



J. Maritain: An Appreciation

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

It is not my intention to write an obituary for Maritain. There are those who are more capable of doing justice to the man whose philosophy and thinking have done more to help the Church in the modern world than any other contemporary thinker. Maritain had a tremendous influence on the thinking and the actions of Catholics who were first beginning to try to achieve a course of action in the secular world. The death of Maritain is a great loss to all of us. But we are comforted by the tremendous legacy of writings and books that he has left us.

What I would like to substitute in the place of an obituary is a fragment from my manuscript book on the Catholic Worker. It is the brief account dealing with Maritain.

"The philosopher and thinker who had the greatest appeal for the early Catholic Workers was Jacques Maritain. His philosophy of the Catholic Worker. His maxim: 'Victory or defeat with pure means is always a victory' was imbedded in our way of thinking and our activities.

"We were all invited to Town Hall to hear Maritain give his first lecture in English. The hall was crowded, but we managed to find seats in the balcony. Little Dan, Mary Sheehan, Peter Maurin and I.

"I was by this time accustomed to Peter's accent, which was difficult enough to understand, but it proved much harder to understand Maritain who used many technical philosophical words. I did my best to understand what he was trying to tell us, but the most I got out of the evening's lecture was his phrase: 'Pluralist Union.'

"When a few days later Maritain came to the Worker to give a lecture, he attracted one of the largest crowds we ever had at a meeting. The place was packed with people, and many had to stay outdoors.

"Maritain talked in French, and Peter translated for him. Maritain was a soft-spoken man, and his eyes had a dreamy quality to them. One felt that he was in tune with the infinite. Maritain would speak for a few minutes in his soft voice, then wait for Peter who would translate in a booming voice, which I am sure the people on the outside heard.

"I remember one of the critics of the Catholic Worker telling Maritain that he thought the great weakness of the Movement was that it neglected political action.

"Maritain stated that on the contrary the Catholic Workers dealt with matters political in the true Aristotelian sense, and that there was a great need for such work as The Catholic Worker was doing.

"Maritain concluded his talk by saying that the principles set forth by the Catholic Worker were thoroughly sound and met with his greatest admiration and approbation."



Rita Corbin

My Brother, In Saigon's Jail

By DON LUCE

"Recently, an old man of about sixty, after one night of being tortured with tear gas grenades and rifle butts, was shackled by the ankles and wrists, and taken to the 'movie theatre'—a detention room, pitch-dark and full of mosquitos—in which prisoners are given virtually nothing to eat or drink."

So began a letter to Vietnamese friends in France from Nguyen Duy Thong. Anh (Brother) Thong had met the old man, whom he called Uncle Xuyen, while the old man was passing on news from their friends in France in a letter that had been smuggled into Chi Hoa prison.

"Although they were chained by the ankles and the wrists and almost starving, the news gave them all new strength," the old man told Anh Thong.

"Silent Night"

I remember Anh Thong well. We first met in front of the National Basilica in Saigon on Christmas Eve, 1969. A small group of us who were foreign volunteers in Vietnam had gone to the cathedral to pray for peace. It was a memorable, bizarre night. A Japanese and an American friend were carted off to the National Police Station. Before the evening was over, I was beaten up by the Saigon police. But what I remember best of that long evening is meeting Anh Thong. We were sitting in a circle singing "Silent Night, Holy Night." Anh Thong came over, took my hand, and said quietly, "Thank you. Thank you very much." Then he left, quietly melting into the crowd.

I knew then he would be imprisoned sooner or later. In Saigon, it is not wise to associate with singers of "Silent

(Continued on page 3)

UFW Vineyard Workers:

RENEW THE GRAPE STRIKE

By JAN ADAMS

In April 1970, after a five-year strike and nationwide boycott of table grapes, the United Farm Workers Union won the first large scale contracts for farm laborers in the history of American corporate agriculture. In April 1973, the Western Conference of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and grape growers in California's Coachella Valley signed contracts replacing the UFW agreements. Neither the trucking union nor the agribusinessmen consulted the workers before signing. Most field workers had never seen a Teamster organizer. Cesar Chavez, UFW director, called for a strike. While many workers left the fields, Teamsters appeared, ordering those remaining to sign cards authorizing the trucking union to represent them, or be fired. Over 300 UFW pickets were arrested for violating injunctions restricting their protest. UFW organizers in cities all over the country renewed the boycott of table grapes.

How was it possible for Teamsters to sign with growers without consulting the workers? Couldn't the workers demand farm labor is not covered under any law guaranteeing elections. Chavez has asked both Teamsters and growers to hold an immediate vote, but has received no reply. (The UFW director insists that elections in the fields must come now or never: UFW members will not make the enormous sacrifices required by a long strike and boycott to win a procedure which a fair-minded employer would assent to immediately. If there must be a long strike and boycott, it will be for contracts, not elections.)

If the workers don't want the Teamsters, why don't they just all strike? This question does not take into account the situation of the agricultural work force. Farm workers don't have savings accounts—even when they have been making union scale wages of around \$2.00 an hour, the work is sporadic, broken by periods of unemployment. Although the UFW may be able to pay some strike benefits with AFL-CIO help, nevertheless many workers will have to seek work in other areas or other crops. Meanwhile, growers can always find hungry families somewhere to pick their grapes. If not workers from the potato or cotton fields, who have not yet learned of the benefits the union could offer them, then immigration authorities will allow growers to import poor Mexicans, or, most recently, Arabs. Hence the boycott is as important as the strike in the workers' non-violent struggle to win the union of their choice.

What do the growers stand to gain by signing with the Teamsters? The growers have never really accepted unionization of their workers. In the fall of 1972, they sought to destroy the UFW with an initiative on the California ballot, Proposition 22. This law, while pretending to guarantee farm workers' right to representation elections and collective bargaining, would in fact have so restricted union activities as to render unionization meaningless. When California voters overwhelmingly rejected Proposition 22, growers brought in the Teamsters.

To date, the Teamster agreements with the grape growers have not been published; there have only been descriptive press releases. But it does seem clear that by signing with the trucking union, the growers not only will be paying slightly lower wages (Teamsters: \$2.30 an hour; UFW: \$2.40), but will get away with the important working conditions provisions of the UFW contracts: the ban on harmful pesticides, the assessment for the UFW medical plan, the grievance procedure, and the seniority system assured by the union hiring hall.

The union hiring hall is especially crucial to farm workers. For years, workers were exploited by labor contractors who acted as middlemen for the growers, hiring workers according to who could pay the highest kickback, and firing at whim. The Teamsters would bring back that system. The union hiring hall, similar to that used in the construction trades and by longshoremen, ensured that all union members, the young, the old, and the women, had a chance at available work. The Teamster contracts would let growers get away with hiring only workers at their prime, between 20 and 40, leaving others unemployed.

Moreover, in the Teamsters, the growers are seeking a "businesslike" union which will "understand" their needs. They expect no more trouble from elected ranch committees of workers protesting grievances. Teamster official Einar Mohn has outlined the trucking union's attitude toward farm workers: "It will be a couple of years before they can start having membership meetings and before we can use the farm workers' ideas in the union... Maybe as agriculture becomes more sophisticated, more mechanized, with fewer transients, fewer green cards (aliens), and as jobs become more attractive to whites, then we can build a union that can have structure and that can negotiate (with management) from strength and have membership participation."

What do the Teamsters expect to get by moving in on the UFW's grape contracts? The growers are handing the trucking union a chance to gain members and membership dues with no effort. (Teamster dues are \$7.00 a month; UFW: \$3.50.) Teamsters have never bothered to organize farmworkers; they have simply organized growers. UFW director Chavez has charged that during the 1970 Salinas lettuce strike, when Teamsters made similar pacts with

(Continued on page 7)

ON POLITICAL SCANDAL

When I found myself drawn into the political coil, I asked myself what was necessary for me, in order to remain untouched by immorality, by untruth, by what is known as political gain. I came definitely to the conclusion that, if I had to serve the people in whose midst my life was cast and of whose difficulties I was to witness from day to day, I must discard all wealth, all position.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

St. Joseph's House: May 2—Today everything is peaceful around the house at First Street. No drunkenness, madness, quarrelling, as on May first, our fortieth anniversary. Mass at 5:30 just before supper is a joy—eight of us there. Vespers are beautiful, and we have in addition to a short Scripture reading, a short reading from Peter Maurin's Essays.

Sometimes the house is like the reception ward at Bellevue Psychiatric. One can only bow one's head to the storm and pray. The Jesus prayer helps me.

May 3—I took the 3:00 p.m. train to Tivoli and read all the way. Some of the Peacemaker Group are already here. Margot Barnett of CNVA, Voluntown, Connecticut and Larry Aaronspere from Heathcote Center, Freeland, Maryland. Chuck Mathel is co-ordinator. A group of thirty or forty is expected. Emphasis around the country seems to be on land trusts. Land for the landless. The Peacemaker has already led the way by acquiring three pieces of land in West Virginia. Responsible people lease it for use, to raise food as far as possible.

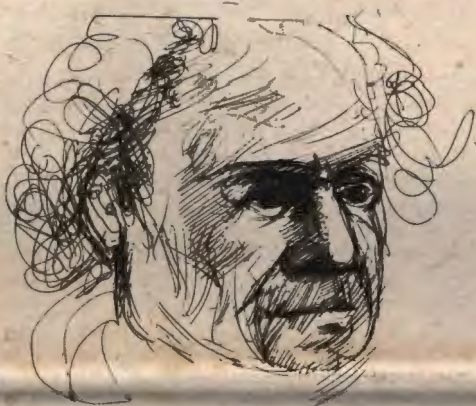
May 4—Peacemakers arise at seven and breakfast; the first conference is at eight. I cannot get to the meetings. This morning I listened to tapes—the book of Acts, and one conference of Thomas Merton. Much mail, and I'm delinquent when it comes to mail. I delay answering—sometimes there are so many visitors, telephone calls, and just living with seventy or more people takes time. I take to my room, hide out, as it were, and tremble when I look at my desk. Please excuse me, all our readers whom I have neglected. Let this be a letter to you all. (Subscriptions should be sent to First Street in N.Y.)

May 5—Went for a walk in the woods and picked dockweed and dandelion along the way, for greens for supper. Then sudden news—a phone call from Vermont that Eric and Jo-Ann had a baby boy, Shawn, my seventh great

grandchild. Rejoicings. Nick and Brenda have three children, the middle one a boy, Jude. Becky has Lara, two years old, and Susie has Tanya and Kachina, so there is a preponderance of girls.

Mary Lathrop is visiting Tivoli and painted a beautiful miniature ikon for part of her homework (a Scripture class at Fordham; she graduates this month). Father Andy and Marty Corbin drove to Toronto to speak at an anarchist conference there.

May 6—Sunday. Father Cletus S. I said Mass this morning. Mary Durnin is here from Milwaukee. Mike Cullen



Rita Corbin

is ordered deported; appealing the case.

May 7—Cold and rainy one day, hot and sunny the next. Peacemakers are suffering from colds, sleeping in Peter Maurin house, 35 degrees at night. Stanley gave his slide show tonight—the story of the CW.

May 8—A class in a Sioux City Franciscan college interviewed me over the phone this afternoon. It was not too hard—a half hour of talk and questions and answers. Wrote letters till midnight. I wrote to Martin Sostre, who has been in solitary for eight years in Auburn Prison. Father Andy mentions him in the brief article he wrote on the anarchist conference which is in this issue. So little we can do! But letter writing is a work of mercy, too, so I hope he gets much mail.

May 11—Reading Man Born to be King by Dorothy Sayers, published by Eerdmans in Michigan. She and Rosemary Haughton are theologians, Scripture scholars and philosophers! Pat Rusk reminds me that Lady Abbesses in the middle ages (see Sigrid Undset's Stages on the Road) were practically Bishops.

May 15—Drove with Mike Kreyche (Continued on page 8)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

This late May morning, when Fr. Andy was saying Mass in our chapel, a wood thrush sang antiphonal responses. With true bel canto clarity and beauty of tone, he sang—a Mozart, a Vivaldi, a Palestrina among birds—giving glory to God. The wood thrush, of course, has a cousin which is an even finer singer—the hermit thrush. Last week Bill Ragette and Mary Todd drove up to a wilderness area in the Catskills and heard the famous aria of the hermit thrush. But he is a true hermit—proof perhaps that the voices of hermits are sweet music to God, for few besides God ever hear this, the glorious beauty of the hermit thrush's song—and certainly he is not heard in the people-haunted woods of our river-fronted farm.

But there are many other bird voices heard in and about our woods and home that ought to remind us of the beauty of God's creation. This morning I awakened early and listened to the great dawn chorus, which was begun by the robins—they too are cousins of the wood thrush—and later joined by every singing bird—the blithe, cavalier-like refrain of the oriole, the bubbly ebullience of the wren, the rambling, woodsy ballad of the rose-breasted grosbeak, the laughing call of the flicker, the haunting spring song of the chickadee, the slightly squeaky but pleasing rhapsody of the catbird, the thin but pleasing little songs of warblers, and many, many others. I hope, though I did not hear, that the mocking birds, which Mike Kreyche and Bill Ragette have been hearing near their cabin, were singing too. I hope these mocking birds will settle with us permanently, for their rich and varied song recalls to me the azalea-patterned, jasmine-magnolia-scented ecstasy of springtime in the South.

Bright Wings

But the dawn chorus continued. Then, just as I heard a song sparrow joining in, suddenly the cocks began to crow, making their own kind of music, reminding their harem of hens that it was time to start the day's activity. And like a morning prayer, the first line of one of Hopkins' great poems came to me—"The world is charged with the grandeur of God." Surely, I thought, that is what all these creatures and all the greening grass and leaves and bright May flowers are singing. Do they not teach us to give glory to God?

Then, in the midst of this morning prayer, I remembered that much of the Hopkins poem deals with man and the way he has marred the works of God. "Generations have trod, have trod, have trod; and all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil; and wears man's smudge and shares man's smell . . ." So it is with us, I thought. We seem to have a kind of "Tobacco Road" talent for littering. Old cars, old refrigerators, old furniture, paper—often what might be a beautiful scene is quite obscured by such.

But I remembered the Peacemakers, who spent two weeks with us and took time off from conferences to do much cleaning, both inside and outside the house. I thought of Bill and Mike cleaning up a dump which marred the woods, and hauling off to a collection point the old refrigerators, etc. I thought of Miriam Carroll, Florent, and their helpers who have worked so hard cleaning and repainting kitchen, dining room, and now the living room. I thought of Marcel relaxing after his many other tasks to rake the lawn; and of John Filligar, who always tries to keep the lawn neatly mowed.

We are so large a family, usually between seventy and eighty persons—one

weekend there were more than a hundred—and sometimes between fifteen and twenty children. Of course, much of our population is floating here for a few days, or a few weeks. But that hardly makes the problem of keeping order easier. Yet the struggle goes on, and many visitors give much help. And so I finished my morning prayer with the Pentecostal Hope of those beautiful last lines of the Hopkins poem—"Oh, morning at the brown brink eastward springs, because the Holy Ghost over the bent world broods with warm breast and with ah, bright wings."

Studies Neglect Farm

We are so kaleidoscopic a group, appearing so differently at different times and to different persons, that I have often felt half sorry for, half amused at those who come to do articles or books, or television stories about us after spending an afternoon, a day or two, or even a week in our midst, and usually meeting only a small percentage of our population.

The urban-minded, academically-trained contemporary person seems ill-equipped to understand the seasonal flow of life on a farm. Spring, Summer, Autumn. Plowing, planting, cultivating, harvesting. Winter is a time of rest, of study, of such projects as weaving, at which Mike Kreyche has become quite expert; of all the necessary routine chores, which are even more onerous in cold weather. We have many kinds of people living together, many with very serious problems. Psychotics, neurotics, alcoholics, emotionally disturbed, mentally retarded, physically handicapped, the old, the sick, the afflicted. There are many kinds of poverty. We have poverty. We have suffering. We often have problems that

I believe that when the final account is settled in Heaven, that many, many people will be numbered there who found the help they needed here at this farm with a view. For the center of life here—though many call themselves non-believers or lapsed Catholics—is still the Mass, the Blessed Sacrament, and prayer-life in and out of chapel.

As for the many young people who are with us now, many would say they are seeking an alternate life-style. For some of them I think our farm is a kind of training school for survival. Moreover, I think most of them—even though they disdain formal religion—are really in quest of God and true spiritual values.

I have written so much in this vein because I think the farm is often neglected in studies of the Catholic Worker, whether in books, articles, theses, or television programs. So some of us play guitars; others recorders, or dulcimers, or the piano. So some like to sing. Is not music one of God's greatest gifts to man, a necessary expression of our being? Sometimes music may be the best way—perhaps even the only way—to combat evil.

The old mansion looks glamorous, it is true, but it would take \$200,000 to restore it; and the young people who live there chop wood for their stoves, and carry water, since there is neither heat nor plumbing.

River Outing

Some of our young people are so hardy that they swim regularly in the Hudson. I cannot do that. But one day Clare Danielsson and I—through an arrangement made by Dan Marshall—went for a sail on the Hudson in Pete Seeger's sloop the Clearwater. We started at Beacon and sailed upstream with little wind and a warm sun. But on the return trip, the wind came up and made an exciting kind of music among the sails, while we tacked from side to side. One could feel the sloop rock under one, and this was the part

(Continued on page 6)

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"Si Se Puede": A Report from the Grape Strike

By JAN ADAMS

"Si Se Puede!" "Yes, It Can Be Done!" Thousands of agricultural workers believe that their union, the United Farm Workers, will prevail against the greedy alliance of grower-corporations and the huge Teamsters Union which is trying to destroy it. On May 12, Cesar Chavez, UFW director, spoke to a farm-worker rally in Delano, California, where the drive to organize some of America's most exploited workers began some ten years ago. He insisted: "We are struggling for justice. We will win, because we are right!"

The AFL-CIO has responded to the crisis with quite unexpected vigor. George Meany condemned the Teamster action as "absolutely disgraceful," and promised financial help to his organization's newest, weakest union. A visit to striking grape workers in the Arvin-Lamont area of the San Joaquin Valley convinced me that field workers intend to struggle to keep the union they themselves built—whatever sacrifices that may entail. The UFW may have many problems, but the people in the fields are solidly behind it.

What follows are some reflections on

my visit. My stay in the Valley showed me just how the union has built in farm workers that spirit of sacrifice and struggle which carried them through the five-year grape strike and boycott, and which is demanded again in the new crisis. The process begins in the fields. The morning after our arrival we joined union members at 5 a.m. We set out to look for crews working on the property of J. J. Kovacevitch, a grower who signed with the Teamsters when his UFW contract ran out. We found them in a peach orchard right beside the town of Arvin. (Sometimes it is harder—UFW pickets may cruise around the back roads for hours looking for the "scabs.")

At first about 25 of us ranged ourselves right alongside the orchard, waving our red and black "Huelga" flags, and calling to the scabs to join the strike. That morning, three of a crew of perhaps 40 came out, climbing the fence to reach us. They had listened to the pickets' arguments the day before, and been convinced that their future depended on solidarity with the strikers. But the others kept working, even if not very hard, or very efficiently. Pickets, men and women who had

been working in that very orchard until a few weeks before, told me most of the scabs were used to working in other crops. Sometimes, in their inexperience, they were damaging the trees. Most had recently come from Mexico, hoping to earn their way out of debt and get a little ahead. Such people could hardly strike unless the UFW could direct them to other work or pay



Rita Corbin

larger strike benefits. (The pickets were getting \$25 a week for a head of a household, \$10 for a spouse, and \$5 for each child between 16 and 18. AFL-CIO help may lead to higher strike benefits, but it probably cannot meet the needs of the truly desperate who are imported to break the strike.)

Patient, Hard Work

While we were standing there, the Arvin Teamsters, eight or ten big men

in shined shoes and city clothes, pulled up in their brand new cars. Most were Anglos, though there were two Chicanos and one Black. Quite a contrast to the pickets, all of them in work clothes, all Chicanos or Philipinos. One of the Teamsters told me: "They're putting themselves down, these people. Just because I have a fine car and new clothes, that doesn't mean they're not just as good as I am." This seemed to be a pretty good specimen of the double talk with which the Teamsters approach farm workers. After about half an hour of this sort of perverse dialogue, they drove away and were not seen for the rest of the day. Two rented guards did stand by, however, and soon Arvin police and Kern County sheriff's deputies arrived. They moved us across the street and spaced us 15 feet part, in accordance with the injunction Kovacevitch had obtained restricting picketing. The preceding week, many of the people picketing that day had been jailed in a test of the injunction. But for the moment we were obeying police orders.

The rest of the day was sustained picketing, which is not particularly interesting or exciting, but simply patient, hard work. UFW pickets hope in time to wear down the scabs. They kept up calling all day: "Brothers and sisters, join us. You are hurting your own people; you are hurting yourself. The growers are rich. The Teamsters are rich. Your work makes their money for them. Join the union. We are struggling for our own future and our children's, and for all the poor people in the world." I was struck by the fundamen-

(Continued on page 7)

My Brother, In Saigon's Jail

(Continued from page 1)

Night." I wondered what I would do when the day came that Anh Thong would be imprisoned.

"The movie room," Thong wrote about one of the Saigon government's most infamous torture chambers, "is hell on earth in South Vietnam. It is situated next to the gate of the execution yard . . . It is worse than the tiger cages in Con Son . . . It was built during the occupation by the Japanese fascists and French colonialists. Today the Saigon government still uses the same rusty, heavy iron shackles which must have been left by the Japanese, to shackle the ankles of political prisoners and students. Everyone who is taken to this room is stripped naked, their ankles put into shackles attached to the same iron bar, just like tinned sardines. They are freely bitten by mosquitos, ants, and lice. They cannot chase the insects away or scratch themselves because their hands are put into much better-made American shackles which prevent them from making even the slightest movement, because each time they move the American shackles cut into their hands much more deeply."

(The shackles Anh Thong wrote of are made by Smith and Wesson of Springfield, Mass.)

Hearts of Copper

"On New Year's Eve of this year," Thong wrote, "the storm police, with gas-masks, torture instruments, M-16s and knives, burst in and brutally 'savaged' political prisoners in Chi Hoa . . . The police fired their guns and tear gas grenades into the crowded room, resulting in everyone fainting or being wounded. Then they dragged the bleeding bodies of political prisoners out of the room . . . and beat them up. The screams would make your blood curdle. Tam Hoa (former head of the Security Section and now head of Ward ID) had given them free reign to savage the prisoners . . . Although unconscious and practically dead, they were dragged along, their ankles put into shackles, and flung into the 'movie room.' From that time until now—right through the religious holidays—their ankles have remained in shackles and they have continued to be mistreated. Every night we hear them as they plea to be returned to their normal activities. But still their pleadings go unheeded."

"In prison," wrote Nguyen An Ninh, a Vietnamese patriot, "your heart is pulverized or it turns to copper." The Saigon government, in its attempt to

pulverize the souls of its opposition, is finding that many, like Anh Thong, grow stronger. "I used to be afraid of going to prison," one young woman told after her release from Chi Hoa prison. "But now I know I can take it. I'm stronger now." But the cost is high.

What happens to Brother Thong and the other political prisoners in Vietnam depends on what we do.

The 120,000-man police force is paid for by the United States. (90% of Thieu's budget is paid by U.S. taxpayers.) The force itself is up from 16,000 in 1963. The tear gas is made in the USA. The new Tiger Cages were built by the United States. Many of the political prisoners were captured by US soldiers, then turned over to the Saigon police.

Act with Courage

Nguyen Duy Thong is but one of the people in extreme danger in Saigon-government jails. It is important that thousands of letters go to the Saigon Embassy at 2351 R St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008 about this case. If possible, visit the embassy. Write Congressmen and Senators asking to find out what has happened to this person.

On Sunday, put flowers in your church in memory of Nguyen Ngoc Phuoc, tortured to death in Chi Hoa prison. Carry out a one- or two-day fast for those shackled in Tiger Cages or in sympathy with the political prisoners in Vietnam. Do this with a group, and use the money saved to carry on peace education in your own community. Write letters to your local newspapers and broadcasting stations. Even more important, write to your acquaintances.

I knew on Christmas Eve, 1969, that eventually Nguyen Duy Thong would be imprisoned. He cared too much for peace. He was too strong a person not to do something about his convictions. I had hoped then that I would be in Vietnam to help. But I have long since been kicked out for taking two US Congressmen to the Tiger Cages of Con Son. But I realize now that the reason the Vietnam War continues and Brother Thong is in prison is because of our failure in the US to act.

May we have the courage.

(Eds. note: Don Luce and Holmes Brown's book *Hostages of War: Saigon's Political Prisoners* is available from the *Indochina Mobile Education Project*, 1322 18th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 for \$1.50 a copy. The book contains 112 pages and 31 illustrations.)

Report Anarchist Meeting

By ANDY CHRUSCIEL

In Toronto on the first week-end in May, at a conference put together by the Toronto Anarchist Group, a remarkably obvious amount of thinking went on. The publicity brochure stated worker control as the theme for the first day, and community control for the second. The themes constituted a focal point for a wider range of subjects discussed, both in the scheduled talks and in the informal conversations.

As remarkable as the depth and scope of the verbalized thinking was the distinct impression that all of the approximately one hundred people present were thinking for themselves whether or not they spoke.

In his keynote speech, Murray Bookchin, author of *Post-Scarcity Anarchism*, focused on the assumptions which various libertarian movements hold in common, assessed the climate of opinion generally, and arrived at a need for coordination and, indeed, "organization" among people who believe in freedom. He suggested non-hierarchically structured affinity groups as an acceptable form of "organization." With a few well-chosen discouraging words for anarcho-chaotics and dogmatic ideologues, he emphasized the need for self-discipline and a wide perspective both on a personal level and on a group level.

In the panel on worker control, Goddard Graves described the IWW, of which he is 1972 General Secretary. Howard Buchbinder of the *Our Generation* staff dealt with the problems unique to professional people. Heather Beyer described issues unique to women in the context of the direction and function of a center called Women's Place with which she is associated. Each of the speakers explored areas of need, and ways for people to meet those needs rather than attacking existing controls. Such an approach in itself was refreshing.

The panel on the second day continued with the same approach. Dimitri Roussopoulos, Editor of *Our Generation*, examined the historical and philosophical implications of self-government on a community level. Marty Corbin described intentional community as it is thought of and attempted at the Catholic Worker, as well as his experience with the Libertarian Press. Marjaleena Repo, of the publication *Transformation*, spoke about the formation and liberation of community on a neighborhood level.

One issue new to me and of general interest is the struggle of Martin Sostre. Sostre is a Puerto Rican black who operated a revolutionary bookstore in Buffalo. When disturbances broke out in that city in the summer of 1964, he was arrested for his alleged participation in them, and received a lengthy prison sentence. Because of his continued militancy in the confines of the prison, he has spent almost eight years in solitary confinement. Some extremely moving excerpts from Sostre's recent letters were read aloud at the close of the conference. He is able to receive mail, and interested people were asked to write individual letters expressing their fraternal greetings to him at the jail which is located at 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13201. (Further information can be obtained from the Martin Sostre Defense Committee, Box 839, Ellicott Sta., Buffalo, N.Y. 14205.)

So soon afterwards, it is too early to assess the effects of the conference. An immediate project is a library making available anarchist literature in Toronto. (For further information, write: Toronto Anarchist Group, c/o P.O. Box 429, Sta. E, Toronto, Canada.)

Briefly, it seemed quite clear to me again that people with self-control do quite spontaneously find harmony with each other. And I didn't even mind the inconvenience of scarce coffee and limited smoking.

LETT

Medical Clinic

Laurel Clinic
Rt. 3 Marshall, N.C. 28753

Dear Dorothy,

Sometimes, when my own little house here on the Laurel creek bank is bursting at its seams, and I threaten to put up a sign telling at what time the soup line will be served, I kiddingly call it my "Catholic Worker House of Hospitality." However, reading the beautiful letters from the C.W. houses across the country reminded me again of how much more there is to the Worker than open doors or soup lines. The May issue was truly a renewal and an inspiration.

What a treat it has been to have Henry Scott, Chuck Lathrop, and Sandy Neill here in the past several weeks. Naturally, we spent many happy hours recalling the folks and the memories of our days on First Street. More and more, I realize that the lessons I learned there have become a deep part of me and my vision and dreams of living.

The days here in North Carolina continue to be very good! The Hot Springs Health Program, for which I work, has grown a great deal in the past year. It is still run by the community board. It is amazing to see how these twenty local people have grown. A year ago they accepted almost anything the director suggested. It's not that way anymore. They want to know where their money is going and why. They want to ensure that their people are getting excellent care. So they find out, and they make the decisions.

The Program now consists of three rural mountain clinics, each one-half hour away from the others in a kind of triangle. Each clinic is staffed full-time by a local woman as nurse-aide, and a Family Nurse Practitioner. The Program employs a full-time physician (a tremendously energetic and generous man doing his alternative service here). We also have a licensed Home Health Service in connection with the Program: an R.N. and an aide do full-time home visiting for patients who can't come in to the clinics. We also have two drivers and two vans to transport patients unable to get in. Starting next week we have a full-time dentist and a full-time pharmacist. Dental care is almost entirely foreign to these people. When the teeth rot away, they go get them all pulled, even if they are only 20 or 30 years old. It is so much cheaper than dentures.

It has been rather difficult to get the medical societies here in North Carolina to accept the idea of Nurse Practitioners, though the local people have been amazingly receptive to having nurses do some of the things they had been accustomed to seeing only doctors do—such as putting in stitches or doing physical exams, or treating minor illnesses or chronically ill people. Peggy, the nurse at the Walnut Clinic, and I here at the Laurel Clinic, had some extra training at the University of N.C.; and Linda at Hot Springs was trained in Boston. Partly because of the problems with the local Medical Society, and partly to assume some responsibility for the state, the University has been sending M.D.'s from the faculty to be with us part-time as preceptors for these first few months following school. It has been a tremendous help—both for the community and for us. I was pleasantly surprised by their real concern and sense of responsibility. Besides, once they get out here and see how beautiful it is in the mountains, and meet these good people, they have a hard time going back to the hectic city.

I do love the area and her people! They live in little communities along the creeks and "hollers," which have names of music or poetry: Spring Creek, Sleepy Valley, Rice's Cove, Trust,

Luck, Shut-in, Meadow Fork, and Shelton Laurel. There are close kinship ties and many extended families. The people are very poor, though most make a survival kind of living with their tomato and tobacco crops, and their gardens. Yet, they seem basically very happy people. They retain some of the real mountain crafts, and here in Shelton Laurel, banjo picking, fiddling, and guitar playing are part of most peoples living. But I have many questions when I see how many young people are moving away (and necessarily so because of the lack of jobs and money), and how neglected these people are in terms of education and health care. I get very confused as to just what my role is here, and what I should work to change and what to retain. I guess the main thing is not to force myself or my ideas, but to be here to work with them in the ways they decide. At any rate, I feel very lucky.

Wishing you endless peace and joy, with a grateful heart.

Kathy Schmidt

Prisoner Writes

P.O. Box 1000
Lewisburg, Pa. 17837

Dear Dorothy,

I am writing you from Lewisburg Fed. Prison as one of the many homefront POWs. My initial incarceration was for having been hung up on materialistic values, the money habit, which I resorted to cashing bad checks to support this habit. Since coming to prison I have undergone a rigorous rehabilitative process, not with the help of the prison, but in spite of the prison.

My rehabilitation started at Danbury where I met Phil Berrigan, whose strength, love and concern helped guide me back to a more truthful understand-



ing of myself and life. His therapy of truth and love poured out to us, and as soon as I plugged into this life therapy, my rehabilitation had begun. I don't want to expound on the merits of Phil Berrigan. I do, however, want to state that when the government imprisoned the Berrigan brothers, they implemented the only rehabilitation process the Federal Prison System has ever had. Altho Dan and Phil have left prison, this process is still continuing, for a part of them has remained behind the walls, never to be erased.

I am now at Lewisburg with three other Danbury brothers because our re-found moral values—love, concern for others, and truth—had become a threat to the untruths and inhumanities of the

prison system. I am serving a three-year sentence, of which I will do all of because of refusal to be intimidated, and political activity. I will be released around November of this year, and have certain apprehensions about problems I might encounter.

I feel it very important that I become involved with people concerned for others, people who resist that and those who oppose or oppress life, people who are not caught up in the false values of materialism, people who are concerned for the welfare of humanity. I am seeking the strength of community, and hoping that I can contribute my strength into that same community.

The Lord's Inspiration.

In peace and love,
Bob La Roche

Monk's Recording

Weston Priory
Weston, Vermont 05161

Dear Dorothy,

We thought you would be interested in our community activity on behalf of the Vietnamese people. Our primary purpose in this project is to help the suffering people whose lives and land have been so devastated by the war. But we would also like to help our people at home to come to a greater awareness of the roots of violence that are so deep in our society.

Be sure of our presence with you in prayer.

Sincerely,
Brother John

MONKS MAKE VIETNAM-PEACE RECORDING

The monks of Weston Priory have made a record to help raise funds for Southeast Asian relief and reconstruction. The recording, MY DEAR BROTHER: VIETNAM/VERMONT SONGS OF HOPE, consists of "Alone Again" and "Hosea." The first is a poem of the Vietnamese Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hanh, set to music by one of the Weston monks. The second is a song adapted from the text of the Biblical prophet Hosea.

MY DEAR BROTHER is being sold for \$2.50 plus 50 cents for postage. Order copies from:

Priory Project Fund/Weston Priory
Weston, Vermont 05161.

Vigils for Peace

195 Pleasant St.
Worcester, Mass. 01609

Dear Workers,

On the last Saturday in January, diplomats scratched pens over paper in Paris and the war in Indo-China came to an end. Or so we are told. By now, their ink is long dry. By now, we realize that the struggle in Indo-China continues.

I am writing in an attempt to exorcize the confusion of my own mind. The question is: how do those of us concerned for peace and justice proceed in these times? Our task is to somehow help the American people come to terms with the enormity of our country's actions in Indo-China, to keep the suffering face of that continent alive in our national conscience, to effect some cleansing shock of recognition so that it will never happen again. But how?

I have come to see during the past weeks how elaborately many Americans are disguising their sentiments. With a community of friends, I have been standing in front of a large downtown shopping mall in Worcester, Massachusetts on Saturdays for an hour. Talking to passersby, we have been leafleting and soliciting spare change for Medical Aid for Indo-China. The destruc-

tion of Bach Mai Hospital in Hanoi during the Christmas bombing raids is very much on our minds. Reactions to our vigil are varied and informative. Many people are angry because we persist in raising what they consider to be a dead issue. We are fools; we are castigated. On the faces of many there is outright indignation as they hurry by us, trying not to acknowledge our presence.

Of course, in any such action as a vigil, there are always those manifestations of deep human solidarity on the part of complete strangers. They are a cause for cheering. The old, old man of short stature shot back at me: "Is the money going to the North?" And expecting the worst, I cringed but answered that the money was destined for all of Indo-China, not only North Vietnam, and that it was the destruction of Bach Mai Hospital which compelled us into action. "Well, good," he said, "I'm sick of the big guys bullying the little guys of the world." And I recall the woman who said that she was very happy to see us because she has been unable to forget Bach Mai. Could she have more leaflets to give to her friends?

Recalling these encounters, reflecting upon them, I take heart. Perhaps the American people will not forget so easily; perhaps there is profound sorrow and disgust after all.

We will continue to vigil, pray, and sing for some time to come. Such actions on the sidewalks of America are powerful leavens.

In peace,
Shawn Donovan

Seek Help

Marian House
8599 Bear Ridge Road
Lockport, N.Y. 14094

Dear Dorothy,

For the past ten years I (a Quaker) have been a volunteer at Marian House, a center for migrants and the rural poor in Orleans county, New York. With the help of hundreds of volunteers and thousands of small and large contributors, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, the tacit approval of the diocese of Buffalo and some small funds and much good counsel from Catholic Charities, and in cooperation with NYS Agriculture and Markets and NYS Education Department and the local schools, we have operated a summer day camp and day care center for children from infants through fourteen years. We distribute clothing the year round, as well as some furniture, etc. Our Christmas effort is gifting about two hundred needy families. Most importantly, Marian House has been a continuous presence in the area of people who care for the poor and are free of fear of what the rest of the community thinks. We don't try to carry on programs that are too big for us, but have started several knowing that, if the need is pressing enough, someone with more resources will finish them.

As I write this, Marian House sounds like a booming operation. Actually, the spirit is viable but the practical process of continuing what we've begun is faltering. From the beginning in a barn in a hot dry field until today Father Joseph Rigley was our leader, cajoling and coercing us into action and doing far more than his share of the work. Father Joe has now married and gone to Brawley, California to work with Dr. John Radabaugh in a clinic for the lettuce workers. We are glad for him and for his wife, Maureen.

We've always been able to find sufficient funds from various sources to keep going, though we've had our bad times, so we trust that we'll always survive

T E R S

somehow. What we don't have is a leader with experience in administration of such work and with authority and presence to pull our willing but geographically scattered and philosophically confused people together—the people being both the poor and our own volunteers.

There are about 10,000 poor people among Orleans county's population of 40,000. Living conditions for some of these are comparable to those in Georgia, only here it snows! Significantly, 25% of the people over 25 are functionally illiterate. Many good things are happening in the county, for instance four young doctors who came to the county with the federally-funded Migrant Health Clinic are determined to start a group practice. Several groups of the poor were organized by Community Action, etc., and are still viable, but we have the ominous feeling that Marian House, which was the first live social action push in the county may soon be the only one left. Do you know of anyone who might be available to lead us at least for a year or two?

In love and peace,
Nancy Hayes

Nonviolent Journal

Institute for the Study
of Nonviolence
Box 1001
Palo Alto, Calif. 94302

Dear Catholic Worker Friends,

We have just published our second Journal and are trying to get it distributed to as many interested people as possible. The Journal is an outgrowth (bimonthly) of our on-going educational and project work. Thru it we hope not only to keep those who support our work in touch, but also spread to a wider audience the specifics of revolutionary nonviolent thought and action.

All of us here are involved in other work besides the Journal, so we are not attempting to take on too major a task. However, the need to share some of the information and resources the Institute has access to has convinced us to begin with this bimonthly publication.

Sample copies are free; we ask \$5 for a year's subscription, and \$10 for schools, libraries, and such groups and people who can afford it. Also, feel free to reprint whatever you like. Our goal is to disseminate radical news, analysis, and information. Any way you can help us do this is most welcome.

With love and peace,
Bob Cooney

Families Venture

Families of St. Benedict
Star Route
New Hope, Kentucky 40052

Dear Dorothy Day,

Enclosed is a short broadside describing a new attempt at Christian community. For almost a year now my wife and I and our four children have been living on a small, organically ordered farm (with garden, goats, and chickens) in the shadow of the Abbey of Gethsemani trying, with the help of some monks, to develop a liturgical and contemplative life appropriate to families.

We get up early, say Lauds, make some time for spiritual reading and meditation, and try to spend the rest of our day in pursuits commensurate with a life of prayer. Although it is difficult, and we have been tried by the intensities of the desert, our experience so far is that it is possible for monastic life to inform family life in positive ways. We clearly ex-

perience our life as a blessing. Before going to bed, we say Vespers, thus bracketing the day in psalms.

Perhaps you could find space to print this letter. We thought that some readers of *The Catholic Worker* might be called to share this way of life.

In Christ,
Carl Mitcham

Anarchist Journal

THE PEACEMAKER
February, 3, 1973

Dear Friends,

Wendell Berry says in his latest book, *A Continuous Harmony*: "What I hold out for is the possibility that a man can live decently without knowing all the answers, or believing that he does—can live decently even in the understanding that life is unspeakably complex and unspeakably subtle in its complexity. The decency, I think, would be in acting out of the awareness that personal acts of compassion, love, humility, honesty are better and more adequate responses to that complexity than any public abstraction or theory organization." That seems to be what anarchism and pacifism are about, to me.

I've just today learned that the wonderful British publication, *Freedom*, an anarchist weekly, is in serious financial trouble. Anyone who's ever read their publications (they also publish monthly longer pieces in *Anarchy*) knows the clarity and long tradition of pacifism and anarchism they uphold. Back during World War I they opposed the beloved anarchist Kropotkin because he supported the war. Throughout this century they've spread the word with publications of Tolstoy, Bakunin, Goldman, and lots of lesser known but thoughtful good persons. If you want to help them, you could subscribe or just send a donation. The address is *Freedom Press*, 84 b White Chapel High Street, London E-1, England. Subscription rates are \$12.50 a year.

Joyce McDonald

Crafts Colony

Strawberry Field Candle Shop
and Crafts Co-op
R.D. Woodward, Pa. 16882

Dear Editor,

We need crafts people, not necessarily experienced, but willing to proceed with us and to give his/her own skills, ideas and directions. Will provide room, board and living expenses, clear streams and sky.

We are a small crafts community of 4 adults and 3 children. At present we are making candles and doing gardening. Now we are nearly ready to begin making functional ceramics and silk screen posters. We want to get into other crafts. Our farm is on the rich land of Penn's Valley 30 miles from Penn State University and about the same distance from three other colleges. Contact us:

Jerry Gelger or Nick Brink

Rock Island

Omega House
3826 7th Ave.
Rock Island, Ill. 61201

Brothers and Sisters of CW,

Our house has been through many changes in the three plus years that we have been in existence. The mere fact that we are still going causes me no end of wonder.

Since the insanity of Vietnam is drawing (hopefully) to an end, and the draft may be put on ice until the next "crisis" occurs, we have been concentrating our efforts in support of the United Farmworkers. We still

handle court cases for men who surface to fight Selective Service and the military madness, but now we are generally fighting to get Union Labels on lettuce boxes in the Quad-City area.

Recently we had a benefit dance for the Farmworkers. Twenty or so of the strikers from Calif. came to the dance with the Chicago Boycott Office. It was a roaring success. We raised a bunch of money, and more importantly, we spread the awareness of this social justice issue into the Quad-City community.

We are trying to continue the hospitality onwards, and have enough room for about four-six people. Money is the everyday hassle it usually is, but we are still here. We have some worthy



supporters who help us to survive from week to week. Some of the people here are trying to get jobs to supplement the money needed. What the future holds is quite uncertain, as usual.

One bit of sadness is that a brother, Vincent Tokatlian, is serving time. I won't go into his case in detail except to say he is a victim of a politically motivated arrest. We are trying to free him still. He has been in jail for over two weeks and things are not very bright for him. We only hope he can find the strength to survive its dehumanizing process.

That is about it. Viva la causa!

Sincerely,
Winston Hamilton

Albany

Anchor Association
P.O. Box 1394
Albany, N.Y. 12201

Dear Staff of the Catholic Worker,

I had hoped to make this letter a long one, but with the press of time and activities, it will be short. Maybe you could use some of the information.

Houses of Hospitality in the Albany area include: Arbor House, 100 Clinton Ave. Four Sisters of Mercy and ten girls accommodated. Hospitality House, 527 Western Ave. Twenty-four men and women in a therapeutic community conducted by a diocesan priest and a Sister of St. Joseph. Hope House, 231 So. Pearl St., a therapeutic community for drug users. Partly supported by the diocese, run by a lay director. The Hostel, 42 Clinton Ave. Diocesan priests each night staff this small house owned by inner city parish of St. Joseph. Up to ten men taken in by night only. Anchor Association, Box 1394, Albany 12201. Small group working with inmates at Albany Co. Jail and in community. Some members make room

in their homes according to "Christ-room" spirit. Community Law Center, 48-B Dover St. Effort by two Dominican priests to encourage legal community to serve the poor, especially those in jail, etc.

By this summer, sisters will live in all the major housing projects. The major religious communities and the diocese seem to be moving slowly in the direction of service. Many parishes are seriously renewing themselves and moving in the direction of service.

We thank God for His blessings on you all these past forty years. Peace and courage in the days and years ahead.

Art Kirwin

Montreal

Benedict Labre House
308 Young Street
Montreal 102, Quebec

Dear Workers,

This is something of what we are doing here at the Benedict Labre House:

—Hot meals for 25-30 men each day and up to 90 on Saturdays and Sundays;

—Limited lodgings for up to 4 men at a given time;

—Clothing distribution;

—Cooperation with hospitals and various groups in regards to people needing help;

—A center of Christian hospitality;

—Eucharistic liturgies once a week;

—Contact with families of the area through Patricia House, 1200 Ottawa Street; hot meals are served each noon hour for school children and adults; there are also arts and crafts for children on Saturdays and Sundays; and clothing distribution each Thursday;

—A place where people from various walks of life can become aware of the needs of others.

This is just a brief resume of what we do here at the House.

Love in the Spirit,
G. R. Pascal

Correction

4385 Given
Memphis, Tenn. 38122

Dear Pat,

Thanks so much for the copy of the CW with our letter in it. I hate to tell you but someone got our daughter's name and address wrong. It's 635 Loeb, not 645, as printed in the May CW.

God's blessing to you all.

Love,
Betty Gifford

"Little Way"

Route 3
Rockmart, Ga. 30153

Dear Dorothy,

Thank you for your greeting. We would love to see you if you come to Atlanta. The brothers at the Monastery of the Holy Ghost in Conyers know how to get here—Br. Paul in the greenhouse knows best I think.

Our family has grown to seventeen with my father living here. He is eighty-eight now and sees and hears little, but is so grateful for the gift of Life that it is a joy to have him around. He's very cheery and has a very active mind.

We're baking whole wheat bread and growing flowers and herbs to earn our living. So we too continue in our "folly," in the "little way," and often think of you.

All join in sending our love to you and Stanley and any others who know us there.

Love,
H...

+ + +

BOOK REVIEWS

+ + +

THE DREAM AND THE DEAL: The Federal Writer's Project 1935-1943, by Jerre Mangione. Little, Brown and Co., 1972, \$12.50. Reviewed by Joseph Geraci.

The Federal Art's Project, 1935-1943, was a New Deal plan to give writers, artists and musicians jobs during the difficult depression years. The Federal Writer's Project, as the name implies, was more specifically the writer's branch of the FWP. It was the first time in anybody's history that writers were employed by government on so large a scale. The qualifications were penury and writing skill, the latter so loosely defined as to allow thousands to be employed.

Jerre Mangione, as National Coordinating Editor, was in a central position to view the inner life, failings, troubles and achievements of the FWP. He has written an insider's book, full of anecdotes, facts and good hu-

mor, which is both readable and interesting.

This is personal history—that is, history written from the point of view of the individuals who made up the Project. While this approach might be enlivening, it skims over the ideological issues that were so much a part of the cultural life of the thirties.

It would have been interesting to know what Mr. Mangione learned (through the Project) of the peculiar nature of the artist. One would have thought that so extreme a situation would have made the artist's personality stand out all the more vividly. But Mr. Mangione's method of historical writing keeps too much to the surfaces.

On the other hand, his method pays off in personal portraits that are at once sensible and perceptive. The sketch of Henry Alsberg, the Project's National Director, is particularly fine. What kind of a man could have headed such a venture? He was not a good administrator, though he was a man of vision.

His vision was responsible for the American Guide Series. Each state headquarters of the FWP was to produce a comprehensive guide to its own state, besides which local guides would provide a more specialized view, "of a city, county, or village as seen through the lens of a historic microscope." These guides unified the Project around a common goal, and inspired a sense of competition among the different states. Had it not been for the guides the FWP might have been utter chaos. In the end, vision proved a more important asset than

skill in administering. It was a stroke of good fortune that the Project, employing as it did, a fair number of extraordinarily talented persons (e.g., Richard Wright, Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, John Cheever, Lionel Abel, etc.), should have no conventional bureaucrat as its head.

Judging from this book, the FWP's history was certainly not a smooth one. The best word for it was "trouble." One wonders how it kept going as long as it did. It wouldn't have had it not been for humor, a potent antidote for some of the trouble.

But not everything ended with panache. In fact, as the New Deal faded and a new economic situation and work ethic prevailed, writers were no longer considered such a national asset as to have to set aside part of the budget for them. The country was consolidating for war. Dissension was more and more looked upon as subversion. And the FWP, considered a seed bed of communist agitation, came under increasing Congressional attack. Perhaps, if Alsberg had been a stronger administrator, he might have successfully lobbied for its continuance. But he was replaced by John Dimmock Newsom, a man undoubtedly more efficient, but less imaginative. The Project lasted about another year and was "phased out" by a presidential budget committee.

The Writer's Project left behind a rich legacy. The American Guide Series is still the best series of American guides ever written.

It is impossible to calculate just how many writers were kept from starvation and desperation by the

Project, and how many of their works might never have been written had it not been for it. Mr. Mangione has included a checklist of more than 400 publications for which the FWP was directly responsible. That is an achievement that can only be described as monumental.

PEACE AND NONVIOLENCE: BASIC WRITINGS. Edited by Edward Guinan. Paulist Press, New York, 1973. pp. 174. pb. \$4.50. Reviewed by Michael DeGregory.

Peace and Nonviolence, a collection of the writings of 33 prophetic voices from the world religions, is, most strikingly, very contemporary. Most of the "voices" have been raised during the social protest of the 60s. Unlike most pacifist anthologies, Peace and Nonviolence is edited by a peace activist. Ed Guinan, a Paulist priest, is the founder of the Community for Creative Nonviolence, in Washington, D.C.

Although contemporary, Guinan does not neglect the historical. He introduces the reader to the writings of the foremost advocates of nonviolence: Mahatma Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave from India, Danilo Dokic from Sicily, and in America, A. J. Muste, Martin Luther King, and Cesar Chavez.

For students of world literature, the literary achievements of Erasmus, Victor Hugo, Leo Tolstoy, Mark Twain and Herman Hesse, are matched by their lesser known, but equally significant, voices for peace.

Beyond all this, however, the notable and lasting achievement of this volume is the joining of Catholic thought and the pacifist tradition. Guinan presents several official Church documents to illustrate this historic change in Catholic thought. Excerpts from Pope John's groundbreaking encyclical *Pacem in Terris* and from the teachings of Vatican II on war are included. There are also various statements by the American Bishops condemning the immorality of the Indochina War and calling for the recognition of the rights of conscientious objection and amnesty.

Generally, all the selections in *Peace and Nonviolence* are short and very readable. Some are particularly good to initiate discussions, such as "Catholic Worker Positions" or Dom Helder Camara's "Fetters of Injustice" describing the world situation in which 20% of the population possess 80% of the resources. Others are now historical statements protesting Vietnam: Tom Cornell's "Not the Smallest Grain of Incense" marked the beginnings of the draft card burning and resistance movement, and Dan Berrigan's "Meditation from Catonsville." And still others are strictly instructive. Thich Nhat Hanh's "Love in Action" is a history of the nonviolent struggle for peace in Vietnam.

Peace and Nonviolence is intended as a "resource book" and in that it is an excellent contribution to pacifist literature, particularly for those interested in the peace witness of world religions. After each selection there is a short bibliography for further readings. Its one drawback is its cost, rather high for a 174-page paperback. Nevertheless, it is a valuable tool for discussion groups, churches, and schools, for as Ed Guinan writes: "Those listed within these pages are not insignificant men and women, nor should their voices and sacrifices be absent from the educational experience."

(Eds note: *PEACE AND NONVIOLENCE* is available from the Community for Creative Nonviolence, 1329 N. St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20005 for \$4.50 plus \$.20 postage. Proceeds support the Community's work in peace education, a soup kitchen and house of hospitality.)

Summer Workshops At The Catholic Worker Farm

July 7 through August 5

These workshops are an opportunity to work-through and share psychodramatically both personal and interpersonal difficulties coming from the following life-style priorities.

CHRIST ROOMS

If each family had an extra room for anyone in need of hospitality, we could challenge custodial-type institutions where the old, the homeless, the "different and difficult" are now dumped because no one can find a home for them.

1) What interpersonal skills do we need to live in an extended family life-style? How would people get together and find the right family for them?

2) What legal, zoning and public opinion obstacles stand in the way of adoptive, extended families?

3) What problems and advantages are there for adopting one another and living together as spiritual sons, daughters, brothers and sisters, parents and grandparents?

PERSONHOOD

The concept of personalism is traditionally interwoven with ideas of solitude, chastity and fruitful virginity. As individual persons we are of value and accountable for our acts, regardless of the bond of marriage, citizenship or any other group loyalty. But in the process of living there are many opportunities to merge with, or become an extension of another person or institution. This can happen sexually, psychologically or socially.

1) How and when does a community take away personhood and encourage its members to be like babes in the womb—secure and unborn?

2) When does love between two persons cause them to become a two-person universe, as though God made us each as a half, and we need a companion to be a "whole" person?

3) How much and what kind of solitude is needed in community or family life to safeguard personhood?

BY ADVANCE REGISTRATION ONLY, FOR EITHER A WEEKEND OR A WEEK. SOME ARRANGEMENTS POSSIBLE FOR CHILDREN. WEEKEND PROGRAMS ALSO IN THE FALL.

WRITE TO Clare Danielsson
Theater of Reconciliation
Catholic Worker Farm
Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

I enjoyed the most. There was a resident scientist who made samplings from the river, both at surface and depth levels. He also told us about sloops, and something about the river. As most people know, the Clearwater was designed to sail up and down the Hudson and teach people about ways and means of combating pollution. According to the scientist, the river is a little cleaner than it was a few years ago. The boat is operated by young volunteers who have been trained for their work and seem to enjoy it enormously. Gary, who lived with us for a time, helped on the Clearwater a couple of summers ago, and thought it a really great experience.

Our fellow passengers were mostly Boy and Girl Scouts from the Wappinger Falls area. They, too, seemed happy, healthy, interested and remarkably well behaved, though not in the inhibited sense. One of their scoutmasters told Clare and me that these Scouts made a regular practice of collecting waste materials for re-cycling, and then delivering the materials to the proper depot for that purpose. It would be wonderful if all the Scouts of America and other persons of good will would undertake such work. St. Francis of Assisi, pray for Pete Seeger and his helpers, pray for us all that we may have reverence for God's Creation, that we may again have clean air, clean water, and non-toxic fertile soil, where truly nutritious plants will grow.

Times of Growth

Another event of some moment was Freddy's baptism at Fr. Andy's beautiful Easter Vigil and midnight Mass. It was a moving ritual, with Clare Danielsson and Bob Krum acting as godparents. I hope we all received some spiritual renewal.

I hope too that there will be a real renewal of seeds and plants and trees planted by our many gardeners. It is

good that some of the children are also interested. Barbara has a little garden for her two little sons—Carston and Cullen. Beth Anne planted some lovely violets among the other flowers in the front garden made by Miriam, Gordon, Marcel, and Freddy. Elizabeth has already brought beauty to St. Francis' garden. But as John, Mike, Bill, Tony, and Andy know, there is much hard work ahead for all gardeners. We pray for good growing weather. With prices so high and our family so large, we need to grow more of our food. Walter, Tony and Mary Jo have also started a pottery project, which I hope will succeed.

According to Marge Hughes, who is in charge here, the Peacemakers were among the nicest, most helpful people we have ever had here for conferences. Those who attended the conferences found them quite stimulating. We have also had many other visitors. We certainly enjoyed Fr. Plante and his friends from Canada.

The Kramers, who sent me a set of the Thomas Merton tapes, certainly made a most priceless gift to the community. These tapes are taken from Merton's actual talks to his novices and the community. They are excellently made. Merton's warm, vibrant voice sounds as though he himself were in the room talking with you. There is humor, laughter, naturalness of manner. But the matter is profound, spiritual, supernatural. I think I have never heard spiritual truths presented so lucidly. These tapes are for sale and can be purchased from Electronic Paperbacks, P.O. Box 2, Chappaqua, New York 10514.

As always, I have used too much space, though there is still much that I should like to say.

We move toward Pentecost, and the month of the Sacred Heart, the month of June, when, "if ever, come perfect days." Deo Gratias.

Grape Strikers: Work, Hope and Endurance

(Continued from page 3)

tally good-natured tone—the scabs are literally taking bread from the UFW pickets' mouths, but there was little hostility toward them.

After the picketing each day, strikers gather in the union field office in Lamont to hear reports from the captain of each group and share ideas.

March in Delano

Picketing is now the daily work of UFW members; marches and rallies offer an opportunity to come together and voice faith in their union. Since the grape grower-Teamster signings began in Coachella, there have been marches in many valley towns: Selma, Sanger, McFarland, Dinuba, Reedley. Growers have tried to prevent their workers from participating: employees of the D'Arrigo, Vie-Del and Hamilton ranches have been fired after marching. While in the valley, I took part in one of the largest of the marches, that in Delano.

Led by the flags of Mexico, Puerto Rico, the Philippines and the United States, plus a banner of the Virgin of

Guadalupe, over 1000 farmworkers walked through the streets. Cesar Chavez led the parade, carrying his grand-daughter on his shoulders part of the way. We must have walked at least 5 miles through the neighborhoods of the town picking up people all along the way. Chants (Viva La Huelga!, Abajo con Los Teamsters!, Chavez Si, Teamsters No!) and singing (De Colores, Nosotros Venceremos) were continuous. Finally, in Cecil Park, a member of the Migrant Ministry, a local AFL-CIO official, and Chavez addressed the crowd.

In Delano, the Philippino membership of the UFW was especially prominent. The crowd was dotted with these short, bronze, elderly men. Imported as cheap farm labor in the 1920's, they were forbidden to bring wives with them or to intermarry once here. Now they would face a lonely, poverty-stricken old age, were it not for the union. The UFW is planning a retirement community, Agbayani Village, which these men will help build themselves. They will plant a collective garden and assist in a child care center to be established to serve younger union families.

La Paz

I also had the chance to visit the UFW headquarters in Keene, California. Set in the foothills east of the San Joaquin Valley, the La Paz Retreat Center is soothingly quiet and beautiful, very different from the bustle and grime of field offices and boycott houses.

With the excitement of a strike going on in the valley, the La Paz staff feels rather isolated. But they compensate by joining picket lines in Arvin-Lamont before a day of office work, helping with the Safeway boycott in Bakersfield after work, and attending rallies and marches. The union has great need of competent office and construction workers who have the dedication to help build La Paz as the center of the union, while living at subsistence level.

Solidarity

While accompanying the editor of El Malcriado, the UFW newspaper, on a visit to Dinuba to set up distribution of the latest issue, I learned of a whole spectrum of UFW support of which I

had been unaware. Here the members of the El Malcriado committee who would be selling the paper in their areas were not only field workers, but also lower middle-class town Chicanos; teachers, small farmers, high school and college students with aspirations toward professional careers. Although they have to some extent "made it in America," their solidarity with their brothers and sisters still trapped in the exploitative work of the fields was most moving.

Staying with a grape-worker family in Lamont, and talking with many other workers, I got the sense that things have changed for the better for farm workers organized by the UFW. The three years under UFW grape contracts have given them the beginnings of a more secure life. Where once they made as little as \$.89 an hour, lived in crowded, filthy labor camps rented to them by the growers, and had to take their children out of school to work as soon as they were able, now many have settled down in simple, comfortable pre-fab houses on the outskirts of the valley towns. Their houses may, face dirt streets, but they have houses. Their children are in high-school and may even attend a year or so of a state college.

The Teamster-grower pacts threaten this new security. The crisis could create an ugly struggle between the new UFW "haves," and the hungry scabs, the "have-nots." For the backbone of the picket lines and marches are grape workers who have experienced the benefits of UFW contracts and begun to put down roots in the valley towns. The scabs are the newcomers from Mexico and Arab countries. In the face of this potentially explosive conflict of interests, it is a testimony to the UFW's vision that it is opposing the Rodino bill, federal legislation which would impose heavy penalties on employers hiring alien, illegal labor. The union insists that it still stands for all poor farm workers.

As heartening as the sense that farm workers under UFW contracts have made real gains is the evidence that what Cesar Chavez has called "the climate of fear" has receded in the San Joaquin Valley. Clearly it has not evaporated altogether. Growers still fear the farm workers own union so much that they have under-handedly imported another union hoping to destroy it. And farm workers are no saints: they are indeed angry at all the long years of injustice, and at this new attack.

But despite the fear and anger, the UFW's consistent emphasis on struggle through sacrifice and abstention from physical violence has made a difference. Once a known union supporter feared to go downtown alone in the valley. Today, I encountered less active hostility picketing a Bakersfield Safeway store than I expect to meet while picketing chain stores in any Eastern city.

Non-Violence

I took part in a demonstration-picket line outside the annual banquet of the Farm Bureau Federation in Bakersfield. Seven hundred and fifty farm workers protested the Teamster-grower pacts as the growers and their wives, dressed in their finest clothing, entered the hall. Had I been merely listening to the noise of the demonstration, I would have thought I was in the midst of a riot scene, perhaps out of the Russian Revolution, peasants screaming, about to tear their masters and mistresses apart. But, eyes open, I saw the pickets letting their glittering employers pass right through their midst as they pushed strollers and led their children by the hand around the circular line of march. The attitude of the police summed it up for me. They clearly identified with the growers, but stood quietly to the side, evidently trusting UFW marshalls to keep the noisy demonstration peaceful. In any equally vocal demonstration I've been at, the police would have been breaking heads and shooting tear gas. Somehow, the UFW's disciplined struggle for justice, so consistently non-violent, has brought about some kind of accommodation. Certainly it is not strong yet, but some kind of trust, respect, is growing between the powerful and the powerless here.

The United Farm Workers Union presents a vision of a better society unique among current American movements for social justice. It seeks a society in which the poor would not only enjoy more of the comforts now reserved to the rich, but also one in which more men could share a spirit of human brotherhood, especially in communities on the land. In sum, it is a vision of a society in which it would be easier for men to be good. But the union is undoubtedly in the real world. That is, its commitment to social justice is no abstraction, but a real coming to grips with powerful forces opposing it, encompassing the lives of real men.

My visit to the valley convinced me that the union will win its current battle with the Teamsters and growers. Farm workers are not about to abandon the organization which has shown them the possibility of a better life. But, as I've tried to indicate, dangerous tensions exist in the situation. Can the union's vision survive many such blows as the present attack and response?

Too often, farm workers' understanding of the union is limited to the sentiment expressed in the oft-repeated chant "Chavez Si, Teamsters No!" There is tremendous strength behind this simple faith, but can it lead to something more subtle and enduring? When I raised this question with a woman who has been active in the union since the beginning, she reassured both me and herself: "When we started in Delano in 1965, there were maybe 250 who understood. But it has grown. Now there are perhaps 3000 or 4000." Growth of the vision is slow, as growth of anything sound must be in the real lives of human beings. But it does seem that the UFW has been the catalyst setting off those "molecular moral forces, which work from individual to individual" in the struggle for social justice in the San Joaquin Valley.



Rita Corbin

Strike Facts

(Continued from page 1)

growers causing the workers to call the protest strike, growers made pay-offs in "\$5,000 packages" to Teamster officials. The lettuce strike and boycott mounted by the UFW against this Teamster-grower alliance still goes on.

What do grape workers want? On April 10, a group of congressmen, clergymen, and labor leaders polled 1,000 workers in the Coachella Valley. 795 wished to be represented by the UFW; 80 by the Teamsters; 73 by no union; 47 did not wish to answer.

Grape workers built the UFW in five hard years of sacrifice and struggle. They have had three years under contract, enjoying the benefits of rest-rooms and drinking water in the fields, the medical plan, the pesticide ban, the hiring hall. They had just begun to settle their families with some security, to enjoy some of the benefits most working Americans can take for granted. No grower-Teamster pact is going to stop them now. They will strike and boycott until all grape growers sign with their own union, the United Farm Workers. We can all help. Contributions are needed to build the strike fund (UFW, Box 62, Keene, Cal. 93531). And we can boycott lettuce and table grapes—and get out on the picket lines across the country to tell our neighbors to do likewise. VIVA LA HUELGA!

36 East First

By ANNE MARIE FRASER

Saint Joseph's House is a five-story tenement, outwardly like most of the other tenements on First Street. Some of our neighbors live in small, old apartments with cracked walls, leaking pipes and crumbling stairways. In winter the apartments are drafty; in summer they are hot and stuffy. As many as twenty families live in most of the buildings. Because of the nature of our community and work, Saint Joseph's House must be different from the other houses on the street. Earl and Jean-Pierre Boyette, who has returned to Colorado, can spend hours describing the labor that transformed 36 East First into a House of Hospitality.

First Floor

The first floor is the heart of our home. Here we have our soup line, noon and evening meals, liturgies, and Friday night meetings. From five a.m., when John McMullen starts the soup, until eleven every night the first floor is a center of activity. The door opens on a large room filled with chairs and two long dining tables, a desk where Jimmy repairs radios, and a kitchen that is always busy. The three large steel sinks hold breakfast dishes, soup line dishes, lunch, teatime and dinner dishes; and there are always cups to be washed. Frank Lawles, Walter Nichols, Ida and Millie help us keep the dishes clean and the cabinets stocked. Roger and Arthur Sullivan have been treating us to home baked bread on

Sunday and Wednesday evenings; and Danny and Pat Murray take advantage of quiet evenings to experiment with cookie recipes. Sharing food is an important part of our life as a community.

When the first floor is not used as a dining room it is a work/meeting area. Hiram and Jonas fill the long table with newly printed papers and show us the quickest, easiest paper folding and labelling methods. Visitors seeking information about the Worker can usually be found folding papers, drinking tea and talking with us on the first floor.

Behind the kitchen there is a small yard. Brother Paul makes it a beautiful place to sit and rest. He neatly stores our vegetables, as well as boxes and cans for recycling along one wall. Paul, Frank and Michael have planted flowers and Easter plants in the small garden—a lovely setting for the large crucifix that hangs starkly on the rear brick wall. A newly-found wicker chair makes the back yard a peaceful place to sit on a warm evening.

And Beyond

The second floor is the center of the paper and other business of the Worker. Frank and Arthur, Susie and Pat work constantly on the steady stream of correspondence and subscription information. All the work for the paper is done here, and address labels are printed and updated monthly in the small stencil office which Earl and Pat

(Continued on page 8)

The Gospel and Practical Nonviolence

By JUDY DAVIDSON and
JEAN KALMAN

Two books by Jean-Marie Muller are now available to the French public. After *The Gospel of Non-Violence*, which outdated traditional viewpoints on the theology of non-violence, his *Strategy for Non-Violent Action* will hopefully serve as an inspiring insight into technical questions arising in the organization of non-violent protest.

Jean-Marie Muller is well-known in France for various non-violent actions he has initiated in coordination with the "Community of Research on Non-Violent Action" in Orleans. His trial for rejection of his military papers, and his hunger-strike in protest of the sale of Mirages, the famous French-manufactured war jets, allow him to speak clearly on a strategical level.

Even though Muller's non-violent convictions are rooted in a Christian background, he believes that this faith alone is not sufficient in dealing with political issues. Too often, he feels, non-violence has remained a matter of private convictions which have not resulted in principles of action. Even non-violent activists seriously committed to social change have been often tempted to ignore the political and social perspectives of non-violence, limiting their statements to its religious or mystical aspects. In his book, Jean-Marie examines the actions of M. K. Gandhi and Martin Luther King. He destroys the halo that surrounded them, focusing on their eminence as political leaders. Gandhi, in *Young India*, said: "To me, non-violence is a credo, it is the spirit of my life. But I have never presented it as a credo. I

have presented it as a political method whose aim is to solve political problems." (*Strategy*, p. 32.)

Muller makes a crucial move from an emphasis on love and truth to a rediscovery of power and efficiency as necessary principles for the success of an action. He contends that it has been nonsense to rely on the conversion of the rich to the principle of non-violence. He argues instead in favor of actions of pressure and coercion which are in keeping with love and truth, but cannot be described only in those terms.

Muller gives as an example of strat-

egy the non-violent campaign in Montgomery, Alabama in 1955 in which "moral pressure may have had some impact on conscience, but the social coercion exerted by the boycott is more likely to have obligated (the white Montgomery citizens) to have accepted the demands of the blacks." (*Strategy*, p. 51.) He also cites the grape boycott of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, which forced rather than induced or convinced the growers to negotiate, as an example of non-violent political strategy.

Reality

A pragmatic theoretician, Jean-Marie Muller has tried to bridge the gap between an abstract theory that results in no concrete non-violent action, and pure pragmatism whose lack of consistency is a serious obstacle for long-range action. In connection with his strategy, he emphasizes the importance of verbal explanations in a non-violent campaign. From his own experience, Muller shows the trouble a government or its agent may face. When dealing with non-violent activists arguing in a firm, consistent manner, they attempt to justify oppression. Referring to Marcuse and to a few leading French philosophers, Muller contends that "revolutionary speech can only be rational speech," and therefore, "it is a strategical error to trespass the norms of reason in order to challenge the bad reasons argued by the opponents trying to conceal their injustices." (*Strategy*, p. 209.)

Muller's theological essay, *The Gospel of Non-Violence*, develops a way of thinking about non-violence which, being as far from fundamentalism as from casuistry, has been a key element in the improvement of the dialogue between non-violent militants and the Church in France. Now with the political approach of *The Strategy for Non-Violent Action*, the way of non-violence will hopefully become a real concern for political parties and revolutionary groups, and those individuals with non-violent convictions will understand their responsibility in the political sphere.

(Jean-Marie Muller's books and other pamphlets on French non-violent resistance can be ordered from: *Communauté de Recherche et d'Action Non-Violente*, 50 rue d'Illyers, 45 000 Orleans, FRANCE: L'Evangile de la non-violence: 20F=\$4.00. *Stratégie de l'action non-violente*: 24F=\$5.00. See also his article in the January, 1970 *Catholic Worker*. Eds. Note.)



Rita Corbin

The step that *Strategy for Non-Violent Action* makes in interpreting the above examples is an attempt to make non-violent action feasible as a strong tool for revolutionary change. In fact, in Muller's book violence is challenged not only on moral grounds, but be-

cause of its insufficiency. In the chapter entitled "Violent Weapons Belong to the Rich," Muller attacks leftist theories supporting violent revolution. He maintains that far from showing commitment to social change, such statements are mere rhetoric. Alinsky says: "Power comes out of the barrel of a gun" is an absurd rallying cry when the other side has all the guns." (*Rules for Radicals*, p. 21.)

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 7)

and Rita through a downpour to the home and printshop of Daniel Bobrow, a Russian friend who lives up in the hills in back of Rhinebeck and has one hundred acres of untilled land. Father Clarence Duffy, now in Ireland, used to camp out there and tried to start a farming community. Mr. Bobrow, a gifted man of sixty, has been ill with London flu (which I think has been my longstanding complaint, but it has now left me). We were visiting to suggest he let us use some of his land—lease it or rent it? Is he interested in land trusts? Our eighty-six acres at Tivoli are woody hillside and a few fields, all ploughed, planted and well occupied by our young people.

Bob Fitch writes of California's first National Land Reform Conference in San Francisco, a coalition of Chicanos, Indians, farmers, former New Dealers working for distribution of land. Also through the Peacemaker conference we heard of a new paper, *Maine Land Trust*, Box 116, Brunswick, Me. 04011. It calls attention to the beginnings of other land trusts in Vermont and New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. So far everything seems to be on paper. Except the Peacemakers'.

May 17, Thursday—Left at ten for Vermont and arrived at two p.m. The car did not shimmy on the turnpikes, but it was hard going on the other roads. I found that the music room in Tamar's house, which used to be a library and is now filled with potted plants and rubber trees, and looking out on a greenhouse which Tamar and Hilaire constructed, had been prepared for me. The grandchildren had tried to cover up the gun rack of the boys' hunting rifles by hanging over them a beautiful spread Tamar wove, but the butts protruded! Everyone, Becky and John, Mary, Maggie, Martha, Hilaire and Katy all have been working valiantly planting potatoes, corn, beans, and transplanting from the greenhouse. We had fresh asparagus, potatoes and cheese, rhubarb for desert, and Nicky and his friends have been bringing in a dozen perch and brook trout a day! Jimmy is working long hours in a local garage.

May 19, Saturday—The Hennessy family has twenty-five acres (or is it twenty-three), and there are ominous rumors going around about their neighbor who owns all the land above and below their house, barn and twenty or so acres, selling out to real estate speculators who want to put up condominiums and would like to pressure Tamar into selling. Vermont has become vacationland, ski resort, hunting and fishing territory. It used to be seventy-five per cent cultivated; now the farms are gone, and it is only twenty-five per cent cultivated. The Hennessy family raises all the food it can. They have

twenty-five hens, some ducks, and there are two young Alpine goats, and they are looking for a couple of milk goats. John works in a machine shop (he is a gifted tool maker), works nights, and is building his own place on one acre of the land.

May 24—Eric brought over Shawn, less than a month old. His eighteen-year-old mother is out shopping . . . A great day for planting potatoes, onion sets, comfrey. Maggie is mulching, driving the tractor John bought, dragging a home-built cart full of the mulch to the field. The others do the pitchforking from barn to cart, and from cart to field.

May 25—Eric brought over Shawn, less than a month old. His eighteen-year-old mother is out shopping . . . A great day for planting potatoes, onion sets, comfrey. Maggie is mulching, driving the tractor John bought, dragging a home-built cart full of the mulch to the field. The others do the pitchforking from barn to cart, and from cart to field.

May 29, New York (First Street)—It looks now as though my summer will be spent in New York, or its immediate vicinity (Staten Island). A meeting with a priest from The Catholic Charities who was at the Cesar Chavez festival at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine last month, and our conversation about homeless women who sleep in doorways and empty buildings, led to a resolution on my part to start work at once to find a house for them. A letter from a Trappist Abbott containing a down payment for a house, the need for which we had emphasized in the May *Catholic Worker*, confirmed my decision. We should be nearby, so our volunteer help will contribute their youth and strength, and we want something between a Bowery flop-house and an old fashioned convent, where every woman will have little rooms of their own to keep their shopping carts and bags and such like small household goods. A large recreation room would be a help. At the Mott St. and Chrystie St. houses when Leonard Austin or Kieran Duggan brought records and called the folk dances, we all danced a Virginia reel together on occasion! We welcome any suggestions, as to available sites for our new venture.

A long paragraph in the introduction to Dostoevsky's *Possessed*, and a remembrance of Mrs. Jellyby in *Bleak House*, make me put aside this month all references to Cambodia, Laos, Watergate, etc. "Least said, soonest mended," my mother used to say. We all talk too much and do too little. God help us!

36 East First

(Continued from page 7)

recently converted into a joint office and library for the house. John Geis, Charles Killian, Harold Gay, John Michael, Wong, Bob Baez, Esther, Smitty, Gus, Jeanette, Ida, Chuck, and Sal work steadily cutting labels, folding and labelling papers, and preparing them for mailing. Eighty-five thousand papers pass through the second floor every month in a real labor of love. In the evening, house members gather at the long tables on the second floor to read, chat, or watch television. The first and second floors are decorated with pictures and posters made by those who have lived at or visited St. Joseph's House. Each picture tells something of the way we try to live.

The third, fourth and fifth floors are dormitories. The women have brightened the third floor with curtains and flowers. Andy, John, Wong, John Geis, Mike, Bob Baez and Whiskers have their home on the fourth floor. The fifth floor is shared with men who come for a night, two nights, or a week. When there are no more beds, sleeping bags are rolled out. Sadly, the needs are much greater than our capacity to fill them.

People move through our house freely and frequently—from early morning til

late at night, and it is they who make it a home. Some of us stay a few days and some many years—each giving and taking something vital. Sister Carolina spent two months with us, cooking and working, laughing and listening. She helped us all with her joy and prayer. We miss her and look forward to her return. Everyone was happy to see Brother Bart return for the summer, and we look forward to the Fall when David will be back in our Catholic Worker community. We ask you to join us in our prayers for John Pohl. John was a long-time Worker, who will be sadly missed. He died last month after a long and suffering illness.

Dennis Leder was at St. Joseph's House for a recent Friday night meeting on art and identity. He showed us some slides of his work. One of his themes was the beauty we can find in ugliness. His paintings of neighborhood storefronts and tenements shine with light and life. He captures the beauty of poverty and simplicity in the midst of horror and destitution. His pictures reminded me of our home on First Street. We certainly cannot deny the suffering around us and in our own midst. But in creating a home we hope we can rejoice in and share some of the beauty amid the ugliness.