

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Hope and the "Roto": The Crime of Chile's Poor

By JOSE OBRERO

(In the July-August issue of the C.W. we printed the story of an American foundry worker. The following article was written by a foundry worker in Chile. The chronology of events spans some five years: the period before, during, and after Salvador Allende's government. The story ends with the tragic events of September. Jose Obrero is a pseudonym. Eds. note.)

The last assembly we held before the coup was impressive. It was a sequel to an assembly which the administration had called several days before to inform us that our stock of raw material was down to zero; that with the truck owners' strike there was no way of withdrawing the stock of ingots reserved for us in Concepcion; that we'd have to consider

seriously the prospect of a halt in production. The news was badly received.

The Production Committees met immediately, and obtained unanimity quickly: except for workers of this plant, nobody was going to stop production. We'd get the raw material to Santiago—cost what it may—and that was that.

The determination was made and it was firm; we communicated it to the administration who gave us the green light, though it took a while to put together the means to realize it . . .

Trucks Obtained

Once we had obtained the transport to fetch the raw material, we convoked an assembly to inform all the workers of our success and ask for volunteers to accompany the trucks. Everyone knew what was involved—a long journey and

a perilous one, most of it on our own time, with no bonus. The truck owners and right-wing terrorist groups were sniping at anything that moved along the roads, dynamiting bridges and railway tracks. The response was tremendous—just about everyone volunteered; the selection proved difficult.

We incorporated our trucks into a large convoy. There was police protection at the beginning, but only to the limits of the province—after that it was only sporadic. The convoy left on Wednesday, reached Concepcion on Friday, and got back Sunday night. Our guys had to load and unload, sleep in the trucks, oftentimes go all day without eating because they'd left with just the money they had in their pockets. The snipers assaulted the convoy at several points.

Three workers were killed in the skirmishes (fortunately none of them from the foundry). The volunteers showed up as usual Monday morning. They were haggard but didn't complain. With a renewed enthusiasm we began to prepare the molds. The next day, the 11th of September, we'd be able to renew the smelting . . .

The Foundry

When I first entered the foundry several years ago, I wondered what sort of snake pit I'd fallen into. The boss was a European who possessed several other firms besides. He'd shrewdly used a time-tested tactic—divide to conquer—and it had worked very well. The executives and foremen were his confidence men, those he'd singled out as a mark of his favor. Then there was the institutional division between "workers" and "employed persons." The latter, which embraced administrative and certain manual workers with supposedly more specialized trades, had its own privileged social status and social security benefits; union-wise the "employed persons" were divided into "administratives" and "productives." The division of the "workers" was completed by a discriminating bonus system which favored certain groups at the expense of others. The overall result was a climate of jealousy and antagonism which gave to everyone the possibility to scorn some and envy others. A judicious combination of these elements usually gave the possibility of neutralizing the trade unions and putting them at the boss's service. The foremen and executives were all-powerful; they dictated measures arbitrarily and didn't hesitate to dismiss anyone who questioned them; that didn't bother them. There were always twenty guys outside to take your place. No use in appealing to the Work Inspection Office; you'd have to pay lawyers, and there were hundreds of legal devices the boss could use to beat you.

I remember the day they fired the smelting oven crew—about twelve comrades. They'd been working between 14 and 16 hours a day for several months, Saturday and Sunday included, and they were out on their feet. So they got together and refused to work overtime one weekend. Monday morning they were forbidden entry and told they had been fired for "refusing to cooperate in the production." They didn't get a dime of indemnity, and it took about two years to train guys to replace them.

At one point the boss got the brilliant idea that Argentinian specialists were a whole lot smarter than the local Chilean technicians and imported a whole lot of them. They certainly had nice diplomas, but from the first day it was evident that they were seeing iron smelt for the first time in their lives. We tried to indicate their mistakes to them; those of us who were too insistent were given the gate.

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

During the month of October there were three deaths, all within a week, which touched me very closely—Jenny Moore, wife of Bishop Paul Moore; W.H. Auden, the poet; and Franklin Spier, my only sister's husband. This is an October-November issue, and November is celebrated in the Church as the month commemorating the dead. So it is fitting I should begin my column remembering them.

As I begin to write, I hear the news of the death of Scotty, Cornelius Dalglish, who spent these last ten years of his life with us. (One of these days I'd like to write the obituaries of many of our dear departed. It would make a book.) But today I want to tell of Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Street days in the Forties.

Jenny Moore

Jack English, our deceased Trappist, associate editor, introduced us. He had a great enthusiasm for people and was always bringing them together. She was about my daughter's age, and every time she had another baby she'd say, "I'm keeping up with your daughter." Tamar and Jenny both had nine children, and many of the Moore clothes were passed on, outgrown but never outworn, and my kids looked forward to the Moore packages. They knew each other personally because Jenny dropped by the Hennessy's on occasion.

But my closeness to Jenny came about because she and her husband were running practically a house of hospitality in a black section of Jersey City. She told the story of those days in a book she wrote later when the children were grown enough so she had time to exercise her fine talent as a writer. They lived, the Moores, very close to the poor in Jersey City. Then her husband became a Bishop, first in Indianapolis, then in Washington, and now in New York City. What united us in friendship was faith—the life of the spirit—and the fact that we were both mothers, and both committed to writing—and at the same time to hospitality, to the poor, from whatever background they came. When Paul Moore telegraphed me of her death, he added that her end was peaceful. I got to Washington, D.C., for the funeral services at the Washington Cathedral, a service indeed a celebration, with readings, music, and a sharing of bread and wine. The "kiss of peace" was exchanged

(Continued on page 8)



The Stigmata of St. Francis

Fritz Eichenberg

Sacrifice to the Sun

"What you do unto these you do unto me." Jesus spoke these words to help us to see how we must live and what we must do. Should we close our eyes to injustice toward our brother? Can't we see the sweat of the brow, stooped shoulders of children under the blazing sun lingering, waiting, unattended, with sun-dried sad little faces where a smile was intended? Weary old women, weary old men with empty looks in their eyes. Faces so tan, wrinkled beyond recognition, blazing hot sun beating their brow, tattooing their souls with, no tomorrow, just now.

Someone is to blame for this sacrifice offered to the sun. Someone must bear this burden of shame. "What you do unto these, you do unto me," words to some, Commandment to others. Jesus weeps, for could it be that the majority exploits Him without regard, or any thought of the price with which He bought everyman's goodness, and brotherhood, leaving the message to love one another? Not doing evil, but that which is good. In the end He will say to each, "I was hungry, naked, sick, and in prison." Can we say we've tried to reach those which He spoke of or must we forever in hell burn because to these, our backs we did turn? "What you do unto these, you do unto me."

Dear God, open all eyes so they may see.

—By Ruth Rios, farm worker and student, written in the Fresno County Industrial Jail, August 5, 1973.

URGENT HELP NEEDED FOR FARM WORKERS

Members of the United Farm Workers Union have sent out a desperate plea for support. The union treasury is empty while thousands are on strike and leading the national boycott around the country of non-UFW grapes, lettuce, and wines. Help is needed in any form — volunteers, money, food, clothing. Contact the UFW, Box 62, Keene, Cal. 93531.

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FALL APPEAL



Month of St. Teresa
October, 1973

Catholic Worker
36 East First Street
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Dear Friends: (That is a beautiful word, when you come to think of it.)

I have written so many of these appeal letters to you, confiding in you, with confidence in you, with faith in you, because you always answer! I am writing this early in the morning because I woke at five thinking of my three friends who have just died. Auden, Jenny Moore, and my sister's husband. I was thinking "How short this life is," how little time to show our love for each other. When I wake and reach out for my prayer book, usually a verse strikes me, like this morning—"Acquire a fresh spiritual way of thinking. You must put on the new man." Eph. 4, which meant to me to keep starting afresh, to show my love for those around me.

Among us at St. Joseph's House, as with every family, there are those easy to love, and others hard to love. And "we love God as much as the one we love least!" as Fr. Hugo once said, thinking no doubt of Christ's words—"Whatever you do to the least, you do to Me." And oh, what a school for love the Catholic Worker families are!

It makes us happy to love. We want to love. In a way this is a love letter to you, our readers who keep us going, keep supporting our ever increasing family, our bulging household. "Health, education and welfare" is being cut down, jobs and apartments are few and far between, more and more money goes out for armaments, to assist in ever-increasing outbreaks of war; and so we must try more and more to build up what Eric Gill called "cells of good living."

It makes us happy to report that "friends," Trappist monks, have "sold what they have and given to the poor," which is us, and we are going to have another house for our shopping bag women who sleep in doorways, or empty buildings, because like Christ they "have no place to lay their heads." They are other-Christis in His most hidden guise and "knowing them in the breaking of bread," we have come to love them and they are our friends.

The Lord will take care of the upkeep of the new house, which we can't take possession of until next year. None of us worry about that. New members are always coming to our extended and ever-extending family. We consider you, our readers, very close to us too, and our prayers and our love go out to you for your help. It is a grace to be grateful, and theologically, grace is participation in the divine life. So your generosity is generating the new man Paul speaks of in his letter to the Ephesians. All this attention to words and to the Word made flesh, is because I am writing in my sister's home and her husband who just died, a most dear friend, with whom I had many a happy discussion, used to send me to the dictionary often.

Love is an exchange of gifts St. Ignatius said—maybe he was writing an appeal when he said it. So it is with love I thank you for all your help over the years. (You pay God a compliment, St. Teresa of Avila says, by asking great things of Him.) And God is good. Even without our asking.

Meanwhile, speaking of these larger ventures, we are down to rock bottom as to funds. In the city the breadman lets us run up the bill to \$800. But it is incredible the number of other expenses, regardless of there being no payroll to meet, and many of our young Staff Workers working part-time to pay their own expenses. We have a good group. It is their daily Communions and Vesper prayers which give us the strength to keep working "for a society where it is easier to be good," as Peter Maurin always said.

As St. Teresa of Avila, an activist, said, "Teresa and three ducats can do nothing, but God and Teresa and three ducats can do everything." And God returns to the giver a hundredfold.

In Jesus' Love,

DOROTHY DAY

36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

One night last week a neighborhood friend was telling us at the table that we live in the Age of the Apocalypse. She did not have to elucidate, nor were we ready to have her. The truth of it was too apparent — the corruption in high places, the continued grinding of the poor into the dust, the wars of nationalism and fear provoked by greed. The morning paper had juxtaposed the photos of two world leaders, both drawn to the flame of what they have called brinkmanship. Such arrogance, such folly, I thought, in these hardened, similar faces which deign to deploy the destiny of billions!

As our friend spoke I saw thousands of Israelis and Arabs, dead in their weeks of war. Unknown people, most of them. Their blood spilt so leaders could come to the inevitable bargaining table with pitiful loss of leverage. I thought of the fat-cat petroleum magnates, warm and unaffected, calling down the Four Horsemen of Pestilence to assure their bloated profits. And there was the image of both sides calling on God from the trenches — "In victory we trust" — in trenches made indelible with blood. Semitic faces; Chilean faces; Irish and Vietnamese flashed by. They came, a parade of Apocalypse, as she spoke. "There cannot be a marriage of God and government," Hank once said at one of our discussions.

Friends have asked what is our response to this new war in the Holy Places. It is, "Fear not those who can kill the body. Fear those who can kill the soul. Pray for those who persecute you." In a dark time, we must carry on the works of peace, not those of destruction. In what other way a New Jerusalem?

Our neighbor continued her supper, steeped in Scripture, impervious to the clatter. She had taught me the greatest lesson some months previous. At that time she had been slashed in the neck by a neighbor lady during an intoxicated exchange. She had barely survived the massive loss of blood, the hours of emergency surgery. The police had later pursued her to press charges against her assailant. She told them point blank: "Vengeance is Mine, says the Lord... Says the Lord. It's His, not mine." She described to them how her neighbor had been provoked by another neighbor, how she was a sick woman. No, they could never get her to press charges. She had forgiven all.

Now she was speaking about the Apocalypse, about these very real and turbulent days. And how, I thought, she could teach us so much. We must begin again with our neighbors.

The House

National and world events affect us in what is at times its own world of St. Joseph's House. The Watergate has played for hours on the television. Lesser anarchists have followed the chess moves of Presidents and Prosecutors. Someone in describing our work to a visitor said we do the corporate works of mercy — not the corporal. But this is indeed what we struggle against, the corporate world and its mercenaries, such as Gulf Oil.

At deeper levels, the events of the times take their spiritual and mental toll. Repeatedly, friends of late in the D. T.'s have told us the FBI was after them, that their houses were bugged, or that agents were trying to poison them. So much of what they had held to has been defaced, with too much rapidity for some. As one put it in a discussion, "A constitution has to be erected and construed." Indeed, events do seem to imply an apocalyptic obstruction of much of what is necessary for human community: the basis of trust between individuals, the importance of meaningful work, joy in dailiness. Constructed is what the man meant to say, not construed. To him, too much has been construed.

The corporal works of mercy must be practiced here simply because of the need. One woman who comes to us gets \$68 a month for food, travel, and clothing for herself and her husband. Another

couple, with no bed for the wife, recently lost half a wall in their bedroom as firemen broke through to let smoke escape from a lower apartment. The luckless wall stood that way for weeks. Finally the people moved out, too intimidated to demand the landlord restore the room. A friend of ours came in from wiping windshields on the Bowery. He had four wounds, shot with buckshot by a passing car. Is it any wonder people sometimes bring their rage with them to our door, soupline, or clothing room?

The daily works do go on. Br. David visited Hiram and Joseph in the hospitals for weeks. On the soupline Arthur Jacobsen has taken up the ladling, with John and Ed the usual proprietors. The price of beans has tripled in a year, so we are thankful to Fr. O'Connor and to the Franciscans on Thompson St. for bringing us cakes and pies to serve often on the soupline. Roger has baked bread, which people in the house relish. At nights, with the price of meat so high, Micki and Mike have incorporated another vegetarian meal. We are even getting to look forward to Micki's soybean burgers.

Human Comedy

The human comedy continues as well. When Bill turned his back from the stove one night someone threw out half the supper he was preparing. By some miracle, he still managed to feed fifty. Ken Stanley has brought us much relief with his jokes and Gypsy tricks. He has shown great interest in our neighbors, as Dan Corley has in forming a basketball team amongst the neighborhood kids. In another quarter, several of us have had the experience of seeing a football tackle run backwards recently when people we had brought to the hospital for treatment were discovered by the huddle of hospital personnel around them to be infested with lice. As someone once said at the Monday night liturgy, "Deliver us from evil. Period."

On the second floor the stencil machine broke down in the middle of a run, and Charlie and Lee LeCuyer had to rotate the pick-up device by hand for the rest of the event. The usual crew of Gus, Esther, John, Mark, Millie, John-Michael, Harold, Charlie, Ed O. B., Wong, et al. keep the paper coming to you. As I write they are sending out the Appeal, printed on shiny paper because of the newsprint shortage. Please don't think it's because of some uncommon affluence! On the contrary, since we were unable to attain newsprint, we must pay dearly for this new paper's added weight in postage. Our new printer has yet to learn of our financial precariousness! (We began with a new printer last issue, as our printer of long-standing closed down. We miss the workers who literally put the C. W. together all these years. Hope you find work soon.)

On the third floor we have a full house. Millie is here with a sprained ankle, Catherine with a deepset cold which verges on pneumonia. Anna has done heroics waiting on the sick. She ends up in bed herself. Ann, Pam and Stevie Weston rotate sleeping in the one remaining bed, finding other places to sleep when that bed is full. Ann found another place but fast the night she met the rat in the kitchen. Jane has been away in Cleveland, and will soon leave for greening in Ireland.

(We'll save the office, fourth and fifth floors for a later writing.)

Meetings, Visitors, Deaths

Our Friday Night Discussions resumed in October, after a too-long summer absence. David McReynolds and the Farm Workers spoke on the necessity of non-violent campaigns, and of their own work for peace and justice. Gary MacEoin lead an enlightening program on Chile. He told us the Church has much to regret by its lack of response to much that has gone on there. He also told us how, as a young doctor, Salvador Allende had worked for eighteen months in a city morgue. It was this experience that taught him how to tell the difference

(Continued on page 8)

Woodcutters Union Cements Black and White

By GINGER ROBERTS

Chatom, Alabama, is hot at night, even in October. A tiny town near the Mississippi border, it has the usual share of broken-down shacks, squatty little stores, and a main street that disappears like a snakey black ribbon into the forest at either end of town.

Ten years ago it may well have been a "Klaner town," full of white laborers who were full of black fear, jostling and shoving their Negro counterparts a little further down the social-economic ladder.

But on the humid night of October 10, it was clear that Chatom had changed. About 200 people, half black, half white, crowded into the back of a local machine repair shop. Except for their skin color, they looked the same — all had worn, soiled work pants, shirts with sleeves rolled up and stained, grease-spattered caps, and their cigarette smoke blended overhead as a few coca colas were passed from hand to hand. They had come to see and applaud as a white Mississippian and a black Mississippian shook hands and pledged to support and help each other.

Walters and Evers

The Gulfcoast Pulpwood Association is a union hanging by its black and white fingertips. Organized in 1971 in Laurel, Mississippi, it is seeking to unite black and white wood cutters to demand better working conditions from the giant paper mills in the South. The white man standing on the crate that night in Chatom was Mr. Fred Walters, President of the GPA, born and raised near Laurel, and a wood-hauler for 35 years. The black

man standing beside him was Mayor Charles Evers, civil rights leader and first black mayor of a bi-racial town in the South, Fayette, Mississippi. Mayor Evers had been a supporter of the union since its inception, and together with President Walters he was trying to cement the racial cooperation necessary to keep the union alive.

"The response has been wonderful," says President Walters, speaking of the willingness of whites to work with blacks. "We even have a few ex-Klaners on board... They changed when the situation changed and they realized that the Negro people were in the same shape as them... They realized we had to work together."

The black people at the meeting also reported a complete willingness on the part of their fellow workers to cooperate together.

The union began in 1971 with a membership of less than 1000 around Laurel. Since then unionization has spread throughout Mississippi, Alabama and parts of Florida, and now holds a membership of 5000. The strike began on September 7, and President Walters hopes to hold out through the main wood-cutting season—from September through November. The key strike demands are higher pay for wood, a standard method of measuring wood, accident insurance, and a recognition by the paper mills of the GPA as the bargaining agent for the cutters and haulers.

Hungry is Hungry

The success of the strike and the union depends on two things — the ability of

the black and white workers to stay together, and the ability of the families to subsist without their pay.

"You've got something great started here," Mayor Evers said, "you've all come to realize that whether you're black and hungry or white and hungry, it's the same thing... Hungry is hungry and poor is poor. We're all in it together."

As the Mayor spoke, the various black and white workers glanced at each other, nodded agreement... some moved closer to each other to exchange a few words. At the end of this talk, Mayor Evers asked for contributions, putting \$100 down from himself. Several of the workers came forward, black and white, to leave crumpled bills on the table to help those families who perhaps had a few more children than they or had a little less saved up.

At the end, the workers grouped together to discuss their common problems

—obtaining Food Stamps, protecting their equipment from confiscation, finding alternative work. A few white lawyers drifted from cluster to cluster, advising and answering questions. When the meeting broke up, after 10:00 p. m., they had already planned several more meetings and a march across the border from Mississippi to Alabama.

President Walters is optimistic that his men will stay together, but he knows it can't be done without outside help. In 1971, he and Mayor Evers journeyed to Washington to arouse awareness and assistance. The union fight has been publicized in small local areas throughout the country, and some assistance has come—in form of food and clothing. For those who wish to help, even with just a letter of encouragement, President Walters is proud and eager to give the address of the organization: **The Gulfcoast Pulpwood Association, P. O. Box 53, Eastabuchie, Mississippi 39436.**

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Wild geese honk over the painted woods of October. But now the staccato song of death reverberates from hunters' guns. O St. Francis of Assisi, whose month it is, take care of the wild geese. Take them to their Southern refuge, and bring them again to us when golden willow wands and song sparrows announce the Spring.

Blue and gold are the days of October. And every crimson, yellow, or dappled leaf that falls sings a liturgy of "Dying, we live." The long Summer's work of photosynthesis is over, and now the slow cellular disintegration begins through

looks after the pump and reservoir—and for Marcel who sees that the water gets turned off and on at the proper intervals, and that the plumbing is in proper repair. It also makes for more difficulties and frustrations for the cooks, dishwashers, and house-cleaners, as well as for those in need of a bath or shampoo. Our population is reduced somewhat, but we still frequently number between sixty and seventy persons, which means we really need quite a lot of water.

So in the midst of beauty, of a golden Indian Summer, we pray for rain. For my part, I think we could do with some spiritual rain, too. Once again—for myself and for all who feel the need as I do, I echo one of Hopkins' great poems: "O Thou Lord of Life, Send my roots rain."

Autumn Work

Rain or no rain, life and work go on. As for the apple pickers, the rainless days have made their work easier. Dan and Elizabeth Marshall and Barbara Miller have picked steadily, with Elizabeth the champion picker, I am told. Others have helped from time to time. Miriam Carroll, however, fell from her ladder rather early in the season and broke her left arm in several places.

The fact that Miriam has had to go around with her arm in a heavy cast has not prevented her from continuing her renovating projects in the house. With the help of some volunteers—some of whom came up from First Street for the first time—she has repainted the dingy dirty walls upstairs. Walter Kerell has hung some beautiful prints along the white-painted halls. Walter takes much interest in decor, and with Miriam, Linda, and others, has engaged in various decorative projects. As usual some people approve, and others don't. Art, I suppose, will always be somewhat controversial. Meanwhile several creative talents have been engaged in trying to make a house more pleasant and interesting. Even if it does not always win approbation, it provides at least a change of conversation from Watergate and the Nixon-Agnew scandals.

Others here at the farm have preferred

(Continued on page 4)

Saigon Tortures Continue

By MARY LATHROP

A French nun just back from a month in South Vietnam, Sr. Marie Edmond, has told a press conference in Paris that the public must be urged to write and send telegrams to President Thieu demanding the release of the 200,000 political prisoners, members of the persecuted Third Component of South Vietnam. This component is constituted mainly of students, many of them strong and faithful Catholics. These students are neither communist nor anti-communist, but work for peace, social justice, an independent and unified Vietnam. Many are militant pacifists.

The atmosphere of fear and secrecy is suffocating under the Thieu regime, Sr. Marie Edmond said, and one can be arrested and imprisoned for months and years merely on the slightest suspicion. A fourteen-year-old girl was arrested when a poem in praise of peace was found in her locker at school.

A young student, Nguyen Anh Tuan, was arrested in 1969 and condemned to twenty years in a concentration camp for merely protesting the arrest of his father, Vu Hanh, a celebrated pacifist writer and professor at the University of An Giang. The father was released in 1970. His son was then immediately sent to a far district of the country.

Vu Hanh addresses a letter to the western world pleading for help for his son and the other hundreds of thousands of prisoners like him. It reads, in part: "Recently, September 17, 1973, my wife, full of thoughts of her son, went secretly to Kon-Thum to ask to see him and give him something to eat, but they refused to receive her. Seeing my wife standing in the rain and the cold for four hours begging, a good-hearted prison guard came to tell her that he knew my son had been very badly treated and was living in agony and that he would die but no one knew when..."

"I am calling that they may raise their voices, those who have the heart to hear and to intervene to help so many of these prisoners who are in a tragic situation, that they may have their liberty or at least that their family may see them and feed them."

These prisoners of the Third Component,

the neutral force which struggles for freedom and self-determination, which wishes to be dominated neither by America nor by communism, is being suppressed by the Thieu regime, although it was recognized by the Paris Agreement earlier this year.

Situation Infinitely Harder

Pastor Tullio Vinay, also just back from South Vietnam, spoke at the press conference. He said that the practice of torture and of arrest is hidden by the Thieu regime. "The situation in the south," says pastor Vinay, "is infinitely harder than before the agreements, and the cruelty more incredible with the decree of May 12, 1973, for, with this decree, and after the agreements of Paris, Thieu has all power in his hands and in the hands of his executioners. Thus, one may be condemned simply as a suspect denounced by someone; even though innocent, one may be held by the military tribunal and even the supreme court and be sent to prison; and even though officially liberated, one may be held in prison for years. There exists no right of defense, everything is arbitrary. But what is worse than this procedure is the torture inflicted on those who are held, tortures among the most refined and which pass beyond all imagination, not only before the beginnings of legal processes but also months and years after..."

Sr. Marie Edmond says there remain 200,000 prisoners who suffer for the cause of peace. She urged concerned people of the world to write President Thieu demanding the release of Nguyen Anh Tuan and all the other political prisoners who are being mercilessly tortured.

(Eds. note: Further information about Saigon's political prisoners and appropriate means of protesting their brutal punishment is available from the Catholic Peace Fellowship, 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012 and from the International Committee to Free South Vietnamese Political Prisoners, 122 Franklin St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404. Of particular importance to Americans is the continued substantive role U.S. money plays in directly maintaining the torture. Letters of protest should be sent to members of the U.S. government on behalf of the Vietnamese Prisoners.)



Rita Corbin

which eventually each leaf will become again a part of tree, leaf, or the bright floral garland of Spring. O leaves that die in beauty, teach us how to die, that "dying, we may live."

The Well Is Down

In the midst of so much beauty (Will beauty truly save the world? Perhaps only if we can—as Hopkins advises in one of his poems—"Give beauty back to God."), of what should we complain? And yet—and yet—we do complain. For all this lovely Indian Summer, what we really need—and directly need—is rain. For, alas, our well is almost dry. True we live on the banks of the Hudson, and immense quantities of water pass our house daily. But those waters are highly polluted, and we have neither the equipment nor the technical knowledge to pump up and purify river water. And so, we must depend on our well.

The fact that our farm population averaged around a hundred throughout the Summer—and on weekends often went over a hundred and twenty—undoubtedly contributed to the drying-up of our well. If we had had really good rainfall in September, our water situation would have improved. But September's rains were much below normal, and October has brought us little more than inconsequential sprinkles. In consequence our water has to be turned off most of the day and night. This makes for more work and worry for John Filliger—who

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The American Tradition of Non Violence

By MICHAEL TRUE

Like tumbleweeds before the wind we moved
across the continent's huge heedless face . . .
Blasts born on Yukon tundras knifed us through/
And buffeted our sign: "Man Will End War or War Will End Man" . . .

These lines by the poet John Beecher describe the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walk as it crossed the Oklahoma prairie in 1961; in many ways, they describe also the gentle strength of the American tradition of nonviolence from colonial days to now. I would like to suggest through a brief survey how that tradition has exhibited itself in America.

Influence Abroad

The heroes of nonviolence of the past three centuries, the leaders of the witness for peace, protest against unjust laws and practice, and campaigns for social change, follow a tradition that, by birth, belongs to this country. John Woolman counseled against violence in the 18th Century. Later, the founder of the first International Peace Society—Elihu Burritt, laid the groundwork for a political movement that had been a significant part of American history since the Quakers first landed. The pioneering work of Adin Ballou and William Lloyd Garrison, contemporaries of Burritt and Thoreau, waited to be rediscovered by Tolstoi. It was in the writings of these Americans that the great Russian novelist discovered the basic principles that later shaped his own Christian anarchist philosophy. The influence of Henry David Thoreau on Gandhi, the greatest of the theoreticians on nonviolence, is more widely recognized. From Gandhi, through the civil rights movement and the writings of Martin Luther King, the principle of civil disobedience has returned home to us once again.

Somewhat ironically, nonviolent resistance, which had its first philosophers in the United States, was used on a wide scale outside this country before it was applied here. In South Africa and later in India, Gandhi proved that nonviolent resistance worked as a successful instrument for change. The widespread use of nonviolent resistance by the people of Norway against the Nazis is perhaps even more impressive—since the violent, Western culture of that country is closer to us than that of Gandhi's India.

Manifestations in America

Nonetheless, nonviolence in the United States has an extremely rich tradition, too. Leaders of nonviolence emerged in each period of our history, from the Quakers to the Abolitionists, the Suffragettes, trade unionists, and war resisters of the present. In each instance, it is important to emphasize that the famous names were representative—neither Thoreau, nor Debs, nor Martin Luther King acted alone; nor did they come to their profound insights in isolation from other men.

There are three principal manifestations of nonviolence in America: (1) nonviolence as a witness, principally religious; (2) nonviolence as protest—picketing, boycotts, refusal to pay war tax, refusal to obey laws that are regarded as unjust; and (3) nonviolence as a method of bringing about fundamental social change.

Nonviolence as Witness

Nonviolence as witness would include such activities as silent vigils, prayer meetings, and singing of religious hymns. The recent pilgrimage of a group in Worcester, Mass. called "a celebration of life in front of institutions of death"—at the jail, the district court, a local bank, and the draft board—follow that tradition of nonviolence. Such groups merely affirm a truth that the counsel, "Blessed are the Peacemakers," is somehow still alive in the hearts of men.

In this century, nonviolence as witness is perhaps best illustrated by the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walk, 1961, referred to in John Beecher's poem. It suggests the importance of a community's continually affirming its belief by

public action, personal sacrifice, and some risk. In October, 1961, after ten months of walking, 31 members of the Committee of Nonviolent Action and their associates entered Red Square in Moscow after demonstrating for peace at military bases in the United States and in Russia, and in countries in between.

To say that the witness of the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walk led directly to the Soviet-American Treaty banning atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons is an exaggeration. Nonetheless, it seems obvious that such witness did rouse people to ask serious questions about how life is to be served in the face of death.

Nonviolence as Protest

Of the many incidents where the second aspect of nonviolence—the use of pickets, boycotts, civil disobedience to protest bad laws or inhuman conditions—the action of several brave men in Danbury Federal Prison in 1940 is representative. As with some 4,000 conscientious objectors during World War I and some 50,000 C.O.'s during World War II, these men objected to war and to conscription on religious grounds. Unlike many C.O.'s then and now, however, they were forced to go to jail, in upholding their beliefs, and once there found it necessary to resist many of the practices in an evil system. Leading a strike against racial segregation and similar repressive measures in the prison, the group soon found its members in solitary confinement. Yet even there, the nonviolent protest of these men continued. Through a fast, resistance to intimidation, and particularly the persistence of a man named Benedict, they eventually secured the release of all the prisoners confined to the hole. Howard Schoenfeld, a survivor of this nonviolent protest, described the return of the resisters to the prison mess hall:

"A spontaneous wave of applause broke out among the [regular prisoners] as the first of our group entered the [mess] hall. Surging across the hall, the wave became a crescendo. Six hundred pairs of hands joined in and the crescendo became pandemonium. . . .

"We stood in the center of the hall, astounded at the demonstration. It be-



came clear to me that although they were applauding . . . all of us who had been in solitary, they were doing something more. A mass catharsis of human misery was taking place before our eyes. Some of the men were weeping, others were laughing like madmen. It was like nothing I had ever seen before, and nothing I ever expect to see again."

Method of Social Change

The third aspect of nonviolence—as a method of bringing about fundamental social change—is best represented in American history, of course, by the Civil Rights movement.

As an illustration, recall the First Freedom Ride, made during the two-week period, April 9-23, 1947, by an interracial group of men who traveled by interstate carrier through four Southern states. Ostensibly, this first Freedom Ride was meant to test the then-recent Supreme Court decision that said state Jim Crow laws did not affect interstate travelers. Unknowingly, these men initiated a movement that substantially altered American society.

I mention this incident because it is

so representative of the kind of heroic, unpublicized, yet effective action that characterizes nonviolent campaigns for social change. (The daily work of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and of the United Farm Workers of America is similar in nature.) As with so much of the history of nonviolence, this first Freedom Ride led to other actions and helped to establish a pattern that would serve the movement as it won larger support in later years.

The Future

In this brief summary I have tried to suggest that nonviolence has a tradition in theory and practice in the United States. I feel pressed to say something about its future, real or possible. Given the contributions of so many people over the past fifteen years, one is tempted to

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

working at the nearby cider mill to apple picking. These include Tommy Hughes, Tony Equale, Marcel, Bob Tavani, Alan Cercia, Bill Ragette until he cut his foot with an axe, Earl and others. Since there are several different kinds of jobs at the mill requiring varying degrees and kinds of exertion and skill, the group from the farm has worked out a system for rotating jobs and sharing the pay on an equal basis. As Marge remarked, this is an interesting group arrangement and ought to help alleviate some of the monotony of such work.

As for Andy Chrusciel and Mary Jo Gosiak and Kathy St. Clair, they have chosen to work at a nearby gas station, operating gas pumps. These younger people who go out to work are not only earning money for personal expenses, but also in most cases help out with farm expenses, a help which is much appreciated since the Catholic Worker has been operating on a very tight budget indeed this Fall.

Many People, Many Things

Those who stay at home and keep things going are also doing very important work. These include John Filliger, our principal farmer who has done so much work for the Catholic Worker for so many years; Alice Lawrence who is still one of our best cooks; Tom Likely who does innumerable tasks in the kitchen-diningroom area without which it would be difficult to operate; George Collins who is as faithful to washing up pots and pans as he is to Vespers and Compline. Marge Hughes often bakes twenty-four loaves of bread a day, and in spite of her disavowal of the managerial role, is still one of the most responsible and helpful persons among us. Arthur Sullivan not only helps with bread baking and laundry but is also Rita Corbin's principal helper in many of her activities. Stanley Vishniewski has been going about among interested communities and organizations giving talks and slide shows about the Catholic Worker, with considerable success, I am told. Meanwhile, Marty Corbin is teaching in a college in Montreal, Canada. Linda and Susie have gathered wild herbs from the fields and woods roundabout and prepared them for use this winter as seasonings or remedies. Maggie Hennessy has made dye from marigolds to dye the wool she has spun. Gordon McCarthy's garden in front of our main house still remains a "thing of beauty and a joy" (at least till frost puts an end to it) to all who view it. Many others help—Florent Lesieur who handles the money, Alan Davis, Alan Cercia, many short-term visitors, and all who sign up for cooking, etc. Kathy St. Clair continues coordinating cooking, shopping, and budget problems. Joe Geraci, Mary Jo, and Vivien often help with shopping and errand running. The committees continue to meet and talk over problems. Helene Iswolsky continues to be the most responsible welcomer of guests. And so it goes—many people doing many things in the midst of considerable chaos, confusion, frustration, and often too little money.

say that nonviolence has finally emerged as a means of bringing about radical change in America. Yet, however often people say that they are nonviolent, very few have ever participated in large scale disobedience to unjust laws.

In many instances the practical and political implications of the ethic of nonviolence remain to be discovered. Much of the failure to explore what Hannah Arendt has called the most significant political development in recent history is directly attributable to a continuing misconception of what nonviolence means and what it does. In a continuing search for alternatives to the violence of the status quo, I hope that we will explore, in action, the nonviolent life, and contribute in some positive way to its tradition.

As for Clare Danielsson, I regret that she is not with us much this Fall since her work—principally conducting psycho-drama sessions—keeps her away from the farm. She did, however, conduct an excellent weekend in September. Her talk that Sunday afternoon was most interesting, especially about the village of Geel in Belgium where the mentally disturbed and retarded have been cared for by the villagers—though now more by specialists—for centuries. We are looking forward to the slide show which Sally Corbin has promised to give, with more details of Clare's and Sally's adventures in Europe.

Nor have we seen much of Dorothy Day since her summer sojourn in a California jail on behalf of Chavez and the farm workers, and her return trip through the South. But she visited briefly and told us of her experiences. I was particularly happy that she had been able to visit Caroline Gordon Tate at the University of Dallas. Now Dorothy is planning a pilgrimage to the Simon Houses in Great Britain, and a visit to the Cullens in the Republic of Ireland. We hope when she returns she will decide to make a pilgrimage to Tivoli and spend some time with us to share with us her spiritual gleanings and wisdom.

Although our third-Sunday afternoon discussions still seem to be quite irregular, Dan Marshall has been conducting a Vegetarian seminar every Thursday night after Compline. I have attended three and have found them most interesting. In one of these talks Elizabeth Marshall played and discussed a taped interview she had made with Anne Wigmore in Boston about the rejuvenation diet she uses. On another evening, the operator of the Red Hook health food store talked on nutrition with special reference to the theories of Adele Davis. On another evening Dan told us of the diet used by the Lanza del Vasto community in France. Whether we like it or not, the price of meat makes most of us move closer to some sort of vegetarian diet.

Miserere Nobis

I have said often that we are imperfect instruments and a microcosm of that larger society in which we live and which is so filled with crime and sin—if the word is still permitted—that we can only be appalled. As a good and wise friend once remarked to me, however, the Catholic Worker ought to be more than a mere microcosm of society. It ought to try to construct a model of that spiritually nourishing order in which—as Peter Maurin said—it would be easier to be good. In this I am afraid we fail. Yet God still works miracles in our midst. In spite of us and our failings, considerable good is accomplished.

Meanwhile for all our friends, readers, visitors, and all who help us through our trials and confusion, we say a warm thanksgiving.

O All Saints and All Souls, whose Feast Days we approach, teach us to pray and live two prayers: *Miserere Nobis* and *Deo Gratias*.

Book Reviews: Merton, America, Francis of Assisi

THE ASIAN JOURNAL OF THOMAS MERTON. Edited from his original notebooks by Naomi Burton, Br. Patrick Hart and James Laughlin. Consulting Editor: Amiya Chakravarty. New York: New Directions: 445 p., 1973, \$12.50. Reviewed by Sr. Donald Corcoran, O.S.B.

This fine book is the journal of Thomas Merton's trip to the East in the fall of 1968. Merton died on December 10, 1968, while on the journey, at a meeting of Christian monks concerned with dialogue with non-Christian contemplatives. A great debt is owed to the editors—Naomi Burton, Brother Patrick Hart, James McLaughlin and Amiya Chakravarty—who laboriously compiled this published version from three separate notebooks which Merton kept on the journey.

The format of the *Asian Journal* closely resembles Merton's earlier journals such as *Sign of Jonas* and *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*. In these works, more than in most of his writing, there is a personal element—a look at Merton the man—which makes them eminently readable. The great vitality of Merton—his great insight, faith and humor—comes through with a freshness that could only be tempered in more expository prose. The journal entries (each usually a paragraph or two) vary from Merton's accounts of people or places to profound reflections on the nature of contemplation, Buddhist "emptiness," etc.

The book is a great testimony to what Amiya Chakravarty emphasizes in his introduction: Merton's "openness to man's spiritual horizons . . . (coming) from a rootedness of faith." Merton overflows with the spirit of Christ, embracing and blessing what is sincere and of value in every man's spiritual quest. Merton as a monk recognizes the true Eastern contemplative as "brother." Merton's accounts of meeting with these kindred souls in the East is, I find, the best part of the book. Merton describes his meeting with a Tibetan rimpoché (guru), for example: "The unspoken or half-spoken message of the talk was our complete understanding of each other as people who were somehow on the edge of great realization and knew it and were trying, somehow or other, to go out and get lost in it—and that it was a grace for us to meet one another . . . He burst out and called me a rangjung Sangay (which apparently means a 'natural Buddha') . . ." (p. 143)

The journal entries provide a rich diversity of reading: the humor of simple details (a swami who even has saffron kleenex), poetry, deep reflection. "The contemplative life must provide an area, a space of liberty, of silence, in which possibilities are allowed to surface and new choices—beyond routine choices—become manifest. It should create a new experience of time, not as stopgap, stillness, but as 'temps vierge'—not a blank to be filled or an untouched space to be conquered and violated, but a space which can enjoy its own potentialities and hopes—and its own presence to itself. One's own time. But not dominated by one's own ego and its demands. Hence open to others—compassionate time . . ." (p. 117)

Merton's mind continually leaps to correspondences between Buddhism and Christianity: bodhicitta and grace, the "ax of true doctrine" which a rimpoché speaks of and John the Baptist's "laying the ax to the root," mandala symbolism in Romanesque art and Tibetan painting, etc. Throughout the *Asian Journal* one sees Merton's insight growing both from extensive reading and spontaneous association from his own spiritual experience. Thus early in the journal, Merton comments after reading a few pages of Tucci's *The Theory and Practice of the Mandala*: ". . . all this mandala business is, for me, at least useless . . . Why complicate what is simple?" Merton rejects a purely intellectual understanding of the mandala (an archetypal symbol of spiritual integration). Later in the journal it is obvious that his understanding has matured through a recognition of the mandala as part of his own experience:

"A Christ mandala, in St. Paul's 'to understand the length and the breadth, the height and the depths.'" Merton realized from his own experience that Christ is precisely the all-inclusive Center. Merton also comments: "Everything I think or do enters into the construction of a mandala." Holiness is wholeness. A deep spirituality necessarily attempts to integrate all of reality. Identification with the Center means comprehensiveness. The Center is everywhere, the circumference is nowhere.

Above all the journal indicates the immense energy Merton invested in a lifelong spiritual search. There is no question that Merton died intending to remain a Christian and a monk of Gethsemani—granted that might mean a peculiar type of hermit life. His fidelity sprang from the same Source as his ongoing search.

AMERICANS AGAINST MAN. By Rory McCormick. New York: Corpus Books, 1970. 134 pp., \$6.95, pb., \$3.95. Reviewed by Michael Kirwan.

In fewer than one hundred and fifty pages, Rory McCormick touches on virtually every important issue that has beset the United States in the last twenty years, issues which have been felt by Americans as well as our afflicted brothers around the world. To list a few: the growth of capitalism and decline of re-

ligion; the use of wealth to gain more wealth rather than for the good of the commonweal; the greedy prostitution of natural resources; rampant materialism regardless of the mental, emotional and physical cost; the dissolution of universities from centers of conscience and scholarship to mere marketplaces for the highest bidder of government or industrial research; counter-revolutionary involvement in the attempts of nations to rid themselves of hunger, disease and political oppression; the cancerous growth of a militaristic society, resulting in citizens' acceptance of a monstrous Pentagon, poor gun control, neo-vigilante groups, absurd security and spy checks in every facet of our society.

Mr. McCormick elaborates with examples, quotations and statistics. His approach exhibits a wealth of knowledge and understanding. He writes with compassion and a sense of urgency. In discussing the military-industrial complex, the author questions whether so sustained a concentration of the economy on military production (and so sustained a conditioning of the American citizenry to justify this spending) may have a permanently transforming effect on American society. May we not (have we not) come to accept as permanent and necessary the central role of the Pentagon in the decisions of the government? To the common man it has been made a permanent and useful component of the economy through appeals to his sense of profit and patriotism.

In a chapter entitled "Wealth Against Commonweal," the author notes that despite American neo-capitalism's rejection of rugged individualism, in practice it still mouths the clichés and formulas of old-fashioned free enterprise capitalism. Unfortunately the man in the street still takes the clichés literally and hence tends to prefer a national policy of private affluence and public niggardliness to a morally responsible and intelligent approach to the alarming social needs of the age.

In discussing the state of our natural resources, the author states that the ecologist is a vital spokesman, but in our profit-motivated and technologically-dominated civilization, he is mostly ignored. Nature, like the consumer (or the unorganized and unskilled worker), is largely regarded as a party to exploit. He cites examples and authors of past works that deal with the crimes we have

our beliefs and values, is imperative for the safety of mankind everywhere. Mankind will have no peace or safety until the colossus is cut down to human size. This will happen only when Americans abandon their faith in technology and military violence for a belief in the pre-eminence of human fellowship. This book is must reading for anyone interested in our relationships among ourselves and our fellow human beings.

BROTHER FRANCIS: An Anthology of Writings by and about St. Francis of Assisi. Edited by Lawrence Cunningham. New York: Harper and Row, 1972. 201 p., \$5.95.

LIVING OUR FUTURE: Francis of Assisi and the Church Tomorrow. By Mario von Galli, S.J. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1972. 239 p., \$6.95. Reviewed by Pat Jordan.

These two books, as the titles imply, show the legacy and importance of Francis to the life of the Church. The first is a popular anthology of writings by and about the poor little man of Assisi. While not exhaustive, this volume is a suitable introduction to both the recorded words, letters, and prayers of the Saint, and to the immense literature of scholars over the centuries who have been enchanted with him.

Cunningham relies heavily on the *Fioretti*, or *Little Flowers of St. Francis*, to express the nature of Francis' relation to poverty, prayer, solitude and suffering. The *Fioretti* has been well-worn in such exercises. But it is unfortunate that the present editor has again chosen it to the more historical and primary biographies of Celano and Bonaventure.

The recorded prayers of the Saint will undoubtedly strike some as stilted. They are the formal prayer of a medieval man. We might expect little of note in the written prayers of Francis, who took the Gospels very literally and fully, and whose deepest prayers took place behind the closed doors of solitude. Cunningham quotes Johannes Jorgensen's account of Francis reprimanding Br. Leo for spying on him while he prayed.

The second book, Fr. von Galli's *Living Our Future*, has the burden of relating Francis to the contemporary world (via the Second Vatican Council) and to the future. This should not be a burden, as Fritz Eichenberg's woodcuts and engravings have testified in these pages for years. But at times von Galli does make a burden of it, and that is to our loss. He has a style peculiar to some preachers (he is a renowned one): that is, he often draws the conclusions before the testimony has been fully given; and on the other hand, he occasionally drums an issue into the ground.

But there are surprises in this uneven volume. After a confusing discussion of revolution (which demonstrates a superficial understanding of anarchism and utopian socialism), the author has the good fortune to quote Ernesto Cardenal, the Nicaraguan poet, priest, revolutionary, and Trappist monk. Says Cardenal (who recently visited us here on First St., and who is the author of *Psalms of Struggle and Liberation*): "[The] society of the future already exists today, like a seed waiting to bud. Not tied to political boundaries, it is composed of individuals and small groups scattered around the world. Insofar as I am a priest, a pacifist, a Christian anarchist, and a Gandhian in politics, I feel that I am a solid member of this society as well." (p. 168) Such insights are rare in many books, and enhance this one. Also of importance is the picture of Francis as a man whose life was moved by the fulcrum of the Scriptures.

At a time when the Church is in need of a return to poverty, when wars rage in the Holy Land, it is wonderful to return to St. Francis. Hopefully these two books will lead us to the more unforgettable biographies by Sabatier, Chesterton, and Jorgensen; and to a renewal of the Franciscan zeal that cleansed a previous era.

W. H. AUDEN, 1907-1973

BARBED WIRE

Across the square,
Between the burnt-out Law Courts and Police Headquarters,
Past the Cathedral far too damaged to repair,
Around the Grand Hotel patched up to hold reporters,
Near huts of some Emergency Committee,
The barbed wire runs through the abolished City.

Across the plains,
Between two hills, two villages, two trees, two friends,
The barbed wire runs which neither argues nor explains
But where it likes a place, a path, a railroad ends,
The humour, the cuisine, the rites, the taste,
The pattern of the City, are erased.

Across our sleep
The barbed wire also runs: It trips us so we fall
And white ships sail without us though the others weep,
It makes our sorry fig-leaf at the Sneezer's Ball,
It ties the smiler to the double bed,
It keeps on growing from the witch's head.

Behind the wire
Which is behind the mirror, our Image is the same
Awake or dreaming: It has no image to admire,
No age, no sex, no memory, no creed, no name,
It can be counted, multiplied, employed
In any place, at any time destroyed.

Is it our friend?
No: that is our hope; that we weep and It does not grieve,
That for It the wire and the ruins are not the end:
This is the flesh we are but never would believe,
The flesh we die but it is death to pity;
This is Adam waiting for His City.

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ligion; the use of wealth to gain more wealth rather than for the good of the commonweal; the greedy prostitution of natural resources; rampant materialism regardless of the mental, emotional and physical cost; the dissolution of universities from centers of conscience and scholarship to mere marketplaces for the highest bidder of government or industrial research; counter-revolutionary involvement in the attempts of nations to rid themselves of hunger, disease and political oppression; the cancerous growth of a militaristic society, resulting in citizens' acceptance of a monstrous Pentagon, poor gun control, neo-vigilante groups, absurd security and spy checks in every facet of our society.

Mr. McCormick elaborates with examples, quotations and statistics. His approach exhibits a wealth of knowledge and understanding. He writes with compassion and a sense of urgency. In discussing the military-industrial complex, the author questions whether so sustained a concentration of the economy

committed against nature and ourselves. Mr. McCormick feels the moralists of organized Christianity have been singularly insensitive to the poetic awareness of the natural world portrayed in the parables of the New Testament.

In one of the final chapters, "The Good Americans," he elaborates on the silent majority. In their antipathy to radical action and commitment to an ideal, they are something akin to the Victorians of whom it is said, "They would have been equally scandalized at hearing Christianity repudiated as they would have been at seeing it practiced."

In the final two chapters of the book, Mr. McCormick sees Vietnam as the training ground for professional killer attitudes which have drifted back into and permeated society as a whole. U. S. war crimes have been a reflection of the derangement of American society and a factor in its moral decline. In the chapter entitled "Man for Man," the author asserts that a drastic modification in our politics and economics, and indeed in

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Farah Labels

Box 312
Keenesburg, Colo. 80643

Dear CW,

The enclosed is from the September 1973 issue of *Railway Clerk Interchange*, published by my union, Brotherhood of Railway and Airlines Clerks. Thought that, if you were not aware of this new aspect of the Farah situation, you might want to publish this—at least I haven't seen it yet in the CW—maybe I missed it.

Yours,
Paul A. Thompson

Farah Disguises Labels to Beat Boycott Effect

One of the most successful national boycotts in the recent history of American labor has had a two-pronged effect on the union-busting Farah Manufacturing Company.

Because of the boycott, Farah sales for the fiscal quarter ending January 31 dropped off 17 percent.

In a desperate effort to recoup its flagging sales, Farah has resorted to disguising its products under new labels and brand names.

Amalgamated Clothing Worker officials have asked union members to watch for, and avoid purchasing, the following brands of men's and boys' slacks: Cliff Mark, Beau Mark, Golden Scroll, Passport, Club 20, Par Excellent, Su Par Jeans, Daire and Kinrod.

Doctor Needed

415 Elm St.
Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

Dear Friends,

We are putting together a primary health care clinic and referral service in downtown Ithaca. We will charge on a sliding fee scale—no pressure. We want to stress preventive medicine. So far, we have more than 30 active members (some of them with nursing and other medical

skills). Our biggest needs now are for money and a full-time doctor. If you are a doctor and if you want to work with a clinic that has its roots in the community it will serve, write to: Terry Barker, 415 Elm St., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. Ithaca is a small city in a beautiful region of upstate New York. There are many community-based projects here.

Thanks,
Terry Barker



On Stage

Department of Religion
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Dear Dorothy,

As the enclosed will indicate (pages from the October 15 issue of the *Manitoban*, University of Manitoba daily, which tell of 500 campus maintenance workers on strike for a living wage), my glorious Canadian stint may be drawing to a close before it begins. Another way of saying one cannot hope to operate in a University so callous to workers' needs—and still teach religion—God help us!

Notes in Brief

PEACE SHIP AND MIDEAST WAR:

"If you have a gun in your hand, don't pull the trigger. If you control a weapon, don't use it. You will be killing a brother," was the broadcast message from the Peace Ship after the renewal of hostilities in the Mideast on October 6, 1973. "The man you will kill will leave a sorrowing mother, a wife, children," Able Nathan told Israelis and Arabs.

Nathan, who devotes his life to the establishment of peace between Israel and her Arab neighbors, was broadcasting from the waters off Tel Aviv when war broke out. After an Israeli naval boat urged Nathan to take his ship from hostile waters, he went deeper into the danger zone and continued broadcasting to Egyptian and Israeli soldiers from a spot 30 miles from the Suez Canal. He increased the ship's news and musical broadcasts from 14 to 24 hours daily. At ceasefire, he took the 50,000-watt radio ship to Beirut in a gesture of peace, but was not allowed to dock. Back in the waters off Tel Aviv, Nathan pledged, "We will broadcast from this ship until lasting peace comes to the Middle East."

Now, however, the crew of the Peace Ship has had to be reduced and broadcasting curtailed because funds are desperately low. Help can be sent to Shalom Foundation, c/o Robert Miller, Miller Agency Inc., 850 Third Ave., New York 10022.

AID FOR CIVILIAN VICTIMS IN MIDEAST:

A group of scholars in the New England area, including members of the Jewish and Arab communities, have set up a MIDDLE EAST EMERGENCY AID FUND to ease the suffering of civilian victims on all sides rather than to provide resources for the continuation of armed conflict.

The American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) will handle the administration of aid. Further information from Prof. David Gil, Heller School, Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. 02154. Checks should be made out and sent direct to: AFSC-MEEAF, 160 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19102.

PRISONERS WRITE, SEEK AID:

We continue to receive requests from federal prisoners to publish the plight of those in psychiatric treatment and behavioral modification centers. Letter writers to those who conduct these institutions should not be dissuaded by form responses they will receive from the Department of Justice declaring the men are in fit shape under humane conditions. Eckie McGee (35120-133) writes: "My purpose in writing this letter is to secure some moral and legal support, for I am being victimized . . . here at the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Mo. My mail is withheld and destroyed. I have been injected with the drug phenylcyclidine . . . One way you can immediately assist me is by writing or contacting the following individuals in my behalf: Dennis Stewart, U.S. Magistrate, U.S. District Court, Springfield, Mo. 65801; Dr. P. Ciccore, Warden, U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Mo. 65802; and Norman A. Carlson, Director, U.S. Bureau of Prisons, 101 Indiana Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20537."

Another prisoner, Edward Sanchez (18827-175), formerly at the Springfield Prison (c.f.: CW, July-August, 1973), is now at the federal installation at Marion, Illinois. He writes that on October 21st he began a seven-day "Fast for Consciousness" to call attention to his situation and that of fellow prisoners. He

(Continued on page 7)

There are alternatives brewing; we cannot let pickets freeze in Manitoba weather.

We are also picketing and leafleting for Farm Workers, and ending the day with Eucharist. As I infer from your example in California, there is nowhere to go—but ON!

Jim Douglass will be here this week. We will meet off campus, due to strike.

I was sorry to miss Pax Christi in D.C., as the Delano jailings. But have a deep sense that no one who moves at all, misses anything. Everything is front row, on the aisle; there are only minor differences in angle. (Better still, everyone is on stage.)

I send love to you and all at Tivoli and 1st St. Please pray for mother who is failing.

P.S., if the strike goes on, I will resign publicly from the University, continue classes downtown, and continue with students, picketing. It is really all quite simple.

Fr. Dan Berrigan

Pax Christi Launched

By RACHELLE LINNER

The Founding Assembly of Pax Christi-USA was held in Washington, D. C. the weekend of October 5, 6, and 7. The newly-formed group, an affiliate of the International Catholic Peace Movement, called its first Assembly to explore the theme of GOSPEL NONVIOLENCE: A CATHOLIC IMPERATIVE. Over 300 people were present at the Assembly: pacifists, poverty workers, clergy, educators, and activists. All of the people seemed anxious to explore one of the major themes of Pax Christi-USA: "We strive to make peace not only the objective, but the way of our lives."

The Assembly began on Friday evening with an address by Dorothy Day, who spoke movingly about the non-violent struggle of the United Farm Workers, and of her experiences in California with them during her most recent arrest.

Panels

Saturday was set aside for panels and workshops. Two panels met before a plenary session of the Assembly; all panelists addressed the theme of the Assembly. Among those presenting were Tom Cornell, the national director of the Catholic Peace Fellowship; Eileen Egan and Dr. Gordon Zahn, co-chairpersons of Pax Christi-USA; Claire Danielsson, treasurer of Pax Christi-USA; Tom Quigley, associate director of the Latin American Bureau of the U.S. Catholic Conference; Rev. Anthony Mullaney, from the Packard Manse community in Boston; and representatives from the United Farm Workers. There was a wide range of views regarding Gospel Nonviolence presented by the panelists; these sessions were followed by a dialogue with those present.

Nine workshops met during the day, and covered a wide range of interests. Two of them, "Peace and Justice Centers in Dioceses," and "Education: Parish, Schools, Dioceses," attracted a good deal of interest, since one of the aims of the Assembly was to provide a connecting experience for people who are involved in peace education, and actively working for peace on the parish level. Other workshops included Works of Mercy, Works of Peace; International Political Prisoners; Latin America; United Farm Workers and University Peace Education.

On Sunday morning, Brother Andrew, the founder of the Missionary Brothers of Charity (whose members work in Calcutta and Saigon among the poor) spoke movingly about the works of mercy, which are also the works of peace. The Assembly closed with a liturgy, celebrated by seven priests who came to the Assembly. The homilist was Rev. J. Edward Guinan, the General Secretary of Pax Christi-USA.

Resolutions

The participants in the Assembly pass-

50 More Years

339 Lafayette St.
New York, N.Y. 10012

Dear Friends,

I want to say how much all of us at the War Resisters League appreciated Eileen Egan's report on our 50th Anniversary Conference, in the September issue. We have appreciated her work with the League over the years in helping extend the rights of conscience.

The one thing Eileen did not mention was our address—339 Lafayette Street, New York City 10012 (just a couple of blocks from the Catholic Worker office). I suspect that after reading about us, some Catholics may want to join the League, even though we are a secular rather than a religious pacifist group. We would certainly be happy to answer any inquiries about our positions.

Again, our thanks to Eileen and the Catholic Worker.

Fraternally,
David McReynolds

ed two resolutions, by floor acclamation. One declared that no ROTC programs be allowed in Catholic campuses, regardless of how much money the program would bring to the school. The resolution urged that colleges and universities set up viable peace education programs to explore the implications of Gospel pacifism and nonviolence.

The second resolution called for active and continued support for the United Farm Workers in their efforts at a nationwide consumer boycott of non-union grapes and lettuce, and in financial support to strikers and their families. The Assembly raised \$750.00 for the Washington, D.C. Farmworker office.

In its brochure, Pax Christi-USA states: "Pax Christi-USA is an association of Catholics and others committed to the exploration of Gospel Nonviolence for our time. We seek to permeate the Catholic consciousness and the Catholic structure with this rich tradition and witness." The excitement of this Assembly was the great numbers of people who are involved in that process, declaring with Pope Paul VI that, "Violence is not in accord with the Scriptures, that it cannot be Christian."

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 E. 1st St., between First and Second Avenues. After the discussions, we continue to talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

October 5—David McReynolds: The Movement after Vietnam.

October 12—Gary MacEoin: We Have Not Heard the Last of Allende.

October 19—Mary Jean Friel: Farm Workers and the Boycotts.

October 26—Mark Samara reading from the Letters of Van Gogh.

November 2—Br. Andrew: The Struggle for Life in Saigon and Calcutta.

November 9—Dana Robinson, Willson Kaiser: Starved—The African Drought and Famine.

November 16—Mark Taylor: History, Humanism, and Simone Weil.

November 23—No meeting.

November 30 — "Banks and the Poor": a film.

December 7—Hildegard Goss-Mayr: Latin-America — Liberation through Nonviolent Means.

December 14 — Br. David Steindl-Rast: Contemplation Amongst Active People.

Was Hope the "Crime" of Chile's Poor?

(Continued from page 1)

At the end of a year, more than 50% of our production was being rejected, and of course the Argentinians kept putting all the blame on the Chilean workers. (It was only when we passed to nationalized ownership under Allende that we were able to replace them. The rejection percentage immediately dropped down to less than 5%.)

Our boss had a good heart. One year when he made just a little too much money and was in danger of passing into another income tax bracket he gave us a big fiesta to get rid of the excessive loot. It was phoney and paternalistic and even insulting; afterwards we felt ashamed at ourselves for having been drawn into such a thing...

Then there were the Friday pay lines. There you kept vigil for hours, sometimes under the rain, to receive like a beggar what you'd earned during the week. The boss paid you when he felt like it; if you didn't like it, lump it and

go work somewhere else.

A New Birth

About six months prior to the 1970 elections, the boss went to Europe to "see his family." When he got back there was no money to pay us — and during the following months bank loans kept us going. In a year's time we were on the edge of bankruptcy, and the foundry, with its 400 workers, was in danger of being closed down within two weeks. When we realized how critical the situation was, we moved. A delegation succeeded in exposing our problem to Allende — a takeover was being planned, but it wasn't necessary: the State intervened. The boss was obliged to sell 51 per cent of the stock to the state at a nominal value of a peso per stock to cover his debts. An administrator was named and the changes began. In the subsequent months, the State bought the other 49 per cent.

What happened next in the foundry was a reflection, at our level, of what was going on in the country as a whole. It was sort of a new birth. All of a sudden this factory belonged to Chile, our production to the national welfare. The destiny of the foundry was in our hands, and, through it, the destiny of our country. We were listened to for the first time; we could suggest, criticize, invent.

A worker participation system was set up. At first no one knew what these new organizations were supposed to be; but as time went by they took form and impor-

our assemblies lasted well into the night, and, in spite of the transportation problems, the guys remained till the end. Discussion was totally democratic — sometimes a bit disorderly — but everyone was listened to and respected. We formed a Discipline Commission (with a majority of worker representation) to help those comrades who got into trouble. All in all it worked extraordinarily well.

This doesn't mean that we didn't run into problems. Sometimes the administrators who occupied the politically distributed posts were incompetent; others tried to limit the worker participation by restricting it to lower level decisions without real control in the direction of the factory. Thus it was that, in the face of internal frustrating limitations, we took over the plant and exacted the replacement of our first state-named administrator. We won the battle and several subsequent ones. More and more we became conscious of our possibilities.

There was no repression whatsoever. When we were right we proved it... When we were wrong it was proved to us. A whole new dimension opened, and little by little we began to have confidence in ourselves. We had access to all the levels of decision. I can honestly state that no door was ever closed to us when we wanted to consult someone or when we sought a solution at a high level. I had spent years in the foundry without ever knowing where the administrator's office was — and I remember

worth more than that of a worker. We were all "workers" with different functions — but the function didn't define social privilege. It was the birth of a new sort of society — the reflections of our hope and aspirations. Great perspectives opened — and for this we were ready to sacrifice ourselves. And so we did, simply because we were convinced that this would mean a better world.

One of the most striking changes in the foundry was that the workers were now of more importance than what they produced. In fact, the first big changes were social changes: decent wages, a canteen, decent sanitary facilities, showers, etc. Now, with a decent level of life and being treated as human beings, and aware of our dignity and responsibility, we produced more — and better. In the process, the suggestions of the workers led to several major improvements.

The foundry now wasn't just a productive unit — it was a social unit which produced. A recreation program was set up. Ample facilities were given to complete one's basic education in the foundry itself, or to follow programs of technical and professional education. A library was created through voluntary efforts of the workers. Cultural groups — periodically visited the plant with concerts, chorales, plays, etc. The "roto" (or "broken-down one") could now pull himself together, stand on his own two feet, and take in hand his destiny. He was no longer a tool to exploit; he was a person who had a right to develop his possibilities; the same right hitherto reserved to the fellow born on the other side of the tracks.

September 11th

Tuesday morning, 11th of September, the oven was relighted and we began to load it with the raw material from Concepcion. 9:00 a. m., when we got the first news, we called an assembly at once to explore what was going on. We decided to remain more united than ever. But there was the problem of the oven. If we were to dump it now we'd lose all the molds prepared the day before; but if we went on loading it and then had to dump it we'd lose not only the molds but more of the ingots obtained with such sacrifice. The guys decided to go on loading and hoping we'd be able to cast the molds in spite of everything. At 11:00 a. m. it was obvious that this time the situation was terribly serious. The order was given to dump the oven; those who wanted to go to their homes could do so. I went to see the oven crew which was looking at the half-melted metal, just dumped. They looked as if they were going to cry: "Hell, we shouldn't have dumped it, should we?"

The 19th of September, ordinarily a national holiday, we were ordered back to work. Many of us discovered we'd been suspended. The trade union had been dissolved, the participation system along with it. A military appointee was in charge. The wage increase, due the 1st of October (which would have restored our purchasing power in relation to the inflation increase), had been annulled. The following Saturday all were obliged to work without being able to claim overtime. The working week was extended to 57 hours.

Those workers who did return, came at bayonet point. The Junta ordered the "patriotic" among the workers to denounce any "subversives."

Something died September 11, 1973, in this country named Chile: it was this hope, these aspirations to a better, more fraternal and more just society. This newly recognized dignity and confidence in ourselves, these new possibilities which enabled us to control and direct our production... that was the subversion and that was the sin of the "roto," the crime of the poor of Chile.

Great was the sin and dearly have we paid for it. Chile has lost some of its noblest leaders, leaders who in spite of their failings and contradictions had recognized in us something worthy of confidence, something with possibilities of development, the essential dignity of all those created in the image of God.

Notes in Brief

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states: "I hope that by this fast I can in my own small way call attention to these situations... that by my suffering I shall prompt people on the outside to help these men (the remaining prisoners in the S.T.A.R.T. program at Springfield, Mo.)... I ask that you write letters of support." He also asks letters to be sent to Judge James Forman, U.S. District Court, East St. Louis, Ill., asking him to heed the voice of prisoners challenging the conditions at the U.S. Penitentiary, Marion, Illinois.

Martin Sostre again sends us an appeal for letters of support (c.f. C.W., July-August, 1973). He has been kept in solitary confinement at Clinton Prison (N.Y.) for refusing to submit to dehumanizing examinations. Please send letters c/o Martin Sostre Defense Committee, P.O. Box 839, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, N.Y. 14205.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

Charlie suggests we ask subscribers who are moving to inform us a month in advance. (Every time the Post Office returns a paper it costs us 10¢.) Please inform us 4 to 6 weeks in advance, being sure to include the zips of both your old and new addresses. Thank you.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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FRANK DONOVAN, Assoc. Ed., Business Manager

PABLO NERUDA, 1904-1973

CRISTOBAL MIRANDA
(Shoveler at Tocopilla)

I met you on the broad barges
in the bay, Cristobal, while the sodium nitrate
was coming down, wrapped in a burning
November day, to the sea.
I remember the ecstatic nimbleness,
the hills of metal, the motionless water.
And only the bargemen, soaked
with sweat, moving snow.
Snow of the nitrates, poured
over painful shoulders, dropping
into the blind stomach of the ships.
Shovelers there, heroes of a sunrise
eaten away by acids, and bound
to the destinies of death, standing firm,
taking in the floods of nitrate.
Cristobal, this memento is for you,
for the others shoveling with you,
whose chests are penetrated by the acids
and the lethal gases,
making the heart swell up
like crushed eagles, until the man drops,
rolls toward the streets of town,
toward the broken crosses out in the field.
Enough of that, Cristobal, today
this bit of paper remembers you, each of you,
the bargemen of the bay, the man
turned black in the boats, my eyes
are moving with yours in this daily work
and my soul is a shovel which lifts
loading and unloading blood and snow
next to you, creatures of the desert.

Translated by Robert Bly.

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tance, and developed into embryos of working-class power. All decisions of importance were amply discussed in the Production Committees, in the sections, in the assemblies. The new technicians were there to guide us, to share their knowledge with us, to help us with the elements of decision which only they could furnish. The whip gave place to confidence, and, in general, the workers proved themselves worthy of this confidence.

The response to the periodic appeals for voluntary work demonstrated this new morale and awareness. Oftentimes

the day last year when we presented ourselves at a Minister's Office and were immediately received and listened to...

A New Social Unit

We tried to break down the barriers which had been erected to divide us. We dissolved the three trade unions and formed a single one. Any executive or foreman could be submitted to the Discipline Committee. A collective bonus system was set up. In general there was a qualitative change in human relationships. The executives and technicians assisted at the worker assemblies, as did everyone else — but their vote wasn't

On Pilgrimage

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with tears of joy as much as sorrow.

It is hard to explain the fact that there is joy in truly religious ceremonies for our departed ones. One has to experience it to know it. They have run their course, they have lived fully, they have encountered and passed through death, that universal experience, that penalty for the Fall, which Christ Himself first paid for us all. It indeed can become an occasion of joy, even in anticipation, holding as we can do to our Father's hand. Jenny contemplated her own death, and wrote down the way she wanted the service to be conducted. May she rest in peace and be praying for us now.

W. H. Auden

The death of W. H. Auden was sudden and unexpected. He was only sixty-six years old, and had not gone through a long illness; it came as a shock to his many friends here.

My friend Dr. Basil Yanovsky first introduced me to Auden at a Third Hour meeting, an ecumenical group, and the two friends came to visit when I was ill once at the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island. Auden brought a poem for the next issue of the *Catholic Worker*. Later (when I had been fined \$250 as a slum landlord—although the *Catholic Worker* household was living in the best house we had ever had—and the incident had been reported in the *Times*), Mr. Auden showed up early in the morning in front of our house on Chrystie Street as I was distractedly hastening away to the court session in the Bronx. It was around eight a.m. when men gathered around our basement door to receive the warm clothes we passed out whenever we had them. Auden was diffident (and rumpled in an old tweed suit), and since I had only met him a few times, and this time was out of context, I did not recognize him. He pressed a slip of paper in my hand, murmuring, "Towards the fine," and turned away. It was only when I went down the subway steps and got into a train crowded to the doors that I opened my hand to find in it a check made out for \$250, the exact amount of the fine.

How he warmed my heart, that dark day! All our hearts. The fine was commuted, but he made us keep the money as his contribution towards the expensive changes we had to make in the house.

Another interesting incident which he himself told often, it so delighted him! When Deane Mowrer and I (back in the Fifties) were serving a sentence in the New York House of Detention for civil disobedience, I found an old copy of the *New Yorker* in that barren jail contain-

ing a poem by Auden, a sonnet, which had the refrain, "One can do without love, but not without water."

He lived not far from us here in the East Village, and we felt that there was another bond between us because he lived in the same building on St. Mark's Place which housed the Russian magazine *Novy Mir*, years ago. It was in that office that I had gone with one of the reporters from the *Socialist New York Call* to interview Leon Trotsky. I heard him also at Cooper Union just before the Kerensky Revolution broke out, which hastened Trotsky back to Russia, where, as head of the Red Army, he took part in the October Revolution (which we read of now in Jack Reed's book, *Ten Days Which Shook the World*). W. H. Auden lived in that same building for all the years he stayed in New York and I was

at the Staten Island beach house I wrote of later, and married her soon after. When they had a summer home in Glen Gardner, New Jersey, my daughter Tamar spent the summer of 1932 with them, which gave me time to cover the Hunger March on Washington, pray at the Cathedral there, meet Peter Maurin and accede to his proposal that I follow a program he laid down. These occurrences are all tied up with my sister and brother-in-law, because I talked over with them the feasibility of starting a penny-a-copy paper, for which project Franklin gave most encouraging advice. I can remember still sitting out in the apple orchard, the children playing around us, talking of Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard," the depression, the social order, and of my own writing, which made Peter Maurin's suggestion of starting a paper so irresistible.



Rita Corbin

part of the atmosphere of his home, he told me once. He returned to Oxford, England for good, last year. And now he is dead. His Memorial Service was celebrated with great music, and the reading of his poetry by other famous poets in the packed Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Franklin Spier

To the book world of New York the name of Franklin Spier is well known, but to me he was my sister's husband and the father of John, David and Susie. His name still heads the best known advertising agency for books in New York. To me he was a friend long before the *Catholic Worker* era, when he did publicity for the first book I wrote. He met my sister while visiting me one week end

(I knew I had found in Peter a great teacher).

Over the years I have spent many weeks with the Spiers, always with good talks of books and music and painting. His library, and my sister's, was small but select, and lately, in connection with Watergate, we talked of Adams and Jefferson and the upright man. (My sister and I always were novel readers, and when she'd call and ask me up, she would add, "Perhaps we can take a walk in the shrubbery," the allusion being to a favorite author, Jane Austen, whose heroine in *Persuasion* took her daily walk "in the shrubbery.")

It was wonderful to me that our friendship could be so close, so deeply he had been scarred by the genocide of the Hitler era. When they lived in Riverdale during that time, Jewish stores were marked with Swastikas. The local Catholic Church sold Father Coughlin's literature, and the pastor treated my sister coldly when she went to the rectory to protest. When I spent weekends with them and had to be driven to Mass, whether in the suburbs or up in Massachusetts where they later had their country home, Franklin often drove me and waited outside reading the Sunday papers. And as for fast days, not only Fridays but even Ember Days, he saw to it that I kept to my religious practices when I was in his house.

When I expressed my joy at first reading Martin Buber's *Tales of the Hasidim*, and later Elie Wiesel's *Souls on Fire*, he pointed out to me that his people had been Sephardic Jews who had travelled from Spain to Holland, and from there to New York. And I suddenly remembered how Peter Maurin had been interested in the Sephardic Jews, their wisdom and culture.

Franklin Spier was a dear friend who was always trying to find concordances with me, though to all appearances we were miles apart religiously. But again I remember something. He was evaluating a book for some publisher, a bit of work he did after his retirement, and the book (on St. Paul) he had just read elicited from him the remark that he

liked St. Peter better than St. Paul, because he had that controversy with him over Jewish ritual and abstentions from some foods. And I suddenly felt so close to him, because I, too, like those who are so disparagingly called traditionalists, sometimes miss the old fast days, the old rigor which seemed to me to add so much zest to our spiritual life. Not to mention the Tenebrae services in an unknown tongue! Of course I say now, "Thank God for the vernacular! Thank God for that morning cup of coffee, or some hot drink that helps us get out to early Mass. Thank God for the re-emphasis on Freedom." But there surely needs to be more "clarification of thought" on that word.

Death and Transfiguration

This month it is good to write about Heaven as well as Death. Someone is always putting a book or article in my hands that I need just at that moment, and the other night, when we gathered for Vespers in our office-library-stencil room, Mike Kovalak handed me a little book 90 pages long. The first paragraph of the first chapter gave me the definition of Heaven I needed.

"There we shall rest and we shall see; We shall see and we shall love; We shall love and we shall praise; Behold what shall be in the end and shall not end."

It is St. Augustine, of course, speaking with his mother just before she died. It is scripture also speaking to us, of a future life where we will know as we will be known. The very word "know" is used in Genesis again and again as the act of husband and wife which brings forth more life. Abraham knew Sara, and she conceived and bore a son.

An Evangelist who sends me his comments on the Bible (with pamphlet Scriptures, easy to carry in the purse) once referred to death as a "transport," an ecstasy. And indeed we are transported, in this passover to another life.

Jacques Maritain, our beloved friend, whose death this year we are also commemorating, said once that the story of the Transfiguration is a feast we should surely meditate on. Three of the Apostles, sleeping as they often do even to this day, awoke to see Jesus standing with Moses and Elias, transfigured, glorified. It is a glimpse, Maritain commented, of the future, of life after death, of the dogmas contained in the creed — in the "resurrection of the body and life everlasting."

(And Peter, the Rock upon which Christ said He would build His Church, was confused as Popes have been many a time since, and wanted to start to build!) But let's forget about criticism of Peter and find always concordances, as Pope John, the beloved, told us to.

I had the great privilege of standing by my mother's bed, holding her hand, as she quietly breathed her last. So often I had worried when I was travelling around the country that I would not be there with her at the time, if she were suddenly taken.

And now I saw my little four-year-old great-granddaughter worrying about me. It was just after Rita Corbin's mother's death (another member of our family to remember this month). After Carmen's death and burial in our parish cemetery, my little Tanya came and sat on my lap. It was after one of my weeks' long absences from the farm, and stroking my cheek, she said, anxiously, "You're not old—you're young."

Sensing her anxiety, I could only say, "No, I'm old too, like Mrs. Ham, and some day, I don't know when, I'm going to see my mother and father and brother, too." And accustomed to my absences, I am sure she was comforted. How wonderful it is to have a granddaughter and her little family living with us. A house of hospitality on the land can indeed be an "extended family."

Meanwhile, in the joys and sorrows of this life, we can pray as they do in the Russian liturgy for a death "without blame or pain." May our passing be a rejoicing.

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

between the rich and the poor. It later led him to be a champion of the poor and working people. Mark Samara led another meeting that commemorated Auden. Mark also excerpted from the heart-hewn letters of Vincent Van Gogh, bringing alive Van Gogh in a most persuasive and personalist tribute.

We have had a number of visitors, often a deep enrichment to our lives. Simon Berkenlaon came from British Columbia, Ramsahai Purohit from India, Fr. Ernesto Cardenal from Nicaragua, the Walshs from Baltimore. We had a memorable farewell celebration with the Cullens before their departure.

Other departures are of more permanent nature, and it is ungrateful to write with such brevity of men we will never forget. Scotty (Cornelius Dalglish), with us for years, and one of the most lovable of our family, died of pneumonia at Bellevue Hospital on Oct. 21st. Fr. Lyle said the memorial Mass, and Frank was there as Scotty was laid to rest with Smokey, Marian, Italian Mike and the

others at Mt. Holiness in New Jersey.

At the same time we received word of George Marron's death. An old radical and friend of Mike Gold, he suffered for years from mental illness, depression and aimlessness. His generosity endured through it all, however, often buying ice cream for a Sunday meal or taking someone to a movie. May both of you know now the "Victory" Alleluia.

New Trees

In these days of war and famine, when our relative poverty counts for little in the face of unprecedented world hunger caused by our rapacious greed, we must remember it is all the more pressing we continue our work. Having lost two trees in the front of the house, the city is about to plant a number along 1st St., replacing even our empty tree-well. With such things as Mark's re-creation of Van Gogh, with Gary Getz playing his guitar on occasion after supper, causing people to dance, with the endurance of our Farm Worker friends, we recall and take heart at St. Paul's admonition: "Shine on the world like bright stars, you are offering it the word of life" (Phil. 2: 15-16).