the Church's involvement in the territorial economy of Europe. He and his followers were the first community to return to the kenotic tradition that was abandoned in 313 A.D. when Constantine, in accepting the Christian Church, donated land, buildings and funds to it. (The expression kenotic tradition is a biblical one; it is ecclesiological and Christological. The latter was Christ's own humiliation referred to in Phil. 2:6-10, where St. Paul sums up Christ's descent as self-emptying through an incarnation among the little people and through a redemption on the cross). From that moment there was a fusion of millennialism and the Roman Empire and an elevation of the world empire into the reign of God. It was then that the Church began conforming to the world instead of prophesying against it. The Franciscan hope was to lead the church back to kenosis, that law of salvation history.

The ecclesiological kenosis refers to the Church's humiliation. In the Old Testament the people of God were at first a wandering community in the desert under Moses. They then became rich and powerful under David and Solomon, and departed from the kenotic tradition. So, the Lord judged and exiled his people to Babylon, thereby reducing them to their original humble condition; thus, salvation would come through humiliation.

The New Testament Church followed this kenotic tradition until the "Edict of Milan." Constantine's espousal of the Church launched it in a new direction of abundance and affluence so that its prophetic role was diluted. Religious life, which arose in protest against this drawing-room Christianity, at first revived this kenotic tradition and then abandoned it. In the thirteenth century the Franciscan family tried to recover it with little success. Even the friars found Francis' thrust towards littleness too hard a saying.

One main reason for our moving to the inner-city of Chicago under the auspices of the Catholic Worker was to give a new direction to the Franciscan community, in line with Francis' intention. It was a move away from institutions and capitalistic practices to kenosis. In this small way we four fully recognized that the Church and our religious community in particular are capitalistic and distant from the kenotic tradition. Much ecclesiastical energy is caught up in financial wheeling and dealing. There are heavy investments in modern industry and economy. The Church is even sometimes participant in exploitation.

It is true that the Church Fathers at Vatican II took a resolution to become a servant Church in line with Jesus' kenosis. I am referring to two paragraphs in the Constitution on the Church, Lumen Gentium:

"Just as Christ carried out the

work of redemption in poverty and oppression, so the Church is called to follow the same path in communicating to men the fruits of salvation. Christ Jesus, 'though He was by nature God . . . emptied himself, taking the nature of a slave' (Phil 2:6), and 'being rich He became poor' (II Cor 8:9) for our sakes. Thus, although the Church needs human resources to carry out her mission, she is not set up to seek earthly glory but to proclaim humility and self-sacrifice, even by her own example.

"Christ was sent by the Father 'to bring good news to the poor, to heal the contrite of heart', 'to seek and to save what was lost.' Similarly, the Church encompasses with love all those who are afflicted with human weakness. Indeed, she recognizes in the poor and suffering the likeness of her poor and suffering founder. She does all she can to relieve their need and in them she strives to serve Christ" (Constitution on the Church, Paragraph 8).

The Holy Father implemented these resolutions by some symbolic actions, for example, by discontinuing some of the Vatican nobility. But too much remains — Vatican holdings, diocesan wealth, a heavy reliance on political pull, social connections and investments.

Meanwhile, a kenosis is happening to the Church. The Church is "falling apart"; that is, she is going through an emptying of divinity in the sense of giving up massive institutional power. It began with the cession of the Papal States in 1870. Then, during the Second World War the Church learned a harsh lesson in Germany. The Concordat with the Hitler regime, intended to safeguard buildings and institutions, subordinated the Church to Hitler's plans so that the Church failed to give a prophetic witness in the case of the Jews. It made a tragic preference for institutions instead of radical witness. Then the Iron Curtain fell on half of Europe, which included millions of Christians, where these very institutions could no longer function freely. Christians were forced to give personal witness almost exclusively.

Now the educational and hospital systems and the massive building complexes have become an oppressive burden because of lack of funds and personnel. There is even serious thought given to the possibility of ridding the Church of this financial burden and involvement.

There are two reasons the Church must become powerless. The first is theological: the law of salvation history is that the Lord saves and graces only a poor Church. The second reason is social: most of humanity is still caught in the trap of poverty. The gap is widening between the rich and the poor nations, between the affluent and the deprived within each nation. The majority of mankind is being denied even the basic necessities of existence. Under present priorities, arms come before aid and military power before people's needs. For that reason the students have issued a sweeping denunciation of the modern capitalistic scene as reason-consumptive, object-oriented and repressive. Furthermore, the poor are losing their patience. They have revolutionary expectations because there is no longer any valid excuse for injustice and discrimination. Abundant resources and technical know-how can provide necessities and opportunities for all, given enough moral will and political courage; hence, the great expectations.

In the face of this social situation the Church must become pilgrim, powerless and prophetic. To that end Francis founded servant communities, communities aimed to recreate the kenotic tradition. He attempted to invite the Church to empty herself of wealth and power and become poor again so as to truly rule only by love.

In some small way this is our intention. But in doing this we are in no way suggesting a way of life outside the Catholic institutions. So many feel and insist that such a gospel way of life is

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WALTER KERRELL, assoc. ed., Business Manager

Drive To Organize Working Poor

(Continued from page 1)

... They have been left out of the mainstream of society, and the labor movement as a whole, with rare exceptions, has ignored them. That is why there are now 57,000,000 unorganized workers in America." And he continued, "So we have to form an organization that is new and different, one that will fight racism in all its forms. ... Our union must be a home for the poor—blacks, whites, Spanish-speaking, and others. We extend our hand of brotherhood and friendship to all. They want to be organized. ... The one thing that holds them back is their distrust of the labor movement as exemplified by its present leadership." This is the avowed purpose of NCDWA: to organize the unorganized workers, especially to organize the working poor.

Representatives of the eleven locals which had disaffiliated from RWDSU to form NCDWA elected Mr. Robinson as the National Council's first president. He spoke for them when he had said to RWDSU, "We need friendship and we value friendship, but we do not propose to sacrifice principles." And so a new chapter in American Labor history began.

Not only did a new chapter ensue for labor, but a new turn was taking place in the American civil rights movement, what J. H. O'Dell calls the legacy of the Poor People's Campaign (Freedomways, Third Quarter 1969, p. 197ff). Such groups as SCLC had finally come to realize that the only way to defeat poverty was to organize the poor, and let them apply the lance. There was developing a united front of unions and civil rights organizations, much to the satisfaction of the poor.

Clay Stout of District 65 put it to me this way. Once there was a mosquito (labor) and an elephant (business). The mosquito would periodically and predictably attack the elephant's hide with a somewhat measured bite, which of course would move the elephant with entirely too foreseeable a progress. One day a bumblebee (the movement for minorities' rights) entered the picture. This bee, from every engineering standpoint incapable of flight, zeroed in and gave the elephant a momentous thrust on the trunk. The mosquito, hidden at the elephant's other end, thought his own nibble had caused the elephant too powerful a jolt. He immediately besought the elephant's pardon. This is the meaning of the tale: if the bee and the mosquito (the movements of minority rights and labor) were to get together instead of going at the establishment (elephant) alone and at opposite ends, they would probably move that elephant far more quickly, seriously, and efficiently.

It is of the utmost importance then that in the historic hospital strike of Charleston, S.C. (spring, 1969) we note the strong presence of both the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the NCDWA. Thanks to their cooperation and inspiration, this strike of poor workers was won in three months against the serious odds of an aristocratic power structure and the force of a reactionary state. (For a better understanding of the cooperation between SCLC and labor in the Charleston strike, see O'Dell's article mentioned above.)

Not only was the strike won, but soon employees at Ideal White Swan, the largest laundry in Charleston, had organized, struck and won, and some 250 workers in three city departments (Sanitation, Water Works, and Engineering) were gathering to represent their plight before the city government.

The sanitation strike of Charleston followed directly on the victory of the hospital strikers and took on some bizarre episodes. The mayor of Charleston, for example, pressed into service fifty convicts, policemen and prison guards carrying shotguns to collect the city's refuse. When the strike ended some six weeks later on Nov. 3, workers who had previously been receiving between \$45-\$62 for six days work were making from \$68-\$76 (it's now beyond \$81) for working five days a week. More importantly, they were granted paid vacations, overtime pay, and a grievance procedure. Cleveland Robinson seemed vindicated that "the war on poverty can only be won by organized workers."

At the same time strikes were undertaken by local unions of the NCDWA all over the South, from Memphis, Tenn. to Newport News, Va., to Atlanta, Ga. The Distributive Worker, national publication of the NCDWA (which comes out of District 65's offices in NYC) follows these proceedings with the loyalty of a fraternal journal, and the gains of the strikes appear in its pages.

Perhaps the most publicized of these strikes has been the Obect Memorial Hospital strike of Suffolk, Va. It lasted for over six months, and although it was ultimately sabotaged when strikers allegedly resorted to violence, it had progressed sufficiently to the point of developing local leadership and putting three solid wage increases in the strikers' pockets. As any union man will tell you, that must be considered a victory. The tangibles are most important, no matter what documents and signatures may or may not have been lacking.

In May of 1970, the SCLC, NCDWA, and ALA (Alliance For Labor Action) rallied in Atlanta in the March Against Racism, War, and Repression. This was a visible display that labor and civil rights groups were finally working in earnest to conduct their own war on poverty. During the Charleston hospital strike the ALA had come to the assistance of Local 1199B with \$25,000, and when the NCDWA had joined the ALA in April, 1970, a joint statement of Teamster Vice-President Frank Fitzsimmons and UAW President Walter Reuther pledged full "moral and financial support to help continue the impressive start they (NCDWA) have made toward bringing the essential benefits of trade unionism to millions of disadvantaged workers in America."

Another sidelight in these actions was the growing activity of Churches in behalf of workers' rights. During the Suffolk hospital strike, for example, union representatives had been attending white churches to distribute literature. Later, in many cases, it was ministers who took part in the proceedings of settlement.

The struggle of the poor people to gain their rightful wages and dignity cannot be applauded enough. The rise of militant local leadership (for example Mary Moultrie of Local 1199B), the organizing of workers in areas of "essential service," the working of the bumblebee and the mosquito together, the benefits in dignity, wages, and security plans that have come to thousands of the "working poor," the realization that black people cannot rely on a black capitalism as corrosive as its white counterpart, and the vitality that has emanated from communities organized for specific purposes, makes the movement of the NCDWA and the SCLC one of the brightest in the field of social improvement and human rights. If this movement can grow with the momentum of the Farm Workers' victory, perhaps there is hope that a mass mobilization of America's poor will persuade this nation to make a real commitment to the abolition of poverty. Then the workingmen will not have to fight. They will be content to build.

Farm Workers

(Continued from page 1)

firmly placed before a higher one can be planted on it. Goals for the farm workers' union are always reachable—and from the workers' point of view, immediately worthwhile. A progressive pattern was developed: a Credit Union and a death benefit insurance led to a tiny cooperative. Disability insurance case-work led to quiet moves to stop unscrupulous labor contractors. Efforts to curb labor contractors led to a drive to keep rents low in crumbling labor camps, which ultimately led to the first direct and open confrontation: The Limell-Woodville Rent Strike. To consider jumping from the Credit Union step to the rent strike would have been folly. Organization means progression.

The grape strike had its seeds both in the Filipino workers' strike in Coachella in 1965 and in the rent strike. In August, 1965, Linnell camp rent

strikers employed in the vineyards of the J.D. Martin Ranch, struck for \$1.40. For the first time, the world "Huelga" rang out.

We must learn to organize. It is an art, not an accident. The progression must be intentional and not accidental if the organizing is to reach its goal: power.

Finally, Cesar's work shows something of what is demanded in order to be a leader. One who leads encourages followers to experiment, once the goal is defined. The leader who demands perfect results the first time has not himself learned from experience. All who have shared the joy of serving the farm workers' movement have learned that one is seldom criticized for making mistakes. Rather, we feel the heat when we fail to take a step toward B and simply lounge around on A. Inaction is not tolerated.

The burden of change rests on the shoulders of many. UFWOC leaders are instructed not to horde responsibility, but rather to encourage masses to become involved. That is the secret of the grape boycott's success, and that is why the lettuce boycott will build power. Many boycotters are not workers. All of us are responsible for the suffering of the rural poor. It was our votes that kept the workers excluded from protective legislation. We are guilty. Cesar has always emphasized that correction of the wrong is not the sole responsibility of the worker. The worker must strike and lead, but any and everyone who cares is welcomed to join la causa. Perhaps this strategy, more than any other, has served to build that strange, beautiful conglomerate of people who have merged to bring long-denied justice to rural workers. And that is one lesson for all to behold: The liberation of the enslaved, if done for more than mere economic purpose, cannot help but liberate many more of us, whose identity has been categorized with that of the Slavemaster.

36 East First

(Continued from Page 3)

reflections on people attempting to build the new society within the shell of the old throughout the world. She spoke at one of the Friday night meetings, and told us of the hope she saw in the government and the people of Tanzania, in East Africa.

Other speakers were Lauren Surget who is a member of the American Chardin Society. His faith in mankind's future, devoid of racism and nationalism, was also echoed by Ari Salant and Father William Gibbons who spoke at other Friday night meetings.

One feels so much hope after talking with Dorothy and hearing about her experiences around the world, and listening to these speakers and what they are trying to do.

Pat Jordan has left us for a while to study with the Quakers at Pendle Hill. We can only thank him for his fine leadership by example in the house over the past year, and tell him we are anxiously waiting for his return.

Noreen Toth from Minnesota and Paul Quinlan from California have come to live with us. Joar Drilling has come back after being away for the summer. Her and Kathy Schmidt's nursing skills are a big help around the house.

Jesse Carrasco and Eddie Lopez have come from Salinas, California to help organize the lettuce boycott in New York. Their leaving family and friends in California and their presence around the house are constant reminders of Cesar Chavez's definition of a man, "To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us be men."

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Farm With a View

(Continued from page 6)

often more than we can really house properly. Those who wish to visit should write or phone Stanley Vishnewski; the guest master, or Marge Hughes, who might be called the principal coordinator of community affairs, if the Catholic Worker were only title-conscious. Stanley, by the way, is also a printer and a writer; and is at present happily engaged in selling to all comers Dorothy Day's new book *Meditations*, which has an introduction by Stanley himself, and illustrations by Rita Corbin. Rita is very busy—after taking care of her five children—preparing her Christmas cards. Anyone who has ever seen Rita's work knows that her cards are truly original and beautiful. They are advertised, I think, in this issue.

Deep in our woods in the cabin Jim built several years ago, Jim and Erica McMurray are happy with a new interest: little *Came Thomas*, their new son.

Late this afternoon I heard the song of a white-throated sparrow. Not at his spring-time best, but singing nonetheless, a last song perhaps before settling in for the winter. We move toward November, toward the great Feasts of All Saints and All Souls. DEO GRATIAS.

Franciscans

(Continued from page 7)

Impossible within a corrupt institution. Their position is that the institution has lost credibility as a useful empirical agent of the Spirit. They say this because they have ceased to have confidence in the Pope and the hierarchy. So they find themselves at odds with the visible, institutional structures of the Church. Sometimes they don't love it and they leave it and talk about following Christ outside the Church.

Francis and the early Franciscan family faced the same problem: an institutional Church with meaningless structures far removed from the spirit of Christ. Unlike the many poor men in that time who "copped out" and followed Christ outside His Church, Francis and the friars remained within. They were a paradox. They were at the same time traditional and revolutionary. They clung to the tradition but lived it radically.

What is happening at Armitage is probably an infinitesimal factor in the life of the world; but we friars, in association with the Catholic Worker, have found it good to get back to the kenotic tradition. We feel bound to do this, whatever prophetic effect it may have on the Church. Rather than denounce the Church, we prefer to walk in the footsteps of the Servant as best we can, hoping that this tiny example of kenosis may lead others to that tradition. Our conviction is strong that only a Church that is pilgrim and servant can bring the world back to Christ.

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 5)

ness unburdened by preconceived notions.

It is the kind of book that raises the level of your consciousness or calls you back to consciousness by making your mind work. It is the kind of book that makes you wonder if Julian ever met Sartre. It makes you wonder also how the men who support their families by working as prison guards at La Tuna deal with a David Harris who says,

"If it is a world in which people are cared for, we must care; if men are to be free, we must attempt to demonstrate the behavior of free men. Our doing of life is all that makes it possible for anyone else. If we don't do life, it ceases to exist."

WILLIAM JAMES

I am done with great things and big things, great institutions and big success, and I am for those tiny invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, creeping through the crannies of the world like so many rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, yet which, if you give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of man's pride.