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Anna Hogan

Prisons as Business

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"We should lock 'em up and throw away the keys—who the hell are they that they should make demands for prison reform?—Why should we have to pay taxes to treat criminals with consideration?—"

And so these caustic words permeated the air as I sat on the edge of my cot and listened in silence as the prison guard raved on to his colleague.

Over the past 15 years of my incarceration, I've heard these same words exclaimed numerous times. These are the typical words of most prison guards, but more significant than the condemnations themselves is the ignorance that is displayed by so many of these anti-convict prison guards who make their living at the expense of someone's misery.

As I sat there listening to this particular guard expounding his philosophy, I couldn't help but wonder what his reaction would be if by chance his wish was granted and all of the prisoners were locked in their cells indefinitely. Chances are, he would scream to the high heavens and demand an abrupt change—that is as soon as he would be told that it would not be necessary for him to return to work the next morning.

Where else in the world can the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania obtain laborers at 25c. per day! What other group of workers are compelled to work 6 and 7 days per week under harsh conditions, without any vacations and without any compensation of any kind if they are injured on their job?

Most citizens do not know—and certainly they are not told—that if all the prisoners in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania ever decided not to work,

the commonwealth would be thrown into financial straits!

A good example of the profit reaped by this slave-labor system can be shown by just one prison industry alone—the license plate plant at the western pen at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In a report from the Pennsylvania Motor Vehicle Department, the fiscal deposit receipts for license plate sales for the year of 1970 was \$184,889,600! This, mind you, is just one of the many industries that are being operated in the penal system of the commonwealth. Some of the other prison industries produce products such as office equipment, clothing, shoes, produce, beds, bedding, soap, etc., etc.; these products are supplied not only for other penal institutions but for all the other state institutions as well. Institutions such as hospitals, schools, orphanages, offices, old folks homes, libraries and so forth.

If the commonwealth was forced to hire "outside," unionized labor to produce these products and to maintain its penal institutions, each and every family throughout the commonwealth would have to pay at least \$160.00 more per year in taxes! Looking at the situation on the national level, the estimated cost to maintain the numerous prisons throughout the country, combined with the value of the products that are produced by the 300,000 prisoners, would be a staggering 16.2 billion dollars per year—more than the combined net profit of the nation's 50 leading corporations!!

This is the instrumental reason why prisoners are not confined to a cell 24 hours per day and also why the leading industrial states hand out such heavy sentences!

Yes, sir, it's a big, dirty business.

As we go to press we receive the happy news that our Associate Editor and brother, Pat Jordan, who was tried and found guilty in December for refusing to cooperate with the draft (see article page 3), has been given a sentence of 30 months probation, 24 of which are to be spent at the Catholic Worker. We are awaiting Pat's return with gratitude and joy.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

I started this column innumerable times since I returned home a month ago from my travels and have been interrupted as many times by emergencies in the house. I shall start it again with two quotations which somehow clarified the situation, our life and our work for me. The first is from Jan Adams' last article in the CW, "Farm Workers in Perspective." She writes, "There does not seem to be any dynamism inherent in the mere existence of a meaningful social alternative that enables all people to make it more than an insulated haven." The other quote is from "Signs in the Wind," in *New Blackfriars*, by Rosemary Haughton. "It is this earthy spirituality that Christians need to recover—if the Church is to be prophetic, wild and holy, and not merely socially enlightened . . . It is time to take the lid once more off the well of truth from which the mystics and saints drew."

So, since Jan Adams mentioned in her article all those social alternatives that mean working from the bottom up and with people as they are, rather than from the top down (government), I'd like to write about the "earthy spirituality that Christians need to recover," that Rosemary refers to. In a way, "Christians" is not quite the right word. The Jews in the tales of the Hasidim show themselves to be masters of that "earthy spirituality." There is certainly more than a touch of the "wild, prophetic and the holy" in movements like Cesar Chavez'. It is "alive" in the sense that Jesus Christ meant when He said He has come "to

bring life and to bring it more abundantly."

I am sure that it is in the Catholic Worker movement too, and I sensed it in the new houses of hospitality, in San Francisco, run by Chris Montezano, and the one in Los Angeles, run by Dan Delaney, Jeff Dietrich, Sue Pollack (whose article appears in this issue) and several other young men. It is the only thing which keeps me from falling into a state of despair when I see the apparent hopelessness of the destitution situation around us here in New York.

La Paz

Sue and Jeff drove me from Los Angeles to La Paz on a clear and beautiful Fall day. Thirty miles from Bakersfield we turned off the throughway and onto a narrow road where immediately the sign struck our eyes, *Nuestra Senora de la Paz*, Education Center. Almost immediately we were stopped by a chain across the road with a little gate house to one side.

Of course they have such a guard at the U.N. office building and at most colleges too, but I was immediately and forcibly reminded of what I had heard from friends in San Francisco, that there had indeed been uncovered evidence of a very real plot to assassinate Cesar Chavez. He had been told by Federal officials in fact, not to go to a certain convention or meeting. But he went just the same. There have long been threatening letters and phone calls and he has for some years been guarded closely by relatives and other farm workers who have guarded his home and office in shifts, night and day. There are in addition to the silent and ever present guard, two beautiful German shepherd dogs whose names are Boycott and Huelga, who accompany him. On a seventy mile drive from La Paz to Delano late one Saturday night, I sat in the seat behind

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On Pilgrimage

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Cesar and his driver, with the two dogs behind me in the station wagon—almost with their chins on my shoulder, I felt them so close. There was the strong smell of a zoo in the car. It made me think of how my sister and I used, as children, to go to the zoo in Lincoln Park after school to see the wolves and lions fed.

Old T.B. Hospital

La Paz is practically a village, besides being an educational center. Before I left at the end of the week, preparations were under way for a "retreat" of 200 organizers and boycotters from the entire West Coast, from Seattle to San Diego. There are many little two or three room houses or double houses scattered around the grounds, besides six trailer homes, all of them occupied by families and single people. The children go to school in the neighboring towns of Keane and Tahachapee. There is a prison in Tahachapee, always there are these constant ugly reminders of the power of the State.

There are also hospital buildings at La Paz; one situated further away was a preventorium, and a large administration building where there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin facing you as you come in the front door. Both preventorium and hospital buildings will be used for groups who come for courses, for what is usually termed indoctrination. I was given my choice of a room in the hospital building which was housing only a few others, including a family who invited me to have breakfast in their rooms the next morning. The dining room and kitchen facilities were not at the moment being used since there was no cook or kitchen force. Appeals were being sent out for help, (five dollars a week salary). For the last few weeks the families had been cooking in their homes and the single people were eating around. (A sister who was part Indian told me "Indians and Mexicans are taught two things from early childhood—keeping their word, and sharing what they have.")

This necessity to "eat around" was very good for me, since I got better acquainted with the family who make up the staff at La Paz. On the visit I made a few years ago during the Coachella Valley strike, I ate at Delano at the Filipino Hall and at Coachella at the old wooden church hall which was the strike headquarters, and learned to enjoy the Filipino food, and the rice and beans which are so much a part of the diet of all Spanish-

speaking Americans. Also tripe.

It gave me an opportunity to see how good the family life of the farm workers was—father and mother sitting down at table with the children, and though parents worked night and day, it would seem, there was still time to find out what the children were doing, what was happening among the younger generation.

Working Mothers

And what an enormous capacity for work. It surprised me to see how much responsibility a woman with young children, like Dolores Huerta and Cathie Murgia, was entrusted with. Dolores Huerta was in Sacramento when I was at a Paz and so I had only



a glimpse of her, a hail and farewell in passing. She has negotiated contracts, lobbied for or against legislation affecting the farm workers. Cathie Murgia has charge of all the equipment at La Paz and she took me on a guided tour of the entire "village" (which is what I would prefer to call it rather than a plant or a center). The kitchen facilities are enormous and complicated and would strike terror to the heart of any Catholic Worker cooks. But she had used them all, even taking on the job as cook for awhile. There was an incinerator, a sewage treatment plant, the engine room—the cost of heating the large units is great. Unfortunately the day we were making our rounds was blanketed in mist which swirled over the hills around us, so that we could not see the Preventorium which is being remodelled to provide the extra accommodations needed eventually.

Many other women have played and are still playing their part in the movement. Helen Chavez, Cesar's wife, who has charge of the credit union, Susan Drake, Marian Moses, Peggy

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Solovyev and the Jews

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

During the Octave of Christian Unity (January 18th-25th) we pray for each other, Catholics, Protestants, Anglicans and Eastern-Orthodox. We also pray for our non-Christian brothers. Among them are the Jews, with whom we share common heritage, the Old Testament.

This point has been strongly brought out in the statement on the Jews in the Vatican Council Two documents. And, on the Jewish side we have the important book of the French scholar, Jules Isaac, *Jesus and Israel* (reviewed in the "Catholic Worker," June 1971), who sought to correct the biased and distorted interpretations of the Gospel by some Christians which led to antisemitism and the brutal persecutions ending in Hitler's concentration camps.

Russia, as we know, has a part in the inhumane practices against the Jews from tsarist times to the present day. But we must also recall that one of the first to raise his voice against these practices was the Russian religious thinker, Vladimir Solovyev.

Known as a pioneer of Unity, at a time when the ecumenic movement had not as yet come into existence, Solovyev is claimed both by the Orthodox and the Catholics; as one of his commentators, Efmert Munzer puts it, he "was a Catholic by intellectual conviction and an Orthodox by all the inclination of his heart." Actually, he saw beyond the Churches separated in time and history; his was a prophetic vision of the Church Universal, in which everything fell into place, including the Jews for whom he had a great love.

Solovyev expressed this love and respect in many of his writings as well as in statements he made to his friends. Thus to one of them, F. Goetz, he declared:

"I am interested in the fate of the Jewish people, because it is in itself extremely interesting and instructive in many ways. Do I at times stand up for the Jews? Yes, but unfortunately not as often as I should do this as a Christian and as a Slav. (As a Christian I recognize that I owe Judaism an immense debt of gratitude, for my Saviour was a Jew in the flesh, the prophets and apostles were Jews, and the cornerstone of the Universal Church was taken from the house of Israel. As a Slav, I feel the great guilt toward Judaism and would like to atone for it as much as I can.) The Jewish problem is essentially a problem of truth and justice. In the person of the Jew, justice is trampled, for the persecutions to which the Jew is submitted have not the slightest justification.

If we compare these words with the Vatican Two declaration, deploring antisemitism, its hatred and persecution, we are struck by the similarity of Solovyev's words spoken more than sixty years before Pope John called the Ecumenic Council in Rome.

It was with great courage that Solovyev protested against the antisemitic policy of the all-powerful reactionary Russian press of his time: he called it "an unprecedented violation of the most basic demands of justice and love of man"; he considered it necessary "to remind Russian society of these elementary demands. The fact that they have been forgotten is the only reason for the existence of the so-called Jewish problem; the simple and sincere recognition of these demands is the only solution."

Solovyev insisted that the Jewish problem is actually a Christian problem: "We have not learnt," he writes, "to treat the Jews according to Christian principles." He further said that Christians could find in the Gospel a clear indication of what they should do to repair the injustice they have

committed. The Gospel commandment is perfect, and because of this, it is hard to obey. However, "special means have been given us: the help of Grace. . . . If we reject this commandment under the pretext that it is hard, there is no excuse. It matters little whether it is hard or easy. If it were impossible, it would not have been given us." This is a typical example of Solovyev's plain logic. So he concluded: "We are separated from the Jews because we are not completely Christian."

The declaration of the Jews of Vatican Two has clearly stated that though "authorities of the Jews and those who followed their lead pressed for the death of Christ, still what happened in His passion cannot be blamed upon all the Jews then living, without distinction, nor upon the Jews of today."

Solovyev expressed the same ideas, removing the collective guilt in the past and in the present from the Jewish people. He, too, insisted that if the High Priests and those who followed them demanded the crucifixion, if Judas betrayed Christ, there were the Apostles, who were Jewish too, there were the martyrs and the thousands of Jews who followed Peter, as related in the Acts.

While the Russian antisemites persecuted the Jews, Solovyev had rallied his friends to defend the Jews, and they responded eagerly. He quotes the letter of one of them, Boris Chicherin, who wrote to him:

"There is no people in the world to whom mankind owes so much as the Jews. Christianity emerged from this milieu and produced a revolution in world history. . . . The Book which is the essential spiritual food of millions is of Jewish origin. From the Greeks we received secular education, but the Greeks have vanished, while the Jews, in spite of unheard of persecutions and scattered over the entire earth, have preserved intact their nationality and faith. This is the sign of a great vocation."

One of Solovyev's strong supporters on behalf of the Jews was Leo Tolstoy who wrote to him March 15th, 1890: "The foundation of our repulsion towards the persecution of the Jewish people is the same: the feeling of a brotherly bond with all peoples, especially with the Jews, among whom Christ was born."

It is said that when Solovyev lay dying, he asked the friends who attended him not to let him fall asleep, so that he may pray for the Jews. We do this now in the Unity Octave. More than eighty years ago, a lonely man included the chosen people in his last prayer. These were prophetic words, and the dying Solovyev also told his friends: "God's works are hard." But had he not said that it matters little whether the Gospel commandment of love is hard or easy, we just have to follow it. So that is what he had done all his life.

On March 19-20, a national inter-religious consultation on Soviet Jewry will be held at the Center for continuing education at the University of Chicago. Approximately 200 leaders will gather to discuss and develop a program to meet the critical situation confronting the Jews of Russia. Representatives of the Soviet Jewish Community will speak as will academicians and other experts. The consultation is sponsored by an ad hoc group of religious leaders headed by Sister Margaret Traxler, executive director of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice; Professor Andre Lacocque, Chicago Theological Seminary; and Rabbi Marc Tannenbaum, American Jewish Committee.

"Peacemaking Is Hard"

By KATHLEEN DeSUTTER

December 7, 1971. Los Angeles Federal Court. "The U.S.A. versus Patrick William Jordan." Charges: failing to report for induction, failing to report for pre-induction physical.

For myself, only one of the many friends and supporters present for Pat's trial, the event is perhaps best captured in words from long ago—a promise from the Lord in Isaiah 58: "If you do away with the yoke, the clenched fist, the wicked word, if you give your bread to the hungry, and relief to the oppressed, your light will rise in darkness, and your shadows become like noon. Yahweh will give strength to your bones and you shall be like a watered garden, like a spring of water whose waters never run dry." For it was a day when the truth was most clearly and strongly spoken, and a day of peacemaking.

The trial opened with Pat entering his third motion to defend himself: "I feel on principle that it is very important that citizens speak openly to the court . . . I would hope the court could understand my language and I theirs." For the third time the motion was denied, and the prosecution presented its case. Very simple: Pat's Selective Service file; and a single witness, the secretary of his draft board.

The first and only witness for the defense was Father Louie Vitale, a Franciscan Friar. Simply and eloquently Father Louie put forth the teachings of St. Francis and of the Church (particularly Vatican II) on war and peace, and spoke of how seriously Pat

had taken these matters ever since he had taught him in the seminary. Even in his rule for the lay order, St. Francis sounded the imperative "do not bear arms"; and one could hardly hold back a smile when Father Louie described times in the early Italian city-states when so many of the people had taken up Francis' message that, when warring lords called all to battle, not enough came to make a war!

Judge Hill, while denying Pat his right to defend himself, allowed him to speak when and what he wished. "It is thirty years today since Pearl Harbor day," Pat began, "and since then we have had over 97 wars, more than 20 million lives lost in those wars." He went on to describe the decimation of the U.S. war in South-

east Asia and how, far from winding down or coming to an end, it is rather becoming an automated battlefield, a mechanized, "push-button" war. And what does it mean to us, to our lives here with one another, when we no longer have to see with our eyes the destruction of our weapons?

Pat continued with a brief description of events and influences significant in his life and in this decision not to cooperate with the government. At one point the judge stopped him to ask "When you left the seminary did you go on to continue your philosophical and theological education?" "Yes," replied Pat, "I went to the Catholic Worker, which was the deepest theological education." When asked by Judge Hill to describe the Catholic Worker,

Pat responded "It is an attempt to live a Gospel life . . . the Catholic Worker wants to create a world in which it is easier for men to be good." This is a time for individuals to return to the sources, he said "to the teachings of the Gospel and of Francis . . . We must work to better society, and I don't need a government to tell me what to do, how to do good, especially this government . . . It (the Bible) says 'Do not kill!'—You, you do not kill!"

The trial itself was quite brief; what transpired in the courtroom that day was mighty. And beyond time, or words. When Pat had finished his testimony, he presented the court with three pieces of evidence: an article by Fred Branfman on the automated battlefield; an old and worn photo of a napalmed child; and a copy of *Peace in Terror*.

Shortly after very brief closing statements by each attorney (the prosecution arguing that "this defendant, far from having little intent to commit these actions, seems to have done so with a great deal of intent"), Judge Hill, who had listened to Pat with great respect and openness, declared him to be "guilty" on all counts. Sentencing was set for Jan. 11, the judge saying the court would have to look into the possibilities of probation.

After the trial we all gathered at the Catholic Worker house to celebrate the Eucharist together, truly an extension of the day's events. "Peacemaking is hard," yes, "hard almost as war. The difference being one we can stake life upon/and limb and thought and love."



Anna Hogan

RURAL RENAISSANCE

By JAN ADAMS

The International Independence Institute, headed by Bob Swann, seeks to revitalize the economic and community life of the rural areas of the world. Two premises shape its efforts. The first is ecological: we live in a finite world on "spaceship earth"; the organization and use of our resources must take into account not only our immediate benefit but also effects on future generations. "The rights of productive usership of land in wise trust for fellow mankind and for posterity, exceed the right of private ownership." The second premise is economic: more than anything else, rural areas lack the availability of credit for development. I.I.I. extends credit, plus educational materials and training, rather than fostering dependency through gifts of goods and money as do so many aid programs.

One of I.I.I.'s first programs was the Southwest Alabama Farmers' Cooperative through which 600 organizing farmers in the Black Belt are buying seed and fertilizer cheaply as one purchasing unit. New Communities Inc. is a land trust of 5735 acres in Lee County, Georgia where a cooperative approach is being taken to problems of land tenure, community organization, and ecological planning. Farming has begun with the help of volunteers as well as local people and eventually 800 families will occupy the land.

In order to improve marketing and distribution of organically grown foods such as those produced at N.C.I., Earth Foods and Services Inc. has been formed to establish the "Earth Food" label as a guarantee of quality and safety. It hopes to bring organically grown produce into the chain stores. An Earth Foods Center is enlisting consumer groups in establishing certification of food for nutritional content. Another I.I.I. project is to extend credit for use of organic fertilizers and thus reduce the dependency of small farmers on chemical fertilizer companies.

I.I.I. also runs rural development programs outside the United States. It is trying to increase the market for organic fruits from cooperatives in central Puerto Rico, thereby stimulating agricultural development which will save the area from takeover by copper mining corporations. In the state of Michoacan, Mexico, the Farm Centers International has successfully extended low-cost credit to small farmers, involving more than 1000 families. Its small loans have been repaid at the record rate of 100%. The success of this program leads to plans for similar projects in Central and South America. This fall credit began to be offered to small farmers on the island of Flores in Indonesia.

Meanwhile I.I.I. is publishing research on the creative use of economic instruments for development which is not exploitive of resources or people. Published papers include *Community Based Credit and Banking*, *A Guide to Setting Up Land Trusts*, *Planning a Rural New Town in Southwest Georgia*, and *Rural New Towns for America*.

Through I.I.I., rural development is carried out in actual experiments which make use of the most sophisticated economic planning and scientific understanding. They serve as a reminder that technology and complex economic organization are not in themselves barriers to a cooperative agricultural life; rather we are hampered by the greed we have institutionalized in the way we divide and use the land.

I.I.I. maintains "the urban areas of the world are incapable of indefinitely absorbing an increasing number of people without also increasing unemployment, crime, water and air pollution, traffic and other already critical problems of urban life. Programs for rural renaissance are essential to help reverse the flow of migration to the cities."

I.I.I. can be contacted at Box 183, West Road, Ashby, Mass. 01431.

The Ninth Street School

Walking down Avenue C in Manhattan's Lower East Side, you will find the Ninth Street School. On the surface it will look like another old and deteriorated storefront where another useless "educational" program goes on. But if you walk inside, you will find students and teachers involved in a very exciting educational process.

For instance you will meet Jose. He is 17 years old and very uptight about reading. In October, he started doing some reading with one of the teachers. He could only work for about 30 minutes and was convinced that he would never learn to read. A new teacher came in November and insisted Jose should do some math. The pressure now was heavier and Jose became more uptight.

A few weeks ago, Jose walked into the school with a sense of new determination. He told the new teacher that he did not want to do math, and screamed with all his strength, "I want to read!" Since then Jose is coming every day and works on his reading for 2 or 3 hours. What happened? We don't know. We only can point to Jose's new behavior and his hard work.

Carlos. He is not interested in credits or diplomas. He wants to learn History of Puerto Rico and Spanish, in order to be able to do political work among the kids in the community. Carlos himself made the outline for the course with some help from the teachers. He formulates questions relevant to the topics and finds the answers himself. The teachers simply show the materials and resources available, and fill the gaps in information. Lectures are reduced to a minimum. Right now Carlos is translating into English a book on the Taino Indians which he wants to circulate in the community.

Pete is getting credits in something called Social Studies. Pete is interested in rock and the cultural revolution in the U.S.A. We started the class from that point and, along the road, he discovered other things which he wanted

to know about — like surrealism, the Utopian communities in America, social democracy in Sweden. These "social studies" have become an interesting experiment in interdisciplinary and multimedia approaches to learning. The class includes history, politics, psychology, art, religion etc. We use every medium available to us, like posters, magazines, films, videotapes and records. Thanks to the sweet pill of the "social studies," Pete can swallow the bitter pill of math.

These 3 persons are some of the seven students and 4 teachers of the Ninth St. School. The students are all young people who live in the area and who cannot tolerate the authoritarian and racist system of the regular schools. The community is one full of violence and heroin, where mere survival is a struggle.

The Ninth St. School is an alternative to the public school system — at this point we all know (or should know) what is wrong with this system. But we do not try to copy the models of other free and alternative schools that exist around the country. Models that, for many reasons, do not respond to the needs and realities of the community that we serve.

We do not have a political or educational "line." As you could notice in the above examples, teaching starts from the very needs and interests of the students — all of them are considered and respected. Instead of memory and answers, there is an emphasis on process and questioning. This process of learning and teaching is not limited to the four walls or to the regular hours of the school. The relations among us transcend that. We use to a maximum outside resources, such as people, movies, concerts, museums.

The school does have a structure and it does have standards. The structure is flexible enough, and the students can change and reshape it. In terms of the standards, we have a mixture of

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On Pilgrimage

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McGivern, Hope Lopez—one cannot list them all.

Conference at Maryknoll

La Paz is a village, an adult education center primarily, where eventually El Malcriado will be published again. Presses have been purchased, the editorial offices are occupied and work is being done on the first issue of the paper, which has not been published for some time and has been sorely missed. The 22 children in school are getting not only an education at home, but in the local schools, and getting acquainted with the neighbors. There are infants at home and three more are on the way. When I think of the families engaged in the boycott activities around the country, I am wondering how they were all accommodated at Maryknoll a few months ago when they gathered together there for an East Coast conference with Cesar Chavez. Cesar had called us up to see whether Tivoli could accommodate them, but with a population of fifty already, with many living in the old mansion which is unheated and with no plumbing, we had to turn them away, much to the grief of us all.

Marge Hughes, in charge of the farm, recommended them to Graymoor's Ecumenical Center but it was already having a conference, and they received instead the hospitality of Maryknoll, nearby, which gave me great joy. Many a Maryknoll seminarian has helped us in the summer, and on the West Coast, Maryknoll sisters have helped us get houses of hospitality started.

Now they were getting ready to receive a hundred workers from the West Coast. Until they get some more house trailers, La Paz is so crowded with



families that additional houses have been rented in the neighborhood, and I went to one of them one day for lunch. I ate also at Leroy Chatfield's, at Feliciano Olgunin's, at Lupe Murguia's, and one night at the house of three single women, and Cesar came over and ate with us.

Fasting

I learned then that Cesar is on a vegetable diet, eating no meat or fish, cheese or eggs. "I eat plenty of bread," he said. "Work like this needs sacrifice. One must sacrifice." He said this not in front of the others, but once when he was talking to me about voluntary poverty.

"We all receive five dollars a week, and our expenses paid, such as rent and food and travel, and we have to keep on this subsistence level."

He clearly recognized voluntary poverty and fasting as spiritual weapons of great power. "As long as there is organizing to do among farm workers, we must keep to this level. They asked me to come to Florida to help there, and to send organizers. So my cousin Manuel Chavez is there, and I have just returned from there. If I had not gone, they would try to do it alone, but we can all help each other."

In a way I lived the life of the place that week, seeing Chavez in action at a day-long meeting of the board of directors of the union, driving with him to Delano for a Sunday celebration when the Filipino Hall was restored to the generous comrades who had

given the use of their own recreation headquarters which they had built up over the years. The restoration was celebrated by a feast which began early and lasted all day, with speeches and singing and dancing, and concert music played by a stringed orchestra and solos by accomplished violinists and pianists. The feast was provided by all the women who cooked roasts and turkeys, and Mexican and Filipino dishes.

Larry Itliong

Larry Itliong was one of the speakers and was greeted with a tumult of applause as he urged all his fellow Filipinos to support the union and to defend each others' interests in spite of the fact that he had stepped out of his position of vice president or assistant director, some weeks before. He is a strong and good man and I thought of his testimony before a Congressional hearing years ago, when he told how he had come at the age of fifteen to the United States to continue his education but had been forced to go into the fields to earn his living and had never gone back to school. But he had worked in the northwest canning and fishing industries where he helped organize his compatriots.

Delano

I stayed at the Chavez home in Delano, the night before the feast. They had not yet completed the move to La Paz, and I gathered that Helen Chavez was not too anxious to leave her new little grandchild. Besides I heard that she had been forcibly taken from her home when she was seven years old and brought to the preventorium section of the T.B. hospital which is now part of La Paz and kept there for eighteen months. She has nothing but unpleasant memories of the place. "But of course I am going," she told me, "next week or the week after."

Delano, is her home town where her own family lived for many years, and naturally family and friends from years back make it harder to leave. But to me, these flat, characterless little towns down through the long valley in California, cannot compare in attraction with the beautiful setting of La Paz.

The Chavez income is \$2100 a year, and the Internal Revenue Department has tried in vain to check him for income tax evasion.

Before I left for Los Angeles again, preparing for bed in my small hospital room at La Paz, I heard a knock at the door and a little boy came in and told me "Cesar wants you to come over." It was a dark night and as we walked up the paved road to one of the little houses where Cesar's family were going to live, we were passed by the security jeep making the rounds. Cesar's house had been surrounded by a high fence which was locked at night, with a telephone which goes in to the house. Kevin Brown was spending the night and came to open the gate and let us in. Huelga and Boycott were on duty. I think it was only then that I truly felt the enormity of the situation—a man always living in danger of his life being snuffed out. Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy—one had to remember them. Security guards are of no avail and Cesar knows it, but the union officials insist on taking all the precautions they can.

We neither of us talked of threats and dangers. He wanted to talk of the work of education, of getting out a paper, of education which included not only education for organizers and boycotts but for credit unions and cooperatives, land trusts.

When we talked over two years ago at the time of my visit during the Coachella strike, I had just been visit-

ing the Hutterites in Montana and South Dakota and he was interested in them. The pictures of Zapata on the walls of the union headquarters remind all Mexican workers of the struggle of this peasant leader for the ejido, peasant-ownership movement in Morelos, Mexico.

No Enemies

Chavez does not talk of "enemies" but "adversaries," according to Henry Anderson who has written the most up to date book on the farm workers movement that I have read yet. So Shall Ye Reap is by Joan London (daughter of Jack London) and Henry Anderson, long associated with the farm workers. It was published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co. a year ago. He knows he is surrounded by adversaries not only because of the union's struggle for wages, decent conditions, and respect. I don't think most people realize how great his vision is. He has the long view, and in faith believes that by non-violent means, man can attain to a decent life on the good earth. He is interested in land trusts and the eventual ownership by farm workers of cooperative farms, built up within the shell of the old profit system. Black Muslims have approached him with their ideas of getting thousand-acre farms and



setting up co-ops. In Mississippi there are some small beginnings of this. Also in Louisiana and Alabama.

It is as though the poor were crying out, "Land for us. Room for us. We hope we are not adversaries to the death. Co-existence is possible. Change may not come about soon, but it is on its way. Just as a communist government was voted in in Chile, not brought about by armed conflict, so there may be, in the future, a cooperative commonwealth. It may come about." The patience of the poor!

The farm workers are willing to talk about the machine, as they knew they had to talk about pesticides, in their contracts. Machines are necessary. They are not wedded to their short-handled hoe, to their stoop labor, their back-breaking work. While we talked Cesar lay flat on his back, evidently in pain. But he smiled as he told me of an Indonesian nurse at Maryknoll who had given him a massage which put him to sleep for a good eight hours.

Before I left I looked at the books on his bedside table. There were Neruda's poems, a book by Maryknoll's Fr. Eddie Gerlock, and Paulo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*.

Our Involvement

Why do we give so much attention in the Catholic Worker to such matters as the condition of workers, unions, boycotts? This month I have had several letters, written undoubtedly by sincere and pious people who want to think only of contributing to bread lines and immediate needs of the poor. "Please spend this money for bread," they will write, "not on propaganda."

Let me say here that the sight of a line of men, waiting for food, ragged, dirty, obviously "sleeping out" in empty buildings, is something that I never will get used to. It is a deep hurt and suf-

fering that this is often all we have to give. Our houses will not hold any more men and women, nor do we have workers to care for them. Nor are there enough alternatives or services to take care of them. They are the wounded in the class struggle, men who have built the railroads, worked in the mines, on ships, and steel mills. They are men from prison, men from mental hospitals. And women too. They all are often simply the unemployed.

We will never stop, having "lines" at Catholic Worker houses. As long as men keep coming to the door we will keep on preparing each day the food they need. There were six hundred on Thanksgiving day in Los Angeles. I helped serve there too.

Even Worse Poverty

Even now as I write I can see the Berlin-like wall, the high riot fencing topped with rolls of barbed wire which separates the barrios of Tijuana from the lush fields of southern California. As far as the eye can see there are those shacks made of cartons and old bits of tar paper and carpeting, wall to wall, the wall of one, a wall for the next, acres and acres of destitution. Most horrible of all, there is caught in that barbed wire topping the high fences, bits of clothing, a sleeve of a coat, a sock, a ragged shirt, caught there and torn from the scratched and bleeding body of some desperate person trying to get over the fence.

Project Concern

A happier sight in Tijuana was the group of poor and small buildings which contained a hospital, a clinic, a pharmacy, a nursery and even a school for a couple of hundred children. American sisters, doctors, pharmacists cross the border each day, and with a Mexican assistant do what they can to alleviate the ills of children. I saw a tiny baby being operated on, in a small room, by a specialist who was at that moment saving the life of a child and teaching his Mexican assistant. Work was being done under circumstances that would not be tolerated in the United States.

There are so many empty buildings belonging to the Church, so many Sisters and Brothers who want to serve the poor, surely there should be more guest houses, hostels, than there are. I'd like to call attention to the fact that a man can go from New York to Graymoor and get hospitality; go on to Poughkeepsie where usually the jail is the only hospice; then come on to Tivoli and stay as long as he needs to just so he doesn't bring a bottle in; then on to Albany to Arbor House; (there may be a house in Schenectady); Fr. McVey has a house for men in Syracuse, or rather outside of it at Orwell, N.Y.; then there is St. Joseph's house of Hospitality in Rochester. There used to be two houses in Buffalo. I can envision men, in spring, summer and fall, going from house to house, staying for a while, looking up job opportunities, and when they have made the tour, coming back again and starting their pilgrimage over. "Men of the road" we call them, and we have lost track of the number we have sheltered at the farm at Tivoli.

But I repeat — Breadlines are not enough, hospices are not enough. I know we will always have men on the road. But we need communities of work, land for the landless, true farming communes, cooperatives and credit unions. There is much that is wild, prophetic and holy about our work—it is that which attracts the young who come to help us. But the heart hangers for that new social order wherein justice dwelleth.

(I must wait till our next issue to describe the wonderful labor of Charles Evers and the woodcutters strike in Mississippi).

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Credit Unions

Ammon Hennacy House
241 Charles
Grand Rapids, Michigan
49503

Hello Friends,

I come to you with a problem that plagues our new health food co-op here in Grand Rapids. The co-op is operating from a basement that was donated to us for a distribution point. We are able to get non-perishable food out at phenomenally cheap prices. Thus we, as a membership co-op, seek viable alternatives to the rip-off consumer game that grips the country. I am puzzled as to an alternative to using the bank and credit unions to hold the money of the co-op members.

I do not want to use the bank system, for obvious reasons. I have no right to impose my beliefs on the other members of the co-op. And the members are going to ask for security of their money.

Can you (or some of your readers) help us in seeking an alternative to the inhumane and dehumanized norm of investing and saving money and supporting the capitalistic structure of banks and credit unions?

Love,
Paul Gunter



Martin de Porres House

Martin de Porres House
2826 23rd St.
San Francisco, Calif. 94110

Dear Friends,

Martin de Porres house is now over six months old. We have been serving meals for five months. On Monday through Friday we serve two meals a day: a breakfast from 6-7:30 A.M. and a dinner from 5-6:30 P.M. Also, on Sunday we serve a brunch from 11:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M. We are closed on Saturdays.

As the months pass our community grows. Toward the end of last month we were feeding around 25 for breakfast and nearly 100 for dinner. On Sundays we have had 125 and above. So, our need for food has increased. In order to meet the increasing demands for food, besides begging at the San Francisco and South San Francisco Produce Markets we have begun scouring their garbage bins. It is an old Catholic Worker tradition! This yield is far better than our begging!

During these months our volunteer community has grown. There are now six of us: Dave, Michael, Chuck, Rodrigo, Ron and myself. We live in the same place we serve in. We are sleeping on cots which we set up at night and take down in the morning. Since we start serving breakfast at 6 A.M. we have to get up at that time! It makes for a long day! Also, Beth, who is temporarily living with friends, spends all of the day working with us. Pat also is interested in doing the same. During the day others come to help: Karl, Wendell, Jim Ehrhart, Kathy, Rosemary, Joan, Brian, and Ron and Liz Gessner have been coming often.

We hope that we can build a com-

munity that is centered on the Gospel, one that lives simply and trusts that if we "Seek first His Kingdom and His justice, then all else will be added to us"—a community in which we live with the poor whom we serve and daily live the love and service that a lifestyle of nonviolence demands of us, as well as the demands of protest and even civil disobedience, should love and justice demand of us such acts. Some of us here have felt that the Selective Service System is so contrary to justice and to Christ's command, "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you and pray for those who persecute you," that we could not in conscience cooperate. Our life is a life of protest to the injustice of our economic system, and our military might. However, it is not just a protest, but also an attempt to begin creating an alternative way of life. We begin this by living poorly and sharing what we have with those who do not have. Our goal is to live justly by following the precepts of the Gospel and, as Peter Maurin said, "to create a society where it is easier for men to be good."

In order to carry out these goals, we need your help. We do not have a place where we can provide lodging for those in need and have decided that we need to buy a house. We do not have the money. However, this gives you a chance to share in our work. Whatever you can share to help us will be deeply appreciated. We began with nothing but the trust that if we were doing what God wished that He would see to it that others would give the help we needed. He has, through many of you, already blessed our work. So, again we begin with nothing but the trust that if we are doing His will, He will bless us through you.

Chris Montesano

Milwaukee

1915 N. Prospect Ave.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
53202

Dear Dorothy,

Father Alexis and I talked about you Christmas Eve. We were sorry that you and also Michael Cullen couldn't be with us. We met Michael in Madison, however, when Danilo Dolci was there. He was the same vibrant self. We miss him.

Milwaukee is blessed with Larry Rosebaugh, who has beautiful influence on the Peace Movement, and Father Alexis, and the meal program. Brother Charles, at the meal, is now an avid Catholic Worker and Catholic Agitator reader, finding the problems much the same. Father Alexis came out strongly against the war and had many "Court House" people walk out, which disturbed him greatly. Mary Durnin has had to deal with violence in her own household with teenagers, but is finding relief in going to school and working with the poor this summer. My son, Dan, who was part of the Casa Community, returned from Europe on \$2.00 a day, and is in town helping, but knowing that change comes only within ourselves.

I've been trying to get reborn for 57 years now. It's been more intense since returning from CIDOC and Zapata territory in Mexico.

Peace,
Cecile Bremner

Route 1, Box 113
Ogema, Wisconsin
54459

Dear Dorothy,

Peace and love to you from Netty, myself and our children. We are all fine, thank God—growing stronger with time. At the moment we are trying to roof a barn—trying to have it finished before the snow flies.

I speak when time permits—around the state—and a little outside of the state. (Notre Dame, Ind. November 10 and 11, at the invitation of the program on Non-Violence.) I sell the CW each month at churches in the small towns here in North Wisconsin.

If there are friends of the CW traveling through this area, please feel free to come visit us.

Our love to you, Dorothy, and our prayers are with you too.

In Love and Peace always,
Mike, Netty, Willie, Brennan
and Brigid Cullen

Koinonia House

1000 21 St.
Rock Island, Ill. 61201

Dear Dorothy,

It seems like it has been months since your visit here in the Quad-Cities, but it has been only four weeks. Judy and I can't begin to tell you how much we enjoyed our visit with you.

We hope to have a Christmas-eve celebration for peace in one of the local parks in which we will sing peace songs and hymns and celebrate the mass by candle-light.

We have not forgotten our promise to send you a brotherhood flag for 38 East First and one for Tivoli. We have ordered the material and will forward the flags to you as soon as they are completed. If any of your readers are interested in making their own for their communities it is a simple task. The flag consists of equal widths of red, white, black, yellow, and brown (symbolizing the five races) material of any kind sewed together. The response to ours has been very favorable even with all the John Birchers around.

It looks as if our plans for a preschool may materialize in January and it looks as if I may get to be one of the teachers. Our long-range plan is to evolve into an alternative school. Also we continue to discuss the possibilities for a work coop and the farm community, but it will probably be quite awhile before they become realities.

Our little Jimmy had quite a time



Requiescat in Pace

George Ribar

He helped start and supported the CW house in Cleveland in the late Thirties, with Carlotta, his wife, and her sister Monica Durkin, and Jack English. He raised two daughters and four foster children. He started working in a cast-iron foundry in Wellington, Ohio, in 1937, and worked on electrical drawings for the plant through ten months of illness to the day he died last month.

He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, sheltered the homeless and visited the prisoner. His gentle faithfulness was counsel to the doubtful, light to the ignorant and reproach to the sinner. He offered his suffering for the faithfulness of nuns and priests. Pray for us.

Tom Cornell,
George Ribar's
son-in-law

with the box you gave him (box held Pacem In Terris medal you received) and was proud to inform anyone who asked that he got it from Dorothy Day who flew away in the airplane.

We promise to stay in touch so you know we're alive and well out here in the Bible Belt.

In Christ,
Chuck Qulity

Chuck Qulity for all of us at
Koinonia House and Omega
House.

Resistors in Canada

General Delivery
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada

Dear Dorothy Day,

I am an American Army deserter and have been living in Canada since August, 1969, when I received orders for Vietnam. I want CW readers to know that I and my many deserter friends are happy in our lives in many spiritual ways. Many Americans think we are unhappy and regretful, especially with the recent rise in unemployment.

This is not the case. Most of us are glad we are poor. Those of us who are employed help out those who are not and we do our best to share what we have with those in need. Many of us are considering communal farming and I believe it will happen, judging from the example set forth by those of us who are most gifted with faith, and who have already begun such projects. We are a real family — most of my friends have been here about 2 or 3 years — and we are living communally in different houses about town (Ottawa, Ont.). We share many thoughts, feelings, experiences and charities. We are glad to help others to help themselves and to be helped when necessary. We try to cheer, comfort and counsel one another daily. We all came to Canada for various personal, political, or religious reasons, but for all of us, resistance was an act of conscience, and God has blessed us well.

Our family also consists of many Canadian friends. And, there are many American girls amongst us who have come here when disillusioned with the U.S. Government. Some are sisters of deserters, others wives and girl friends, others came here individually for personal reasons. Some of us have married and begun our own families.

We have heard of the new bill in Congress to grant amnesty but most of us are of the opinion that we will continue to live in Canada unless the amnesty is totally free and without conditions. Still, we are hoping for the passing of the bill for the sake of our fellows who are in prison in the states: some were caught while trying to visit their families.

My own family back home (St. Louis, Mo.) in the states, has come to love, understand, and accept me, and their love and new togetherness brings me much peace.

I have subscribed to the Catholic Worker off and on since my high school days when you, Dorothy, spoke at my school (DeAndreis High in St. Louis) during the term 1964-65. The CW has given me much encouragement and I am happy to see its good works.

I would like to ask your readers to pray for those of us in prisons in the states, and to let you all know that we are happy here in Canada and gladly doing the work of God, which is sharing.

Love and Peace in Jesus Christ,
Michael Camp

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Our January landscape lies icy-ridged, lightly blanketed with snow. Amid the somber green of hemlocks and pines, deciduous trees stand, gaunt and leafless, revealing skeletal beauty or the wind-warped, age-bent idiosyncrasy of gnarled and twisted limb. Under the bark of trees, the frozen ground, clinging to rotting leaves or the underside of stones, seeds, eggs, larvae, lie tranced in winter death, waiting the ritual touch of Spring and their familiar miracle of resurrection. Woodchucks and chipmunks, snug in their burrows, sleep in the near-death of hibernation, nourished on the fatty residue of last Summer's feasting. A blue jay, that flying flower, shrieks angry as the Winter wind. Somewhere an owl, perhaps in a hemlock thicket, (for all his feathers, was he cold?) waits sleepily, dreaming of night and the swift plummet on mouse scurrying for food he will no longer need. But now in the chapel Fr. Andy speaks of Winter quiet and of the need for spiritual as well as seasonal, retreat into silence, waiting, listening. Then through the nearby trees, I hear the wind howl, like an Old Testament prophet, lamenting, exhorting, in pain and tribulation praising God.

No one who seriously contemplates the horror and tragedy of modern life, whether in the larger area of society or in a smaller community (our own community is surely a microcosm of the larger) is likely to move into the New Year without something of Apocalyptic dread. Yet we do go forward, often with more of hope than events would seem to warrant. Yet we need not look far for the source of our hope. Certainly for us who accept Christianity, it can be found in that great Feast of Christmas which celebrates the Nativity of Him Who came to teach us the Way to Faith, Hope, and Love. It is a Birth which became a Death, and then a Resurrection; but at Christmastime we think chiefly on the Birth.

Here at our farm with a view, Christmas came as a kind of "happening," a real feast of joy. On Christmas Eve Alan Ginsberg, the poet, arrived with his boxlike harmonium. Gerry Williamson, playing his guitar, and Alan began rehearsing and arranging carols and chants for the Midnight Mass, with, from time to time, Marge, Stanley, Will, and many of the young people joining in. Several of our young people had decked our large livingroom and diningroom with Christmas greens; the trees were set up; seven pre-school age children tumbled about, delighting most particularly in the bells which gave such a Christmasy sound to the carols as arranged by Gerry and Alan. In the kitchen Alice Lawrence and her helpers were preparing the Christmas Day feast. Marge was answering summons hither and yon, while trying to finish gift wrapping. In the air were the unmistakable sounds and smells of Christmas.

Midnight Mass, which Fr. Andy celebrated in the livingroom, was even more joyful than its anticipation. Fr. Frank Arnold, who has been with us since last Fall, read the Gospel and delivered a very good sermon. The carols rang out gladly with a special gladness in Alan Ginsberg's special alleluia. At the conclusion of Mass, Alan and Gerry broke into such a joyous arrangement of "Joy To The World" that the young people and children broke into a dance equally joyful. All in all, it was quite a joyful noise unto the Lord.

After the dance everyone went into the dining room to enjoy the hot chocolate and the Christmas breads, cakes, and cookies which Michael Kreyche, Mary Swanson, and other young bakers had prepared. Then the carols and chants began again, with an interlude

when Alan sang his long sad ballad about the victims of the Indian-Pakistan war, a fitting reminder that it was for all the victims, for all sufferers, that Our Lord was born into the world that first Christmas Day.

The next morning at eleven o'clock, Fr. Andy said another Mass, this time in the chapel which Dominic keeps so clean and decorated so beautifully for the Christmas festival. The noon-time turkey dinner was delicious as everyone familiar with the cooking of Alice Lawrence would expect. To add a special zest to our enjoyment, Joe and Audrey Monroe—who had arrived at six A. M.—were with us, full of laughter and the true good cheer of Christmas. Later in the afternoon Alan and Gerry gave another concert of carols and chants, this time with children dashing about on new mobile toys, or shrieking with excitement.

During the week following Christmas Dorothy Day arrived from Vermont,



Anna Hogan

where she had spent Christmas with her daughter, Tamar, her grandchildren and some of her great grandchildren. After Compline that first evening of her visit, Dorothy spoke to us about her visit with Cesar Chavez during her recent California visit. While Dorothy was away, I had read a book by Peter Mathiessen—Cesar Chavez And The New American Revolution which gives such a fascinating account of Chavez and his dedicated work among the farm workers that I was eager for every detail about this remarkable man, this true leader, this devout Catholic who truly lives his religion.

On subsequent evenings during her visit here at the farm, Dorothy read to us from Rosemary Haughton's book *Why I Am A Christian*. This is a remarkably lucid explanation of the

true meaning, the inner reality of Christianity and what it ought to mean in relation to our everyday living. Rosemary Haughton also deals candidly with the confusions and difficulties attendant on the institutional Church. This is a good book to bring one back to the true meaning of Christmas, and to help one enter the New Year trying at least to follow in the Way of the Lord.

Some of the visitors who made New Year's Day a glad occasion for us, included Mary Rose Blum, home from Notre Dame for the holidays, and Sr. Elaine and Sr. Helen who helped us so much last Summer and who wanted to get a good start on the New Year by revisiting their Catholic Worker family. The dinner itself was worth coming for, since Dominic Falso took time from his numerous duties as sacristan, bathroom cleaner, and painter of basement rooms in the old mansion, etc., to prepare a most delectable ham with pineapple. Whatever the troubles ahead, we were certainly well nourished at the beginning.

For my part, I feel better able to cope with the rigors of Winter and

whatever the New Year may hold, after a two weeks' visit in Princeton with Caroline Gordon Tate. Early in December Cynthia Gooding drove Caroline to the farm for an overnight visit. It was my good fortune to return with them. On the night of their visit, Cynthia, who has a remarkably beautiful and melodic voice, sang from her large repertoire of folk songs. The dining room began to fill up shortly after Cynthia started singing. Many are still talking of the musical pleasure of that night.

Visits to Princeton mean to me peace and quiet, an open fire guarded by two superior cats (they themselves will tell you so), Genji and Xenophon, and the kind of stimulating imaginative conversation which a gifted novelist—as Caroline is—can manage easily. I was also happy to renew friendships with others, most particularly with Cary

Feebles, Sheila Brantley, and Brantlava and Catherine Gibbons.

Clare Danielson, who has returned to her teaching in Poughkeepsie, tells me that she and Sally Corbin enjoyed their visit to the Pentecostal community in Ann Arbor, Michigan and found it likewise an interesting and spiritually refreshing experience. Jan Kohler and David Wayfield spent an unusual Christmas in the Episcopal Monastery of the Holy Cross.

We have continued to have many visitors, too many to mention. Some of my own favorite visitors, however, are the birds which visit our feeding stations. Mike Kreyche, who in a quiet unobtrusive way does much work about the place, has put up a suet feeder in St. Francis' Garden where people in the dining room can watch the birds through the large window. Helene Iswolsky, as always, has many morning customers for her famous bird breakfasts. Birds continue to flock to my own window feeder. Jays and chickadees often announce their names. Now and then I hear the muted fragment of a cardinal's or white-throated sparrow's song. Sometimes the nasal ank-ank of a nuthatch; often the sweet twitterings of goldfinches. The other day Marge noticed outside my window a bright mustardy looking bird with black wing markings. After a few moments of puzzlement we identified it as a goldfinch in winter dress, with feathers fluffed out for warmth so that he looked larger than goldfinches usually do. It is good to feed the birds, for they have done much work for human beings—weed and pest control, pollination, seed distribution, etc.—with little thanks from us for all they have done. St. Francis of Assisi, help us to remember our kinship with other creatures.

Now that the winter cold has set in, John, the farmer, complains more often of the long trip up to the pump house and the difficulty of looking after the chickens which are not laying as well now as in warmer weather. John has the pessimism of a true farmer, but he knows what responsibility is and always does a good job at whatever he undertakes.

Helene Iswolsky keeps busy with her writing and is planning our third Sunday discussion for January, when Joe and Audrey Monroe will tell us about their travels in Africa last Summer. On the third Sunday of February, we hope that our good friend, Professor Jacques Travers of Brooklyn College will talk to us of Peguy.

Unfortunately Marty Corbin, who has always chaired these third-Sunday meetings, is in the hospital in Rhinebeck, recovering from a collapsed lung. We hope that Marty will be home again and much better when our January meeting occurs.

Thanks largely to Marge Hughes' good care, Catherine Ryan, who was so ill earlier in the Fall, is much better. Mrs. Ham, however, continues to have her ups and downs, her good days and bad days. Mike Sullivan also is often on the sick list.

Perhaps it is fortunate that in Winter work is one of the best ways to avoid monotony, the doldrums of January and February. With such a large family, there is much work to be done, and many to do it. They are too many to mention, but we thank them all.

Now that days and nights grow colder—the Hudson River is almost frozen over—we are doubly grateful to all who have sent blankets, and to all who have made contributions that have helped keep us warm and well nourished. We are deeply grateful, too, for prayers, and for all who have shared the true Catholic Worker aims and purposes. May God's blessing fall richly on them all.

We move toward February and the lean weeks of Lent. Help us, O God, to fast as gladly as we have feasted. Help us to do penance, to follow the Way of Your Cross. AGNUS DEI . . . MISERERE NOBIS.

The Ninth Street School

(Continued from page 3)

firmness and flexibility which is very difficult to put down on paper. They are quite strict regarding drugs and violence; in terms of lateness and absences, teachers and students work together in trying to put them into practice. In general, what the teachers try to do is to avoid falling into the role of the sucker who mistakes chaos for freedom or of the tyrant who mistakes domination for guidance.

We are happy with the school but not satisfied. There are lots of things that we can do and improve. Our goals are to have a real process of learning going on, and the creation of genuine and humane relations among students and teachers. As for the means of doing this, we can only quote the Spanish poet, Antonio Machado: "Only the walker can make a road."

The Ninth St. School needs some money. For the near future we want to have enough money to continue our trips to museums, movies, concerts, etc.

We also need books, desks and chairs. If you can donate money, we will appreciate it ((unfortunately we are not tax-exempt)).

Our address is:

The Ninth Street School
136 Avenue C
NYC, NY 10003

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Zapata and the Ejidos

Can We Return To The Land?

By JAN ADAMS

"Viva Zapata!" is one of the rallying cries of the Chicano movement for Mexican-American self-determination and of the Chicano members of the Farmworkers Union. Many of us who are not Chicanos do not know what to make of this Emiliano Zapata. He is usually pictured with a drooping black mustache and heavy cartridge belts draped across his chest: a half-ferocious, half-comic caricature of our stereotype of the Mexican bandit. (Remember Pancho, the Cisco Kid's bumbling sidekick on the TV series?) Yet to millions of Mexican citizens and Chicanos, Zapata's history represents their continuing attachment to the communal, agricultural life of the Mexican Indian pueblos (villages) and their struggle against alien Spanish and Anglo economic "development" which has nearly obliterated that life.

(Thus Zapata is a folk hero. His history has taken on a meaning for a people which goes far beyond mere narration of his efforts and exploits. We ought only to take up the story of another people's folk hero with some trepidation, for he belongs to that other people as a thread in the very fabric of life, a life we cannot share. Yet if we are to learn from one another, we must, cautiously and respectfully, study one another's folk heroes.)

Emiliano Zapata was born around 1879 in the pueblo of Aneneculco in the Mexican state of Morelos. The Morelos pueblos were ancient settlements, primarily populated by Indians, who continued to govern themselves through village councils and to hold the land in common. With other Mexican pueblos, their lands had been expropriated by both Spanish and Mexican rulers to form cash-producing sugar plantations. As these haciendas gobbled up the land available to the villagers to grow corn, the Indians were forced to become wage-dependent employees of the big landholders. The *cientificos*, the land-holding hacendados who controlled Mexican politics, quarrelled among themselves not about the propriety of expropriations, but about the division of the proceeds.

In Zapata and the Mexican Revolution, John Womack Jr. maintains that "the Mexican Revolution happened because the high politicians of the country openly failed to agree on who should rule when President Porfirio Diaz died." The maneuverings and revolts of the *cientificos* which began with the Maderist rebellion of 1910 and continued on a confusing, often sordid, course for ten years, unleashed the discontent in the pueblos.

In 1909 the pueblo of Aneneculco had chosen Emiliano Zapata as council president. He was trusted to care for the pueblo's ancient title deeds to its lands and to defend those lands from rapacious hacendados. With the coming of the Revolution, Zapata led his villagers, and soon the whole populace of Morelos, in support of successive leaders: Madero, Carranza, and finally Obregon, who were expected to honor the demands of the pueblos for the return and guarantees of their lands.

Zapata was a brilliantly successful guerilla leader, keeping the dogged support of the Indian villagers despite regular army terrorists campaigns which halved the population of the state, and issuing out of the hills repeatedly to threaten the capital city itself. Whenever he controlled territory, he broke up the haciendas, returning the land to the pueblos. Although Zapata was shot in an ambush in 1919, he and his followers had made land reform the central issue of the Revolution.

The Zapatistas fought for their Plan

de Ayala (a village near Aneneculco) which declared: "In virtue of the fact that the immense majority of Mexican pueblos and citizens are owners of no more than the land that they walk on, suffering the horrors of poverty... because lands, timber, and water are monopolized in a few hands, for this cause there will be expropriated the third part of those monopolies from the powerful proprietors of them, in order that the pueblos and citizens of Mexico may obtain ejidos (communally owned land)... and the Mexicans' lack of prosperity and well-being may improve in all and for all." By 1920 the post-Revolutionary Mexican Constitution incorporated this aim.

John Collier, in *Indians of the Americas*, summarizes the ejidal movement after the Revolution. Village council executive committees would petition for restitution of land; grants confirmed by the President of the Republic made village possession final. Pueblos were entitled to at least six hectares of land for each family and each individual over 18. For the haciendas, expropriation amounted to "mitigated confiscation." Most important, "ejidal lands were inalienable, and the title was communal. The ejido could use its lands through collective enterprise or through granting use-rights to its members; but it could not convey title to an individual member." Collier described the enthusiasm he found among rural Indians under the ejidal program in 1930: "Utterly poor men, these Indians were yet touched with light. Nothing could exhaust their merriment, their hospitality. After hundreds of years of enslavement, they had made themselves free."

Yet the progress of the ejidal movement was not smooth for all the Zapatistas efforts. No government is quick to discomfit its wealthiest citizens; not until the presidency of Lazaro Cardenas, which began in 1934, was ejidal redistribution carried out widely. But by 1938, one third of the crop land in Mexico was in ejidal possession. However, Collier points out that the villagers still lacked cash or credit fa-

cilities to maintain themselves in an increasingly industrialized economy. A National Ejidal Bank only partially met these needs.

Meanwhile the "modernizing" political classes of the country still denied village claims in order to bring more land under private ownership. Womack, following out the history of Aneneculco where it all began, points out that in 1947 Zapata's successor as keeper of the precious title deeds was killed by local police who assaulted his house after he again pushed the pueblo's claims in court. Growing population in the pueblos led to the breaking down of the communal lands into ever smaller plots. While many young men were forced to move to industrial work in the cities, those who remained in the pueblos had to exhaust the land through over-cultivation to feed themselves. Many pueblos again found themselves "suffering the horrors of poverty."

Thus the Zapatista ejidal movement, for all its promise, seems to prove that a direct return to self-governing, communal life on the land, as existed under pre-industrial conditions, cannot be accomplished in an industrialized society. Where the political system

promotes industrial growth, modern medical technology facilitates rapid population growth, and a commercial economy demands that wealth come in negotiable units, cash or saleable land, reviving primitive forms only condemns people to poverty.

In modern societies, efforts to create cooperative agricultural communities have to take into account, and harness for their purposes, all that modern economic organization and technology can teach. The International Independence Institutes efforts to provide credit to small farmers and rural cooperatives point in this direction (see article on "Rural Renaissance" in this issue.) Likewise Ivan Illich's suggestion of a "mechanical mule" for South and Central America, instead of the costly, wasteful development of auto transportation, indicates a way technology could be used to help rather than destroy rural life styles. While we must honor the Zapatista's vision of a collective agricultural life, we have a commanding obligation to use all that we can learn from our experience of industrialism if we are to create more than a refuge for a few privileged individuals indulging a pastoral fantasy.



Rita Corbin

36 East First

By JEAN-PIERRE BOYETTE

Of all the seasons in the year, it seems that winter is the one which puts the true strength of the word *community* to the test. For with the arrival of the bitter cold days of winter, people's freedom of movement is somewhat limited, and they experience a great deal of physical closeness. Responding to this closeness, attempting to minimize human friction, demands a great deal of tolerance, and understanding and compassion.

In a community where many persons live and work together in a limited space, these seasonal changes and the response to them are greatly intensified. Here at the Catholic Worker we are some thirty or more people brought together in such a situation. Our day to day lives are continually affected by the thoughts and actions of one another. We share each other's joys and sorrows. We are a family, living together at times in tranquility and harmony, at other times in conflict and strife.

With the winter's arrival at the CW, the number of people who come to us in need seems to be greatly increased. The needs of these people are usually more pressing during the cold months. Most of the physical ones, such as food or clothing, can be readily fulfilled. But the real needs of the alcoholic, the drug addict, the ex-mental patient or the emotionally disturbed, tend to extend

far beyond the material. And while we often direct some persons to centers offering specialized services, for the help they seek, the strain on the person and community of persons dealing with them at times becomes overwhelming.

Having such a collage of people living together, and coming together out of need, has its disadvantages. Likewise it has its strengths. Differences are bound to arise among us, but at the same time we are given countless opportunities to reconcile differences and come together in our work toward a common goal. Overcoming interpersonal differences gives each the chance to experience the human togetherness which is called "brotherhood."

Perhaps the greatest test of our Christian strength is that which comes from within. Often times, under the strain, we feel that "community" and "brotherhood" are absurd. But such negative feelings can be transformed simply by looking around and seeing the many and constant works of charity undertaken by others, and our own hope and strength are renewed.

Although often buried beneath the constant confusion, and perhaps taking just a brief instant, such acts of love take place daily here, and their greatness is immeasurable. I've seen Marcel, for instance, with his colorful French temperament, carefully bandage the

cut of a man who came in from the Bowery. Louie, John, Wong, Charlie and others live their acts of charity in their utter devotion and example in mailing out the paper. And of course John McMullen and the young people add their share by preparing and serving morning soup and evening meals. For those who have eyes to see, hearts open for the unexpected, there are countless acts of charity lived in the course of a day.

We learn daily at the Worker that the Lord comes in small and humble ways, truly as One poor among the poor. Christmas at the Worker this year was truly beautiful, with the hard work, thoughtfulness and generosity of so many making it a time of special joy. Carmen Mathews gave a fantastic reading of Dickens' "The Christmas Carol" in the true spirit of the season. On Christmas eve there were gifts for all under the tree, the tree which Earl had so carefully selected and all of us had gaily decorated. And half-way through our party, to the great surprise and delight of all, in came the magnificent clown, Pathétique! Many of us who've known Larry Evers for years had never seen him perform, and this evening there were people we rarely see smile laughing so hard tears came to their eyes. A bountiful meal for the morning line, and Ed Forand's elegant dinner Christmas night were finishing touches to the celebration. We look to the New Year with high hopes for peace and joy to be with all the earth.

MEN IN THE STREETS

(This article is reprinted from the December, 1971 issue of the Catholic Agitator published by the Los Angeles Catholic Worker house.)

By SUSAN POLLACK

There is a sign outside the Union Rescue Mission on Main and Second streets—several blocks from the place we serve our afternoon meal. In bold black letters these words are printed beside the door: "There is hope for all who enter here." Since I first saw this sign over a month ago, I have been unable to stop thinking about it. What a parody it seems of that message the pilgrim Dante found above Hell's door: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Men who have sat through a service in order to eat huddle together in an alley around the corner from the mission. They drink sweet wine and talk in hushed voices. One or two look nervously around while another man crouched, back against a building wall, arms outstretched, moans. His limp body appears a lifeless garment draped across stucco.

There is no place for these men on the street. The street itself is a passageway from one day to another. It is a moving corridor which connects one stop to the next. A man can stop at the blood bank to get \$5 for a few more fifths of wine. Or he can stop at another mission further down which has a large ground floor room open afternoons. Here one long table after another fills a dimly lit otherwise barren concrete room.

The understanding on the street is that a man cannot stay in one place for long. For those who have the strength, the impulse is to move on. Men move down the Los Angeles streets, through the downtown business district, across Pershing Square—carrying all they have with them. One man pushes a shopping cart stuffed with old newspapers, disembodied dolls' heads and flags from some celebration. But for most men, pockets are chests of drawers.

It is difficult to recall these pictures of men on the street without wondering how there can be any hope left in their hearts. The street is a place that tries the limits of what a man can endure. And it breaks a man when he has hungered too long for a place to rest his body, for work to engage his spirit.

One man with whom I often talk is a 45 year old Sioux Indian who calls himself Sundance. He was raised on a reservation in Montana and has spent the last twenty years of his life doing odd jobs on cattle ranches in that area. He has a strong facial structure, prominent cheek bones and nose, characteristic of an Indian. His blue eyes and fair skin indicate that he has some European blood in him. Yet he never talks about this strain of his heritage. Like the other Indians in our food line, Sundance boasts of his Indian heritage. But he can tell you nothing of the faith or ritual his fathers kept. He flaunts the name Geronimo. If you ask him who Geronimo actually was, he cannot say. He seems to have lost all contact with his own history. A name of an Indian hero is merely something to grasp onto in a time of all loss.

Sundance talks often of a "new world order" in which the Indians will come again into their own land. Then he adds that the hippies, and all poor people too, will be given what is rightfully theirs. Several times when he has finished expounding, his tone of excitement has dropped and he has asked me straight out how this is going to come about. "Come on," he has pleaded. "You're smart, tell me what we've got to do." This plea makes me realize at what loss I am to respond. I can only tell Sundance that I think we have to begin by not ripping off those

around us, by recognizing their pain as a part of our own. That is what we mean by the meal we serve. It is an act of openness, a reaching out to restore lost touch. Lines from Ferlinghetti come to mind where the poet recalls our common loss: "I see we're all demented remnants of light and ecstasy, derelicts in time trying to reconstruct with only faint recall a lost message."

There are moments when I have been able to touch Sundance in words, moments too, when I have felt the act of feeding itself communicated our trust. But giving sustenance to a man's body is a small thing when the spirit hungers on.

Sundance has a woman, the Yellow Rose. She has big dark eyes and thick beautiful black hair. The flesh that covers her delicate form is already aging. It clings soft and loose to the bone—without the fiber of resistance. Like the few other women on the street, the Yellow Rose makes her way by taking up with different men. Her body is still a commodity, something to be had and done with. When she gets older it will linger on the streets like the bodies of the old men, a shadow of a form. It will become a sign of the waste of human flesh and spirit, a reminder to all of how we have wasted one another.

The Yellow Rose is not a prostitute if that means a woman who makes a living off of a man's need. Her own need for shelter and human warmth is what brings her to the beds of strange men. When Sundance goes on a long drunk and does not come to her, she seeks out the love of other men. And then when he wants to come to her, she is not there. Sundance and the Yellow Rose must each withstand the pain of individual loss, endure the uncertainty of our human conditions alone.

I believe there are moments in all of our lives when unexpectedly our "aloneness" is transcended. Sundance told me about such a moment. It came after a long period of drinking and not eating when he was suffering through the D.T.'s Hallucinations had been coming on for some time and he was crying out uncontrollably. Another man on the street came to him, held him until the worst had passed.

Sundance expressed surprise that a stranger could help him through his pain. But beyond his recognition of another man's extension of self in an act of love was his own deeper comprehension of despair. He had seen in a moment what it was to be alone in the universe. While he spoke of the hallucinations as though they were apart from him, it was clear he knew they were revelations of what was within him. He kept repeating: "What was it that I saw, that made me see the things I did?"

Sundance could not express to me, any more than he could to the man that came to him, what he saw. He is alone now as he was then—with his own demons.

I think of the moment of darkness which Sundance described as what Ingmar Bergman refers to in one of his films as "God's silence." In a last scene of Winter Light the church warden asks the pastor indirectly whether Christ too wasn't alone in the universe—for a moment—before he died. "I have wondered about his cry," the warden says. "My God, my God. Why hast thou forsaken me?" The warden speaks of the moment of this cry as that of Christ's loneliness, "God's silence." I think it is this silence which is upon us always and that resounds from our separate planes of despair.

HE WHO THINKS HE HAS DONE
ENOUGH HAS ALREADY PERISHED.
FR. HUGO

Peace Chronicle

By EILEEN EGAN

A long thirst is at last being slaked. The thirst I mean is for the peace message of Jesus. At last we are hearing it preached unequivocally by our church leaders.

"The price of peace," says Bishop Carroll T. Dozier, in a Christmas pastoral letter to his people, "is our own self-restraint, our own turning of the cheek, walking two miles with those who force us to walk one with them. When Jesus appeared to his disciples and 'Peace be with you,' he showed them his hands and his side, scarred from his horrible suffering on the cross. We will begin to be peacemakers when we too are ready to suffer and die with Christ."

Bishop Dozier is Bishop of Memphis, Tennessee and his pastoral is entitled "Peace: Gift and Task." The entire pastoral is re-printed in *Commonweal* for December 24, 1971 and we suggest that you not only order a copy but that you subscribe to *Commonweal*.

Most people have not yet realized history turned a corner when the American bishops declared that the Vietnam war violates the just war condition that the good that could be accomplished by the war must outweigh

mediately went to work in a poor barrio of Valencia with the parish priest and a community of lay people. The Spanish Military seem to be following the old French system of re-imprisoning draft refusers until they have passed draft age. After being freed, Pepe was again ordered for induction and wrote to the Military Commandant "I do not intend to hide or flee, since I defend a human right, at this time punishable in Spain with prison until the age of thirty-eight." Pepe's present address is Carcel Modelo, Valencia, Spain.

We Failed to be Ministers of Reconciliation

Pepe Beunza is not as alone as he was two years ago. In September 1971, an assembly of 250 Spanish bishops and priests asked, as part of a longer resolution, for the recognition of conscientious objection to military service for ethical or religious reasons. The resolution came out of a week-long meeting during which the clergy discussed the future of the church in Spain and asked for such epoch-making changes as the separation of church and state. Such a separation would entail revision of traditional church-state links in education, the role of the state in the appointment of bishops and the provision of subsidies to the church. The ending of official church-government ties, the resolution pointed out, would call for the ending of the acceptance of official posts by the clergy, including chaplaincies in official bodies such as trade unions. The resolution also asked for a separation of military chaplains from military officialdom. One of the most striking and poignant parts of the resolution dealt with the desire of the assembled clergy to atone for the role played by the Spanish church in the Spanish Civil War in 1936-39.

"WE HUMBLY RECOGNIZE," stated the resolution, "AND ASK FORGIVENESS FOR THIS, THAT WE FAILED AT THE PROPER MOMENT TO BE MINISTERS OF RECONCILIATION IN THE MIDST OF OUR PEOPLE THEN DIVIDED BY A FRATRICIDAL WAR."

Mother Teresa of Calcutta

Over ten years ago she spoke at the Catholic Worker and when Dorothy Day and I visited Calcutta in 1970, Dorothy spoke to the novices of this fast-growing congregation. Mother Teresa pinned the crucifix of the order on Dorothy Day's dress and made her a member of the Missionaries of Charity. A branch of the Co-Workers of Mother Teresa has just been formed in the U.S. The new group, affiliated with the International Co-Workers, will cooperate with the U.S. team of Missionaries of Charity, will work to meet local needs and will pray and work for the poor of the world with Mother Teresa and her Sisters. Mother Teresa is now immersed in a sea of misery in the Calcutta area and in Bengal where millions of refugees still exist in camps and under tress. Some of the refugees are returning to their home villages, often destroyed, in what is now Bangladesh. A last-minute report tells us that a team of seven Missionaries of Charity has opened a center in Bangladesh. Among the Co-Workers are Dr. Rama Coomaraswamy and his wife Bernadette. Dr. Coomaraswamy, son of the renowned Hindu philosopher Ananda Coomaraswamy, was one of Mother Teresa's first volunteers when he was a student in Calcutta. He has been one of the Friday night speakers at the CW on the work of his father and of his father's friend, Eric Gill, founder of PAX. Those who wish to receive the first Newsletter of the Co-Workers (planned for February 1972) may write to the Chairman, Co-Workers of Mother Teresa, Mrs. Warren Kump, 4243 Glenwood Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55422.



the physical and moral evils it inflicts. This judgment makes it mandatory for any Catholic who arrives at the same conclusion to refuse to participate in the Vietnamese war.

Young Catholics can take this declaration of their bishops to draft boards, even if they have not yet reached a position of complete non-violence, of being ready to receive rather than inflict suffering. There may be some Catholic soldiers in Vietnam who will ask for discharge on the basis of this validation of their own judgment that the Vietnamese enterprise is unjust. We must be prepared to help them.

While just war thinking insists on looking backward to a theology of violence, a moral theology that indicated how far you could go without committing sin, the pastoral of Bishop Dozier looks forward to the time when the Christian community will become, after the example of Jesus, the reconciling community of mankind.

Three Men Named Jesus

Among the 1971 Christmas cards I sent out, three went to men named Jesus. The men were in prison in a country where Jesus is not uncommon as a Christian name, Spain. Their crime was conscientious objection to military service. Many of us include in our Christmas greetings such prisoners of conscience around the globe. The list of CO's in prison is supplied to all who subscribe at two dollars to the Newsletter of War Resisters International, 3 Caledonian Road, London, N.I., England. The best known CO in a Spanish prison was Jose Luis (Pepe) Beunza who was named "Man of the Year" by Pax Christi, International Catholic peace association with headquarters in The Hague, Holland. Pepe was freed on November 2, 1971 after serving 15 months in prison and im-