

AY HISTORIC SITE

LA-2099

SI

THIS INDENTURE, made the

day of February,

nineteen hundred and **Sixty-one** between **ELIZABETH ROGERS, residing at 17 Cleveland Place, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York**

of the first part,

part **Y** of the first part, and

DOROTHY DAY

residing at **469 Bloomingdale Road, Borough of Richmond, City of New York**

part of the second part,

WITNESSETH, that the part **Y** of the first part, in consideration of One Dollar, lawful money of the United States, and other valuable consideration paid by the part **Y** of the second part, do **ES** hereby remise, release and quitclaim unto the party of the second part, **her heirs, distributees** and assigns forever,

ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the 5th Ward of the Borough and County of Richmond, City and State of New York, bounded and described as follows:-

BEGINNING at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Zephyr Avenue and the Southwesterly line of Poillon Avenue, the coordinates of which point of intersection are South 48°05.165' and West 36°19.474' and running thence South 31 degrees 49 minutes 04 seconds East along the Southwesterly line of Poillon Avenue 173.31 feet; thence South 76 degrees 34 minutes 12 seconds West along mean high water line of September, 1925, 65.58 feet; thence North 30 degrees 23 minutes 18 seconds West 154.13 feet to the Southeasterly line of Zephyr Avenue; thence North 59 degrees 36 minutes 42 seconds East and along the Southeasterly line of Zephyr Avenue 58.40 feet to the point or place of beginning.

BEING all of Lots Nos. 20, 21 and 22 in Block 30 on Map No. 1606 filed in Richmond County Clerk's Office.

Coordinates and bearings are in the system as established by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for the Borough of Richmond.

TOGETHER with all right, title and interest of the party of the first part in and to the land lying in the streets and roads in front of and adjoining said premises.

TOGETHER with the appurtenances and all the estate and rights of the party of the first part in and to said premises.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the premises herein granted unto the part **Y of the second part,**

her heirs, distributees

and assigns forever.

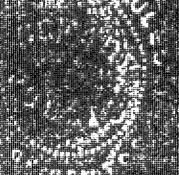
The party of the first part covenants that she will receive the consideration for this conveyance and will hold the right to receive such consideration as a trust fund to be applied first for the purpose of paying the cost of the improvement and that she will apply the same first to the payment of the cost of the improvement before using any part of the total of the same for any other purpose.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the party of the first part has hereunto set her hand and seal the day and year first above written.

IN PRESENCE OF:

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF *Richmond*
 On the *14* day of *March*, 1961, before me personally came **ELIZABETH ROGERS**

known to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged that she executed the same.



STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF *Richmond*
 On the *14* day of *March*, 1961, before me personally came

to me known to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged that she executed the same.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF *Richmond*
 On the *14* day of *March*, 1961, before me personally came the subscribing witness to the foregoing instrument with whom I am personally acquainted, who, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he resides at No. *1524* that he knows *Elizabeth Rogers* subscribed his name as witness thereto.

to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument; that he, said subscribing witness, was present and saw execute the same; and that he, said witness, at the same time

67
 Elizabeth Rogers
 TO
 Dorothy Day
QUITCLAIM DEED
 (INDIVIDUAL)

The land affected by the within instrument lies in Section *10* in Block *100* on the Land Map of the County of **Richmond**, Recorded at Request of **MACKAY & TULLY** 42 Broadway New York 4, N. Y.

CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY
 Home Office Kings County
 32 BROADWAY 205 MONTAGUE ST.
 New York 4, N. Y. Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
 WHittichall 4-5900 MAIn 4-5400
 Westchester *Narau*
 6 Grand Street 234 Old Country Road
 White Plains, N. Y. Mineola, N. Y.
 (Opposite Court House) (Opposite Court House)
 White Plains 6-4500 Pleasant 7-9100
 Suffolk
 224 West Main Street
 Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y.
 Park 7-0200

TITLE SERVICE IN ALL COUNTIES OF NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, CONNECTICUT, MAINE, MASSACHUSETTS, PENNSYLVANIA AND VIRGINIA

Examined M. T. D.

1961 MAR 17 10 09
 RICHMOND COUNTY

Recording Fee \$
 Recorded in the Richmond County Clerk's Office on *MAR 17 1961* at *1009A* M
1524 of
 the County of Richmond
 Augustine B. Casey, County Clerk



LIBER 1643 SET 362

The grantor, in compliance with Section 13 of the Lien Law, covenants that the grantor will receive the consideration for this conveyance and will hold the right to receive such consideration as a trust fund to be applied first for the purpose of paying the cost of the improvement and that the grantor will apply the same first to the payment of the cost of the improvement before using any part of the total of the same for any other purpose.

AND the said party of the first part covenants that she has not done or suffered anything whereby the said premises have been encumbered in any way whatever.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the party of the first part has hereunto set her hand and seal the day and year first above written.

In presence of:

[Signature]
Dorothy Day

STATE OF NEW YORK COUNTY OF RICHMOND

On the 17th day of April, nineteen hundred and sixty-four, before me came DOROTHY DAY,

to me known and known to me to be the individual described in, and who executed, the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

[Signature]
Gerald A. Gratewski

FORWARD & GAIENWALD
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 43-153400
Qualified in Richmond County
Office Expires March 30, 1965

#10778

1819

[Signature]
DOROTHY DAY
WALTER STOJANOWSKI and
HELEN BREGULLA

Deed

BARGAIN AND SALE

Dated, April 17, 1964
The land affected by the within instrument
lies in Section 3, Block 6454B
on the land map of the County
of Richmond.

Record and Return to

[Signature]
Gerald A. Gratewski
attorney at law
152 1/2 Hypocent Street
Hort. Island, New York

RETURN TO: []
[] of Recording Office
[] of County Clerk
[] of County Clerk
[] of County Clerk
[] of County Clerk

LIBER 1643 PAGE 361

THIS INDENTURE, made the 17 day of June, nineteen hundred and sixty-four
BETWEEN DOROTHY DAY, residing at 469 Bloomingdale Road, in the
Borough and County of Richmond, City and State of New York,

as Joint Tenants and not as ^{parties} tenants ^{of the first part, and} in Common
WALTER STOJANOWSKI and HELEN BREGULLA, both residing at 464 Poillon
Avenue, in the Borough and County of Richmond, City and State of New
York,

parties of the second part,
WITNESSETH, that the party of the first part, in consideration of ONE (\$1.00) and
more Dollars,

lawful money of the United States, and other good and valuable consideration
paid by the parties of the second part does hereby grant and release unto the parties of the second part,
their heirs and assigns, forever,

ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of land with the buildings
and improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the Fifth Ward
of the Borough and County of Richmond, City and State of New York,
bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at the corner formed by the intersection of the south-
easterly line of Zephyr Avenue and the southwesterly line of Poillon
Avenue, the coordinates of which point of intersection are South
48°05'16.5" and West 360'19.474", and running thence South 31 degrees,
49 minutes, 04 seconds East along the southwesterly line of Poillon
Avenue 173.31 feet; thence South 76 degrees, 34 minutes, 12 seconds
West along mean high water line of September, 1925, 65.58 feet; thence
North 30 degrees, 23 minutes, 18 seconds West 154.13 feet to the
southeasterly line of Zephyr Avenue; thence North 59 degrees,
36 minutes, 42 seconds East and along the southeasterly line of
Zephyr Avenue 58.40 feet to the point or place of beginning.

BEING all of Lots Nos. 20, 21 and 22 in Block 30 on Map No. 1606
filed in Richmond County Clerk's Office.

Coordinates and bearings are in the system as established by the
United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for the Borough of Richmond.

BEING the same premises conveyed to the party of the first part
herein by virtue of a deed recorded in Liber 1524 of Deeds, page 228,
in the Richmond County Clerk's office on March 17, 1961.



"On Pilgrimage - June 1975"

by Dorothy Day

The Catholic Worker, June 1975, 1, 2, 6.

Summary: Vignettes from her date book—life at the beach house on Staten Island, visitors, books she is reading, meetings attended, and visits to Catholic Worker houses and her family. (DOC #552).

The easiest way for me to write my piece this month is just to follow my diary for the last month. When my sister and I were little girls, we used to climb out after school on a breakwater on Lake Michigan, just off Lincoln Park, and sit there surrounded by that inland sea and write in our diaries. (Whatever became of them!)

Nowadays, I keep two diaries. One just a date book with large space for extended notes, and the other an occasional one when I have a sense of leisure, as at my sister's near Tivoli or my daughter's in Vermont. I will follow the date book now. It is a mixed bag of notes on my winter on the beach in Staten Island, an interim to recover from general fatigue, and to catch up on mail and a book. (I don't remember the time when I was **not** writing a book.)

Sunday, May 4. Pouring rain all day. Everything smells fresh. Waves are pounding on the beach. Went to five-thirty Mass up at Holy Child Church in Eltingville. There seems to be music at every Mass, a children's choir and congregation joining in, and of every hymn, every verse is sung. St Augustine wrote that a prayer sung is twice said. There is no parochial school, but a school of religion for the children. There are pamphlet and book racks, and a St. Vincent de Paul Society (very few of those left what with our centralized charities). The priests are Irish, Polish and Italian, and the sermons are very good. Food for thought.

Monday, May 5. Sunny today. Walked on the beach and collected driftwood for the pot-bellied stove. Storms have been so severe this winter that all sorts of timber, remains of wrecked ships and piers, even huge blocks of cement, portions of waterfront sidewalks, have been tossed up by the waves that ate away part of the shoreline through the winter months. And plenty of small scraps for the stove.

Tuesday, May 6. Answering mail for hours ... Reading the correspondence of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, a fascinating account of the two famous and lovable anarchists who were deported to Russia after the First World War. With difficulty they left Russia, finding it too oppressive. Their story of their years in exile all over Europe is called **Nowhere to Home** (Schocken Books, \$12.95). I had met Berkman years ago after his release from prison. (Ammon Hennacy writes of him in his own autobiography, of his meeting with him in the Federal Prison in Atlanta, Ga. Ammon had a great admiration for Emma Goldman too.) My old friend, Peggy Baird Cowley, with whom I shared a prison cell during the woman's suffrage struggle in 1917 or '18, had given Berkman hospitality after he did time in Atlanta, and Emily Coleman, writer and poet, had been Emma's secretary in Paris while Emma was writing her autobiography (still in print, as is Berkman's prison memoirs). Both Peggy and Emily became Catholics and ended their days with us at our Tivoli farm. Peter Maurin was more interested in the philosophical anarchism of Peter Kropotkin, with his constructive ideas set forth in **Mutual Aid**, and **Fields, Factories and Workshops**. Kropotkin's **Memoirs of a Revolutionist** was first printed in the **Atlantic Monthly**. His books can be bought in paperback and in these times of highly centralized authority, not to speak of corruption, it is good to read about these freedom-fighters, and a vision of a decentralized society.

Honorable Work

Tuesday, May 6. Press day. May Day is an important date for us, since our paper first came out

May first in 1933. We have many writers and many editors. But they are all so engaged in baking bread, making soup, begging from the market, not to speak of taking care of St. Joseph's House on First Street, that writing is always done at the last minute. However, this May Day issue is a gem, covering all our positions and our activities--what we are all about. Also, it is twelve instead of eight pages.

How we pay our bills I do not know. God knows. Scripture tells us, if we "sow sparingly we will we will reap sparingly," so when we are in need we become more generous and serve an even richer soup to an ever growing line. "Give to him to who asks"--we try to do that. Today it is a cold day. There will be a run on the clothes room, an old store on Second Avenue.

Down here on Staten Island, Augustino caught the first fish of the season, a striped bass. He gave it to Marge Hughes to bake (she is wintering next door but will soon return to West Virginia to the village springing up there). She skinned the fish. I once spread out eel skins on a board and dried them in the sun, and later made a beautiful binding for a prayer book. A bit smelly, but I was reminded that Peter, James and John were fisherman. "After the crucifixion, those apostles could go back to their nets, but Matthew could not go back to his counting house," Fr. Vincent McNabb, the famous English Dominican a writer, said. Fishing is an honorable occupation!

Friday, May 9. I went in to New York to attend the Pax Christi Meeting at which there were two bishops present, Bishop Dozier of Memphis and Bishop Gumbleton of Detroit.

Saturday, May 10. The meeting lasted all day, and Tom Cornell drove me downtown to Union Square in the late afternoon to join the United Farm Worker's meeting which had begun with a parade down Seventh Avenue. It was a beautiful day for the meeting and the joyful confidence of the strikers continues. I hope they get plenty of volunteers for their training courses which are carried on by Fred Ross, a brilliant organizer who has been on their side from the first. I wish I could get to the Farm Worker's headquarters at 331 W. 84th St., New York, New York 10024, to sit in on some of the sessions.

At Staten Island

Monday, May 12. Back to Staten Island. Johnny Hughes and Tommy Turner, his cousin, found star fish and sea horses at low tide today on the beach. It was fun to see them swim around upright. The larger ones, which we picked up on the beach, were dead and dried up. I learned an interesting fact. The female lays the eggs and the male has the burdensome task of carrying them in a pouch (my informant says his **stomach!**) until they hatch!

Tuesday, May 13. Dr. William Miller, historian from the University of Florida who wrote **A Harsh and Dreadful Love**, (now in paperback in the Image books of Doubleday, and originally published by Liveright), arrived for a two-day visit. He is driving back to Florida with a carload of manuscripts and note-books to help him complete his work on Peter Maurin and the Catholic Worker movement. This should be an invaluable help to all the young people who are starting Houses of Hospitality around the country. His own sons and their college mates are starting one in Tallahassee (At present there are about 47. I can not be too sure of the number as there are many beginnings and unless we keep in touch, we do not know how long they survive.) Every now and then we have small epidemics of violence in our houses and neighborhoods, and they are pretty hard to take unless there is a good supportive group. Our windows get broken regularly, but since they are made up of many small panes, they can be mended more easily. One of our fellow workers who enjoys our evening meals, offered to paint vines all over the cracked but reinforced panes, and his artistry resulted in a regular Jack and the Beanstalk vine which wandered over the panes and spread over the walls. And among the broad green leaves fluttered a number of peaceable white pigeons! I always delighted in this working out practically Peter Maurin's synthesis of Cult, Culture, and Cultivation. Cult (religion) resulted in our bearing these affronts calmly without resorting to violence in turn; Culture was increased thereby, a reminder that the workman on a medieval

cathedral also passed from cult to culture; and, of course, the greenery as a whole reminded us of the Cultivation which is going on not only among the little mountain farms of West Virginia, but in Tivoli. When Harry Simmons, our "genius" of an architect (as Ruth Collins, our co-worker on our House problems called him), dropped in one evening, he liked our cheerful utilization of one of the smaller of our daily disasters around St. Joseph's House.

Thursday, May 15. Marge is packing up to go to West Virginia, but finding time to plant the garden in the little yard of one of the two small houses which we have named St. John of the Cross, and St. Teresa of Avila. They are the nearest thing we have for our young volunteers to use as a Poustinia, which Catherine de Hueck Doherty of Combermere, Canada, has introduced us to through her book by that name, published by Notre Dame Press. Most of the winter I have lived in one and Marge Hughes in the other with her son John. But now the winter has come to an end, and I must go to the farm at Tivoli for a brief visit to Unity Acres and Unity Kitchen in Syracuse.

Friday, May 16. Spent the day cleaning up, getting the little three-room place ready for summer visitors. And always there are letters to write! And temptations to read. I have been reading over Thomas Merton's four long reviews of Indian civilizations which were originally printed in the **Catholic Worker** and which are now going to come out in book form. I am supposed to write the introduction. I feel utterly inadequate. The reviews, really long articles, are inspiring to read and one finishes them only to say, More, more,--we need to study more about these peoples, these former great civilizations! Why do I say yes to such assignments? Partly, it is my newspaper background where writing is a daily job. But I here confess with a great sense of guilt, that this last year I have agreed to write articles for a number of periodicals and have not done so. We are too overwhelmed at The Catholic Worker. The sufferings of so many of those with whom we live day after day, year after year, weigh us down at times so that there is no energy to adequately handle writing jobs. Just to live, to endure, and yes, to rejoice too that God has given us a work to do, is enough. These little houses should serve that purpose, to give us breathing space, time to reflect, and to let go, drop out of activity for a time, leave the work to others and to pray. Work enough!

Spring Visits

The rest of May. I did indeed visit around and enjoyed it very much. Travel refreshes me. Reading Reading Chekhov's letters, I find that he too, was an ardent traveller. Nothing was too much for him. His long trip across Siberia by river and by carriage to visit the Penal Colony of Sakhalin (he hoped to alleviate the sufferings of the people there) and all his letters to his family are fascinating reading. Both Viking Press and Harpers have published volumes of his letters to his family, his publishers and friends, and I have been reading them, and feeling justified in starting out again as I am going to do the rest of this month.

So to finish my report--I have visited Tivoli, and am preparing to go back for much of the Peacemaker Conference the last two weeks of June. A weekend with my sister at Kinderhook, New York. A few days in Syracuse, where I visited Carol and Jerry Berrigan, and the mother of those valiant sons who shared the sufferings of prisoners by their sentences for destroying draft records. A good visit in Syracuse with the group who help Fr. McVey in his great venture, Unity Acres, and then on to Unity Acres itself, where probably two hundred and fifty men have been given refuge in a beautiful tract of forest surrounding an old t.b. hospital which was no longer being used. They are thirty or so miles north of Syracuse and many of our men "off the road," as we say at Tivoli, and many a one from St. Joseph's House in New York also have found time to recover from illnesses of various kinds. As far as I know, no limit is put on the time they can stay there.

I was sorry I did not get the chance to visit Unity Kitchen in Syracuse, but the trouble is, one is taken possession of by one's friends. But I saw the large building, which is like a three-story loft and houses the dining room, a dormitory which can take care of thirty men, and a clothing room and repair shop. I was much impressed. I also visited in Rochester and was happy to find that the House of Hospitality is still operating, serving food but not lodging. A monastery not too far away is

supplying the Rochester and Syracuse houses with bread daily for hundreds of men--good monks bread.

And now I set out for a visit with my daughter up in Vermont. I have not seen her for many months, as her hillside farm was covered with snow and ice during a particularly hard winter. But now I will have the joy of visiting with her and the grandchildren, and their children! On the long bus trip today, I shall do much praying for them all, and for all those I am leaving at home on First and Third Streets, and at Tivoli, who continue the hard round of daily labors, and for our readers and writers, and all those who break bread with us daily.

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environment being remodeled to accommodate the new—shopping malls, superhighways, new institutional structures, and a new jargon-filled language—all justified in the name of progress, of keeping up with some new force in the thrust of life. Where would anything be left for memory—those objects and dispositions toward life that stood in their antiquity as a sign of eternity?

Dorothy's critical view of things can be accounted for to some extent by her health. The "pills" that she thought would set life aright no doubt kept her going, but her energy reserve was thin. During the winters, she developed congestions and coughs that kept her in bed for weeks at a time. To conserve her energy and to have a better air to breathe, she spent the winter of 1975 in one of the two cottages on the beach at Staten Island that the Workers owned. She lived alone, although Marge Hughes and her son, Johnny, were immediately at hand in the next cottage. Marge had been with the Worker almost from the beginning and her devotion to Dorothy, after annoyances and misunderstandings had faded to their proper proportion, was unqualified. Periodically, someone came to the Island from the First Street house to bring the mail and the news; other than that, she had no contact with the world except for her telephone. And the telephone was used almost exclusively for conversations with Tamar, Della, and Forster. The calls from Forster pleased her. "Once someone has taken a part of your life," she would say, "that part always belongs to that person."

That summer she went back to Tivoli and, increasingly, she found things to dismay her. Although the place had natural beauty, it was not Grand Hotel. It was a Catholic Worker house, and more and more, the young people who came there found the community in the particular dispositions of their own condition rather than in Peter Maurin's "common unity." Physically, the place showed it. It had a dilapidated and frowzy appearance, the more painful to witness because of the sad desolation that had befallen the noble de Peyster mansion, still grand and proudly erect, but that was increasingly called on to surrender its last claim to graciousness in favor of the immediate need for a roof over the heads for young wanderers. Frequently, whoever would unroll his or her sleeping bag in the old place would be taken with its spaciousness and the magnificent prospect of the Hudson it provided, and would resolve to stay a while. Plastic would be nailed over the doorway, and posters depicting the undulant posturings of favorite rock band leaders would cover the walls.

Telephone!

My name is Paul Fernandez. I was treasurer of the SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY from 1974 to 1982. I was a member of the Board of Directors from 1974 until the SOCIETY dissolved in 2000. I was active in the management and affairs of the SOCIETY since 1973. I am familiar with the facts and circumstances surrounding the issues in question.

My duties as treasurer required that I be familiar with the tenants of the SOCIETY as it was my responsibility to collect the rents. Furthermore, the sale of a bungalow did not entitle the purchaser to live in the Camp. Consent had to be obtained from the representatives of the SOCIETY, the President, Mr. Buch and myself as Treasurer.

I can attest and the records will show that the "so called" Dorothy Day Cottage was purchased by Rosemary Morse in 1973 from Manuel Castro, a member of the SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY. Rosemary Morse was the occupant of that bungalow from the time of purchase until she was evicted in 1998. The "so called" Dorothy Day bungalow was situated among some 40 bungalows on one acre of land. It was impossible to live in "The Camp" without coming to the attention of the members of the SOCIETY, especially those members living in the Camp all year round.

The members of the SOCIETY knew Rosemary Morse but they have no knowledge of Dorothy Day.

- Conclusion:
1. Dorothy Day never lived in Camp.
 2. Dorothy Day never owned a bungalow in the Spanish Camp.

Attempt to take over the Spanish Camp

I

1. THE SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY was incorporated in 1929.
2. The "Camp" was purchased in 1948.
3. The Staten Island Naturopath Society filed for incorporation before July 19, 1983.
4. Business Certificate of the Spanish Camp Residents Association was filed Aug. 12, 1983.

II

The Certificate of Incorporation of the Staten Island Naturopath Society lists as its officers:

1. Doris Nielsen, 124 Spanish Colony
2. John Rosati, 208 Spanish Colony
3. Brenda Dazinski, 5 Spanish Colony

The address of the Staten Island Naturopath Society is listed as 124 Spanish Colony.

The purposes of the Staten Island Naturopath Society was copied word for word from the purposes listed in the Certificate of Incorporation of the SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY.

The not for profit Corporation law of the State of N.Y. provides for the merger or consolidation (take over) of a corporation by another similar corporation. To this end, the Spanish Camp Residents Association, the alter ego of the Staten Island Naturopath Society sued the SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY, claiming that the members of the Spanish Camp Residents Association were entitled to membership in the SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY. Pat and Kathleen Jordan were among the plaintiffs claiming membership notwithstanding the fact that they never owned a bungalow in Camp. **

III

The tenants mistakingly believed that the SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY

"had lost its not for profit status, under the laws of the State of N.Y. (had no legal existance)" ph. 37 of The Complaint

In other words they believed the Camp was up for grabs.

From this mistaken belief the tenants launched a campaign to wrest control of the Camp from the SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY.

The campaign was launched with letters from Brenda Gazinski, the Secretary of the newly formed Spanish Camp Residents Asso., the same Brenda Gazinski listed as an origiaal direector of the Staten Island Naturopath Society.

IV

The first of these letters is dated Oct. 26, 1982 announcing the establishment of the Spanish Camp Residents Association. Brenda Gazinski an original director of the Staten Island Naturopath Soc: is listed as Secretary. John Rosati, another director of the Staten Is. Naturopath Soc. is listed as Treasurer. Estelle Cora is listed as President.

The second letter dated Nov. 1, 1982 questions "the validity and the authority by which this increase was decided" (THE SPANISH NATUROPATH SOCIETY had no legal existance.)

V

The Staten Island Naturopath Society had no standing to sue (No privity) and therefore its alter ego The Spanish Camp Residents Asso. (same members in both organizations) commenced the Court action which they hoped would result in the transfer of control

THE SPANISH NAT. SOC

of the Camp to the Staten Is. Naturopath Soc. Ph. 51 of the
complaint states

"If the members of the plaintiff (Residents Asso.)
were permitted to become members . . . then in
that event the members would be able to prevent
the sale of the within land"

The complaint was dismissed in the lower Court and affirmed in
the Appellate Division. It was only after the SOCIETY began
evicting the tenants that the Dorothy Day question was raised.

It appears that some of the members of the Staten Island Naturopath
Society - - Spanish Camp Residents Association are still seeking
subsidized living in the Camp. - - care taker cottages, free
parking, etc. etc. only this time by invoking Dorothy Day.

588 #147-3 mo. to Feb. 1, 1974 - (3813) #147-(3860)
#147.(3881) #147.(3747)

588 #294. mitad renta 1974. (3833) #294 (3745)

588 \$294.00 (3819) Paid until May 1, 1974
\$588.00 (3715) " " " 1, 1975

588 Providencia Bermudez - Rent begins
Aug. 1974. Lung. #6.
Sept - 11 - \$50
3-19-74 PD 97

BUNG. R-

122 TOMAS NOGUEROLES - Paid until Nov. 1, 1974.

87 Francisco Pizarro - Paid

27 Rosemary R. Morse - Paid until May 1, 1974
" " " 1975

PD 3-19-74

THE CATHOLIC WORKER FARM
BOX 33
DIVOLI, N. Y. 12583

Nov. 17-1975

Dear Doris,

What a pleasant surprise it was for me to have seen you and to know that you still think of us after all these years. And better still to know that you have now become a Catholic. The Church is indeed the Pearl of Great Price and I consider it a great blessing that I was born into the Faith. The Love of Christ is the one steadying influence that we can have in our lives.

Dorothy was a bit sorry that she missed you. I told her that you were here and she wanted to know all about what you were doing etc. I gave her your address and phone number and Dorothy says that she will try to get in touch with you when she goes to the beach house. The CW beach houses are located in the Spanish camp. We have the use of them....

Dorothy autographed two of her books for you which I am mailing today. So be on the lookout for them. It probably will take about a week or so to reach you. The books are: Loaves and Fishes and On Pilgrimage. I do hope that you will like them.

Be sure to let me know the next time you plan to visit the farm so that I will plan to be here. I will then try to show the slides to the Sisters.

I will try to get to the city sometime this month and I will try to get in touch with you. I am looking forward to seeing you. There is so much to talk about--so much has happened in the past ten years.

But above all do let us keep one another in our prayers.

Love in Christ

Stanley Vishnewski
Stanley Vishnewski

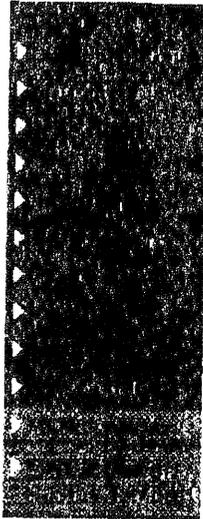
PS I wrote to Marge that you were here. Be sure to write her in West Virginia....

Criteria for Historic Significance

| |
|---|
| <p>36 CFR 60.4, Part 1</p> |
| <p>The quality of significance in American history, architecture, archaeology, engineering, and culture is present in districts, sites, buildings, structures, and objects that possess integrity of location, design, setting, materials, workmanship, feeling, and association and:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> A. that are associated with events that have made a significant contribution to the broad patterns of our history; or B. that are associated with the lives of persons significant in our past; or C. that embody the distinctive characteristics of a type, period, or method of construction, or that represent the work of a master, or that possess high artistic values, or that represent a significant and distinguishable entity whose components may lack individual distinction; or D. that have yielded, or may be likely to yield, information important in prehistory or history. |
| <p>36 CFR 60.4, Part II</p> |
| <p>Ordinarily cemeteries, birthplaces, or graves of historical figures, properties owned by religious institutions or used for religious purposes, structures that have been moved from their original locations, reconstructed historic buildings, properties primarily commemorative in nature, and properties that have achieved significance within the past 50 years shall not be considered eligible for the National Register. However, such properties will qualify if they are integral parts of districts that do meet the criteria or if they fall within the following categories:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> A. a religious property deriving primary significance from architectural or artistic distinction or historical importance; or B. a building or structure removed from its original location but which is significant primarily for architectural value, or which is the surviving structure most importantly associated with a historic person or event; or C. a birthplace or grave of a historical figure of outstanding importance if there is no appropriate site or building directly associated with his productive life; or D. a cemetery which derives its primary significance from graves or persons of transcendent importance, from age, from distinctive design features, or from association with historic events; or E. a reconstructed building when accurately executed in a suitable environment and presented in a dignified manner as part of a restoration master plan, and when no other building or structure with the same association has survived; or F. a property primarily commemorative in intent if design, age, tradition, or symbolic value has invested it with its own exceptional significance; or G. a property achieving significance within the past 50 years if it is of exceptional importance. |



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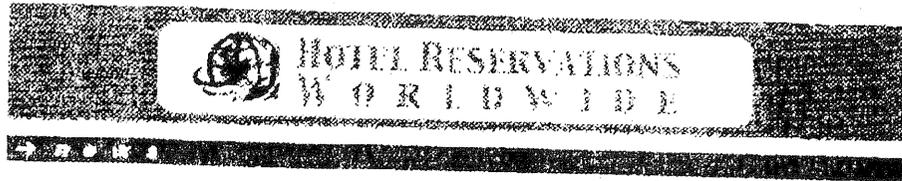


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OPINIONS

Staten Island Advance

History or hokum?

04/19/01

It seems pretty safe to say that over the last four centuries, hundreds, if not thousands, of historic, revered and celebrated figures have lived, visited and traveled on Staten Island. Great political, military and social leaders have stayed, socialized and spoken here; treasured artists have resided and vacationed here; renowned clerics have preached here and cherished show business stars have performed here.

The question of the day is: Is every square foot of ground they touched a hallowed piece of history? Is every building they entered, slept in or ate meals in worthy of preservation as an historic landmark?

Those who have a sort of pack-rat mentality when it comes to saving as many artifacts of the past as possible -- a/k/a our history -- would say of course that's true. Given their way, they would place the decidedly ordinary bits of the past on a preservationist pedestal alongside genuinely significant places and objects -- and, in their zeal for advocating the past's supremacy over the present and the future, they would convert most of our world into a museum.

But then, where would people live?

The battle lines in this long-running debate have seldom been more clear than in the matter of the Spanish Camp and its limited association with Dorothy Day, the social activist and founder of the Catholic Worker movement who recently became a candidate for sainthood in the Roman Catholic Church.

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DOROTHY DAY

*JJR
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MBB

Facsimile Cover Sheet

To: Mark Silverman
Company: Landmarks Commission
Phone:
Fax: 1 212 487 6796

From: PASCHAL A. CORBO ESQ.
Company:
Phone: 718 987-3600
Fax: 718 987-7830

RE: Spanish Camp

Date: 4/20/01
Pages including this cover page: 5

Comments: As per our conversation

As is well known by now, that association, while it certainly existed for several decades, only came to the fore when a developer with plans for seaside mini-mansions sought the controversial purchase of the entire Spanish Camp property from its longtime owners, a naturalist and vegetarian advocacy group whose members held shares of the property

At that time, it was argued that since Ms. Day spent time at some Spanish Camp bungalows owned by the Catholic Worker, the entire colony must be preserved as an historic site. Those making that argument included then-current residents of the colony who had no connection with the Spanish Naturopath Society or the Catholic Worker, and merely rented the land on which the cottages stood.

The court disallowed the residents' claim of proprietary rights and allowed the developer, John DiScala, to proceed with his project. Mr. DiScala, in deference to the strong feelings engendered by the dispute, agreed to allow the Landmarks Preservation Commission to consider landmark status for several cottages said to be frequented by Dorothy Day in summer during the 1970s.

The commission dithered, to say the least, for several years and, in February, an impatient Mr. DiScala somehow obtained permits to demolish the bungalows in question. How he obtained those permits when the Landmarks Preservation Commission was in the process of considering the worthiness of the structures as landmarks and had notified the Buildings Department is a matter that is under investigation. What's more, Mr. DiScala knew the cottages could well be landmarked, and despite his frustration and Landmarks' inexcusable plodding, should not have taken it upon himself to decide the fate of the cottages. Again, just how he got the required permits must be determined.

In the meantime, however, the Friends of Dorothy Day Cottages and other advocates contend that several remaining cottages not demolished must be preserved as historic structures. Again, the claim is that Ms. Day spent time in those cottages. They are insisting that the Landmarks Preservation Commission designate those cottages and require Mr.

DiScala to set them aside as an historic site, complete with parking lot for visitors, who, they say, are sure to come if and when Ms. Day is canonized.

At a stormy meeting Tuesday night that included Mr. DiScala's own claim to be a victim of slander, the abstract idealism of Ms. Day and the Spanish Naturopath Society was pitted against the practical rights of property-owners.

There is no question of Dorothy Day's status as an important Catholic figure and a prominent leader in the campaign for social justice during the last century. However, for the record, she was also a politically controversial figure in her time and not universally admired within the Catholic Church.

Nor is there any question that the other cottages should not have been demolished before their landmark status was decided.

About many other things, however, there are important questions. At the risk of being accused of being hard-hearted, we'll be hard-headed and ask them:

Does the fact that Dorothy Day stayed parts of a few summers in one or another of the cottages at Spanish Camp really justify the permanent landmark status? Why wasn't that status ever sought before the developer announced his plan? And does a prospective saint's short-lived vacation getaway destination really measure up as a public attraction? Isn't an historical marker enough?

And which of these thoroughly idealized cottage(s) did she stay in? In February, it was indignantly claimed that the Dorothy Day Cottage had been wantonly demolished. Now it is claimed that other cottages are The Dorothy Day Cottages and must be preserved.

It sounds suspiciously like this argument is not really about Dorothy Day or historic preservation but about land development. Indeed, Ms. Day, for all the esteem in which she may be held in certain circles, was seldom talked about -- or even known -- outside those circles before this dispute arose. Now, a kind of Dorothy-Day-slept-here preservation ethic is being

urged on the public.

Where did Dorothy Day live -- really live -- and work all the rest of her life, outside the several months she spent on the beach at Annadale? Are those sites being pushed for landmark status, too?

This seems to be a battle of ideology as much as one of historic preservation. A strong hint of that was contained in the statement Mark Kiley, president of the Friends of Dorothy Day Cottages, made at the meeting Tuesday night. He said of the cottages, They are testament to a time in New York when one did not need a seven-figure investment portfolio to enjoy this part of God's seashore.

Of course, that sets this up as a white hat-black hat clash of symbols: The simple cottage[s] of a left-leaning advocate for the poor and workers (good) versus a developer's plan to put up large custom homes for the affluent (bad).

Are people who are not wealthy really denied access to God's seashore anywhere on Staten Island because they don't have that necessary seven-figure investment portfolio, as the statement suggests? Hardly. But if these neglected bungalows are not confiscated to be made into a public shrine to Dorothy Day, a developer will have gotten his way on that small stretch of the Annadale seashore. That, not the razing of a few bungalows that Dorothy Day may or may not have spent a few weeks in, seems to be what's really at stake here for many waving the banner of preservationism.

» Check the **archive of past Opinions/Editorials**.

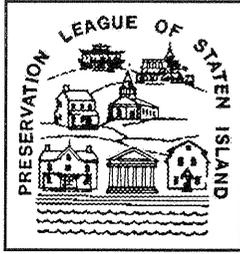
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Preservation League of Staten Island

P. O. Box 010071, Staten Island, NY 10301-0003

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April 17, 2001

Testimony before the Landmarks Preservation Commission, April 17, 2001, in support of designation of the Dorothy Day Historic Site, 457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island.

Since its organization in 1977, The Preservation League of Staten Island has devoted its time, energy and resources to identifying, fostering an appreciation for, and supporting the preservation of Staten Island's historic built environment through a wide variety of activities.

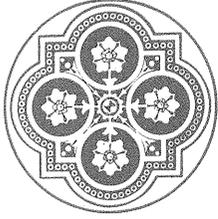
The preservation community on Staten Island has suffered a series of unfortunate and disappointing events with respect to designation of a site to commemorate Spanish Camp and Dorothy Day's life there. The final blow was the unwarranted demolition of the Dorothy Day cottage itself, under circumstances that have raised serious questions about and triggered investigations into the behavior of the developer and the various city agencies involved.

Since 1997, before the majority of the bungalows at Spanish Camp were demolished, the Preservation League has supported designation of a Spanish Camp Historic District. We feel that the history of Spanish Camp, created by the Spanish Naturopath Society to provide a place where working-class people could live in close association with the natural environment, deserves commemoration for its own sake, apart from the fact that it served as Dorothy Day's retreat during the last 10 years of her life. We hope that in future the Commission will consider designation of the larger site proposed by the Spanish Camp Preservation Coalition.

The issue before us today is the Dorothy Day Historic Site. Miraculously, four cottages remain near the location of her dwelling. These simple bungalows can represent the type of house and the bucolic setting where Dorothy Day found peace in the last years of her life. While we anticipate problems with public access and enforcement due to the small size of the site and the lack of public roads leading to it, we support the designation.

Let's get the designation done as quickly as possible; let's prevent further devastation; and then let's wrestle with the issue of designation of a larger historic district and with the problems of access and protection.

CHANN. GRAHAM



CITY / SCAPE:
 Cultural Resource Consultants
 726 Carroll Street Brooklyn, NY 11215
 (718) 965-3860 Fax: (718) 788-4024

April 16, 2001

Jennifer Raab, Chairwoman
 New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission
 100 Old Slip
 New York, New York 10005

*RE: Status of the "Dorothy Day Cottage" in Spanish Camp.
 Borough of Staten Island. Richmond County, New York*

Dear Ms. Raab:

In September 1998 CITY/SCAPE: Cultural Resource Consultants was retained by Mr. John DiScala, current owner of the property referred to as Spanish Camp, to prepare a Stage 1A Literature Review and Archaeological and Historic Sensitivity Evaluation for the property identified as Block 6431, Lot 1 in the Borough of Staten Island, Richmond County, New York. Upon its completion, I understand a copy of that report was forwarded to the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission.

As part of the research undertaken for this report I visited the New York City Landmark Preservation Commission, where I examined the materials presented to the Commission in support of the designation of Spanish Camp as a New York City landmark. At that time of my visit the Commission had already determined that the vast majority of the complex did not possess the "architectural, historical or cultural significance necessary to be a landmark," but was continuing to "explore the potential landmark designation of the smaller area within the Spanish Camp that includes and surrounds the cottage where Dorothy Day is believed to have lived" (Letter to Ms. Patrice Sotomayer, dated December 23, 1997).

While noting the statement that the designation under consideration was to include the cottage where Dorothy Day was **believed** [emphasis added] to have lived, I acknowledge that I accepted the articles in the file from the Staten Island papers and other materials concerning the "Dorothy Day Cottage" to be accurate.

Reservant #1

FRANCES EBERHART

Setting aside the drama and controversy surrounding the calendaring of Spanish Camp for this hearing, it is nonetheless very exciting to have the opportunity for all of us interested in the site to have an opportunity to share information and understanding about this remarkable place.

I know that many people today will have much to say about the cultural and historical importance of Spanish Camp. I would like to make sure that we also consider the architectural significance of the buildings, in their context. Needless to say, this is not Grand Central Station. It is perhaps best thought of in the context of, for example, the Wyckoff House, revered because it is one of our first and one of our oldest landmarks. Both, however, are simple relics of a particular place and time. The Wyckoff House, and our other early Dutch farmhouses, survived miraculously to tell us about that era of the city's history. A few centuries later, we should have no less interest in and respect for the Spanish Camp houses that tell another story about another phase of our city's development.

In their time, the buildings of Spanish Camp were not unique. You'll be glad to know that this testimony will be brief, because, in fact, we don't know a whole lot about vernacular structures like these. But we do know that there were other camps like this on the city's expansive waterfront. One of them was in The Bronx, at Orchard Beach. A recollection of the place by Marjorie O'Shaughnessy, published in Lloyd Ultan's and Gary Hermalyn's *The Bronx in the Innocent Years*, tells us something about the evolution of this kind of building.

When the colony was new (she writes) the camps must have been fairly primitive, constructed entirely of canvas. As the seasons passed, they sprouted wooden sides halfway up, with metal screening above. Small beds of marigolds, snapdragons, and morning glories were planted, bordered with coleus and bleeding hearts, outlined by clamshells painted white.... The final addition was generally a small wooden annex building at the rear to serve as a changing room after swimming.

Simple or elaborate, each camp had to be dismantled at the season's end, leaving only the bare plank floor. Its other components and the furniture were stored through the winter in the small bathhouse at the back. When spring came again, the men of each family, with such relatives and friends as the could entice or bully into helping, retrieved from storage the lumber, canvas, screening, ropes, stakes, tools, and paint, along with the folding chairs and cots. The next several Sundays they spent in reconstructing and refurbishing the camps.... When we arrived for the summer after school closed, everything was in place, an American flag flapping over each canvas rooftop....

Ms. O'Shaughnessy also remembered some of the communal activities:

Our elders, like most of that generation, were fond of dancing. A large wooden pavilion located near the camps provided a dance floor and a weathered square piano. On other evenings we assembled for outdoor movies....

Although the Spanish Camp story may not be exactly the same, this Bronx story does paint a picture of a kind of temporary building, which became a treasured summer community, which became over the years a year-round and permanent place.

Although many have mourned the loss of so much of what was Spanish Camp in the past weeks, there remains an evocative core that is not just as a symbol, but as a tangible document of a type of building and a type of community that is otherwise gone from our shores. I urge you to designate this special place, with the larger footprint recommended by the HDC and others, so that the buildings and history of Spanish Camp can be studied and enjoyed in the future.

In my conclusions to the 1998 report I concurred with the findings of the Landmarks Commission with respect to the appropriateness of designating the entire Spanish Camp complex, but I also raised a question concerning the eligibility of the “Dorothy Day Cottage” for designation, citing in particular the Department of the Interiors Criteria for Historic Significance, which specifically excludes “properties primarily commemorative in nature” (36CFR60.4, Part II), and I further argued that the cottage in Spanish Camp lacked the “exceptional significance” that would allow an exception to the above cited criteria (see 36CFR60.4, Part II (F)). A copy of the Criteria for Historic Significance is attached.

In my discussion I noted that in the 1920’s she had owned another cottage on Staten Island (on Arbutus Lake), and that it was while there that she had given birth to her daughter and made the decision to become a Catholic. It was my opinion then, as now, that this was a far more important and productive period of residence on Staten Island than the period in the mid-1970’s when she had completed her important work and was resting from her labors. I did not, however, raise the issue of whether Dorothy Day had actually ever occupied the bungalow referred to as the “Dorothy Day Cottage.” I do so now.

It appears, based on information provided to me (See attachments), that Dorothy Day did not occupy the “Dorothy Day Cottage” in Spanish Camp in the 1970’s, but rather occupied a cottage on Zephyr Avenue, south and east of the entrance to Spanish Camp. The information supporting this assertion includes:

- A deed (Liber 1524, Page 228) indicating that in 1961 she purchased property from Elizabeth Rogers of Manhattan located within current Block 6452 that encompassed three lots (then identified as Lots No. 20, 21, and 22 in Block 30). The deed specifically described the boundaries as “Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the southeasterly line of Zephyr Avenue and the southwesterly line of Poillon Avenue . . .” According to another deed (Liber 1643, Page 361) dated 1964, she sold the property to Walter Stojanowski. At that time her place of residence was identified, as it was on the 1961 deed, as 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island. Mr. Stojanowski states that Marge Hughes, who was identified as living next door to Dorothy Day, occupied one of the cottages on this property in 1975 (See further discussion below).
- An article written by Dorothy Day in June 1975 describes Marge Hughes as “wintering next door but . . . soon to return to West Virginia . . .” In the same article she describes a visit on May 13, 1975 from Dr. William Miller, a historian, who subsequently wrote in his biography of Dorothy Day that “To conserve her energy and to have better air to breathe, she spent the winter of 1975 in one of the two cottages on the beach at Staten Island that the Workers owned. **She lived alone, although Marge Hughes and her son, Johnny, were immediately at hand in the next cottage**” [Emphasis added] (W. Miller, 1982:501). Mr. Stojanowski reports that Marge Hughes lived on Zephyr Avenue in 1975. The precise details of Dorothy Day’s ownership of the cottage on Zephyr Avenue and her later occupancy has not been determined – though it is probable that the lease

was with the Catholic Workers, rather than the two women – but it appears that in 1975 the two cottages on Zephyr Avenue were occupied by Dorothy Day and Marge Hughes, who had been involved in the Catholic Workers Movement from its earliest days.

- The records of the Spanish Naturopath Society indicate that in 1973 the cottage referred to in my 1998 report as the “Dorothy Day Cottage” (Bungalow 27) was purchased by Rosemary R. Morse, who continued to occupy the cottage until her eviction in 1998. The rent records of the Treasurer of the Spanish Naturopath Society indicate that she paid the land rent on the cottage in 1974-75. An examination of the Spanish Camp land rent records do not reveal that Dorothy Day was an owner or occupant of any bungalow in Spanish Camp, nor does it appear that Bungalow 27 was owned or occupied by the Catholic Workers organization. In any event, Dr. Miller states clearly that Dorothy Day lived alone, which suggests that she was not residing in Spanish Camp with Rosemary Morse.
- Paul Fernandez, treasurer of the Spanish Naturopath Society from 1974 to 1982, has written that he is unfamiliar with the name of Dorothy Day in relation to Spanish Camp. He asserts that Rosemary Morse purchased the cottage in 1973 from Manuel Gastro, and that she occupied the bungalow until 1998. He further asserts that the members of the Society had no knowledge of Dorothy Day, and concludes that Dorothy Day never owned a cottage in Spanish Camp nor lived there.

Based on this information, it appears that there are legitimate questions concerning the information that identified Dorothy Day as the owner/occupant of the “Dorothy Day Cottage.” Rather it would appear that in the mid-1970’s she spent time on Zephyr Avenue in a cottage owned by Walter Stojanowski. Whether she leased the cottage or it was leased on her behalf by the Catholic Workers organization is at present unknown.

Whatever the case, her apparent occupation of a cottage that was clearly not in Spanish Camp, as well as the lack of familiarity with some one as renowned as Dorothy Day by members of the Spanish Naturopath Society, including among them residents of Spanish Camp, strongly suggests that some misconceptions concerning Dorothy Day’s residence on Staten Island have arisen. For this reason, it is my contention that the designation of any property within Spanish Camp as the Dorothy Day Historic Site by the Landmarks Preservation Commission is inappropriate.

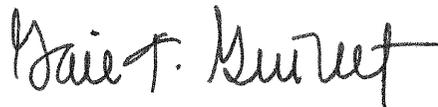
I would reiterate that, even if the information presented to the Commission concerning the occupancy of Bungalow 27 by Dorothy Day were correct, the site would still lack the historical significance to justify landmark status based on accepted criteria. As stated above, it continues to be my conclusion that the “Dorothy Day Cottage” (identified as Bungalow 27) was not her place of residence or even part time residence during the years when she made her greatest contribution to the Catholic Workers movement and Catholicism. Additionally, during the period of her greatest activism her time was divided between a number of places owned and operated by the Catholic Workers movement, including various sites in Manhattan, a farm in Tivoli and another in Pleasant Plains on

Staten Island. In view of this, the designation of the cottage as the Dorothy Day Historic Site can, at best, only be commemorative in nature, a criteria that is specifically excluded under the Department of the Interiors Criteria for Historic Significance (36CFR60.4, Part II). I would further argue that, even if on occasion occupied by Dorothy Day (which appears debatable), the cottage in Spanish Camp lacks the "exceptional significance" that would allow an exception to the above cited criteria (see 36CFR60.4, Part II (F)).

The case for designation of the "Dorothy Day Cottage" was never strong, but the additional information referenced above reduces the supposed connection of Dorothy Day with the Spanish Camp site. To restate our position, while there is an issue as to whether Dorothy Day ever live in the "Dorothy Day Cottage," it appears from her writings that any time she would have spent there would have been limited and the renown activities for which she was known did not take place there.

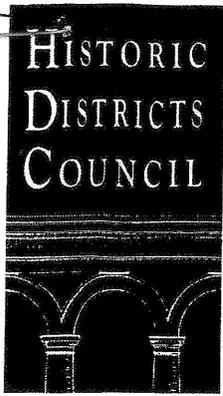
Since I wrote the report on Spanish Camp several years have passed. The Landmarks Preservation Commission indicated in 1997 that it was considering an action concerning the designation of the "Dorothy Day Cottage", but no action was taken. During this period of time, Mr. DiScala has incurred significant delays. In view of the fact that there is some real question whether Dorothy Day ever occupied the "Dorothy Day Cottage" in Spanish Camp, and that, even if she did, the designation of the Dorothy Day Historic Site is not justified based on accepted criteria, we ask that the Landmarks Preservation Commission deny this requested designation.

Sincerely,



Gail T. Guillet

Attachments



RESEARCH # 2
MBB

232 East 11th Street
New York, NY 10003
212-614-9107 phone
212-614-9127 fax
hdc@hdc.org

Statement of the Historic Districts Council
Designation Hearing

Dorothy Day Historic Site

April 17, 2001

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The Historic Districts Council is the advocate for New York City's designated historic districts and neighborhoods meriting preservation.

While we are gratified to see that part of what remains of Spanish Camp has been ~~calendared and will be~~ ^{is being} heard by the Landmarks Preservation Commission, we feel that the larger district proposed by the Spanish Camp Preservation Coalition would better convey the qualities of the site that make it significant. ~~Enclosed is a map that outlines the boundaries that we feel would be more appropriate.~~

^{All} Everyone of us on the side of historic preservation have undergone an unusually traumatic series of events connected with the Spanish Camp site and the Dorothy Day cottage. There have been few proposed landmarks that have aroused such passions on ~~all~~ ^{both} sides of the issue.

Spanish Camp is a site with multiple layers of significance, only one of which is the important association with Dorothy Day. It was developed by the Spanish Naturopath Society, a group of working-class people of Spanish origin, as an experiment in communal living in close association with nature. A physical reminder of a time and place where people of very modest means could live in the countryside, near the beach, with direct access to the natural world, it is one of the few such sites remaining in New York. The natural setting of the modest vernacular cottages is an integral part, not only of their appearance, but also of their meaning. The very qualities that designation of the larger area would preserve are the reasons Dorothy Day was attracted to the site and spent much of the last decade of her life there. The houses alone, without the surrounding wetlands, the shoreline of the bay and pond and the vegetation and wildlife that flourish there, do not fully tell the Spanish Camp story, or why the place was so important to the Catholic Worker movement and to Dorothy Day.

Staten Island was uniquely important to Dorothy Day as the place of her conversion to Roman Catholicism. She was attracted to the spiritual implications of living in poverty close to nature and here at Spanish Camp, she was able to fulfill the spiritual needs she had first experienced in similar surroundings not far away. Spanish Camp existed before Dorothy Day, but the underlying philosophy behind its development made it a natural fit

for a woman who shunned material possessions and drew solace as well as inspiration from nature. This, we acknowledge, is the site a candidate for sainthood in the Catholic Church turned to for much of the last decade of her life. To remember Dorothy Day properly and the Spanish Naturopaths who preceded her, it is necessary to protect the natural setting, of which the remaining cottages form a part. Otherwise, they could be misinterpreted, in the future, as conventional week-end bungalows.

Even on a pragmatic level, designation of the larger site would be desirable. Since the boundaries of the ~~smaller site do not include either existing or mapped streetbeds,~~ ^{the site} the site would be inaccessible and unviewable by the public, paradoxically making it more difficult to protect and regulate than the larger historic district would be. Since most of the proposed new district is Designated Open Space created by the Department of City Planning, where construction would not be permitted, there would be, coincidentally, little further inconvenience to the owner.

HDC supports the creation, in theory, of the historic site proposed by the Landmarks Preservation Commission, but urges that a further step be taken to enlarge the designated area and formally name it the Spanish Camp Historic District.

Thank you for your attention.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6800 FAX: 212-487-6723 TTY: 212-487-6745
nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

John Antonietto, Chairman
Staten Island Community Board No. 3
655-218 Rossville Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10309

Dear Mr. Antonietto:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmark and landmark site described on the attached page.

You and/or your representative are cordially invited to attend the proceedings and offer testimony concerning the proposed designation. Or, if you prefer, you may send us a statement which will be read into the record on April 17, 2001. If you wish to fax your comments, the Commission's fax number is (212) 487-6723.

Please contact Amanda Pitman at (212) 487-6805 or via email at apitman@lpc.nyc.gov by Friday, April 13, 2001, to find out the time this item is anticipated to begin.

Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| TO: <u>John Antonietto</u> | |
| DEPT: <u>CB 3-S.I.</u> | |
| CO: _____ | |
| FAX: <u>718-317-3251</u> | |
| | FROM: _____ |
| | DATE: _____ |

To: Amanda Pittman
Landmarks Preservation Commission
212-487-6796

From: Charles Kitts
158 Decker Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10302
(718) 447-3464

[I wanted to be there in person today but the
last-minute change in time made that impossible.]

Re: Spanish Camp (Staten Island)

Date: April 17, 2001

To: Landmarks Preservation Commission
From: Mr. Charles Kitts
Re: Spanish Camp (Staten Island)
Date: 17 April 2001

What message are we giving to our young people? My name is Charles Kitts. I am a native of Staten Island and since 1969 I have been a social studies teacher in the New York City public high school system. Presently I am teaching at Curtis High School on Staten Island.

For years I have been telling my American History students at Curtis that right in the neighborhood there was a stop on the Underground Railroad. Their interest immediately picks up. "Where?" they ask. A house right on Davis Avenue I tell them. They are actually excited by that and every year I get 5-10 students that go over on their own to see a part of history. No longer, however, will they have that opportunity. That house was torn down just a few months ago. Some of my students went over and reported what happened. "Why did they do that?" they asked. All I could say was the owner wanted to build more houses there to make more money. "But ..." They objected and wanted to know why they had to destroy that old house which was "special." After all, it stood for something, something important.

The New York State Department of Education has just announced that values must be taught in our classes. What values did they learn in the above paragraph? If you have money in a capitalist society, you can do anything you want and that includes destroying history. That's what that house was to those students. They could see a house that played a role in history. People searching for freedom and racial equality had to hide in that house. Every year I could see students moved by that. Not anymore.

Will we make the same mistake all over again? Dorothy Day was a special woman. Some would call her a saint. She lived in Spanish Camp. The bungalow she lived in has already been

torn down. Why? Spite, greed, for no good reason. So why not just forget about it and build some more luxury homes? If we do that, we will once again lose an opportunity to send the right message to our young people: the past is important.

Please, preserve the bungalows still there and allow a Dorothy Day Memorial Park to be built there. It would be a simple and quiet park right on the spot where Dorothy Day once lived and walked. It would tell the life of Dorothy Day and what she stood for. It would incorporate values that we should all cherish and want our young people to follow.

Dorothy Day's early life was a mess. She made terrible mistakes, but she underwent a transformation and turned her life around. She then devoted her life to caring for the poorest among us. She didn't do this alone. She advocated community: people working together to help others less fortunate with no thought of any material reward for themselves. At the same time, she advocated a complete commitment to nonviolence.

It's hard to disagree with such values but what does it have to do with the area on Staten Island under discussion? Everything! She underwent her transformation right there on that beach. She went for religious instruction to the church right down the street. When she got tired (after all, she was human), she retreated to a tiny cottage right there overlooking the bay, just like the ones still there. And she is buried a short distance away. History comes alive when you do that and values are made real. Or ... or what? We could say (as I will have to say next year in my American History class) that once in this area there existed something special. A very great woman who stood for helping others, justice for all, and never hurting anyone once lived on that spot where that big house is now.

Is that what Staten Island needs? Is there a shortage of big expensive houses on Staten Island? Can't they be built somewhere else? Dorothy Day once lived there. Let's keep her there. Allow the people of Staten Island a reminder of what life once was. Let's do the right thing. After all, we have too few saints in this life.

Preserve & Protect, Inc.
**Testimony in support of the designation of the Dorothy Day Historic Site,
Staten Island, NY.**

By David Goldfarb, Chair, Preserve & Protect

Preserve & Protect is a not-for-profit organization which assists historic preservation and environmental protection groups primarily by providing space for them on the World Wide Web. We also help foster a dialog among preservation organizations over the Internet and post preservation alerts and advocate for endangered properties.

I speak today as chair of Preserve & Protect, but I am also a vice president of the Historic Districts Council, a member of the board of the Preservation League of Staten Island, and I am a founder and secretary of the Friends of the Dorothy Day Cottages. I have visited Spanish Camp since coming to Staten Island 28 years ago, and visited frequently in the past few years when friends lived there. I have brought a number of groups out to Spanish Camp since 1997 when we began advocating with others for a Spanish Camp Historic District.

I cherish my visits to Spanish Camp. You cannot set foot in Spanish Camp without feeling its history. The setting on Raritan Bay and Seguine Pond, the cottages and the people create a unique sense of place. Even as I recently visited the demolished cottages, I could still envision the barking dogs, the yelling children and the open doors that had always contributed to the feeling. It is easier to describe the feelings about the place than it is to describe the physical structures that were there. Dorothy Day's biographer, William D. Miller, when he visited her there, in trying to describe the cottages said that the word "shacks" would be too mean and the words "beach cottages" would be too grand.

Spanish Camp takes you over. To step into Spanish Camp is to step into another era and a utopian dream of people living in harmony with nature and each other, cooking in a large communal kitchen, coming together with their children on the commons to exercise, to commune with nature, to live their lives simply, taking only what they need and helping each other.

To visit Spanish Camp was to step back in time away from materialism and the crass display of wealth so evident in the outside world. In going to Spanish Camp you could not help but sense that the community there valued people over things and believed that nature heals.

With the rest of us, I believe Dorothy Day would have grieved that once again poor working families are pushed out of their homes to make way for the wealthy. It demonstrates that we have not moved very far from the ills that Dorothy Day sought to address for her whole life.

We can no longer preserve all of the cottages or even Dorothy Day's cottage, nor can we now preserve the way of life that existed there, but we can preserve the spirit of Spanish

Camp and of Dorothy Day by maintaining the few remaining cottages which remind us among other things of the humble beginnings of the Catholic Worker which seeks justice for poor people around the world.

That is why we support the designation of the Dorothy Day Historic Site. But at the same time we ask the Landmarks Preservation Commission to consider a larger district that includes the lane in front of what was Dorothy Day's cottage and runs from the Bay to the Northern edge of the property and would include the Spanish Camp communal area. We can preserve the broad open common areas that were places of reflection and inspiration for Dorothy Day, her followers and the others that lived there and remain as a reminder to us that individuals can make change in the world and make the world a better place.

So much has been lost, even since 1997 when preservation groups and the cottage owners requested designation of the Spanish Camp Historic District, let us save what remains.

TESTIMONY OF SENATOR JOHN J. MARCHI
ON PROPOSED LANDMARK DESIGNATION OF
DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE

PUBLIC HEARING
TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 2001

Thank you for the opportunity to voice my support for the proposed landmark status to be conferred on 457 Poillon Avenue on Staten Island.

It would be an act of profound ignorance and neglect indeed, if the region of Staten Island South Shore that Ms. Day called home for several years was not dedicated in an appropriate fashion.

Ms. Day has been recognized around the world as an extraordinary human being, a wonderful example of the importance of being "our brother's keeper". She devoted her considerable energies and talents to working for the homeless and the poor and was the inspirational founder of the Catholic Worker movement. As a young man, I participated in the Catholic Worker movement and had the privilege of knowing Ms. Day and can personally attest to her fortitude and her intelligent devotion to the less fortunate. Shortly before his death, the late John Cardinal O'Connor and I spoke about Dorothy Day's importance to the working poor and to the labor movement. Cardinal O'Connor was a forceful advocate for Vatican recognition of this remarkable woman. He was instrumental in the Vatican's naming Ms. Day a "Servant of God", the first step toward possible beatification and canonization. To have Ms. Day gain worldwide recognition and admiration only to have Staten Island fail to preserve evidences of her New York roots would be a travesty.

Can we deny our community's right to venerate one of its own, a woman who once wrote "I always loved Staten Island and the beachI am at home there"? The Staten Island beachfront was her refuge, a place she could come to find solace among friends and peace in the work she undertook, a place where she nurtured the underprivileged and where she was nurtured in turn. Will her time here be only a memory to be eroded with future generations until this community and this city no longer revere her noble work?

The developer has obvious and legitimate rights which must be weighed against our community's obligation to preserve its history. I strongly urge the Landmarks Preservation Commission to expedite the final processing of Landmark Site Status to 457 Poillon Avenue so that Dorothy Day's Staten Island connection will always touch the hearts and minds of the people.



THE SENATE
STATE OF NEW YORK
ALBANY 12247

JOHN J. MARCHI
24TH DISTRICT
DEPUTY MAJORITY LEADER FOR
INTERGOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS
CHAIRMAN
COMMITTEE ON CORPORATIONS,
AUTHORITIES AND COMMISSIONS

PLEASE RESPOND TO:

ALBANY OFFICE:
ROOM 416
STATE CAPITOL
ALBANY, NY 12247
(518) 455-3215

DISTRICT OFFICE:
358 ST. MARKS PLACE
STATEN ISLAND, NY 10301
(718) 447-1723

FACSIMILE TRANSMISSION

TO: Amanda Pitman
New York City Landmarks
Preservation Commission

FAX: 212-487-6796

FROM: Senator John J. Marchi

RE: Dorothy Day Historic Site
457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island

DATE: April 17, 2001

Annexed please find my statement which I request be read into the record on Tuesday, April 17, 2001. Should you require anything further, please contact my executive assistant, Cammie Brandofino at (718) 447-1723.

Thank you.

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Post-It™ brand fax transmittal memo 7671 | | # of pages ▶ 2 |
| To <i>Lanterns</i> | From <i>Cammie</i> | |
| Co. <i>Comm</i> | Co. <i>Sen. J. Marchi</i> | |
| Dept. | Phone # <i>718-447-1723</i> | |
| Fax # <i>212-487-6723</i> | Fax # <i>981-1270</i> | |

3/27/2001

Good morning Chairman Raab and Landmarks commission members.

My name is Gregory Markow. My family and I currently live in Great Kills and I have been a Staten Island resident for 27 years. Approximately 2 years ago I went into contract on, and subsequently purchased a ¼ acre piece of property in the Southeast Anadale area. The property that I purchased is located next to Seguine Pond in Spanish Camp. The acquisition of the property was suffused with the hopes and dreams of any family looking at making a significant positive change in their lives. Those hopes and dreams have paled somewhat in the last year as delays have mounted as the result of the builder being besieged by various individuals and organizations.

I come today to City Landmarks to ask that you, the City Landmarks commission, oppose Landmark or Historic District Designation for any portion of Spanish Camp.

During the last two years I have watched John DiScala bear the burden of having been the individual who purchased Spanish Camp from the Spanish Naturopath Society. He has been vilified and castigated in numerous less than objective newspaper articles. He has been the subject of a large number of complaints to various City agencies each and every time he has done any work at Spanish Camp. You, City Landmarks, have been asked once to Landmark all of Spanish Camp, and more recently again to Landmark over half of Spanish Camp.

The people of Staten Island have been subject to a publicity campaign aimed at taking John's, and perhaps my families, property rights from us through the use of land-marking. The proponents of land-marking Spanish Camp have single mindedly pursued preserving some or all of Spanish Camp for numerous reasons. They present their case for Landmarking as though Spanish Camp were Public property. They conveniently forget that it is private property and that John DiScala and we, the buyers, have actually purchased that property.

Some relevant history ...

Approximately three years ago the then residents of Spanish camp, when faced with eviction, petitioned many politicians, organizations and city agencies in an attempt to forestall those evictions and potentially prove that they had a right to live in Spanish Camp. Judge Straneire ruled for the Spanish Naturopath Society and eviction proceeded. The evicted residents also attempted to obtain Landmark status for the entire Spanish Camp property. City Landmarks officially rejected such a designation but reserved the right to pursue the land marking of the Dorothy Day cottages.

You must know that every copy of every plan that I have ever seen from John DiScala included the two alleged Dorothy Day cottages. Every conversation that I ever had with John regarding my property, which is two lots up from the Dorothy Day cottages, led me to believe that John fully intended to preserve those cottages. My family, personally, had no issue with living close to the cottages.

You may ask, "Why were the cottages torn down?"

I seem to know something about that because I had spoken to him earlier that day. While he gave no indication of the pending event the frustration in his voice regarding meetings he had had with The Friends of Dorothy Day and City Landmarks was highly evident. Post demolition it was evident that he had reached his limits with the unreasonable demands being made of him by The Friends of Dorothy Day. He, and we the property owners, had waited two years for permits with no end in sight. What he did may not have been morally correct but it was 100% his legal right and we cannot fault him for that. Blame The Friends of Dorothy Day for imposing unrealistic demands in an agreement that had been negotiated in good faith between City Landmarks and the John DiScala.

3/27/2001

I now wish to dispel the myth of Dorothy Day and Spanish Camp.

One can immediately discern Dorothy Day's fondness for the beach on Staten Island from her writings. Those writings are available on the Internet and through various books. It should be noted that most of those writings refer to her first home on Huguenot Beach and later her two bungalows on Zephyr. Interesting enough, in the writings that I have researched, she seems to never even mention Spanish Camp by name.

I have also ascertained that she seems to have spent at most six summers and perhaps one year at a bungalow in or near Spanish Camp. This bungalow may have been the one located in Spanish Camp, it also may have been the one currently located on Zephyr Ave. Assuming she spent her time at Spanish Camp it would have amounted to less than approximately 1.7% of her life. She actually lived in the Maryhouse, a Catholic Worker owned building, on East 3rd street on the lower east side. I coincidentally, grew up and spent the first ten years of my life on 3rd street down the block from Maryhouse. I can fully understand why she wanted to leave the oppressive summer heat and noise of the lower east side for the cool breezy beaches of Staten Island.

In examining your two files I noticed that they consist of about two inches of newspaper clippings and little other research material. It is my hope that your researchers did not solely rely on those files as a source of information for you to be able to make a Landmarking determination.

You should know that the Preservation League of Staten Island's Web Site, several newspaper articles, and even the letter written to you on February 23 by Laura Hansen of the Spanish Camp Preservation Coalition all contain erroneous information. They all state that Seguine Pond is the last remaining brackish outlet to the Raritan Bay. This is an incorrect statement. Seguine Pond has not been brackish for about 30 years since

3/27/2001

it's outlet to the bay had been blocked by construction material. It is also not the only brackish pond on Staten Island that drains into the Raritan Bay. The other pond happens to be located on the Mt. Louretto Property.

I feel that I must highlight another often repeated, yet incorrect statement. In 1997 on the PLSI Web site Tamara Coombs states, "The only extant structure on Staten Island associated with Day's life is the bungalow at Spanish Camp". We know this statement to be incorrect in that a building that Dorothy Day, not the Catholic Worker, actually owned and lived in still stands on Zephyr Ave.

I would suggest that much of what one could read in most of the newspaper articles during the past two years was simply regurgitation of the same, and in many cases incorrect, information.

It is evident that Dorothy Day did not spend a significant amount of time at Spanish Camp as her supporters and the press would have us believe. Her address was 55 East 3rd Street. Her writings state that, and even her death certificate states that.

I would ask:

Why wasn't the cottage on Zephyr submitted for land marking?

Why wasn't Maryhouse on East 3rd street submitted for land marking during the past two years? (it is not currently land marked or in a designated historic district)

Why didn't an organization as knowledgeable as the Friends of Dorothy Day or the Staten Island Advance disclose the places where Dorothy Day actually lived versus just visited?

Why hasn't the Catholic Church asked the City to Landmark the alleged Dorothy Day Cottages?

Why hasn't the Catholic Worker asked the City to Landmark the alleged Dorothy Day cottages?

The friends of Dorothy Day have claimed that they have 2000 petitions asking for the preservation of Spanish Camp. Each could have contributed \$200 to purchase the property and cottages at a fair market value of \$800,000. Why purchase when you can take.

I will leave for you the Landmarking Commission to draw it's own conclusions. I will gladly submit any and all reference data if you wish to either corroborate or refute my statements.

In closing ...

AND THE COMMUNITY BOARD

The developer has the support the community surrounding Spanish Camp. They do not want a town house development built there. Spanish Camp is currently zoned R3-2 and the developer would be in his right to build such. He does not want to. I don't want him to. He is actually down zoning the neighborhood by only building 38 homes with plenty of open space, public access to the beach area and pond, and wide navigable streets.

I would offer that the City designating any part of Spanish Camp at this time is not only irrelevant but also perhaps even improper. The remaining cottages have nothing to do with Dorothy Day. They are no different than those in Walter Stojanowski's compound or those on Zephyr. Those four cottages are ~~actually illegal~~ structures partially located on John DiScala's property and Walter Stojanowski's property. How can you landmark one but not the other?

I would also ask that if you are considering the landmarking of the cottages because of Dorothy Day that perhaps you should reconsider. You should ask yourselves if it is appropriate that the City Government preserve structures and vacant land for non-

3/27/2001

secular reasons. The current owner of the property ^{on which} that those structures reside on might not be a Catholic. ~~You would be violating his civil rights.~~

If you wish to landmark Spanish Camp for a "sense of place" place you need to take a walk along the South Shore of Staten Island. There are several miles of publicly owned beaches, parks and blue belt areas that all have a tremendous "sense of place" that far supercedes that of Spanish Camp. None of those are land marked.

I ask and hope that you decline this land-marking request. Thank you for your time and consideration.



THE SENATE
STATE OF NEW YORK
ALBANY 12247

JOHN J. MARCHI
26TH DISTRICT

DEPUTY MAJORITY LEADER FOR
INTERGOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS

CHAIRMAN
COMMITTEE ON CORPORATIONS
AUTHORITIES AND COMMISSIONS

PLEASE RESPOND TO:

ALBANY OFFICE:
ROOM 416
STATE CAPITOL
ALBANY, NY 12247
(518) 455-3215

DISTRICT OFFICE:
358 ST. MARKS PLACE
STATEN ISLAND, NY 10301
(718) 447-1723

FACSIMILE TRANSMISSION

TO: Amanda Pitman
New York City Landmarks
Preservation Commission

FAX: 212-487-6796

FROM: Senator John J. Marchi

RE: Dorothy Day Historic Site
457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island

DATE: April 17, 2001

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Thank you.



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ON PROPOSED LANDMARK DESIGNATION OF
DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE

PUBLIC HEARING
TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 2001

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If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4/17/01 LP# _____
ITEM NAME DOROTHY DAY

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

JOHN DISCALA

Name

Owner

457 POILLON AVE.

Address

CENTRAL PARK EAST ESTATES

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele



If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 17 10

LP# _____

ITEM NAME Dorothy Pay

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print Paul Fernandez

Name

Owner

59 Beverly Rd Staten Island, NY 10305

Address

Spanish Naturopath Society

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4/17/01 LP# _____
ITEM NAME CENTRAL PARK (SPANISH CAMP)

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

VICTOR HAW, RA

Name

Owner

2178 Forest Ave

Address

OWNER

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Multiple horizontal lines for additional sign-in entries.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4/17/01

LP#

ITEM NAME Dorothy Day St

In favor of Designation

Against Designation

Unsure of Position

Please Print

James P. Horan (from Corbo's office)

Name

Owner

2141 Richmond Rd, Staten Is, NY 10306

Address

Central Park Estates

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Lined area for additional sign-in entries.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 / 17 / 01 LP# _____
ITEM NAME DOROTHY DAY

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print
GAIL TRAVIS GUILLET, CONSULTANT Owner
Name
726 CARROLL ST. BROOKLYN, NY 11215
Address
JOHN DISCALA, OWNER
Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6800 FAX: 212-487-6723 TTY: 212-487-6745

<http://www.ci.nyc.ny.us/html/lpc/>



PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

IF YOU WISH TO SPEAK, PLEASE COMPLETE AND RETURN TO THE PERSON AT THE RECEPTION DESK. IN ORDER TO GIVE OTHERS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK, ALL SPEAKERS ARE ASKED TO LIMIT THEIR REMARKS TO THREE MINUTES.

DATE: 4/17/01 ITEM NAME: _____

LP# _____

IN FAVOR OF DESIGNATION AGAINST DESIGNATION UNSURE OF POSITION

| | | |
|--------------|------------------------|---|
| NAME | <u>FRANK MAISANO</u> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OWNER |
| ADDRESS | <u>398 POILLON AVE</u> | |
| REPRESENTING | <u>SE N.Y.</u> | |
| | <u>My Family</u> | |

IF YOU WOULD RATHER LEAVE A STATEMENT, COMPLETE AND RETURN TO THE RECEPTION DESK, OR MAIL THE FORM TO THE COMMISSION AT THE ADDRESS ABOVE – ATTENTION: LORRAINE ROACH-STEELE



If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 17 2001 LP# _____
ITEM NAME _____

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

VINCENT RAO

Name

Owner

356 PHILIP AVE

Address

MYSELF

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 11 7 101

LP# _____

ITEM NAME _____

In favor of Designation

Against Designation

Unsure of Position

Please Print

Esther DiVirbilio

Name

Owner

237 Mason Blvd. S.I.

Address

Myself

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Multiple horizontal lines for additional sign-in entries.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4/17/2001 LP# 1
ITEM NAME DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

GREGORY MARKOW Name Owner

114 GIFFORDS LANE, SI NY 10308 Address

MYSELF, MY FAMILY AS A PROPERTY OWNER Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Lined area for additional comments or statements.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 / 17 / 01

LP# 2092

ITEM NAME Dorothy Day

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

Simon Bankoff

Name

Owner

232 East 11th Street NY 10003

Address

FRANCES Ebshart

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Lined area for additional information or statements.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 / 17 / 01

LP# 2092

ITEM NAME Dorothy Day Historic Site

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

David Goldfarb

Name

Owner

75 Fort Pl., Staten Island, NY

Address

Preserve & Protect, Inc.

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Multiple horizontal lines for additional sign-in entries.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 17 April 01 LP# 2092
ITEM NAME Dorothy Day Historic Site

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

J CARLYLE MORRIS

Name

Owner

248 ADELPHI STREET

Address

BROOKLYN NY

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Lined area for providing a statement or additional information.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6800 FAX: 212-487-6723 TTY: 212-487-6745

<http://www.ci.nyc.ny.us/html/lpc/>



If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN IN SHEET

Date 4 / 17 / 01

Item # _____ Item Address Dorothy Day Historic Site

8 In favor of proposal _____ Against proposal _____ Unsure of position

Sandra Levine

Name

232 E. 11th St.

Address

Historic Districts Council

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address, attention: Terri Rosen Deutsch, Chief of Staff

If you need additional space, please use the other side.



If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4/15/2001 LP# 2092
ITEM NAME Dorothy Day HS

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

Linda C. Jones

Name

Owner

11 Winter Ave, SI, NY 10301

Address

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Lined area for additional information or statements.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 04 / 17 / 01 LP# 2092
ITEM NAME Dorothy Day Historic Site

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

Mark Kiley
Name

Owner

82 Sands St.
Address

Friends of the Dorothy Day Cottages
Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Multiple horizontal lines for writing a statement.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4/17/01 LP# LP 2092
ITEM NAME Dorothy Day

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

CHAN GRAHAM

Name

Owner

22 CRESCENT AV

Address

STATEN ISLAND NY

Representing

PRES LEAGUE OF S. I.

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Multiple horizontal lines for writing a statement.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4/17/01

LP# 2092

ITEM NAME DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE

In favor of Designation

Against Designation

Unsure of Position

Please Print

DORIS

NIELSEN
Name

Owner

28 WESTBROOK AVE S.I.N.Y. 10303
Address

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Lined area for writing a statement or additional information.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



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PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 / 17 / 01 LP# 2092
ITEM NAME Dorothy Day Historic Site

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

Hal Bromm Owner
Name
90 West Broadway NY 10007
Address
Historic Districts Council
Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele



If you wish to speak, please complete and return to the person at the Reception Desk. In order to give others an opportunity to speak, all speakers are asked to limit their remarks to three minutes.

PUBLIC HEARING SPEAKERS' SIGN-IN SHEET

Date 4 / 17 / 01 LP# 2092
ITEM NAME DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE

In favor of Designation Against Designation Unsure of Position

Please Print

LAURA HANSEN

Name

Owner

457 MADISON AVE

Address

PLACE MATTERS

Representing

If you would rather leave a statement, complete and return to the Reception Desk, or mail the form to the Commission at the above address -- Attention: Lorraine Roach-Steele

Lined area for additional information or comments.

If you need additional space, please use the reverse of this form.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6800 FAX: 212-487-6723 TTY: 212-487-6745

nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Mr. John DiScala
Volpe DeSimone, Inc.
3155 Amboy Road
Staten Island, NY 10306

Dear Mr. DiScala:

In accordance with Section 25-313 of the Administrative Code of the City of New York, you are hereby notified that a public hearing regarding the proposed designation of the property listed on the attached page will be held on Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Meeting Room at the Landmarks Preservation Commission's building located at 100 Old Slip, Manhattan. You or your representative are invited to attend the hearing to present information or testimony relating to the proposed designation.

Public notice of the hearing identifying the proposed Landmark and its site will appear in the City Record of April 3, 2001, and each day (other than Saturdays, Sundays and holidays) thereafter until and including April 17, 2001.

Please contact Amanda Pitman at (212) 487-6805 or via email at apitman@lpc.nyc.gov by Friday, April 13, 2001, to find out the time this item is anticipated to begin. If you have any additional questions about the hearing, please call me at (212) 487-6820.

Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs

cc: Jennifer J. Raab, Chairman
Pat Corbo, Esq.

CERTIFIED NO. Z-340-327-863 and Z-038-086-994

**NEW YORK CITY
LANDMARKS PRESERVATION COMMISSION**

**PUBLIC HEARING
Tuesday, April 17, 2001**

BOROUGH OF STATEN ISLAND

Dorothy Day Historic Site

457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island.

Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 1 in part starting at a point 120' southeasterly from the northeastern corner of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 26 and proceeding southeasterly along the eastern boundary line of said lot for 90', then along an easterly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said lot line to a point 150' from said lot line, then along a northeasterly line for 90' extending at a 90 degree angle from said point, then along a westerly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said point to the point of beginning.

DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE, 457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island.

The social activist Dorothy Day (1897-1980) first moved to Staten Island's south shore in 1924. She gave birth to her daughter, Tamar, in Staten Island in 1927 and had her baptized at a local Catholic Church, where Day was received into the Church on December 28, 1927. In late 1932 Day met Peter Maurin, and they founded the newspaper, *The Catholic Worker*. The first issue was distributed on May 1, 1933, which cost a penny and the paper explored pacifism, anarchist utopianism and Catholic social thought through essays and articles. That same year Day and her followers established a social movement of the same name and opened a soup kitchen and later hospitality houses to feed and shelter the poor.

Throughout her life Dorothy Day maintained strong ties to Staten Island's south shore, living intermittently in a series of properties. She repeatedly stated her fondness for Staten Island and particularly its beaches. In the 1970s Day's doctors recommended that she take more time off. In 1972, the Catholic Workers bought at least three cottages in Spanish Camp. Spanish Camp was created by the Hispanic Naturopath Society, which was founded in 1928 and established a tradition of renting beachfront property where members lived communally in tents set up on wooded platforms during the summer months. In 1948 the Society bought 17 acres on Raritan Bay at 457 Poillon Avenue and erected over 50 bungalows and a communal hall.

Day was probably attracted to Spanish Camp because of its communal lifestyle and modest beachfront setting. Day called Spanish Camp her "oasis" and spent six summers there and all of 1975 before her death in 1980. Day's cottage was typical of Spanish Camp structures in its modest, cramped rooms, synthetic siding, the outhouse, and simple wooden platform where she looked out at the bay. The foundations of the cottage as well as those of the wooden house next door belonging to friends that she frequently visited are included in this site. Day is buried on Staten Island. One of the four remaining cottages was owned by Catholic Workers and Day frequented the house.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Mr. John DiScala
Volpe DeSimone, Inc.
3155 Amboy Road
Staten Island, NY 10306

Dear Mr. DiScala:

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Please contact Amanda Pitman at (212) 487-6805 or via email at apitman@lpc.nyc.gov by Friday, April 13, 2001, to find out the time this item is anticipated to begin. If you have any additional questions about the hearing, please call me at (212) 487-6820.

Sincerely yours,


Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
cc: Jennifer J. Raab, Chairman
Pat Corbo, Esq.

CERTIFIED NO. Z-340-327-863 and Z-038-086-994



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6800 FAX: 212-487-6723 TTY: 212-487-6745

nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Mr. Walter Stojanowski
54 Orangesburg Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10312

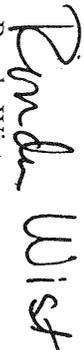
Dear Mr. Stojanowski:

In accordance with Section 25-313 of the Administrative Code of the City of New York, you are hereby notified that a public hearing regarding the proposed designation of the property listed on the attached page will be held on Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Meeting Room at the Landmarks Preservation Commission's building located at 100 Old Slip, Manhattan. You or your representative are invited to attend the hearing to present information or testimony relating to the proposed designation.

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Sincerely yours,


Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs

cc: Jennifer J. Raab, Chairman
Walter Stojanowski, 16 Zephyr Avenue, Staten Island 10312

CERTIFIED NO. Z-089-697-946 and Z-089-697-948



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6800 FAX: 212-487-6723 TTY: 212-487-6745

nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Mr. Tinino Solimine
21 Bennett Place
Staten Island, NY 10312-6068

Dear Mr. Solimine:

In accordance with Section 25-313 of the Administrative Code of the City of New York, you are hereby notified that a public hearing regarding the proposed designation of the property listed on the attached page will be held on Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Meeting Room at the Landmarks Preservation Commission's building located at 100 Old Slip, Manhattan. You or your representative are invited to attend the hearing to present information or testimony relating to the proposed designation.

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Sincerely yours,


Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
cc: Jennifer J. Raab, Chairman

CERTIFIED NO. Z-089-697-947

NEW YORK CITY
LANDMARKS PRESERVATION COMMISSION

PUBLIC HEARING
Tuesday, April 17, 2001

BOROUGH OF STATEN ISLAND

Dorothy Day Historic Site

457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island.

Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 1 in part starting at a point 120' southeasterly from the northeastern corner of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 26 and proceeding southeasterly along the eastern boundary line of said lot for 90', then along an easterly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said lot line to a point 150' from said lot line, then along a northeasterly line for 90' extending at a 90 degree angle from said point, then along a westerly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said point to the point of beginning.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

John Guild
Executive Director
Historic Richmond Town
Staten Island Historical Society
441 Clarke Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10306

Re: **Edwards Barton House**, 3742 Richmond Road, Staten Island (aka
275 Center Street and 279 Center Street).
Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 4441, Lot 1

Dear Mr. Guild:

In accordance with Section 25-313 of the Administrative Code of the City of New York, you are hereby notified that a public hearing regarding the proposed designation of the property listed above will be held on Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Meeting Room at the Landmarks Preservation Commission's building located at 100 Old Slip, Manhattan. You or your representative are invited to attend the hearing to present information or testimony relating to the proposed designation.

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Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
cc: Jennifer J. Raab, Chairman

CERTIFIED NO. Z-340-327-995

NEW YORK CITY
LANDMARKS PRESERVATION COMMISSION

PUBLIC HEARING
Tuesday, April 17, 2001

BOROUGH OF STATEN ISLAND

Dorothy Day Historic Site

457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island.

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The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Honorable Joseph Rose, Chairman
City Planning Commission
22 Reade Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Chairman Rose:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmarks and landmark sites described on the attached page.

You and/or your representative are cordially invited to attend the proceedings and offer testimony concerning the proposed designation. Or, if you prefer, you may send us a statement which will be read into the record on April 17, 2001. If you wish to fax your comments, the Commission's fax number is (212) 487-6723.

Please contact Amanda Pitman at (212) 487-6805 or via email at apitman@lpc.nyc.gov by Friday, April 13, 2001, to find out the time these items are anticipated to begin.

Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6800 FAX: 212-487-6723 TTY: 212-487-6745
nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Honorable Vito J. Fossella, Jr.
House of Representatives
4434 Amboy Road
Staten Island, NY 10312

Dear Congressman Fossella:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmarks and landmark sites described on the attached page.

You and/or your representative are cordially invited to attend the proceedings and offer testimony concerning the proposed designation. Or, if you prefer, you may send us a statement which will be read into the record on April 17, 2001. If you wish to fax your comments, the Commission's fax number is (212) 487-6723.

Please contact Amanda Pitman at (212) 487-6805 or via email at apitman@lpc.nyc.gov by Friday, April 13, 2001, to find out the time this item is anticipated to begin.

Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.



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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Honorable Robert A. Straniere
New York State Assembly
182 Rose Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10306

Dear Assemblyman Straniere:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmarks and landmark sites described on the attached page.

You and/or your representative are cordially invited to attend the proceedings and offer testimony concerning the proposed designation. Or, if you prefer, you may send us a statement which will be read into the record on April 17, 2001. If you wish to fax your comments, the Commission's fax number is (212) 487-6723.

Please contact Amanda Pitman at (212) 487-6805 or via email at apitman@lpc.nyc.gov by Friday, April 13, 2001, to find out the time this item is anticipated to begin.

Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.



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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Honorable John J. Marchi
New York State Senate
358 St. Marks Place
Staten Island, NY 10301

Dear Senator Marchi:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmark and landmark site described on the attached page.

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Please contact Amanda Pitman at (212) 487-6805 or via email at apitman@lpc.nyc.gov by Friday, April 13, 2001, to find out the time this item is anticipated to begin.

Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Honorable Stephen J. Fiala
New York City Council
3944 Richmond Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10312

Dear Councilman Fiala:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmark and landmark site described on the attached page.

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Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

John Antoniello, Chairman
Staten Island Community Board No. 3
655-218 Rossville Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10309

Dear Mr. Antoniello:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmark and landmark site described on the attached page.

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Sincerely yours,

Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

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nyc.gov/landmarks



April 3, 2001

Honorable Guy Molinari
Borough President of Staten Island
10 Richmond Terrace
Staten Island, NY 10301

Dear Borough President Molinari:

On Tuesday, April 17, 2001, in the Public Hearing Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, 100 Old Slip, Borough of Manhattan, a public hearing will be held concerning the proposed designation of the landmarks and landmark sites described on the attached page.

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Ronda Wist
Executive Director

RW:lrs
encl.

NEW YORK CITY
LANDMARKS PRESERVATION COMMISSION

PUBLIC HEARING
Tuesday, April 17, 2001

BOROUGH OF STATEN ISLAND

Dorothy Day Historic Site

457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island.

Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 1 in part starting at a point 120' southeasterly from the northeastern corner of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 26 and proceeding southeasterly along the eastern boundary line of said lot for 90', then along an easterly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said lot line to a point 150' from said lot line, then along a northeasterly line for 90' extending at a 90 degree angle from said point, then along a westerly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said point to the point of beginning.

Edwards-Barton House

3742 Richmond Road (aka 3738-3742 Richmond Road, 275 Center Street and 279 Center Street), Staten Island.

Landmark Site: Borough of Staten island Tax Map Block 4441, Lot 1

DOROTHY DAY

LOAVES AND FISHES

The moving drama of a great woman and the humane movement she has sparked. . .
"Unreservedly recommended!"—*Library Journal*

\$1.25 01035 CURTIS BOOKS



For Doris Nielson —
who, as I did, came to
the Faith on a Staten Island
Beach, thanks be to God.
Love — Dorothy Day

Nov. 19 75

“GOING TO CONFESSION IS HARD. WRITING A BOOK IS HARD, BECAUSE YOU ARE ‘GIVING YOURSELF AWAY.’ BUT IF YOU LOVE, YOU WANT TO GIVE YOURSELF.”—Dorothy Day.

Dorothy Day has been giving of herself in many ways for many years. To art. To social protest. To union organizing. To love. To religion. And above all, to people—the neediest and most desperate among us.

In her books, Dorothy Day gives of herself in a very special way. Her books do not preach. They do not argue. They simply *are*, just as Dorothy Day *is*. And what they are, and what she is, is something very important to every reader.

In 1972, Dorothy Day celebrates her 75th birthday. To commemorate this occasion, Curtis Books is making her three major works available in paperback editions, both as a tribute to this remarkable woman, and as a recognition that her message is perhaps more vital today than ever before.

THE
HOLY BIBLE

REVISED STANDARD VERSION

CONTAINING THE

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS

WITH THE

APOCRYPHA/DEUTEROCANONICAL
BOOKS

AN ECUMENICAL EDITION

COLLINS

NEW YORK · GLASGOW

LONDON · TORONTO · SYDNEY · AUCKLAND
(1973)

S. J. Monahan

June 1977

Working Day

For Davis, with love, on
her birthday

THE REVISED STANDARD VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT AND THE PSALMS

The Revised Standard Version of the New Testament is an authorized revision of the American Standard Version of 1901, which was a revision of the King James Version of 1611. The King James Version was itself a revision of English testaments that date back to the translation of William Tyndale in 1525.

As a result of the discovery of manuscripts of the New Testament more ancient than those used by translators in 1611, together with a marked development in biblical studies, a demand for the revision of the King James Version arose in the nineteenth century, resulting in the English Revised Version (1881-1885) and the American Standard Version.

The twentieth century brought to light even older manuscripts, predating those used in the preparation of the American Standard Version (1901), again necessitating reassessment of the text used.

Another reason for revision of the King James Version is afforded by changes in English usage. The problem is presented, not so much by its archaic forms or obsolete words, as by the English words which are still in constant use but now convey different meanings from those which they had in 1611 and in the King James Version. These words were once accurate translations of the Hebrew and Greek

For Mike — (and now for Davis)
Easier to read —
with love — Devotee,
Say a little prayer for Mike & A.

DOROTHY DAY

ON PILGRIMAGE: THE SIXTIES

The inspiring personal journey of a
great woman of our time through the decade of
our disarray and discontent

CURTIS BOOKS

\$1.25 01036



For Dennis—
A sort of diary of
The Sixties—
Love—Dorothy Day
Nov. 1975

“GOING TO CONFESSION IS HARD.
WRITING A BOOK IS HARD, BECAUSE
YOU ARE ‘GIVING YOURSELF AWAY.’
BUT IF YOU LOVE, YOU WANT TO GIVE
YOURSELF.”—Dorothy Day

Dorothy Day has been giving of herself in many ways for many years. To art. To social protest. To union organizing. To love. To religion. And above all, to people—the neediest and most desperate among us.

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In 1972, Dorothy Day celebrates her 75th birthday. To commemorate this occasion, Curtis Books is making her three major works available in paperback editions, both as a tribute to this remarkable woman, and as a recognition that her message is perhaps more vital today than ever before.

Testimony

To the Landmarks Preservation Commission, NYC, April 17, 2001

Ladies and gentlemen of the Commission, good afternoon. My name is Mark Kiley. I am President of the Friends of the Dorothy Day Cottages and Associate Professor of Theology & Religious Studies at St. John's University, Staten Island.

I come to you today with a problem. Repeatedly over the last several months, and in anticipation of this hearing, conversation with fellow-passengers of the Gen-X variety on the Staten Island Ferry has gotten around to my asking if they know who Dorothy Day is. After a few seconds of embarrassed silence, my interlocutor eventually blurts out something along the lines of "She's that actress; the blonde, right?" I have taken to carrying this photo with me whenever I ride the boat and well, frankly, it's getting old. At the end of these brief remarks, I will suggest a way you can help me unload this photo once and for all.

As I see it, there are three groups of people beside the potential homeowners for whom this land will be important.

First, the American Catholic Church. As her cause for canonization moves forward, I anticipate a time when American Catholics and other Christians will want to see and pray at this place where Dorothy was. And its location at seaside makes it a splendid base from which they may contemplate the story- within- the- story that was Dorothy's. In this season, the Christian church celebrates the appearance of a mysterious stranger at seaside who provides a miraculous catch of fish to people who perhaps had assumed that his story was over. In this morning light, however, these failed fishermen took another step toward becoming disciples, and slowly realized that he had *freely* handed himself over to an evil generation; that far from being a hapless victim, *he* was

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the fisherman and they the catch. He had deliberately provoked the greed and lethal anger of a people whose horizon was confined to this world and he now opened their eyes to see beyond their limitations to the saving experience of himself in glorified human flesh. So too, not far from the present Day cabins, Dorothy lived and loved her partner and fisherman Forster Batterham and their daughter Tamar. This period in the mid-20's was the culmination of a young life filled with passion to see that the rights of women to vote and of workers to work in safety and earn a decent living be protected, that the passions which fuel wars be de-fanged . Her conversion to Catholicism did not eliminate but purified those passions. She disseminated the social teaching of the church in the newspaper she co-founded, and to which she contributed in the 1970's from the Staten Island cabins, using the paper as a fishing hook of the Master. She invited others to be caught as she had been caught, pulled from this watery world to breathe a purer air and let others know that we do not have to resign ourselves to living in a fish-eat-fish world.

The second group for whom this land will be important are those who were evicted from it a few years ago. They are testament to a time in New York when one did not need a 7- figure investment portfolio to enjoy this part of God's seashore. I have not the slightest scintilla of doubt that if Dorothy were sitting in this room, her first stated concern would be, not for her memorial, but for them.

And the third interested party brings me back to the photo I carry. This coming Monday April 23, marks the 50th anniversary of *Doris* Day and Gordon MacRae's recording of *On Moonlight Bay*. It was popular but never made the charts. So in the name of America's future *yoots* who have been deprived of one Day's Bay, I call on this commission to give them another. And take this photo off my hands, please.

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MBB

LP-2092

PLACE MATTERS

a citywide advocate for New York's places of history, tradition and community life

Sponsored by City Lore and The Municipal Art Society of New York

457 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Phone - 212.935.3960 Fax - 212.753.1816 Email - placematters@mas.org

www.placematters.net

Public Testimony to the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission on the proposed designation of the Dorothy Day Historic Site

April 17, 2001

I am Laura Hansen, a co-director of Place Matters, a project of City Lore and the Municipal Art Society. I am also here as a founding trustee of the Friends of the Dorothy Day Cottages, a group that remains committed to the care and interpretation of the site.

I don't come before you that often, but I hope to be here more frequently in the future, as the public discussion grows about what kinds of places merit protection under the Landmarks Law. Today's hearing is especially important in the context of that larger discussion and the work of Place Matters.

Place Matters is committed to bringing recognition, in many different forms, to places throughout New York that help us make connections to the past, that contribute to vital communities, and that sustain what is distinctive about New York. We believe that landmark designation, and the protection it confers on a property, is the most appropriate recognition for Spanish Camp. An array of interpretive and commemorative acts of recognition would augment this designation, but without it we lose the opportunity to use the power of place to literally encounter history.

I say Spanish Camp today instead of the Dorothy Day Historic Site, because while we are happy to see a designation hearing on this property, we would like the Commission to consider designating a larger portion of it. In February 2001, on behalf of a coalition of organizations and individuals, Place Matters submitted a Request for Evaluation to the LPC for a "Spanish Camp Historic District." Because the boundaries of that proposed district are primarily within the property's Designated Open Space, this larger area does not pose an additional burden to the owner. This larger area, which includes the main lane and pedestrian pathway and the communal open spaces, does provide a context critical to fully recognizing the significance of the site.

The official response to our Request for Evaluation stated that the Commission's Designation Committee "does not believe that the large complex as a whole possesses the architectural, historical or cultural significance necessary to be a landmark."

This begs the question: "What is a landmark?"

The architectural significance of Spanish Camp has been debatable since its evaluation began some three years ago. One could argue that the cottages' vernacular design as well as their typology as rare

Place Matters public testimony to LPC
Dorothy Day Historic Site, April 17, 2001

examples of urban beach bungalows meet accepted notions of architectural significance, albeit outside the canon of high style. But that aside, the historical and cultural significance of Spanish Camp is compelling and clear to a broad coalition from the religious and preservation communities, as well as to historians, Staten Island residents and many members of the press.

Spanish Camp is important for its association with Dorothy Day. There is little argument about Day's significance as a historical figure. And there is a great deal of documentation of her achievements as a religious leader and a social reformer. I want to go on record acknowledging Day's significance, but I won't comment further on this, because it has been clearly presented by the Commission staff in the introduction to this hearing.

While it is important that Dorothy Day lived in the bungalow at Spanish Camp – and there is ample evidence that she did – the point is that she *chose* to live there. This is not a minor point; it is the crux of determining significance.

Spanish Camp existed as a fully formed, compelling place before Dorothy Day's arrival. It was created by the Spanish Naturopath Society in a particular social context, and even as the composition of residents changed through the years, the founding values of modest living and communal responsibility continued to shape its character. Drawn to Spanish Camp as a place of spiritual and physical solace, Dorothy Day conferred upon it a layer of significance, but not in isolation of its own past.

The fuller context of Spanish Camp contributes to the documentation of Dorothy Day's life in a unique and irreplaceable way: When we see where and how she lived, in the bucolic yet modest surroundings that she chose as her personal retreat, her life's work and its impact on the world is clearer. Protecting the larger portion of the site – as we have proposed – is critical to that context.

Since 1996 when Spanish Camp and its potential demolition first became news, this place has helped crystallize the debate about significance for so-called cultural landmarks. Its strong sense of place derives not only from its association with an important individual, but also from the physical and natural environment created to house a once common, and now rare, New York way of life, i.e., the collective experience and cultural traditions of several generations of working people.

[As an aside, I would like to note that many of the property's former residents wanted to be here today but could not because of work schedules. Spanish Camp was home to working people from its inception to its demise.]

This is certainly not the first Commission to grapple with the challenges a site like this poses to the interpretation the Landmarks Law, and it certainly won't be the last. And the staff deserves credit for taking such an active interest in its preservation. The proposed Dorothy Day Historic Site is an appropriate landmark, but we believe it is not enough. This hearing presents an important opportunity,

**Place Matters public testimony to LPC
Dorothy Day Historic Site, April 17, 2001**

and I am here to ask the Commission to recognize that meaning accumulates across time and generations, and incorporates a range of cultural perspectives. In spite of the tragic loss of the Dorothy Day Cottages, Spanish Camp has sustained a strong sense of place and historic significance. We have not forgotten that this is private property. We believe that the preservation of a portion of it is in the public interest.

FAX COVER SHEET

CITY OF NEW YORK
President of the Borough of Staten Island
Guy V. Molinari
Telephone: (718) 816-2056
Fax: (718) 816-2051

To: *Mary Beth Betts*

Fax: *(212) 487-6776*

From: Daniel Master, Counsel to the Borough President

Date: *4/19/01*

Re: *Spanish Camp, Staten Island*

We are transmitting 3 pages including this cover sheet. If you do not receive all pages, please telephone us at the above number. Thank you.

Per my conversation with Amanda Pittman of your office.

This fax may contain confidential or privileged information which is intended only for use by the individual or entity to which the fax is addressed. If you are not the intended recipient, you are hereby notified that any disclosure, dissemination, copying or distribution of this transmission is strictly prohibited.

RW, MBB

Susan Tunick
771 West End Avenue, 10E
New York, NY 10025
212-662-0768

April 11, 2001

Jennifer Raab, Chair
New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission
100 Old Slip
New York, NY 10005

Dear Jennifer,

I would like to offer my strong support to the proposed designation of a portion of the Spanish Camp site on Staten Island. After such an extended period of interest from many parties and following the tragic loss of the Dorothy Day cottage, this important area should become an Historic District.

For many years I have been associated with various Staten Island institutions (including Wagner College and Snug Harbor) and organizations (including the Preservation League of Staten Island and Proectors of Pine Oak Woods). I have also worked hard to help Kreischerville become an Historic District and am continuing my activities connected with the preservation of Sea View Hospital.

There are many things that make the Spanish Camp site important. Perhaps the most compelling are the cultural issues related to it. They include New York City's role in encouraging social reform and communal / cooperative lifestyles, and the significant connection with the Catholic Worker movement and Dorothy Day. I am also interested in the architecture of the bungalow, and the Spanish Camp was a bungalow community which was unique at the time it was built.

I grew up in an area with bungalows in the Rockaways, and was saddened when the Arverne bungalows from my childhood days were destroyed. The movement to preserve bungalows continues to grow across the country - particularly in Chicago where Mayor Daly is offering tax credits for appropriate bungalow restoration.

At a recent conference in Kansas, I attended a series of lectures on the subject. They ranged from serious preservation concerns to nostalgic songs such as "The Bungal-Ode." Jingles and poems were also plentiful:

"With a little more status and a little more dough,
I'm going to buy me a bungalow."

Please revisit the issue of boundaries for this Historic district. It appears that there are no streets existing or mapped street beds for the proposed portion. This will make it inaccessible to the public as well as difficult to protect and regulate. Many thanks.

Best,



Susan Tunick



The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission

100 Old Slip New York NY 10005 TEL: 212-487-6763 FAX: 212-487-6776 TTY: 212-487-6745
<http://www.ci.nyc.ny.us/html/lpc/>



May 1, 2001

Ms. Susan Tunick
771 West End Avenue, 10E
New York, NY 10025

Re: Dorothy Day Historic Site, Staten Island

Dear Ms. ~~Tunick~~: *Susan*

Thank you for your letter of support. The Dorothy Day Historic Site was heard on April 17, 2001, and your letter will be placed in the file as part of the official record concerning this item. We appreciate your interest in historic preservation and in the work of the Landmarks Preservation Commission.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth Betts
Director of Research

Christine Parlagnoa

716 Woodrow Road
Staten Island, N.Y. 10312
(718) 948-0405

March 25, 2001

Borough President
Guy V. Molinari
10 Richmond Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10301

Re: Central Park East Estates
aka: Spanish Camp

Dear Mr. Molinari

I am writing to you as a property owner in the proposed new development called
CENTRAL PARK EAST ESTATES.

As a property owner it troubles me that I am caught in the middle of the Landmark Commission situation and the City Planning lagging their heels because of what is politically etiquette. I am an impartial person and I always try to see what both sides of the case may be, but my understanding of this situation seems to have no merit for landmark status. I feel the Landmark Commission is trying to punish us for its mistake and this has turned into a personal fight with the developer, Mr. John DiScala.

I also feel that certain politicians are using this for their own political gain.

Where were they when other developments on Staten Island were being built that should have never been allowed? Why is City Planning dragging their heels on this project? Mr. DiScala could have easily built a row of townhouses like most builders who have on this Island. Instead he tries to build up a community of beautiful homes and this is an issue.

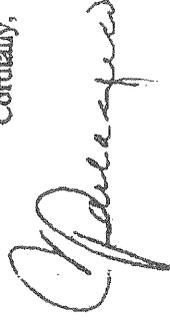
I am a resident of Staten Island and a taxpayer. I feel my rights being neglected and I am in need of your help. It seems like every time I think we are almost there another issue comes up. Another stall tactic is implemented or investigation is SLOWLY being conducted. The Landmark Commission had 3 years to make its case. Where is it? Why are these people, who no longer have rights to this property allowed to let my dream linger?

My husband and I have finally reached a goal in life where we can live in comfort. For this I am punished? I lived a poor life as a child and made it through to a successful life. I have seen both sides and I feel for these people but there is no substantial evidence for their stand.

PLEASE help us (the property owners) find a solution to finish our dreams. I would love for my children to have a chance to live in this community.

I would also like to say that, "The Staten Island Advance which I considered a descent newspaper to be completely one sided on this issue especially since one of the reporters lived in "The Spanish Camp. Now what ever happened to impartial reporting?

Cordially,



REQUEST FOR PUBLICATION

of all material *except procurement notices* in

THE CITY RECORD

No. _____

NOTE: copy for publication in THE CITY RECORD must be received by the City Record Office at least FIVE business days before the date requested for printing

Date 3/27/01

FROM Agency LANDMARKS Preservation Commiss Division _____

TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE CITY RECORD: Pursuant to Section 3020
of the NYC Charter + Title 25 of the Administrative Code*, please publish in 12 consecutive issues of
 THE CITY RECORD starting 4/2/01 and ending 4/17/01 the attached material
 the title of which is NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING

Please print it in the CITY RECORD Section checked below:

- Public Hearing or Meeting (all hearings except agency rules)
- Court Matters
- Property Disposition Offerings
- Agency Rules (includes rules hearings)
- Special Materials (all notices not included above)

Additional Info:

Requested By: MARY BETH BETTS Phone Number: 212-487-6763
 Name

212-487-6763 Mary Beth
 HP FAX
 FROM: LOREANE
 DATE: 3/27/01
 212-487-6769

TO: ELI BUACHMAN
 DEPT: Pub. Hdg. Notice
 CO: City Record
 FAX: 212-669-3211

* Identify the specific law which requires this material to be printed in THE CITY RECORD

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Notice of Public Hearing and Proposed Designation

LANDMARKS PRESERVATION COMMISSION

April 17, 2001

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT PURSUANT to the provisions of Section 3020 of the New York City Charter and Chapter 3 of Title 25 of the Administrative Code of the City of New York (Sections 25-303 and 25-313) that on Tuesday, **April 17, 2001**, at 9:00 a.m., the Landmarks Preservation Commission will conduct a public hearing in the Public Meeting Room of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, located at 100 Old Slip, City of New York, with respect to the following properties. Any person requiring reasonable accommodation in order to participate in the hearing should call or write the Landmarks Preservation Commission, [100 Old Slip, New York, NY 10005 -- (212) 487-6800] no later than five (5) business days before the hearing.

There will also be a public meeting on that day.

Proposed for Designation as Landmarks and Landmark Sites

BOROUGH OF STATEN ISLAND

[LP-2092]

Dorothy Day Historic Site

457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island.

Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 1 in part starting at a point 120' southeasterly from the northeastern corner of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 26 and proceeding southeasterly along the eastern boundary line of said lot for 90', then along an easterly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said lot line to a point 150' from said lot line, then along a northeasterly line for 90' extending at a 90 degree angle from said point, then along a westerly line extending at a 90 degree angle from said point to the point of beginning.

[LP-2093]

Edwards-Barton House

3742 Richmond Road (aka 3738-3742 Richmond Road, 275 Center Street and 279 Center Street), Staten Island.

Landmark Site: Borough of Staten island Tax Map Block 4441, Lot 1

CORRECTED COPY

Notice of Public Hearing and Proposed Designation

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[LP-2093]

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Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 4441, Lot 1 in part

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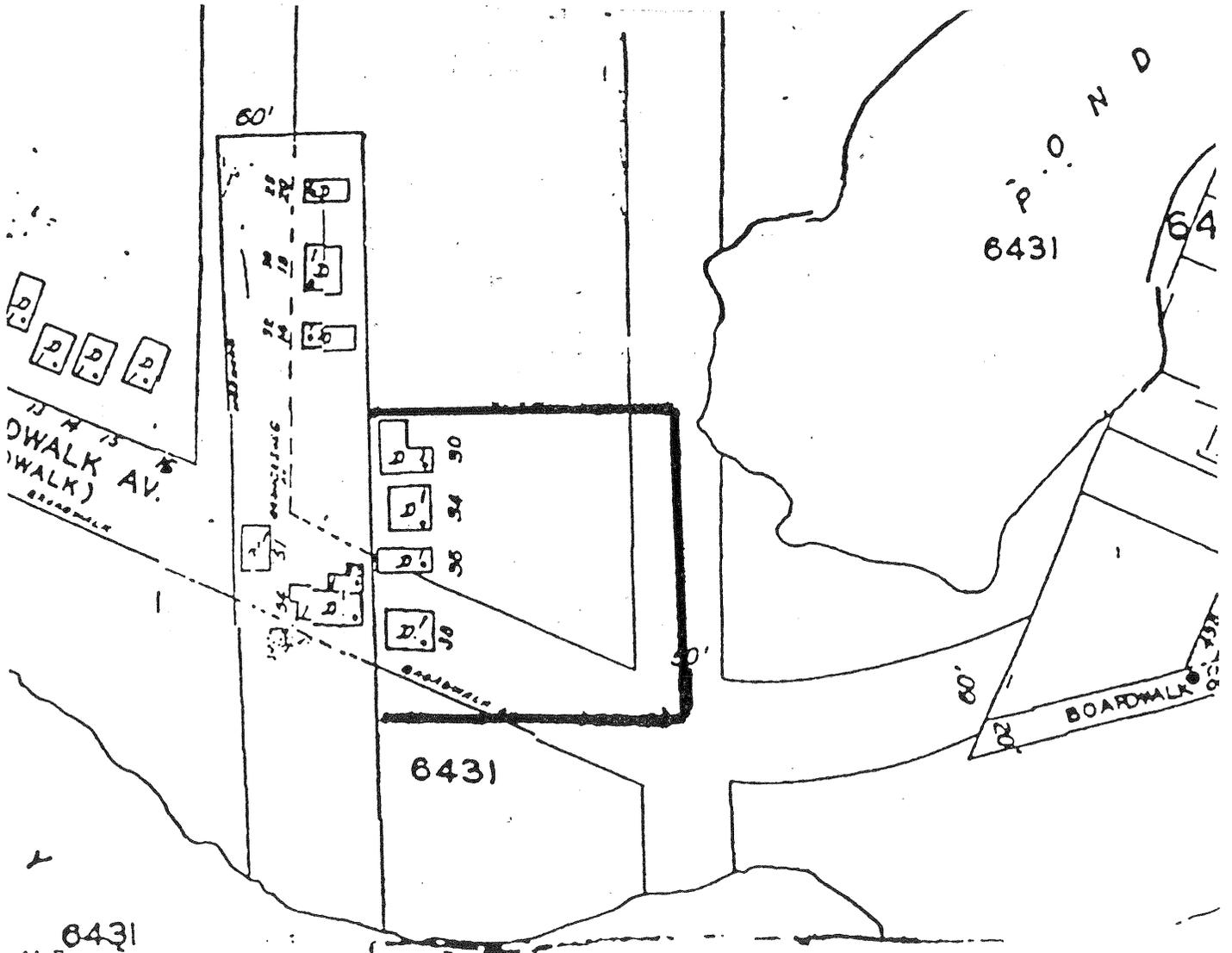
DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE, 457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island, Block 6431, Lot 1, in part.

The social activist Dorothy Day (1897-1980) first moved to Staten Island's south shore in 1924. She gave birth to her daughter, Tamar, in Staten Island in 1927 and had her baptized at a local Catholic Church, where Day was received into the Church on December 28, 1927. In late 1932 Day met Peter Maurin, and they founded the newspaper, *The Catholic Worker*. The first issue was distributed on May 1, 1933, which cost a penny and the paper explored pacifism, anarchist utopianism and Catholic social thought through essays and articles. That same year Day and her followers established a social movement of the same name and opened a soup kitchen and later hospitality houses to feed and shelter the poor.

Throughout her life Dorothy Day maintained strong ties to Staten Island's south shore, living intermittently in a series of properties. In her writings, she repeatedly stated her fondness for Staten Island and particularly its beaches. In the 1970s Day's doctors recommended that she take more time off. In 1972, the Catholic Workers bought at two cottages in Spanish Camp. Day had written to Walter Stojanowski on January 26, 1972: "I'm very serious about that Spanish Camp bungalow you mentioned that the Norwegian wanted to sell. . . My brother lives on Long Island but I've always loved Staten Island and the beach there." Spanish Camp was created by the Hispanic Naturopath Society, which was founded in 1928 and established a tradition of renting beachfront property where members lived communally in tents set up on wooded platforms during the summer months. In 1948 the Society bought 17 acres on Raritan Bay at 457 Poillon Avenue and erected over 50 bungalows and a communal hall.

Day was probably attracted to Spanish Camp because of its communal lifestyle and modest beachfront setting. Day called Spanish Camp her "oasis" and spent six summers there and all of 1975 before her death in 1980. Day described the situation in a 1975 letter: "We paid for the two 3-room bungalows, not the land. Pay our share of taxes, city services water, street lights, electric. Mostly summer camp now, but we stay all winter." Her letters and columns for the *Catholic Worker* make references to her Spanish Camp neighbors, Pat and Kathleen Jordan, John and Marge Hughes and to the "three-room cottage." In January 1975 she wrote: "Really I am to be envied. I am spending a good deal of my time at a little three-room house on the beach, not too far away, where I can enjoy the beauties of sunrise over the bay and the sunset, which, alas, comes all too early every afternoon." And in autumn of 1977 she wrote: "In many ways this has been a good summer for me, since I spent most of it on the beach in Staten Island, where we have two small bungalows, where workers at St. Joseph's and Maryhouse can go rest from the hard life in the city."

Day's cottage was typical of modest Spanish Camp structures in its synthetic siding, the outhouse, and simple wooden platform where she looked out at the bay. The foundations of the two Catholic Worker's cottages as well as those of the house next door are included in this site. Day is buried on Staten Island. One of the four remaining cottages was owned by a member of the Catholic Workers and Day frequented the house.



LANDMARKS PRESERVATION COMMISSION
 DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE
 CALENDARIED FEBRUARY 27, 2001

457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island

Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot 1 in part

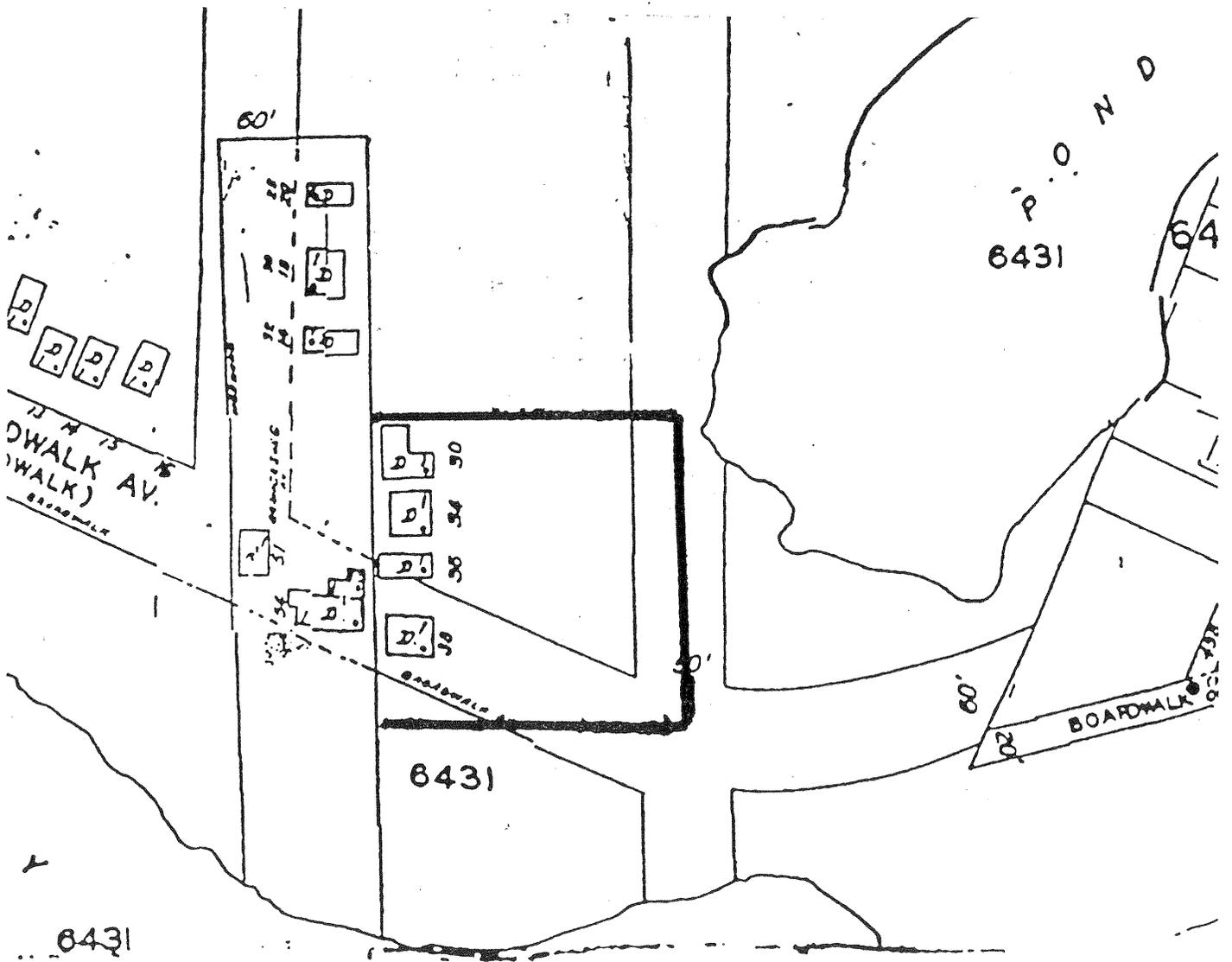
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Throughout her life Dorothy Day maintained strong ties to Staten Island's south shore, living intermittently in a series of properties. In her writings, she repeatedly stated her fondness for Staten Island and particularly its beaches. In the 1970s Day's doctors recommended that she take more time off. In 1972, the Catholic Workers bought at two cottages in Spanish Camp. Day had written to Walter Stojanowski on January 26, 1972: "I'm very serious about that Spanish Camp bungalow you mentioned that the Norwegian wanted to sell. . . My brother lives on Long Island but I've always loved Staten Island and the beach there." Spanish Camp was created by the Hispanic Naturopath Society, which was founded in 1928 and established a tradition of renting beachfront property where members lived communally in tents set up on wooded platforms during the summer months. In 1948 the Society bought 17 acres on Raritan Bay at 457 Poillon Avenue and erected over 50 bungalows and a communal hall.

Day was probably attracted to Spanish Camp because of its communal lifestyle and modest beachfront setting. Day called Spanish Camp her "oasis" and spent six summers there and all of 1975 before her death in 1980. Day described the situation in a 1975 letter: "We paid for the two 3-room bungalows, not the land. Pay our share of taxes, city services water, street lights, electric. Mostly summer camp now, but we stay all winter." Her letters and columns for the *Catholic Worker* make references to her Spanish Camp neighbors, Pat and Kathleen Jordan, John and Marge Hughes and to the "three-room cottage." In January 1975 she wrote: "Really I am to be envied. I am spending a good deal of my time at a little three-room house on the beach, not too far away, where I can enjoy the beauties of sunrise over the bay and the sunset, which, alas, comes all too early every afternoon." And in autumn of 1977 she wrote: "In many ways this has been a good summer for me, since I spent most of it on the beach in Staten Island, where we have two small bungalows, where workers at St. Joseph's and Maryhouse can go rest from the hard life in the city."

Day's cottage was typical of modest Spanish Camp structures in its synthetic siding, the outhouse, and simple wooden platform where she looked out at the bay. The foundations of the two *Catholic Worker's* cottages as well as those of the house next door are included in this site. Day is buried on Staten Island. One of the four remaining cottages was owned by a member of the *Catholic Workers* and Day frequented the house.



LANDMARKS PRESERVATION COMMISSION
 DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE
 CALENDARIED FEBRUARY 27, 2001

457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island
 Landmark Site: Borough of Staten Island Tax Map Block 6431, Lot I in part

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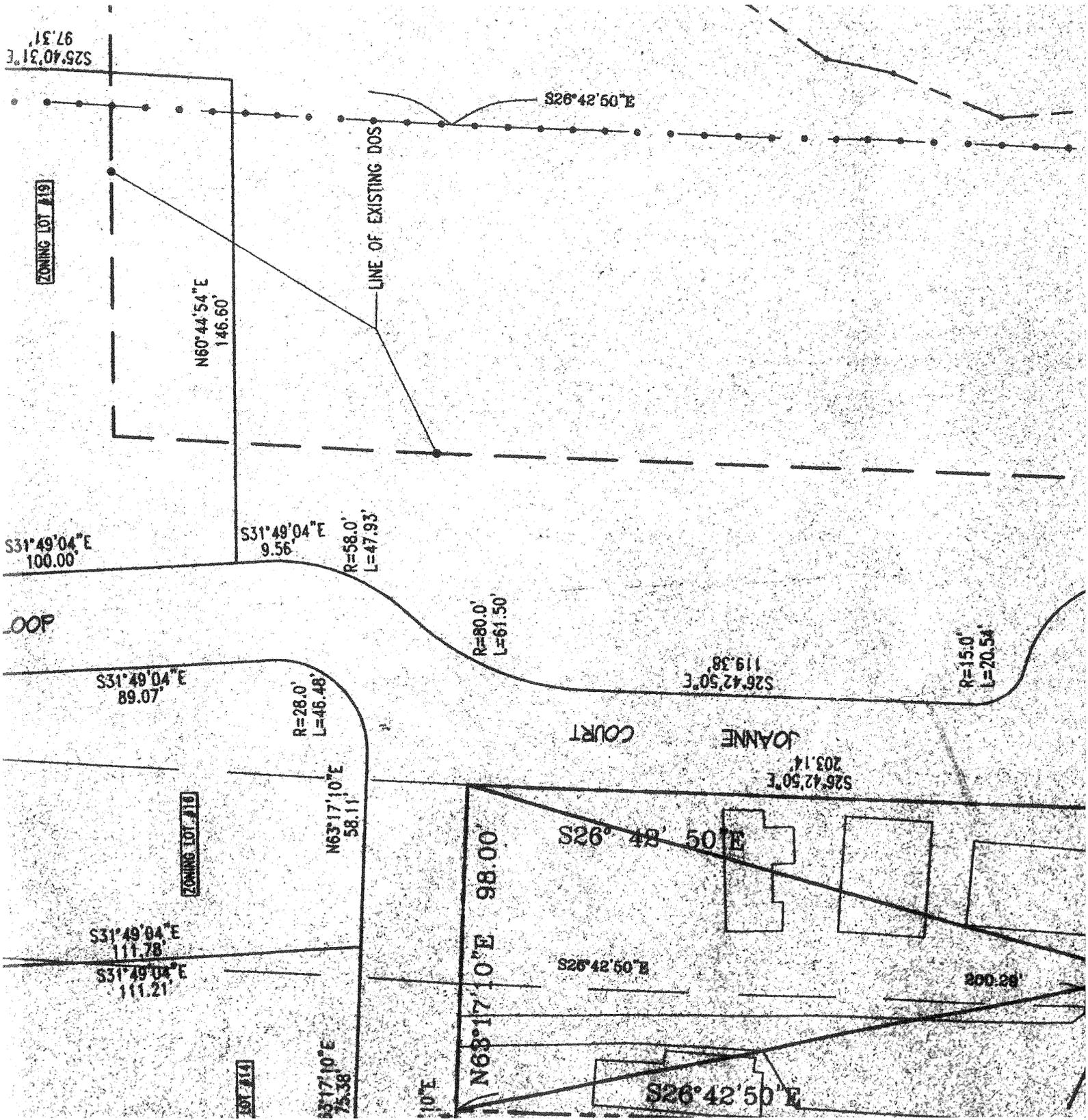
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S25°40'31"E
97.31'

ZONING LOT #19

N60°44'54"E
146.60'

S28°42'50"E

LINE OF EXISTING DOS

S31°49'04"E
100.00'

S31°49'04"E
9.56'

R=58.0'
L=47.93'

OOP

R=80.0'
L=61.50'

R=15.0'
L=20.54'

S31°49'04"E
89.07'

R=28.0'
L=46.48'

S26°42'50"E
119.38'

COURT

JOANNE

S26°42'50"E
203.14'

ZONING LOT #19

N63°17'10"E
58.11'

S26°42'50"E

S31°49'04"E
111.78'

S31°49'04"E
111.21'

N63°17'10"E 98.00'

S26°42'50"E

200.28'

ZONING LOT #14

S31°17'10"E
75.38'

10"E

S26°42'50"E

Spanish Camp

celebrations
 d friends
 ct 11 ter
 had met all the requirements and
 done a good job in creating the
 footprint, Discala received a re-
 gular permit from DEC, which
 regulates freshwater wetlands,
 after agreeing to downsize his
 original plan from 36 to 25 homes.
 — pulling the builder has prom-
 ised to challenge later on.

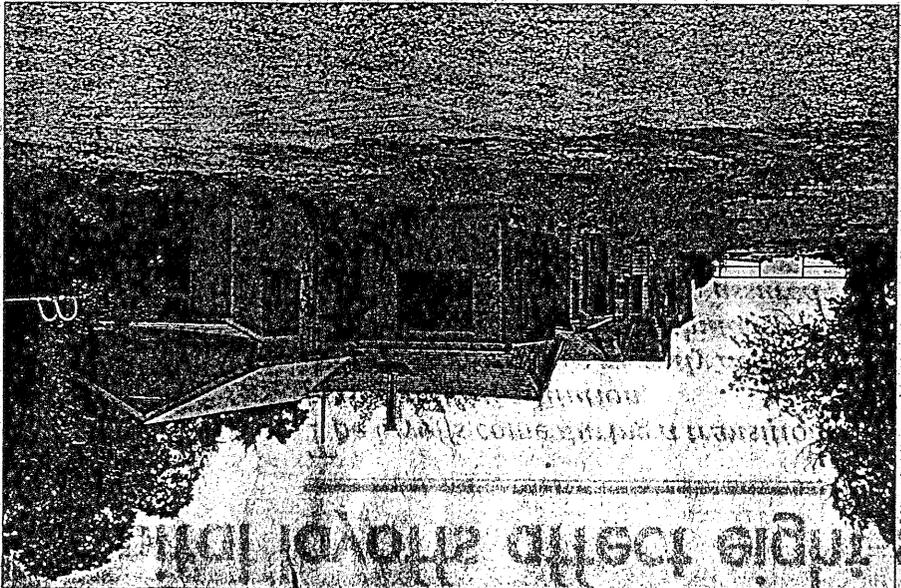
He also got clearance late last
 year from the City Planning Com-
 mission to build three homes on
 the site. To proceed with the re-
 maining 22 homes, however, he
 must formally deed over the foot-
 path and footbridge along Seguin
 Pond to the Parks Department.

Discala said yesterday that a
 final survey must be done before
 the property can be turned over to
 Parks. He is also still waiting for
 Buildings Department permits to
 start the first three houses in the
 development.

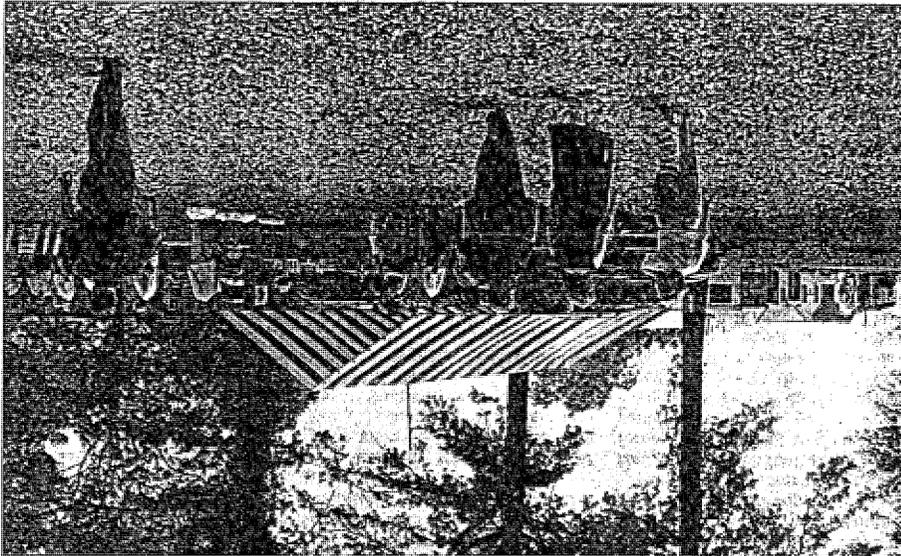
"I see a piece of land zoned R-3,
 the most permissive zoning we
 have on Staten Island. They can
 come in here and, as-of-right, put
 up townhouses," said Councilman
 Andrew Lanza (R-South Shore),
 who also attended the event yes-
 terday. "In my estimation, this a
 developer who has opted not to do
 that, and on top of that, he has
 gifted a park."

Still, one person who attended
 yesterday's event called the at-
 tention of several people to some
 out to show support for the builder
 and the parking area was crowded
 with Mercedes-Benz SUVs and
 one limousine, which brought
 friends from Atlantic City.

But Gregory Markow, who
 bought land from Discala and is
 waiting for the builder to put up
 that observation.
 "This is a tremendous gesture,
 Markow said of Discala's dedica-
 tion of parkland. "He's entitled to
 his show of enthusiasm."
 "We love John. We know John and
 a personal basis and he just in-
 galsows. The fraud charges were
 dropped this summer when she
 agreed to pay a \$2,500 fine.



The last remaining cottages at Spanish Camp in Annadale.



Guests walk to one of the party tents at the new Central Park West Estates ceremony.

to get the demolition permits to
 take down the Dorothy Day bun-
 Naturopath Society through an
 emotional eviction of the tenants
 who lived there, many of whom
 owned bungalows but not the land.
 Discala, meanwhile, has planned
 city agencies and the Landmarks
 Preservation Commission, for bu-
 reaucratic delays and stonewall-
 ing of his project in the two years
 against anybody." Discala
 said, "I don't really hold anything
 against anybody."
 Yesterday, he took a different
 tack, praising the City Planning
 Department and DEC for their
 help in moving the project along.
 "I forgive everybody," Discala
 said. "I don't really hold anything
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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

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

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

Bright Wings

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

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

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

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

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

Studies Neglect Farm

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

The urban-minded, academically-trained contemporary person seems ill-equipped to understand the seasonal flow of life on a farm. Spring, Summer, Autumn. Plowing, planting, cultivating, harvesting. Winter is a time of rest, of study, of such projects as weaving, at which Mike Kreyche has become quite expert; of all the necessary routine chores, which are even more onerous in cold weather. We have many kinds of people living together, many with very serious problems. Psychotics, neurotics, alcoholics, emotionally disturbed, mentally retarded, physically handicapped, the old, the sick, the afflicted. There are many kinds of poverty. We have poverty. We have suffering. We often have problems that we can't cope with. But on the whole, I believe that when the final account is settled in Heaven, that many, many people will be numbered there who found the help they needed here at this farm with a view. For the center of life here—though many call them selves non-believers or lapsed Catholics—is still the Mass, the Blessed Sacrament, and prayer—life in and out of chapel.

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

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

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

River Outing

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

(Continued on page 6)



Rita Corbin

is ordered deported; appealing the case.

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

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

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

May 15—Drove with Mike Kreyche

(Continued on page 8)

The Gospel and Practical Nonviolence

By JUDY DAVIDSON and
JEAN KALMAN

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

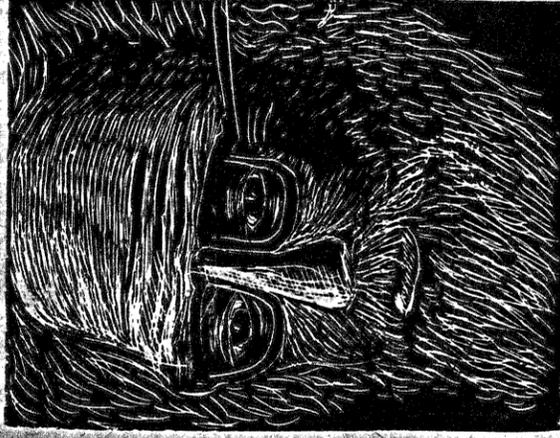
Jean-Marie Muller is well-known in France for various non-violent actions he has initiated in coordination with the "Community of Research on Non-Violent Action" in Orleans. His trial for rejection of his military papers, and his hunger-strike in protest of the sale of Mirages, the famous French-manufactured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

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

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

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

Muller gives us an example of strat-



Rita Corbin

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

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

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

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

Katy, thirteen, is reading, for the third time, the Tolkien books. She gave me The Hobbit to read, and my visit has been like the first chapter of that book when fourteen dwarfs arrived one by one, when he expected only one visitor. Brenda and Nicky came often with their three, Rhonda, her sister, with two sturdy boys. Some campers also arrived to sleep in the barn—there were great comings and goings, like at Tivoli. Everyone is a car hopper these days, so the four-hour trip which separates Tivoli and Perkinsville seems like nothing.

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

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

(Continued from page 2)

ON PILGRIMAGE

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

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

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

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

cause of its insufficiency. In the chapter entitled "Violent Weapons Brought to the Rich," Muller attacks left theories supporting violent revolution. He maintains that far from showing commitments to social change, such statements are mere rhetoric. Alibi of a gun is an absurd rallying cry while the other side has all the guns." (Ru for Baddeals, p. 21.)

Reality

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

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

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

36 East First

(Continued from page 7)

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

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

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

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

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

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

There are so many things I want to write about that the eight pages of the CW could not contain them, so I keep notebooks and write down my morning meditations which come to me, as distractions perhaps, during the morning hour of prayer.

This morning it is cool after a week of grueling heat and humidity. I have been in the city all summer, with usually a weekend on Staten Island where there is still country and beach to refresh one.

My rear window looks out over a factory roof which occupies what used to be two long back yards between Second and First Streets. It is a black tar-papered roof, but miracle of miracles, about ten feet of green grass a foot high, has sprung up in some crack which somehow lodged in the crack between this roof and the 12-story house which shuts off the western sky. There is an alantthus tree, a few years old, in our ten-foot back yard, and another older one in another miniscule yard in the rear of a Second St. house. The trees stay green all summer, but the grass flourishes a few weeks, then turns yellow and dies. There is no nourishment in the sparse dust and dirt between brick and cement.

There are three or four cats who stalk the few pigeons who clean up the crumbs left from the food Paul puts out for them. He climbs a ladder to the roof to do so. This is my glimpse of wildlife in the city.

St. Benedict's Day

I want to write about one day especially, the feast of St. Benedict, July 11. I have to keep going back to my old St. Andrew's daily missal, after using the revised missalette provided by our parish. I am tempted to complain at the many changes taking place in the Church's daily routine, but, after all, one can keep one's old missal as an encyclopedia, and look up those short, precious accounts of the saints and the history of their times which the old St. Andrew's missal contained. After all, the poor could not afford missals. Peter Maurin told us to study the past, in

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The heat of the July sun batters us. Birds and human beings alike seek the leafy shade of trees where alone coolness seems to dwell. Most of us at Fr. Andy's outdoor Mass this morning sought the shadiest spot we could find.

A little later some of us partook of Alice Lawrence's bountiful and delicious Sunday dinner in the shade of those same trees. But now the torpor of afternoon hangs over us. I hear no song bird, though a cock crows, defying the heat. Yet still the sun batters those who venture under it, and thoughts boil in my head.

O "batter my heart, three-Personed God," for in the heat and cacophony of our days, the voice of the devil is more strident than Yours. Help me to remember the hemlock grove where Miriam Carroll and I sat on a mossy log amid the spirit-refreshing coolness, and heard (or fancied so) snatches of elfin song and hobbit laughter, until the loud and angry voice of an ork started us and sent us homeward. But even as we took our departure, I heard not far away the song of a cardinal in full liturgical splendor, in the glorious colors of the Holy Spirit, reminding us—and elves, hobbits, and even orks—that this was a sacred grove, a true temple of our great Creator, Who Fathered us and sent His only-begotten Son to show the Way to Him.

Myths for Modern Man
Some of my readers will recognize the allusions to the enchanting Tolkien books—The Hobbit, The Fellowship of the Rings, The Twin Towers, and The Return of the King. Tolkien, who was for many years known primarily as a scholar in the fields of Anglo-Saxon sagas and early English literature, has also those great gifts of story-telling and imagination which have enabled him to create real masterpieces at once based on our mist-veiled mythic origins, and those universal human values and struggles which motivate us still



Rita Corbin

in this age which we might call the triumph of orkdom. For what after all is back of Watergate except the age-old struggle for the ring of power? And would not the orks be glad to claim as their own the terrible devastation and pollution brought about by our technology? Would the orks and their terrible masters not feel at home in the cacophony, war, and general quarrelsomeness of modern living?

T. H. White's *The Once and Future King* is another great and imaginative rendering of familiar legendary material—the Arthurian legends which were so much a part of the imaginative reading and living of children of my generation. Both Tolkien and White have constructed great tales which can be enjoyed at many levels, by young and old alike. I recommend these books not only as antidotes to summer heat, but also to the bland or toxic fare of the so-called media on which so many depend. As Dostoyevsky said—“Beauty will save the world.” But it takes great imagination often to recognize Beauty among the squalid pornography of our time, or to build beauty out of the tragic chaos of our world.

In addition to Tolkien and White and their great imaginative books, I want again to remind the reader of the splendid Thomas Merton cassette tapes which are so replete with true spiritual teaching, but are also so delightful and stimulating to listen to. Any group or family can surely profit from the spiritual nourishment of these tapes. They can be ordered from—Electronic Paper—

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWREY

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Sunday and Weekday Labors
Today, this hot Sunday in July, when Miriam Carroll, Barbara Miller, Catherine Ryan and I were taking our dinner under the trees, a young man—Ray, a kind of wayfaring stranger—joined us. He said he had spent some time with the Catholic Worker during the critical period of 1965-66, and had burned his draft card on that memorable occasion when Dorothy Day and A. J. Muste (real pacifist leaders) stood on the platform to back up the action of Tom Cornell, Jim Wilson, Ray, and others. Later Ray—like Tom, Jim and others—served six months in jail. During recent years, Ray—like so many young people—has been traveling, and has lived, he says, with three different communities in France. He told us that he found that all of these communities suffered from chaotic conditions and a dreadful lack of cleanliness. He added that he found much the same sort of thing here at our farm with a view. He did, however, more than criticize. He set to work to clean and mop the dining-room, and undertook the arduous task of cleaning the diningroom stove which had become a kind of metropolis of roaches. Sunday it is, but it is hard for me to believe that God does not like cleanliness and order. So I am grateful to Ray for his Sunday labors.

Nevertheless, I do not think that things are as bad here as Ray seems to think. Not all the young people are lounging about while the old people do all the work. True, we have some most dependable older people, well past the prime and energy of youth who do much work. I think particularly of John Filliger, Alice Lawrence, Tom Likely, George Collins, Gordon McCarthy, and Marcel. But many of the young people work hard, too. Our two farmer-priests—Andy and Tony—are young and hard working. Mike Kreyche and Bill Ragette, Bill Tully, Mary Wagener, and many others help with the organic gardening and numerous other projects. Mary Todd, Maureen Wagener, Kathy and Chris give Marge much help with little Rosina, daughter of Mary Hood, who seems to have become a Catholic Worker baby. Florent, Cliff, Claudia, Barbara, Dominic (who also acts as sacristan and helps clean bathrooms), the others mentioned above, Miriam, Walter, and many others help with the enormous job of cooking. Miriam, Gordon, Bob, Marcel, Walter and others practically renovated a much dilapidated livingroom. Clare Daniels-son continues her psycho-drama sessions, which are attended both by some from the community and some from outside. Claudia continues teaching Spanish in spite of hot weather. Joe Geraci not only handles the money but also—with Elizabeth Marshall or some other person—does most of the shopping.

Flax and Flaw

Now that Marge has resigned as manager, she takes part in many kinds of work. Andy has organized classes in berry picking and radical hoeing, as well as preserving. One young woman who took part in the berry picking class told me of crawling through briars and thickets on hands and knees to get at the best berries—wild black-cap raspberries—in the woods. It was hard work, but I think she found it an adventure, too. Meanwhile the little gardens of herbs and flowers near the house are well tended by many persons. There are ferns in St. Francis' Garden, which Andy dug up in the woods for me, and a honeysuckle— which he likewise dug up—growing near one of my Eastern windows. With the help of Miriam and Gordon, I transplanted it, and hope it will thrive, and many a hummingbird come to enjoy it. It is true we are over a hundred people now, and it is often difficult to feed

(Continued on page 6)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

ing on the Name of the Lord" in praise and joy and love ever since.

There are always delays, of course. The house we hope will be ours will have to go through extensive repairs to make it suitable. St. Joseph's House on First Street taught us that eight years ago. There is little chance of a "certificate of occupancy" from the city building department until next year. Meanwhile, we can continue our "little way" and do what we can. There is always food to comfort soul and body, and clothes, and the few beds we can provide now for these most neglected poor. God bless these monks.

Another Gift

But there was still another gift—another "happening" on St. Benedict's day—in the way of a visit from two cloistered nuns of a famous order. One old, one young (and the older looked stronger physically than the younger). They are looking for a little apartment on the lower East Side, in St. Bridget's parish near us, where they can live as cloistered nuns in silence and prayer and poverty. They have been inspired by the work of the Little Sisters of Jesus, who, with the Little Brothers, are followers of Charles de Foucauld, the hermit of the Sahara. There are two Little Sisters in New York now, living in a Puerto Rican slum in uptown Manhattan, and two Little Brothers a few blocks from us, just off the Bowery.

This little cloister will, God willing, be nearby, and soon, I hope.

When I went to 5:30 Mass that day, my heart full of gratitude to the Holy Spirit, I told a young Jesuit scholastic about the nuns and begged his help in finding a little apartment for them.

"It is a dangerous neighborhood" he said gravely. Yes, it is true. But thank God, these women continue to wear their habits as the Little Sisters of Jesus do, as Mother Teresa's Sisters do. To me, a "habit" is a sacramental, "an outward and visible sign of an inward

and spiritual grace," a prayer in itself, a reminder of prayer.

Prayer

There has been a constant mention of prayer in this column this month because prayer is an exercise, sometimes dull, sometimes boring, but it brings health to the soul, which needs exercise just as the body does.

May I suggest these three acts of faith, hope and charity, quotations from Scripture which should strengthen us? "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." "In Thee have I hoped, let me never be confounded." "Dear Lord, take away my heart of stone and give a heart of flesh," so I may learn to love, to grow in love.

I pray not only for those who have died, but to them also. In our November issue, I hope to write about our own dear departed, and about the lowliest and the highest among them. Right now, I am praying to Jacques and Raissa Maritain, whose obituaries I will write belatedly, though Stanley has already written one. I will pray to them to watch over this new venture of a cloister in the East Village, as our Bowery district is called. Since these nuns were inspired by Charles de Foucauld and his Little Sisters and Brothers, and since Jacques himself had joined their company some time before he died, they should be powerful friends in Heaven.

Remembering Hans

P.O. Box 1046,

5001 Bergen, Norway

Dear Dorothy Day,

With my friend Gary MacEoin I visited the Tivoli farm in May 1969 and met Hans Tunnesen. I, naturally, liked him and I asked him if I should bring back to Norway some greetings to his family. He had told me that he was from Flekkefjord, only about a hundred miles from my own home town Kristiansand. He said that they would have forgotten him after so many years, and gave me no addresses to contact.

I had hoped to return some times to the farm and meet him again, and was sad to read about his death in the Catholic Worker. As I thought his relations might be glad to hear what a good man he was, I wrote a little article under the heading: "Who remembers Hans Tunnesen?" and sent it to two local papers, that both printed it on May 28.

I told about my own meeting with Hans, something about the Catholic Worker movement, and referred some of what you wrote about Hans. Today I got a letter from his brother Thom, and a few days ago a letter from a nephew Thorbjorn Hanssen. The family had heard nothing from him since his mother died in 1935, and they had presumed him dead, perhaps during the war. The family now was very glad to have the news about his life with the Catholic Worker and to hear how Hans was loved by all.

I think there can be no doubt about his identity. His name was Hans Jakob and he was born on a small farm Feda near Flekkefjord about 1895. The parents were Inger and Tonnes Hansen. Tonnes was a sail maker and had been 28 years at sea. He died in 1951 at the age of 95. About 14 years old, Hans Jakob went to sea together with his twin brother Hans Kristian. They sailed together for many years on boats belonging to a Flekkefjord shipowner. After three shipwrecks the family told them to go on different ships, to divide the risk. Hans Kristian died at Long Island about 1933.

Our Hans was, as far as his sister recalls, left-handed and had some small

(Continued from page 4)

to hear it." He seemed driven by a compelling death wish.

That wish came true in early July at the age of twenty-five. Larry had grown up in Newark, New Jersey, but spent the last few years on the streets of the lower East Side. He lived on the streets, not in flophouses or welfare hotels, but sleeping in tenement hallways. He died from cirrhosis of the liver.

In the year and a half that I knew Larry we became good friends, coming to realize and appreciate each others peculiar needs: his was a can of V-8 juice, a drink he lately fancied as "the only thing I can keep down"; and mine, a request for Larry's less-than-rowdy exit from the house at closing.

Larry was often abusive and at times a nuisance. He loved to be pampered, expecting special treatment, and would angrily protest if it were not given. Yet I wonder if he was not teaching us that love is the hardest lesson; that we must love not because it is easy and makes us feel good, but because it is right and our duty.

Partly due to a likeable personality, Larry was a master of manipulation. If given a chance he would disrupt a Friday night meeting with some drunken outbursts, before making a dramatic departure. Yet my fondest memory of him is one of those meetings, an evening of folk songs. Larry, gifted with a voice to sing, gave a hand-clapping

rendition of "He's got the Whole World in His Hands."

In a capsule, Larry was still very boyish. At times childish and annoying, but essentially innocent and childlike as to those to whom the kingdom belongs. In many ways he just never grew up. It is understandable when at 14 maturing competes with alcoholism and you sneak a bottle to school.

On the Bowery, Larry suffered the cold winters and hot summers, the occasional muggings and the daily abuses; and yet he remained more gentle than bitter. He never really would hurt anyone. No one, that is, except himself.

I doubt if Larry could be held very accountable for his condition, for his cross was most certainly the bottle. I wonder if he was not called to accept his destitution, to be "an ambassador of God" giving to others the opportunity to do good. It was an incomprehensible cross for Larry, yet he often bore it with an inner strength few of us could muster.

Last summer, after two very long months of sobriety, Larry was living here at 1st Street. But after a minor irritation, he guzzled a pint of wine. "Confessing" it to me, he wept angrily, fearing what was to follow. Two days and twelve bottles later Larry was back on the streets. He never understood the why of it all (nor do I), but I think he began to accept.

A picture of Larry that speaks a thousand words appears in A Spectacle Unto The World by Robert Coles and Jon Erickson. It shows Larry casually slumped at a desk gently playing with a cat. This is the image of Larry Fritchard I would like to remember. For in the world in which he lived, this boyish innocence was his salient quality.

Michael De Gregory

UFW Strike

(Continued from page 1)

—keep the boycott going. Boycott lettuce, boycott grapes, boycott A. & P., boycott Safeway. Buy a bundle of El Matrisado for \$5.00 for fifty and inform yourself, and pass around (or sell) to friends. Address: Box 62, Keene, California 93531. Put your savings in the UFW Credit Union. It may help some Farm Worker family from being evicted, or enable them to buy a second-hand car to travel the long valleys for work.

Or just send a contribution to keep the soup kitchen going. By sharing and by boycotts you are practicing voluntary poverty. Contact your local UFW office and help in office work or picketing or demonstrating. It is a peaceful revolution which is going on.

Eds. note: The farm workers are about to face another critical test. In late July all of the grape contracts for the Delano region must be re-negotiated. Strong support of the grape boycott will be an incentive for Delano growers to renew their contracts with the farm workers.

Hiroshima—Cambodia

The men of our times must realize that they will have to give a sober reckoning of their deeds of war for the course of the future will depend greatly on the decisions they make today.

Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation.

Vatican II

"The power to tax is the power to destroy—twice-over. It destroys the bodies of those who fall victim to American fire-power and repression. Less dramatically, but nonetheless surely, it mercilessly destroys the consciences and humanity of those who willingly surrender their taxes to the government. Alternatively, the power to refuse is the power to preserve life and create hope."

Yours sincerely
Edward Vogt

The power to tax is the power to destroy—twice-over. It destroys the bodies of those who fall victim to American fire-power and repression. Less dramatically, but nonetheless surely, it mercilessly destroys the consciences and humanity of those who willingly surrender their taxes to the government. Alternatively, the power to refuse is the power to preserve life and create hope."

Dave Dellinger

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Behold, He Comes As One Who Is Poor

Housing

By DOROTHY DAY

What did Holy Mother the City do in the Thirties—those grim days of the Depression? Now we are having what broadcasters call a recession and inflation combined, and people are homeless again and breadlines grow longer and there are more of them. Sugar is exorbitant and rents of slum apartments are a hundred dollars a month and more. When people are evicted, landlords close down the apartments and then entire buildings and wait for slum clearance and speculators and developers. People sleep in doorways, empty buildings and, if they are lucky, get tickets for a night's lodging or two in "flop houses."

As small children, we used to read Horatio Alger and the plight of homeless newsboys. Dickens and Upton Sinclair later gave me pictures of poverty in our American cities.

Housing the Homeless
My generation experienced the Depression and the work of public authorities trying to handle it. The Roosevelts and their Work Projects: Artists, Writers, Theatre projects, civilian conservation corps camps, the latter showing great imagination and handling the problem of jobless teen-agers.

But it is the city homeless I want to write about. Our back files are not available to me as I write, as I am spending Thanksgiving Day on Staten Island, so I will trust to my memory. I wrote a number of articles in the paper about the municipal lodging houses, visiting them over a period of years, and looking back I repent me of the harshness of my judgment of the city's work. Now I realize how much was done in those nonviolent days, before wars brutalized our population. Wars conducted by those same benevolent authorities.

During those years, before W.W. II brought employment to all, we had not only a succession of municipal lodging houses, all in mid and lower Manhattan, but "the longest bedroom in the world,"—a pier at South Ferry, where double-decker beds stretched down the long length over the water, and the heat was piped in by the same system that heated those skyscrapers which made N.Y. famous.

In addition to that, there was another pier stretching out into the East River which, as I remember it, was like a bazaar with many booths stretching the length of it. Here men could get a shave, a haircut, have their clothes cleaned and pressed while they waited, and so on. These were public facilities to take care of the homeless and unemployed.

One of the municipal lodging houses for women (we all called these buildings the "Muni") was on West Fourteenth St., some old houses adjoining, with all their basements forming a large dining room which was so cozy and attractive that one of my old friends (unemployed) confessed that she went there for her Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. It was better than the C.W., she said—you could be anonymous and independent on those feastdays and just walk in. (Today, one of our "Ladies" is going around sampling the dinners served by the Volunteers of America and the Salvation Army. It is a beautiful, sunny, mild day of holiday cheer.)

(Continued on page 2)



Fritz Eichenberg

"From the beginning, my Church has been what it is today, and will be until the end of time, a scandal to the strong, a disappointment to the weak, the ordeal and the consolation of those interior souls who seek in it nothing but myself. Yes, . . . whoever looks for me there will find me there; but he will have to look, and I am better hidden than people think, or than certain of my priests would have you believe. I am still more difficult to discover than I was in the little stable at Bethlehem for those who will not approach me humbly, in the footsteps of the shepherds and the Magi. It is true that palaces have been built in my honor, with galleries and peristyles without number, magnificently illuminated day and night, populated with guards and sentries. But if you want to find me there, the clever thing is to do as they did on the old road in Judea, buried under the snow, and ask for the only thing you need—a star and a pure heart."

George Bernanos

Journeys

By LARRY ROSEBAUGH

(These notes from the diary of Fr. Rosebaugh are a "poor man's journey." Written in the Fall of last year they tell of his life with the destitute of our cities. "The Holy Spirit was calling me," he writes, "to the experience of being the poor man to whom the soup was ladled out." Fr. Rosebaugh is an Oblate priest. He spent 20 months in prison, 10 of them in solitary, for his part in the "Milwaukee 14" raid on a Selective Service office in protest of the Vietnam War. After his release he ran a job referral center for the unemployed in Milwaukee. At present he is on the road to Brazil, journeying to work with Dom Heider Camara. Eds. note.)

Milwaukee, November 11.—A year or two ago, when I was making a retreat, a woman prayed over me and discerned my direction. As I recall it, it had to do with my becoming a vagabond, a wanderer, one on the road.

The priest upstairs talks of Harlem, of the conditions there, his experience in the subways, and how we identify with this condition; that's precisely where the challenge exists. How prone I am to surround myself with this world's comforts until they overshadow my true calling!

The need to go deeper into myself and to the Spirit who speaks there has been vital. This summer I changed my living quarters from a shared apartment to an empty garage space, walking out on close friends to follow an inner drive. Then I built a tiny shack and lived there in the experience of silence. The need for prayer, for quiet is a gift; and that gift has been a further revelation into the reality of the Gospel as it is meant to be carried out by me. The last two and a half years here in Milwaukee have brought me to the point where, after testing myself in a whole realm of lived-out experiences of street conditions, the need to move on as a priest, an Oblate, overwhelms me. I have seen a certain level of human tragedy lived out by men and women in the State Street area of Milwaukee; the despair of drugs and confusion of people's minds as they go in and out of our city's mental wards. My inner drive is to see more of the reality encountered by men and women of our city streets. The people who show up at Salvation Army Shelters, missions, for free meals, are a portion of those who know destination . . . but it is among these that I feel presently affiliated and with whom I am being called to identify. Hitting the road by way of thumb and boarding down in the Skid Row facilities of our cities draws a whole new dimension from the gut: fear.

November 15 and 16. How does one recount what was in effect a prayer unfolding, a step into the dark, truly a faith excursion?

It was good going through the experience here in Milwaukee, a registering and going through the formal indoctrination that precedes admission into the Rescue Mission (a very cold, calculated speech given by one of the staff ministers on Jesus' love and forgiveness along with a series of quite personal questions about myself). But the Mission was clean, served good food, and pro-

(Continued on page 3)

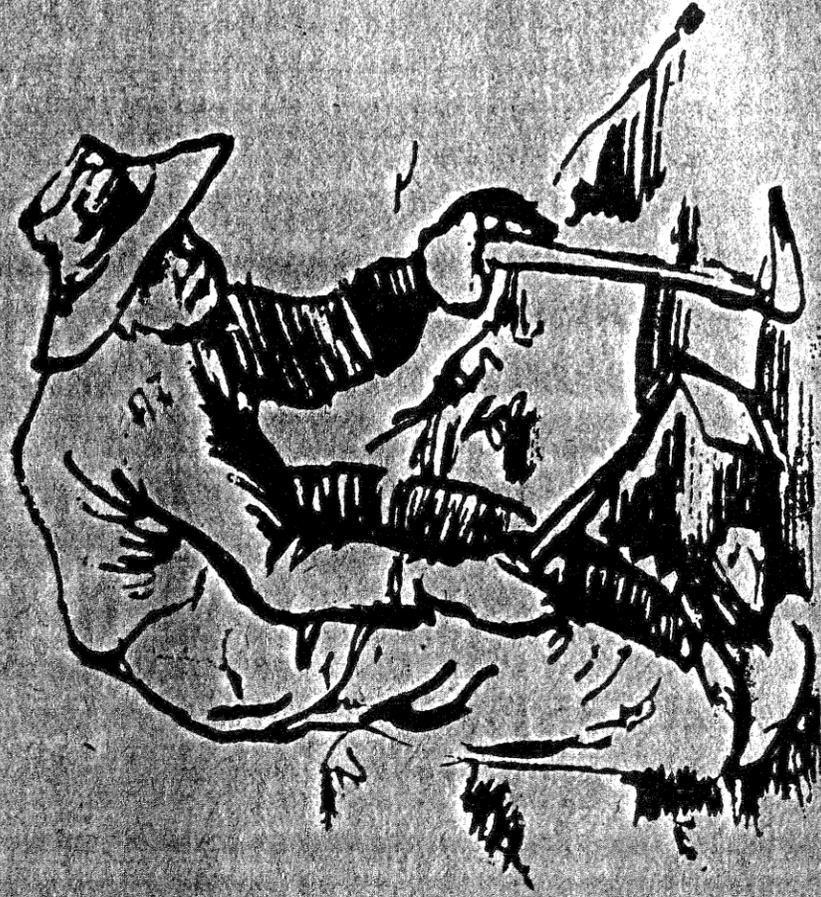
CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XLII, No. 5

JUNE, 1975

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George Knowlton

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The easiest way for me to write my piece this month is just to follow my diary for the last month. When my sister and I were little girls, we used to climb out after school on a breakwater on Lake Michigan, just off Lincoln Park, and sit there surrounded by that inland sea and write in our diaries. (What ever became of them?)

Nowadays, I keep two diaries. One just a date book with large space for extended notes, and the other an occasional one when I have a sense of leisure, as at my sister's near Tivoli or my daughter's in Vermont. I will follow the date book now. It is a mixed bag of notes on my winter on the beach of Staten Island, an interim to recover from general fatigue, and to catch up on mail and a book. (I don't remember the time when I was not writing a book.)

Sunday, May 4. Pouring rain all day. Everything smells fresh. Waves are pounding on the beach. Went to five-thirty Mass up at Holy Child Church in Eltingville. There seems to be music at every Mass, a children's choir and congregation joining in, and of every hymn, every verse is sung. St. Augustine wrote that a prayer sung is twice said. There is no parochial school, but a school of religion for the children. There are pamphlet and book racks, and a St. Vincent de Paul Society (very few of those left what with our centralized charities). The priests are Irish, Polish and Italian, and the sermons are very good. Food for thought.

Monday, May 5. Sunny today. Walked on the beach and collected driftwood for the pot-bellied stove. Storms have been so severe this winter that all sorts of timber, remains of wrecked ships and pliers, even huge blocks of cement, portions of waterfront sidewalks, have been tossed up by the waves that ate away part of the shoreline through the winter

months. And plenty of small scraps for the stove.

Tuesday May 6. Answering mail for Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, a fascinating account of the two famous and lovable anarchists who were deported to Russia after the First World War. With difficulty they left Russia, finding it too oppressive. The story of their years in exile all over Europe is called **Nowhere at Home** (Schocken Books, \$12.95). I had met Berkman years ago after his release from prison. (Ammon Hennacy writes of him in his own autobiography, of his meeting with him in the Federal Prison in Atlanta, Ga. Ammon had a great admiration for Emma Goldman too.) My old friend, Peggy Baird Cowley, with whom I shared a prison cell during the women's suffrage struggle in 1917 or '18, had given Berkman hospitality after he did time in Atlanta, and Emily Coleman, writer and poet, had been Emma's secretary in Paris while Emma was writing her autobiography (still in print, as is Berkman's prison memoirs). Both Peggy and Emily became Catholics and ended their days with us at our Tivoli farm. Peter Maurin was more interested in the philosophical anarchism of Peter Kropotkin, with his constructive ideas set forth in **Mutual Aid, and Fields, Factories and Workshops**. Kropotkin's **Memoirs of a Revolutionary** was first printed in the **Atlantic Monthly**. His books can be bought in paperback and in these times of highly centralized authority, not to speak of corruption, it is good to read about these freedom-fighters, and a vision of a decentralized society.

Honorable Work

Tuesday, May 6. Press day. May Day is an important date for us, since our paper first came out May first in 1933. We have many writers and many editors. (Continued on page 2)

(The following article is excerpted from a homily preached by Dom Helder Camara, Archbishop of Ollinda and Recife, Brazil, at St. Patrick Catholic Church, Montreal, Canada on February 2, 1975. Dom Helder was in Canada as part of a program—"Ten Days for World Development." Eds. note.)

Our Christian heart glows with hope and joy when facing Movements such as "Ten Days for World Development." If it is a blessing to see powerful Christian denominations thinking, acting and reacting together in such an adequate and fortunate way, we must also have the courage to admit that, in the whole world, our ecumenical perspective still has a great deal to broaden.

We are all children of the same Creator and Father. All, absolutely all human beings, whether believers or not, whether they know it or not, have, in Christ, their Liberator. The Spirit of God blows everywhere: and He is very far from the pettiness of pouring His graces exclusively upon Christians, a minority within humanity.

The task ahead of us is so vast that either all of us children of God, get together, or, in fact, we shall obtain nothing. What can we, poor human creatures, do to render God more powerful, more glorious, Godlier? What God wants is that we human creatures help one another overcome our selfishness, and treat each other, in actual fact, as brothers and sisters. It is fairly easy to greet each other as brothers and sisters. But to live, in actual fact, as brothers and sisters is extremely difficult.

An important step to improve the world would be our courage to admit that religion is divine in what regards the Creator and Father, but religion is entrusted to our human frailty. We tend to refuse to acknowledge that the Church has a large share of responsibility in the negative situation in which humanity finds itself today. All those who really love Truth, recognize the mistakes of a loved person, or Institution, but go on loving.

Need for Conversion

Have you noticed that, nowadays, a double conversion is taking place? And that one is complementing the other? We discover, today, the personal conversion, and the communitarian conversion. The personal conversion of each one of us is fundamental, indispensable... But if personal conversion is important, personal conversion is not enough. Each one of us has the duty to contribute to the change of the unjust economic-social structures that crush children of God, on a local, regional, national, continental and world level. Oppressors or oppressed, we have our function, our role in society. Without the effort and the action of the oppressed, we shall never get rid of oppression and it is important that the oppressed of today be very alert not to change from oppressed to oppressor.

The oppressors need the extremely rare courage of recognizing that communitarian conversion is not the adoption of reforms within an unjust system, but the acceptance of a new system, more just and more human.

It is obvious that, as a Christian, it hurts me to talk about the extremely serious debasement that Christianity has towards humanity, owing to our weakness as Christians. There are Christians

By DOM HELDER CAMARA

CALL TO DECISIONS

who are shocked by these words, and try to deny them, contradict them, pointing to the enormous benefits humanity owes Christianity.

Without ignoring all the benefits of yesterday and of today, without ignoring the beneficial contributions of the various Christian denominations, and also having in mind the marvellous examples of heroism and holiness, it seems evident to me that it is fundamental for us Christians to be able to help overcome communitarian sins, and aim at the change of unjust structures that leave two-thirds of humanity in a sub-human condition. We need the courage to face, directly [this important question]:

Is it true, or not, that at least in origin and in name, it is the small Christian world minority that, unjustly, holds in oppression, in bondage, in hunger, millions of children of God, both in poor countries, and in the poverty pockets of rich countries?

Who does not wish to see the Church serving and poor? May the Lord free us, all of us, from the temptation of triumphalism, meaning the concern with prestige and with alliances with the powerful of the Earth.

Who does not wish to see the Church free from a moralistic concern, a concern that has driven Churches to worry more about sexual sins, than the scandalous sins against justice and charity?

Without overlooking immediate assistance to brothers and sisters in desperate need, who does not wish to see the Church overcome, always more, the mere concern with assistentialism, and bravely face, without delay, the fundamental problems of human promotion, of human development?

Who does not wish to see the Church always more concerned with overcoming verbalism, meaning that Churches should not content themselves with great texts and beautiful verbal expressions, but always pass from theory to practice.

Let us have the humility to acknowledge that, with rare exceptions which do not occur often, our Churches are tied to money gears. We need money to support the cult, we need money for missionary expansion, we need money for our social works. Our faithful, often with great sacrifice, try to meet these needs: To protect money from melting away—inflation is worldwide—it is necessary to invest it. And then, we find ourselves tied to money gears. (Continued on page 8)

GALLO BOYCOTT CONTINUES

The UFW has been boycotting Gallo Wines for the past two years, calling for a secret ballot election to determine what union should represent Gallo farmworkers. On June 5, 1975, Gov. Brown signed a bill guaranteeing these elections, which will be held shortly after Aug 28. The UFW says the elections must be held during peak harvest time so as many workers as possible can vote. The elections do not guarantee UFW contracts with the growers. The UFW will need to bargain from the strength of the boycott, to assure rights for farmworkers which have been denied by the growers and Teamsters in the past. **THE GALLO BOYCOTT MUST CONTINUE** until contracts acceptable to the UFW have been negotiated.

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442

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

But they are all so engaged in baking bread, making soup, begging from the market, not to speak of taking care of St. Joseph's House on First Street, that writing is always done at the last minute. However, this May Day issue is a gem, covering all our positions and our activities—what we are all about. Also, it is twelve instead of eight pages.

How we pay our bills I do not know. God knows. Scripture tells us, if we "sow sparingly we will reap sparingly," so when we are in need we become more generous and serve an even richer soup to an ever growing line. "Give to him who asks"—we try to do that. Today it is a cold day. There will be a run on the clothes room, an old store on Second Avenue.

Down here on Staten Island, Augustino caught the first fish of the season, a striped bass. He gave it to Marge Hughes to bake (she is wintering next door but will soon return to West Virginia to the village springing up there). She skinned the fish. I once spread out eel-skins on a board and dried them in the sun, and later made a beautiful binding for a prayer book. A bit smelly, but I was reminded that Peter, James and John were fishermen. "After the crucifixion, those apostles could go back to their nets, but Matthew could not go back to his countinghouse," Fr. Vincent McNabb, the famous English Dominican, a writer, said. Fishing is an honorable occupation!

Friday, May 9. I went in to New York to attend the Pax Christi Meeting at which there were two bishops present, Bishop Dozier of Memphis and Bishop Gumbleton of Detroit.

Saturday, May 10. The meeting lasted all day, and Tom Cornell drove me downtown to Union Square in the late afternoon to join the United Farm Workers' meeting which had begun with a parade down Seventh Avenue. It was a beautiful day for the meeting and the joyful confidence of the strikers continues. I hope they get plenty of volunteers for their training courses which are carried on by Fred Ross, a brilliant organizer who has been on their side from the first. I wish I could get to the Farm Workers' headquarters at 331 W. 84th St., New York 10024, to sit in on some of the sessions.

At Staten Island

Monday, May 12. Back to Staten Island. Johnny Hughes and Tommy Turner, his cousin, found star fish and sea horses at low tide today on the beach. It was fun to see them swim around upright. The larger ones, which we picked up on the beach, were dead and dried up. I

There's that old adage about New York, "It's a nice place to visit but I sure wouldn't want to live there." It seems as the weather gets hot a more familiar comment is, "If you can get away from the city, leave in the summer."

For millions here, there is no choice in the matter. Getting away from the hot, crowded tenements means bringing a chair out to the sidewalk, or sitting on the stoop in front of an apartment. Card tables are set up wherever there's enough room—often between parked cars, away from the congested sidewalk. There, a game of dominoes may be played.

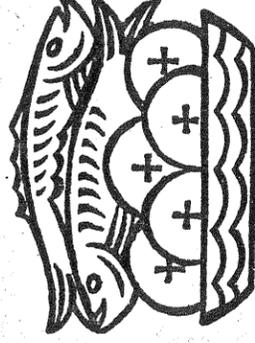
Someone with a long-enough extension cord brings a T.V. outside, providing for an enthusiastic audience the broadcast of the Mets or Yankees game. Melodious strains of Hispanic music are heard much clearer now as Social Clubs open wide their doors. For all its crowding, a carnival-like atmosphere can often be found in the neighborhoods of the Lower East Side.

Space is certainly at a minimum for the many children here, who use the street as a makeshift playground. "Little Brown Jug" heralds the approaching ice cream truck as throngs of youngsters dart to and fro, clinking change and licking ice cream cones. When heat becomes unbearable, fire hydrants are turned on, while kids splash their ways to a cooling respite from humid buildings and burning pavements.

Summer at the CW

In St. Joseph's House, summer temperatures bring great discomfort to the first floor. The large ovens, so welcoming in colder weather, now become oppressive with only the exhaust fan offering relief. On such days, it's a sure thing Arthur will bring a chair out to the front of the house before the evening Mass. After supper, Earl, Bill, or Marcel may cool off in much the same way.

If you happen to be cooking at the CW during the summer months, the best time is in the early morning. At 6 A.M. the day is just beginning to "warm up." Ed, Anne Marie, Marcel, Terry, Tom and Smitty can glance at the newspaper during this especially quiet, less humid time. And thank goodness for the backyard! What could be more enjoyable



than a chat outdoors with Charles, Elena or Frank—and just one more cup of coffee before the day begins?

These small things are often taken for granted. St. Joseph's House is part of that "bigness" called New York. With so many folks coming and going, it's easy to lose a personalist perspective.

Summer for many marks the end of the school term. Alex Kuzma joined us from Yale, and Joseph found someone with whom to read Scripture in Russian. Steve Geary from Boston came for a few weeks before a summer job and a teaching position in the fall. A few Saturdays back, the Farmworkers gathered at a Union Square rally; several who came from the Worker were quite surprised to meet Sprague Cheshire, returning for the summer to the First Street House. And Paul Rhode will be working with us for a while.

At this time, we bid farewell to Sisters Mary Ann Joyce and Grace Robinson, co-workers for the past several months. Sr. Mary Ann returns to St. Louis; Sr.

Grace will work in the New York area. They surely will be missed, though it's a certainty we'll be seeing them again

Corporal Works of Mercy

While reflecting on the size of New York (or even at times the size of this house of hospitality) it's necessary to keep in mind the corporal works of mercy as the basis of personalism; yet they are repeatedly obscured in a world seeking collective solutions to overwhelming problems. Daily we see persons who have faced lifeless institutions of welfare offices, mental hospitals, or prisons. "To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner..." How explicitly our response to others is spelled out.

Recently, Jimmy Walker from East Harlem House, a residence for men just returning from prison, spoke at a Friday night meeting. The picture Jimmy painted was quite depressing as he talked of people stuck in "correctional facilities," aimlessly whiling away months or years, going back into "socially" jobless and unskilled, and all too frequently returning to these same institutions which seem to generate themselves. He told the Friday night gathering that several so-called rehabilitation programs for ex-prisoners only exist to line the pockets of people whom many naively see as reformers or innovators. Mr. Walker felt that the work of Fr. Lyle Young, the East Harlem House and other communities like it, did offer encouragement to ex-prisoners.

As Jimmy Walker talks of those unable to find work, lacking in skills, we think of Rose Morse, long associated with the CW. Rose, who for several years taught at the University of the Streets, is currently working at Riker's Island, instructing women in typing, secretarial and language skills. Those who know Rose can be sure she is an assiduous worker, who accepts each person with openness and understanding.

At another Friday night meeting, Fr. Dan Berrigan reminded us of those who remain behind bars. Eugene Debs knew so well, "No one is free unless everyone is free." We pray for Rose, Jimmy, Fr. Lyle, and men and women everywhere living the antithesis of community behind the prison walls.

Anniversary Celebration

We continue in an attempt to "create a new society within the shell of the old" in the face of the penal system, big government, etc. The Catholic Worker which has stood against the theory of surrendering responsibility to a central governing body, has just celebrated its 42nd anniversary.

Stanley Vishniewski made for a delightful Friday night with his slide show on the History of the Catholic Worker Movement. Only Stanley, after 40 years with the CW, could quip, "I came at the age of seventeen and I still haven't decided whether or not to stay." His slides graphically displayed how many have lived, and are still living, an alternative to the bureaucratic processing of the person. On the same evening, Dorothy Gauchat presented a ten-minute slide show, "Small World," on the work of Our Lady of the Wayside, a home for handicapped children in Avon, Ohio. This re-emphasized the Catholic Worker as a movement taking shape in so many different ways throughout the country, and the world, united in its response to the person, through the corporal works of mercy.

Only he who learns to love men one by one reaches, in his relation to heaven, God as the God of all the world... For he learns to love the God of the universe, the God who loves His work, only in the measure in which he himself learns to love the world.

Martin Buber

On Personal Responsibility: a Dialogue

(Continued from page 3)

reach common ground, for you say about your approach that "the unifying principle we aim at is love."

But you are right: love does not rule. Greed does. Political work is one way to oppose it, and to alleviate the present horror (ten million people likely to starve, 460 million in jeopardy). Won't you join us in doing it?

I recall, and address to you, Camus' words at the Dominican monastery of Latour-Maubourg: "Perhaps we cannot prevent this world from being a world in which children are tortured. But we can reduce the number of tortured children. And if you don't help us, who else in the world can help us do this?"⁴

Gene Palumbo

1. *Newweek*, November 11, 1974, page 56.
2. *New York Times* editorial, November 28, 1974.
3. "Challenge to Faith," *WOR*-A.M., November 19, 1974.
4. *Resistance, Rebellion and Death*, New York: Modern Library, 1960, p. 55.

JAN REPLIES

Dear Gene,

This is the third round on trying to respond to your letter. I threw the earlier versions out because I could not rest with

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

volunteers to use as a Poustinia, which Catherine de Hueck Doherty of Combermere, Canada, has introduced us to through her book by that name, published by Notre Dame Press. Most of the winter I have lived in one and Marge Hughes in the other with her son John. But now the winter has come to an end, and I must go to the farm at Tivoli for a brief visit, and then on to visit Unity Acres and Unity Kitchen in Syracuse.

Friday, May 16. Spent the day cleaning up, getting the little three-room place ready for summer visitors. And always there are letters to write! And temptations to read. I have been reading over Thomas Merton's four long reviews of Indian civilizations which were originally printed in the *Catholic Worker* and which are now going to come out in book form. I am supposed to write the introduction. I feel utterly inadequate. The reviews, really long articles, are inspiring to read and one finishes them only to say, More, more,—we need to study more about these peoples, these former great civilizations! Why do I say yes to such assignments? Partly, it is my newspaper background where writing is a daily job. But I here confess with a great sense of guilt, that this last year I have agreed to write articles for a number of periodicals and have not done so. We are too overwhelmed at The Catholic Worker. The sufferings of so many of those with whom we live day after day, night and day, year after year, weigh us down at times so that there is no energy to adequately handle writing jobs. Just to live, to endure, and yes, to rejoice too that God has given us a work to do, is enough. These little houses should serve that purpose, to give us breathing space, time to reflect, and to let go, drop out of activity for a time, leave the work to others, and to pray. Work enough!

Spring Visits

The rest of May. I did indeed visit around and enjoyed it very much. Travel refreshes me. Reading Chekhov's letters, I find that he, too, was an ardent traveler. Nothing was too much for him. His long trip across Siberia by river and by carriage to visit the Penal Colony of Sakhalin (he hoped to alleviate the sufferings of the people there) and all his letters to his family are fascinating reading. Both Viking Press and Harpers

the polemical tone of what I had written. In the process I think I have unraveled what inhibits our engaging in dialogue.

There seem to be two themes in your letter, most difficult to separate other than conceptually. On the one hand, you seek to answer factually the question of the appropriate means by which those of us who seek a better society can work to enliven that vision. You would look to voting, lobbying, the existing political process, while I have argued for efforts to practice personal and cooperative responsibility in order to render impotent and replace that voting process and the system it legitimizes. On this plane I think we could fruitfully discuss at length, each improving our own analysis of reality.

However the second theme renders such calm dialogue impossible. I feel that your letter has the implicit direction of accusing my position of gross moral insensitivity—of advocating the starvation of children.

World Hunger Movement

To avoid further misunderstanding, I should say that, quite apart from your letter, I carry a growing general anger at most of those in the "World Hunger

movement." I see a World Hunger movement being built on exploiting American guilt about our outrageous affluence.

Americans vis-a-vis the rest of the world certainly have a lot to be guilty about. But I wish desperately that you, Gene, and the others, would think a bit about what happens when we encourage guilt in people. Mostly when we feel ourselves guilty, we treat the situation as we treat an unpleasant itch: we'll scratch it, but mostly we want it to go away at any cost. And I am terribly afraid that is what the World Hunger movement is moving Americans to do: to seek an easy way to scratch the itch, so as to get those images of starving children out of our minds.

The trouble here is that should those starving children remain unappeased, as I fear very much they will, that guilt, that self-hatred, which Americans are



George Knowlton

encouraged to open themselves to, is very likely to turn into hatred of the victims for continuing to give us a bad conscience. Has this not been American whites' response to black people's self-assertion: first guilt, then a grudging sympathy which inspired some legal changes, but finally, when scratching the itch became too uncomfortable, a turning of guilt outward into hatred of blacks, so that the racial gulf is less passable than it was when the civil rights movement began? I am frightened of and angered by a World Hunger movement which seems to be setting up the same reaction against the world's starving.

This anger stated, I can finally get down to dialogue. I am glad you don't claim to be enthusiastic about the results of elections, because given your examples I would find that incredible. Take your instance of lobbying to keep the U.S. behind a World Bank program which funds subsistence farming. Do you really believe that the most far-flung governmental apparatus in the world, ruling in the behalf of the incalculably rich corporations which succeed all too well in owning the world, can be the instrument of "fostering smallness?" If human scale is really a political, economic and social need, as I believe it is, only small groups of people are likely to stumble on that fact and foster it. As I see it, such governmental "fostering" is actively destructive: instead of people learning that by their own efforts they can survive, take control of their lives, and live more wholly in small cooperating groups, governmental assistance merely teaches people again that they need to rely upon and be subject to Big Daddy.

Similarly, you quote Bishop Gumbleton's assertion that governments have to deal with a whole list of economic inequities. Those governments, most especially the capitalist governments of the West led by our own, created those inequities in the interest of private profit—how can they correct them? Let's

briefly look at the Sahel where the seven year drought left millions starving.

Effects of Western Colonialism

Before French colonial occupation, the people of this area fed themselves, if not bountifully at least adequately, through a combination of cattle herding and maize cultivation. But the colonies were expected to make money for the metropolis, so the French imposed money taxes which led the people to turn to cash crops, peanuts and cotton. Not only were these inedible, they also depleted the land. The cash income went not to develop the independent capacity of the area to feed itself, but to enrich France. The nominal end of colonial rule made no difference since the new government still needed cash income which had to come from inedible peanuts and cotton. Well meaning aid experts in the 1960's did not challenge this state of affairs.

But they did hope that digging wells would be an innocuous way to help. However, these merely allowed the cattle herds, mostly emblems of status to the nomadic part of the population, to increase and eat off much ground cover. Came the seven year drought and vast areas reverted to desert, while people still were dependent on trying to grow inedible peanuts and cotton—and millions starved.

This sort of structural dependency, whose elements Bishop Gumbleton alludes to, is the lot of all the Third World. The power which keeps it that way, to the profit of Western business, is the power of Western governments, led by the U.S. How can you ask me to look to them to prevent starvation? (I am convinced that state socialist governments are another species of this monster which deprives individuals and cooperating groups of any chance to come to free pluralism. But I happen to live in the belly of the capitalist beast.)

Further, it seems that the very process of trying to help through governments has a befuddling effect on its advocates. Even if you start out somewhat aware that governments are part of the problem, doesn't it have a beclouding effect to try to operate in an Alice in Wonderland world, where Food for Peace can easily mean bullets? Worse, is it not close to a psychological necessity to think that what you are doing in that backward world is really a solution, so that even if you begin knowing better, you soon lose that perception?

Revolution of Smallness

Since I choose to withdraw from what I have called the governmental charade, what do I propose to do about creating a better society, in which millions will not starve? First, I take my commitment to individual change and small groupings seriously and find myself confronted with my own incapacity. I can only be where I am. I can begin with myself, seeking to eradicate all mani-

(Continued on page 8)

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

There certainly are many tensions and strains in communal living, and when Dr. Holbert and his dear wife Cornelia came to visit me, they advised me to have a change of scene. They are such dear friends, I'm sure they don't mind my talking about them in this column. They are both interested in our work. She is the librarian in Kinderhook, N. Y. (where they live), a few hours' drive north of Tivoli, and when they go on trips together, she reads aloud to him while he drives. They are reading Dickens together—Little Dorrit (so is Deane Mowrer, who has the book on records).

Sister Teresa from Maryhouse drove up to visit us, and drove me back to New York City with her, where we were in time for our usual Monday night Mass. It is always crowded, but Maryhouse is so big, and I am just staying in my room for some days. It is very restful.

Isabelle Yanovsky telephoned. She and Vasha, her husband, will be over this afternoon—a lovely visit. They came bearing gifts—flowers, yogurt. How blessed to have such dear friends as Dr. Holbert and Dr. Yanovsky. Dr. Holbert says, "Change of scene, but keep in touch with your doctor in New York." Dr. Yanovsky says, "Put on more weight." My mother used to talk of nervous prostration. I think this describes my sufferings, which are not basically physical. Physical enough, however, when you consider that one of my greatest joys used to be taking five-mile walks. When we started the Catholic Worker, I used to walk up to the public library and back, when I was doing a research job a few hours a day. One of the books that has comforted me when I felt low was David Copperfield, and I liked to remember the astounding energy of his aunt, Betsy Trotwood, who went around chasing the donkeys. To re-read a good, long novel like War and Peace is also healing.

Telephoned the farm at lunchtime, and found Tanya was having her eighth birthday party (very fancy) at that moment when I called, so I did not keep her too long. She sounded very happy. She is my oldest great-grandchild, and she spells April, A-perle.

When I was saying the Our Father and the Hail Mary this morning, it suddenly occurred to me how good it was to end our prayer to Mary with "now and at the hour of our death." I don't think I had ever realized before how

often we pray for the hour of our death, that it would be a good one. It is good, certainly, to have a long period of "ill health" . . . nothing specific, mild but frightening pains in the heart, and sickness, ebb-tide, ebbing of life, and then some days of strength and creativity.

"Wait and do nothing." This is the line my sister and I are fond of quoting to each other. We had seen T. S. Elliot's Cocktail Party together, and brought home with us that motto. I have never read the play, but that still sounds like a very good motto to me. How wonderful to be surrounded by loving kindness. Tulips, a rose, a picture, food. Tender, loving care! We all need it, sick or well.

Stanley Vishniewski, coming in to the city this morning, brought mail, which he had gathered from my desk unanswered.

Here, in New York City, I am more comfortable, physically more "private." There are many workers. Some who work at First Street have their own apartments. Many of them have part-time jobs, where they earn the money for rent, and also for recreation or trips. At the Third Street women's house, the workers all "live in" but are very efficient in the division of work and responsibility. Of course, each of us is "responsible." I counted nine utterly reliable people, intelligent and trained, among the fifty who inhabit the house.

I have always thought that life at the farm was far harder than life in the city. There are good workers, but the kind of free recreation we have in the city, such as lectures or concerts, is offered only at Bard College, which is quite a few miles from Tivoli, and cars are always breaking down, and not all are good walkers.

In town, the physical work of the two houses—St. Joseph House and Maryhouse, with the work of mailing out the paper (we print 94,000 copies, and every one joins in this job), not to speak of "having the house," keeps everyone busy. No one will ever say he or she is "in charge." We have constant visitors, of course, from all walks of life.

Now I am staying at the beach on Staten Island, where I am getting in shape for answering mail again, and resuming writing. This column is scarcely more than an apology to our readers and correspondents.

We are saddened by the death of Mike Kovalak this last month. He had been with us for many, many years. May he rest in peace.

Four of us from St. Joseph House were among those arrested and held a full two weeks. Dan Mauk, Paul Loh and I, in part believing that an impersonal legal process responsive not to issues but to interests, designed to protect property over life, was part of what we opposed, felt we could not cooperate with the mass trial "final solution." We were tried individually, made no defense aside from personal statements, were found guilty, and stated that we would neither appeal our conviction nor pay any fine imposed. We were given a suspended fine and credit for 13 days time served. Gary Donatelli was among those tried the week of our arrest. He was found guilty, sentenced to fifteen days hard labor and \$100. Unlike the others, he did not appeal his conviction (he was quoted in the New York Times as saying, "All justice comes from God"). He was taken to a correctional work farm to serve his sentence, and was released with the rest of us a week later. Chuck Matthei, of Tivoli, noncooperated entirely throughout his arrest and detention. He was finally evicted unconditionally from the Concord armory on "humanitarian grounds" after fasting from food and water for 11 days. We all hope to tell our stories in detail in coming issues.

Future actions by the Clamshell Alliance are under discussion. But already there is no question that the Seabrook occupation was a victory not only for the anti-nuclear forces, but for the entire nonviolent movement for social change in America. Without doubt, Seabrook has offered a model to which all future mass nonviolent actions will have to refer. Though not the largest civil disobedience action ever organized in this country (more people were arrested in Washington D.C. in '71 and Miami in 1972), it was surely the most democratic and decentralized action of its size ever seen. Seabrook carried a force far out of proportion to the numbers involved. The impact of this demonstration, for a change, came not merely from numbers, but from internal organization and collective discipline.

All participants were organized into affinity groups of between 10-20 persons, who underwent nonviolence training together, chose a representative, and formed the basic decision-making unit of the action. This decentralization, combined with respect for consensus, made Seabrook not so much a mass action as what might best be described as the first communitarian action. The decision-making structure, reorganized within the armories, allowed the action to continue long after our removal from the occupation site.

There is every hope that the issue of nuclear power will be one to educate a generation of Americans about this system, how and for whom it works, as the war in Vietnam, or Civil Rights did in previous years. At the same time, on the basis of what we have seen, we anticipate that the anti-nuke movement will be one to educate Americans about the way change comes, and, just as important, the kind of society we wish to create. As Marx was able to say about the Paris Commune, I would suggest that in the Seabrook occupation, though it lasted only a day, we have such an example of what is possible, a glimpse of the future we are struggling to deliver.

Of course, Seabrook was only one step on the long march to transform this society. Those who participated came with no apocalyptic notions of stopping the mark with one big demo. Seabrook represents something fresh and hopeful, the mark of a movement that has learned and grown through the anguish of recent years, a movement that realizes nonviolence is not simply a matter of refraining from throwing rocks, but is a positive and constructive force, a force that succeeds in transforming others to the extent we allow it to transform ourselves. And that is something to celebrate. NO NUKES!

Robert Ellsberg.

Michael Kovalak

By BRIAN TERRELL

When visiting a Carmelite monastery several years ago, a very old lay-brother, a ghost-white little man almost buried in his brown wool habit, delighted in telling a rare visitor from the outside the story of his seventy and more years. This friar, in his pre-monastic days, had been happily married, the father of children. He told me of how his wife died and how, after providing for the children, he felt called to the religious life. When I expressed sympathy for the long-passed death of his wife, Brother scratched his head and said, "Sorry? Why should you say that? The old man (who was maybe just a little crazy, too) was sincerely baffled. In his faith, and maybe in his holy craziness, this man, himself so confidently cradled in the safety of God's hands, could not understand an attitude of sorrow or loss around death.

Michael Kovalak died the night of Monday, May 16, and is in heaven praying for us. "Death shall be no longer, nor mourning, nor crying, nor any further pain, because the former things have passed away." (Revelations 21,4)

His sickness and death were hard things for us to accept and understand, but on his part, Michael thought it hardly any burden and I suspect he even enjoyed the drama of it all. After a long lonely life of suffering and seeming personal failures, Michael died peacefully in the sacraments of the Church and reconciled to himself and with others. (With great joy he recounted to me how he gave the Kiss of Peace to a man with whom he had had long-time unfriendly relations and who came to see him on his sick bed.)

In the shuffle of the years we too often

neglected to express our love and affection for Mike, but I know that he died confident of our care and personal esteem and I thank God we had the chance and that we were not too late to see him, after long absences from the Worker, giving Michael much joy and comfort.

Attending Mike in the last weeks of his illness as "infirmarian" (Michael was once a Benedictine) and used monastic jargon whenever remotely applicable) I was faced with many things that will be a long time sorting out, particularly the peculiar and difficult kind of holiness he displayed. What seemed at the time to me a terrible burden I am beginning to see as a privilege, and I must read St. John of the Cross again.

While most of us at St. Joseph's house, as those who have been here in the past, are here for short spaces of our lives—learning and sharing a little and then going on—Michael and a few others have been constants, giving us continuity and a tradition. Our house will be very different now without Mike leading vespers and greeting, with such enthusiasm the young seminarians and the novitiate classes that so often visit us. We will miss his familiar tall thin figure in almost-clerical black (Michael had the exaggerated long features and large sad eyes of a Russian icon) and the emphatic gestures which revealed a former occupation as a High School Latin teacher.

Michael's life, suffering and death were a single journey. We must see this with the eyes of faith, with which he did himself, if it all is to have any meaning.

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442

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Anarchist Ethics

(Continued from page 1)

ice. But that they had suffered for crimes of which they were guilty: of war, of hating injustice, of dreaming of a better world. Vanzetti wrote: **sorrowful experience of the life itself had gave to me some ideas very different from those of many other humane beings. But I wish to convince my men that only with virtue and honesty is possible for us to find a little peace in the world. I preached. I worked. I wished with all my faculties that all wealth would belong to every humane creature, so well as it was the work of all. But this do not mean robbery for a insurrection. The great movements of the soul, do not need dollars. It need love, spirit of sacrifice, ideas, conscience, instincts. It need more conscience, hope and more goodness.**

I were anarchists. For years, in the *Catholic Worker*, we have used that word to describe ourselves, and, to be sure, it has been responsible for a amount of misunderstanding. Simply put, as anarchists, Sacco and Vanzetti I not that men and women are "basically good"—it would have been hard to gain that confidence throughout the seven years of their passion—but that capable of good, and that this capacity for good is ultimately a better foundation than our capacity for greed, duplicity, and violence.

society for sympathy, for personal responsibility, which are essential to conception of ethics, all develop best in freedom. Anarchists believe that individuals have both cooperative and competitive instincts, and that in free and voluntary association there is more likelihood of these cooperative impulses developing. All social values, be they love, cooperation, mutual aid, there are a variety of corresponding forms of social, economic, and political organization. It is the job of anarchists to nurture and build upon the seeds of a cooperative society which under the conditions of the old world, while living by the ethical code of

anarchists are not so much politicians or sociologists as moralists. The intent of their critique of society is not so much economic or political, as moral and ethical—the belief that, submerged beneath repressive institutions, remains in the memory of human beings, an image of the unity of life. If individuals have sometimes been ruthless in their rejection of prevailing conventions is not morality as such which they have condemned, but hypocrisy. If we justified violent means; it was, in the words of the German anarchist-Gustav Landauer, because they were "not anarchist enough." For at the anarchist morality is the Golden Rule, to do as you would be done by. It could be put in other words: If you would not be exploited, then you must not exploit others. If you would not be ruled, then you must refuse to rule others. Anarchism takes this beyond a code of individual action and tries to develop from it a general basis for social life.

letter from prison, Vanzetti explored the question of ethics, of "what is the right and what is the evil." He decided that, in practice, the moral code of modern times runs as follows: "If I steal the wife of my neighbor that is the good; if my neighbor steals my wife that is the evil."

anarchist go ahead and says: "All that is help to me without hurting the others; all that help the others without hurting me is also good, all the rest is evil. He look for his liberty in the liberty of all, for his happiness in the happiness of all, for his welfare in the universal welfare. I am with him."

R.E.

Unemployment is a Form of Oppression

Religious teaching has consistently pointed out that work is more than a way of making a living. It is an expression of the human person and an exercise of God's gifts. Work is contribution to the community and a way of participating in the work of the world and our own salvation. As Pope Paul recently said in his apostolic letter to the unemployed, "Work should not be thought of only as a means to an end, nor solely as a way to win economic and temporal prosperity. It should be thought of as the 'carrying out of an ennobling and redemptive design of God for human life.'"

Unemployment is not simply a loss of economic status, it is a form of oppression. Human life is diminished where people cannot find creative expression in their talents and provide for themselves and their families through work. Unemployment deprives them of their dignity and their families through work. It provides for them. For these reasons, the Church has taught that people have a right and duty to work and that denial of employment is a form of oppression.

From 1977 Labor Day Statement, U.S. Catholic Conference.

It is low tide, on a dull, grey day, after a week of glorious weather, a good time to settle down to writing my column.

How rich we are, we who profess voluntary poverty as a foundation for our work as agitators, to be able to take a ferry ride and be, within an hour, in a rural area which is still part of New York City. Staten Island is not as fashionable as Long Island, its beaches are not clean and sandy, but rocky, strewn often with driftwood and debris. But my conversion took place here. My Russian and my Jewish friends were neighbors, including Mike Gold, and his brothers Manny and George, all Communists, who regarded my spiritual struggles as a stage through which I was passing — my own business, in other words. Mike came to see us often, some years later, in the little apartment on Fifteenth St., where the Catholic Worker started. It was his brother, George Granich, who was one of the organizers of the Hunger March on Washington, which I supported and wrote about as a reporter for *Commonweal* or *America*, I'm not sure which. (Memory is so strange a thing.)

My copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions* has a long chapter about it. I can't find it now. Someone is always walking off with the book I happen to be reading! I am writing this in the early morning, and a mourning dove is making doleful sounds in one of the beautiful mimosa trees, which abound hereabouts. Tamar, my daughter, intends to transplant some tiny, mimosa seedlings. No matter how small these seedlings are, they close up their fernlike leaves if you touch them.

Sacco and Vanzetti Rita Corbin is here too, in our Staten Island quarters, and all day she has been carving a woodcut of Sacco and Vanzetti, the 50th anniversary of whose death we are commemorating in this issue.

I, too, wish to write about these two anarchists, because that is the word or label, which confuses many of our readers (especially the bishops?), and "clari-

fy" is the word which is used in the *Confessions* to describe the "heretics" who were crucified with Christ. I am writing this in the early morning, and a mourning dove is making doleful sounds in one of the beautiful mimosa trees, which abound hereabouts. Tamar, my daughter, intends to transplant some tiny, mimosa seedlings. No matter how small these seedlings are, they close up their fernlike leaves if you touch them.

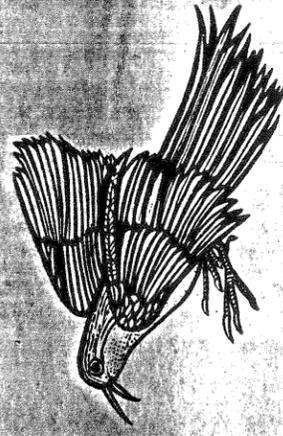
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fication of thought" is the first plank in the Catholic Worker program. After all, study, and clarification of thought, leading to the communication of ideas, is why we publish the *Catholic Worker* over all these years. The 90,000 or so copies which we mail out nine times a year go to readers all over the world, and who knows where the seeds we are planting take root.

I add my contribution to the recalling of Sacco and Vanzetti, because I was very much alive when their execution took place, and will never forget that



day of grief. My sister Della, and her friend Katherine Ann Porter were among the many demonstrators and mourners at the scene, and I would have been there except for my baby daughter (now a mother and a grandmother). We spent the day in mourning, and Tamar's father lay with his face to the wall, almost unconscious with shock and grief. The struggle to establish their innocence had been a long one, and they were put to death.

To us at the Catholic Worker, anarchism means "Love God, and do as you will." "For such, there is no law." "If anyone asks for your cloak, give him your coat too." One could go on with these Scriptural teachings of Jesus, though the above quotations could be expressed in many ways.

Journal notes, Staten Island, N.Y.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Continued on page 6)

Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWBRER

The blazing sun of July holds Earth and us in deep-summer trance. Heat and humidity weigh the circumambient air, waiting for thunder. Field workers rest from their morning's labor. Mothers and infants seek the coolest shade. Children are restive, looking for someone to take them swimming. Plants and creatures wilt from the sun. Yet up in the field the daisies gaze, with white and gold admiration, at that great Day's Eye, the sun.

Quiet, too, the birds. The wood thrush that wakened me before the sun, takes a siesta now, preparing for his evening concert. The bird song concert season will come to an end all too soon for me. Yet how hard they have worked, these singing birds. Nest building, mating, caring for eggs and little birds, working with feverish, frenetic activity, wearing themselves thin, to feed and protect their young and give them a proper start in life. And all the while singing gloriously. Wood thrushes, robins, rose-breasted grosbeaks, indigo buntings, wrens, cardinals, song sparrows, and lesser songsters, too. True, their singing is territorial, part of their evolutionary pattern of survival. But as that great mystic poet, Emily Dickenson, surmised so well, these creatures of grace and song lift our minds to Him, their Creator and ours, in Whom all beauty is, in Whom alone we and they survive. Praise Him.

Workers

As for human beings here at the farm, few of us do well at singing. Some, however, do quite well at work. Farmer John, Terry, Mike, Kathleen, Joan, and Steve carry a heavy load of responsibility

(Continued on page 6)

Tivoli

(Continued from page 2)

when she is too ill, looks after the chapel and gets things ready for Fr. McSherry's daily masses. Stanley continues his slide shows and writing, and helps keep us better balanced with his wit and good humor. Will communes with bees and garners honey. Our two families, the Selas and the Weils, not only help with community work, but also provide us with an example of good, happy family life, and share with us the greater pleasure of their children. Joan tells me that Debbie, a newcomer, is helping with bathroom cleaning. Another newcomer, another Bob, not only cooks, but has undertaken, with Virginia, to revive the evening play readings.

Virginia Kallaghan, who teaches school in Massachusetts, has been spending her vacations with us for the past several years. Her work is truly rooted in the love of God. She is one of the few people I have met who treats everyone the same. Her capacity for work is amazing. She goes from task to task with enthusiasm, cheerfulness, and friendliness for those working with her. Surely there is a better spirit in the house when she is here. DEO GRATIAS.

Celebration

As our critics tell us, we are lacking in organization, structure, and a proper regard for the work ethic. Often it seems we live chaotically, in the midst of confusion, discord, alienation. Still we endure, and work gets done. Truly

we are imperfect instruments, and some of us have heavy personal problems which do not make for easy community living. Sometimes our house seems full of bellowing, hostility, and vituperation. Yet there are constructive efforts, which, with the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament in our midst, must redeem a modicum at least of our failings, our ever-recurring failure. O Saints of impossible causes, pray for us.

Celebration, as well as shared work, is essential for the well-being of a community. On the evening of the Fourth of July, most of us gathered down below the old mansion for a small festivity. There was the traditional watermelon and some of the junk foods Americans are so fond of. There was a bonfire for toasting marshmallows. There was a spectacular sunset, more beautiful than fireworks. Then Betsy came with her guitar and began to sing familiar songs. Mark joined in with his harmonica, and others joined in the singing. With music, our somewhat nondescript gathering became a party. Later, Bob Davis and Sydney gave a charming concert with the vibraharp. Then, as darkness deepened, the fireworks display in Saugerties began across the river. Some of our neighbors in Tivoli had come down to watch the fireworks from our vantage point. I was glad, too, that Anne-Marie Stokes had come for the weekend and could share our small festivity. There was a quiet prevailing sense of peace that Fourth of July evening. No demagogic stridency, no jingoism, no armaments display. I wish that our community and our country could grow in such peace.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

If, in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard . . . the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him. What samples of His love in Creation all around us! Even in the city, the changing sky, the trees, frail though they be, which prisoners grow on Riker's Island, to be planted around the city, bear witness. People—all humankind, in some way.

"In the beginning, God created heaven and earth." Looking out over the bay, the gulls, the "paths in the sea," the tiny ripples stirring a patch of water here and there, the reflections of clouds on the surface—how beautiful it all is.

I love postal cards. This week I was given one of birch trees from Aspen, Colorado—a beauty. Mary Roberts, at Cabrini Center, sent me one of St. Francis in ecstasy by Bellini, c. 14th century. Her note was as beautiful as her card. She is a "lover of beautifulness" (a phrase I think is Scriptural).

Alone all day. A sudden storm in the night. Vast, dark clouds and a glaring, lightning flash with thunder. No rain.

Reading *Dr. Zhivago* a second time.

Stormy day. Woke at 5:30 A.M. Reading scriptures—Genesis and Psalms. Today I will begin with the Ascension and read Acts. Mass at nine at Huguenot—Anne Marie and Kathleen and I (with Hannah).

I need a Bible, large print. I read so much, my eyes tire. Every day we have beer sitting on the beach. Doris Nielson is learning to work with stained glass. She made us a Chi-Rho. We also have Isidore Fazio's colorful, stained glass Cross hanging in one window.

Still reading *Dr. Zhivago*—his last days in Moscow. Remembering Claude McKay, Langston Hughes, Wally and Rose Carmen, and Mike Gold, all of these friends of mine who spent time in Moscow at this same time Pasternak writes of. And Diego Rivera in Mexico City, and his telling me of the reprinting in Russia, of my story from *New Masses*, "Having a Baby." "Go to the Soviet Union," he said. "You can collect royalties." Maybe we should reprint it in the next *Catholic Worker*.

A letter came, reproaching me for my

Visitors continue to come and go. In June, Fr. Charles Siebenand from Mississippi paid us a visit, charmed us with his gentleness and kindness, and said two unforgettable beautiful Masses for us. Two young people from Holland came bicycling in recently and stayed for a couple of days before continuing on to Canada. Pio Celestino from Peru and his young daughter are visiting us this week. Rita Corbin and her children arrived this morning. Anne, a French Canadian, is visiting us again, and filling our house with bouquets of wild flowers. Mary Jo and Joshua arrived a few days ago. Will's boys, Johan and Sam Goose, are also here.

So now we have many children. Yet not quite enough. For Jack and Susy, with their children, have moved to The Farm near Franklin, New York. We miss them, and I miss Tanya most particularly. We hope they will visit us soon.

Peggy Scherer, too, who has moved to New York City, is one much missed, for she was one of our best workers. She is still working, however, for us all at First Street. George Quinlan, our oldest resident, is also missed, since he is in the hospital critically ill. We ask our readers' prayers for him.

Most of all, I think we miss Dorothy Day, who is staying at Staten Island. Her presence here has always been a special blessing to us all. We hope that she, too, will be able to visit us soon.

Fortunately for us and our visitors, we are beginning to harvest most delectable vegetables from our large garden. Nature's garden, too, is yielding a bountiful harvest of raspberries, wild black caps, which Terry and Joan make into delicious jam. Our goats continue to give down their nourishing milk to their faithful milkers, Terry, Kathleen and Michael. For all these blessings, DEO GRATIAS.

Again the wood thrush sings his evensong. We move toward the Feast of the Assumption and the great chorus of insects singing their own TE DEUM. From Him all blessings flow. Praise Him.

Conference

(Continued from page 3)

The Catholic Worker is very much alive and growing. Experience has led each of us in different ways to discover both limits and new talents. Those with children, especially, have had to learn how to preserve the balance of family life, while still sharing with others. The afternoon, without providing all the answers, showed us that the Catholic Worker can and does include families as well as single people, the old and the young, the handicapped and the healthy.

Our Pentecost evening liturgy was one of the highlights of the weekend. The Mass was a truly joyful celebration: one of those special times when there was present a very strong spirit that was felt by all of us. Our Catholic Worker family includes people of many faiths, but the liturgy served as a means for all of us to join in giving thanks to God, Who blesses all our lives.

Somewhat we also managed to fit in bonfires and guitar playing and popcorn, as well as many good meals cooked by many fine cooks; discussions on the horrible plight of the urban poor, especially in terms of housing; the 15 or so among us who had participated in the occupation of the Seabrook nuclear power plant led a discussion on their experiences; we watched the Trident slide show and discussed active nonviolent resistance; a work crew attacked the road, which is always in need of attention—and somehow the atmosphere always seemed pretty relaxed.

Scattered and unbalanced as our lives so often are, we all felt blessed and grateful for the opportunity to share with each other such an enjoyable and strengthening time together, and we parted with our spirits renewed.

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442

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Autumn, 1977

In many ways, this has been a good summer for me, since I spent most of on the beach in Staten Island, where e have two small bungalows, where workers at St. Joseph's and Mary-house can go for rest from the hard fe in the city.

My daughter came down from Vermont for a spell, and even here she occupied herself with spinning. As soon s she arrived she got some pieces of rood from the beach, carved herself a pindle, and spun enough yarn to weave ne a pair of bedroom slippers! I had /ool on hand with which I was going to buff some small pillows—for the small f the back, or the back of the neck, /hile reading in bed. No sooner had she rived, when her youngest of nine hildren, Katy, came in with a school iend who was visiting in New York.

There were other visitors too, this usy summer—Nina Polcyn Moore and orothy Gauchat, both of them a gen-ration removed from me, but working ith the Catholic Worker since its be-innings. Nina was still going to college Marquette) when she visited us in the ummer of 1934, just in time to join in nti-Hitler protests. One of them was gainst the docking of the Bremen, a erman liner, on the upper west side of ew York City. When a protester limbed a mast to pull down a flag launting the swastika, and was shot in he leg by a guard, a riot ensued on the ocks. We fled down the street, together ith other protesters to escape a squad f police, and witnessed some police ruality, which we later protested gainst too. It was a time of urgent rotest against a wave of anti-Semitism, which was breaking out here and there a those days.

One of the reasons this occasion is ividly in my mind today is because I ave recently read Chaim Potok's books —all of them—with the greatest interest. encountered the first when I was on a enewal retreat last year, and picked up *My Name is Asher Lev*.

Last night I read *In the Beginning*, which is a vivid account of the Depres- ion and the time of World War II. I ave also read Potok's *The Chosen* and *The Promise*.

Peter Maurin used to say, "We should tudy the past, and so live in the present, is to make the future different."

Nina and I have kept up our friend-ship over the years, and even made a rief tour of Russia together, (a guided our with Dr. Jerome Davis) some years ago. Now she is living in Sauk Center ("Main Street") in Minnesota. Her life is still as full of variety as mine is!

Dorothy Gauchat has also been long

a part of the Catholic Worker family. As a high school student, she was a vol-unteer at the Cleveland House of Hos-pitality (and Farm at Avon, Ohio), and later married its director, Bill Gauchat, who died a few years ago. They gave up the work in the city and concentrated on the Farm, where Peter Maurin used to go, to conduct "summer schools" for a number of years, attended by Catholic (Continued on page 7)

E. F. SCHUMACHER

From a short item in the *New York Times*, we learned that E. F. Schumacher, the British economist, had died earlier this month. Two weeks later, I still find it strangely difficult to write this brief note. In the four years since the publication of his book **SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL**, he had probably done more than any other individual to alert us all to the catas-trophic course on which our culture is headed—the irrationality, the vio-lence, the wastefulness and ugliness that have been generated by the Western experiment in materialism.

And yet no one else has done so much to inspire us with the possi-bilities of an alternative society, economy, technology, modeled on the human scale. Schumacher shared our belief that it is both possible and necessary to discover and develop the basis for a more humane way of producing, work-ing, and living together even at this moment, in the shell of the old world. With groups like the British Soil Association, the Intermediate Tech-

nology Development Group, both of which he helped to found, he tried to awaken people to their own dignity, their responsibility to one another and to the earth. In recent years, his name has grown familiar in these pages; his conver-gence of traditional wisdom and prac-tical good sense, his concern for the essentially moral ends of human activity, bore such clear resemblance to Peter Maurin, that it seemed ob-vious to give him several pages in last May's issue. Looking in our files, I see that he had subscribed to the *Catholic Worker* since 1967.

He closed one of his essays with this quotation from Gandhi:

Robert Ellsberg.

A SENSE OF WHAT IS IMPORTANT

I only met Fritz Schumacher once. He spoke to a large audience in New York City about global hunger. He spoke about people. He spoke of creative work and self-reliance. He spoke of appropriate means. He spoke of appropriate ends. He had a sense of what is important.

Fritz's hands were large and expressive. They would make a point. They would embrace. Callouses revealed their acquaintance with tools. These hands could take flour and make more than bread—they built self-respect and dignity. Wheat berries he would mill into flour by hand. Each loaf he baked was more important to him than all the words he had written. It was the bread his family would eat. He had a sense of what is important.

He wrote about appropriate size and appropriate technology at a human scale. He asked questions: Is it healthy, promoting life? Is it beautiful, enhancing life? Is it permanent, continuing life? He sought a return to wisdom with religious principles as our guide. He had a sense of what is important.

The world E. F. Schumacher has departed from remains. He helped reveal some of what is wrong in the world. He also revealed some of what is right. He showed us the task before us. He gave us hope. He taught us small is beautiful, because he regarded human beings and their dignity as most important. He had a sense of what is important.

Lee LeCuyer

Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

September, fair month, comes orches-trated with katydids and crickets in a symphony of summer and fall. From crisp, cool morning, day mounts to hot afternoon, when, shimmering under the sun, green leaves glimmer, revealing here and there dapplings of scarlet and gold. Loose strife, goldenrod, wild asters bouquet our paths. Migratory birds as-semble for long journeys, or, preparing for later flight, travel leisurely, feeding on winey grapes and seasonal delicacies. With few song birds singing now, the chickadees' cheerful calls sound a note of hope to all who stay for winter. Up in the field, Terri, Kathleen, Billie, Michael, Farmer John, and others continue to gather a plentiful harvest. **DEO GRATIAS.**

Like migratory birds, many of our summer residents and visitors have taken flight. Stephan and Betsie Weil, Larry Evers, Virginia Kalighan, Sister Sue, Sister Teresa, Betsy Keenan, who helped so much during the summer, have returned to other vocations and work. Anne Mahre, Rita Corbin and her children have returned to their homes in Canada. Johan and Sam Goose have returned to home and school in Ithaca. As usual, many more visitors than I can possibly name have come and gone this summer.

Labor Day weekend brought us sev-eral guests, including our old friends Joe and Audrey Monroe who had not been able to get up to see us since Memorial Day weekend. We were also delighted Labor Day afternoon to have a visit from Sally Appleton Webber, her husband, and their children. During the summer of 1954, my first year at Maryfarm, the Labor Day weekend brought us sev-eral guests, including our old friends Joe and Audrey Monroe who had not been able to get up to see us since Memorial Day weekend. We were also delighted Labor Day afternoon to have a visit from Sally Appleton Webber, her husband, and their children. During the summer of 1954, my first year at Maryfarm, the

For me that summer was a kind of golden summer. There was the moun-taintop experience of Fr. Casey's re-treat. The interesting experience of the Quaker work camp. Quiet meal times with table reading from **The Imitation of Christ** or **The Little Flowers of St. Francis**. Meditative walks up the hill of the outdoor stations of the Cross. Healthy manual work in garden, field or house. Early morning Mass, Compline and Ros-ary every day, with frequently Prime, Lauds, and Vespers as well. Sometimes night vigils in the beautiful little chapel, where His Presence was so fully felt. Friendly persons for good talk and laughter. Above all, the gentle, capable direction of those dedicated women from Minnesota—Jane Judge and Lucille Lynch. There were, of course, tensions, frustrations, problems. Memory, how-ever, chooses the better part. That sum-mer at Maryfarm remains for me a gold-en time, a hope and promise of heaven through all the difficult years that would come and go. **DEO GRATIAS.**

Throughout the years, difficult and otherwise, we have continued to have some fine women helpers. At present Joan, Terri, Kathleen, are among the finest. Yet in proportion to the number of men, we have so few women. During the past year we have had some very capable women come for six weeks, two months, or perhaps three. They have helped much and we welcome good short-term commitments. But of course commitments of six months, a year, or more, would be even more helpful. Again I should like to emphasize that respon-sible capable women with homemaking skills and a real concern for people are particularly needed.

The Challenge of Love

Those who are seeking Utopia, or that ideal community made up of like-mind-ed, supportive persons, should not try the Catholic Worker. We are a fluctuat-ing, heterogeneous group. Many of us are imperfect instruments at best. Many who seek haven or shelter with us do not agree with basic Catholic Worker ideas, and are loud in their denuncia-tion and criticism. Disparate ages, back-grounds, problems, often add to tension. Personality clashes and altercations oc-cur. Mentally disturbed persons some-times become hostile and aggressive. Al-though we have a rule against drinking on the premises, alcoholics sometimes cause much disturbance among us. Once in a while—rarely—an act of violence will occur. Considering our num-bers, differences, and problems, it is almost a miracle that so little violence occurs among us. It is our hope and prayer that someday there will be no violence. The challenge to those who come to help is that by working with more love, more prayer, they may help us move closer to our Christian ideal of nonviolence.

In spite of all our problems, our com-munity life is far from nightmare. There are many pleasant aspects to our lives. True, our buildings are old and in need of much repair. Yet we have a chapel with the Blessed Sacrament. There is daily Mass and evening prayer for those who wish to participate. We live in a setting of great natural beauty. The beautiful, though polluted, Hudson flows before our door. On clear days we look

(Continued on page 8)

Community Land Trust

By CHUCK MATHEI

Another growing season ends; the maple trees show the brilliant reds and oranges for which the forests of New England are so famous; and the spectacular foliage draws the last wave of tourists up here to the northern coast of Maine before another winter sets in. . . . To the tourists who come here from across the country, and usually keep to the main roads, motels, parks, and quaint coastal villages, Maine must seem to be a paradise. But for thousands of the families who will remain here when the snows and the bitter, driving, winter winds come—for the poor of one of the poorest states in this country—those red leaves wave like warning flags, danger signals. More than one-third of the families in Maine—residents of the forests, fields, towns and back roads that tourists rarely see—lack decent housing, security on the land, and the means or opportunity to acquire them. For them, another winter means suffering the cold, hour by hour, and the endless labor or unbearable expense of procuring wood or fuel oil to heat a drafty shell of a shelter. It means, often, isolation and sickness; and sometimes it means death.

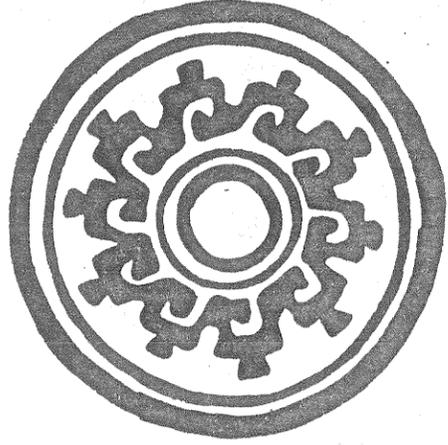
But this season has seen the birth of an effort which offers new hope to the homeless and landless families of this area—a Community Land Trust and low-income housing construction program, using self-help and volunteer labor. The project will provide decent housing, access to land and security to families who, in many cases, have never had any of them—families who do not have the capital or the credit to compete with speculators and summer people in the spiraling land market. They are renters who, like renters everywhere, will pay several times the value of the land and housing they occupy during their lifetimes, but will never have security in their use of them, never have the right to develop and work the land and feel assured that they will benefit from the fruits of their own labor.

The Trust hopes to purchase several hundred acres of forest and farm lands this fall. Through the winter, the families who will settle the land, many of whom are already involved, will work with a group of volunteer architects, builders and alternative energy experts to design simple, sturdy, energy-efficient, low-cost housing. And, come spring, construction will begin, with the families themselves joining volunteers in the labor.

Part of the land will be divided into

small family-farmsteads of several acres each—enough for house and barn, gardens, fruit trees, and a few animals. Wood lands, grazing lands, and large-crop lands will be held in common, and a community center will be built with a playroom for children, a meeting room, and perhaps a laundry room and other common facilities.

The families will own their own homes (which the project will help them to finance), but title to the land will be held by the Community Land Trust—a democratically-structured, nonprofit, public-membership corporation, of which all the resident families will be full



members, along with other committed people in the area. Each family will be given a lifetime lease to their farmstead land, which may be passed on to their children provided they use the land.

Through the Community Land Trust, the families will have complete security in their use of the land as long as they need it, but the land will be removed forever from the speculative market, and will never again be sold. Thus the community as a whole—those who remain when people die or leave an area—is given the power to control its own evolution, and the land in trust will be available, generation after generation, for use as it is most needed. This alternative to speculation, monopolization, and control of the future of large sections of neighborhoods, villages, and rural communities by absentee owners, corporations, for the privileged few, challenges some of the root causes of the homelessness, landlessness, and powerlessness of the poor, the dispossessed.

This trust and housing project grows

Mobilization for Survival

(Continued from page 3)

has taken on a deadly momentum of its own. The Great Powers can now alter weather, release biological, bacteriological and chemical weapons. The planet Earth is now a time bomb, a doomsday machine. And time is running out. Unless there is massive popular intervention by people everywhere on the planet, directed against the military machine of every nation, the inevitable outcome will be unthinkable.

FUND HUMAN NEEDS

Many people think of the arms race as something that might explode into war tomorrow. They forget that the arms race is killing us now. In our own nation, and throughout the world, death comes each day to the sick, the hungry and the poor of all ages. It comes because money that should have provided health care has built nuclear warheads. Money that might have transported grain has carried ammunition. Money that might have reconstructed our cities has financed bombers. Americans think all the bombs in the Indochina war fell ten thousand miles away. Walk through our slums and you will see where else the bombs fell. . . . Think what is happening in nations that are desperately poor, where most people are hungry most of the time, where almost everyone needs medical care and cannot afford it. Think of what could be done with the billions spent on arms. The arms race is a criminal attack on the peoples of the world.

The following actions, projected for the coming year, will form the beginning of a long-range effort to stop the descent toward planetary destruction:

AUGUST 6-9 Local actions on Hiroshima and Nagasaki Days.
OCTOBER 15-NOVEMBER 15 Nationwide Teach-Ins and Speak-Outs on Campuses, in Communities, and Churches.
SPRING, 1978 Nationwide Day to Stop the Arms Race and Fund Our Communities.

MAY/JUNE, 1978 Internationally coordinated Mass Demonstrations to coincide with the U.N. Special Assembly on Disarmament, in New York City and other major cities.

For more information contact **MOBILIZATION FOR SURVIVAL**, 123 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa., 19107.

out of the network of personal and working relationships built, over the last eight years, thru HOME Coop (see June issue). HOME has grown to involve over 2000 people: in a craft marketing coop (homemade income in a land of few jobs); a community learning center; wood distribution to older people who can't cut it and can't afford fuel oil; house and barn repair crews; livestock, hay and vegetable marketing coops; direct, personal assistance with emergency food, clothing, shelter, and human concern; and much more. These friendships, skills and services offer a broad, strong base from which this new effort can begin, and continue successfully.

We are ready to begin, but we still lack sufficient initial funds. The local diocese and several individuals have offered to contribute, but much more is needed, and so we are writing to ask for the help of Catholic Worker readers.

Our immediate need is for approximately \$50,000, for the land purchase. We are asking for gifts and for no-interest or inflation-interest loans. We are asking that Catholic Worker readers who have savings accounts or other investments consider investing instead in the labors and the futures of their neighbors—that the poor, also, be trusted, be given credit and a chance to build.

Health Care

1329 N St., NW
Washington DC, 20005

Dear Friends,

The Zacchaeus Medical Clinic, which has been in existence since February, 1974, is facing a severe financial problem. Once again, we find ourselves appealing to friends and strangers.

The Clinic started out of our frustration with hospitals, clinics, and doctors, when people we knew from the soup kitchen needed medical attention. Rather than expend our energies in these encounters we decided instead to open our own medical clinic: a free clinic in a poor, inner-city neighborhood, as an alternative to public clinics that are impersonal and offer fragmented care, an alternative to private medical care providers who will see only patients able to pay.

We began primarily as a screening clinic, and still do much of that, though at the present time we have approximately 7,500 patients, many of whom use the clinic as others would use family doctors. All our medical treatment, including visits with a nurse practitioner, physicians, lab testing, and medicines, is free. Consequently, we depend heavily on individual donations to support our work.

With increased numbers of patients, we are also facing an increased number of financial commitments: from rising laboratory fees to higher costs for drugs. We are hoping, over the next several years, to build up a list of "sponsors"—people who would pledge \$5 or \$10 a month, \$50 a year, or more. In the meantime we would be greatly appreciative of any donation that people could afford, whether that be "pledged" money over a period of time, or given once. Thank you for all your help.

Sincerely,

Rachelle Linner

P.S. Please make checks payable to Zacchaeus Medical Clinic.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

Workers from all the Houses of Hospitality which sprang up around the country.

Peter Maurin felt a great kinship with Bill, because the latter had attended the Institute of Medieval Studies at Toronto, and Peter always felt Bill understood his ideas better than anyone else. Peter used to declaim, "When the Irish were Irish a thousand years ago," and to tell how they started universities all over Europe, and kept alive what Peter called a synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation.

Bill died a few years ago, and Dorothy Gauchat has built up the work they started early in their married life, when they lived on this farm. It is one of boundless hospitality, taking care of "the lame, the halt and the blind" children God has sent them. Dorothy has written a book, *All God's Children*, which is still in print. We have a box on hand of their beautiful and happy story—how it first began, how it all came about.

There is an old saying, which I have used often in sending out an appeal when funds are running low, and there are, even now, requirements by state law (and often common sense) as to repairs and the running of a house of hospitality. That saying is—"A baby is always born with a loaf of bread under its arm," which delighted me with its simplicity. Dorothy Gauchat lives by this principle and her work has grown.

After visiting me both on the beach and in New York, where I now am at Maryhouse, Dorothy went on to New-York to see Ade Bethune, who has been one of our artists for many years. Ade is making a study of solar heating, and the two women are putting their heads together to figure out the winterizing of a large swimming pool built at Avon for their crippled little ones (who swim daily, or float—with life preservers, of course!)

Gratitude

During the month, many friends have sent me large print Bibles, one of which is now in our chapel downstairs, and one each at the beach, Maryhouse and the farm at Tivoli. I am truly grateful to those who sent them. I like to use one of my favorite quotations from St. Teresa of Avila—"I am so grateful a person that I can be bought with a sardine"—but I apologize at seeming irreverent, and I promise to pray for the donors as I do my daily reading.

One line in Potok: "I wonder if gentiles clasp Holy Scripture in their arms and dance with it, as we Jews do?" Well—I've often seen people kiss the Book before and after reading it, and I do myself.

WORKSHOP FOR WOMEN

A workshop designed to train women in new leadership roles to create a more human society will be sponsored by the Grail in Cornwall-on-Hudson. New York, October 7 to 27, 1977. During this workshop current societal problems will be explored from a personal, global and spiritual dimension. It has been designed so that women can participate for a few days, a weekend, a week or the entire three weeks. For more information call or write to Reenie Lafin, The Grail, 119 Duncan Avenue, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y. 12520; Tel. No. (914) 534-2804.

PAX CHRISTI-USA

Annual Conference

NONVIOLENCE IN A VIOLENT WORLD

November 4-6, Memphis, Tennessee

Features include: MARTIN LUTHER KING'S LEGACY, by Rev. James Lawson; 2000 YEARS OF CHRISTIAN NONVIOLENCE by Dr. Joseph Fahey, Gen. Secretary, Pax Christi-USA; Pilgrimage to site of Martin Luther King's assassination; workshops; action plans.

For information and registration, write: Dr. Gerard Vanderhaar, Conference Chairperson, 3554 Boxdate, Memphis, Tenn. 38118.

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May, 1978

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442

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Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The robins wake me early, early. Still half-dreaming, I await the wood thrush. A bird of lilac time and summer evening concerts, sing me into May. Now, till unopened buds of forsythia, apple blossom, dogwood, honey locust, wait to herald Mary's altars, in her month of May. Even the river, sun-gleaming, flows, a rhythmic mirror of her everlasting love. O Rose of Memory, your month is ours. The first issue of the Catholic Worker, distributed by Dorothy Day and her followers, May Day, 1933. Peter Maurin, co-founder with Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker movement, was born in May, and died many years later in May, halfway through another century. Down the procession of Mays some Catholic Workers, serving, protesting, plowing, planting, praying, alking, quarreling, loving, dreaming, reeping in the shadow, laughing in the sun. For some of us, the move from Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island to his farm at Tivoli, May, 1964. For all of us, May is a month of beginnings, tradition, memory.

Looking back over those first rich, exciting years here at Tivoli, I seem to see them compositely. There were fine Catholic Worker type retreats given by Fr. John Hugo and Fr. Marion Casey. There were many conferences, including: sacemakers, Pax, Catholic Worker Summer School, Catholic College students, groups from Harlem, Catholic Peace Fellowship. Speakers included: Archbishop Roberts, that great Jesuitical who worked so valiantly for nonviolence and peace, Professor Seymour Melman of Columbia University, those work on a true peace-oriented economy deserves not only to be studied to be put into practice, Dr. Karl Arn, the eminent psychiatrist and author, Dorothy Day, Helen Iswolsky, Eileen Egan, Marian Moses, Ernest Omeley, Bob and Marge Swan, Brad tle, Ralph Templin, Ross Anderson, m Cornell, Jim Forest, Peter Lumsden, th Collins, Bill Horvath, Fr. Lyle ung, Fr. Dan Berrigan, who delivered e of the most eloquent talks on non- lence I have ever heard. There were ny others deserving mention. What a ing time of ideas that was, and what resting visitors thronged about us. e summer, Stanley Vishnewski, then, now, our best qualified guest master, nted over a thousand. Some whom I member with particular pleasure include: Caroline Gordon Tate, good friend distinguished novelist, Cary Peebles, e Marie Stokes, Cynthia Gooding, folk singer, Dr. Karl Stern and his e, who vacationed with us more than e, Ruth Collins, who did much to help get under way here, Professor William

These are jottings from my diary:

When I was a little girl, I never tired of hearing my mother tell stories about when she was a little girl, living in Poughkeepsie, and sometimes the Hudson River froze solid from shore to shore.

I have spent this winter in our comfortable Maryhouse on Third St., and I think it was the snowiest winter I have seen since 1917 and '18. These were war years when we had heatless Mondays and meatless Tuesdays.

I look from my window these mornings at the sunlit embellishments on the "tenement" across the street—red brick, six stories, every window elaborately decorated, framed vertically by pillars and topped by little wings and cherubs, every floor different, fire-escapes painted black or green, and somehow not defacing this delicately decorated frontage. These are part of the luxury houses of old New York, perhaps at the time of Mother Seton, who was the first American-born saint canonized, and one of whose present-day daughters of the order she founded, Sister Aloysia, helped along my conversion in the 30's.

The little sycamore tree across the street is budding. I have some potted plants in my room and comfortable chairs, and lots of books and company. But I am restless for the Staten Island beach.

When I was fourteen, I sang my baby brother to sleep with the Episcopal hymnal—"brightest and best of the sons of the morning" was one of the songs. I told Ann Perkins I wished I had an Episcopal hymnal now, remembering *The Wide, Wide World*, my favorite book when I was age twelve. A best seller in England as well as America, Vincent Van Gogh recommended it in one of his letters to his brother. It is good spiritual reading, and really brought me to an enjoyment of work I never had before. I became a better student and worker (having a "philosophy of work," as Peter Maurin called it).

Hymns were stressed in *The Wide, Wide World*. The little girl in that book was converted by a hymnal. So, Ann Perkins brought me a most beautiful prayer book and hymnal in one volume, a gift from Fr. Mallary of All Saints Church. God bless him! Now I shall enjoy it again, singing to comfort myself.

Comment of a reader on the title of my book, *The Long Loneliness*: "Your life is anything but lonely." Many a time, over the years, someone has said, "I found my wife (or husband) at the Catholic Worker." What an overwhelmingly large family we have! There will be two weddings amongst us this year, in May and July.

One Catholic Worker family, Mike DeGregory and Micki Timmins, both exceptional workers, are starting a Catholic Worker Center in Trenton, N.J.

Spent the weekend at the beach on Staten Island. Up at six. Sun already high. Had a good visit with neighbors there. Winter storms were terrible. Beach piled with driftwood. Banks of shore washed away. The bay is so beautiful with its gulls!

The writing of an obituary can be a joyful affair, as well as a test of the faith, which we so often thoughtlessly proclaim each day, when we recite those last lines of the Creed at Mass. When someone you love, like Ade Bethune's mother, dies, how especially comforting the Creed is. I believe in... "the resurrection of the body and life everlasting."

When the Catholic Worker began, under Peter Maurin's inspiration in 1933, one of our first visitors was Ade Bethune, then a young girl who was going to Cathedral High School here in New York City. She brought us a number of black and white drawings of the saints, all of them working. We were delighted with

them. They were exactly what we wanted, as Peter Maurin's concept of man was as a co-creator with God, "little less than the angels," born with duties to perform the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Jesus said—"Feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, shelter the harborless, bury the dead. Do this and thou shalt live." The duty of all Christians.

A simple and appealing program, especially to one with my communist background. (I was never a "card-carrying" member of the party, though I had "signed up" years before with the old I.W.W., who waged a struggle in the Mesabi Iron Range strike in Northern Minnesota the year I began to work for the Socialist Call. Upton Sinclair and his book *The Jungle* inflamed me during my high school days, not the Communist Manifesto.)

Ade later made murals for our houses—New York, Philadelphia and Chicago were the first—and when, in an excess of zeal, some volunteer workers painted the walls and covered them over on Mott St., she patiently made more (framed copies that could be taken down and put up again).

Ade's name is really A. de Bethune, but we mistakenly signed her drawings Ade Bethune, and so she has remained for us. We moved from 15th St. to Charles St. and then to Mott St., and the Friday night meetings were a weekly event, as they still are to this day. Mrs. de Bethune (lovingly called by the young people "Mama Lion") used to come with her daughter Ade and with her son (who often did his homework as the meeting went on, while Mrs. de Bethune knit wool socks). One winter she and all her friends made enough socks to provide a pair for every man on our breadline, which had started by itself those depression years. There must have been 800 pairs distributed.

When the de Bethune family moved to Newport, R.I. some years later, my daughter, who was of high school age and in rebellion against our school system and city life in general, joined them. She had already spent a term in a French-Canadian school, which Monsignor Ligutti told us about, and had learned spinning and weaving. To graduate, one had to be expert enough to make a suit from one's own spinning, dyeing and weaving.

Then, together with Eileen Egan's sister, she attended a school of "Applied Agriculture" at Farmingdale, Long Island, N.Y. There were many young Jewish women studying there to prepare for a life on a Kibbutz in Israel. Tamar, my daughter's name, is a Hebrew name. Her education included a year's training as a practical nurse, which meant that one year I took a leave from the Catholic Worker to stay with her nine children while she went to a school in Brattleboro, Vermont, too far from her Virginia home to commute. How glad I was for that vacation.

The sycamore tree across the street has burst into leaf!

Calendar

MAY 27th, New York City Disarmament rally sponsored by the Mobilization for Survival. Begins at 11 a.m. at Bryant Park, 42nd St., proceeding to Dag Hammerskjold Plaza across from U.N.

JUNE 12th, New York City. Sit-in at U.S. Mission to U.N. to demand unilateral action towards disarmament. Contact War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., NY 10012 (212) 228-0450.

JUNE 24. Occupation of Seabrook nuclear power plant site in New Hampshire. Affinity groups are required to undergo nonviolent training. Contact Clamshell Alliance, 62 Congress St., Portsmouth, N.H. 03801 (603) 436-5414.

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413

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Patience! Patience! The very word means suffering. I'm glad I studied Latin for five years. Being a journalist, I use many words, and like to get at the roots of them.

I had planned to go to the Mobilization for Survival demonstrations for disarmament at the United Nations last month, but my heart "went back on me" and a deplorable state of weakness kept me on the beach on Staten Island, where we have two bungalows for rest houses. I can at least pray. "At least!" What an expression! It is hard work, praying, and trying to subdue a rebellious spirit.

Deane Mowrer came down from Tivoli with Kathleen Rumpf for the sit-in on June 12th at the United States Mission to the United Nations. Twenty from the Catholic Worker were arrested, and arraigned, and released. I had so counted on going with them.

Christ said, "He who takes the sword will perish by the sword." We are a guilty nation, threatening this beautiful, natural world with neutron bombs.

But all times are dangerous times! I often think of my mother, a most dearly loved mother to all her five children, saying to me in her last days—"Don't pray I live longer. I've been through the San Francisco earthquake, the Florida hurricane, and two World Wars, and I've had enough." But she smiled as she said it, because she had been a happy wife and mother.

Charles Elston, archivist, and Marc Ellis, who wrote a thesis on the Catholic Worker, which will be published, visited us from Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They packed up what we had collected of the Catholic Worker archives (mostly correspondence), which are kept at Marquette.

I love the Middle West, having spent so many years growing up there—from my ninth to my eighteenth year. Two of those years I spent at the University of Illinois, where Rayna Prohme was my dearest friend. Her story was made memorable by Vincent Sheehan in his *Personal History*, in the section called "Revolution."

"Doth it not irk me that upon the beach, the tides monotonous run? Shall I not teach the sea some new speech?" Who wrote it? Those lines came to mind when I woke this morning. It certainly doesn't irk me! I love it here.

Rosemary Morse was up early, reading Scripture, but brought me food for the body and a hot cup of coffee. Then she worked all afternoon, mending the screen door, and, on the roof, stopping leaks. The Pentecostal movement has made her

an avid reader of Scripture. She is a living example of co-ordination—the active, the contemplative, and the eumenical life. But the roof still leaks!

Red roses, and red and yellow ones by the back door ate all in bloom.

Mary Humphrey from Minnesota (a Catholic Worker for years) called. Fr. Henry Fehrens will drive her out to see me. He helps, during the summer, at St. Patrick's Parish in Richmond, Staten Island, a parish where Tamar, my daughter, went to boarding school many years ago. Fr. Aldo Tos is pastor there. Sisters of St. Dorothy, a Portuguese community, had a small boarding school there. Tamar used to come home weekends to Mott Street.

When Mary arrived with an armful of fresh, new, summer dresses she had made, I greeted her wearing a colorful one she had made for me years ago. Every time I visited her in the past, she made me a dress. She and her husband (a gold and silver smith, specializing in chalices) raised their family in Minnesota (they are among our oldest friends) but were originally from the Milwaukee Catholic Worker group. The Chicago, Milwaukee and Minnesota groups were all made up of brilliant, young volunteers, trying out our ideas in the city and on the land, with crafts their specialty.

Breakers rolling in on the beach—the air is damp—a flannel nightgown and two blankets are necessary if the windows are open.

Pat and Kathleen Jordan, our fellow workers and beach neighbors here, start on their trip to the West Coast tomorrow, with Justin and Hannah, to show Justin, born this last year, to his grandparents. Pat has been working at St. Rose's cancer home, which was started by Rose Hawthorne in the early thirties or before. Bill Griffin also works there. Bill lives with Jacques Travers, who runs the Arthur Sheehan house of hospitality for men near Prospect Park in Brooklyn. But he is staying at Pat and Kathleen's house during their absence and commuting to work.

Jacques once gave a great talk on Emmanuel Mounier (one of Peter Maurin's favorite philosophers) at Tivoli, on Sunday afternoon, with Mary Lathrop Pope giving readings from Mounier, to illustrate the points Jacques made.

July 6th—a busy day! In the morning, to New York City, and, in the afternoon, Cardinal Cooke, Monsignor

(Continued on page 8)

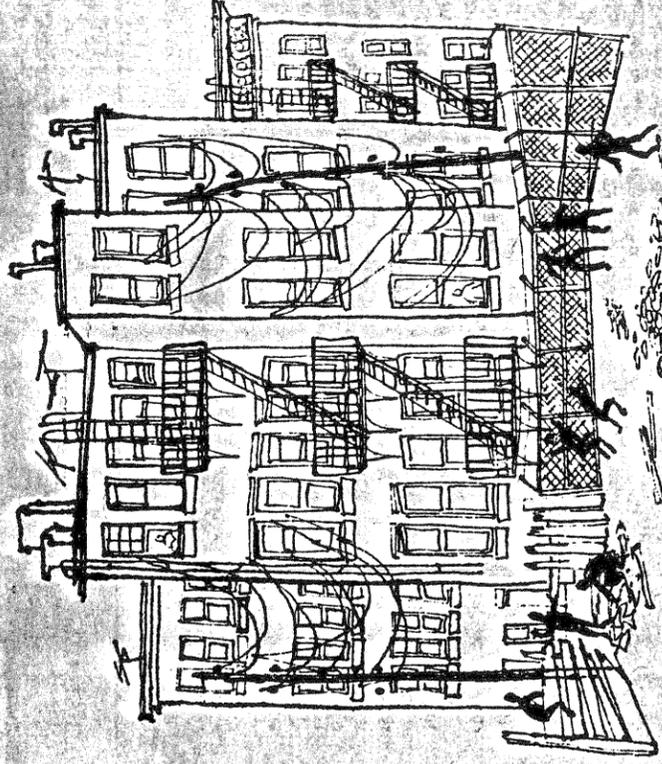
On a recent summer night, when the temperature cooled down and brought the anticipated relief from one of our seasonable hot and humid days, I picked up a copy of an essay written by Thomas Merton entitled "The Street is for Celebration." With all the characteristics of his writing style—light humor, combined with a contemplative seriousness and a painful hopefulness—he explores the dimensions of life in a modern city. He writes, "A city is something you do with space." He then goes on to remind us that the first cities on the North American continent—the early Mayan cities of Guatemala and the Zapotecan city of Monte Alban in Mexico—were primarily "centers of celebration." He continues, "The first cities of America were spaces marked out for the ample expansion of celebration, joy, worship, play and praise. Those early cities knew what to do with space. And what they did with space made human life joyous, real, fully credible. The Bible tells us in the end it will be like that again, in a city of pure celebration."

At times, the streets of our city seem to be more like occupied zones rather than living spaces. During the summer, our streets are spaces reserved for noise competition, and whoever can be the most audible at the greatest distance wins the contest. There are plenty of confestants; noises from blaring stereos, noise from congested traffic, shattering blasts from firecrackers, backfires from motorcycle engines, and, at night, we have a theater in the back which "treats" us to the latest form of modern nihilism, punk rock. It seems that life in our modern cities is characterized more by individualistic and expensive entertainment rather than a true sense of communal celebration which makes the ex-

who visited us from Kentucky, and a few Maryknoll novices who lived with us for a few weeks, engaged in a singing marathon which lasted for six hours. Everyone really enjoyed it, including Fr. Tom Lumpkin, who visited us from the Detroit house of hospitality, and our ever faithful visitor from the farm, Stanley Vishnewski.

Some visitors who shared those moments with us were Deane Mowrer and Kathleen Rumpf from the farm in Tivoli. They, along with Betsy, came to the city to participate in the June 12, sit-in at the U.S. Mission to the United Nations. They were a part of the Catholic Worker affinity group that joined with other groups in an act of nonviolent civil disobedience (or divine obedience) to protest the insanity and brutality of the nuclear and conventional arms race, but especially the complicity of the U.S. in that pernicious race. The present arms race, and its military maintenance, consumes an annual 130 billion dollars in the U.S. and 400 billion dollars worldwide. The Holy See's statement to the U.N. Commission on Disarmament condemned this state of affairs and called the race "a form of theft."

As we sat in the street next to the Mission, praying and awaiting arrest, Kevin Pope, a member of our Worker family, made a very keen observation—the concrete window frames of the U.S. Mission were shaped in the form of burial coffins. Among the people who joined our group was our friend Dan Berrigan. The morning of the action, we celebrated a Eucharist at the Franciscan Sisters' house of hospitality called the Dwelling Place. Dan reminded us of our very rich Catholic tradition when he told us how, 13 years ago, he celebrated a Eucharist in Tom Cornell's apartment



Rita Corbin

perience of life more "joyous, real and fully credible."

Merton suggests that true celebration is "not for the alone." It is rather the "creation of a common identity, a common consciousness. Celebration is everybody making joy. Not as a duty (you can't manufacture joy out of the duty to have fun). Celebration is when we let joy make itself out of our love." At Mary's house, there are moments in the day when true celebration is expressed.

In the early evening, when Helen or Mary have finished the dishes, a group of us sit outside on the front landing near the door. There you can hear Helen's hearty laughter fill the street spaces. Or Margaret, our resident storyteller, treats us to another set of charming anecdotes edited from the days activities. On some unplanned nights, a group of us can be heard singing folk songs. One memorable evening in June, Betsy from the Tivoli farm, Nora

with Dorothy and other Workers as a preparation for the burning of draft cards at Union Square.

Dan ended our Friday night meetings this year with a moving prose reflection on the dying of a child at St. Rose's Home where he works each week. He also shared some of his own prophetic translations of Dante's journey through the "cardinal sins" region of purgatory. It was a frightful sojourn, but one full of the wisdom and genius of Dante.

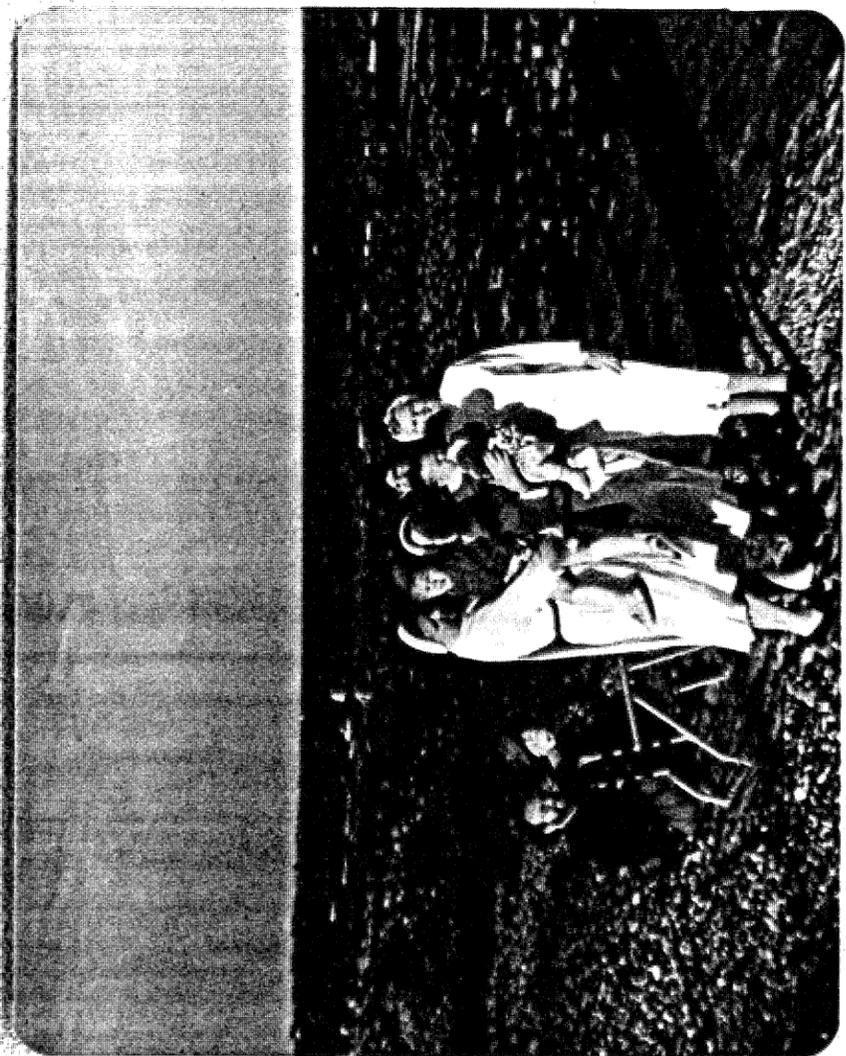
Celebration

Our back yard has been transformed by Janet into a space for the celebration and contemplation of beauty. Our friend Anne from Long Island generously brought us several hundred pounds of topsoil and peat moss. So Janet, with shovel in hand and a heart that pursues beauty, chose a small section of the yard and spent hours replenishing the soil and

(Continued on page 8)

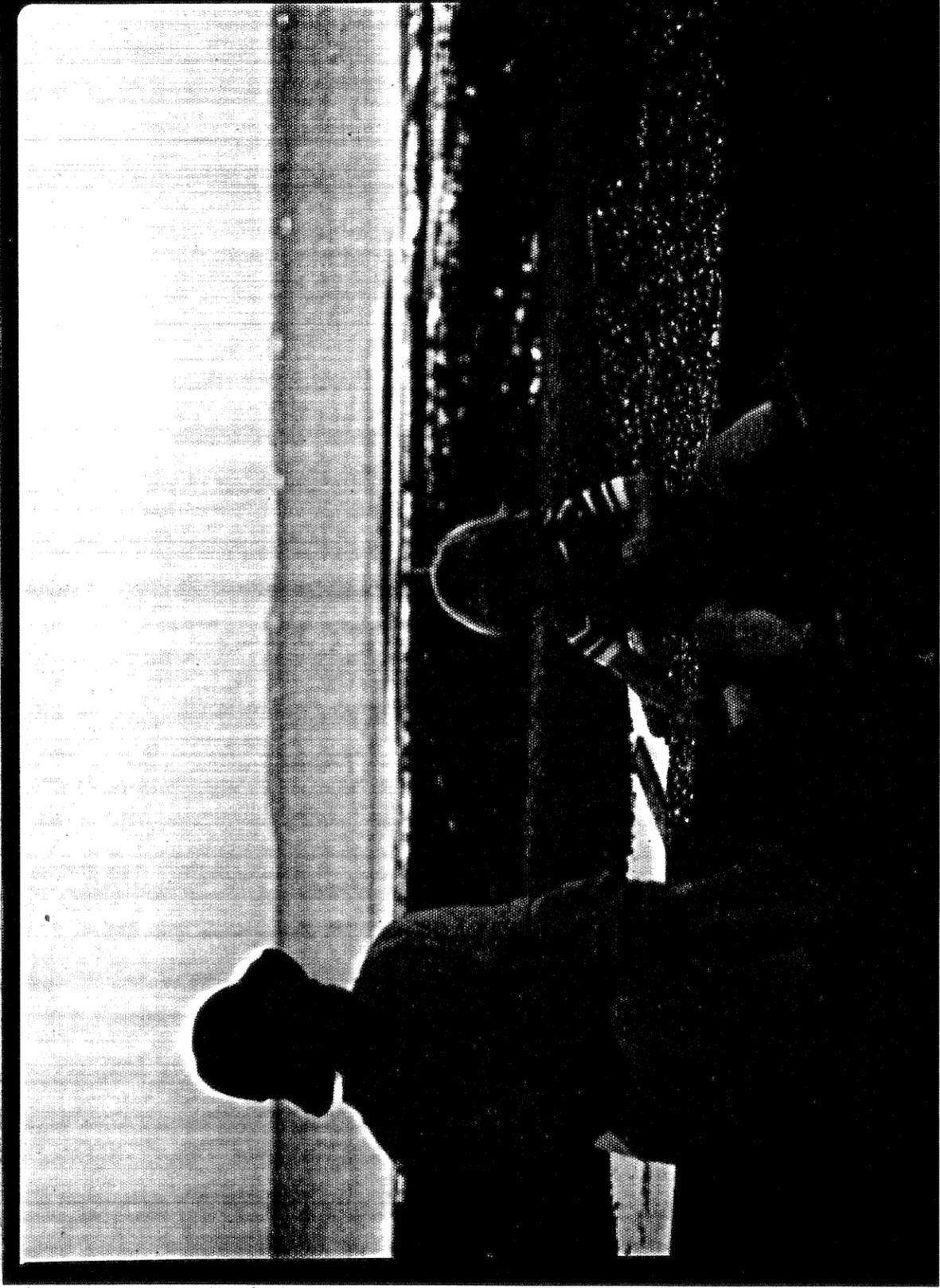


1978





Summer 77

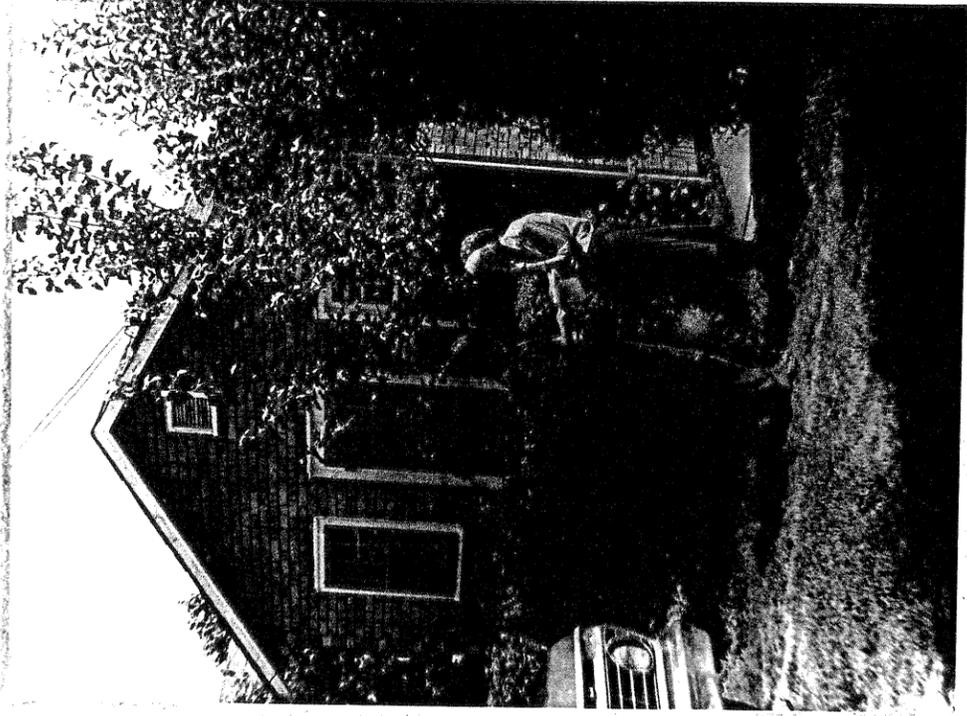


Summer 77



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Summer
1977

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WILLIAM D.
MILLER

ALL IS GRACE

ALL IS GRACE



The
Spirituality
of
Dorothy
Day

WILLIAM D. MILLER

Doubleday

Pray for us all, and for me that I get my strength back and can renew myself come spring in a little travel again.

SISTER PETER CLAVER, JULY 28, 1977

So good to hear from you and I do thank you for the *Ordo*. Remember how Jesus said "It is written, It is written, it is written" when he was tempted? I suddenly realized He read the Scriptures—O.T., and Psalms also. True God and True Man! Sorry to miss our retreats but I am "poorly" as the saying is. Travel and the excitement of retreats is too much. I am on the beach, very beautiful here.

NINA, AUGUST 12, 1977

In the "olden days" in Chicago, did you ever with other Chicago and Milwaukee CW's go to Msgr. Hellriegel in Missouri—outside of St. Louis, to visit? A great liturgist and a wonderful sung Mass by all the school children.

I'm on Staten Island, resting up and getting weary of it. Pouring rain today and doing my duty clearing up some mail.

NINA, OCTOBER 5, 1977

Your generous help went into the bank while I try to make up my mind what to do. I've been feeling so "under the weather," weak and depressed, lately that I hesitate to take any trips except to Tivoli where Deane bears up so valiantly in the face of her blindness. . . . I'm going there this weekend, I think. I am in the city now where we have such good help. . . .

FRIENDS

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1. PROJECT NAME *Dorothy Day* No.
2. ASSIGNED TO 3. RESPONSIBILITY
4. COMPLETION 5. REVIEW DATES 2. 3.

BACKGROUND

PURPOSE—RESULTS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED

DETAILS

*Phone call from Barbara Desmbach
her son David in Spanish Camp
& knew Dorothy Day
telephone # 718 727 9329*

"Santana got federal help to deal with bullying." HOW? AWACS planes located the bullies as they huddled on a corner for a smoke, and a carrier group sent in Tomahawks to blow them into lunchmeat? No. Three years before the shooting, the school

James Lileks' column appears Thursday reached at james.lileks@newhouse

S.I. Advance 3/15/01

Letters

FROM PAGE A 24

Significance of the lost cottages was their meaning to Dorothy Day

Regarding Spanish Camp — what do you say?

... The subject of this brouhaha is most likely looking down and seeing the circumstances unfold, and she is shaking her head and then turning back her attention to what was important in her life: The hungry, the poor. The land probably meant nothing to her, except in the ways that it should mean something to us.

Dorothy Day sought shelter and refuge in a tiny cottage overlooking the bay, which feeds into the ocean, which washes out across the world that her God made. ...

The building, by no means, was architecturally anything. It provided shelter to its inhabitant. Nothing else. The land fed that inhabitant's soul and gave her the ability to continue on with her mission.

Most Staten Islanders have no idea where Spanish Camp was, or what it was, or why we should care now. The fact people didn't know where or what is what made it special. ... The land was sold to the Spanish Naturopath Society by my family way back when. I still have a cousin who remembers going and collecting the rent from the tenants before the Society bought it. It was like nothing else you will ever find again in this city; the last tiny remainder of what this Island once was. ... The view from the bluff was breathtaking — no city in sight. ... The area where Dorothy Day's cottage was sits high. It can't be built on because it is not stable enough. Anyone who ever walked along that beach could see that.

The developer of the land must be aware of that. And he wants to build expensive homes. Well, I guess that is his right; the courts said so. I can't agree because while I can understand everyone needs a place to live, more and more quickly the place they chose to move to, Staten Island, is disappearing. ...

What the real sin is is that Dorothy Day devoted her life to the poor and now this land is all private, and only the very rich will ever be able to look out and see the sights she saw. ... And people who can pay close to a million dollars for a home should never have to look out their window and see the tiny cottage of a poor woman.

On the land where a saint once lived, a pavilion should be built. It should be simple. It should have wooden chairs, all facing the water, and it should be quiet. The cottages still left should be preserved as an example of the kind of shelter she sought. One should be made into a non-denominational chapel. Another, a small museum. ...

In life there are too few real saints. The ones we have should be honored.

TRISH CASEY
West Brighton

Ferry employees do a fine job under difficult circumstances

The following was sent to Pamela Cess, director of ferry operations, New York City Department of Transportation:

I have been riding on the Staten Island Ferry for most of my life. I am writing to you in response to the article that was written

I think the article was very unfair to accuse the and not doing their jobs. few employees against 3 see how commuters are even though trashcans a cups, newspapers, people. They carelessly leave them after them.

The Staten Island Ferry in New York City. I ride through Friday, and I am on a ferry in the most professional boat, 7:40 a.m. and the ground well-groomed and professional their job and doing it well they do and how groomed

Let's give credit where men. Your [statement] Saturday night on the ferry employees. I was felt very threatened. I explained the situation, and did they accompany me walked me to my car definitely above and beyond

Truth about hormone therapy would a

Does a woman whose hormone therapy (HRT) have hormones? I believe she does women that Premarin and that there are numerous

In the United States urine-collection machines various countries abroad, in Canada some meat.

Currently, some 91 million ages, the number reaches 43 million.

It is axiomatic that not involve the slaughter consumers. Providing technical language that all containers were labeled prominently as mare urine. I also urge erature for these products

Not to do so is to pose to consumer fraud.

Remember Dorothy Day



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE JORDAN FAMILY

Marge Hughes, left, and Dorothy Day admire Patrick Jordan's son, Justin, as his daughter, Hannah, holds a doll. The July 1977 photo was taken in the backyard of Ms. Day's Spanish Camp bungalow.

DiScala told Jordan that several original members of the Spanish Naturopath Society have said Ms. Day never lived at the camp. Some society members made a similar argument in 1997, when they were in contract to sell the land.

The Spanish Naturopath Society, once a close-knit community made up of Spanish immigrants who established the seaside retreat in the 1920s, sold the land last year to three builders, including DiScala. People who owned bungalows there, but not the land underneath, lost their court battle to keep their houses.

DiScala and others argue that

the Landmarks Preservation Commission should have looked at other properties Ms. Day once owned, including two bungalows at the foot of Zephyr Avenue, which is located just outside the former Spanish Camp. "What proof do they have that she lived in Spanish Camp, aside from one or two people saying that she did?" DiScala said.

Jordan said some of those society members were not full-time residents of the camp and could have easily missed Ms. Day when she came to camp in the fall and winters during the 1970s.

He said the cottages on Zephyr Avenue were sold in the 1960s and

have since been converted and changed. The Catholic Worker purchased the bungalows at Spanish Camp in the early 1970s, on the basis of a handshake, recalled Jordan.

He said that while Ms. Day still spent time at the Catholic Worker headquarters in Manhattan and traveled over the years, the camp was a place she came to more and more in the 1970s.

"She was a well-known person with a tremendous number of burdens and a need to find a place where she could find some solitude. Those places were hard to come by . . . so to be out there at Spanish Camp gave her the type of space that she needed."

Information and Records Access Tracking Form

Save this form Email this request to a staff member

| | | |
|---|--|---|
| Access Request Type: | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Application Information | <input type="checkbox"/> Notice of Compliance "Sign-off" | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Records Access & FOIL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Directory Assistance | <input type="checkbox"/> Permit Status | <input type="checkbox"/> Research |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Landmark Certification | <input type="checkbox"/> Preservation Information | <input type="checkbox"/> Violation Information |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Legal Information | <input type="checkbox"/> Public Hearing Information | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Media/Press | <input type="checkbox"/> Publications Information | |
| Received by: Doris Hernandez/Lpc | | |
| Assigned to: Lorraine Roach-Steele/Lpc | | |
| For Fiscal Year: 2004 | | |
| Date of request: 12/01/2003 | | |
| Date Received: 12/01/2003 | | |
| Request answered: <input checked="" type="radio"/> No <input type="radio"/> Yes See outcome | | |
| Subject of Inquiry: Dorothy Day Site at Spanish Camp on SI, aka 457 Poillon Ave | | |
| Docket Number: | | |
| Inquiry details: All files. Wants to understand status. | | |
| Date Request Answered: | | |
| Comments: Show material to MAS before showing it to requestor | | |

| |
|---|
| Answer: |
| Follow-up: |
| Disposition Date: |
| Respond via: <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fax |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mail |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Email |
| <input type="checkbox"/> In person "may be messenger pick-up" |
| Answered by: |

| | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|---|
| Requestors First Name: | Gregory | <i>{ Works @ 70 Pine St. + can come to CPC at Commission's convenience. }</i> |
| Requestors Last Name: | Markow | |
| Requestors Affiliation: | | |
| Requestors Phone: | 917 748 3573 | |

Requestors Fax: _____
Requestors Email: _____
Requestors Address: 114 Giffords Lane
Requestors City: Staten Island
Requestors State: NY
Requestors ZIP: 10308

Address: _____
Block: _____
Lot: _____
Borough: Bronx Brooklyn Manhattan Queens Staten Island
Address letter to:
 Mail directly to Borough Office Address to Borough Office Send to requestor
Landmark Status Verified: Yes No

12/12/03 please see email attached re Mr. Markow's request.

Dorothy Day Historic Site - PH - 3/25/14 - LP-2092

Goat Home

Function 1

Function 1A

Function 2

Function 3

Function 3S

Function BL

Function BN

Function B

GOAT Home | DCP Home | NYC.gov Home

Function 1: Geographic Information by Address

Address Number (if any): 457
Street Name / Place Name: Poillon Ave
Select Borough: Staten Island

Show Political Information? (checked)

Submit Query

Geographic Information for 457 POILLON AVENUE in STATEN IS

Geographic Information:

Report Error | View Help

Orientation: Address is on the left when facing from POUGHKEEPSIE COURT to ZEPHYR AVENUE.
Zip Code: 10312
2010 Census Tract: 176
2010 Census Block: 3028
1990 Census Tract: 176
Dynamic Block: 448
LION Face Code: 5528
LION Sequence Number: 09090
Low End Cross Streets: 543769 POUGHKEEPSIE COURT
Community District: 503
X / Y Coordinates: 936237 / 130313
Low House Number: 439
High House Number: 493
Segment ID / Length: 0003351 / 251
Street Code: 4355001010
Preferred LGC: 01
High End Cross Streets: 556696 ZEPHYR AVENUE

City Service Information:

Police Borough Command: 7
Police Precinct: 123
Fire Division: 8
Fire Battalion: 23
Fire Company: E 164
Health Area: 0800
Health Center District: 51
Sanitation District / Section: 503 / 037
Sanitation Subsection: 7C
Regular Sanitation Pick-Up: MTH
Recycling Sanitation Pick-Up: ETH
DOT Street Light Area: 5
School District: 31
CD Eligibility: Ineligible

Political Information:

Congressional District: 11
Civil Court District: 2
Assembly District: 62
Senatorial District: 24
City Council District: 51
Election District: 34



[CLICK HERE TO SIGN UP FOR BUILDINGS NEWS](#)

NYC Department of Buildings
Property Profile Overview

457 POILLON AVENUE
POILLON AVENUE 457 - 457

STATEN ISLAND 10312
Health Area : 800
Census Tract : 176
Community Board : 503
Buildings on Lot : 8

BIN# 5848682
Tax Block : 6431
Tax Lot : 1
Condo : NO
Vacant : NO

[View DCP Addresses...](#) [Browse Block](#)

[View Zoning Documents](#) [View Challenge Results](#) [Pre - BIS PA](#) [View Certificates of Occupancy](#)

Cross Street(s): POUGHKEEPSIE COURT, ZEPHYR AVENUE
DOB Special Place Name:
DOB Building Remarks: TENTATIVE LOT 3
Landmark Status: C - CALENDARED Special Status: N/A
Local Law: NO Loft Law: NO
SRO Restricted: NO TA Restricted: NO
UB Restricted: NO
Little 'E' Restricted: N/A Grandfathered Sign: NO
Legal Adult Use: NO City Owned: NO
Additional BINs for Building: NONE

Special District: SRD - SOUTH RICHMOND DEVELOPMENT

This property is located in an area that may be affected by the following:

Tidal Wetlands Map Check: Yes
Freshwater Wetlands Map Check: Yes [Click here for more information](#)
Coastal Erosion Hazard Area Map Check: Yes

Department of Finance Building Classification: V0-VACANT LAND

Please Note: The Department of Finance's building classification information shows a building's tax status, which may not be the same as the legal use of the structure. To determine the legal use of a structure, research the records of the Department of Buildings.

| | Total | Open | Elevator Records |
|---|-------|------|--|
| Complaints | 5 | 0 | Electrical Applications |
| Violations-DOB | 0 | 0 | Permits In-Process / Issued |
| Violations-ECB (DOB) | 28 | 19 | Illuminated Signs Annual Permits |
| This property has 17 open ECB "Work Without A Permit" Violations and may be subject to DOB civil penalties upon application for a permit. After obtaining the permit, a certificate of correction must be filed on the ECB violations. | | | Plumbing Inspections |
| Jobs/Filings | 16 | | Open Plumbing Jobs / Work Types |
| ARA / LAA Jobs | 0 | | Facades |
| Total Jobs | 16 | | Marquee Annual Permits |
| Total Actions | 0 | | Boiler Records |
| | | | DEP Boiler Information |
| | | | Crane Information |
| | | | After Hours Variance Permits |

OR Enter Action Type:

OR Select from List:

Select...

AND

If you have any questions please review these [Frequently Asked Questions](#), the [Glossary](#), or call the 311 Citizen Service Center by dialing 311 or (212) NEW YORK outside of New York City.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT – LP FILE INFORMATION

LP#: 2092 BOROUGH: Staten Island BLOCK: 6431 LOT: 1 in Part

SITE NAME: Dorothy Day Historic Site

SITE ADDRESS: 457 Poillon Avenue, Staten Island

AKA: There is no aka

Date Calendared: 02/27/2001 Other Actions: _____

Date Heard: 04/17/2001 & 03/25/14 Special Info: _____

Date Designated: _____ Council Resolution Received: _____

POLITICAL REPRESENTATIVE INFORMATION

| POLITICAL REP. INFO | REPRESENTATIVE NAME | ADDRESS | TELEPHONE/FAX |
|--|---------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| Assembly District # <u>62</u> | Joseph Borelli | 101 Tyrellan Avenue Suite 200 Staten Island, NY 10309 | 718-967-5194 Fax: 718-967-5282 |
| House of Representatives District # <u>11</u> | Michael Grimm | 265 New Dorp Lane, 2nd Staten Island, NY 10306 | 718-351-1062 Fax: 718-980-0768 |
| Senate District # <u>24</u> | Andrew J. Lanza | 3845 Richmond Ave. Suite 2A Staten Island, NY 10312 | 718 984-4073 Fax:718-984-4455 |
| City Council District # <u>51</u> | Vincent Ignizio | 3944 Richmond Avenue Staten Island, New York 10312 | 718-984-5151 Fax: 718-984-5737 |
| Community Board District # <u>03</u> | Frank Morano | 655-218 Rossville Avenue Staten Island, New York 10309 | 718-356-7900 Fax: 718-966-9013 |

Additional Political Reps:

| | | | |
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LP FILE INFORMATION

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------------------|------------|---------|-------|-----------------|-----|---|
| LP # | 2092 | BOROUGH | SI | BLOCK | 6431 | LOT | 1 |
| SITE NAME | DOROTHY DAY HISTORIC SITE | | | | | | |
| SITE ADDRESS | 457 POILLON AVENUE | | | | | | |
| Date Calendars | 2/27/01 | Date Heard | 4/17/01 | | Date Designated | | |

REPRESENTATIVE INFORMATION

| POLITICAL REP. INFO. | Representative Name | Address | Telephone/Fax |
|--|---------------------|--|------------------------------|
| Assembly 61 | Robert A. Spannere | 182 Rose Ave. SI, NY 10306 | 718-667-0314 718-987-4593 |
| House of Representatives Congress 13 | Vito Tossella | 4344 Amboy Road SI, NY 10312 | 718-356-8400 718-356-1928 |
| Senate 24 | John J. Marchi | 358 St. Marks Pl. SI, NY 10301 | 718-447-1723 718-981-1270 |
| City Council 51 | Stephen U. T. Ara | 3944 Richmond Aves SI, NY 10312 | 718-984-5151 718-984-5737 |
| Community Board 03 | John Antonello | 615-218 Rossville Avenue SI, NY 10309 | 718-356-7900 718-966-9013 |

Monthly Day Historic Site

| OWNER INFORMATION | Owner Name | Address | Telephone/Fax |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| Owner #1 | JOHN DiSCALA VOLPE DeSIMONE, INC. | 3155 AMBOY ROAD S.I., NY 10306 | |
| * Owner #2 | WALTER STOJANOWSKI | 16 ZEPHYR AVE. S.I., NY 10312 | |
| Copies to Re: DiSCALA | (MR.) PAT CORBO, ESA. | 2141 RICHMOND ROAD S.I., NY 10306 | 718-668-9152 |
| Copies to | | | |

* WALTER STOJANOWSKI - 54 ORANGESBURG AVE, S.I., NY 10312

Owner #3 TININO SOLIMINE 21 BENNETT PL.
S.I., NY 10312-6068