

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Sanctuary Part II

(Subverting Social Discipline)

By KARL MEYER

In the February CW, I laid down the details for a universal sanctuary and place of hospitality. Now I wish to discuss the philosophy behind this scheme, the fruit of eleven years of experience in communistic hospitality.

In my blueprint for a universal sanctuary, I have finally declared total and joyful war on "rehabilitation," that supposed end and purpose of social work, which the well-fed and well-clothed have never ceased to recommend to me in these eleven years.

Who are the persecuted and driven people who would take refuge in such a sanctuary as I described? They are wine drinkers, madmen, crazy ones, and the travellers and tramps of our day, young people, hippies, drifters, radical organizers and resistance workers.

The warm, the dry and the well-fed have never ceased to suggest to me that by keeping these misfits hungry, cold and miserable, or, by a subtler strategy, taking them in, feeding them and warming them, but keeping them insecure and facing them with the prospect of being thrown back out into the cold, we could force them into the labor pool at the lowest level of mental servitude to our economic system and keep them there on a permanent and stable basis, and this we could call "rehabilitation."

Of course they have not said it that way in so many words. They have merely suggested that the position of the destitute and our ministry to them gives us the opportunity and the duty to keep upon the destitute a steady and consistent pressure to shape up and adjust themselves to the demands of society, which is the only answer to the problems of existence. Our compassion for the destitute would then become a tool for keeping the demands of society alive among the poor. As war is the extension of diplomacy by other means, hospitality would become the extension of social discipline by other means, and we would be in charge of picking up those who fall by the wayside and getting them back on the treadmill and even putting a rope around their waists, or their necks, and tying them on so that they can go on marching forever, and never fall off again until God takes them unto himself.

I am told that if we provide a free refuge for men who drink large quantities of cheap wine, we only give them the opportunity to waste on wine the money which they would otherwise be forced to spend on food and lodging. If we provide free lodging for the derelict, we merely provide him with an opportunity to malingering and loaf. Certainly it is likewise true that when we pay anyone more than a subsistence wage we only give him the opportunity to waste on wine or any other luxury all income in excess of what is required to meet his most basic needs. You are warm and well-fed, shall we therefore cease to provide for you more than subsistence wages, because you spend the balance to satisfy your own cravings, even in the face of starvation and suffering around the world?

In a sense our social outcasts are rebels against a particular social and economic order, and a particular kind of social discipline. It is a social order based largely on systematic selfishness (as Peter Maurin said), and in many ways it is profoundly irrational and perverse, as is shown by

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Denis Tegetmeier.

Delano: A Steak Dinner or a Plate of Beans?

By MARK DAY, O.F.M.

Helen Chavez looks weary as she finishes off her office work. It is late afternoon. It is still winter. The wife of Cesar Chavez is working in a house converted into the offices of the Farm Workers Credit Union and Service Center. Some field workers patiently wait in the crowded office for the small loans that will carry their families a little further along—perhaps until the rain stops.

Helen leaves the office at five-thirty in order to cook supper for her seven children. Her husband, Cesar, is confined to bed with a serious back condition. Five people are packed into his bedroom-office. Cesar is sitting up. He is engaged in a phone call to Eliseo Medina in Chicago, one of the union's most promising young organizers. Eliseo is reporting that the largest chain stores in the Chicago area have agreed not to handle grapes. There is only one boxcar shipment of grapes in the Windy City, a phenomenal drop from the previous year.

Cesar encourages Eliseo, telling him to continue to seek the help of housewives, students, labor people, church leaders and other activists. He tells him that the Delano growers had to dump a lot of rotten grapes from their cold-storage sheds at a tremendous financial loss. If the early grapes from California's Coachella valley and from Arizona do not find markets this June, the growers will be forced to sign.

Some of them are already asking for exploratory meetings. Things are looking better.

Volunteers Marion Moses and Leroy Chatfield begin to discuss the new health and welfare plan they have just spent months in preparing. The plan embraces nine of the eleven ranches where the union has collective bargaining agreements. For the first time in the history of United States Agriculture, employers will contribute ten cents an hour for each worker into a health and welfare fund. The plan offers everyday family care, doctor's visits, X-Ray, blood, urine and cancer tests. It also offers medicine, maternity benefits, and small hospital cash benefits. Marion and Leroy agree that in addition to its immediate benefits, the plan will be priceless as an organizing tool. With Cesar's help, they outline a weeklong schedule of visits to the farms in order to explain the plan to each ranch committee.

An hour later Cesar's eyes begin to look heavy with fatigue. The meetings had begun at eight in the morning, just after I brought him and Helen the Eucharist. Cesar's brother Richard and Rudy Ahumada leave him about ten o'clock in the evening. They had been outlining plans for a new accounting system for the Service Center.

At ten-thirty, the attorneys for the United Farm Workers Organizing

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God's Coward

By AMMON HENNACY

What with conservative papers calling for more police with loaded guns, and J. Edgar Hoover again expressing his hatred of radicals and his outdated theories about what to do with criminals, and with many of the recent opponents of the war in Vietnam taking the violent instead of the non-violent stand, it is time that these matters were thought through again. That is, if people can think when they are excited.

One student read my article in the October CW and signed himself as my follower. Another sent me a letter which said, in part:

You god damn radical. When you fast this year for 29 days I hope you drop dead and go to hell . . . If the whole thing was up to me the CW would not be in the U.S. And when I turn 18 I am going to enlist and join the marines. I will go to Vietnam and protect my country. "My country always right."

Since there was no return address, I was not able to answer this young patriot, but if by any chance he sees this issue of the CW, I write to him as follows:

Dear Young Man:

When I was much younger than you are, at the age of five, I cried because I was not old enough to go to the Spanish-American War. I lived in the coal-mining district of southeastern Ohio. We had a coal mine on our large farm and were not poor.

If your teacher had denounced the CW and told you not to read it, instead of handing it out in class, perhaps you would have read it and become converted to Christ's message. But it seems you will have to learn the hard way. When my Baptist pastor told me not to read the Socialist paper *Appeal to Reason*, I read it and soon became an atheist and socialist. I became secretary of the Socialist Party in the town where my father was the Democratic mayor. Most of the members of the S.P. local were coal miners. As I saw their stooped backs and hands gnarled from the rheumatism incidental to their occupation and listened to their accounts of mine explosions and learned that the owners were more concerned about the deaths of mules than the deaths of miners, I realized that our American Revolution had been fought not only to allow Boston merchants to have tax-free tea but to enable workers to be treated like men and not animals.

If you get to college and study American history before going to Vietnam (and I hope the war ends before you are eighteen), you may learn about John Woolman, the hunchback who shamed the Quakers into giving up ownership and transportation of slaves before the American Revolution. About Tom Paine, who fought for freedom in this country, England, and France. You will of course learn about the great Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence we commemorate on the Fourth of July. You may learn of Henry David Thoreau, who lived in Concord, Massachusetts, and valued the sparrow alight on his shoulder more than any military decoration. Of William Lloyd Garrison, who was the driving force in the agitation to free the slaves. These are real Americans, whose Americanism was shown by their concern for the oppressed. They saw that their real foes were not those far away, but those close to home, whom it took more courage to oppose.

Perhaps you will even find my autobiography in your library, the *Book of*

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SPRING APPEAL

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality
36 East First Street
New York City 10003

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

It is a good month to send out our semi-annual appeal. The Incarnation is the most important feast in March. There was a sick seminarian who stayed with us for several years, and when this feast came around he used to go out from our little chapel at Maryfarm on that day and kneel down and kiss the earth. He said that since Christ the son of God took on our human flesh (dust we are and to dust we will return) it was fitting that he should kiss the earth which Jesus had made holy for all time for us. I have done it many times since when I have been in the country and the snow and ice were gone, but this month I am in the city, and the street we live on is filled with broken glass, garbage, and the remains of the snow from the two bad storms we had in February. It is still cold. I will look up to heaven, from which comes my help, and see the pigeons wheeling in flight, and perhaps pick up a few pigeon feathers from the sidewalk, watch for buds on the alanthus trees down the block and admire and rejoice in the few twigs for forsythia on the windowsill which are showing the yellow of the flowers already. Christ is still with us in the world and also in the hope which the sight of flowers brings.

Last year when we sent out the March appeal we were still in our cold apartments, women and some men on Kenmare Street, and more men on Spring Street, and Millie too in her little room; and office, mailing rooms, clothes rooms, kitchen and dining and meeting rooms on Chrystie Street. In many ways we were most miserable for years, with cold, stopped-up plumbing either from aged pipes or freezing weather and the smell of cold damp dirty halls.

Hatty died in one of these gloomy apartments and Scotch Mary was taken away to the hospital with a broken hip from falling on the ice when she was picking her way over to Kenmare Street, almost five blocks away. The older men did not get the care they needed and lived in disorder. How did we stand it for so long? God knows. Now we are crowded but cozy, as one of the children on Mott Street said to us once. He was glad when two of his brothers went away to war because now there were only two in a bed instead of four or five!

Now we are together again and Oh the feeling of warmth in our rebuilt tenement; although mud and snow are tracked in with the soup line each morning (there are hundreds in and out each day) the place is easy to keep clean. We are a community of young and old, with very few middle-aged in between. It is a happy thing that we have so many young ones in the house over the winter as well as during vacation times. They swarm in and out and some of them stay, and if they hitchhike to attend trials of some of their number in Oklahoma or Chicago who are resisting the draft (not dodging it), they come back and put their shoulders to the wheel again. The wheel is cooking and serving meals and taking old men up to bed, changing their clothes, giving them their haircuts, etc.

Smoky Joe has been around the longest of any of the men in the house and we have a very special relationship. He sits behind a table taking care of the new subscriptions which come in daily. Our special relationship stems from the fact that he was in the marines at Nicaragua when they were there pursuing General Sandino through the hills. (We are still debating what land to procure for another canal like that in Panama.) He was in the marines and I was doing the publicity job for the Anti-Imperialist League. He has worked these many years now with a group dedicated to non-violence, to voluntary poverty, so that there is more to share. Ours is a functional society rather than a hierarchical one; I was going to say rather than an acquisitive one, but upon reading Trollope's *The Warden* this month I realize how acquisitive we each of us are, not only of clothes and books, radios for concerts, but of time and loving kindness.

We must do better. We are beggars for the poor who come to us, and if we are poor, for ourselves, too. So we're asking you again to come to our aid and the gratitude we feel towards you warms our hearts and your comforting helps us to comfort others, and all our readers too.

With love and gratitude,
DOROTHY DAY

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

We went to press last month on February 20th. This month we are going to press on March 26th. When our readers will get their papers is another question. We are what one might call a home industry; sometimes the mailing room is full of workers and sometimes the work of mailing out the paper drags along interminably, it seems. We have many volunteers and many young people coming in to help, but there are also the wounded in mind and body, who seem to be constantly increasing in number. Fear and violence grow in the neighborhood (and even at the farm) and our St. Joseph's house seems an oasis of peace and quiet. But sometimes the more people there are, the less work gets done on the paper, perhaps just because it is "paper work" and our young ones wish to be dealing with human beings and not with paper. I make this involved justification for our delays, because I realize that our readers are living beings too; they write in and ask why the delays. Our paper is a vital communication with them. The most complimentary letters we get are from far distant parts, Australia and South America, where readers tell me that they do not mind getting the March paper in May, since we are discussing eternal truths in the light of history, past and present, and not reporting spot news.

So I call attention to the fact that from now on we will publish nine times a year instead of eleven. There will be a March-April, a July-August and an October-November issue, and some issues will be twelve pages instead of eight.

Friday Night Meetings

We have had some memorable meetings lately for some time now. Our first Friday meetings have been PAX meetings, which used to be held in the upper room of the Paraclete Book Shop on East 74th Street. The last one was about Martin Buber, and the speaker was Natalie Barton, a Sister of the Ladies of Zion. She had spent the last six years in writing her dissertation on this great and controversial figure. She spoke of the I-thou relationship and said that to love takes all our creativity. Martin Buber has written of the time when he spent the morning in prayer and, filled with the joy of it, responded inadequately to a young man who visited him. His visitor afterwards committed suicide and Buber realized that he had been too full of himself and too little open to the other. There had been too little creativeness in this encounter, the creativeness which takes every ounce of one's spiritual energy and which is so intense that it cannot be sustained for more than a twenty-minute period, but which is so fruitful that there grows after that, between the I and the Thou a pool of living "water" from which one can draw strength. I am sure my explanation, my understanding of what she said, is most inadequate, but the point is so important that one must try to voice it.

I felt this most intensely because a similar incident once occurred in our lives. Many years ago a young man came to us for the summer to help us at Maryfarm, Newburgh. He had left the seminary and, though he did not seem morose, he was silent and it was hard to get close to him. It is hard to talk to silent people. One begins to feel garrulous rather than communicative. At any rate, we all failed him, and there are always so many of us around, priest, seminarian, layman, worker, scholar. There were so many talking about all the things that interested them, all the latest news, the latest theology, philosophy, Biblical scholarship; not to speak of all the theories in the economic, educational, and psychological fields. A few months later after he had left us someone saw a brief report in the *Daily News* of the suicide of this same young man. How great his depression must have been that summer, and how little we knew of him!

My notes of Sister Natalie's talk as I read them over are not anything I can transcribe here. After all, I did not spend six years over a seven-hun-

dred-page thesis! But how grateful we should be for such scholarship.

Another most interesting talk last Friday was given by Nell and Deirdre Hunter, who will spend Sunday, April 20 with us at Tivoli, speaking at our regular third-Sunday-of-the-month afternoon meeting there. They are two beautiful young people who have spent the last two years in Peking, teaching English. They are Australian and while visiting London they had run an advertisement in an English newspaper asking for teachers in Peking. They were accepted and went first to Shanghai and then to Peking, living there during the Cultural Revolution. When they returned they taught at the Institute of Chinese Studies at Berkeley. They are pacifists and Catholics and intend, I hope, to lecture around the United States before returning to Australia. They have written a book, published by Frederick Praeger. I recommend it highly. But you will have to order it from your local bookstore, as it seems that most of the books which we consider important are hard to get. One can go to a dozen bookstores for *A Penny a Copy*, the Catholic Worker reader published by Macmillan, and not find a copy. It has to be ordered, which takes some weeks.

The Hunters showed slides and told us of the communes, which are sometimes made up of as many as thirty villages. Each house has land around it, food and vegetables are cultivated, and there may be a few animals. I saw the same pattern in Cuba on one of the collective farms. Agriculture and small industry go on in the villages so that in time of massive war guerilla warfare can be carried on. When cities are bombed out, people can endure. This decentralization of the people has made the Vietnam war drag on, as it will indefinitely (so it is predicted now) unless some progress is made in the peace talks.

As for religion, the Taoists, far more than the Buddhists or Christians, have been able to cooperate with the social aims of the new China. On one of the Hunters' walking trips they visited a mountain inhabited by hermits, and they showed slides of one mountain with three monasteries inhabited by Taoist monks. The home has not been done away with, and in some places one will find four generations under one roof. Grandmothers have their place of honor in the home and care for the children, as they do in the Puerto Rican families in New York.

The cultural revolution they described as a tremendous pilgrimage on the part of the young all over China. They brought out the fact that a new generation has grown up who have never known the misery of the old China and who did not go through the stirring days of the Great March, of the schooling in the caves. The cultural revolution took the place of all that, and it was a revolution of education, of slogans, of the pen rather than the sword. (Of course there was some violence, but never the kind of violence depicted by our press.) The Hunters showed slides of the walls covered with propaganda; when there were no walls to cover, frames were set up in the streets and lanes of villages, with tremendous sheets of writing and propaganda. The beautiful script was often illustrated by pictures, one of which showed a peasant brandishing a pen as large as a sword from which dangled three bureaucrats. These represented the Maoists, who were defending the teachings of Mao against the attacks of the bureaucrats.

The accusation was that the educational system was still for the sons and daughters of those who had been rich, and that too much emphasis was being put on life in the big cities, too much dependence on big industry in the face of danger threatened by Soviet Russia on the one hand and the United States on the other. The peasants, in other words, were being neglected, and the cultural revolution was being waged to bring the emphasis back to the land, the source of all our life.

At the annual meeting of PAX, the peace group of which I have been a

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36 East First

By PATRICK MAY

The Ides of March be advised to next year make more wind and merry, and nevermore entail the unfolding of such tragic and harrowing events as it this year did occasion. In addition to the nefarious bands of rowdy characters which populate every street in the Lower East Side of New York, First Street has witnessed the ominous visitation upon its environs of a near dozen members of what was euphemistically described as a wheel-less group of motorcycle toughs. This dubious clique (which was, coincidentally, engaged in violent rivalry with their counterparts on Third Street) was attracted to this block by the now dispersed colony of artists, students, and less distinctly employed youth residing in two bordering apartment buildings to the east of the Worker. Their arrival was greeted with the merest of sympathy by the settled occupants, many anticipated trouble, but since the caretaker of the structure seemed little concerned and allowed them occupancy of several units the residents tolerated their presence. For a time the group lived in said building without causing major disturbance, but somewhat over a week ago the premonitions sensed by our neighbors and some of the CW staff proved of substance. Sometime in these past dark hours a number of rival cycle-men invaded the domain of the First Street gang and attempted extermination of the entire coterie there encamped. After a dramatic enactment of their vengeful fury, involving the brandishment of bludgeon, dagger and pistol (a scene most familiar to viewers of American television), the invaders then herded their captives into a small room, bound and trussed them and left the terrified victims to be swallowed, and, we presume, defeated, by the fires set upon exit.

Fortunately, residents of the smoking building and interested passersby were able to raise frantic alarm throughout the halls and see all the occupants to safety on the streets below. Had they not, there certainly would have been injury in the blaze, for the intended victims, who were most aware of the danger, had already managed escape from a fiery death and had not bothered to warn their neighbors on the way out.

Not content with what turned out to be a mere act of terror and destruction, the Third Street party returned to the damaged building late in the following evening with a prisoner taken from the rival forces and this time successfully played out their murderous intentions. A living person was tortured, and burned to death in one of the upper apartments in the same flat—the grisly, stupefying details, and sensational story are on public display in the local newspapers. Many of the gang members have been arrested, the rest have left the city, and the two buildings east of the Worker are now all but deserted. Such are the works of war and violence in the streets of America, that nation which succeeds above all other states in history in projecting, on a global scale, its face of black death upon the human community.

Frail Become Sick

This month has seen many CW people in and out of hospitals; some are destined to remain there for some time. One notable case of patient-making involves the ever afflicted Frances Furpiece, who at last has been taken in by a hospital. In January of this year, during one of her almost daily clinical visits (a plague, they say) to French Hospital on the West Side, Frances was not only informed that she had the ulcerous green and golden sores on her "bad leg" to rant about but had recently developed an active case of tuberculosis. If the import of their words was recognized as true and urgent it was not clear to us, for three months she eluded the medical authorities and brushed aside the prodding advice and sympathy received from Worker friends. Only a good-intentioned ultimatum from the CW staff inspired Frances to surrender to medicine. Gratefully, Nicole Ketchum and myself accompanied her to French, and soon were made to feel as if they did not want her, which was true. French Hos-

pital could not admit her since they had not the facilities to treat tuberculosis patients. But Frances was determined to be allowed in the hospital of her irrational choice and promptly filled the placid halls of the elegant lazaret with banshee shrieks of real and fancied pain and horror. At length, after a valiant though bankrupt struggle to find room elsewhere for the moaning, thrashing figure sprawled piteously across waiting room chairs, the admissions office summoned the cops to remove Frances to the only institution which could receive her at that late hour, St. Vincent's Hospital.

The remainder of the story is sad and simple, including heartless teasing of the quaking Frances by insensitive police who rushed her in an emergency van to the hospital, thrice carelessly and rashly allowing the rear doors to fly open—doors which were finally secured by Nicole, who rode with Frances to St. Vincent's in the rollicking vehicle. Finally, we hear that Furpiece, whom all here shall miss and visit, has been transferred to a hospital for tubercular patients deep in the Bronx.

Even Missouri Marie, who for years has resisted medical care, preferring to let her own deep faith comfort her in the pain that she stoically endures, has seen the hospital gloom. Dorothy Day, who recently sustained a minor but suspect bruise to her hand in a fall to the floor of an abruptly halted city bus, invited Marie to accompany her to Beth Israel Hospital. The trip proved to be a bitter experience for Marie, who was made to wait long hours for the attention of the doctors, then briskly wheeled from examining to X-ray room while clad in a thin gown which could hardly shield one from the chill pervading the corridors. Little was done about the condition of Marie's painfully swollen legs, though she intends to return later in April with Dorothy. Others from the house have sought attention for various maladies at the crowded city hospitals and have been rejected though their complaints were valid (especially the battered men of the Bowery), given mere aspirin instead of meaningful care, and thus in their unalleviated conditions testify that the centralized medical facilities serving most major cities are a grossly inadequate system in a human urban setting.

The extent and breadth of welfare agency control of human life in New York City can be expressed in colossal statistical measurements, that I do not intend to state or discuss (for I cannot validly do so). I wish, rather, to describe a not singular example of how a welfare agency can drastically fail to provide for one of the many old and sick on their rolls whom they falsely purport to aid and support. Luigi di Donato burst into First Street and spread his hulking, crippled form over fully half of one of several benches lining the soupkitchen walls; simultaneously releasing, with his frothy rhetoric and weaving hands, the woeful tale and need he brought to us late that evening. The barely decipherable story obtained from the frenetic Luigi concerned his friend and neighbor of thirty years who lived just above Luigi's minuscule dwelling on Elridge Street, near the Worker. His friend, Andre, had been on the dole since he suffered partial paralysis in an accident on the job he held during the Depression. Andre, due to his disability, was unable to find work through any agency or person consulted, though he tried for many years. He requested aid from the government which would have allowed him and his wife (both of whom immigrated from Sicily around 1900) to move from their cramped East Side apartment to better quarters elsewhere in the city; this plea also failed. Some twelve years ago, his wife died, leaving him alone but for the few close friends Andre then had. Other details of his life, which would make colorful fable (according to the voluble Luigi, who so vividly recalls Andre's bathtub gin) are not for public review. In the past few years, we are told, Andre grew increasingly senile, prone to bone-breaking stairway tumbles, minor absent-minded arson and the like, and thus spent months in hospitals. Over the

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is Monday of Passion Week. The sky is overcast, dark-draped for the last act of the Lenten drama. The air is heavy with the unshed tears of rain. But not too far away a cardinal and a song sparrow sing a brief melodic prelude to the great birdsong festival which will soon hymn the glory of Easter and of Spring. The melted snow, streaming from field and wooded slope, pours down our ravine and little brook in a small cascade of aqueous music. The sheath of ice that hid the waters of the Hudson from view all winter long, has vanished now; and those who watch may see the waters of that river (which the Indians called "the river that flows both ways") flowing up and down in accordance with the ancient and powerful momentum of the tides.

Here at the farm most of us welcome Spring gladly as a release from prison, dreaming of warm sun to tonic winter-torpid blood. Yet we know that Spring comes slowly here, that April—in Eliot's too-often quoted line—"is the cruelest month," that the green and butterfly splendors of May come encased in the hard cocoon of problems, and there is agony in the breaking.

John Filligar and Reginald Highhill think of the problems of gardening and of all the mischances that can befall between the planting of the seed and the harvesting of the vegetable. John, who has been our farmer for so many years, but is no longer young and has a heart condition, is worrying, I think, about the multiple roles he is usually expected to play during the Spring and Summer months. John is certainly in need of a good helper for the farming and grass cutting; but most of all, I think, he needs someone to take over the job of operating the swimming pool, which means preparing the pool for operation and continuing to keep it going during the months of use.

We have need for help in other areas, too, particularly housekeeping and cooking. We have so many visitors during the summer that work is very heavy indeed. Most of us who live here permanently are older or handicapped, or are involved with as much responsibility as we can cope with. Many young people come throughout the year and give us much help, but most of them stay for short periods only. Therefore I hope that if there are among our readers any who feel strong and capable enough to undertake volunteer work among us, they will keep us in mind, come early, and stay at least through the summer. There is, of course, no money involved, but truly dedicated work is often its own reward. God will, I think, bless those who freely give of themselves.

Another area in which we need help is that of a good dependable car for general use here at the Farm. For some time we have tried to get along with the use of an ancient decrepit Volkswagen belonging to Dorothy Day or with a somewhat younger but not much more dependable Volkswagen belonging to Tommy Hughes. Both cars have, of course, at times been needed to convey their owners elsewhere. Moreover, one or the other of these small cars—they are really too small for farm use—is almost always in the garage for repairs. Since we live several miles from shopping centers, bus and train stations, we can hardly get along without a car. If any of our readers has—or knows a generous person who has—an expendable but dependable car which he could consider giving to the Catholic Worker Farm, we shall all be deeply grateful. For the truth is, that if we do not come by a good workable car soon, we shall be without any means of transportation.

Two young women who are doing volunteer work with us at present exemplify, I think, the kind of help we like to receive and often do receive. These two—Jeanette Schneider and Paulette Curran—have come to the Catholic Worker after experiencing some disillusionment with work experience in more conventional fields. Paulette, who is a teacher at the high-school level in the New York City public school system, spent a while with us last summer. After the school strike and the chaotic conditions consequently prevailing in the school where she

taught, Paulette decided to leave teaching and spend some time with the Catholic Worker. Paulette has also visited other Catholic Worker groups, and took part one night last August in the huge demonstration against the machine-throttled Democratic convention. Jeanette not too long ago was studying to be a dress designer and working in offices to help pay her expenses. Not satisfied with this kind of life, Jeanette spent a few weeks working with PACE among the very poor of Kentucky.

Although we are grateful for the help of Jeannette and Paulette, we are truly sorry to lose the help—and the presence—of Kay Lynch. Kay has again had to return to her family, and this time expects to move with them to Texas.

We have continued to have many comings and goings, many visitors, especially on Laetare Sunday, our third-Sunday-of-the-month discussion afternoon. Several priests, rabbis, nuns, an Indian from an ashram in India, and many of our friends and neighbors attended. Joe Geraci showed a film about the life of Gandhi. Dorothy Day read a number of quotations from Gandhi, which Thomas Merton had assembled to show that Gandhi on a number of occasions emphasized that violent action for good would be preferable to a kind of neutral passivity. The discussion that followed was lively and animated. Gandhi was in fact so dynamic, so fully dedicated a person that he evokes a strong reaction, either for or against. Both pro and con opinions were somewhat heatedly expressed at our meeting. As for me, I think of Gandhi, as of Martin Luther King, as a saint of the modern world.

On the third Sunday of April we shall hold another coffee-discussion meeting in our living room. These discussions take place more or less between two and four o'clock. The April meeting will be devoted to China. Two young people who spoke on this subject recently at our First Street house will speak to us before the discussion begins. Well qualified to talk on the subject, these young people, Nell and Deirdre Hunter, are Australian and have taught school in Peking. Any readers living near enough are cordially invited to attend.

Other visitors whom we have particularly enjoyed include: Joe and Audrey Monroe, Pat Rusk, Steve Bolt, Mary-Kae Josh, Fathers Jack English and Edward Wetterer, and Joan Welch. As always, there are those whom we miss. Dorothy Day has gone to visit her daughter, Tamar Hennessy, in Vermont and to see her first grandchild. Helene Iswolsky, who helped so much with our third Sunday discussion, has gone into the city again.

Although we do not have the kind of help we need to accomplish some of the more difficult tasks—such as preparing Peter Maurin House and the old mansion for summer occupancy—our communal life goes on, and much routine work gets done in kitchen, dining room, office, etc. Some who help are: Hans Tunesen, Mike Sullivan, Alice Lawrence, John Filligar, Jeanette and Paulette, Jim Canavan, Placid Decker, Tom Hughes, Joe Geraci, Marty and Rita Corbin, Marge Hughes, Emily Coleman, Stanley Vishnewski.

Father Leandre Plante continues to be the most helpful member of our community. We owe him an incalculable debt of gratitude for all the Masses he has said for us, and for his quiet courteous acceptance of some of the more difficult situations which result from having several serious alcoholics and mentally disturbed persons living in the community.

As irreplaceable as Spring, Peggy Conkling, who has spent so much time in the hospital during the past year, took up her cane and set out for a short walk in the front yard to see what Spring had brought forth.

It is Monday night of Passion Week. The rain that was heavy in the air earlier in the day, falls softly, seeking the roots of grass, the roots of trees, nourishing the upward-flowing sap, breeding the greening leaf of grass. The rain weeps for Good Friday. The rain sings *alleluia* for Easter morning. Christ is risen.

A TIME FOR PRUNING

By JOHN J. HUGO

(Continued from last month)

The divine Vinedresser, seeing the fruitful branches, does not merely look on them complacently, is not content with caressing them, does not pamper them. Those closest to Him have always suffered most. On them also He uses the apparently cruel blade of the pruning knife, to cultivate in them everlasting life.

If we think of pruning shears, one blade may stand for personal voluntary renunciations, and this is the lesser part, the shorter blade; the other comprises all the trials and vicissitudes sent by God and received by the just in a spirit of faith and love; this is the blade that cuts deeply, to the limits of human endurance: "It can slip through the place where the soul is divided from the spirit, or the joints from the marrow." (Heb 4:12)

Again, without schematizing these texts too rigidly, we may broadly consider the sowing as describing especially the active phase of renunciation, as it is undertaken (under grace) by one's own will. The pruning will then refer in the first instance to the passive phase, as one is detached from created goods by the knife of the divine Husbandman. Of course, throughout the Christian life divine initiative and human response are inextricably mixed.

We here penetrate again as far as faith can lead us to the purposes of God's providential action. We can realize why, despite all the evil, all the pain, "for those who love God all things work together unto good for those who according to His purpose are saints through His call." (Rm 8:28)

But in spite of all such assurances, we still hear from the devout when in distress: "Why does God do this to me? What have I done to deserve such punishment? I have always tried to serve Him, and now I am rejected." When people speak in this way, they seem to lack even the limited vision of Job. Their thinking is closer to that of Job's comforters, which is so deeply ingrained in the mind of the natural man: sufferings, he thinks, are used by God only to punish evil, and those under trial are guilty.

No, their suffering is not a punishment; it is sent that they may bear more fruit, that they may be completely renewed and metamorphosed into a "new creation," and so be "like to Him." We come again in fact to the law of life-through-death which we have studied in the grain of wheat. Only we view it now from a slightly different and broader perspective. The same pruning knife that cuts off useless branches gives fuller life to the living. And it seems to kill precisely as it gives life.

In this context, too, the law is known by experience rather than by logic. How long it took our ancestors to discover it! It is not really logical. An inexperienced gardener would never use it. He would rather pet and cherish the flowering and fruitful plants. But there it is: life through death. Through death He Who is life became the life of the world: "And all that came to be had life in Him . . ." (Jn 1:3) And He applies the same law to His followers; through death by the pruning knife they will share in His life. The cross like the pruning knife was apparently a cruel and foolish instrument; yet it secured for us redemption and life. We are to carry—and feel—the same instrument. "Take up your cross and follow me!" (Lk 9:23) "The disciple is not above his Master." (Mt 10:24) The disciple must likewise accept the "foolishness" of the cross "that he may be wise." (I Co 3:16)

"For the Sake of Joy . . ."

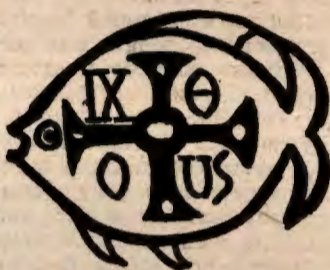
But the just are caught between both blades of the pruning knife, between that which punishes and that which increases life and fruitfulness. For the just are also sinners and cannot be wholly exempt from the poenal blade of the knife. "All have sinned and have need of the glory of God." (Rm 3:23) All inherit the primal guilt of mankind, and all are drawn invariably by the consequences of this

guilt to personal sins. Even the just are told to say, "Pray for us sinners." "For though the virtuous man falls seven times, he stands up again." (Pr 24:16)

For the just man too, therefore, the pruning knife may be used in punishment that is drawn into the higher purpose of purification. "The path of the virtuous is like the light of dawn, its brightness growing to the fullness of day." (Pr 4:18) St. Thomas observes that while the works of the just, as a consequence of sin, have a poenal character, in their case it becomes medicinal. (Summa Theologica, I II, 87, 7) Job illustrates this purifying action of God on the just.

There are other examples in the Old Testament. Tobias was acceptable to God, yet he was blinded by a stupid accident and his useful career interrupted. Judith encouraged her people in affliction, recalling how the saints of old had been tried.

Let us rather give thanks to the Lord our God Who, as He tested our ancestors, is now testing us. Remember how He treated Abraham,



all the ordeals of Isaac, all that happened to Jacob in Syria Mesopotamia while he kept the sheep of Laban, his mother's brother. For as these ordeals were intended by Him to search their hearts, so now this is not a vengeance God exacts against us, but a warning inflicted by the Lord on those who are near His heart. (Jdt 8:25-27)

The purpose of purification in affliction is described by Ecclesiasticus with a graphic example that will turn up again in the New Testament.

My son, if you aspire to serve the Lord prepare yourself for an ordeal.

Be sincere of heart, be steadfast, and do not be alarmed when disaster comes.

Cling to Him and do not leave Him, so that you may be honored at the end of your days.

Whatever happens to you, accept it, and in the uncertainties of your humble state, be patient, since gold is tested in the fire, and chosen men in the furnace of humiliation. (Si 2:1f)

In the New Testament, St. Peter repeats this lesson, again comparing the just man to gold in which the dross is refined away by fire:

This is a cause of great joy for you, even though you may for a short time have to bear being plagued by all sorts of trials; so that, when Jesus Christ is revealed, your faith will have been tested and proved like gold—only it is more precious than gold which is corruptible even though it bears testing by fire—and then you will have praise and glory and honor. (I P 1:6)

The Letter to the Hebrews has already been cited (1, 3) to show that God's motive in sending trials is His transforming love. This letter also provides the most complete and explicit treatment, comprising most of Chapter twelve, of His medicinal or purifying intent. The author, like Judith, having encouraged the faithful by recalling the trials of Old Testament saints, concludes:

With so many witnesses in a great cloud on every side of us, we too, then, should throw off everything that hinders us, especially the sin that clings so easily, and keep running steadily in the race we have started. Let us not lose sight of Jesus, Who leads us in our faith and brings it to perfection: for the sake of the joy, which was still in the future, He endured the cross . . . In the fight against sin, you have not yet had to keep fighting to the point of death.

Have you forgotten that encouraging text in which you are addressed as sons? "My son, when the Lord corrects you, do not treat it lightly; but do not get discouraged when He reprimands you. For the Lord trains the ones He loves and He punishes all those that He acknowledges as His sons." . . . God is treating you as His sons. Has there ever been any son whose father did not train him?

The father, seeing undesirable traits in his son—whom he loves—corrects him to remove those flaws. So also God treats His "sons," to remove the faults marring the holiness befitting them. So much so that, "If you were not getting this training, as all of you are, then you would not be sons but bastards." And the reason: "Our human fathers were thinking of this short life when they punished us, and could only do what they thought best; but He does it all for our good, so that we may share in His own holiness."

The transformation intended by God cannot be other than a shattering experience for the "old man" as he becomes new: the old man, in shriveled confinement within his own excellence, with his proneness to vanity, sensuality, selfishness, indeed to all the deadly sins and to the false goods to which they deceptively lure him. This is the man destined to be a son of God, called to be perfect as the Father is perfect, to become "like Him," to share in His holiness. No metamorphoses in nature, remarkable as they are, can be compared to this.

Penance and "Dying"

For the just man, also because he is at the same time a sinner, there is a need to do penance, expressing sorrow for offenses. In virtue of the love uniting him to others, his penance will extend also to their falls: "It makes me happy to suffer for you, as I am suffering now, and in My own body to make up all that has still to be undergone by Christ, for the sake of His body, the Church." (Col 1:24). This penance, necessary because of sin and intensified in painfulness through the effects of sin, retains, accordingly, something of the character of punishment; but it is transformed by the love that habitually animates the works of the just.

Penance, thus carried out in union with the atonement of Jesus, seeks, as it were, to undo evil and invert sin. It therefore requires a lifting of the heart above all the goods of the human order, in order to achieve an acceptance of these goods within the transforming power of divine love. Although strictly speaking we cannot do penance for original sin, since it is not personal, nevertheless, through penance we, at it were, strain to reverse radically and repair man's unhappy primal choice, returning to our origin in God by joining the new Adam in conforming to the divine will and opening ourselves to the invasion of God's love. Indeed, if penance expresses itself outwardly in deeds, by a renunciation of those goods whose lure had drawn us away from God, it is first of all an inward conversion, a metanoia, a turning about. "Rend your hearts and not your garments!" was the message of Joel (2:12), to be later enshrined by the Church in her Ash Wednesday liturgy. The conversion is a turning back to God, from Whom one has turned away in sin.

As a consequence of the first turning from God, all our works, including those positively oriented, i.e., to life and love, and not intended as acts of penance, nevertheless bear a certain character, which is experienced in the difficulty of accomplishing good: The soil "shall yield you brambles and thistles . . . With sweat on your brows shall you eat your bread . . ." (Gn 3:18). These penalties, attendant on all our works, give added poignancy to the bending of our wills back to our origin, that is, to that Godward orientation desired of man from the beginning.

To understand fully the meaning of penance, we must also keep in mind that personal moral offenses are in the end, for the Christian, not merely violations of the order of reason, but also and first of all infidelities against love. The Old Testament had already made

this clear. The Israelites in their sins were "adulterers," straying from God after "strange lovers." Hosea's harlot wife stands forever as a living symbol of the infidelities of God's people. St. James takes up the theme in the New Testament: "You are as unfaithful as adulterous wives; don't you realize that making the world your friend is making God your enemy? Anyone who chooses the world for his friend turns himself into God's enemy." (4:4). St. Thomas will contain this thought in a definition of sin that discloses its pathology: a turning to created goods that turns one from God. Not that created goods are evil: this, since they come from God, is impossible. An adulterer is tempted by beauty, not by ugliness.

So God's creatures, because of man's tendency to enclose himself within his own order, have a power to bewitch us and draw us away from God and their rightful use within the kingdom of God's love: "The woman saw that the tree was good to eat and pleasing to the eye, and that it was desirable for the knowledge that it could give." (Gn 3:6). Now, especially, members of a sinful race, we tend to love created goods—if we may here properly use the word "love"—in a manner egotistical, selfish, sensual. So deeply ingrained are these faults in us that, to change this crass love by learning to love created goods as we should "in Christ Jesus," within the compass of God's love, involves for us difficulty, pain and "dying."

Here too, then, the practice of penance is a reversal, a turning away from created goods insofar as they have drawn us away from God, a turning to God in love and to all other things within that love. By penance we strive to wrench ourselves free of gross possessiveness. We seek to return to the point where we may see the goods of creation in perspective, from where we should have seen them in the first place, in relation to God; and then to embrace them within His love according to His plan of salvation.

The chief concern of this essay is not with the problem of evil or the duty of penance. Quite the contrary. It has been our purpose to study the Christian life as just that: a life-principle governed by the laws of life and growth. The outlook which reduces Christian morality to an avoidance of sin and derives all moral obligations from sin—a sin mentality—is in fact an impoverishment and deformation of Christian teaching. To gain a correct perspective, we have reserved and reduced consideration of penance to these few paragraphs as we near the end of our study. At the same time, it is of course necessary to take cognizance of sin and its effects in man's present fallen state. The analogy of the grain of wheat makes it possible to isolate—or abstract—the essential development of the Christian life according to the fundamental law of life-through-death. The pruning knife, also, in its function of causing vital increase and fruitfulness, reveals and underlines this same law. Because the pruning knife is used also to cut off fruitless branches, this analogy also takes into account man's actual condition of sin. Thus it enables us to see comprehensively all the purposes divinely intended by that "dying" which is a constant, daily, and inescapable part of human living.

The distinction of several purposes in the dying that leads to resurrection does not mean that the purposes are isolated and distributed in different actions and responses. The Christian in one and the same act, and in all his actions, is tested in faith and purified, does penance, bears fruit, and advances in the transformation effected in the life of grace (although he may stress in his own intentions one or the other of these purposes). We must, in fact, take man's existence concretely, as it is. The Scriptures do this. Hence the importance of the analogies of the wheat grain and the pruning knife: only in them is the distinction clearly marked and the fundamental law of growth fully revealed.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

A PASSION FOR SICILIANS: The World Around Danilo Dolci by Jerre Mangione (William Morrow, \$7.95). Reviewed by JOSEPH GERACI

Danilo Dolci was dubbed by a French journalist the "Gandhi of Sicily" and has, for the past fifteen years, been attracting attention as one of the world's leading social reformers and nonviolent activists. His methods and thought should by now have attracted much attention in America, where the need for both grass-roots planning ("pianificazione") and small local attempts at redevelopment is widely apparent. Yet, the literature in America on or by Dolci is indeed sparse. Only two of his books are in print in America: *Waste and A New World in the Making*, both published by Monthly Review Press.

Who is Dolci? This is a question Mangione's excellent and comprehensive book sets out to answer. The author spent the early months of 1965 visiting Sicily on a Fulbright fellowship; most of his time was spent with Dolci in Partinico. Mangione's book is a faithful record of those months. Part journal, part travel diary, part narrative, the whole carefully and honestly written, it sets out objectively not only the author's perceptions of Sicily and Dolci but the evaluation of Dolci by his supporters and opponents.

What comes out of this record is often surprising. We find, for example, that Dolci is not only not Sicilian, he is barely Italian. "His Italian father had German and Italian parents; his Slav mother had parents who were German and Slav. This makes him half German, one quarter Slav and one quarter Italian." (Indeed, the town of Sesana, where he was born on June 29, 1924, is now part of Yugoslavia.) He began his intellectual life reading not the literature of rebellion and revolution but the classics, including the Koran, the Bhagavad Gita, the works of Confucianism and Taoism. He had never read Thoreau and read Gandhi only after journalists began to refer to him as the "Gandhi of Sicily." His first published book was a book of poetry. He studied architecture for four years in Milan but did not take a degree, stopping short a few weeks before graduation.

The facts of Dolci's background, his classical education, his conventional upbringing, give rise to the question of the origin of Dolci's social consciousness. Somewhere along the way his conscience must have tuned in on the problems of society, moving him towards nonviolence and social reform. It would be intriguing to trace this development closely. Why does Dolci, barely Italian, take up the redevelopment of western Sicily as his own cause? What motivates him? Where does he get his inspiration?

Fortunately, Mangione's book help us to answer these questions. Devoting two hours a day to the author (certainly a testimony to Mangione), Dolci related the basic facts of his autobiography, so we can trace with some confidence the development of his thought by means of his own comments on his own life.

In recalling the period of his life immediately following his decision to drop out of architectural school, Dolci says:

I had spent a year examining nature closely, trying to understand its meaning, and trying at the same time to correlate my observations and my thoughts with my reading. And I saw that the life I would lead as an architect would have little or no relationship with what I felt and thought. For by now I had become convinced that all men are brothers.

Nature as teacher and the brotherhood of man are two constantly recurring motifs in Dolci's thought. Standing on a hilltop overlooking the Belice River Valley, the area of his work, he suddenly exclaims, "All we need to do is to look around us to see what the earth is saying!" And this view of nature as a source of wisdom must lead him to a love of nature that would see its gifts brought out, its resources developed. He says, "We have resolved that these hills will be reforested, that the water, gathered in a lake of the dam, will be used to enrich the valley

instead of destroying it." Cooperation—that is certainly an important word in Dolci's vocabulary, just as "Siamo in accordo?" (Are we in accord?) is his favorite phrase. Cooperation with nature, cooperation among men. For if Dolci believes in the brotherhood of men he believes also in the unity of man. He explains his nonviolent social reform in this way, "We are here to be of service, to join together people of various political beliefs toward one common cause." Cooperation, organization, unity of purpose: we are beginning to see the essentials of Dolci's thought.

But where does Dolci go from here? Is it enough to perceive unity? Is it enough to feel a kinship with all men, or does this perception itself demand more? And if so, what does it demand? After his year of self-discovery Dolci went to Nomadelfia to work with Don Zeno Saltini in his community orphanage, which had been built by the children themselves on the site of a former Nazi concentration camp. Don Zeno, "a man of profound intuition and love," as Dolci describes him, is certainly a major influence, but he leaves no doubt that it is the children who affect him the most. Indeed, children are to remain important to his spiritual development. The sight of starving children is what inspires him to make his first fast, his first public act of nonviolence. Looking back on that time, Dolci comments on the orphans.

When they would first arrive some of the children's faces were mon-

strous but as soon as they were treated well the children became beautiful. If he had stopped there it would be a fine poetic sentiment. But Dolci is not only a poet. He immediately adds:

I learned that by loving people they become lovable; that the life of a human being can be molded, just as clay can. I began to sense the possibility that life was a science and an art and that human beings could be dealt with as materials of nature. People, like mountains and plains, are themselves landscapes and can become the finest of all works of art. For the first time I realized how people might be changed for the better.

Dolci has seen the necessity of love of neighbor. He has seen the value of man. But he has also seen the need for education, for transformation and development. It is a testimony to Dolci as social reformer that in such statements as the one above he does not confine himself to lyrical utterances about the beauty of man, but stresses the need for education and for improvement in the quality of life. He is a dynamic, rather than a static thinker. In setting up his Center of Studies in Partinico it is this necessity that he is trying to satisfy: the need of man to be taught and shaped, as nature is shaped. One can see in this a wonderful harmony. Dolci, in seeking to harness the Belice River, in building dams and developing the land, is doing for the inhabitants what he is doing for the land; harnessing the resources, so that the riches of nature can be seen and used by the local inhabitants, so that they in turn can harness and use their own inner and outer resources. There is more than an element of redemption in Dolci's method. The unity of man and nature is a belief deeply ingrained in his temperament. We must keep this in mind if we are to understand the strength-giving nature of his work, both to himself and to those who work with him.

The sources of Dolci's nonviolence are harder to discover, the lines harder to trace. There are but scattered comments on the subject. We know, for example, that Dolci had read all of Tolstoy but none of Gandhi. Does a

social reformer have to embrace non-violence? Does it improve his effectiveness? Why did Dolci take up the nonviolent way?

During Mangione's visit Dolci and his followers staged a demonstration and fast in Roccamena, in west central Sicily, near the head waters of the Belice River. Mangione's record of this fast is, like the rest of the book, lucid, complete, and discerning. On the first days of the ten-day fast, Dolci outlined his philosophy to a crowd assembled in the town's main square. Into a few short sentences he compressed his chief ideas concerning nonviolence:

We are here to be of service, to join together people of various political beliefs toward one common cause... Ours is a position of reason that emphasizes the distinction between force and truth. By our non-violent action we shall show that truth has its own strength. Ours is a strategy based on love, not hate, and should result in a chain reaction of discussion and thought.

The desire to educate, to mold men, is here expressed as "service," a service based on reason that is grounded in love. His thought has not lost its consistency. Education, "discussion and insight" are still uppermost. He goes on,

Anyone who is not completely persuaded by our non-violent action must speak out now. We must know clearly what we must do and why we must do it.

Clarification and consciousness. It is Dolci's desire to see where he is going, and to show others the way as well, the hallmark of a great teacher.

But that Dolci himself is convinced that nonviolence is the best method, the only one of lasting value, can be seen from the following remarks. Again it is his ability to unify, to create wholeness out of seemingly disparate parts, that immediately strikes one. Again it is the unity of all men that underlies his thought.

We have discovered that economic development must be accompanied by the prospect of peace; and that the effort for peace, in order not to become abstract, must be dedicated to the resolution of specific social and economic problems.

More and more people are realizing that in order for humanity to survive and achieve a new kind of world, it is necessary to recognize that there is an indispensable link between economic planning and nonviolence, between redevelopment work and nonviolent revolution. . .

It is unquestionable on which side Dolci stands. His humanism is apparent. His faith in love for man is indeed profound.

Dolci is ever developing further sophistications to his thought, ever seeking a phrase to express a system. The concept of "pianificazione" is at present central to his thinking, but expresses what has been discussed above in a more synthesized way. Translated literally, "groundfloor planning" or "grass-roots planning" what it means is that in order to have a truly effective social reform policy you have to start at the beginning, with the people, and lay a foundation, by education, on which you can build the structure of a new social order. The planning must be practical, it must speak the language of the people it is meant for (thus grass roots can be taken in its double meaning as local, with the people). Dolci says,

The people here must come to realize that the reasons for their miserable situation do not lie primarily in the evils of others but in their own confused ideas, in their lack of organization and unity of purpose.

To start with the people, to get them to organize themselves, is the first step.

Who then is Dolci? Quite obviously he is a poet, that is, a man who has perceived the unity and harmony of things. But he is a strange sort of poet, who, through his perception of the unity of man with man, and of man with nature, has become dissatisfied. For what man can be is not what man is. In seeing clearly what man can be, Dolci has called upon himself

to get men to conform to their own perfection, to live better, to develop their own genius. He is a teacher, and to read him, or even to read about him, is to be taught.

But who is Dolci? Jerre Mangione's book has given us what must be the finest introduction to Danilo Dolci available in any language. In its modest approach it has nevertheless told all. This book gives us the essentials of Dolci's thought, though it is not a critique or a biography. Mangione's treatment of Sicilians is masterful and perhaps made more perceptive by the fact that he is himself of Sicilian ancestry. But throughout the book the central character is never lost sight of, Dolci remains the object to be seen. And who is Dolci? Perhaps the answer lies hidden in one of those countless remarks the author has recorded, in this case the remark of a middle-aged Sicilian who met Mangione in a religious procession and said, "Frankly, Danilo Dolci has always been a mystery to us." Or perhaps the answer lies in Mangione's own comment on the mystery of Dolci.

The mystery about a Danilo Dolci does not lie so much within the man as in the fact that the world seems to be incapable of producing more men like him.

All those interested in Dolci or non-violent social reform and revolution should read this book. They cannot help but be enlightened.

THE PEOPLE ON SECOND STREET by Jenny Moore. (William Morrow, \$5.00). Reviewed by STANLEY VISH-NEWSKI.

The wife of an Episcopalian Bishop, Jenny Moore lives with her large family in Washington, D.C., where she combines family duties with writing for various publications. This is her first book.

In a book of 218 pages she manages with consummate skill to recreate for us all the difficulties and the joys of maintaining for eight years what for all purposes was a parish house of hospitality in the slums of Jersey City.

What impressed me most in reading this absorbing book is the fact that it is possible to combine marriage with a vocation to managing a house of hospitality and that Providence will provide if one seeks with pure means to work and live with the poor.

I am sure that Karl Meyer and Mike Cullen, both of whom have families and are living in hospices, would find this book interesting and informative—especially the chapter on the Children's World. In this chapter she writes about the young people who came for a brief stay to share their family life. (Some from prison, broken homes, or the street).

"It was always a shot in the dark—we never knew if we could help or exactly what we accomplished. Even now we wonder. Sometimes, the freedom of the house, the fact of our personal possessions and the unspoken barriers at which we could only guess combined to accentuate a boy's problems. If he had any history of stealing, he stole more. Often he couldn't handle the reaction of his peers to his living with us in the rectory. Or it made him silent and tight-stomached to be expected at table at a certain hour to sit through a meal, informal as ours were, instead of serving himself from a pot on the stove when he felt like it. Conversely, the very factors that seemed to destroy some made others stronger. Some of the boys, faced with a more definite daily schedule than they had ever known and with meeting new people each day, took it all in stride. There was no way to predict or to measure success or failure."

The spiritual adventure for the Moores began on a hot summer day in June, 1949, when they drove through the Holland Tunnel from New York to the Victorian rectory at 268 Second Street. Their first act, which I am sure St. Francis would have approved, was to call the A.S.P.C.A. to take care of a dying dog.

However, it was not long before the Moores were caught up in the problems

(Continued on page 8)



GOD'S COWARD

(Continued from page 1)

Ammon. Please put it aside if you are not ready to read it. Perhaps your grandchild will read it, and it won't be wasted.

Yours for a better America,
Ammon Hennacy

In 1917, I was leader of the Socialist club at Ohio State University and secretary of the party in Columbus. We had come within a hundred votes of electing the mayor. The Socialist convention in St. Louis had opposed the war and our position was to refuse to register for the draft. Everyone knew that war would be declared soon, and on April 5th, I was to introduce James P. Cannon, of New York City, who was to speak against the war at an outdoor meeting. He never came, and the crowd grew to ten thousand. After I had spoken for a few minutes, I was told by the police to stop. I ran between them to the nearby State House steps, where I spoke for half an hour until the State police arrested me and an old dishwasher who belonged to the Socialist Labor Party and was violating their party line by getting arrested. We both spent the night in jail and were out on bond next day. That day war was declared.

For the next six weeks I wrote and distributed anti-war leaflets. The night before I was to appear in court to be tried for my speech, I gave out leaflets in downtown Columbus and was caught at 2:30 in the morning and placed in a dark hole for the next five days. About twenty other young men were given the same treatment, and each of us was told that the others had given in. I was shown the local paper which contained my picture, along with a story headed "Extreme Penalty for Traitors," and was told I would be shot on Monday. (Months later, I saw the whole article, which said nothing definite about the death penalty.) Spike Moore, a member of the Industrial Workers of the World who was in jail with me, sneaked me a paper containing an interview with my mother. A reporter had asked her if she was not afraid I would be shot. She replied that she was only afraid that I might be scared into giving in. An old Quaker lawyer defended me for nothing, but I received two years in Atlanta prison for "conspiracy to defraud the government in enforcing the draft act" and an additional nine months for refusing to register.

I arrived in Atlanta on Friday, July 13th, and was placed in a cell eight feet long, eight feet high, and four feet wide, made of steel. There were two bunks, a toilet, and cold running water. "Hello, kid," my roommate said, "My name's Brockman, Peter. Brockman from Buffalo, doing a six bit for writing my name on little pieces of paper. Got one to go yet. How do you like our little home? What's your name?" I told him and shily shook hands. In the mess hall several prisoners nudged Peter and winked at me.

When we returned to the cell, Peter saw me reading the book of prison rules. He threw the book in the corner and said, "Don't waste your time on that crap. There's just three rules in this joint: 1) Don't get caught; 2) If you do get caught have a good alibi ready; 3) If that fails have a guard who will fix it up, either because you pay him or because you have more on him than he has on you." When we undressed, Peter came over and sat on the edge of my bunk. I edged away but could not get far. "Don't be afraid, I'm your friend," he said. "I've been here four years, kid, and I sure get lonesome. Several skirts wrote to me off and on but the one I planted my jack with has forgotten me long ago. The hell with women anyway. You can't trust them and a fellow is a fool to marry one."

"I am tired, Peter, I want to go to sleep," I said jerkily as he began to caress me. "No one goes to sleep this early in this hot jail; the bedbugs are worse at this time of year. This is a man's joint and you'll have to learn what that means, kid. Anyway, when I did my first bit in Elmira I had a pal. I was soft and homesick then and many a night Jimmy consoled me.

Jimmy was more beautiful than any girl I ever met. Quiet! I hear the screw." A guard stopped at the cell. "What's this? Your new punk?" he asked, pointing to me and winking at Peter. I asked Peter what a punk was. He laughed and said he supposed it wasn't defined in Webster but I would find out soon enough.

The next morning after breakfast, Blackie, the runner in the block, brought me a note which read:

Blackie, who gave you this note, is ok. See me in the yard this afternoon if it does not rain; otherwise come to the Catholic mass tomorrow and I will talk to you there. Your cell mate had paid \$5 worth of tobacco to the screw in your cell block to get the first young prisoner coming in to be his cell mate. You are the "lucky" one. Watch him, for he is one of the worst jokers (perverts) in the prison. There is no use making a fuss for you may "accidentally" fall down four tiers. Get \$5 worth of tobacco from the store and give it to Blackie and he will give it to the guard and pull strings to have you transferred out of the cell. This will take weeks; meantime get along the best you can. Good luck.

Yours for the revolution,
A.B.

A note from Alexander Berkman, the great anarchist! I read it over again and again and then destroyed it, per the first rule in prison: don't keep any unnecessary contraband. I had read Berkman's prison memoirs: he had shot Henry Clay Frick, manager of Carnegie Steel, and had done fourteen years and ten months in prison, three and half years of it in solitary.

When I met Berkman, his kindly smile made me feel I had a friend. He told me how to get letters out of the prison and how to talk without moving your lips. He also gave me four things to remember: "1) Don't lie; 2) Don't inform on other prisoners; it's the screw's job to find out what goes on, not yours; 3) Draw the line as to what you will and won't do and don't budge, for if you begin to weaken they will beat you; 4) Don't curse the guards. They will try to get you to strike them, so that they will have an excuse to beat you up. If one can't, two can; and if two can't ten can. They are no good or they wouldn't take such a job. Just smile. Obey them in unimportant details, but never budge an inch on principle."

That night Peter again became more aggressive. For about six weeks I only slept a few hours each night. Finally, my good-natured passive resistance persuaded Peter that he had better leave me alone. When I was transferred, he said that he would pass the word around that I was nobody's punk, and none of the other wolves would bother me.

When a white man and a Negro were killed by a guard, I became incensed about it. My cellmates laughed and told me I should worry about the living, not the dead, for they were already dead and we were slowly dying. On Fridays we had to eat spoiled fish, for the new guard in the kitchen had boasted that he could make a fortune feeding two thousand prisoners. I got cardboard and painted a sign up in all the toilets urging prisoners to work on Fridays but to stay in their cells until noon and refuse to eat the rotten fish. On the first Friday twenty of us radicals stayed in our cells. The guards asked us if we were sick, and we good humoredly told them that we were sick of the bad fish. The next Friday two hundred men stayed in their cells and on the following week six hundred. On the Thursday after that the warden announced that those who didn't come to dinner next day would be put in the hole. One of our group jumped up and said in a shrill voice: "You can't do it, warden. There's only forty solitary cells and there's a thousand of us." Everyone applauded, and the next day, nine hundred out of eleven hundred men remained in their cells.

I was called to the office and told that I had been seen plotting to blow up the prison with dynamite. This was

on June 21, 1918. I was left my underwear in a small, three-cornered and very dark hole. I got a slice of cornbread and a cup of water every day. At the end of ten days I was put in the light hole. White bread, which I got then, tasted like cake. This cell was eighteen feet long, fifteen feet high, and six feet wide. A small dirty window near the top faced a tall building that kept sunlight from coming in, except on very bright days. The cell was exactly eight and a half steps from corner to corner.

When I had first come to prison I had met the Protestant chaplain. He wanted to know what church I belonged to, and when I told him I was an atheist he would have nothing to do with me, even when I was in solitary. The law said that everyone in solitary should have an hour of exercise in the open air daily, and the chaplains were supposed to see that such rules were enforced, but none of us even got to see the outside, let alone walk there. I would have liked to have some of Karl Marx's writings, but I knew better than to ask for such books, so I wrote to the chaplain asking for a bible. After a few weeks a bible with good print and maps and references in the back was given to me. A few days later this was taken



away and I received one with very small print and no maps. The Negro trusty told me that everything was done to make it more difficult for those in solitary. I doubt that the chaplain had anything to do with this; probably the deputy or the guard did it as one more way of teasing the caged animal.

A Day in Solitary

I hear the six o'clock gong ring for early mess. I know I will get my mush at 7:20. I am not sleepy, but I stretch out and relax. In a minute I wash and put on my few articles of clothing. I pick up my chair and swing it thirty times up-right-left-down. Then I walk a hundred steps back and forth in my cell, arms-up, arms-out, arms-clenched, arms-down. I repeat this many times, then do pushups until I get tired. It is now 7:00. I make my bed and wash my face and hands again. Then I hear the doors open and shut and know that breakfast is on the way. I sit and watch the door like a cat watching a mouse. The guard unlocks the wooden door and then the steel one, and the trusty ladles out my oatmeal, hands me a couple of slices of bread and pours out a large cup of coffee. I am not very hungry, but prolong the breakfast as much as possible. I leisurely wash and dry the dishes. Perhaps I spin my plate a dozen times and see how long I can count before it falls to the floor. I lean back in my chair and think of my sweetheart Selma and my folks at home. I walk back and forth for five or ten minutes and throw myself on my bunk.

In a few minutes I am restless and turn on my side. I try to figure out what possible history this or that initial on the wall may mean, but give it up as a waste of time. It is now 9:00 a.m. and according to my schedule, time to read the bible. I lie on

my bunk for half an hour studying the chapter for that morning. Then I sit on the toilet and take my pencil, which I found my first day hidden in a small crack in the plaster. A pencil is precious. The toilet is near the door and the only place in the cell where a full view of the occupant cannot be gained through the peephole. I put the toilet paper on which I have written my notes in the bible, sit on the chair, and study what I have written. Then I return to the toilet seat and write some more notes. Then I lie on the bunk and think over what I have read.

I try to sleep for half an hour but become restless and walk back and forth in my cell for a mile and a half and take my exercises again. I spin my plate also. I look up at the dirty windows many times but can see nothing. For fifteen minutes—I look steadily, after I have noticed a bird flying near the windows, hoping that it might return. But why should a bird stop at my dreary window? It is now 11:15 and the guards are outside watching the men enter for the first mess. I feel that this is an opportune time to write a few words on the wall. If you are caught at this, you get strung up and beaten, but, strangely enough, if you get by with it nothing is said. I sharpen my spoon on the floor and stealthily carve two letters when I hear a step in the hall and cease.

I think again of those on the outside and of the radical movement. I walk aimlessly around my cell for fifteen minutes and then wait for the door to open for my dinner: beans, oleo, bread, and coffee. I eat the beans carefully, for I have before broken my teeth from biting the stones that are accidentally included. I again wash my dishes leisurely, rest on my bunk for half an hour, then become restless again and walk to and fro for a mile or two. I read for an hour as the afternoon passes slowly, then make notes and think about the subject-matter for a time. It is 2:00 and I am tired of thinking and tired of exercising. I again walk aimlessly around my cell, examining the walls. Perhaps I take some toilet paper, wet it, and wash a section of the wall to see if there is a message written underneath the grime; perhaps I figure out a calendar six months ahead to see just when Selma's birthday occurs.

An hour passes by in this manner and I try to sleep, but turn from one side to another. I hear Popoff rattle his chains and groan in the next cell. He is a Bulgarian counterfeiter who invented some kind of gun and offered the plans to the War Department, but they never answered him. Since he could not speak English, he was unable to explain his sickness to the doctor, and was put in solitary. He sassed the guards and was beaten up. With all this, he thought that if he knocked the deputy warden down, someone would come from Washington and he could tell them about his invention. He struck harder than he thought and the deputy died. Popoff got life imprisonment, and when he called the guards names they strung him up by his wrists from the bars for eight hours a day.

I take strenuous exercise punching an imaginary punching bag; I try walking on my hands; I sing a song or recite some poetry for another hour. Finally a break comes with the first mess marching at 4:30. Supper comes and is soon over. It is dark and again I read the bible for an hour and take notes on what I have read. I rest on my bunk, sing some songs, perhaps curse a little, walk back and forth. Finally it is 8:30 and my light is turned out. I undress and go to bed. Sometimes I cry, sometimes I curse, sometimes I pray to whatever kind of a God listens to those in solitary. I think it must be midnight when the door opens and the guard flashes the light to see if I am in my cell and shouts to the other guard: "OK, all in at ten p.m." I toss about, am nearly asleep when the bedbugs commence. I finally pass a night of fitful sleeping and dreaming. Again it is 6:00 a.m. I cross off another day on my calendar.

(To be concluded next month)

Delano: A Steak Dinner or a Plate of Beans?

(Continued from page 1)

Committee, Dave Averbuck and Jerry Cohen, come in to discuss the day-long pesticide hearings in the Bakersfield Superior Court. Jerry and Dave are trying to get access to public records on the use of pesticides by farmers. Pesticide company officials had obtained a restraining order in order to protect their business interests and "trade secrets." The company sells the deadly poisons now being used in Kern County crops. Countless workers have been coming into the union's clinic with skin diseases, nerve disorders and respiratory ailments caused by parathion and Tetra-Ethyl Paraphosphate (TEPP). No studies or reports have yet been done as to the harmful effects of these "economic poisons" on human beings. Jerry remarks that an executive from the pesticide company admitted that he would never use parathion on his own farm. Why not? It is too dangerous. He will sell it to other growers, however, for a profit! But no one must gain access to any trade secrets. After all, would the Coca-Cola Company give away its formula? Jerry Cohen reminded the judge that 1/70th of a teaspoon of Coca-Cola will do little harm. But 1/70th of a teaspoon of parathion will kill a man, even on skin contact.

Dave Averbuck points out to Cesar that during a recess in court the agricultural commissioner of Kern county was speaking to the pesticide representative. The latter was looking for a rest room. "Don't use the public rest room," he said, "use the one marked 'Employees.' The public rest room is full of those damn Mexicans."

It is getting late. It is past midnight. Cesar speaks about present problems in the union, its future goals. He reaffirms the need for a firm ethical and nonviolent base. He whispers so as not to awaken the children. The last visitor leaves at 1:30 A.M. The lights go out. The flame from the gas heater dances reflections on the wall. A cold wind sprinkles rain against the windows.

The next day brings more meetings—long, intense sessions about book-keeping and the union's finances. In the early afternoon three rabbis from the San Francisco bay area come to meet with Cesar and later with some of the Delano growers. They are sympathetic with the plight of the workers. They are unimpressed with the weak rationalizations of the growers who refuse to negotiate with their employees. At three o'clock Cesar's teenage girls return from school and have something to report to their father. Anna, Eloise, and Linda had gone to Kingsburg on a school trip to visit a raisin processing plant. When they arrived at the entrance of the plant they noticed that a picket line had been set up to protest the poor wages and working conditions of the shed workers. The girls demanded that the bus driver let them off at the gate. They spent over an hour picketing until the bus returned for them. Their father smiles approvingly. He is proud of them.

Later on in the afternoon a magazine writer interviews Cesar. He quizzes him about a training program in non-violence that he is planning for his organizers. Cesar insists that the program cannot be academic or classroom-oriented. It has to be a kind of on-the-job training in the spirit and embodiment of nonviolence. The trainee learns from example and by assimilation. Non-violence is not merely a clever technique to be used on special occasions. The thoroughly non-violent person sees purposeful acts of sacrifice, cleaning floors and toilets, preparing meals and fasting, as part of his training and part of his life. When he sees before him the option of eating a steak dinner or sharing a plate of beans with a poor family, he automatically chooses the latter.

Cesar explains how he and his cousin Manuel learned how generous the poor could be. Several years ago they were broke but felt ashamed to beg for gas and food. They found themselves in the small cotton-gin town of Corcoran. Cesar mustered as much courage as he could and looked for the poorest house in the neighborhood.

Children were running about everywhere playing with cats and dogs. The two men humbly asked for a bite to eat. They explained that they were organizing farm workers to help the people get better pay and a better life for their families. The woman of the house greeted them with a friendly smile and said that the men were out chopping cotton. She told them that supper was almost ready—would they stay? After supper the men chatted long into the night. They described to the young organizers the many agricultural strikes they had participated in over the years. They vividly recalled the cotton strike of 1933 when the farmer-vigilantes and sheriff's deputies raided the union hall in Pixely and open fired on the workers, killing two of them. Cesar and his cousin had made valuable friends. One of them, Julio Hernandez, is now an officer in the union.

Later on in the afternoon a call comes in from Los Angeles. Some of the union's officers have met with representatives of the Coachella valley grape growers. The union demands immediate recognition this time, not elections. It had already offered elections during the last harvest season, but the growers refused. We discover that the growers who harvest the early grapes, the Thompsons, near Palm Springs are very worried that they will have no market this June because of the boycott. The meetings prove to be a ray of hope. At the present time the workers are starving for some signs of hope and progress. Cesar speaks of laying the groundwork for another strike in June in Coachella. His close associates agree with him that it is up to the growers to make the next move.

Memories of last summer's strike in Coachella are recounted—the long hot days under the desert sun; the frustrating feeling everyone had when, just as things looked promising, busloads of strikebreakers came across the border from Mexicali. History repeated itself. Once again poor people were brought in to be used in exploiting other poor people. And all of this in order to enrich a few affluent agribusinessmen who sat in comfortable offices in San Francisco. Memories rush to mind—memories of the strikers rising at three o'clock in the morning, of picket captains leading caravans of broken-down jalopies to the vineyards, their headlights piercing the pre-dawn darkness of the fields around Thermal and Coachella; memories of the members of the John Birch Society passing out hate literature at the Greyhound bus station and in front of the Catholic Church where the local pastor didn't want to get "involved", but later openly manifested his anti-union feelings. Memories of a strike that was partially successful—memories of promises that the union would be there again this year to finish the job; memories of the grateful smiles and warm embraces of the local farm workers and of the hostile stares of the local bankers, politicians and growers; memories of Cesar telling the workers at an evening rally: "No, I am not a communist. But I'm not saying this because people are accusing me of being one. I'm saying this because I'm a Christian, and I'm proud of that!"

In spite of the slow pace of the struggle, a tremendous amount of progress has been made since the first strike vote was called in 1965—when the farm workers' association had forty dollars in its treasury. Many hopes and dreams have already been realized and new vistas have been opened for this most oppressed segment of American society.

Martin Luther King spoke of a dream he had, a vision of the future. There was another fellow who had a dream too. His name was Tom Joad, the legendary protagonist of John Steinbeck's novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*. Tom had migrated with his family from Oklahoma to California in the 1930's. Toward the end of the story Tom gets involved with farm labor organizers and is hunted down like a criminal. He tells his mother about his dream of the future. He says: "Ma, I'll be there, whenever there's a fight so that hungry people can eat—I'll be there. I'll be there wherever

there's a cop beating up a guy. I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad, and I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry and they know supper's ready."

"And when our folks eat the stuff they raise and live in the houses they build—why I'll be there. See? Ma, See?" Tom disappeared into a maze of vines and his mother never saw him again. But his dream is finally coming true. Farm workers are finally being treated with dignity. They have finally succeeded in building a power base whereby they can determine the course of their own lives.

After four hundred attempts to organize farm workers in California; despite overwhelming odds, the power of giant farming corporations, hostile state and local governments, discrimination in the courts and law-enforcement agencies; despite repeated red-baiting and smear campaigns, the tiny union has survived. It has achieved collective-bargaining agreements with twelve wineries.

In spite of a total lack of bargaining machinery and protection under federal and state law; in spite of a superabundance of strike-breakers which our government helps recruit annually, the union has won every election it has ever held.

Officials from unionized ranches claim that relations with the union have been "remarkably good," contrary to the propaganda of the reactionary South Central Farmers Committee, which is committing its time and wealth to break the union. Harry Bernstein, labor editor of the Los Angeles Times, documents the favorable reports in an article entitled "Officials of Firms Deny Farm Union Facts Cause Chaos." Unionized farm workers are now feeding and housing and clothing

their families in a way they never thought possible. Some of them are building their own houses. They will soon reap the benefits of the new health and welfare program.

It is already evening. Helen has returned home from the credit-union office with her daughters Anna and Eloise. They help her each day after school. Supper has been served and the younger Chavez children play with a puppy in the living room.

More reports come in from volunteers who have just arrived in new boycott cities: Miami, Houston, Kansas City, Memphis, and Phoenix. Labor and church groups have been generous with their support. A meeting begins on the campaign against Safeway stores. Petitions are being circulated to student, labor, church, and community groups. They call upon Safeway not to handle California grapes. The campaign is headed by Fred Ross, a veteran organizer and close friend of Cesar and his family.

The lights go out in the Chavez house about midnight. Cesar has just put down a magazine. It is opened to a middle section. There is a picture of a dear friend, the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Below his picture is a quote from a speech he delivered to a group of eager college students: "Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, these ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

ED. NOTE: Father Day is a Franciscan priest who has been released from his regular duties to work full time with the agricultural workers.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

member and a sponsor since the second World War, Father Thomas Berry, C.P., author, theologian and authority on Buddhism who teaches at Fordham University, was the main speaker, and it was one of the richest meetings I have attended.

The latest issue of PEACE, the organ of PAX is just out and includes a magnificent article by Thomas Merton, which he sent to be read at the annual conference at Tivoli last summer. It is a commentary on the encounter in James Joyce's *Ulysses* between Leopold Bloom, a peaceful Odysseus, and the Irish revolutionary Cyclops, the violent Citizen, who is a Sinn Féiner.

"How can people point guns at each other? Sometimes they go off . . ." " . . . Love," says Bloom, I mean the opposite of hatred."

And Merton asks, "Has non-violence been found wanting? Yes and no. It has been found wanting whenever it has been the nonviolence of the weak."

Read his provocative commentary in PEACE by sending for a copy to: American Pax Association, Box 139 Murray Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10016. The issue contains two other articles by and about Thomas Merton, and an account by our own Stanley Vishnewski of the PAX conference at Tivoli last summer. This year's conference will take place during the first three days of August.

Danilo Dolci

I am glad to say that a committee is being formed called Friends of Danilo Dolci, which will acquaint people in this country with his work in Sicily and call attention to the needs of his people for education and health and the know-how to get the dams for irrigation and better farming, for more food to meet the starvation of that barren land. Anyone who has seen the Gospel According to St. Matthew, with its mountain and desert setting, knows what Sicily looks like. The new committee will acquaint people with Dolci's books, many of which have been printed in England and a few like *Waste, Report from Palermo*, and now *The Man Who Stands Alone* in this country. James Douglass, in his *Non-Violent Cross*, has told of Dolci's work, and I wrote about my meeting with

him in the December 1967, issue of the Catholic Worker.

Dolci was in this country for three days to be interviewed about his new book, published by Pantheon, so our meeting was necessarily short and with a dozen other people, reporters, friends and committee-in-formation members. Jerre Mangione interpreted for those of us who could not speak Italian.

Dolci hopes to come for a longer visit later and he expressed a desire to visit Appalachia, to him a mysterious region. I told him of the co-operatives in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana—small beginnings, but he is used to small beginnings. He is a man of vision. He expressed a desire to meet Lewis Mumford, and also some members of the Peace Corps, to get their reaction to it, and their opinion as to how much it could accomplish. We will review Danilo Dolci's new book in a future issue.

Today as I write it is the feast of St. Joseph, our particular patron, since we too have been so hard put to find shelter not only in New York but in other cities where we have houses of hospitality. We have always looked to him as to one who found a home, poor it was, for Mary and the holy Child. He is a model for the worker, for the craftsman, for the husband and father, and we beg his help in all these realms. We beg him most especially to guard our newly acquired house on East First Street, named for him. Hideous violence broke out only a few doors away from us this last week between two motorcycle gangs and resulted in the death of one unidentified youth who was found bound and burned to death in a tenement apartment.

St. Joseph, pray for us all. And pray that the spirit of penance will strengthen us to overcome hatred with love. Drug addiction results in such tragedies, and with many alcohol itself is an addiction. To help our brothers let us do without what maddens the heart of man only too often. Drugs are a good to alleviate pain, and on festivals wine gladdens the heart of men. But we see too much of tragedy. Have pity, have pity on the poor around us, and fast from the unnecessary that the destitute may have more.

Springtime at Tolstoy Farm

By PAT RUSK

One day we were talking about community living and Roger came up with a complete blueprint of how a community should be set up. In the beginning the life would be organized and the people disciplined, and as a result, they would live full, happy, and creative lives. Roger had wandered into Tolstoy Farm, an intentional community located in a canyon ten miles north of Davenport, Washington, after working for two months in a lumber mill until he decided he could no longer perform highly mechanized slave labor. Casey had found Roger sitting by the road, brought him back to the Farm and shared his lean-to with him.

Shortly before I arrived there last spring, the community center, known as Heart House, had burned to the ground, so that a number of the residents were forced to build their own shelters. Many of these were lean-tos or frameworks of pine logs, but there were also some simple but solidly constructed A-frames and cabins.

By the side of the dirt road where Heart House once stood there is a cluster of sheds pitched low to the ground. One of them will be used to house the beginnings of a pottery industry, which will hopefully one day be the mainstay of the community. Leon, the community potter, will teach, give lessons to anyone interested in this craft. However, when I was there, the lessons were being postponed until he finished building a house for his wife and four children, as well as a schoolroom for the community's children.

The total land, consisting of nearly a thousand acres, belonging largely to Huw Williams' parents and grandparents and a small part of it, a hundred and twenty acres, to the Mill Canyon Society, which has been formed by the people who live there, is creviced between the mountains about seventy miles northwest of Spokane. Huw inherited the land from his family six years ago, at which time he dropped out of college to go on a peace walk across the United States. He was disturbed by the fact that in all the communities he visited, people could be asked to leave. Huw could see no reason for asking anyone to leave his community, since it was intended for the homeless as well as for back-to-the-landers and anarchists. Hence there are no rules at Tolstoy Farm; Huw lives by the principle of voluntary cooperation. Near the end of the day I have seen him out with a pair of horses ploughing the field to provide winter feed for the cows and horses and later still out in the field resting, with his head bent over a book.

There are about fifty people scattered over the hundred and twenty acres. Some live in the pine houses in tents or tepees, others in tree houses or A-frames at the edge of the fields. The families live clustered together at one end, referred to as North Eighty. We encountered one another at the shed where mail is brought and food for communal use stored. The two cows give nine gallons of milk a day, which are kept in the shell of an old refrigerator that rests in a stream. Huw provides the needs for his wife and baby by making sandals and other custom-made leather goods. There is food for everyone and labor for those who want it, either on nearby farms or in the town of Davenport.

Life on the land can be beautiful—calm, peaceful and happy. I stayed in a small cabin that was built at a cost of twenty-seven dollars, from salvaged lumber. The roof had a long low slope providing a loft, in which I slept. Joy, who had arrived a week before I did, slept downstairs on a narrow bed made from boards. She was twenty-one and spent most of her time meditating and studying. She was reading *Black Elk Speaks* and the *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese book of wisdom, which one consults as an oracle rather than reads. Joy came from a Unitarian background and had worked in Seattle as a botany illustrator but was trying to discipline herself to become a painter. Whenever she wasn't meditating, she was joyfully hospitable to anyone coming by the cabin. Since the footpath through the woods was ten feet from

our door, we never felt completely isolated. Previous inhabitants of the cabin had left behind books, pots, dishes and oil lamps.

We lived largely on pancakes, rice pudding, tea, milk, vegetable stews and cooked greens. The pancakes were made from whole wheat that we ground ourselves. A binful of whole wheat and a hundred-pound sack of brown rice to which we could help ourselves were kept in the shed, and sometimes there was a crateful of eggs. Since it was springtime and the gardens were not ready for picking, we picked wild greens, miner's lettuce, lamb's quarters, nettles, mint and camomile for tea. Besides the communal garden there are individual gardens all over.

There are no clocks or calendars, in fact, no modern conveniences at all. No one is bothered by bills and the land taxes are low. Huw explained that the land has no commercial value and that his grandfather had been paid by the government not to grow wheat. (The county is supposed to be the second largest wheat-growing area in the world.)

Huw Williams took what land he needed to begin his way of life and the surplus he gives to those who are willing to take it. His vision is that of a community of families on the land. But this may well mean starting from the dirt up, with a tent. Or, as in the case of one couple I saw, who arrived with packs on their backs, it means simply cutting some pine logs and covering the ground with straw.

ED. NOTE: Tolstoy Farm also publishes a mail-order catalogue advertising products of intentional communities and worker-owned co-operatives everywhere. For details, write to Tolstoy Farm, Davenport, Washington, 99122.

36 East First

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protests of his friends, who insisted that he was completely helpless and in need of constant care, which was not available, Andre was always released to return to his lonely apartment.

Several days previous to his arrival at First Street, Luigi had found Andre, weak from lack of food and covered with bedbugs and lice, on the floor of his apartment, where he had apparently been lying for days. He summoned an ambulance, which sped both men to Bellevue, where Luigi's shrewd and boisterous appeals could not quite convince the doctors that Andre's need was urgent enough for admission. Later that day the police dumped Andre in Luigi's apartment and there he sat until Luigi convinced one of the Worker staff to come to his apartment and take the problem out of his hands. Our involvement in this sad but lively venture was comprised only of a night's stay with the old man and the spending of the entire next day in absurd battle with hospital and welfare personnel, who at last found refuge for Andre in a nursing home in Brooklyn. We wonder at the tremendous numbers of the ill and isolated unknown in this city of somber face who daily are abused by such a thoroughly depersonalized and humiliating exercise in bureaucratic manipulation of the defenseless poor known as "Welfare."

Book Reviews

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of living in a slum parish. They were met with suspicion and were called "phonies" by those they had come to help. How the Moores overcame the distrust of their neighbors and won acceptance is but one of the many story threads weaving its way throughout the book.

Jenny Moore, throughout her book, gives us vivid pen pictures of the many characters and personalities with whom they became acquainted during their stay in the slum parish. But one feels in her account a sense of reverence for the person as one who is a living image of Christ. The book could

Sanctuary Part II

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the billions of dollars which it squanders on military activities, which are self-destructive and destructive of others in a measure infinitely greater than the mere drinking of wine in alleys and back streets.

Under this order, it is only in time of total war that there is full employment and the instant "rehabilitation" of millions who were regarded as unfit to work in happier times. The society, needing them briefly for its own self-destructive binge, must accept them for the time, pretty much as they are. But under the system of peacetime capitalist competition, there will always be unemployed, moneyless people; and it will always be said that they remain unemployed because they are unfit to work; for, whatever "rehabilitation" they undergo, however much they adjust to competitive demands, they will always be some who are less adjusted, less adaptable, less subservient, less compliant, less conforming than the majority of us, and who will therefore be eternally unfit to serve capitalism. And, because of their unworthiness, the jobs that will be offered to them will be the most menial, the lowest paid, the most unpleasant and the most frustrating, the very jobs which, if we ourselves were required to perform them, would cause us to quit and to join the ranks of the derelict ourselves.

I don't mean by this to recommend drunkenness or addiction or madness as attractive ways of life. Even setting aside the social tortures, the cold, the hunger, the imprisonment, inflicted by a punitive society, they are in themselves filled with an overflowing measure of misery and pain. Yet how deadening the ways of life from which even these are a refuge, the vocation of the soldier, the man who must kill, the assembly-line worker, the isolated wage worker without family or friends, the responsible positions filled with unbelievable pressure and frustration.

In a society so irrational and so perverse, we must at least fight for the right of the deviant rebel to drink wine or to be mad. I am even willing to continue in my own economic bondage to capitalism in order to help him in some way to struggle free. I am in that sense the rear guard for an army of liberation, as I am still engaged with the enemy for the protection of the retreating army, those drinkers of wine, those madmen, those impecunious drifters who will not submit to a respectable and reputable life, but keep searching in a confused and hopeless way for something better.

God knows that I get up every weekday morning at 7:00 a.m. I brush my teeth; I wash my face; I shave; I comb my hair. I eat my breakfast, a cup of canned juice and a bowl of cold cereal with non-fat milk. I take my lunch in a brown bag. I kiss my wife and children goodbye at the door, for all the world like Dagwood Bumstead, and catch the "el" for town. I get to work almost every morning by 9:00, and almost never later than 9:05. Any of my bosses will agree that I am a hard and conscientious worker. I give a full day's work for a day's wage, even

have been marred if she had treated them as "human-interest" characters—an impression that some social workers unfortunately convey when they write about their work among the poor. They come alive for us: the gypsy family that came looking for help, but who also ran a brothel on the side. The Negro children depicted so clearly in the chapter, "Move Along, Nigger Boy." The slum children who came to the Moores and found there a haven of peace and security.

We of the Catholic Worker can well sympathize with Jenny Moore when she writes: "... we never resolved the dilemma of what to do about the men who came shivering to our door in shirt sleeves but who would probably hock the second-hand jacket from our basement clothes room for wine, and drink up the money intended for a night's lodging in the flop house."

To sum up: Readers of the Catholic Worker will find in this book an absorbing account of the trials and joys of a family living in the slums of a large city.

in those cases of exploitation when the day's wage isn't a full day's wage. And, what is more, I cannot have much visceral respect for anyone who cannot do the same as I.

But I am not ready, like most men, to canonize the pattern of work by which I myself must live; nor am I ready to rehabilitate everyone on pain of starvation to live in the way that I live.

Why do people need "rehabilitation" so desperately? It is because you refuse to give them a tenable place in your society as long as they remain as they are.

I also desire to see people change, to see all people change for the better, whether they be the most powerful and respected people in the society or the most destitute; but I do not believe in making them change by making them miserable. I believe in the example of love at work, not in the discipline of wretchedness.

How I long to see men change so that there may be peace and justice among us, so that we may have a society in which all men can be good. But the big change that must come to all of us is a heart open to the world. We have to accept men as they are, men with attitudes and cultures different from our own, and give them a chance to live.

You see men who have no money and you want them to change, to become "rehabilitated." But rather than changing the men who have no money, I would like to change our evaluation of them. I would like to accept once and for all that men who have no money are equal in worth to men who have much, that they will not be driven from place to place. They will not be treated with scorn and contempt. In one place, in one sanctuary, they will be equal and free from any form of persecution or social blackmail.

Once granting the fundamental right of the deviant to remain so, we need to create a more flexible pattern of economic life, in which the present hard-core unemployed could participate in a way that would respect their individual inclinations, strengths and frailties. This means a great diversity of communal and sheltered opportunities for employment. This is better than trying to reshape everyone by discipline to fit the demands of competitive capitalism. Let us shape the working life to fit man, instead of shaping man to fit the productive mechanism. In my next article I will take up this question at greater length.

PEACE AND REVOLUTION: A FOOTNOTE TO ULYSSES

by

THOMAS MERTON

was written especially for the 1968 PAX TIVOLI CONFERENCE held at the Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, New York. This article, one of the last of Merton's writings, appears in

PEACE

Quarterly Magazine of Pax, February, 1969. Other issues include:

MERCY & REVOLUTION
by Walter Stein

SELECTIVE CONSCIENTIOUS
OBJECTION

by Peter Riga

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