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A Priest In The Resistance

(This edited interview with Fr. Philip Berrigan by Vincent McGee, who is now serving a sentence in Allenwood Federal prison, originally appeared in Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary, published by Ballantine Books, New York. This month in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania the State began its trial of Fr. Phil Berrigan and others for conspiracy to commit acts of resistance against war. Eds. note.)

Q. Could you describe what your sacramental life as a priest has been in the past, and how it might have been changed by your experience in jail?

A. Well, I think my sacramental life has always been largely conventional. Even in Newburgh in 1965, when I was already seriously into the peace issue, I used to say mass daily, and I would go to confession pretty much on a weekly basis. And this continued on into my Baltimore days, because I was in a parish where people needed the Eucharist every day. And then, too, because it was quite an advanced parish, both liturgically and socially. On Sundays a lot of whites would come, not only from the city itself, but even from out of state. Today I go to confession maybe once every three months. Of course there is an entirely new approach to confession now, and this has affected all Catholics. The orientation in my confession is largely how I might have failed in my responsibilities toward people, especially those who are involved in communities of witness, who are on the borderline of risk, and who are in the process of commending themselves to the Gospel in a very serious way—which, according to the present jargon, means an entirely new life style. Of course one's failures are always manifold, because it's an entirely new dimension; it's very, very difficult; it's very abrasive. You're dealing with such a wide spectrum of ideology—political analysis, conscience, emotiveness, all these things. The ideal preparation would be to sit with a friend and talk it out. But the only person I've found I could do this with would be my brother Dan. Falling the opportunity to do that with him on a frequent basis, I go to a Jesuit confessor in the center of Baltimore. And I go through a rather conversational thing.

Q. What does the sacrament of penance mean to you, as an experience or as a need?

A. Well, of course, I still believe profoundly in the dimension of grace, which is imparted through the sacrament. And all of the allied things on which grace depends—atonement, retribution, sacrifice, and the development of the attitudes toward the future.

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DAN BERRIGAN FREED

As we go to press, the doors of Danbury Prison have unbarred to release Fr. Dan Berrigan. We rejoice at his deliverance and pray for his well-being. May his brotherly voice continue to enlighten our course with its strength, beauty, and compassion.

The Editors

Credit Unions in West Africa:

Fashioning Mutual Aid

By FR. E. A. BARNICLE

In 1965 we started a Credit Union in a small village in West Africa, Kikai Kelaki, West Cameroon. The average annual family income in the village was \$100. Interest rates on loans ran as high as 2,000%. The villagers were moving from a subsistence economy into a money economy and lacked the money and the skills they needed to compete. We recognized this problem in 1965 and we decided to save our money together, to lend to each other from our accumulated savings, and to pay back at low interest rates. This was the foundation of the Kikai Kelaki Credit Union.

Today there are 171 members in the Kikai Kelaki Union. They have saved \$8,500 and more important, have loaned over \$25,000 to each other in productive loans since the start of the organization. The Kikai Kelaki Union has become a pilot credit union for 51 other credit unions. The 4,500 members of these unions have saved over \$150,000 and have given over \$500,000 in loans to their members. This growing movement is now entirely in the hands of the villagers. The loan delinquency is less than 1%.

We spend a lot of time talking about development and peace. Pope Paul says

that development is a new word for peace. But it is obvious that people do not mean the same thing when they speak of development. Henry Ford has one idea and Che Guevara has another.

Destructive Development

West Cameroon has tried to develop along Western lines. It receives aid to develop its economy in order to compete in the world market. In the past five years I have watched this process of development and have asked myself where is it leading? Towns are turning into large cities; wages are doubling and tripling; the number of high schools went from 4 to 20, and yet in Kikai Kelaki there is a boy whose name is Godfried Moye. He is 19 years old, weighs 140 pounds, is 5'8" tall, black, with moderately good health. His education is seven uncertain years in grade school. When I met him he had no job, he had no hope, he had no future—his only ambition was to get out of Kikai Kelaki, go to Bamenda and drive a big car. Our computers tell us that there are 200,000,000 unemployed Godfried Moyes in the world. This is the price we are paying for our present method of world economic development.

The really important thing we must understand is that Godfried is not a

statistic. He is not a high school failure or a dropout or a case of malaria fever. He is one of the kids in my old parish who comes to borrow a monkey wrench when his bicycle breaks down. He comes to ask for a lift to town to look for a job and he never believes me when I tell him he is wasting his time. He is not a statistic. . . . He is made of flesh and blood and dreams, even though they are dreams that may never be fulfilled.

Godfried dreams of revolution. Che Guevara's method of development seems to him to be the only one which will offer him a chance to have a better life. Our Western methods of development have so dehumanized him that he has learned only to take anything he can get. He takes anything from me—candy, a cigarette, communion from my hands. Godfried and the 200,000,000 like him have been very dehumanized by our society which has deprived him of an opportunity to work and earn a living.

200,000,000 unemployed and very potential revolutionaries in the world is the magnitude of the challenge we face. But when it comes down to the village level, it comes down to people like Godfried Moye. \$25,000 in productive loans is not much money in terms

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

On a day like this when it is ten above zero and a bitter wind seems to chill the room right through the ill-fitting window glass, one's mind wanders away from a recent visit to Mississippi, which I ought to be reporting, to the immediate concern of the Berrigan trial which is going on in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and to the even nearer concern which has been much on my mind—Willowbrook, Staten Island.

Bad as prisons are, Willowbrook, a huge mental hospital for "children", is worse. Appropriations for hospitals have been cut back so that one fifth of the beds for the poor in Bellevue hospital are eliminated. Cutting down on personnel, has meant an understaffed Willowbrook and fearful neglect of the youngest and most helpless of our hospital population. On television there have been sights shown which have brought to mind Dachau and Auschwitz. Charges have been made that children are starving to death who are unable to feed themselves. The single attendant on a large, over-crowded ward cannot possibly adequately feed these helpless ones, one meal a day, let alone three.

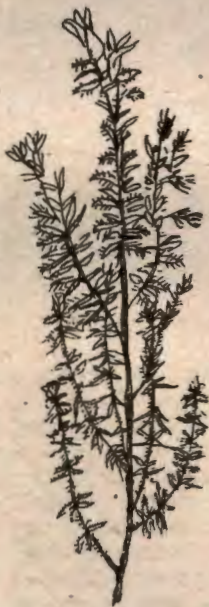
These scenes reminded me of the Catholic world war when many of our Catholic Worker family worked as conscientious objectors in Rosewood Hospital outside of Baltimore. They worked seven days a week, twelve hours a day, in order to have, four days at the end of the month to come to New York and visit with friends. I went through that hospital and thanked God that here the crippled and retarded, hydrocephalic and idiot had the kindness of the c.o.'s and the gentleness which reflected their respect for life.

Sum Total of Love

Jean Vanier, son of a former governor general of Canada, has started several "villages" for the retarded, and he wrote once that there were two great contributions which these most unfortunate of "little ones" could make—that was, to love and to be loved, and so increase the sum total of love in the world. It makes me happy to contemplate the work of William and Dorothy Gauchat who have represented the Catholic Worker in the Cleveland area for many years. What was once a house of hospitality in Cleveland and a farming commune at Avon, Ohio has become now a hospice, or home, for thirty of these children. At Rosewood and Willowbrook the "children" are of all ages. But at Avon there are infants, and small children and one I know, who is a spastic or a cerebral palsy victim who cannot speak, would have been put in

a mental institution had not Bill and Dorothy adopted him.

The Willowbrook scene so graphically portrayed on television, made me long for a group of conscientious objectors who would choose to do such alternative service. I have always felt that, much as I am opposed to conscription for this latest, longest and most cruel and impersonal war, and in favor of resistance to it, that those young men who take such alternative service as will bring them in contact with the children in prisons (and there are such) and in mental hospitals, and those for the crippled and disabled, are performing a hard and arduous job and in a way, "being subject to every living creature", as St. Paul suggested. Turning the other cheek, walk-



ing the extra mile, giving your tunic as well as your cloak, these are expressions of the over-flowing love of Christ in his poor, in "the least of His brethren."

But as with so much in life, we must count the cost. Let those who can take it, take it. It would take a religious order like that of Mother Teresa of Calcutta, to "take" Willowbrook. I saw her with my own eyes in the house of the dying in Calcutta two years ago, kneeling by the side of one of these starving old women who had been picked up from the streets, and with three fingers, (they do not use spoons or forks) tucking rice and vegetables into the mouth of the patient who had come to life enough to open it like a bird being fed by its mother.

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36 East First

"Winter Days"

"Our days are darker than most folks' nights." As I sit here and begin this column, the gentleman who said that to me comes to mind. We were on our way over to the clothing room to try and find him a pair of shoes. He had none. And here in the choke-hold of winter, his statement of that day speaks a bitter cold truth. Winter has a way of hammering home the life and times on the Bowery. The line at the clothing room stretches around the corner a half hour even before we open. The soup line grows longer and longer, and the requests for shelter increase. It is winter, a season to somehow get through.

The needs are great, and our resources to meet them are so often woefully inadequate, but we try. We are obliged to try. In his epistle, St. James says it straight: "If a fellow man or woman has no clothes to wear and nothing to eat, and one of you says 'Good luck to you, I hope you'll stay warm and find enough to eat,' and yet gives them nothing to meet their physical needs, what on earth is the good of that?"

January has been full. The Friday night meetings over the past month brought us Fritz Elchenberg, who showed some of his incredible graphic work. Joseph Fahey, from the Pacem in Terris Institute at Manhattan College, spoke on war and the Christian con-

science; and John Swanson, from Trinity Church, spoke about the Brothers of the Common Life, a community on the Lower East Side.

January too brought some sickness here. Scottie, Mr. Anderson, and Jim Chapman have had to go to the hospital. Scottie and Jim are home again now, but Mr. Anderson remains. Pray with us that his recovery will be full and speedy.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming brothers back home. Pat Jordan has returned, and we rejoice in his presence. Henry Scott has returned also, moving back from Baltimore.

Marcel has introduced a new twist to Saturday evenings this past month. We now have our own "Saturday night at the Movies," complete with popcorn and soda during the changing of the reels.

We are surrounded by constant challenges and challengers here. It begins with the sign over our door—"St. Joseph's House of Hospitality." In one way or another, every person who enters challenges us to make that sign a reality. And we who live and work here must challenge each other to make that sign a reality. We succeed, and we fail; but obliged we are to continue to try, to try again, and try some more after that. "I assure you that whatsoever, you did for the humblest of my brothers, you did for me."

Chuck Lathrop

"One of the Family"

About six months ago I wrote an article for the Catholic Worker: "A Return to Life." This is a long delayed report on what has happened since that time.

For openers, I want to change the first sentence of my last article. It read, "I am a Bowery bum." I am no longer a Bowery bum. I am a member of the Catholic Worker family. I do not even live on the Bowery. I live at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on East 1st Street. My function here is a little hard to define. Most of the time I feel like a combination guest and idiot-savant in residence.

Coming by a restored life does not end all your problems. It simply puts them in a different perspective. From this new perspective I learned I had to do certain things to hold on to my new life. First, I had to struggle like hell to keep it. Second, I had to share it with my friends. Third, I had to thank God over and over—and beg for His help. Beg—not ask, or request, or petition. A drowning man yells "Help!", not "Would you please come to my rescue? I appear to be in some difficulty."

I learned these things gradually. I did them only sporadically. There were very bad times when I wanted to sell out, to drink and drop back into my old familiar sewer. I did some drinking. I took some drugs—rationalizing that my physical pain could not be endured without analgesics.

It seemed at times too much to ask. I thought bitterly of writing a sequel to "A Return to Life" to be called "Back to the Bowery." I made tentative efforts to break loose from the Worker family on the excuse that my contributions were useless and to remain would be the worst kind of hypocrisy.

This is where my friends stepped in. They told me I was part of the Worker family and was needed. They also said bluntly: "You need us!"

The crisis came New Year's Eve. At ten o'clock, a group headed uptown to a party at Frank's. I was invited with the rest, but I had other intentions. I struggled along behind, and when they turned left at the corner, I turned right toward the liquor store and a delicatessen. After about half a block

I had the feeling I was being followed. Ten feet behind me, ambling along as if enjoying the stroll on a fine spring night (it was freezing cold) was Tony. Tony is, in a strange way, the one man in the world who can get near parts of me which are so dark and treacherous that I do not care to look at them. Tony can and does. He is a wise and gentle man.

"O, hi Tony," I said. "Where you headed?"

"With you, Jimmie baby."

"Yeah but hell, I'm just going to that little old delicatessen to get some eggs and milk."

"No, I think you were headed for that little old liquor store to buy some little old liquor. And I'm going to stop you."

"Liquor? Me? Listen, I never drink on New Year's Eve. Violation of my integrity. Tonight is Amateur Night. Listen, you better hurry. You can probably still catch the gang at the subway."

"Jim, I'm staying with you. I think you're lying, you were headed for a drink. So, if you go in anywhere they sell it, I'm going with you. And I'll raise such hell that we'll both get thrown out. Now come on back to the house. We'll rap, or play chess, or watch TV, but you are not going to drink tonight."

Checkmate. I was seething. "Sure, Tony old friend. Just wait until I get me some eggs and milk, like I told you I planned to do."

We passed the liquor store and an uproarious bar. Sullenly I bought eggs and milk, and back we went—past the uproarious bar, past the bright lights of the liquor store—back to the sober, silent Catholic Worker. I took a defiant glass of milk; the rest of it went sour. The eggs stayed in the refrigerator for over a month—then somebody else ate them.

We talked—and oh, was there ever such brilliant conversation—until midnight. At 12 o'clock we shook hands and 15 minutes later we were in bed.

Two days later, I went to Confession, and became a Catholic again after 35 years.

So you see—up to now—I get by with a little help from my friends—and God.

Jim Chapman

A PRIEST IN THE RESISTANCE

(Continued from page 1)

ture, the making of a new present in order to secure a better future.

And the Eucharist is still quite central to my life. I usually offer the Eucharist with friends, or else I offer a very truncated and very reflective Eucharist in my room, at my desk, almost daily. And that means a long scriptural meditation, and a very, very short public-oriented offertory, and then the consecration.

Q. Do you find celibacy tougher in jail, or no tougher, or the same as out?

Picket-Line Death

At 4:19 a.m. on Tuesday, January 25, 1972, Nan Freeman was killed on a farm worker picket line near Belle Glade, Florida. She is the first person to die on a United Farm Worker Organizing Committee (UFWOC) picket line since the farm workers organizing struggle began in Delano in September, 1965. Ms. Freeman was passing out leaflets to truck drivers at the Tallman Sugar Plant when a large tractor trailer rig accidentally struck and killed her. Farm workers all over the country are mourning her death. Memorial services are being held in every field office and boycott office of the UFWOC. Members of the Jewish community are considering a farm worker memorial fund in Nan Freeman's name.

The strike at Talisman Sugar Co. was begun inside the processing plant, but farm workers (who are Cuban, Black & Mexican-American) became involved and they asked for the support of UFWOC. Manuel Chavez, UFWOC's chief organizer in Florida, joined the effort on January 20, 1972 and called for help. Farm workers from other parts of the state responded along with church people and community supporters. Nan Freeman and 4 other students from New College (Sarasota, Fla.) answered the call and came to help on the picket line.

In a brief eulogy statement, Cesar Chavez said:

"On Tuesday, January 25, 1972, Nan Freeman gave her life for farm workers. . . . She was 18 years old when she died. To some she is a young girl who lost her life in a tragic accident. To us she is a sister who picketed with farm workers in the middle of the night because of her love for justice. . . . To us Nan Freeman is *Kadosha* a 'Holy Person' to be honored and remembered for as long as farm workers struggle for justice. How can we measure the gift she has given to our cause? Will God give her another life to live? . . . God has given Nan Freeman just one life and now that life is ended. Think on that, all who cherish our farm workers' union: Nan Freeman, our young sister, has poured out her *one life* so that farm workers everywhere might be more free. . . . There is no way to repay her immeasurable gift. . . . (But) we can remember her. We can honor her life and express our thoughts to her family. We can give more of ourselves just because she has given everything. We must work together to build a farm workers union that is worthy of her love and sacrifice."

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee desperately needs volunteers to work on the boycott of non-union produce. UFWOC boycotts have proved the most successful instrument of non-violent change for justice on the present scene. Volunteers receive \$5 a week plus room and board. Contact UFWOC, P.O. Box 81, Keene, Calif. 93631 or your local UFWOC headquarters. In New York City, call Jose Gomez at 594-9694.

A. It's tougher out. Because of the hypersexuality that's operating today, and the kind of sexual confusion that's operating in the peace movement, there are many more challenges outside. Because in the oddest sort of way, movement people associate sexuality with humanity. But I'd like to stress that Dan and I feel that celibacy is crucial in the priesthood as an aid for revolutionary life style. We have made strong overtures to other Christian communities in terms of action, in terms of awareness, political response, and all the rest, and gotten largely nowhere. With very, very good men. And almost invariably the question of family obligations comes up, children, etc. So we feel celibacy can be a great freedom in a public forum.

Q. Do you see prison in a sacramental sense—you know, in the old catechism definition of a sacrament being an occasion of grace?

A. Yes. Being imprisoned for one's convictions is a Christian phenomenon above all, and also highly relevant politically. I would go so far as to say that if someone (not necessarily myself), if only one man were in prison for the right reasons, although chal-

lenged by an entire country, it would still make a contribution of grace and new life in ways that cannot be imagined.



Q. In your decision to go to jail and witness, are you saying that the central message of Christianity is redemp-

The Harlem Four

By JAN ADAMS

On March 8, Judge Joseph Martinis of the New York State Supreme Court will announce his decision whether a fourth trial, following a reversal and two hung juries, violates defendants' constitutional guarantee of presumption of innocence, as well as protection against double jeopardy, and against cruel or unusual punishment.

The "Harlem Four"—Walter Thomas, Wallace Baker, Ronald Felder, and William Craig—are charged with the murder of Mrs. Margit Sugar during a fracas in a clothing store on April 29, 1964. Arrested as teenagers, they have grown to their mid-twenties behind bars, without ever having been convicted of a crime. Although cases against Black Panther leaders Bobby Seale and Huey Newton were dropped after one and two hung juries, New York District Attorney Frank Hogan and Assistant District Attorney Robert Lehner are determined to force another trial of these young men who after eight years are still legally presumed innocent.

The case of the Harlem Four exemplifies racist hysteria abetted by intransigent power which cannot correct itself. The murder took place at a time of public excitement about assaults on white Harlem storekeepers. Among the over a hundred suspects picked up by police were six black teenagers who had come to officers' attention the previous week when they tried to defend some younger children from police abuse. Accused of the crime, these six were kept from seeing lawyers who tried to reach them at the police station and were interrogated by teams of policemen for hours. Two finally signed confessions. As soon as they saw parents or lawyers, they repudiated their statements. Although the parents secured civil rights lawyers for their sons, the judge insisted on choosing court appointed counsel. The judge claimed the defendants wouldn't know a good lawyer "from a watermelon."

The court appointed attorneys proved only interested in persuading the defendants to plead guilty to a lesser charge. The boys refused and went to trial without a serious effort by the defense. Although the prosecution produced almost no creditable evidence to connect them with the crime, all six were convicted.

The Charter Group for a Pledge of Conscience, a group of whites concerned with racial justice, took up the case and

secured private counsel, William Kunstler, Lewis Steele and Conrad Lynn. Their appeal brief won an order for a new trial in December, 1968 on the grounds that the "confessions" of two could not be used against all six. The DA delayed a further year and a half, then severed the cases of the two who had allegedly confessed. One of these, Robert Rice, was convicted by his repudiated confession; the other, Donald Hamm, then pleaded guilty in a moment of despair. These two cases are on appeal.

In the spring of 1971 the trial of the remaining four ended in a hung jury. The DA then pressed through a third trial completed in January, 1972 in which the jury voted 7-5 for acquittal, another hung jury. The DA now confronts the four and their defenders with a fourth trial.

Probably it is too late for justice in the case of the Harlem Four—eight years is too long a time. For the four it has been a third of their lives in prison, waiting for disposition of charges they deny and of which they are legally innocent. Many have rallied to their defense because they believe in their innocence and that such a long confinement without a verdict is itself unjust. But for these defenders, can setting the four free at this late date amount to justice? Many busy individuals have committed themselves to building the defense effort, collecting letters and prominent supporters, distributing the facts, marshalling a popular demand for justice against the DA's power. Should they succeed, will they have won through to justice, or merely learned to wield one kind of power against another? The defendants' families, especially the mothers who have worked so long for their sons' defense, will they have lives to take up again after the long pain and struggle?

Probably it is too late for justice in the case of the Harlem Four. Nevertheless, if we make a claim to value our fellow human beings, we have to do anything we can to salvage what can be salvaged of these four lives, and of so many others which are blighted by systemic injustice. And, concurrently, we must move to expose, hinder, and obstruct unjust power that we may build a new society in which lives need not be so blighted.

For further information on the Harlem Four, contact the Charter Group, Box 346, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025.

tion through the ultimate powerlessness of the crucifixion?

A. Yes, most definitely. You have the example of Christ, and before that the whole prophetic experience of the Old Testament, and, of course, the Acts of the Apostles. Despite all the failures, there is a constant Christian tradition for two thousand years, leading to resistance to the Nazis, and more recently, the resistance against the French government during the Algerian crisis. For the committed Christian, there is a moral example, a religious guideline—almost a matter of doctrine. In addition there is the political relevance of witnessing in jail, because there's not going to be basic change, there's not going to be human revolution, unless consciences are moved.

Q. But aren't there times when religion is used as a front for radical activity? Do you sometimes use your priesthood as a cover for radical activity?

A. Well, wherever you are in this society, you're playing an institutional role, and you have to deal with that fact. By and large, you could say you are always taking a political position, regardless of intention. Some of the young priests who have resisted, and some of the young Catholics, they would emphasize their institutional role out of fidelity not to what the Church is institutionally, but what the Church ought to be as a Christian community. You use the institutional role as a political platform in order to involve the Church in its own inherent contradictions. Politically you use the Declaration of Independence against the system's contradictions. In the Church you use the Gospel against the institution, or some of the declarations of Vatican II, or the Pope's encyclical on development.

Q. The paradox for so many of us is that people as radically free as you and your brother Dan should be so committed to this most totalitarian institution, the Catholic Church. Could you explain this paradox of your being free enough to feel ready to go to jail and witness, yet being determined to stay in the Catholic Church?

A. There are many reasons. The first is that, although for at least sixteen centuries the Church has failed to make a full-hearted dedication to the Gospel, yet the Gospel is there. And the Gospel just may be the most perfect way of life that has been made available to mankind. That would be one reason.

The second reason would be that the Church will always exist as an institution, and it will always have the problem of coming to terms with the Gospel in a human fashion in its attempt to become a human community.

The third reason would be a historical understanding of the traditional hang-ups between church and state. The genesis of our whole trouble as institutional Catholics today is the alliance with the state, and being in reality a state-church. I would say that the ideal situation exists when the Church sees itself as a persecuted minority, not only when the state is explicitly totalitarian or fascist, but because the Church must always take upon itself the role of protest, must incorporate the whole prophetic dimension of a covenant with God. If you accept the truth of Christ's teachings, particularly the death-life pattern mirrored in his passion and resurrection, and understand what that means in an existential way, then you have to be revolutionary, not only in your personal life but in public as well.

Q. What do you mean when you say you have to be revolutionary if you accept death the way Christ talked about it?

A. What His death says to me is simply this: that He became most human in

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REMEMBERING THE THIRTIES

Studs Terkel, *Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression* (New York: Avon Books, 1971), \$1.50; *The Thirties: A Reconsideration in the Light of the American Political Tradition*, ed. Morton F. Frisch and Martin Diamond (Northern Illinois University Press, 1966), \$3.95. Reviewed by Michael True.

Each person tends to choose a favorite time in history—a century or decade—that helps him both to explain and to understand the present. Each

of us, if we have the energy and leisure, conducts his own "search for a usable past," not necessarily to manipulate it to our own purpose, but to try to get some control over our own destiny, to get our head straight on the present that always threatens to overwhelm us. The study of history, then, is necessary for survival. And though history may not repeat itself, a knowledge of the past gives at least an occasional clue to the present.

My own interest in the 1930's began

only recently, and most of what I know about it was brought to my attention in random fashion. Being born in the Thirties, the same year as the *Catholic Worker*, was more an impediment than a help at times. But one thing is certain: it gave me enough suspicions about most of what I read about the Thirties to keep searching for more authoritative sources than existed in printed form.

Since I began my own search for "the anxious years," "the angry decade," "the depression era" (as the period is variously called), several extremely helpful and useful books have appeared, introductory anthologies that, together, give a broader and deeper look into the period than we had before they were published.

Studs Terkel's *Hard Times* should be mentioned first, since it contains wonderful first-hand accounts by almost two hundred people, including Dorothy Day, John Beecher, and Caesar Chavez. For all the random sampling and diverse backgrounds—publishers, strikers, farmers, film critics, dancers, politicians (radicals, conservatives, liberals), the book is all of a piece, a tribute undoubtedly to the genuine interest and knowledge of its author-interviewer.

One of the most important contributions of the book is its powerful reminder to the reader of the limitations of most "histories." Its range alone makes most books on the Thirties look like politically naive academic exercises by specialists with little feeling for the people who lived in and made the times their own. "Oral history" should help to correct some of the distortions of those histories written by middle-class professors (like myself) who tend to view the world outside through narrow and imitation gothic windows.

One incident, in which Cesar Chavez describes the life of an itinerant farmer's son, will suggest the tone of much of the book. It suggests, also, how and why Chavez became a very special kind of leader:

"One of the experiences I had (as a child). We went through Indio, California. Along the highway there were signs in most of the small restaurants that said 'White Trade Only.' My dad read English, but he didn't really know the meaning. He went in to get some coffee—a pot that he had, to get some coffee for my mother. He asked us not to come in, but we followed him anyway. And this young waitress said, 'We don't serve Mexicans here. Get out of here.' I was three, and I saw it and heard it."

Later, Chavez describes one of the many teachers he had in school: "She was a young teacher, and she just wanted to know why we were behind. One day she drove into the camp. That was quite an event, because we never had a teacher come over. Never, so it was, you know, a very meaningful day for us . . . This I remember. Some people put this out of their minds and forget it. I don't. I don't want to forget it. I don't want it to take the best of me, but I want it to be there because this is what happened. This is the truth, you know. History."

Passages such as the one above suggest a great deal, not just by the words, but by the quality of the voice. We hear and feel the rhythm as well as the intellectual content of the language. This is true, also, of the many other selections by famous and/or infamous people (Gerald L. K. Smith, Jim Farley, Sally Rand, Saul Alinsky, Russell Long) and the not-so-famous, including several young people, who describe the effect of the depression on their parent's generation.

The Thirties: A Reconsideration in the Light of the American Political Tradition, though less lively reading than *Hard Times*, contains several essays that help to correct common distortions about the dominant politics of the period. Raymond Moley and Rexford Tugwell, both early members of the Roosevelt Brain Trust, indicate in

(Continued on page 6)



Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Now, one week before Ash Wednesday, February abjures Carnival and holds us in a Lenten grip of cold. The river, which on a milder though windy day in January, Clare and I heard making symphonic music out of floating ice, waves and rocky shore, conceals its turbulence under an icy sheath. This is the very nadir of Winter, the doldrums of February. Children break into a kind of berserk pandemonium in our community living room and dining room. Adults succumb to flu and cabin fever. Spirits are low; tempers high. A bluejay shrieks angrily at my window feeder, but moments later goldfinches twitter a sweet rebuke. Then a cardinal, vested in the colors of the Holy Spirit, whistles a cadence from his joyful song—Cheer, cheer. Lent leads to Easter. Spring is near. Rejoice. Rejoice.

Even mid-winter is not without occasion of rejoicing. Such an occasion was the last weekend of January, when Father Lyle Young came to visit us. Since Father Andy Cruschiel, our resident priest, had left for a two weeks' visit with his family in Michigan, Father Lyle said Mass for us, both Saturday night and Sunday morning. A witty and stimulating conversationalist, Father Lyle did much to enliven the community, individually and collectively. Sunday afternoon he accompanied me on a walk through our winter woods and fields. The air was good; there were glimpses of beauty but above all there was for me a sense of release from confinement. Mid-winter walking, when one does not see, is not only more enjoyable but also much easier with a companion. Winter becomes almost companionable when it is not too cold, and one can go for a walk with a friend, while a chickadee urges one on with his cheerful call through the sweet clean air.

On the first weekend of February, since Father Andy was still absent, Father Genaro of the Redemptorists in Esopus came over Saturday night and said the Mass for Sunday. This

Sunday, the sixth of February, happened also to be the Feast of St. Dorothy. We were glad that Dorothy Day could be here to celebrate with us her name day.

As with most families and communities, we here at the Catholic Worker Farm find various means of relieving winter tedium. Music is a favorite way with many. Father Frank Arnold plays the piano beautifully. I think we all enjoy listening to him. Marge Hughes is becoming more and more proficient on the guitar. Under the excellent teaching of Clare Danielssen, Sally Corbin is making real progress on the piano.

Sally, who is a very creative young person, has also completed several musical compositions, which she both plays and sings. With the help of Mike Kresche, Alan and I are learning to play the recorder.

Reading remains a popular diversion with most of us. Some prefer scholarly, intellectual, theological kinds of reading, which might better be called study, while others are happy with a good mystery. My own reading is done by listening, with the help of that wonderful electronic device, the talking-book machine. Although it is my fourth reading, I think I have enjoyed most this Winter, Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the talking-book edition of which is recorded in its magnificent and unabridged entirety by Alexander Scourby. *War and Peace* is not only a powerful indictment of war, but also a profound affirmation of life, of all that is good, creative, fruitful, alive. It is intensely interesting, yet never merely diversionary. For *War and Peace* is a world, in which one lives, moves, breathes, and grows, yes, grows the richer for all this experience.

As for Emily Coleman, her favorite avocation continues to be painting. Emily has, I am told, turned out some very interesting work. Now and then, particularly if the opera is one of Mozart's, Emily likes to listen to the Saturday afternoon Metropolitan

Opera broadcast with me. Needless to say, Rita Corbin, whose drawings are known to all our readers, employs much of her leisure time in some kind of art work.

By way of pure diversion, Sally Corbin and the Tully boys—who are with us again—like to spend the hours after supper playing Monopoly. Young Martin John Corbin, who will celebrate his second birthday this month, and who looks every day, I am told, more like his father, apparently has two favored occupations—one, whenever he finds the office empty of human beings, to perform a first-class wrecking job on that room; the other, is learning new words from Slim, who has constituted himself little Marty's vocabulary teacher.

Naturally, there is more to life than diversion. In a community like ours, there is always much routine work to be done. Both Hans Tunnesen and John Filliger have been helping out in the kitchen this Winter and have been turning out some good meals. Marge Hughes and Alice Lawrence continue to bear much of the cooking responsibility, and as usual with much pleasure to the palates of the rest of us. Mary Wagener, who has recently returned, has also treated us to some of the delights of her own fine cooking. Alan often cooks suppers. From time to time Dominic, who also acts as sacristan, cleans, paints, etc., produces a superb Italian meal. Then there are others who help now and again. Bill Tully, who is visiting us again, has taken some of the responsibility of breadmaking from Michael Kresche, who has been away for a time. Sean, Tom Likely, and George Collins are very dependable helpers in the dining room and kitchen area. Joe Ger-

aci, Dennis, and Geoffrey often help with the dishwashing. Bronson Lehr, a real working visitor, keeps busy from morning until night doing whatever needs to be done.

Winter is also, it seems, a time of severe sickness. This winter, the most severely ill is Mike Sullivan, who is back in Northern Dutchess Hospital in Rhinebeck. When he was well, Mike was one of the most valued workers in our community. We hope our readers will pray for him. We were also sorry to learn that Father Charles, who will be known to most of our readers as Jack English, had suffered another heart attack in his monastery in Conyers, Georgia. The last we heard, he was recovering. Mrs. Ham and Catherine Ryan continue to have bad days and good days, and sometimes are very sick indeed. Most of the rest of us have suffered from colds and flu, etc. Marty Corbin, though home from the hospital, is suffering a severe muscle spasm.

Winter is a difficult time for personal relations. The old wars between young and old, workers and scholars, men and women, etc., often cause much friction. Prayer is, I think, the best remedy for such troubles. We need, it seems, more prayer.

When Father Andy is here, we have Mass twice a week. A few of us try to maintain the Catholic Worker tradition of evening prayer. Prayer is a kind of work. We need to work harder.

Somewhere under the frozen earth of February, skunk cabbage begins to dream, to probe toward sunlight, sap begins to flow up the roots of trees, and crocuses, bulb-blanketed, begin to listen for robins singing over the melting snows of March. We move toward Easter and the bright flower of Resurrection.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

Non-violence

Everywhere there are discussions of non-violence and there is no end to the examination of conscience necessary. Are we violent in our judgment of others? Do we forgive seventy times seven? Do we forgive the jailor, the man who is afraid and uses violence instinctively? Do we forgive the rich, the exploiter? The self righteous?

While I was in Leningrad on that delightful three week's trip which I made last summer, I wrote afterwards how I attended a liturgy with Geraldine Donovan at the monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, one of the "working" churches where worship is still going on.

It is only now that I looked up St. Alexander Nevsky in Donald Attwater's Penguin Dictionary of Saints (a delightful book). Helen, our guide in Leningrad, said to me, "He was canonized by the Czar because he was a great military hero. He defeated the Swedes."

Born in 1219, died in 1263, canonized by the Russian Orthodox Church in 1547, this grand prince of Novgorod, Vladimir and Kiev saved Russia "by his policy of conciliation towards the invading Tartars and firm resistance to enemies on the west." His name of Nevsky came from his victory in 1240 over the Swedes on the river Neva; he defeated the Teutonic knights at Lake Peipus in 1242 and drove out the Lithuanians soon after. But he was no mere ambitious conqueror: "God is not on the side of force," he said "but of truth and justice." He had several times to make long journeys to the Tartar overlords to intercede for his people, and earned much obloquy thereby from those who disapproved of his policy. He bore the unjust accusations patiently, and the religious integrity of his life, together with his great services to his people caused him to be venerated as a saint."

I must say that reading this combination of courage and non-violence, conciliation and violence too, makes it easier for me to write about Charles Evers whom I met when I was visiting Mississippi in the Fall. Speaking engagements in California had enabled



me to visit Cesar Chavez and the farm workers at La Paz, and I came home by the southern route hoping to be able to visit in turn the wood cutters of Mississippi. In later issues we will have more news about the organization of these wood cutters, both black and white, who met together last fall, had fish fries together, and who won the first struggle for justice (of a sort) from the Masonite company and the paper companies which used the pulp wood they cut and deliver to them.

Right now rainy weather has made it impossible for their trucks to get into the woods, and it is the weather which is causing their hardships rather than the System.

Yesterdays

Over the years I have visited the state of Mississippi many times and

there have been two houses of hospitality in the South, one in Memphis, Tennessee, the state where my father was born and grew up, and one in Houma, Louisiana, which Father Jerome Drolet started many years ago. When I visited the house in Memphis, I slept overnight in the big store which Helen Caldwell had fitted out with cribs for a day-care shelter. Negro mothers used to come in early in the dark morning and leave their infants, with a nursing bottle and a can of evaporated milk by the side of them, and steal out into the still dark streets, to be picked up by trucks that drove them to the cotton fields of Mississippi for a day's picking. Even after the cotton picking machine was perfected, there was the back-breaking labor of filling those long sacks with the cotton still left on the bushes. Ammon Hennacy did this work in Ell, Arizona and said it was the hardest agricultural work that he had ever done in his life. Helen Caldwell was a black herself and her little son Butch used to go out on a Saturday and pick cotton, too.

One day I drove with my black friends down to Mound Bayou, an all-black town in the Delta region of Mississippi where I was to speak at a school run by Catholic Sisters. It was at a time when it was still against the law to stay in the home of a Negro friend, so both in Memphis and at Mound Bayou, I was breaking the law. Our house in Baltimore which was crowded with both whites and blacks had been closed as a public nuisance at the beginning of the second world war.

After a few days in Mound Bayou, a Negro priest drove me through the little town of Money, Mississippi, where Emmet Till, the black youth from Chicago, had been dragged out of the home of his relatives in the dead of night and beaten to death or drowned. For whistling, it was charged, at a white woman who owned a candy store. We drove through other towns and arrived at my next stop, Greenwood, where there was a settlement house for blacks, run by white women, one of whom I had known for some time.

I have known what it was to be followed by a car of white men because I was in a car with a black, and I remembered too the time that a white woman was dragged out of a car and whipped by Ku Kluxers. This was at the time that the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union had its headquarters in Memphis and organizing of both whites and blacks went on in Arkansas and Mississippi. These stories I had written about in 1935, two years after the Catholic Worker started.

Charles Evers

It was a joyful visit I paid this time to the State of Mississippi, to drive with my friends to Fayette where a black man is mayor of an integrated town twenty-five miles north of Natchez. My friend Marge Baroni is working for Charles Evers, as she had worked for him in Natchez where she and her husband live. With some of her friends she helped integrate the hotel dining room.

You risk your life down in Mississippi for a friendship and perhaps that is why there is a feeling there that is hard to describe. Charles Evers himself spoke of it in this way, in the story taken down on tape by Grace Halsell, and published last year by World Publishing Company.

"We know that once we can end racial hatred in Mississippi it's going to be the best place to live because there is a closeness between black and white, and it's there even now, although, as I've said none of us can understand it. It's a relationship that—bad as it may have been socially and otherwise—we all know is there. I guess we all know about it because when a black person gets

sick the white people in Mississippi, most of them, seem to care . . . When I was campaigning for mayor, I knew there were many blacks who were going to vote for my white opponents. It's one of those can't explain things, but it's there. I don't think any white person can explain why Mississippi is so



unique. Maybe it's because 90 percent of us, white and black, are poor people."

Evers tells frankly of his search for money, the corruption he got into both in the army and at Chicago where he had gone, leaving his brother Medgar to carry on the fight in Mississippi. He tells it himself, very frankly, just as Malcolm X did. Perhaps it was so no one could use it against him when he campaigned for Governor.

When Medgar Evers was shot to death by a white man who went scot free, Charles had to choose between vengeance and killing, or taking up the work his brother had started in the NAACP.

Charles Evers' story is about his efforts to get the vote for his people, to get public offices for them side by side with the white men. But it is also the story of two brothers and their love for each other. He told of all the mischief they got into and all the stealing they did as kids to get even with the whites for the cheating practices against them, cheating them out of their pay. Stealing pecans and cane syrup to sell, bootlegging wine. They worked, they walked three miles to school the four months of the year that they went to school.

From the time they were babies, they were always roommates. Charles tells how he used to take care of Medgar, who was two years younger. "I remember us kicking each other out of the bed where we slept together. But I always warmed it for him, because, Man! was that bedroom cold! I used to get a spot warm, then move over and let him have it because he was the baby." "Medgar was clumsy, very bookish, very sharp and very loveable. He never wanted to hurt anybody. All the battling we got into, that was my doing, not his."

He tells of the church-going, the revivals, his mother's Bible reading and how his father used to take the two of them in his rocking chair telling them stories. It was a strong and loving family, seven children altogether.

"And at the revivals everyone was getting saved and happy, they were shouting and they were kissing. Right now I kiss almost everyone I see. And it's because of my training. It's not that I'm being fresh. My Momma's people and all my people, everybody, we'd kiss each other when we saw each other. Momma always said, 'It's showing that you care. It's affection that you show people. It's the concern.' And when you're close to someone and kiss them on the cheek it shows that you're not afraid of them. It means that they are no different from you, and that we're all the same people. Most country people are that way, very affectionate."

When Charles Evers took up his present work, it was his brother working in him, he said. Certainly his whole way of life was changed. One can scarcely say that he was or is a non-violent man. But he has found a better way and he does not want to hate. He was not alone in the work. He acknowledges the debt to the thousand young white students, boys and girls, he calls them, who did a tremendous job in Mississippi in preparing the blacks to go to the polls. It was another case of the blood of martyrs being the seed sown in that black soil. "Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remains alone. But if it does it gains much fruit."

There were many deaths through those years, mostly black deaths, unreported. I have visited Marge Baroni a number of times, and the first time it was just after the death of a black man who had his own little cleaning establishment in a small town just across the Mississippi from Natchez, in the state of Louisiana. The whites in that area, taking affront at something he had said or done, had locked him in his store, set fire to it.

On another occasion, when Marge and I were looking out at the sunset over that great river, she pointed out a spot by an island where, she said, the bodies of two blacks had been found, hands chained behind their backs and beaten to death. That was in 1964 when a search was being made for the bodies of the three civil rights workers, Andrew Goodman, Michael Schwerner and James Chaney, found later buried in a newly constructed dam. "That's when things started to change in Mississippi," Charles Evers said.

Love, not hate.

It is through love of his brother that Mr. Evers has learned to control and redirect the forces of hatred and violence in his own strong nature; and through his mother's teachings and all those prayers said in the home and in the little churches, so many of which were burned. "The things we learnt in

(Continued on page 8)

Catholics Conscience and the Draft

The re-printing of Catholics, Conscience and the Draft has been delayed and PAX regrets the inconvenience to those who ordered it. It is finally coming off the presses, twice the size of the first publication and containing updated material on the 1971 draft law and the courts, as well as a Bibliography section and a List of Draft Counseling Centers.

"Today's Church on Peace, War and Conscience" contains key sections from "Pacem in Terris", Vatican II's "The Church in the Modern World", "Human Life in Our Day", and "The Catholic Conscientious Objector."

Printed in full is the American Bishops' recent "Resolution on Southeast Asia," which measures the Vietnam war against the just war formulations and finds it unjust.

No Catholic of draft age, no parent, no school or parish should be without this indispensable publication, the only booklet which unites in handy form all updated declarations on war and peace from Rome and from home.

From PAX, Box 139, Murray Hill P.O., New York 10016. \$1.50 per copy.

A Forgotten Adventure in Alternatives

By MYRIAM JARSKY

When in 1593 Father Romero, S.J., started off a series of non-violent actions to assert the independence of the Jesuits in Paraguay, he could not foresee that the result of his actions would be a communist-Christian republic for 200,000 Guaraní Indians.

In 1607 eight Jesuits started the works of christianization among the Indians of the new province. Here begins the fascinating but sad story of the Paraguay Reductions. (Reduction here means village.) Last year a book about them was published by Les Editions

The Paraguay Reductions

built, each having more than two thousand inhabitants. Only after the social and economic security of the village was established did the Jesuits begin preaching the gospel. When there was a sufficient number of young converts, one Jesuit, accompanied by a group of neophytes, would go into the woods to attract more Indians. In 1623 there were thirteen Reductions and in 1630 there were thirty-five.

From 1645 on the Guaraní republic

compromise, a few Jesuits gave a piece of land to meritorious Indians, but the latter did not want it. The Jesuits did not insist and were happy that they could keep their converts from being corrupted by private property.

The villages were at first very simple and poor. But as the years went on they became very prosperous. More stone houses were built, along with bigger churches, schools, and better hospitals. The Jesuits trained the Indians not only in the basic skills of building and farming, but also in some of the more refined crafts of Western civilization, such as watchmaking, fine carpentry, the weaving of sophisticated materials ("You would take them for Flemish," commented Lugon, a contemporary visitor), and instrument making. They were also taught music, painting, sculpture and writing. The bigger Reductions all had craftsmen and artists such as one would find in a prosperous European city.

The religious fervor among the Indians astonished many a visitor. Lugon wrote: "The spirit of brotherhood of the Guaraní institutions and fundamentally of their way of dealing with property is the principal explanation for the christian fervor among the members of the christian communist republic of the Guaranis. . . ." In other words, for those Indians, Christianity was the consequence of their way of life. In an atmosphere of brotherhood, sharing, freedom and joy, Christ was easily accepted.

At least one other aspect of the Paraguay Reductions is important. The people were generally non-violent. Again and again they captured intruders, but did not punish them. They simply told them to go home. Manslaughter was non-existent. Capital punishment or torture of prisoners was unknown. In fact there were very few prisoners. Violators of the law were generally sent away with an admonition and/or several whiplashes. This non-violence resulted from not only their religious beliefs but also from their sense of security. They knew they could convince people to be good by their own example.

Paternalism

The Jesuits served the Guaranis as priests and teachers. They gave the sacraments to the Indians and preached the gospel. They were the original teachers of everything the Indians learned, but later that responsibility was shared. Though the Guaranis had their own council and leaders, the Jesuits often took the final decision, if they thought it was the better one for the people. One thing they lacked: they never fully trusted the Indian to be an adult, able to decide for himself. This deprived the Indian of reaching civil maturity. Such paternalism is historically understandable. But it meant the final destruction of the Reductions.

In 1750 a treaty was signed by the king of Spain in which he traded the territory of seven important Reductions to the Portuguese for San Sacramento. He also demanded that the Guaranis evacuate their villages to live in Spanish territory. This was the beginning of the end. The Guaranis of those seven Reductions prepared to fight rather than leave. However, they were not fully able to use their force for two reasons: the Jesuits were indecisive and did not incite them to rebel, and the Guaranis were not able to organize the army without the help of the Jesuits. Many of the Reductions were burned, the population fleeing. The Jesuits were expelled from Guaraní territory altogether by the king of Spain. Colonists moved into the remaining Reductions, bringing with them private property, money and promises which

bribed the Indians into accepting them. They pillaged the land which had been commonly owned and did not teach the Indian children. Nor did they instruct them in the Word of God. Soon the communal life degraded. People became poor, although they had to work hard, but not for their own prosperity. Work became a yoke. And in about twenty years the work of the Jesuits was destroyed, in some cases literally wiped off the map. What could have been an example of concrete brotherly love for the whole world was annihilated. The destruction was more thorough than weapons could have accomplished. Corruption, lack of meaning in life, and decadence did a far better job.

The Paraguay Reductions belong to the past, but we should know of their existence. They, too, are part of our Catholic patrimony and of the history of our Church. We should know that it can be done, that we have to keep hoping that Utopia can be built, because back in the seventeenth century eight Jesuits were able to start a community where different cultures went happily hand in hand, where prosperity did not mean "everybody for himself," and where the message of the freedom of the Cross was more than pie in the sky.

The Thirties

(Continued from page 4)

an essay and a symposium the peculiar limitations of power in representative government and its many abuses. More importantly, they emphasize the conservative nature of many of the measures regarded as "socialistic, communist, fascist" by the public four decades ago, but employed by the Roosevelt government to save the so-called free enterprise system and to keep capitalism from going under for good.

There is space for only quick references to the other essays that range from the ridiculous to the anecdotal. For another indication of the failure of liberals to understand the workings of history, political or intellectual, see Irving Kristol, "Ten Years in the Tunnel" (he apparently learned nothing from his experience in the decade). Howard Zinn's excellent essay on Marxism compares radicals in the Thirties and in the Sixties; it appears later in slightly different form in *Dissent: Essays in the History of American Radicalism* (1969). Orme W. Phelps discusses "The Right to Organize: A Neglected Chapter in American Labor History," and Upton Sinclair reminisces on "How I Reformed Three Great American Families" (the Armours, the Fords, the Rockefellers).

Leslie Fiedler's reflection on writers of the Thirties, though long and discursive, is worth reading, for one comment: "I'll stay up late any night to see Paul Muni (in the film *I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*) go through that shadowy world which we used to think of as a product of realism, but is a real projection of the Gothic horror which rode the mind of the Thirties."

The Gothic horror is still with us, in today's prisons and in the social injustices of a capitalist, competitive, and exploitive system. A knowledge of the Thirties helps us to understand how they came about and suggests, by implication, what might be done to dispell their evil influences.

HENNACY BOOKS

Ammon Hennacy's autobiography, *The Book of Ammon and his historical One Man Revolution in America* are available for \$5.00 each (or less if need be) from Joan Thomas, Box 25, Phoenix, Arizona.



Ouvrieres, Paris: *La Republique des Guaranis* by Clovis Lugon. It is from this book that the following information is taken.

After 1607 the Jesuits built churches around which the Guaranis settled. The churches were built in remote areas, far from the Spanish cities. Thus the colonists could not corrupt the Indians with merchandise to enslave them, and the Indians were independent from the Spaniards. The Jesuits knew that the Indians had no liking for the colonists and no desire to become Christians, so they started their evangelization by telling the Indians they would be free. Immediately they won the sympathy of the Guaranis.

In the meantime the king of Spain, Philip III, had been told that his soldiers were unable to defeat and capture the Indians of the Guayra. The king declared the Indians free. But the coin had two sides: Spanish soldiers would not invade the territory, but neither would they protect it from colonial fervor. This was a dangerous situation, and the Jesuits asked to be re-attached to the Spanish crown as an independent republic, a bufferstate on the border with Portuguese Brazil. The king accepted.

Reductions Spread

The Jesuits now had a unique freedom of action. Their only duty to the crown was to pay taxes (in tea, later in silver), and to provide soldiers to keep the Portuguese at a distance. In a few years time, four Reductions were

developed in peace. Two migrations, led by the Jesuits, had given the Guaranis safe lands removed from Portuguese slave raiders. The republic consisted of independent Reductions that were in many ways similar to each other. Each Reduction was a good size city for that time. San Juan counted 30,000 inhabitants, as did San Francisco Xavier, and many Reductions had over 10,000 inhabitants.

Communitistic Villages

The city-plan of a Reduction consisted of straight streets converging on the marketplace. Here the church and other public buildings stood. On each of the four corners of the marketplace was planted a large wooden cross. The streets led into the open fields. Each Reduction had a herd of cattle and a few thousand horses. These grazed in the fields beyond the village. When two people were married, a house and furniture were given them. But everything else was held in common: fields, crops, cattle and horses. The community decided what happened to them. If a crop was rare, distribution was rationed. If a crop was abundant, its surplus was exchanged for something else with another Reduction. Money never entered into the life of the Guaranis as long as the Jesuits were there. They took care that no merchants entered the village.

At one point Church officials became worried about these communitistic villages. They told the Jesuits to establish some kind of private property. As a

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Los Angeles

House of Hospitality
605 N. Cummings St.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90033
February 7, 1972

Dear Friends:

Several weeks ago an unhappy policeman filed a complaint, as a private citizen, with the L. A. Health Dept. regarding the meals we have been serving on the street for a year and a half.

Why he is unhappy or why he feels he must act abusively toward the men on skid row and to our crew (some of whom have long hair), we don't know. Perhaps he is afraid of them and us, or sees 300 hungry men lined up for a free meal as a menace.

At any rate, he has ended our feeding on the street. The day after he filed his complaint the forces of sanitation and law and order descended upon our truck in the midst of the serving of a meal and stopped over half the men



in line from getting their plate of food. As we were not strictly within the regulations we were ordered to "desist forthwith," though they have checked us out many times before and never made any such complaints. We were informed at a later meeting at the Health Dept. that we could satisfy the regulations by getting a permit (\$30 a year), by going to lots of additional trouble and making some expensive changes.

It's true that good things come about in funny ways. As a result of being put off the street, we have now been able to rent an aged restaurant on skid row where we can feed the men indoors. A downtown church has generously offered to pay the rent and utilities and outfit the place. We will provide the food and manpower to run the place. We are very enthusiastic about the possibilities it offers. The whole place is dirty, beat-up, a kind of dungeon—but we are delighted to have it. This restaurant will enable us to feed the men in a more human setting, to serve more days per week, and to provide more opportunities for service to the poor for those of you who have been asking to help.

John O'Neill, the hardest working member of our community, has moved to Denver. Dan and Chris go to the U. S. Tax Court in L.A. on the 22nd of this month concerning their refusal to pay \$500 in back income taxes. The court calendar will be set that day and the trial will take place within a week. If you'd like to attend (we hope you will) give us a ring for the exact time and place. We'd love to have you come.

February is one of the two worst months in the year (September being the other) for our group financially. Suffice it to say that the restaurant will mean increased food bills, besides the fact that February is a bad month anyway. Anything you can do to help will

be most appreciated, especially by the many hundreds we feed, house and clothe each and every week of the year.

As Dorothy Day says, the work is as basic as bread. We offer our gratitude to you for your support which makes it all possible.

Peace and love,

Dan Bender, Bill Butler, Dan & Chris Delany, Jeff Dietrich and Sue Pollack

Pacifist Dies

Thruams, B.C. Canada
Box 116
Jan. 1, 1972

Dear Miss Day:

You will recall your visit with us here several years ago. You were at my parents place, Peter and Lucy Maloff. Father has been a subscriber to *The Catholic Worker* for many years.

I was unable to write you before now to advise you that Peter Maloff left this world suddenly on October 22. He left for California with mother by bus on Oct. 20, and while they were still traveling he complained of pain in the chest. Mother asked him to relax and try to sleep. He soon fell asleep somewhere near Woodland, Calif. Ten minutes later mother came up to see how he was and was shocked to realize that he went to sleep forever.

Some of your readers may have known him for his stand and his lifelong quest to find an alternative to war, mass killing and destruction, as a leader of the pacifist Russian Doukhobors.

Great men are departing so fast one after another: John Haynes Holmes, Martin Luther King, Ammon Hennacy and now Peter Maloff. They all left future generations a legacy which is to fulfill and bring to realization the commandment: "Thou Shalt Not Kill." May their years devoted to serving their fellow-man give the future generations courage and wisdom to carry on where they left. These were brave and unsung heroes in eternal combat with the mammoth military machine and all its allies. I quote what wise men have said: "Civilization rests upon the lives of a few human beings who appear to have attained a goodly measure of integration with that Supreme Intelligence which created and maintains the Universe."

I believe those mentioned above are these few human beings in the world of madness. They were like a beacon around which gathered kindred souls to seek enlightenment and truth. Peter Maloff has departed from the world scene. However, he left his mark on the world arena. After his visit to Hiroshima, Auschwitz and the Peskerov cemetery in Leningrad, he vowed more than ever to continue the struggle to bring about the "golden age," so that man would "turn his swords into plowshares." Together with A.J. Muste he addressed the manifestation for peace at Suffield, Alberta in 1966 and another one in Manitoba Peace Gardens in 1968.

With sincere regards to you,
Peter P. Maloff

Nyerere

January 5, 1972

Dear Friends,

I read Julius Nyerere's speech to our family of seven children—the message rang loud and clear to all of us—what is "extra" is not ours to keep but merely entrusted to us to pass on to those who are in need. To learn to differentiate between "needs" and "wants" in this increasingly materialistic society is no easy lesson!

Pray for us that we will prove worthy of His trust!

New Year Blessings!
K. Mallan

Virginia

Scarpa's Cider Vinegar
Mission Home, Virginia
22956

Dear Miss Day:

Thank you so much for writing and sending the beautiful, inspiring book and *Green Revolution* paper.

We did write to Chuck Smith about a year ago, when we received a copy of this paper, but never got an answer. We're glad to see he is still persevering.

Please give our love to Tamar (we do miss her) and tell her we have a new baby girl. Grace is 7 months old now, making us "suddenly" parents of 4 girls and 4 boys! We are still homesteading in this Amish mission commu-

nity. Our cider business is beginning to take shape again, with our first cider pressed last Fall in our new mill. Everything is an uphill battle, but we are more convinced than ever that living off the land is what we are dedicated to.

We still live in the little house that was on the land when we bought it. Mario added to it, but all is unfinished. The land is in better shape than 4 years ago, due to organic gardening. Some fruit trees and berry bushes have borne fruit.

The living here is much easier than Vermont and we believe it is because of the good influence of the Amish-Mennonites here. They have, and stress
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Fashioning Mutual Aid

(Continued from page 1)

of our economy, but in Kikai Kelaki it is a lot of money and is enough to give Godfried a productive loan. He can start a poultry farm, or vegetable garden, and market his produce in Bamenda. This will give him a very good family income. The young men in Kikai Kelaki are beginning to do this, instead of going to Bamenda to look for work. And the people need not ask the Government or the Ford Foundation for the money to finance these schemes.

In September, 1968 Kikai Kelaki joined with 16 other credit unions to form a League. In the same month, the newly formed Cameroon Credit Union League sent a representative to Nairobi to meet with representatives of other Credit Union movements in Africa. Cameroon thus became a founding member of ACOSCA, the Africa Cooperative Savings and Credit Association. Cameroon was selected to be headquarters for the Western region and the Canadian Government gave \$650,000 to help set up four regional schools to train African Credit Union Field Workers. Bamenda West Came-

Union mobilizes people. Money is only the token that we use to show our involvement in this mutual human development. Godfried Moye's mother Clara saves in the Kikai Kelaki Credit Union—5 cfa a week! Now 5 cfa is 2c. No other bank in the world is interested in an account of 2c a week. We are, because this 2c represents the involvement of Clara Moye and she is a much more powerful force than all the money she can contribute.

Since I began promoting Credit Unions I have always spent money on education. I believe that the members should be given the Credit Union tool and then allowed to work out their own problems. Therefore, all the money which they lend to each other is their own money. Surprisingly, savings have always risen fast enough to cover the credit needs of the members.

All over the world hundreds of millions of people are moving from a subsistence economy into a money economy. They need help. In a money economy, they lack two things—money, and skills in handling money. The children of this world recognize this and charge them high interest rates; charge them high prices for the things they buy, and pay low prices for the few things they can sell. Finally, the Western World has taught the young people in the villages all over the world a set of values that not only is false but is unattainable. This is why so many flock to the cities looking for money and find only disappointment.

It is time we Christians enter into this area of money. Money has too long been considered the mammon of iniquity. It is time we re-define the values of a money economy. Money, after all, is a token which represents part of creation—God's creation. As these hundreds of millions ask for help, as they enter our money economy, we can help them by teaching the true value of and the use of money.

You see, Credit Unions are much more than village banks. They are adult education at its finest. Economically, they mobilize the small local savings. They are pragmatic tools which keep the small capital which the poor have in the hands of the poor and put it to use productively for the good of the poor. In this way, they truly do bring power to the people. Socially, they bring people together to solve their most basic problems. As the Credit Union grows, it becomes a vital cell, a corner stone cooperative, an entering wedge to all other community development. The Credit Union mobilizes much more than money—it mobilizes people. A Credit Union is a philosophy, it is communistic capitalism, or better, it is Christian co-operation. Lastly, Credit Unions work.



ron has been selected for the location of the Western Region School which begins this May. Thus, the Cameroon program has become a model program for all of West Africa. Last year Catholic Relief Services asked me to be the Regional Advisor to ACOSCA for the Western Region of Africa.

Credit Unions require the full involvement of the members. Therefore, Credit Unions start with education. Before we saved our first franc or gave our first loan, we had six months of weekly meetings at Kikai Kelaki. This is the secret of Credit Union development. A Credit Union mobilizes much more than local savings. A Credit

A PRIEST IN THE RESISTANCE

(Continued from page 3)
His death. And that it is the lot of men to become fully human in this way. Our humanity is not possible without having the closest possible relationship to God, and this relationship is not possible unless we undertake a process of sacrifice, of staying in the breach, of being with our brother in his agony. The crucifixion always spoke that way to me; our Lord achieved full humanity only when He died and sacrificed himself for the human family. Q. What does original sin mean to you?

A. To me, it's largely the kind of anti-social weakness, providentially placed in all of us, that helps us—because it constitutes a challenge—to become human. It constitutes an opportunity for man to transcend himself and become more than he is at present, so much so that the future of man will be different. Q. How do you see the divinity of Jesus?

A. I am firmly convinced of the trinitarian understanding of the divine as an object of faith. And I believe that God's revelation to us would be a very truncated, very superficial, and almost insulting thing if this were not verified by His Son taking our flesh and becoming man. I fear that I would be bowed down with hopelessness and frustration if I could not believe that. Because there would be so much less meaning to see in human life, or in my own, and a whole dimension of motivation would be absent. You see this verified in people who do not come from a Christian tradition and have no theology of the cross. It would seem that there are various psychic elements of emotional growth that have never come to life because they do not possess this resource.

Q. How do you explain the process whereby the revolutionary germs of the Christian faith have been liberated in our modern consciences?

A. I'd like to think of Christians being motivated to a revolutionary stance because they believed in the Gospel, that this would be sufficient to bring them into the public forum as critics of public mores, particularly the mores of power. But we have needed the Viet-

namese struggle, the Cuban revolution, the crisis in Santo Domingo, the terrible suffering in Biafra, to teach us a great deal about resistance.

Q. At a recent Resistance conference people were running around wringing their hands, saying, "These Catholics, these Catholics," because of your dramatic actions. Do you consider such actions as a Catholic phenomenon?

A. The people with whom I have acted realize that there is an immense reservoir of good in the Catholic Church. And if you leave it, you're automatically going to be involved in other institutions, unless you become a recluse. In their revolutionary activity they are aiming at a reform of conscience within the Church, as well as in society. Pope John used to speak about the Church's awareness of itself, and how central this was. Well, if the Church was aware of itself, it would be forced into a whole new revolutionary dimension, and this would be worldwide.

However it's not strictly a Catholic phenomenon. Everything that's been done by groups like ours has been talked about within the Resistance and within the peace movement going back four or five years. It's not any special credit to us that we took it seriously; perhaps we had the preparation that made us take it seriously. I don't find very many people, except Catholics, and a few rather unusual Resistance types who do take it seriously, and who are willing to take it into the public forum and to test the national community by what they have done. There are the ones who are willing to say: Look, I'm not on trial, you are. There's no future for us or for you until we realize that. When we do, we'll be in a position of power, we'll constitute the majority and change will come from that.

Q. You use "revolution" differently from the way it's been used in the past, when it meant bloody uprising.

A. First of all, I must say that the term "revolution" as it is being employed by the adherents of the Gospel and students of Gandhi means that people cannot develop until they change, that they cannot grow into humanity, they can't join the human race,

unless they change. And change is revolution.

Q. But why this incendiary word for a non-violent process that has never been associated with "revolution"?

A. Simply because I don't think the word "revolution" can be avoided. One might encounter semantic difficulties in dealing with this because it's colored by so many different ideologies and moral fixations and emotional hang-ups, but still it remains a basic word. Where are you going to find a substitute?

Q. How do you foresee a nonviolent revolution in society?

A. It's very, very hard to say. Simply because the so-called Establishment,



the structures of power, have been so resourceful up to the present time in resisting all the elements of non-violent revolution, co-opting them and manipulating them, in a sense anticipating them, no basic changes have taken place. And this means that the imposition of violence is still very nearly total, and this in turn leads to real possibilities of violent reaction.

Q. Was the Russian Revolution a true revolution?

A. No, it was not a true revolution. Mostly because of elements of violence.

Q. And how about the French Revolution?

A. The French Revolution was not a real one either, by the very fact that it descended so quickly into an apotheosis of bloodshed and murder.

Q. But then you're saying that there really never has been a revolution. That's your sense of the word, something that has not yet happened.

A. Yes. And I would go beyond that, and say that, at least in the foreseeable future, there's not going to be a revolution. There's only going to be on-going revolutions on the part of individuals and small groups.

Q. "Uprisings"? Would that be a better way of putting it?

A. Yes, "Uprisings," or "moral rebellions," call it what you want. What I am trying to say is that if the planet is to be saved from real catastrophe, whether nuclear war, or CBW or something like that, there has to be an on-going revolution all over, continuous revolution, as sort of a political constant.

Q. In the Maoist sense?

A. The Maoist experience has at least given us some sort of pattern for political revolution, although it failed to provide guidelines for moral revolution—which to me is really the key factor. It's not enough to challenge the bureaucracy which has entrenched itself; one has to help people find themselves as people, and this means personal revolution projected into the social order, and treated there as to its valid elements. This is a way of saying that I can't be a man in this society unless I am in opposition to power. So, resistance is always synonymous with humanity, in my view.

Q. Well, then, in your view, the only true revolution would be an anarchist revolution. Because the anarchist ideology is the only ideology in which political power is replaced by mutual aid.

A. Right. Or, you can call it a new type of power. You can call it the type of power that would be dependent upon the original concept of service. In other words, a man's impact upon society depends upon his qualifications for service. And the constant testing by the community of his service. You, know: Are you for real? But the big need now, it would seem to me, is that power be engaged, that it be stalemated, shamed, and even excoriated in some instances, and condemned, and hopefully, reduced to impotence.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 7)

the strong family life. They are modest, pure, and hardworking people.

May God continue to bless you and your work. You are always welcome here, as you know, although we are materially quite poor.

Most lovingly,

Mario and Peg Scarpa

Vietnam

CRS Holy Family Hospital
APO 96238
San Francisco, California
January, 1972

Dear Miss Day,

I am a civilian nurse working in Vietnam. My family forwards The Catholic Worker to me. When I received your appeal, I wanted to help but this is the only "American dollar" that I have and it's illegal even! You're wel-

come to it although it doesn't go too far for the price of food.

People in Vietnam are hungry too, but somehow their physical hunger seems less in comparison to the hunger that they have for peace. For so many years they have had oppression and war—physical hunger is taken in stride in a country where everyone is hungry.

I ask that you pray with us that someday the children of Vietnam can live without an armed guard in every corner, the sounds of rockets and "air power" and red alerts every night. Pray that someday the Vietnamese will have Vietnam without any foreign power trampling their fields. Pray that someday their sons won't spend 20 years—long years—fighting endless wars for a cause they can't remember.

I'll join my prayers with yours and I thank you for your warm feelings—it helps to know that there are people at home who care.

Love and Peace,
Lizabeth Burke

Prisoner

P.O. Box 185
White Lake, Mich. 48086
Dec. 8, 1971

Dear Dorothy:

My last letter to you was from the Minnesota State Prison. I want you to know that since then I was granted a parole and am on the streets after al-

most seven years behind bars. I am now looking for someone to publish a small volume of encouraging essays, quotes and verse for the some 280,000 men and women in American prisons and jails. It would be called "The Prisoner's Companion" and contain only material that will give people behind bars a needed spiritual lift. Going through the things I've collected during the prison years, I find several things from Ammon Hennacy that would go into the "Companion." One of his letters I'd like to have published in its entirety. Perhaps someone reading the CW will be able to help out. Ammon's letters to me at the State Prison gave me a spiritual boost and I'd like to keep his light alive.

Sincerely,
Joe Neussendorfer

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 5)

childhood are part of our soul," St. Irenaeus wrote back in the second century.

Fayette, where Charles Evers is mayor, is the only town in Jefferson county. It is 70% black and in 1964 not one black was registered to vote in the county. Sixty per cent were on welfare. Now he is mayor, judge and prosecuting attorney, and his aim is frankly law and order in his area and to "kill welfare in Jefferson county." This is one of his most startling statements. Already some industry has come in, good industry. Already, he is helping wood cutters organize for better wages.

Already he has started cooperative stores and vocational training schools and a medical mobile unit which will travel around the county bringing service to the people.

Fayette has become a good place to live, and if we were ever looking for a farm, or a house of hospitality in the state of Mississippi, it would be Jefferson County we would pick for it. We are glad Evers will continue to campaign for Governor. In such local and decentralized politics, we are in much accord.

Working Well

"We go step by step. I spent four or five years working with these two hands, using a hoe. I worked with the people. We brought pressure, and we kept at it, and now the Mafia no longer controls the water on our area, and the dam is there. It's not that the Mafia is so strong. It's that men are weak as long as they're isolated..."

"There are moments when things go well and one feels encouraged. There are difficult moments and one feels overwhelmed. But it's senseless to speak of optimism or pessimism. The only important thing is to know that if one works well in a potato field, the potatoes will grow. If one works well among men, they will grow. That's reality. The rest is smoke. It's important to know that words don't move mountains. Work, exacting work, moves mountains."

DANILO DOLCI
Oct., 1970

Friday Night Meetings

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

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot sassafras tea, prepared faithfully by Jonas. Everyone is welcome.