

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Resistance In Brazil

By KATHLEEN DE SUTTER

Having come to the U.S. to communicate the extent to which torture, terror and repression are the order of the day in Brazil, Senor Moreira Alves, a former Brazilian congressman, is indeed a voice in the wilderness. For, in financial aid alone, the U.S. has supplied over one billion dollars to the Brazilian government since the successful military coup in 1964. At a meeting last month in New York for representatives from various Christian organizations, Mr. Alves described the resistance to and consequent repression by the military dictatorship of Roman Catholic students, workers and clergy (Brazil is, nominally, 90% Roman Catholic).

Significant social movements by the Church in Brazil began in 1955, according to Mr. Alves, when the Church realized that up to that point in history she had focused only on a small, elite group of Brazil's citizens, the landowners and the military. Her theology had been mainly "capitalistic"; the peasants were encouraged to endure the present for the sake of a better life in heaven, and the Gospel had been diluted to ritual. In 1955, however, the Church began to form "peasant leagues" and adopted Paulo Friere's method of political education. Understanding the necessity of literacy for political involvement, Paulo Friere pioneered a method whereby a person learns not only the basic skills such as reading and writing, but in the process also acquires a deeper awareness of the conditions in which he lives and the problems he faces. While learning how to read, he learns how to think critically and creatively about solutions and alternatives. In this country of vast rural areas, the peasants began to discover the potential they had, if united, to defend their rights as men and as workers. During this same period, Catholic students began actively participating in the universities, and in 1960 were for the first time elected to major offices in the student unions. By June of 1964 (the coup was on March 31, 1964), the peasant leagues were disbanded and the student unions outlawed by the new military regime. (Paulo Friere, considered a "subversive" by the government, was exiled in Chile.)

The latter half of Mr. Alves' report consisted of a brief summary of present-day resistance of Catholics to the military dictatorship, which he said can be generally divided into four different groups or styles of resistance. The first line is that of active non-violence led by Dom Helder Camara, the Archbishop of Recife and Olinda (cf. "Helder Camara-Bishop of Development," *The Catholic Worker*, May 1970). The current response of the government to Helder Camara's effective and courageous resistance has been an attempt to isolate the Bishop. The press, for example, is not permitted even to mention the man's name except in a condemnatory manner. Since direct intimidation of Camara was tried (in the form of machine-gunning his home twice) and found unsuccessful, the regime is now hoping to silence him by working through his priests (on May 27, 1969, Father Henrique, an assistant to the Bishop, was tortured and murdered by a right-wing death squadron).

A second channel of resistance that many persons have chosen is that of conscientization, political education of the masses. Friere's method continues to be used, completely clandestinely

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*A Catholic Worker In Cuba:*

## Up From Nonviolence



*Behold, he is coming with the clouds, and every eye will see him, every one who pierced him; and all tribes of the earth will wail on account of him. Even so. Amen.*  
Book of Revelation.

By MIKE SCAHILL

This essay is to be a chronicle of impressions I have from a two-month visit to Cuba as a member of the Venceremos Brigade. I will caution you at the beginning of the particular biases I bring to the subject by first informing you of my credentials. They are, to be honest, quite modest. The preceding months before I journeyed to Cuba I worked with *The Catholic Worker* in New York City. My concerns there were of an eminently practical nature, as they must be if one is to daily practice the works of mercy: peeling potatoes, making soup, putting out a monthly newspaper, and providing hospitality. It was the days spent at the *Catholic Worker* which formed the convictions I brought to Cuba; it was time spent in the Bowery—which the *Catholic Worker* serves—that gave me a contempt for the theoretical and the abstract. I took offense at men of thought who dared to enter and explain that mysterious realm of individual human destiny, as if sociologists and psychologists and theologians could rationally explain away how men and women born with obvious gifts and talents can suddenly abandon themselves and give way to waste and indulgence. In grasping this I began to grasp the meaning of revolution. One does not necessarily enter into revolution by reading Marx or Lenin; men will know and fight their oppression whether or not they have read the fathers of revolution. One enters into revolution only by first entering into that strangest of all riddles which is the common, ordinary, transient life of the world and entering into the souls of the people who give such a world its life. Not only to enter into it, but once there to put to a full and creative use the faculties given a man by God so that it is obvious both to himself and others that he has eyes and ears and a heart. These are the only credentials any man brings anywhere; these are the credentials I brought to Cuba. That being said, let me tell you how I used them.

The Venceremos Brigade consisted of about nine hundred American citizens (and also a group from the U.S. colony of Puerto Rico) representing every age group, every racial and ethnic group, and every political passion. The purpose of the trip was to participate in the historic harvest of the ten million tons of sugar which would hopefully be a big step in pulling Cuba out of underdevelopment. There were two trips to Cuba by the brigade. One took place in November of last year; the other, which I attended, went in February of this year. Each group stayed in Cuba for two months; cutting sugar

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Last night Michael Scahill spoke at our Friday night meeting, together with Carol Hinehen and John Stanley. John had been to Cuba last year and Mike and Carol have just returned from two months of cutting cane. Mike has written about it for this issue of the paper.

A few weeks ago, David Miller who is out on parole from Lewisburg Penitentiary after serving more than two years spoke to us and in the course of his talk he said that he returned to the "world" neither a pacifist nor a Catholic and wanted to discard labels. Someone in the audience shouted out that he had indeed been "rehabilitated."

But in both of these young men I can see only the deepest honesty, and soul searching and recognition of the fact that we are not indeed, any of us, Christian or pacifist, and they are indeed labels which we have taken so much for granted and are quite content to wear them. To be honest we certainly cannot say we are Christians. Being and becoming are two different things. We might better say that unlike the just man who falls seven times daily, we are failing seventy times seven times, to follow in the footsteps of Christ. It is all very well for a St. Paul who was struck blind with the grace he received on the way to Damascus to talk about "not judging himself." But we belong to that 20 per cent of the world which possesses or uses, or has at its disposal 80 per cent of the world's goods. And of that 20 per cent we are the whites, and should be able to see around us conditions analogous to those in Latin America. We are the guilty ones and cannot help judging ourselves.

So it is good for us to be confronted with a David and a Michael and recognize that we do not deserve, have not earned the title pacifist or Christian.

Dom Helder Camara says, "The 20

per cent who let the 80 per cent stagnate in a situation which is often sub-human—what right have they to allege that Communism crushes the human person?"

Yes, Cuba is a Communist country and Dave Dellinger (whose nonviolence is proverbial), and these young ones scarce past their twenty-first birthday, return with enthusiasm, the deepest admiration for the struggle which goes on in Cuba to build up an economy which will provide for the common good. Of course what has happened there has been achieved by revolution and is one of the most incredible stories in modern times. Eighty five men setting out in a small ship, called the Granma from their exile in Mexico, all but wiped out in an initial assault on their landing, and then the twelve survivors taking to the mountains and the fields and winning over the peasants, the small farmers, the villagers by the integrity of their personal conduct and finally marching into the capital from which the dictator had fled. And now, after eleven years, still struggling to build up by hard work and their austere life their farming, their commerce, industry and achieve a deeply human life for all. All this sounds impossibly idealistic but I visited Cuba in 1963 and its delights me that Mike and Carol have come back with the same deep enthusiasm.

Peter Maurin used to quote from Chesterton, "It is not that Christianity has failed. It has been tried and found too difficult." Certainly the 20 per cent of the world is nominally Christian which is enough to damn Christianity in the sight of the 80 per cent, Archbishop Helder Camara tells the World Council of Churches.

The problem for the young is this. Shall they stand by and continue talking of non-violence when they are able to accomplish so little in the kind of program the *Catholic Worker* envisions, of education, round table discussions,

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### SHORT STOCKED

The CW clothing room is thin in several vital departments most of them undercover! If you can spare men's socks, men's underwear, men's shoes, or men's work pants our friends and visitors here would be most grateful and a bit more comfortable.

Thank You



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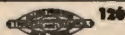
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## ON PILGRIMAGE

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hospitality, farming communes, all to be accomplished by voluntary poverty and manual labor? It means enormous self discipline and we fall so continually that it is no wonder that many of the young men coming out of prisons where they have witnessed massive injustices, or coming back from Cuba where they have seen and participated in hard labor and brotherhood, building for the common good—it is no wonder that they begin to question whether they are truly pacifist, truly non-violent.

Brad Lytle a year ago questioned his own pacifism. David Miller coming from Lewisburg penitentiary, Michael Scabill coming from Cuba, question theirs. "When people have built up a good life, overthrowing tyranny can they stand by and see it destroyed? Must they not defend it?"

These are hard questions indeed. I feel that these young men have grown in honesty and seriousness. They have begun to see what study lies ahead. We need to learn from others, and from the struggles going on in India, Africa, China, Russia and Cuba.

### Decentralization.

The Catholic Worker movement certainly has never been able to set up any farming communes—merely houses of hospitality on the land. But we are all interested in them. Decentralization is necessary for survival. The greatest tribute I can pay to my friend Anna Louise Strong, the American journalist who died recently in Peking, is to say that I will study further the rise of the People's Communes which she wrote of in the letters which she sent out these last ten years. It always made me happy to see the postmark Peking on the news letters she sent out. The mail service did indeed transcend all national boundaries. (She tried to get news for me of Bishop Lane of Maryknoll who has been imprisoned in China for many years, but she did not succeed.) She died at the age of eight-four.

### Fr. Donald Hessler

A recent letter from Fr. Donald Hessler, Maryknoll priest, whom we have known since he was a seminarian is most interesting and provocative of thought. He is a "non-violent" priest. During the second world war he was imprisoned in a concentration camp in Hong Kong for the duration and when at the close of the war, the Japanese were imprisoned in the same camp, he elected to stay with them. He has worked in the Orient and in Latin America and while he was in Yucatan some of the Catholic Workers went to join him. For some time he has been in Mexico City and when I visited there in the early sixties, he took me to a retreat being given at one of the girls' academies which was most unusual in that he had brought a number of young girls who came from a prison to share that retreat. He has always felt that his work was to bring rich and poor together, to break down those terrible

barriers which exist between the haves and the have nots. He has been interested for a long time in the Christian Family movement because he feels that marital love can be a purifying and liberating force that can break down barriers and enmities. The extended family, the clan, the village, the commune, and finally a community of communes to supplant the modern state—Martin Buber has some such vision of community overturning the state in his book—*Paths in Utopia*.

But let me quote Fr. Hessler. He has been travelling from Chile back to Mexico and has stopped in nine cities: Vina del Mar, Quito, Guayaquil, Medellin, Panama, Eraguas, Guatemala, Huchutenango, staying one night in the home of the middle class or rich family and the next night in the home of the destitute.

"The contrast between my first night and the others in each place was between black and white, between sleeping peacefully alone and with new brothers, between using a bathroom



with a light, hot water, deoderant and bath facilities to using a corner of the back yard without light, water or even a seat. My wealthier friends kept in touch with me those days and promised to keep in closer touch, got more deeply involved with their worker brothers.

### The Melvilles

"Finally 8 days in 4 dioceses of Guatemala left no doubt in my mind about the much publicized case of the Frs. Melville, Bonpane, Sister Miriam Peter and the students expelled from the university. The former were expelled from Guatemala and from Maryknoll. No one can deny that they did nobly in going to the destitute to fight at their side against rampant injustice, to give them voice and power.

"Some Christian Family Movement couples, looking back, see that the big mistake was their own. They, some of them parents of the involved students—were blinded by their bourgeois mentality. They did not thirst for justice like their sons and daughters, they did not join them in their struggle to liberate the oppressed.

"Without them (middle class, educated nationals, including mature married couples), the effort almost had to fail. Students, religious and priests, alone cannot give a complete ecclesial

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## EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

### THE MARXISTS SAY:

The Marxists say that religion is the dope of the people. Religion is not the dope of people it is the hope of the people. Modern society is a materialist society because Christians have failed to translate the spiritual into the material. If Christians knew how to make a lasting impression on the materialist depression through spiritual expression Marxists would not say that religion is the dope of the people.

### THE AGE OF CHAOS

And we are now in the age of chaos. In the age of chaos people look for a new order. Because people are becoming aware of this lack of order they would like to be able to create order out of chaos. The time to create order out of chaos is now. The germ of the present was in the past and the germ of the future is in the present. The thing to do is to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks.

### THE AGE OF ORDER

If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos the effect of those decisions will be a better order. The new order

brought about by right decisions will be functional, not acquisitive; personalist, not socialist; communitarian, not collectivist; organismic, not mechanistic. The thing to do right now is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

### ON AMERICAN TRAITS

At the base of the American spirit is the functionalism of frontier life, not the acquisitivism of the Chamber of Commerce. The American spirit is characterized by the love of freedom, the spirit of initiative and the will to co-operate. The American does not like to be pushed about and to be sent where he does not want to go. Even the business man likes to talk about the spirit of initiative which he calls free enterprise. When in America some one is busy doing something for the Common Good he finds people willing to co-operate.

## 36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

May, 1970 was the month of Cambodia. Smokey said he wanted to hear the President's "excuse" on TV. He did, but no one really wanted to. More ashes swept across poor Cambodia, more bombs befell the Vietnamese, more American troops slipped into Laos. These were the American mores of May, 1970, and they even swept home.

Here in New York construction workers went on a rampage, Arab and Israeli proponents exchanged attacks, two Essex St. children were crushed outside their classroom by an impetuous truck, the homeless, the jobless, the littered continued the review to our door. Several people spoke of blood banking as their only sure source of revenue. Swede and Manny approached different hospitals with similarly lacerated heads. A Puerto Rican man perished near the bacci courts at the corner from knife wounds. Hillie's new bar on the Bowery brazenly locked out and outlawed "all Bowery derelicts" to serve only the artsy. An old black woman fell asleep on our first floor with no other roof and no other bed. On the line a man described his life position as "slightly less than magnificent." For these philosopher Pascal had written, "Jesus will be in agony even to the end of the world. We must not sleep during that time."

But even yet in the Second St. litter of this May an old liner found a copy of Nietzsche, and his gleeful eyes said this find was like rediscovering nature. At Cooper Sq. the frisbee saucers came arching out, and cars had to slow down for the avenue of gliding fun. Polish Mike brought flowers to the girls. Carol Hinchin and Mike Scabill returned radiant from Cuba. Arthur Lacey sported bright orange trousers. And some of our friends said they'd try to condition their drinking to one day at a time.

In our kitchen several evenings of cleaning were done. Jimmy, John Alex, Bill Edwards and scores of others pitched in for the purgation. Outside, an anarchist paint-in has left the front mid-way between the blue meanies and

the yellow submarine. Ed Forand and Walter Kerell might well design a set for fantasia. All this newness is a reminder to seek life, reject illusion, and cut thin one's patness.

At home, Scotty inevitably found himself more "cleaned out" (as he puts it) than cleaned up. Larry Burch, after folding hundreds of thousands of CW's, still called it the *Daily Worker*. Italian Mike's eyes rolled better than his thickening legs moved. And Ed Brown cooked the stew to remember, John the chicken soup.

In the younger quarters we lost and gained some good ones. Connie packed back to Detroit, Gary to Cleveland, and Sr. Donald to Minnesota. Peter will soon be off to the Coast. We'll miss them all: Sr. Donald's quiet sanity on the third floor, the others' teamwork on the first. Not long before he departed I saw Gary run to a thrift shop on Houston St. to buy a pair of shoes for a barefoot fellow he had spotted lying in an Elizabeth St. doorway. As one of the Volunteers of America who saw the scene put it, "Tell your buddy he's alright." Well said.

Chris has been on the speaker's trail this May from Maine to West Virginia, telling students of the CW, poverty, and nonviolence. Sandy Neill has come from Winona, Henry Scott from Baltimore, Tom Breslin from Marist College. All are ready hands. Harry and Greg spent a night of fasting in a Washington jail after peacefully sitting-in to protest the Indochina war. Joan Levy was a tremendous help to subsistence here while many were in Washington.

The FBI came looking for a Fr. Brannigan. No one knew him, but we'd make our house open to Fr. Brannigan should he come! It is rumored the way of pilgrims may be turning underground. According to Earl who maintains our plumbing, more than pilgrims have been plugging our drains. He should know: all too often he's been covered with the backwash.

Speakers were plentiful and some-

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## Strikers Endure:

# A Season of Hope For Farm Workers

By DOUG ADAIR

With each spring, the farm worker looks forward to the new year, the new season, hoping, always hoping, that this year's harvest will somehow be more bountiful and better than before, and that somehow a little more of the fruit of that harvest will end up on his table. So too, those of us in the farm workers' union, the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, led by Cesar Chavez, confidently tell each other, "Surely, this will be the year..." This will be the year when we will win the long hoped-for breakthrough, when the table grape industry and the rest of agriculture will at last recognize their workers as human beings with the right to a union, collective bargaining, written contracts, and decent wages and working conditions.

But we in the Union, like all farm workers, have learned to be patient, to continue in the struggle for survival, in spite of setbacks and delays, betrayals

from friends, and the unexpected strength of our enemies. For five long years we have been on strike in Delano, California, against the grape industry, and while most wine companies have agreed to collective bargaining and contracts for their workers, table grape growers have bitterly fought to deny us our modest demands.

We are very hopeful that most table grape growers will sign contracts with the union this year. But we know in our hearts that many, perhaps even a majority, perhaps even the biggest and richest and most arrogant, will still refuse to sign contracts. And we know that even after we have achieved good wages and working conditions in the grapes, we still have the other thousands of acres of fruits and vegetables in California, the huge ranches of Texas, the groves of Florida, the dismal labor camps of Maryland and New Jersey and Long Island and Wisconsin, where the union is still a very far-away dream.

In February, all of the UFWOC office staff in Delano plus a number of those who had been serving on the grape boycott began an intensive four-week study of where the strike and boycott had been effective, why the grape growers didn't sign contracts last year as we had expected, and what we could do this spring to guarantee some kind of breakthrough this year. We found that in almost every case, even when we had been able to persuade huge numbers of workers to leave the fields, the growers had been able to recruit strikebreakers in Mexico and Texas and get the crop harvested. We came to the conclusion that a strike in the fields can hurt the grower temporarily, but not, at this point, bring him to the bargaining table.

We found that the boycott of table

grapes across the nation had cut national grape consumption an estimated 25% and had a very significant effect on prices. We also found that the boycott was uneven, strong in some cities, weak in others. We discovered that the ten major grape-consuming cities and their immediate suburbs still consumed over half the total U.S. grape crop. And we found that the boycott, like the peaks of the harvest, rose and fell in both 1968 and 1969.

The boycott had been strong last year in May and June, with a very heavy effect on Coachella District

then ended the talks and refused to sign contracts.

The growers also filed a lawsuit against chain stores last summer which frightened many chain stores into buying grapes, in spite of customer pressure against grapes. Growers are expected to file another scare suit this summer, or perhaps even "enjoin" the entire boycott, if they can find a judge willing to sign some kind of phoney restraining order. Since such a suit will be tossed out of court on appeal, the growers will file it in July, and hope to have it in effect for the crucial months of July, August, and September before the Union can bring the case to a higher court or the Supreme Court and get it dismissed.

### First Contracts Signed

A new factor in this year's grape boycott is the presence, for the first time, of union-picked grapes on the market. As of May 15, seven small and medium-sized growers had signed contracts with the union. These contracts provide a modest \$1.75 an hour minimum wage (up 15c to 25c from what these growers were paying last year), a 25c per box bonus during the harvest, 10c an hour contributed by the grower into the medical insurance plan covering the worker and his family, regulation of pesticides (and banning of DDT and other long-lasting and especially dangerous chemicals), and a revolution in working conditions and the workers' relationship with the employer.

Another clause which may have tremendous long-range implications is a 2c a box contribution by growers into a farm workers' Economic Development Fund. This fund will be used by the union to build retirement housing and convalescent homes for old workers, especially the Filipinos who have no homes or families to take care of them; provide pensions and retraining programs for workers displaced by mechanization; and hopefully someday enable the union to assist those workers who want to farm their own land to buy the land and set up coops to work it.

These contracts are a very encouraging breakthrough, and much credit should be given to Bill Kircher of the National AFL-CIO, and a group of Catholic Bishops led by Bishop Joseph Donnelly of Connecticut, who helped mediate the dispute. "The Committee [of Bishops] is convinced that this breakthrough will serve as a pattern for others who wish to help solve this prolonged dispute," said Bishop Donnelly. Ironically, though most grape growers are Catholics, not one Catholic grower has yet agreed to the Bishops' offer of mediation and negotiated contracts.

The contracts will, however, confuse some people about the boycott, mislead some into thinking the strike is over. The contracts cover less than 5% of the grape harvest, and a major effort on the boycott will be needed in June, July and August to pressure other growers into signing contracts in time for this year's harvest. But in spite of the confusion in some people's minds that the contracts may cause, they will also give the boycotters new arguments. To the claim that "workers don't want the union," we can point to the elections at the Larsen ranches in Coachella, supervised by the Bishops in April, where the workers (and these are the people breaking the strike; those who had actually gone on strike quit working at the Larsen ranches and were not allowed to vote) voted 152 to 2 in favor of the Union.

In talking to store managers who insist on buying grapes, we can ask them to handle union grapes, and only union grapes. We can tell managers that

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Christian nonviolence is not built on a presupposed division, but on the basic unity of man. It is not out for the conversion of the wicked to the ideas of the good, but for the healing and reconciliation of man with himself, man the person and man the human family.

Thomas Merton



growers (the early harvest), weakened in July and August, and then regained strength in the fall and winter. The mid-summer weakening of the boycott in 1969 can be blamed on the publicity surrounding the "negotiations" which 12 grape growers began with the Union and which led many to believe that the strike was settled. The growers seem to have used the publicity of the negotiations to sell their grapes, and

## One Park Alive

By PAT JORDAN

It may appear a skeptic's epistemology, but the city of Washington is an illusion. Its green parks, flowered trees, and white buildings are phantoms. For in these days of sky's fire, America's capital is more truly the Erie side of Cleveland, the salinity of Zabriskie Point, the crucible of New York's tenements.

Of the many parks of Washington, today but one can rightfully boast its brightness. Well-wooded and brick-lined, Lafayette Square settles directly north of the Ivory Mansion. But these are incidentals. For what has made vital this tract with its ceaselessly cascading fountains is a small locus of fasting men, and their vigil which constantly taps at a President's (and a people's) conscience.

Refusing any sustenance, refreshed simply with water, Brian McDonnell, a twenty-seven year old Gandhian from Pennsylvania, and his friends make their quiet offering in Washington. Unmistakably their souls are on the line. Brian has grown weaker and slighter since his fast began on May 3. He will not eat again until all American troops have been withdrawn from Cambodia. The leaves of the park turn pale, the nation grows parched, our throats become all too clogged.

To believe in truth is enough for one man and his friends. In trust they have cut through the language of qualifications and the infinite course of measurements honorable men use to determine "realistic gains." They have said and are saying, "We still have faith that Mr. Nixon is a human being and can be reached in a humane way." As such, their speech is audacious, affirmative, hope-giving. They attest that a good thought, cherished and sustained if only by a few, can be had by all. Truth is now mightier than the sword. Self-imposed scarcity can redeem the richness of all. In Washington today the lambs are dwelling in the midst of the lions.

Since that May 3rd many men from distant walks have come to gaze on these men in the lone park of Washington. They have come to see and be touched by an enormous question: Is there time for mankind? Often, but quietly, their dispositions have cooled in the presence of a gentle man and his friends. Newspapers have printed the story. Thomas Mahany, a Vietnam veteran, has joined the company. More and more American countrymen are becoming aware that in Washington silent waves are breaking thunder on the universe, that because of one small park light still lasts.

Yes, mourn the tragedy of Cambodia. Yes, resist the evil. And yes, bring joy to the parks and life to the capital. For Brian McDonnell and a band of deepest patriots have called and are calling us to conscience, showing us the heights, telling us it is spring. They testify indeed that illusion transfigured can become fullest being. Let it be.

## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is the eve of June, the second Sunday after Pentecost, and the great Feast of Corpus Christi. A sun-warmed breeze wafts the fragrance of honeysuckle, stirs a rustling of music among leaves vibrant and green with the miracle of chlorophyll and Spring. A wren bubbles a wreath of song, and an indigo bunting, trills — "peace-peace peace-peace sweet peace." Does he so trill over the campuses—blood-stained and sad—of Kent State, or Jackson State or in the war-torn lands of Cambodia, Vietnam, the Middle East? Now in this season of Pentecost, amidst the devastation of war and pollution, can we still proclaim, as Hopkins did, that "the Holy Ghost over the bent world broods, with warm breast, and with ah, bright wings?"

Yesterday, Memorial Day, it was hard to believe in the reality of war, here at our farm with a view. Early in the afternoon, Daniel Dauvin took some of us—Joe and Audrey Monroe with their friends Claudette, Violette, and George, and me, on a little pilgrimage to the shrine he has recently erected to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, on a tree-bowered hillside not far from the house. On the way to the shrine we stopped by to visit the chickens which are thriving under Daniel's care. Johnny Hughes, who had joined us, caught one of the more friendly chickens and held it up for me to stroke. There is no doubt that these chickens are a great addition to our community. We are hopeful that they will start laying in time for the Pax conference.

At the shrine we spoke of the importance of Our Lady, who is not only patron Saint of our country but also and always Queen of Peace, and how empty our religion would be without her. I prayed that Our Lady and St. Joseph, whose shrine George Burke erected down below Peter Maurin House a few years ago, would help us to find the Way of His Peace, and to live more God-centered lives. It was Memorial Day. But there was no martial, funeral music on our farm. The

songs of bunting and orioles, of robin and wren, were like alleluias to my prayer.

Spring, that season which so abounds in change, when the stark scene of winter is transformed into the opulent green of summer, brought me also a most welcome change. Early in May Clarice Danielsson drove me down to Princeton, New Jersey, where I visited for almost three weeks with Caroline Gordon Tate. Once more I enjoyed a garden luxuriant with flowering trees, shrubs, and all manner of flowers. During my visit the apple trees, horse chestnuts, honey locusts, lilacs, syringa, spreila, lilies of the valley, peonies, bleeding hearts, pinks, iris, and many other flowers put on a lavish floral exhibit. Once again the incomparable song of the mocking bird moved me like the flowers of melody.

It was also good during this Princeton sojourn, to visit once more with Cary Peebles, who lives out from the town in a very wooded area with a brook and little waterfall which keep up a constant comment in aqueous melody. There is also a pond nearby beloved of frogs and water-loving birds. There was a scarlet tanager which flashed across the yard like a proud banner. A brown thrasher which scratched about among the brush only a few feet from where we sat. The chorus of spring peepers was worth staying awake at night to listen to. Then in the morning the dawn chorus, dominated by wood thrushes, robins, and mourning doves, was a joy to wake up to.

The high point of my Princeton visit was, I think, the trip to the sea with Caroline. We stayed at a little hotel overlooking the sea, where the sound of the waves lulled one to sleep at night. We walked up and down the boardwalk and the beach, sat near the wash of waves, and listened to the orchestral roar, inhaled the tonic salty air. In the mornings Caroline brought her breviary and read Lauds aloud to me against the background of the

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# The World of Alexander Solzhenitsyn

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

The Russian edition of Solzhenitsyn's first novel, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," published in the Soviet Union, was given to me in 1963 by a student of Moscow University as a *bon voyage* present a few hours before I was to leave the U.S.S.R. I remember the scene vividly because of the young man's enthusiasm in presenting me this copy of his favorite author's work in bookform. We had both read it when it had appeared in the Moscow literary review, "Novy Mir" and when it had been acclaimed as a masterpiece by the Soviet literary elite and by the public at large. The student felt, as I did myself, that this was a breakthrough in Soviet censorship. Surely the author of "One Day" was not, to suffer the dramatic fate of Boris Pasternak. The editor of "Novy Mir," Tvardovsky, could boldly assert that "there are no areas or phenomena of reality which could in our time be excluded from the sphere of the Soviet creative artist and which are forbidden to truthful description."

Standing there in the bright June sunshine which set aglow the golden cupolas of the Kremlin cathedrals, little could my young friend and myself



foresee that Solzhenitsyn's fate was to be more painful and uncertain than that of the man who wrote "Doctor Zhivago." More painful, because Pasternak did not live long after his condemnation and is now at rest near the little church of Peredelkino; while Solzhenitsyn has been subject to persecution which has now dragged on for a number of years. Uncertain, because there seems to be no end to it and might be intensified at any time after his expulsion from the Union of Soviet Writers in 1969. Only a few of Solzhenitsyn's short stories were published in the USSR after "One Day"; his play, "The Love-Girl and the Innocent" was not performed, his two great books, "The First Circle" and "Cancer Ward" could, as we know, be brought out only outside Russia, both in their original versions and in translation. Solzhenitsyn himself is still writing, with little assurance that he will ever see his work in print in his native land, which, however, he does not want to leave; just as the characters in his novels do not want to choose the easy solution, but find their peace of mind in the most difficult ones.

The Solzhenitsyn affair is well known in America; his letter to the Writer's Union in answer to his expulsion has been often quoted, one of this letter's excerpts characterizes the man completely "Hate, no less evil than fascism, has become your sterile atmosphere (wrote Solzhenitsyn to the Union members). But in this way the feeling of a whole and single mankind is being lost... It is time to remember that the first thing we belong to is humanity. And humanity is separated from the animal world by thought and speech, and they should naturally be free."

Solzhenitsyn's biography is also familiar to most of us; his career as a teacher in Mathematics in a quiet provincial town, his service in World-War Two as an artillery officer, his condemnation to eight years of hard labor for

non-existing crimes of high-treason, his liberation under Khrushchev's milder rule and his disease which brought him to a cancer-ward of Kazakhstan, where he was cured and sent home. His story has been recently retold in the New York Times Magazine, May 10th, 1970 by one of his translators, Nicholas Bethell.

Quite a number of critics have written about Solzhenitsyn's novels, about his play and his short stories (though the latter are not as well known in America), they have all pointed out, that in the midst of an environment comparable at its best to Dante's "first circle of hell" and at its worst to the lower depths of Hades, there are always a few of his characters, men or women, who show a remarkable moral courage and integrity, so that the most somber pages of his books are filled with sudden flashes of light and with spiritual dynamism. These qualities of a few heroic souls, together with lifelike sketches of many other characters, not so refined, and some of them quite vulgar and even repulsive, has rendered Solzhenitsyn's novels extremely popular. Little can be added to that which has already been said about them, and yet there is always something else to be discovered in great books; we shall never cease to comment upon Tolstoy's "War and Peace," Dostoevsky's "Karamazovs" or Chekhov's short stories. And there will always be someone who would like to pursue a further exploration of Solzhenitsyn's "hell" and hospital ward; in both we meet very much the same characters, which is to show, as the author himself tends to prove, that between the world where men supposedly go free and the world closed off with watch-towers and locked gates, there is no actual difference; what distinguishes men is that they have won their freedom wherever they are, and this means inner freedom.

We have just mentioned three great Russian authors, and this an occasion for looking up the various sources which Solzhenitsyn drew from and which enriched and expanded his own experience as a creative writer. There is a number of Russian classic writers either quoted or simply named in "The First Circle." This is quite obvious to every reader, and literary criticism has not failed of course to stress for instance the relevance of Solzhenitsyn's realistic accounts of labor camp and prison life with Dostoevsky's "House of the Dead." Stalin in "The First Circle" is as directly and harshly presented

as some of the aging and ambitious warriors, corrupt statesmen, ruthless officials and judges out of Tolstoy's portrait gallery. But this is not all, of course, nor is Solzhenitsyn an imitator of great masters, being one himself.

It is not so much a common artistic tradition which forms the link between Russian classic XIXth century or early XXth century and post-revolutionary literature. It is a spiritual link, which binds them to the old masters, though they may write very differently and even oppose them in their techniques and what is called in Russian *mirovozzreniye* (which can be rather clumsily translated as "worldoutlook"). There is of course a "regime gap," far deeper than the generation gap of Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons."

But the link remains between these sons and fathers because from the very beginning of modern Russian literature, and even long before, in early medieval documents, the man who wrote was not merely an artist, a storyteller, called to amuse and delight; he also represented a spiritual man, a moral leader, perhaps even at times, over-didactic, were it not that he was rather a prophet than a teacher. He was a non-conformist, because he would not conform with evil, and he was an iconoclast if icons were transformed into idols. Pushkin, Russia's greatest national poet, had stressed his own mission as not merely that of an artist, a lyric and epic writer, but also as a prophet; paraphrasing the image of Isaiah, he speaks of the angel of God who cleanses the poet's heart and purifies him with a burning charcoal then sends him out into the world to "burn the hearts of men with his word."

Pushkin's Biblical conception of the poet's task in the world has remained as the great theme of Russian creative writing whether classic, modern or even futuristic. Another theme introduced by Pushkin was his rebellion against the establishment, which cost him many years of exile and persecution. His poem entitled "Letter to Siberia" addressed to his friends who had suffered an even harsher punishment

*Christianity is profoundly revolutionary... The Christian must oppose political and economic regimes that tend to reduce man to a condition of economic misery and national imperialism of money which contributes toward misery and tragic underdevelopment.—Gandhi.*

for their revolutionary activities in 1825, is like a prologue to Solzhenitsyn's own solidarity with the men and women of the first circle or of Ivan Denisovich's labor camp.

There are many sources of inspiration which converged in Solzhenitsyn's works. Perhaps the most constant and powerful, in our mind at least, is that of Tolstoy-the novelist, as well as Tolstoy-the moralist, who had searched for many years for the meaning of life, and had found it in his own religious renewal. One might say that nearly all of Solzhenitsyn's main characters have experienced a spiritual transformation at some time of their lives. Most striking, perhaps, is the gradual moral rebirth of Innokenty Volodin, the successful, pampered, sophisticated Soviet diplomat, who finds his moment of truth when he risks his security and freedom (and loses both) to save his fellow-man. As we have said, moreover, there are so many direct allusions and even quotes referring to Tolstoy that it is quite impossible to ignore them. One of the most obvious ones is in chapter 29th of the "First Circle" when Professor Chelnov, the aged mathematician explains that only a prisoner "is certain to have an immortal soul; free people are often denied one because of the vain lives they lead." Chelnov admits "that he had borrowed this notion from Pierre Bezukhov in War and Peace." When a French soldier forbade the young man to cross the road, Pierre exclaimed that his immortal soul "was not allowed to pass."

Another quote in "Cancer Ward" is used in one of the novel's most moving dialogue. A patient, critically ill, finds solace in Tolstoy's famous tale "What Men Live By"; he tells his incredulous fellow patients that he has just made the great discovery: "Men live by love."

There is considerable similarity between the tragic experience of another patient of the ward, the high official Rusanov, and the death of Tolstoy's "Ivan Ilyich." Both are torn out of their conventional lives by sickness. But Rusanov's case is more complex, for he is not only physically but also morally sick, having on his conscience the betrayal of innocent people. The climax is not death, but Rusanov's discovery that his influential group of bureaucrats have lost their power and will be dismissed. Rusanov too must go.

Another parallel is found in the epilogue of "One Day." When Ivan Denisovich Shukhov, condemned to a long term in labor camps is totally depressed after the "longest day," he is comforted by the young Baptist, Alyesha, sentenced to the same term for religious practices. As Shukhov tells his fellow-prisoner that he yearns for freedom, Alyesha exclaims "What is freedom for? In freedom your last particle of faith will be suffocated. Here you have time to think about your soul. This is what the apostle Paul said: 'What are you doing weeping and breaking my heart? For I am ready not only to be imprisoned, but even to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.'"

Let us now open Tolstoy's "Anna Karenin" (part seven, chapter eleven): Levin, very much like Ivan Denisovich, is in a most somber mood. True, Levin is not a prisoner, he is free to come and go, but according to Alyesha his "last particle of faith has been suffocated." Like Tolstoy himself during his religious crisis, Levin is desperately seeking, "the meaning of life," which he could "live by." It is the simple peasant Flodr who offers Levin the solution. Speaking of two of his neighbors, Flodr says that one of them, Mytiuka "only thinks of stuffing his belly,"

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## PAX Tivoli Conference

**WIDER IDENTITY AND THE NEW MAN** is the subject of the annual PAX Study Conference to be held at the Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, New York, from Friday evening July 31 through Sunday afternoon, August 2. This Conference will differ from earlier conferences in an absence of film and entertainment sessions. The swimming pool is not working. It will be a weekend stressing small group discussions with subsequent involvement in PAX activities. Well-known authors and peace leaders will address the group and will respond to the ideas developed at the small group workshops.

Because of the limitations of space at the CW Farm, registration is limited. Adults only. \$25. Students \$20.

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must fight against social injustice, against social discrimination, reduce man to a condition of slavery, to oppress him politically and moral abjection. The Christian must oppose the interlocking peoples and continents in conditions of alarming mis-

## Go Slow Young Man Go Slow

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

I hereby serve notice on all travel agents, directors of railroads and airlines as well as perambulator manufacturers that I am not in the least impressed by their glowing descriptions of the super speeds which their respective modes of transportation can attain. There seems to be a conspiracy as to whom can get there the fastest.

In fact, I am sure that they would be rather alarmed by the rapidity (and speed) with which I dispose of all such notices. I believe that I have set an all-time record in flipping such material into the waste basket.

What is it to me that you have introduced a train that can make the run from New York to Washington in just one minute under three hours? I would be more impressed and more inclined to use your train if you told me that you put into service a train that would take two days to make the trip.

Come, come, you railroad officials who think that you can lure me to ride your high-speed trains. You are not going to get me, not unless you tie me and have your porters carry me aboard shrieking and kicking.

You claim in your literature that a coffee cup filled to the brim will not spill over. (I think that I too would be too petrified to move). But have you ever seen my bulk sliding back and forth in a car going thirty miles an hour? Maybe if you made your seats in the shape of coffee cups and had your porters strap me in, I might take a chance. But there is always the danger of the cup breaking.

The Japanese have a train which they call the Dream Express which runs 158 miles an hour. How clever of the wily Orientals to call this train the Dream Express. For who in his right mind would ever think of riding the Nightmare Special? They claim that the ride is so smooth that only a blur of landscape can be seen through the window. But when I go to Japan I want to see scenery. We have enough blurs in the United States. I have served notice on the Japanese that they will never catch me on their trains. The Express Rickshaw which goes three miles an hour is plenty fast for me.

And that goes double for our Canadian brothers to the far north of us. They are mistaken if they think that they are going to lure me to the North Country with their promises of trains that are going to average 125 miles an hour. They would do much better to send me literature about their dog sleds. In deep snow, I understand, they just crawl along.

To put pressure on all those responsible for introducing the concept of speed in our everyday travels I am proposing that we slow minded people form an organization to be known as the S.A.M.'s: that is short for Slow as Molasses. We "Sam's" will make it a point of honor to refuse to move fast under any circumstances. Our shield of honor will have as its emblem the snail riding atop the tortoise.

We "Sam's" will introduce a new dimension in the travel industry. Speed will be utterly forgotten as we will cater to those who love the traveling more than the getting there.

Three hours from New York to California! Ridiculous!—the travel agency I propose will guarantee that it will take six months to cross the continent or your money will be refunded. The ox-cart special will be a refreshing way of seeing the country. Around the world in eighty days!

Preposterous! Do you think that we are speed maniacs. This trip should take at least four years, and if we are hard pressed we should be able to extend it to five.

We slow minded people will always keep in mind the story of the Indian who after rushing across the plains for a few days just sat down one morning and refused to move. When asked what his reason was, the Indian replied: "I have moved too fast and must wait for my spirit to catch up with me."

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times penetrating. Alan Solomonow of the JPF began with a quiet prayer and proceeded deeper. George Dennison (The Lives of Children), Joseph Fahey ("Peace, War, and the Christian Conscience"), and John Emmanuel of the SLP came to share time. Attilio Cantore, Director of Music at Rikers Island Prison, his wife and friends gave us an evening of poetry and "rock from the rock." There was little candy, a great deal of salt, and the poetry showed an inventive use of language. For those who resort to the spurious use of profanity, this poetry made it clear that all language is special, that to misuse the word is to show contempt.

Several visitations must be noted for you. Jonathan Bell's family greeted us. Prof. Wink of Union Theological Seminary brought his class to share Scripture in the Worker basement. Mike Cullen and Sr. Joanne Malone, not to forget walking George Johnson, paid us their respects.

And finally there was Pentecost, a time for the renewal of concentrated attention, for rediscovering music and the spirit, and for quickening those inexpressible symbols that bring people to shared timelessness. Once again it was May, as good a time as any to give it all away. In a season of Asian fire it was important to note as Franz Rosenzweig had in his journal, "Love brings to life whatever is dead around us."

## Resistance In Brazil

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now, with the peasants, slum dwellers and workers.

Another role being taken by Christians in the movement against the Brazilian regime is that of aiding and abetting political outlaws and members of the guerilla movement. Especially courageous have been the Dominican priests in Brazil, who even before the coup in 1964 had been singled out by conservative forces and condemned for their strong commitment to social change and justice.

The fourth option which Mr. Alves described is that taken by persons who have joined guerilla forces in working actively to bring about a revolution.

Whereas these different forms of resistance to a repressive military dictatorship are united in a struggle to regain for Brazilians fundamental human rights, there yet remains a semblance of the traditional Church-State alliance in Brazil. Often the celebration of a Mass is part of an official governmental function, and military decorations are ordinarily bestowed with liturgical blessings. Mr. Alves cited the possibility of a visit by Pope Paul

# LETTERS

## Remembering Bill

2406 Delancey Place  
Phila., Pa. 19103

Dear Pat:

It was good to visit the Catholic Worker while on my trip to New York. I was very sorry to hear about William Harder's death. Mr. Harder came to this country from Germany in 1925 aboard the SS Deutschland. He was appointed cook at the Cumberland Hospital, and in 1930 became head cook of Morrisania Hospital in New York City. In spring, 1933 he made a return trip to Danseburg, Germany, and stayed for three months. Back in the United States he resumed his position at the Hospital.

Mr. Harder became a citizen on December 6, 1932. He was married and had one daughter, who is married and now lives in the Bronx. He was born on July 22, 1903 at Danseburg in the state of Meklenburg. It was there he obtained his early education in being a chef. He worked in the City of New York in the Department of Hospitals from October, 1925 to September, 1945, at which time he resigned.

Social Security coverage was not available to Mr. Harder because it did not start until 1954. There was no pension plan at the time for city employees.

I first came to know William Harder during 1961. Several times I took him to the hospital and to the Municipal Lodging House. Since leaving the employment of the Department of Hospitals, he had undertaken odd jobs in different restaurants and had managed to collect enough points for social security. The last time Mr. Harder had seen his wife was in 1960 when he was in the hospital. Apparently they did not get along.

Most certainly Bill Harder falls in the ranks of the many men who have come to know the Catholic Worker as a great friend in his time of need. One could always remember the time of seeing him washing our dishes, sweeping our floors. He falls in the ranks of Bayonne Pete and Irish Pat.

I remember on July 8, 1966 Bill had asked me to help him get his social security, and upon getting to the office we were confronted with all kinds of paper work. They said he needed a birth certificate. So the battle started. First I filed for his naturalization papers, which he had lost at the Municipal Lodging House in 1964. On August 17, 1966 he was awarded his certificate of social security payments and on August 23 he received a copy of his certificate of naturalization. One gets to know, I believe, some of the men on the Bowery quite well if he is willing to take the time out to know them.

I think that all the young people

who come to the Catholic Worker leave with an experience that they could not get in any school. In the Catholic Worker their patience is tested many times over, because of the many different kinds of people they work with. And if they can pass this test, they can just about tackle any job that will come to them after they leave the Worker. The many people who have come to the Catholic Worker have come with many new ideas. And when they leave they will leave with added knowledge in the field of humanistic experience. It is important that we have houses like the Catholic Worker because people learn trust, understanding, and above all, the grace of God. I do not believe that if Christ came to the Catholic Worker he would be a stranger, because Christ makes that pilgrimage every day.

I have seen many men come and go at the Catholic Worker: Indian Pete, Ray Leech, Ed Brown, Chuck Bassinette . . . I hope this information will help recall William Harder. As you know, my feelings toward the men on the Bowery have not changed. I love the men there very much and feel the work is worthwhile.

Yours in Christ,  
George J. Johnson



## From Prison

Randy Kehler  
P.O. Box H 5038  
Safford, Arizona 85546

Dear Chris,

As for me, well, it is a bit hard to sum it all up thus far. I can say that the three months I've been here have passed very, very quickly—more quickly than I ever remember time passing. The reason, I guess, is that it's all still very new and strangely exciting to me. I guess you could also say that for the most part I am really enjoying myself. What do I enjoy about it? Humm . . . The people most of all. I really feel that my consciousness is being expanded by the association I'm having with the other prisoners and with the prison employees. I.e., there is a whole new and complex culture here that I have never experienced before. As opposed to my apprehensions prior to my arrival, it's not a threatening culture at all—or at least no more so than the culture we are used to (and probably a lot less so). The result is that I manage to stay pretty relaxed and loose most of the time.

The only thing that puts me uptight is confrontations with the authorities over petty and not so petty injustices that take place. The prison environment seems so conducive to human insensitivity; it seems to harden every one it touches. Trying to follow the principles of nonviolence in such an environment is not easy. But I am giving it a lot of thought. As opposed to the scene in San Francisco, I am relatively alone here in terms of my belief in nonviolence. No one is going to accept any of my ideas on the subject until they see them in practice. Theorizing just doesn't hold much water. So far, I have had some minor success in attempting to deal with the problems in here, but the going is slow. Most people, even the other resisters who understand at least something about nonviolence, are unwilling to stick their necks out on anything for fear of getting shipped out of this nice soft "joint." In fact, they tend to get down on others who seem like they are rocking the boat. As we both know, nonviolence without the willingness to make sacrifices is next to meaningless.

One of the things I have thought  
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# Up From Nonviolence

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cane for six weeks and touring the island for two.

The origin of the Venceremos Brigade is rooted in two ideas. The first is the economic blockade which the government of the United States has imposed on the people of Cuba. Given the nature of the Cuban economy, given the underdevelopment and the medical, educational, and technological needs, such a blockade is a crime. Its name is economic aggression. Thus, for me to go to Cuba was to merely be consistent with the protest I voice against the crimes the United States daily commits against the underdeveloped world. Secondly, the Venceremos Brigade is rooted in solidarity with the Cuban Revolution. In 1970 work is the meaning of the revolution in Cuba. To be a revolutionary in that land today means to be a worker with a machete in your hand. We actively participated in the work of the revolution, and by so doing said it was right and good for the people, that such a revolution should even happen elsewhere. Since most of my time in Cuba was spent in the canefields, and since most of my impressions were formed simply by working in them, it might be of benefit to record a "typical day" in the camp of the Venceremos Brigade.

Our day began at five a.m. with a

or not each work-brigade met the quota they set, and also to set work goals for the following week. It was meetings such as these that made me more enthusiastic about the work and more conscious of its importance. I have worked at many jobs in the States, ranging from office work to construction, and I can recall that every time I reflected on the meaning and value of my work and who it benefited, I became terribly depressed and even felt like quitting. Not so when I worked in Cuba. The more I learned of the purpose of the sugar harvest, of its importance for the economy, of what it would do for the people—the more my sweat and fatigue took on meaning. For the first time in my life I was employed to labor for people.

Without a doubt I can say I experienced the very essence of the Cuban Revolution in the canefields. In fact as we rode into camp that very first day I was to learn the basic lesson upon which that revolution and all others like it are founded. It was a lesson which the United States would learn by its embarrassing defeat at Playa Giron in 1961; a lesson which Fidel would stress with all the clarity and passion that is his; a lesson which the mother of Camillo Torres would explain in a manner so convincing and gentle that she could have been your mother or mine; a lesson, finally, which

sation, as if for the first time in my life, I was discovering the meaning of patriotism. People exhibited a certain pride, a sense of purpose and vision in their lives. All this came out when they spoke of the need to defend the happiness they were building because all I spoke with—from fifth graders in Havana to simple farmers in the mountains of Oriente—had a vivid recollection of the past and never, never again, they vowed, would that return.

It was to this very point Fidel addressed himself upon his visit to the camp.

Keep in mind as I offer a description of Fidel that it is a very superficial one since I only had contact with him on the one day he was cutting cane with us and conducted a lengthy question and answer period. On the one hand he is a very shrewd marxist theoretician, a near genius; on the other hand he is like a fiery baptist preacher, possessing that rare brand of charisma which excites men to follow him.

He has that coveted gift of being able to speak to people of their problems in their language. Keeping in line with the point I am pursuing, he said that if one wished to find out why Cuba is striving to arm itself so heavily one should not ask the Cuban government but should instead ask the government of the United States. While Fidel spoke, my own thoughts drifted back to the Mexico City Airport a few weeks previous.

As we awaited the Cuban plane to take us to Havana, numerous government agents scrupulously observed us and took our pictures, agents of a frightened and desperate government. I began to wonder how anyone could be so angry and disturbed with me for going to Cuba because my motives were of the most innocent nature. It seemed to me that any person who has even minimally witnessed the events of the past few years in America should eagerly want to see Cuba, to see a society which has resolved many of the basic ills currently rending this nation asunder. But as Fidel spoke I began to understand why he is a threat to the United States. Not militarily or economically—that is certain. Fidel is a threat because of his example. Here is a man who can not be bought off, who has no price, who, as the saying goes, does not live on bread alone. If the rest of Latin America and the rest of the world were to take up this example—as they are now doing—then the American way of life, a way of life based on cash registers, stocks, and multi-million-dollar businesses—in short, a way of life based on greed—if the rest of the world were to follow his example then that way of life would quickly perish from the earth.

The mother of Camillo Torres also picked up on the idea of example in the life of a revolutionary as she spoke of why her son, a priest, took a gun and went off to fight in the mountains. He really had no hope of winning but only sought to show others the way.

If Fidel and Cuba now set the example for the rest of Latin America, the Vietnamese certainly set the example for Cuba. Everywhere we went in Cuba billboards and posters could be seen with the saying, COMO EN VIETNAM. It means to imitate the Vietnamese in all that you do; in your life, your work, your study. A poster in our camp went like this:

COMO EN VIETNAM  
TENACIDAD, ORGANIZACION,  
DISCIPLINA  
HEROISMO DIARIO, EN EL TRABAJO  
DIEZ ANOS DE LUCHA ANTIYANQUI  
DEL PUEBLO VIETNAMITA DIEZ  
MILLONES DE TONELADAS DE  
AZUCAR

I had the occasion to experience the content of such a statement in a unique and moving way. On one of the visits of the Vietnamese to our camp my work brigade was one of the ones they worked with. Each of us had one of the Vietnamese for a cutting partner. There were five worker-students from Hanoi and five fighters from the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. My cutting partner

for a good part of the morning was one of the fighters from the NLF. A Vietnamese girl named Susan, who is studying at the University of Havana, translated for us. Carlos is his name in Spanish (I can't recall his name in Vietnamese). He is twenty-two years old and has been fighting with the Front since he was fifteen. Both of his parents were killed in the course of the war. He holds the rank of captain in the NLF and has won seven out of thirty-two battles. We spoke a little of one of the battles he was in where he led an attack on an air base, was wounded, but still managed to capture the base. Much of our conversation was on the politics of the war—common knowledge to most of us by now—but a more horrible tale when it is spun from the lips of a man who has lived his life in the midst of it. Needless to say, the morning

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## A Season of Hope

(Continued from Page 3)

these grapes are free of pesticides, cleaner and picked under decent working conditions and wages. If a manager has a choice and deliberately buys non-union grapes picked by growers refusing elections and fighting the union, then he certainly can no longer claim to be "neutral." We are also hoping that if there is enough demand for the union-picked grapes, the price paid the growers under contract for their grapes will be higher than non-union grapes. Other growers, their greed overcoming their hostility towards the union, will sign contracts to take advantage of the better price. Every box of union-picked grapes will have the union's thunderbird and "Farmworkers, AFL-CIO, Union Label" stamped on the wooden packing box. Insist on seeing this union label before buying grapes, and ask your store manager to specifically order union-picked grapes.

One of the basic aims of forming a farm workers' union is to give farm workers more control over their own lives, and a say in those decisions which affect their lives. We are convinced that the grape boycott is the only non-violent way we can win a base for that union, a base on which it can grow and extend its benefits to all farm workers. But how ironic, that, no matter how hard we work and struggle for justice through this grape boycott, the final decision on whether or not we will win the boycott still rests with the great uninvolved public, those who have never consciously seen a farm worker and simply cannot relate to the misery and deprivation of the farm workers' life. We must appeal to a population which, aside from reading *Grapes of Wrath*, has been unaware or chose to ignore the farm workers' plight for 50 years. We must convince people who have never suffered from hunger to give up grapes, of all things, so that farm workers' families can have adequate food.

And we must convince people who "sympathize" with us to transform that sympathy into some kind of real support, by phoning and pestering their store managers and neighbors and groups and telling them not to buy grapes. And we must plead with those who have supported us in the past, to stay with us for one more year, to send in one more donation, to say one more special prayer to keep us going.

Perhaps some people grow weary of our cause, are impatient with our slow progress, are thinking, "I already talked to my store manager, and it didn't work." We are asking you to do it again, and again. We too grow weary, weary of the injustice and exploitation that have oppressed us for so many years and still oppress us. But we will not turn to senseless and unproductive violence, to which others, impatient with the system, often turn. We struggle on, with the patience of those who know that they are doing right, and hope that someday, with your help, we will win the justice we seek. Viva la Huelga!

Ed. note: Doug Adair is a member of the Philadelphia Grape Boycott, 2536 N. Mascher St., Philadelphia, Pa., 19133. Mr. Adair is a former editor of EL MALCRIADO, the newspaper of the UFWOC.



*Machete's life*

bugle reveille "De Pie" (meaning "on your feet" in Spanish), breakfast, consisting of coffee and a roll, then off to your machete rack where along with the other thirty members of your work brigade you sharpened your machete. There were twenty-five work brigades, each consisting of about twenty-five Americans and five Cubans. At six o'clock we were off to the canefields and cut until nine, at which time we had a "merienda" for fifteen minutes (equivalent to the American coffee break at which a pastry and cool drink were served). Back to work until eleven then to the camp for lunch and a break until two-thirty. During the break you either slept, read, wrote in your journal, chatted, or listened to the news which was daily broadcast over the loudspeaker in the camp. I particularly enjoyed the news every afternoon because it was so informative about events receiving little or no publicity in the States, especially accounts of guerilla struggles in Latin America. At two-thirty we again made the long walk to the canefields (sometimes as far as two miles). It was in the course of these long walks that I came to know and become good friends with the Cuban students in my brigade. Wilfredo, Rafael, Cristobal, Maria, and the rest of us would pass the time away singing or discussing numerous political questions. At six-thirty we came back to the camp, washed up, and had dinner. Three evenings a week we had films in the camp. A number of them were documentaries by the Cuban director Santiago Alvarez. Most of the films were on various aspects of the revolution ranging from the early days in the mountains to agricultural experiments and to the history of Cuban ballet. After the film it was usually right to bed. (We lived in tents with bunk beds to house twenty-five).

We worked five and a half days a week and on Saturday afternoons we had a "production meeting" with the entire camp in attendance. This was to discuss the work of the week, whether

the Vietnamese testify to simply by their history and their lives. Let me go through with you, step by step, how this lesson was taught to me; for whenever it is asked of me, "What did you learn in Cuba?" my reply is "I have learned the meaning of la lucha armada—the armed struggle."

Riding into the camp on that hot February day, the first person I spotted was the armed guard at the entrance. There were two others elsewhere. During my stay in Cuba I was to see innumerable arms: guns, machine guns, and pistols worn by young men and women as well as old men and women. I would swiftly learn the meaning of all this artillery. Not only would I learn its purpose but I would come to appreciate and condone its use. I think the meaning of all this military preparedness was best put at Playa Giron, the first step of our tour. Playa Giron is now a school and a museum displaying tanks, jeeps, army fatigues, machine guns—all made in the U.S.—captured in the U.S.-financed and supported mercenary invasion of Cuba in 1961. A major who commanded a battalion in one of the battles spoke to us. "A people who have built up a happiness have a right to defend that happiness," he told us. On our two-week tour of Cuba we had an opportunity to see the happiness which the revolution is building up. We spent three days on the Isle of Youth (formerly the Isle of Pines where Fidel Castro was once imprisoned) where agricultural experiments are being tried by groups of students in the hope that a more original form of socialism or communism can be achieved. The experiment on the Isle of Youth reminds me, oddly enough, of one of the basic ideas of Peter Maurin—founder of the Catholic Worker—who wrote that "workers should become students and students should become workers."

From the Isle of Youth we went on to many schools and universities. As we traveled through the five provinces of Cuba I began to feel a strange sen-



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

witness—even less so when the leadership is foreign. The national coordinating team of the Christian Family Movement is re-examining the whole tragic-fortunate case. Now with over a year to cool off, a serious effort is being made to extract the gold—and there is plenty—hidden under the unhappy circumstances so shouted about.

"Of course they know that if they don't, they can expect more and worse happenings, because God is not pleased. Their state of 'sin' has not changed 3 per cent of the population still control 80 percent of the country's wealth. How is this possible? Because their military dictatorship is backed up by millions of U.S. dollars, in guns and munitions, used to silence the poor—in the name of law and order and anti-communism."

## Out of Prison

David Miller, Dan Kelly are both out of prison now but Jack Cook has been refused parole. David Keubrick, just out of Springfield prison, Missouri, is visiting us. He and Chuck Matthei plan to visit friends in Vermont in the coming weeks. They plan to take the Appalachian Trail. In prison, Woman's Federal Prison at Alderson, West Virginia, is Lolita le Brun, the young Puerto Rican who was sentenced in the fifties to fifty years, or perhaps it was more, for her part in shooting into the House of Representatives in a terroristic attempt to work for Puerto Rican liberation. We have been corresponding for some years and I'm hoping to get permission to visit her, though I was refused such permission to visit prisoners at Lewisburg.

Lolita is a poet, the mother of two, one of whom, a boy, was drowned. The daughter is now married, and I believe is living in Puerto Rico. Lolita's faith

has come to be the most important thing in her life.

Sister Rose Marie of Mt. de Chantal Academy of Wheeling, West Virginia, wrote me recently:

"Three weeks ago we took a group of our Latin American girls to the Federal Prison at Alderson. They had prepared a little program of Spanish songs and dances for the Spanish speaking women who are there. Then all together we attended the Holy Sacrifice and sang the hymns in Spanish. It was beautiful. I think we brought a little joy to these women and certainly it did a world of good for our girls. I met Margorie Melville. She is such a fine person. It is consoling to know that Christ understands what she was trying to do both in Guatemala and in the U.S. Women prisoners have a special place in my prayers since I read about them in one of your books."

Also in prison are Fr. Phil Berrigan and Tom Lewis, Dave Eberhart, Tom Hogan, Tom Melville.

Parole has been granted to seven of the Milwaukee fourteen and they are being released from prison in June. Mike Cullen, the head of Casa Maria, the House of Hospitality in Milwaukee has just been sentenced to a year and a day. Today one of our readers sent us fifty dollars to send to his wife to buy books for him.

Fr. Dan Berrigan's account of the Catonsville Nine which is published by the Beacon Press, Boston, Mass. 123 pages, \$1.95, is a moving and dramatic account, and helps us understand their witness, though it is not ours.

All of us here at The Catholic Worker have known the Berrigans for years and many of their articles have appeared in The Catholic Worker. I am hoping that they will get the CW while in prison so that they will know of our love and our prayers.

# Up From Nonviolence

(Continued from page 6)

spent with Carlos brought the war to a new point of unbearableness in my life. Think of the finest person you know being executed for a crime he did not commit. Think of the Vietnamese.

More than anything else it was the conversation with Carlos that inspired the title of this piece. I did not intend the title to be witty or clever. It would, I hoped, connote a new understanding of certain issues on my part; as if for the first time I was seeing and feeling within my own guts what was taking place in the world. I mentioned earlier how prior to going to Cuba I worked with the Catholic Worker. I mentioned how my main concern was with the tradition and life of the Catholic Worker, that is, with nonviolence. Yet in Cuba I found some of my basic premises for nonviolence to be shaken. A violent revolution seemed to produce a decent society. Guns and coercion were not necessary to preserve the revolution. Workers preserved it. Still, even questions as these approach the issue vaguely and theoretically. There was something which pushed me beyond all theory in speaking with this little man with the almond-shaped eyes, the high cheekbones, and the speech that was more like song than speech. Something about the compassion expressed in being overly apologetic for having killed American soldiers; a compassion so vast a number of Americans fail to show. Finally, in his constant distinction between the American government and the American people there was a great similarity to that command given in one of the Testaments about separating the sin from the sinner. In learning this I was to learn to see the issue of Vietnam and even Latin America in a more profound way. What exists in these lands is not so much a revolution in the sense of a planned and calculated overthrow of a tyranny, as it is a classical case of self-defense against an oppression so sophisticated that its means range from corporations to napalm. So, to support the Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front is not so much to

support a people striving to bring on a new society; no, it is a far deeper issue, of saying they have a right to be men, a right to the most venerable and ancient of all aspirations—the right of a man to live as he wants. In such a context not only do the Vietnamese have a right to shoot down B-52's; they have a moral obligation—out of demands of justice and charity—to do so.

I suppose in light of the foregoing and my obvious affirmation of Carlos and the cause he represents that it means I support him and the NLF. If that be an abandonment of nonviolence, so be it. I only intended to state in this essay all I saw and felt and learned while in Cuba.

The final word I have to offer is taken from a meditation I recorded in my journal upon the first visit of the Vietnamese to our camp. Speaking of the Venceremos Brigade they referred to it as "an act of militant friendship." Somehow that is the only way to describe the bonds and ties which were formed between myself and Cubans and Vietnamese, bonds and ties which neither time nor distance can separate. The significance of the Venceremos Brigade, at least to me, is that a friendship has happened between citizens of America and victims of America. No longer is it a case of the United States government committing aggressions against faraway lands which many of us could barely write a single page essay on at one time. It is now a case of aggressions against our friends.

My thoughts this moment are of the Cuban students I worked with. Suppose Rafael, Wilfredo, Cristobal, or Maria are killed the next time the U.S. finances an assault on Cuba? And Carlos. What awaits him on his return to Vietnam? I call these questions to mind with you because the degree of intensity and spirit, the degree of courage and hope with which a man struggles is incredibly heightened when a man struggles on behalf of his friends. Since the struggle of today is no different from any other struggle, in any other place, in any other time,

# The World of Alexander Solzhenitsyn

(Continued from page 4)

while the other one, old Platon, "is an upright old man. He thinks of his soul. He does not forget God." The little peasant's words, Tolstoy tells us, transforms Levin's entire life. And such is also the ascension of Solzhenitsyn's heroes.

The theme of a freedom, the true freedom, which the world does not know, is one of the dominant notes of Solzhenitsyn's writings. This does not mean of course, that freedom can no longer be sought in the world and that it can be found only behind prison-bars. The desert fathers fled to the wilderness, not because they despised God's creation, but because the men who lived in great cities and thought only of luxury and power, no longer had time to think of their souls. Innokenty Molodov, the diplomat, and the doctors of Cancer Ward are free men and women, but they have not succumbed to the slavery of selfishness, and have renounced the world's evil, not the world as such. There is no false asceticism, no self-punishment in Solzhenitsyn's books, but rather a call to purification, a call to build the City of God, so that the city of Man becomes possible to live in, the heroes of "The First Circle," of "Cancer Ward" and "The Love Girl and the Innocent,"

have all made tremendous sacrifices so as not to compromise; they have accepted harsher treatment, longer terms, separation from their loved ones, in order to reject all that could still tempt them and to purchase that one pearl of great price. "It's wonderful not being one of the bosses," says Nemov, a former gang-leader (in "The Love Girl"), who has renounced his privileged position rather than ill-treat the other inmates. And Nemov goes on to say: "Sometimes I think to myself, are our lives so important? Are they the most valuable thing we have?" And as the girl Lyuba asks: "What else is there?" Nemov replies. "It sounds funny talking about it here in the camp, but maybe... conscience."

Solzhenitsyn was very fond, as was Tolstoy, of Russian folklore, the wisdom of the peasant, ancient proverbs. So let us recall one of them, which he quotes in one of his best short stories: "Matrena's Home": "Without a just man, neither village, nor city, nor all our land can stand."

A. Solzhenitsyn's main work translated into English: "The First Circle," Harper & Row, "Cancer Ward," The Dial Press & Dell, "The Love Girl and the Innocent," Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

# A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

fiver intoning their own ancient, triumphant—Praise Him.

There were many voices speaking to me on this visit. The songs of birds, the wind whispering in trees, the cries of gulls, the roar of waves. But best of all were the voices of friends, Caroline and Cary, speaking of life and letters and all the complexities of mythology, theology, and philosophy which are the webbing of life and literature.

When I returned to Tivoli, I found that more than the face of nature had changed. Ron and Elizabeth Gessner, who came to help us in the work last September, had flown back to California. They did a great deal of work while here, and tried, I think, to be patient with our anarchistic quirks and oddities. We miss them, and their little son, Stephen. But whatever they undertake, we are sure they will do so with true dedication and no fear of work. God bless them and their new work.

With the departure of Ron and Elizabeth, Margie Hughes and Clarice Danielsson were left holding the principal bag of management, with Daniel

of Hans Tunnesen who can still go in and cook a fine meal for a large crowd in spite of his seventy-five years and arthritis. Then there is Alice Lawrence, who is always one of our best cooks and housekeepers in spite of diabetes and other ailments. There are in fact many persons helping in many areas of work, more than I can name. May God bless them all.

Since we do have a large community—fifty by official census count—with many in part or totally incapacitated, we do appreciate visitors who can lend a helping hand. Those who are planning to visit us this summer would also do well to write or phone Marge Hughes, Clarice Danielsson, or Stanley Vishnewski.

As usual, we are planning a number of conferences this summer. The Pax Study Weekend, which has been held here since we moved in 1964, will be held on the weekend of July 31-August 2. As in the past there will be excellent speakers and a very stimulating program.

In addition there are conferences scheduled tentatively on the July 4th weekend, and the weekend of August 22nd. These conferences will deal specifically with non-violence, with the one in August centered about the topic of man's violence against nature. On July 18th, we hope to have a discussion of contemplative prayer, which will be led by Sister Brendan, former president of Marymount College. Psycho-drama sessions are also planned for some of the conference weekends.

Anyone who wishes to attend any conference at the farm this summer should get in touch with Clarice Danielsson, who is in charge of this program.

For my part, I hope that we shall have either a good retreat of a few good Days of Recollection some time during the summer. Retreats were at one time, and for many years, a most important part of our summer program. It is hard to believe that we no longer need them, or that anything in the new liturgy makes them unnecessary.

It is the eve of June, the month of the Sacred Heart. The wood thrush and rose-breasted grosbeak have finished their even-song. The night is warm, and crickets sing. Children play in the dusk. The massacred children of My Lai will never play again. O God, great is our guilt. O Mary Queen of Peace, pray for us, that we may learn to live in His Peace, that we may learn to disseminate peace, and rest under the warm breast of the Holy Ghost. Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us.



Dauvin and Stanley Vishnewski assuming certain responsibilities. Then there are, of course, those who always keep the work going, no matter who is in charge or who comes and goes. I am thinking, of course, of John Filligar the farmer, whose garden is doing very well indeed, though I think he was grateful for Paulette Curran's help with the weeding this weekend. I am thinking, too, of Mike Sullivan, whose repair work is invaluable; and

it means that at some point the ultimate act of friendship will be demanded—the laying down of one's own life for one's friends.

And so, in the year nineteen hundred and seventy, Richard Nixon being president, the whole world at war, we pray for the strength to accept that demand.



# + + + LETTERS + + +

(Continued from page 5)

most about in here is the meaning of truth. Sounds really heavy and philosophical, but in fact it is a very down-to-earth, day-to-day proposition which seems to have enormous consequences in a place like this (on the outside, too, I am sure—it is just a little easier to see here in this artificial, self-contained environment). This whole prison is run on a multitude of lies. When you boil them all down, I think they amount to the fact that people are unable, or refuse, to see each other as they really are—their brothers, fellow human beings. Instead, guards deal with prisoners in terms of negative stereotypes, and prisoners deal with guards in the same way. Rumors fly about here like bats in the barn at night—you literally can't believe anything you hear, because everyone is so anxious to conclude the worst from any incident that occurs. In short, almost no one pays any attention to the truth, or to trying to discover the truth. I guess it just doesn't seem important to most people. Now I think I am beginning to understand for the first time why the idea of truth was so important to Gandhi, why he used the term "clinging to the truth"—you really do have to cling, with all of your might, to it, if you don't want to be swept away by all the prevailing winds of un-truth.

Love,  
Randy

Note: This is an excerpt from a letter of Randy to Chris. Randy is mentioned in the article, "A Cry To Resist," May, 1970.

## St. Louis Worker

Rt. 1, Box 86-B  
Wright City, Mo.

Dear Dorothy Day:

At last I'm able to send you the enclosed check which I only wish could be at least a yearly commitment. But on the limited income of a tax resistor (refuser), this doesn't seem likely. Luckily, two checks for work came in at the same time, so I have enough to live now for a while also.

I would appreciate, if you use any of the money for purposes other than printing costs, that it not be used to purchase tobacco, alcoholic beverages, or devitalized, processed foods of any kind (like white flour products, white sugar, etc.), foods adulterated with preservative chemicals, dyes, etc. or any meat or meat products. I believe that the body is the temple of the spirit, and it is un-Christian to desecrate it with unclean (debilitating or poisonous) materials, that is, anything other than fresh raw fruits, vegetables, nuts and seeds, raised on mineral rich soil capable of producing healthy plants that do not require the use of poisonous insecticides.

More important though, there is rather exciting news to report from here in St. Louis. For the last 3 weeks there has been a group of young people (mostly in their early 20's) meeting to discuss setting up a hospitality house. The group (sometimes as many as 50) got started after Mike Cullen and Ken Felt from the Milwaukee Casa Maria came here and talked about their project. This seemed to really inspire a lot of people who have probably been looking for a way to effectively express their Christian charity and love—especially since there has been, at least to my knowledge, no effort at establishing a hospitality house here since the demise of Dick Daly's Fairfax House and Phil Lahey's house on Mulanphy, which closed only a little later (about 4 or 5 years ago). Though there was only one person at the meetings besides myself who had been active in the other hospitality houses, the group (though mostly students) seems vitally concerned and dedicated to the concept of witnessing Christian brotherhood, and most are willing to commit themselves positively. Several of the group have now rented an apartment in the area where we have decided to work, and are thoroughly covering

the area, looking at all the available houses (several dozen). We are seriously considering one very nice one available for \$6,000 (at the last listed price but probably less now).

We are planning to "take over" one or more of the many hundreds of abandoned houses somewhere in one of the city's poverty areas (no decision yet), and contact the owner (most owners of these properties are happy to have any responsible party occupy them so as to prevent further vandalism and put the houses back in some kind of usable shape, since nearly every unoccupied house is completely stripped of copper, brass and lead pipe, and electrical wire, etc., by looters). Our idea is, rather than merely trying to get free rent for a few months for making repairs, to attempt to buy the property on a low payment loan or at a greatly reduced purchase price.

Also, I have suggested a community-type hospitality farm in conjunction with the city houses as the only way to achieve a self-help kind of education and rehabilitation (the idea of getting people out of their bad environment for a while, to be able to see the functioning of cooperative Christian community which is at peace with the total ecological picture). We are now also looking for a farm, though I have let it be known that I have a hospitality farm here (room for only 2 others in my own house, but trailers could be brought in, and there is plenty

of good farm land). Incidentally, I got the use of this place by putting an ad in the St. Louis paper as follows: "I will protect and maintain your unoccupied farm house for the privilege of living there." I was literally swamped with replies, and had a hard time choosing one, there were so many good offers!

With Christian love,  
Jack Sophr  
(Joaquin of Erehwemos)

## Book Ready

P.O. Box 2132  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

Dear Dorothy:

I am most happy to announce that THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION IN AMERICA is available. I thank all those who have sent in prepublication orders, and especially I thank those who have been so generous with alms, and finally those who have helped with larger amounts of money to enable me to pay the businessmen enough to get the book out. Also, I wish to thank these businessmen themselves, in Salt Lake City, for it seems to me that they have done a fine job in getting both of Ammon's books out so quickly.

Ammon chose such a small print for this book that the number of estimated pages was cut considerably, and although he had planned for the book to come out in hard cover, to cut costs, I decided for this first edition to have it come out in paperback. Therefore,

## Tributes to Ammon

### England

42 Barton Road  
Torquay, England  
April, 1970

Dear Dorothy Day,

I have just received the number of The Worker containing the news of Ammon Hennacy's death and tributes to him. It is indeed a great loss. When I read in a recent number that he had left the Church my sole regret was the thought he might also have lost his faith in God. I now know that this was far indeed from the truth and that he died with the devotion to God which had marked and moulded his life. It is clear in fact that he was truly a saint—in fact a modern St. Francis—though in this respect more fortunate than unlike St. Francis the founder of a society or organization which of its nature cannot dispense with possessions, he was able as St. Francis could not do—though his inevitable failure to square the circle cost him bitter pain to practice complete poverty to the end. I must however frankly confess that if this is simply the Christian life, so many of us—I first of all—are simply incapable of living it. I cannot however believe that the average Christian will be finally lost. Purgatory is so much more credible than the stark alternative of an immediate beatific vision or final loss of God—not however everlasting suffering which is utterly incompatible with a good God. Therefore without hypocritical pretense I can venerate Ammon's holiness and invoke his prayer and in spirit lay this tribute before his ashes. I have not forgotten the kind welcome you and Ammon gave me in America.

Yours sincerely,  
E. I. Watkin

### Netherlands

Augustijnendreef 15-  
Eindhoven, Nederland  
Sunday, 14 April

Dear Dorothy Day,

Upon finishing any copy of the Catholic Worker, I always feel an urge to write and express how grateful I am for each and every issue. It is the only English language newspaper I receive from the states and it brings the news which matters to me most; the publication inevitably re-affirms my faith in 'the good news,'—the work of Christ. The present number, however, was so

beautifully alive with the spirit of the man to whom it is dedicated (and "Russian Mike" is part of him, also), that I have to overcome my unfortunately perpetual adolescent shyness and express my appreciation.

All of the articles conveyed a flavor which opened a different facet of Ammon's personality (Mary Lathrop's account of his tears shook me). What Ammon did for Karl Meyer, for example, Thomas Merton did for me; it is easy enough to wake each day as a "pipsqueak liberal" but it is difficult to go to sleep once in your life as a believing radical. The influence of Ammon Hennacy may (perhaps it can?) spread out into more than a one-man revolution (which at least is a beginning). I remember reading a comment once made by Annie Besant. She said that if each individual awoke one morning desiring peace in his heart, there would be peace (AT LAST) in this world.

Living as white America does in a state of perpetual mortal sin, notwithstanding her shaking her mental chains negatively, I do not see how she shall escape eventual suicide—whinnying as she rushes furiously to the raging sea of her own death. Ammon Hennacy tried to change the course of its downward plunge as did A. J. Muste, M. L. King and Thomas Merton, among others. But I did not intend to spoil the reason I am writing, which is to express my joy at seeing the living Ammon Hennacy (perhaps he was Thoreau come back to life, as Tom Cornell suggested) in the pages of probably America's most extraordinary, high-quality newspaper, a publication which most likely keeps America from having brimstone fall upon her (my native land).

You, Dorothy, uniquely captured America's agony in your tribute to Ammon, when you described Levin's fight for faith. I personally feel sure that the crime in the streets, drug addiction (Malcom X's magnificent conversion in prison tells us enough as to how will can change a man), even the wars in Asia would be resolved if only America could rip out the blot of hypocrisy which she continually attempts to hide in her cloak of shame. Isn't this the whole meaning of Ammon's one man revolution—the teaching to his fellow Americans how they can conform their lives to their profession of faith, believed in the beginning by Tom Paine and Samuel Adams?

En Christo Revolutionario.

Howard Gold

the suggested price for THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION IN AMERICA is five dollars (less if you can't afford five). If anyone wishes 75¢ back on a prepaid order, please tell me. I'm sorry I did not know the final length of the book in order to cut the price sooner.

For this summer, tentatively, friends and I will do Ammon's twenty-five days of picketing and fasting for Hiroshima. These days, July 13–August 6, will be done in Memoriam for him.

One last thing—should anyone have ordered THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION from Ammon and paid, will you please let me know? Am's handwriting was nearly illegible, his papers and book-keeping chaos. Also although I am trying to be most careful, I may overlook a book order sent to me. Should anyone not receive an ordered book, please let me know. Occasionally a book is lacking some pages, part of a chapter, for instance. Here, too, please write to me and another book will be sent.

Joan Thomas

## Free At Last

919 Winston Road  
Columbus, Georgia 31903  
February 18, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

Today marks the beginning of my non-cooperation with the draft. I have returned my draft card to my board with a short note of explanation.

Just a few short days ago I was given a favorable decision on my request for a CO deferment. Even so, my mind wasn't eased. I knew I had not taken a full stand against the instrument used to suppress and manipulate our youth, the disadvantaged and poor. I had to say no to Caesar. I couldn't aid in the murder of one more man. I couldn't help destroy what chances we have for a peaceful world, the chances left to bring about brotherhood; the chance for all to live a human existence.

I'm happy that I have chosen life and not death.

What the Selective Service System will do, I can only guess. I'm not familiar with their method of dealing with Christians. To you, the Catholic Worker, and all of the unselfish people who work with you, I owe a great deal. Your ideals have become my own. Christ's message (as explained and exemplified by you, your fellow workers, by the Peacemaker and by Clarence Jordan) has shown me the freedom one can find only in Christ. I feel completely enveloped in brotherhood with you all. I hope I will always feel the warmth I feel now.

I have taken on my own identity. I'm no longer just a Selective Service No. I'm me. Free. Free in Christ. Free to do His will and not Caesar's.

My immediate plan is to journey to Koinonia where I can live and work with a true Christian Community, not just biding my time until the S.S. deals with me, but where I can perform any number of tasks in helping to shelter the homeless.

What more can I say but thanks, and God Bless.

Phillip Stevens

## Italian Anarchists Disavow Violence

Mr. J. M. Frager of the anarchist Jewish paper *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* recently paid us a visit to question a portion of Franco Torti's letter from Milan (*Catholic Worker*, March-April, 1970). Referring to the Jan. 10, 1970 issue of *London Freedom*, Mr. Frager pointed to the Italian Anarchist Federation's strong affirmation of non-violence and its horror at the bank bombing which took fourteen lives in Milan this winter. Mr. Torti's letter had alluded to this irruption as an anarchist action. According to Mr. Frager and the Correspondence Committee of the Federazione Anarchica Italiana, anarchists had nothing to do with the bombing and were horrified at "the absurd and bestial massacre of Milan . . ."

The Editors