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Behold, He Comes to Lift Up the Poor

Therese

By CHRIS MONTESANO

After ten months of joyous anticipation for the birth of our child, Joan and I were not only confronted with the mystery of life but with the mystery of death as well. Our daughter Therese was born with a severe congenital brain defect, and at the moment of birth, the doctor said she was dead. Joan requested a priest to baptize her. There being none available, I baptized her with the nearest water, a cup of melted ice chips. As I poured the water on her head and she said the words of baptism, she gave a start and began breathing! I picked her up and shouted with joy, "She's alive!"

Her body was normal except that her head was small and her brain openly exposed. The doctor assured us that she would die shortly and mourned her loss. Amidst our tears, Joan and I told him that Therese's birth was part of the mystery of God, and that we could accept.

When I left Joan to go home, I couldn't leave the hospital without first checking on Therese. I feared that because of her severe deformity she might be shoved in some corner to die. I asked to see the pediatrician, and he assured me that as long as Therese was alive she would be properly cared for.

All the Love We Could

The next day Therese was still alive. Joan and I decided to visit her and to hold and feed her. It seemed so natural that if her life was to be so short and there was nothing that could be done for her medically that we should give her all the love we could. This created a difficulty at the hospital. First, they were not accustomed to caring for malformed children (they sent them to another hospital usually); and secondly, they were not accustomed to parents who wished to see and love such a child. Often such children are shunned by their parents and perhaps signed over to a research hospital to be studied. We felt the unspoken pressures to do the same, and to relinquish our rights and desires as parents. I am sure that there are other parents who have been in our situation who have been intimidated by the hospital (perhaps not intentionally), and who were discouraged from following their natural inclinations.

When it became apparent that Therese would live for a longer time than they had estimated, we had to transfer her to another hospital. We decided to transfer her to the University Hospital. There we were free to visit her when we could and to help take care of her. Since they were more accustomed to severely ill children, they were much more capable of dealing with the situation. After a week and a half when Joan was much better, we began to talk of taking Therese home. The staff was reluctant. We felt that since she did not require much more care than a normal infant, there was no reason why we should not take her home. As we talked it became clear that the reason why the hospital kept her was to spare us the pain of having to deal with a child like Therese. We explained that our lives are about the mystery of Faith and Love, that pain is a part of that mystery, and that we were willing to risk that pain to carry out our

(Continued on page 6)



The Adoration of the Shepherds

Fritz Eichenberg

Into this world, this demented inn, in which there is absolutely no room for Him at all, Christ has come uninvited. But because He cannot be at home in it, because He is out of place in it, His place is with those others for whom there is no room. His place is with those who do not belong, who are rejected by power because they are regarded as weak, those who are discredited, who are denied the status of persons, who are tortured, bombed, and exterminated. With those for whom there is no room, Christ is present in the world. He is mysteriously present in those for whom there seems to be nothing but the world at its worst . . . It is in these that He hides Himself, for whom there is no room.

Raids on the Unspeakable
Thomas Merton

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Inflation

By JAN ADAMS

Two years ago (Dec. '71), *The Catholic Worker* reprinted a speech by Julius Nyerere of Tanzania under the title "Church's Role: World in Revolution." President Nyerere began: "Poverty is not the real problem of the modern world . . . The real problem is . . . the division of mankind into rich and poor. We can see this division at two levels. Within the nation states there are a few individuals who have great wealth and whose wealth gives great power; but the vast majority of people suffer from varying degrees of poverty and deprivation . . . There are a few wealthy nations which dominate the whole world economically, and therefore politically; and a mass of smaller and poor countries whose destiny, it appears, is to be dominated . . . The reality and depth of the problem arises because the man who is rich has power over the lives of those who are poor . . . And even more important, is that our social and economic system, nationally and internationally, supports these divisions and constantly increases them, so that the rich get ever richer and more powerful, while the poor get relatively even poorer and less able to control their own future."

Two years ago, Nyerere's words must have seemed to many ordinary Americans a message from afar, however sympathetically their truth was granted. As president of one of the poor nations, Nyerere could speak with a clarity far surpassing that of American observers. The division between rich and poor, which is the basis of inordinant affluence, has never been absent from this country, but, except in the lives of those condemned to suffer poverty and those few who chose to share it, it could be kept at a distance. Today, many more Americans are coming to experience the truth of Nyerere's words directly, for the first time since the Depression, in however muted a fashion. The daily papers call this bewildering concurrence of events, measures and disclosures, "inflation," "energy crisis," "Watergate."

Compared with Nyerere's plain words, these phenomena do seem bewildering. This article presents these puzzlements, the economic and political squeeze they put on all of us, in the context of Nyerere's plain words.

Beneficiaries of Privilege

American affluence rests on the poverty of other peoples. The success of American economic and political world domination has depended for twenty-five years on a fortuitous combination of circumstances which is now threatened.

The affluence referred to is not the fabulous wealth of the big companies, their owners and managers, but the high standard of living enjoyed by the merely comfortable in this country, compounded of TV sets, automobiles, and suburban homes. It means the \$3 and \$4 (and more) hourly wages which quite ordinary workers receive to make these comforts possible. Why do American workers quite routinely receive such wages, when their counterparts in the rest of the world would consider even \$1 an hour a fortune?

(Continued on page 3)

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442

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Crowthorne, Berkshire, England

When I travel, it is always with mixed motives, and my trip to England came about like this.

Back in N. Y. about the end of September, the CW was having a farewell party, arranged by Tom Cornell, for Mike Cullen, Nettie and the children. Everyone loves this CW family, and so it was a good party — held in our Nativity Parish hall. The U. S. government naturally pays the fare of those whom they are deporting. Mike, not a citizen, had served a prison sentence for draft-card-burning in Milwaukee, the only head of a CW house who participated in these widespread actions. (We, as a group, didn't want to "do unto others what we didn't want them to do to us," concluding words of the Sermon on the Mount.)

But we all at the CW love Mike and his family, and hated to lose him to Ireland. Mike had won all hearts by his joyful spirit and his beautiful singing, though I understood he did plenty of keening, too, in jail. There was such love in his heart for Nettie and family — and never a hate for the world or his enemy. He approached God with joy as the Hasidic masters, and St. Francis did. There were no hostilities in him. The fare for the family was raised by all their friends, and it was a grand party. But I could not go because Professor Wm. Miller, who wrote *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* (Live-right), chose this particular day to come to N. Y. and go over Peter Maurin's papers with me. They were already gathered together and arranged by Ed Turner, Marge Hughes' son-in-law, a few years ago.

We were only waiting for the trained historian (Ed was unwilling to undertake it), and Bill Miller was it. So the afternoon of Mike Cullen's party was spent with Dr. Miller (and with Peter Maurin!). It was a joy to see Dr. Miller growing more and more interested in the work ahead. So I put aside the party for Mike, who had restarted CW activities in Milwaukee this last decade at Casa Maria. There had been great activities in the 30's and 40's, but the old guard was married off and raising communities of their own.

At the airport next day, I kissed Nettie goodbye (she is expecting again) and said, "See you soon, I hope." And the next day at First St., St. Joseph's House, I got a call from London to come over Nov. 7th to celebrate a tenth anniversary of the Simon Community, which runs hostels for the homeless, and whose members live in voluntary poverty and manual labor. I had visited one such

hostel years before, and found them living in much harder conditions than any of the CW people have had to endure. So I accepted the invitation, tentatively at first, until Mother Teresa, whom Eileen Egan and I put on a plane a week later, told me decidedly to go.

So today, sitting in front of a gas radiator with a blanket over my knees, I am writing an On Pilgrimage, sketchy as usual, suggestive, instead of thorough, discursive rather than complete. Life is like that. It's a stew of an article with a lot of things touched on and thrown together. (There's so much to talk about and think about in this short life.) Speaking of my mixed motives again, I wanted to come to England and Ireland to see Mike and Nettie, to pay homage to the Simon Communities (named for the Cyrenian, pressed into service of the Lord by the military, who helped carry Jesus' Cross), to visit the various communities if possible, and to see my only sister's only daughter, whose father, Franklin Spier, had died last month. (See Oct.-Nov. issue of CW.)

Martin of Tours Hospice

Jane Sammon, who has worked with the CW this last year, accompanied me on my flight, a 22 to 45-day excursion rate. We were met at the airport by officers of the Simon Trust and driven to



Islington where there was a large hostel, an abandoned church, and three houses adjoining, with a garden in the center. Here the place is more a St. Vincent de Paul shelter with over 70 residents, many of whom are from Simon houses, which are like half-way houses. There were plenty of blankets, but the bedrooms were cold. Winter had set in. The kitchen and basement of the Church were warm and always fully occupied. In their large living room, television was enjoyed, breakfast and dinners were

(Continued on page 8)

36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

This column begins as a slow-falling rain descends on First Street. Since it is almost December, but not yet Advent, the hope that I experience in this grey rain is the long hope of early Advent, a hope which, as Peguy said, is like a sleeping child, a hope which will grow with the days of this month into the verdant rains of Isaiah ("Shower, O heavens, from above, and let the skies rain down righteousness" Is. 48:8), and culminate in the Birth and Baptism of the Lord.

November and the last days of Pentecost teemed with busy-ness for us—a large Thanksgiving Day, the mailing of the Appeal and the paper, the varied comings and goings, the usual arguments and resolutions, and the deaths of yet another two of our family—Hiram Smith and Catherine Tarangul.

Catherine Tarangul

Catherine was one of the most unforgettable persons who ever dawned these doors. (In this place, a superlative rating to be sure.) Not only was she a landmark of endurance, she was the embodiment of the Gospel widow who would let no one have peace until her wishes were satisfied. And in all candor, her wishes were never satisfied.

Catherine first started coming to the Worker around 1955, when the house was at 223 Chrystie Street. Tom Sullivan was in charge then, and wrote of his first encounter with Catherine in the "Chrystie Street" column: "A little old woman comes in each day along with her twenty-seven year old son. They take their meals with us and live in a small place a good ways from our house. The son communicates with no one and is very ill both mentally and physically. He is unable to work and is completely dependent upon the mother for support—the father has disappeared some years ago. The mother tries to make their room rent of ten dollars per week selling shoe strings and razor blades outside of theatres and around busy street corners. She won't apply for any kind of city aid since she fears that they will take the boy away from her... Thus the woman and her son have to remain in a perfectly awful hole of an apartment." Tom went on to ask if any of the C. W.'s readers in lower Manhattan could help this "worthy pair" locate an apartment.

It wasn't long before an apartment was located, and in the next "Chrystie Street" a fateful sentence appeared. Wrote Tom, "We are extremely grateful to the kind readers who sent us some money for the cross ridden mother and son." That single sentence was the touchstone of a battle that would run for twenty years. But more of that later.

With Tom's help, Catherine and her son now had an apartment, and the Worker paid the rent. They would come to the Worker often for meals. As Tom said, she would raise hell with all those who were working in the kitchen, and they would raise it back. (Anyone who has cooked chicken at St. Joseph's House in the last twenty years knows Catherine's ritualistic bargaining—nay demanding—of another, larger piece of chicken, one that "is at least cooked," not a wing...) Early she began running people on endless wildgoose chases, getting Tom to call Alaska in pursuit of her husband, a search that ended fruitlessly. Since she could not conform to agencies, said Tom, "We knew we had her."

Then Tom left for the Trappists, and Charlie McCormick took over the house. Charlie opened his heart and invited mother and son to live in the basement of the 223 House. As Tom put it later, "They soon realized it was a fatal mis-

take." The most colorful depiction of that mistake is contained in Ammon Hennacy's *The Book of Ammon*. There was no love lost between these two, perhaps because they were both such strong personalities. Ammon described how Catherine had not paid the apartment rent with the money the Worker had given her, and how eventually she and her son had been evicted. Another author picked up on Ammon's story and related it in the book *The Bowery Man*. Catherine never forgave Ammon, but she used the last sentence of the Bowery book (which said something to the effect that the Worker would probably end up paying Catherine's rent for as long as she lived) as a bludgeon when eventually the Worker refused to pay anymore the rent that was not being paid. Since "it was printed in the book," figured Catherine, the Worker was legally bound to do so. When we disagreed with this line of reasoning, saying we had not written the book, she would go to the police station and make a complaint against us. She had the Quakers and the St. Vincent de Paul Society call as well because "we were stealing the poor woman's money." As I said, the battle flowed for 20 years. The last and largest figure I heard the Worker owed her was \$7 million.

When the Worker moved to Spring St., Catherine and her son had to find new quarters. They lived in all sorts of terrible buildings, and we paid the rent. (It wasn't until years later that the payments were stopped.) Catherine would take in boarders. Gloria remembers that, "She had them like tomatoes." Tragedy struck in a fire one December night three years ago. The stove, left burning because there was no heat in her 1st St. tenement building, spread flames in the draft. Catherine and a boarder were severely burned and hospitalized at Bellevue. Her now wholly invalid son was burned to death.

After that she changed. She would weep daily about her son. Her purpose seemed gone. She wandered from hotel to hotel, often slipping out with an unpaid bill. (She didn't feel she had to pay if the room wasn't worth it. And she was usually right—it was not.) Since the fire had been in a city-owned building, she believed the city owed her a rent-free apartment for life. She would fight and fight with City officials. They all knew her in the Housing Authority. Just call and mention her name if you doubt it. When she got no help from Congress people and the Mayor's office, she threatened to walk to Washington to see the President. In her younger days she probably would have.

Finally, Steve Nowling got her a place in a rooming house not far from the Worker's First St. House. She settled there for almost a year, then refused to pay her rent because the roaches and mice were getting too big. She went to court with the case. When the Judge heard the strength of her voice, he cleared the courtroom and held the trial in private. She lost of course, and was evicted. But she never paid the back rent.

Back on the streets and at various hotels, she finally came back to the Worker about two months before her death. It was as hard on her to live in a dormitory as it was for anyone else to live with her. She was sick, but claimed it was just the aggravation she felt from those around her. In reality, Anna waited on her like a sister. She died at Bellevue of a bleeding ulcer. She simply burst open. There it was: as in life, so in death.

She was, as Arthur Lacey said at the hospital, as much a part of the CW as anyone. By temperament an anarchist, she loved her freedom and hated bureaucracy. She had a stubbornness of unre-

(Continued on page 6)

"Tivoli: A Farm With a View" does not appear this month as Deane Mary Mowrer has been ill. We look forward to her return next month.

Inflation: Putting the Squeeze on Us All

(Continued from page 1)

The simplest answer is that at the end of the Second World War, the United States (its big companies) enjoyed a monopoly on technological skill and on huge economies of scale in industrial production which no other nation could equal. These facts, and especially the latter, which meant that the labor of one American could produce much more than the labor of a foreign worker (higher productivity), enabled the owners of industry to pay employees much more than their foreign counterparts, without suffering the loss of competitive advantage.

But the advantage could not last, especially since the rich, the owners of American firms, were quick to hedge their bets by seeking wealth in poorer countries. They exported technology and capital. All the Japanese electronic equipment we see in America is ample proof that the technological gap has been bridged. Now, when a European auto combine can grow as large as Chrysler, while a Japanese steel merger creates a company as big as the second largest American producer, the advantage in economy of scale is threatened. Yet even in Western Europe and Japan, wages remain very low by American standards, so that the same goods are cheaper to produce.

The antics of corporate business, the rich, struggling to maintain and increase profits despite these less favorable conditions, lie behind the economic dislocation we all feel. After twenty-five years of being minor beneficiaries of the privileged position of rich American business, the ordinary American worker is increasingly joining his poor brothers in the rest of the world in feeling the squeeze those who own can put on him.

A World Safe for Business

The rich do not give up their privileged position when threatened economically, but rather seek to hold onto and increase their wealth, thereby increasing the division between rich and poor.

If businesses feel their competitive position threatened by the need to pay high wages, they can try to get more work out of the same worker without raising pay (a speed-up). Auto com-

panies have taken this tack and have been faced with wildcat strikes. Or the companies can shift their operations to an area with a lower wage scale. New England textile workers have for decades learned the misery that such shifts can produce, as plants moved South to take advantage of cheap labor. But such developments as the Oneita Knitting Mills and Farah Clothing strikes show the precariousness of such a strategy: in the U.S., business can never be sure that relatively independent unions won't get uppity.

Much more reliable for business profits have been shifts of capital and productive capacity to foreign areas. While some foreign combines (especially in Japan) are authentic challengers of American interests, many more are simply American controlled "multinational" businesses. Thus we find the U.S. supporting dictatorships in order to make the world safe for business: from the Greek colonels, and now generals, who have farmed out their coast to be "developed" by Litton Industries, to the new Chilean junta greeted with such applause by such giants as ITT (which only wishes it could have had its way with the lives of Chileans much sooner). The people of any poor nation can testify that American investment does not mean development. Between 1950 and 1965, American corporations took out three times the capital they put into Latin America, Africa and Asia.

"Energy Crisis"

If U.S. owned corporations are willing to exploit the rest of the world so ruthlessly, they are no less willing to manipulate Americans. The "Energy Crisis" is a case in point, an invention of oil companies to increase their profits.

No one thinks the oil companies are poor. How very rich they are is suggested by the following figure: a gallon of gas costs Standard Oil \$.03 to produce; it retails for \$.44 to \$.49 cents at California pumps.

Those huge riches are being augmented by a totally artificial shortage. The U.S. Geological Survey estimates that the U.S. has oil reserves of 80 times, and gas reserves of 100 times the 1971

consumption. Yet for 17 years the oil companies have been cutting back on new drilling for oil and natural gas, since 1956, by a total of 60%. (Certainly, in time, we will face exhaustion of natural reserves, but we do not in fact face it now.) At the same time they have been limiting supply, they have worked hard to expand demand, opposing transfer of money from highway building to

Government Aids Food Price Rise

The U.S. government is the agent of rich businesses in their effort to increase profits. Those with the money to finance politicians get their way, as food price increases demonstrate.

To understand food price increases, it is important to understand who the farmers are. While small farms go out of business at the rate of 2,000 a week,



Rita Corbin

mass transit. How thoroughly artificial the "Energy Crisis" is, is shown by the fact that the same companies are pushing oil sales to increase consumption in Europe and Asia. In 1972 the five largest oil corporations sold nearly twice as much oil outside the U.S. as within, and they would like to see that market grow.

The false "Energy Crisis" has worked well for the oil companies. They have won their Alaskan pipeline, at the cost of danger to the Alaskan environment. They have driven out independent gasoline dealers, reined in their own small franchise dealers, and milked all of us. While oil commands higher and higher prices, this winter thousands will be laid off due to curbs on oil use. But for the companies the prospect is bright: in the three month period ending Sept. 30, Exxon showed a profit gain of 80% (\$638 million), Gulf, a gain of 91% (\$231 million).

big corporations, such as DuPont, Mobil, ITT, Boeing, and Tenneco, buy up more and more land. At present 1% of the farms supply 24% of our food. Concentrated ownership at the source makes manipulation of food prices easy.

One reason food costs skyrocket is that the government pays subsidies to large corporate farms not to produce, keeping supplies down. In addition, the government keeps prices artificially high by buying up huge quantities of food. That is, the government decides what the price should be, then buys until the remaining supplies will bring that price. Senate investigations have touched on the way that dairy producers induced the government to raise the price of milk. On March 12, 1971, the Secretary of Agriculture announced that government milk purchases would not be increased (keeping the price the same). Soon after, dairymen gave \$10,000 and then \$15,000 to the Republican Party. On March 25, 1971, the Secretary announced a sudden change of mind, raising the price of milk.

The government has tried to blame large private sales of wheat to Russia for increases in meat prices. It claims that an unexpected shortage of wheat for feed for American animals led to a rise in feed prices, and hence in meat prices. But it has now emerged that the government knew of the Russian sales well in advance and could have stimulated more wheat planting to ensure an adequate supply simply by paying less farms not

(Continued on page 5)

Fr. Gerlock Arrested in Philippines

By MICHAEL KIRWAN

Recalling scenes of tenant farmers in *The Grapes of Wrath* and the plight of the Farm Workers Union, we have just learned of the arrest of Maryknoll Father Edward Gerlock in the Philippines. Father Gerlock, a naturalized Filipino, has been charged by the martial-law government of President Marcos with acts against that government. The Federation of Free Farmers, for which Father Gerlock has been the chaplain since 1971, is alleged to have engaged in subversive infiltrations with the intent of overthrowing the Marcos government.

Father Gerlock was arrested in Tagum, a town in which he has worked as a missionary for the last eleven years. The area is made up of haciendas, large land tracts owned by city-dwelling landowners and administered by overseers who are the lords of the share-cropping tenants. Landowner-tenant abuses are legendary, with tenants obliged to submit a percentage of their own small crop produce to the landowners. In the mid-sixties, Father Brock, predecessor and co-worker of Father Gerlock, organized a credit union, a Samaka sponsored by the parish to teach farmers to effectively utilize small plots of land for home gardening, and seminars designed to engender community concern and educate tenants to their rights and give opportunities for improving conditions in the community. Most tenants had lost their land years before through unscrupulous credit situations. The Federation of Free Farm-

ers was organized to help tenants obtain enough land to provide a subsistence living based on their own crops and animals. FFF members were charged with squatting on the hacienda, and were harassed when they refused to turn over their crops to the owners.

In his book *Mayukmok* (Rex Book Store, Manila, 1971), Father Gerlock comments on the community in which he worked and which initiated the Federation of Free Farmers, the credit union and the Samaka. After his many years of personal involvement, and by utilizing interviews, recordings, and questionnaires, Fr. Gerlock describes the personality and culture of the town. Recognizing the abuses of the landowner-tenant system, he undertook a study to uncover the causes and formulate a plan to alleviate the problems. The book is an excellent example of a sociological study, rich in personal experience.

Father Gerlock admits the difficulties a foreigner encounters in a different culture, and the advantages and disadvantages he had in attempting to arrive at insights and ultimately a synthesis. The book discusses three themes: the family, health, and the organization of the Federation of Free Farmers.

The organization of the Federation of Free Farmers brought a great crisis to the town. There was opposition to it from within and outside the community. Traditionally, the tenants were gentle, accepting people. Gratitude for what little one had, blind loyalty to oppressive landowners, security at having a job no mat-

ter how bad, general acceptance of the landowner-tenant situation with the rights of the landowner to use his property (tenants) as he saw fit, all hindered the formation of the FFF. Many objected to the participation of the Church in secular matters and subsequent pressure on the FFF has been great.

Now Father Gerlock has been jailed for his work. He has pleaded not guilty in a statement saying, "The voice of the Gospel and the church must be heard, whatever the circumstances and consequences." The following letter arrived today.

Hong Kong, November 15, 1973
Dear Miss Day,

Just a short note to let you know Ed Gerlock is being held in prison—incommunicado—in Manila. Perhaps you and the people at the Catholic Worker can keep him and the Filipino people in your prayers.

When I last saw Ed, in January of '73, he was aware that his continuing concern for the people he knew and the troubles they were suffering might result in this recent action. He spoke of your inspiration and influence, and I'm sure he would appreciate your prayers at this moment.

In love, peace, justice,
Fr. Joel Clancey

Eds. Note: Eddie Gerlock was Smokey Joe's favorite seminarian, who paid us frequent visits bearing gifts from the Maryknoll Seminary in Ossining, especially truck loads of apples in the Fall. We beg our readers' prayers for him. D.D.

ABIE NATHAN'S PEACE SHIP SILENT

After broadcasting peace messages to both sides during the recent Middle East conflict, Abie Nathan was forced by lack of funds to halt broadcasts from the Peace Ship early in November, 1973. His last broadcast ended with a promise, "That's all folks. Now we wish Salaam and Shalom and peace, and rest assured we will return."

The Ship is docked for repairs while Nathan attempts to gain further funding, especially in Holland, whose citizens purchased the Peace Ship, formerly a Dutch freighter. Nathan is grateful for help donated by readers of the Catholic Worker.

Help can be sent to
Shalom Foundation
c/o Robert Miller
Miller Agency Inc.
850 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Voices from the Cells: Sanchez, Sostre, Banks

By PAT JORDAN

News from the prisons is not good. Three cases are in point: those of Edward Sanchez, Martin Sostre, and Arthur Banks.

Eddie Sanchez has written several times to the *Catholic Worker*. He has just been returned to the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners at Springfield, Missouri from Marion, Illinois' Federal Prison. During a brief stay there, he led a seven-day "fast for consciousness" (see

No Peace for Farm Workers

By JAN ADAMS

On November 7, Teamsters Union officials announced they would not sign a peace agreement negotiated with Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers Union under AFL-CIO sponsorship. The pact would have meant withdrawal by the truckers from contracts with table and wine grape growers signed this spring without consulting vineyard workers, UFW members.

Chavez, confident of the support of the workers who responded to the Teamster signings with massive strikes this summer, promised "more strikes next spring, summer and fall." He stressed that the UFW had never relied on the Teamster pact, but had joined the talks to prove its good faith. "We expected this. This is the fifth time the Teamsters have pulled this gimmick." The union leader was referring to previous jurisdictional agreements broken by the trucking union during drives to organize wine-grape and lettuce workers.

Boycott Gallo

In the cities, picketing of Safeway, which includes some of the largest anti-union growers on its board of directors, continues. In the east, A&P, which also carries non-union produce, is the main target. But since the completion of the table-grape harvest, the focus of the boycott has shifted to non-union wines, especially those produced by Franzia Brothers and E. J. Gallo.

In 1967-68, wine-grape workers won from these companies better wages, rest periods, medical benefits, and the right to be represented by their own union, the UFW. They also gained a union hiring hall which freed them from dependence on self-serving labor contractors, pesticide controls which protected them (and consumers) from exposure to sprayed poisons, and a successor clause guaranteeing that no purchaser of the vineyards could throw the union out. This spring, Gallo demanded that these three provisions be omitted from a new contract. When the UFW workers' negotiating committee refused, the company walked out and signed with the more accommodating Teamsters. Franzia Brothers followed the Gallo example and the overwhelming majority of workers at both companies voted to strike.

In October, Gallo strikers began to come to California cities to check stores, picket, and persuade consumers not to buy the scab wines. In both Los Angeles and San Francisco, they have been harassed and arrested at the instigation of Gallo representatives, while non-violently and legally picketing.

Though Gallo projects the image of a family concern, it is one of California's largest wine businesses, reportedly spending \$7 million annually on TV advertising. It specializes in "pop" wines, and markets its product under many labels. In addition to bottles labeled Gallo, UFW supporters should avoid Thunderbird, Paisano, Red Mountain, Eden Roc, Boone's Farm, Spanada, and Ripple. To avoid confusion, remember that any wine from Modesto, California is Gallo's. Similarly, any wine produced in Ripon, California is from Franzia Brothers. **BOYCOTT SCAB WINES! BOYCOTT NON-UNION GRAPES AND LETTUCE!**

the Oct.-Nov. issue of the C.W.). Now back at Springfield before transfer elsewhere, he again writes: "As you know by now, I was transferred to the hole here and am expected to be transferred again real soon..."

"I held up well on my first fast for consciousness, but no sooner was I scheduled to end it than a mass protest began over the death of a comrade. So instead of seven days, I did twenty-one days on water only. But it was worth it, solidarity was built to a beautiful peak, and some changes for the good are already taking place... Thank you for your prayers, wishes, and solidarity. Love is extended to each of you."

Eddie Sanchez

Eddie Sanchez is 24. He was first placed in state custody at the age of 4 when both his parents had been sent to prison for various offenses. At 17 he was adjudged unable to relate to assorted correctional schools, and was sent to the California State Medical Facility at Vacaville, a notorious institution known for its use of drug-induced aversion therapy. Because he would not conform to the prison routine, Sanchez was given Anectine eight times, a drug which paralyzes the body for two minutes and causes the sensation of suffocation. Its use is to scare prisoners into acceptable behavior patterns. Doctors at Vacaville later recommended that he be treated with a lobotomy. To escape this, Sanchez wrote a threatening letter to the President. He was sentenced to five years in prison, and sent to Springfield, Mo. for psychiatric analysis. A number of psychiatrists have examined him and found him sane by conventional standards.

lawyer who has visited START and seen the conditions), reports that he has "seen a man shackled to his metal frame bed, shackled hand and foot," and prisoners who have been beaten for noncompliance.

Sanchez resisted START from the beginning, and after publicity (c.f., C.W., July-Aug., 1973) and letters written by numerous friends in response, he was transferred out of START in the Fall to the Federal Prison at Marion, Illinois. At Marion, Sanchez kept the pressure up, writing congressmen and magazines, and eventually began a fast at Marion protesting those still held involuntarily in START. On Sept. 25, sinister events beset Sanchez. He wrote his lawyer that he had awoken to find a razor blade sitting on the bars. It was not there when he had gone to bed. With a history of suicide attempts, was this a suggestion for Sanchez from the authorities? A week later he found pieces of a razor blade in his cake. Again he wrote his lawyer, fearing for his life.

Now back in the hole at Springfield (not the START program), Sanchez hopes to be transferred soon to another Federal facility. His lawyers have suggested he be transferred to the penitentiary at Terre Haute, Indiana, an institution in which he has never been, where prejudice against him would hopefully not pre-exist. Sanchez has recently called on prisoners to fast on Christmas (assuming details can be cleared with officials), the money saved by the institutions being sent to poverty areas. Sanchez has seven more years to serve in his full term, and asks that letters be written in his behalf and those involuntarily held

reprisal is his victory in several Federal law suits against New York state officials, and his organizing prison labor unions in Wallkill and Auburn Prisons to obtain decent wages and better working conditions.

Sostre has repeatedly defied dehumanizing and degrading prison policies, chiefly the rectal examination. All prisoners are required to submit to it before leaving and returning to the box (solitary confinement). Prisoners have been denied medical attention and visits from friends and advisers because they refused to submit to this examination. Sostre has not been permitted a single visit in the entire year he has been isolated in the box.

On May 19, 1973, Sostre was beaten by seven guards for refusing to submit to the examination before being taken to Buffalo for a Federal Court hearing. Sostre sued Correction Commissioner Preiser and the Warden of Clinton Prison under the Civil Rights Act for the May 19th assault. They retaliated by charging Sostre with having assaulted the seven guards! He was indicted on July 3. As someone said, "The indictment clearly shows the extremes the Rockefeller prison administration will go to smash legal dissent against its dehumanizing and degrading policies." Since May 19th, Sostre has twice been assaulted for refusing the rectal examination. The assault charges against him could lead to life imprisonment as a "persistent felony offender."

But Sostre is resolute. He states, "Neither disciplinary reports, beatings by the goon squad, nor the threat of again being indicted on false charges manufactured by the state prison officials can intimidate me. As a revolutionary anarchist I believe in the personalist philosophy of resisting the suppression of human liberty by personal involvement. I therefore consider my personal sacrifice and suffering as the price which must be paid for opposing the policies of dehumanization and racist violence."

Federal Judge John T. Curtin now holds the key to Sostre's freedom. He has not yet ruled on a writ of habeas corpus stemming from the recantation of the witness who testified in May that he had framed Sostre. Sostre's supporters are asking that letters go to Judge Curtin, U.S. Court House, Buffalo, N.Y. 14201, urging he drop all charges. The Martin Sostre Defense Committee has issued an emergency appeal for funds: P.O. Box 839, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, N.Y. 14205.

Arthur Banks

Arthur Banks, like Sostre a black prisoner, is incarcerated for draft refusal. As with Sostre, he faces charges of assault resulting from a melee related to a rectal examination in Terre Haute, Indiana, Federal Prison.

Originally imprisoned in Danbury, Conn., in 1972, Banks was soon put in the hole as an instigator. Later he was transferred to Terre Haute. Of twenty-two months in prison, Banks has spent sixteen in solitary confinement. He has lost all "good time" because of detention in the hole, and did not receive a parole hearing when he became eligible for parole in July, 1973. Dr. Wesley Brown of the Prisoner Visitation and Support Program of CCCO (Central Committee for Conscientious Objection) states that while the average draft resister released on parole serves about sixteen months, Banks has served twenty-two and has not even had a parole hearing.

Arthur Banks' experience again demonstrates what happens to those who resist injustice while in prison. Dr. Brown suggests letters be written in Banks' behalf to Warden Mason Holley at the U.S. Penitentiary, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808, asking that Banks' good time be restored, and that he be released from solitary confinement. Letters should also be written to the Attorney General (U.S. Dept. of Justice, Washington, D.C. 20530), asking that all current charges of assault be dropped and Banks be paroled.

Daniel Berrigan: Poem

PRISON: A PLACE WHERE DEATH DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT

So much death, death in official skulls!

Then

joyous talents, evocation of young minds,
everything we have striven for. That men draw together
denying in that fervor, the preventive yawn of death.
So much life! we sprawl on the parched grasses
around a guitar, plaintive. A captive hand
releases strings.

So much life!

we have made of this place of death a burial ground
a potter's field.

Death drawn, quartered
cut down, limed, a beast's bone
tossed to the wolves of time.

They howl sometimes, but are quiet now.

And we stand, men on men's shoulders
and see. And death

like a carrion

lies

low

Reprinted from "Prison Poems" by
Daniel Berrigan by permission of
Unicorn Press, P.O. Box 3307,
Greensboro, N.C. 27402; 124 pages, \$5.95.

But prison has taken further tolls on Sanchez. Transferred in 1970 to the U.S. Penitentiary at McNeil Island in Washington, Sanchez compiled a record of hostile behavior. His assigned roommate was killed, and Sanchez pleaded guilty to manslaughter. He was given a ten-year sentence, this to run concurrently with his original sentence. He stated later he was being given daily injections of thorazine when the killing occurred, and that he remembers nothing about his trial.

In 1972, Sanchez was sent to Springfield Prison and placed involuntarily in the START program (Special Treatment and Rehabilitative Training). The program (characterized as a "last resort" by prison officials), which uses behavioral modification techniques, aims at making prisoners conform in an "acceptable manner" to prison life.

Critics of the program (see Clay Steinman's article in the Dec. 3, 1973 *Nation*) say that START creates an environment "where prison brutality can operate secretly." According to Steinman, eyewitness Arpiar Saunders (an ACLU

in the START program to Norman A. Carlson, Director of Prisons, 101 Indiana Ave., Washington, D.C. 20537.

Martin Sostre

The case of Martin Sostre is just as heart-rending. 50 years old, Sostre was convicted on a narcotics frame-up in 1968 because of political activities at his Afro-Asian book store in Buffalo. Convicted on the testimony of a police informer who later recanted, Sostre was sentenced to 30-41 years. He is confined in New York's Clinton Correction Facility at Dannemora, New York's harshest and most isolated prison.

Sostre has been stripped of all personal property, including law books and legal papers, and subjected to solitary confinement for the past year. The pretext for this inordinate reprisal is his refusal to shave his one-quarter-inch long beard which he has worn in prison the past four years. Moreover, Federal Courts have ruled that wearing a beard is "an ingredient of an individual's personal liberty."

Sostre believes the real reason for the

Freedom & Personalism

By JACQUES TRAVERS

Personalism originated in the early nineteen-thirties. Its foremost exponent was Emmanuel Mounier, the French philosopher. In his review *Espirit*, Mounier persistently called for the necessary implementation of radical christianity. Personalism must be understood in this light as an exposition of the christian doctrine for a given unique moment in the development of history.

Personalism affirms the inalienability of the person. It stands against any system—either political, economic, biological or philosophical—that claims to determine the destiny of man. It heralds the freedom of each human being against any doctrine that considers man as a thing to be owned. Personalism claims to take roots in faith in Jesus Christ. It considers the whole of man, which, at first glance, presents itself as a tantalizing question. It strives to cast clarity upon this question in reference to the Supreme Person, who by revealing Himself, reveals man to himself. The question is: "What is a person? What is it to be a person?"

Aspects of Personhood

Man's is an embodied existence. He is "wholly body and wholly spirit." This union of body and spirit is indissoluble. This indissolubility is fundamental to christian thinking. "Man's incarnation is not a fall." By his body, man is a part of nature. He depends on cosmos; he lives on the earth which is matter; he is subject to heredity; he endures nature; he has physical needs which have to be fulfilled for him to grow into a person. (Marxism is right when it contends that the elimination of material destitution is the first measure to be taken for the development of humanity.)

Subjected to matter as he is, man has yet the power to transcend it. He alone knows the universe that encompasses him; he alone transforms it; he alone is capable of love, i.e., endowed with an

ability to cooperate with God in virtue of his creativeness. His very relation to the universe is to master its determinisms, i.e., to bring forth their potentialities for the improvement of the human condition.

But Personalism also stresses the dangers facing man in being a part of the material universe. For if man lets matter take precedence over himself, he risks losing his personality: matter is repetitious, fraught with automatisms, laden with generalizations. Both destitution and wealth breed man's over-submission to things.

The universe of man is not only of matter, it is also of people. In a christian view, man depends upon his fellow-men for his accession to personality. By communicating with his or her fellow-persons, the person strives for the decentralization of his or her self, broadens the scope of his or her life, and escapes the deadly pit of narcissism. Personal communication is based upon the virtues of self-dispossession ("the ones liberated are the only ones able to liberate the world and others"), understanding (this approach opens to the singularity of every human being), taking upon oneself and sharing the destinies of the encountered persons, giving (generosity annuls the solitude of the subject), faithfulness. Each one of these means of communication reflects one aspect of the same reality, i.e., love.

The Difficult Task

But major difficulties rise against the task of loving communication. Persons are elusive to one another; they suffer from a "fundamental ill-will" to reciprocate; every existence bears the burden of an opacity of its own; the person may give up herself or himself to any group—family, nation, religious community—and in so doing, slip into a "collectivist-egocentricity."

The communication between persons finds its achievement in community. The community may surge from work, from friendship; it may be familial, religious, national—a variety of kinds which, indeed, favors the versatility of communication. Personalism affirms the unity of mankind both in space and time.

If Personalism acknowledges the necessary motion of man toward his fellow-men, it also recognizes the necessary motion of the person toward himself or herself. The retreat to oneself is an act which "issues an action." In this act, personality re-ascertains its own power, meets its secret, finds intimacy and rest in the enjoyment of its familiar environment. This intimacy prompts the birth or the re-assertation of the singular task to which each human being is called in his or her life. This call is nothing but what christians name the vocation by which each person responds to "the all-embracing appeal of the one Person."

Freedom vs. Determinism

What is freedom as viewed by Personalism? By freedom, man is a hiatus in the determinisms of the universe. Freedom creates the person. Though created by God, man's fundamental freedom cannot be encroached upon—even by God, his creator. Yet paradoxically, man's freedom is limited—by his own self, by the necessities of the environment, by the values to which he adheres. Freedom is a choice. This choice implies that man is confronted with the world and relates to it in denial or agreement. A world in which every man's freedom would stand separate from all others would be no world. Freedom begins with an urge for others' liberty. It is rooted in the fundamental recognition that not everything is possible, that not everything is possible at any moment. It grows by obstacles and sacrifices. It requires certain conditions; it is fettered by slavery, by dire poverty, by political or biological conditions.

(Continued on page 6)

Latin American Plea

By HILDEGARD GOSS-MAYR

Oppressive governments backed up by U.S. and European economic and military forces are established more firmly than ever before in Latin America. In many countries all opposition groups have been eliminated. Imprisonment, torture and police control create fear and often passive acceptance of the existing inhuman conditions.

Because of this situation the awareness has come that no fast and radical change

their leading spokesman, many groups all over Latin America have come to the conviction that true liberation can only be brought about through the full and responsible participation of the masses of the poor. The foremost task is to build this strength at the roots. Thus in many parts of the continent, in both rural and industrial areas, this process of "conscientisation" is going on silently, helping thousands of men and women to discover through the Gospel of liberation the revolutionary force of Justice, Truth and Love that lies within every one of them, and which prepares them for the combat of justice.

The isolation and repression that these nonviolent liberation groups often suffer has created an urgent need for them to meet and get organized on a Latin American level. This would increase their inner strength and their outward efficiency. An analysis of the situation of oppression further shows that injustices and exploitation are organized internationally. Therefore, close cooperation and solidarity must be built between the Latin American nonviolent liberation groups and those movements in the industrialized countries that are willing to fight the politics of exploitation that their own governments pursue with respect to the Third World.

With these aims in mind, an international conference on nonviolent strategies for liberation in Latin America is being prepared. It will take place in February, 1974 in Columbia. Its realization, however, depends directly upon the cooperation of persons of the "rich" countries in two ways:

1) Financial help is urgently needed to bring the Latin American delegates, many of whom come from the poorest parts of the continent and are of the poor, to the conference.

2) The peace movements in the USA and Europe must learn to struggle in a cooperative solidarity for justice in Latin America. This conference will help to discover ways of commitment.

Contributions and applications for the Conference report may be sent to:

"Latin American Nonviolent Liberation", Hildegard Goss-Mayr, c/o The Catholic Worker, 36 East 1st Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.



Rita Corbin

of these unjust systems can be brought about merely by a politically aware minority that tries to take power and impose its own views of the new society.

But there is a different combat already going on: with Dom Helder Camara as

False "Energy Crisis"

(Continued from page 3)

to plant. It also could have brought feed prices down by selling off some of the grain it has bought up in the past. Instead, grain and meat prices were allowed to soar, elating farmers and ensuring strong farm state support for the Nixon Administration.

Learning to Cooperate

The dismal facts compiled above are not likely to be new to any reader; they are the stuff of every newspaper. Much as they might tempt us to cynical resignation, they can also call forth a positive response. (One such response is the current effort to impeach the President—cathartic, but really only a pinprick, and a misdirected pinprick at that, against such a massive system of exploitation of the division between rich and poor.)

If the current economic dislocation can begin to give more Americans more insight into the world-wide division of rich and poor (which has been so clear to such Third World observers as Nyerere), it may ultimately lead to gains for human beings. Confronted by institutionalized power seeking and greed, we can turn toward cooperation and sharing, toward valuing not the dollar, but the person.

There are models available about the direction such a cooperative society might take. They often appear in this paper. Our task is to build not a new

version of the same old exploitative pattern, but a society placing ultimate value on the cooperation of free persons.

The testimony of another of those Third World observers whose clarity so greatly exceeds our own is encouraging. Dom Helder Camara, Bishop of Brazil's destitute Northeast (continually threatened by one of those dictatorships the U.S. props up), lives amidst a poverty far outside our experience. Yet as he struggles to overcome oppression and to liberate people non-violently, he can assert: "It has never been so exciting to be human."

Footnote

(Economic analysis has an aura of the esoteric which often puts us off from attempting it. This aura exists in part because orthodox economics in the capitalist countries is engaging in the sleight-of-hand exercise of presenting irrational (selfish) behavior as rational. Hence the convoluted complexities. Once we perceive economics as the chronicle of the mad greed which surrounds us, it becomes more approachable. There are numerous sources available which help in seeing economic phenomena as they impinge on human lives. Two, which were very helpful for this article, are *Monthly Review*, an independent socialist magazine (116 West 14th St., New York, N.Y. 10011), and the leaflets of the Political Education Project (65A Winthrop St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138).

Mideast Peace

The Jewish Peace Fellowship has formulated a "Middle East Discussion Paper". The JPF paper states: "We cannot really feel the same fear and anger that moves Israelis, Palestinians, and others directly exposed to war, but perhaps we can therefore speak with more hope and independence. In any case, we speak in love and humility . . ."

The JPF statement outlines three areas of conflict: those between the Israeli and Palestinian people; between Israel and the present Arab states; and between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. It says of the first area: "We assert in love that the Palestinian leadership ought publicly to recognize the right of the Israeli people to self-determination, and we assert in love that the Israeli government ought publicly to recognize the right of the Palestinian people to self-determination. Neither of these declarations ought in good conscience to be contingent on the other; both are, and each is, morally required."

"Beyond this we cannot usefully go. To spell out boundaries, imagine trade agreements, . . . is not our function. But we can and do say that the public policies of both the Israeli government and the Palestinian leadership are not directed toward the moral standard we have suggested; and we will therefore strive to raise that moral standard wherever we can . . ."

The JPF statement makes brief suggestions for the other two areas of conflict as well.

The Jewish Peace Fellowship exists in part to develop those elements of the Jewish tradition which look toward the creation of a nonviolent world, believing that that future can be brought into being only by creating it in the present. For more information, write the Jewish Peace Fellowship, 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

The Editors.

THERESE

(Continued from page 1)

love of Therese. After much discussion the doctors agreed.

Early in the morning of the day we were to bring Therese home, one of the doctors called and told us that Therese had gotten worse and that we probably would not be able to take her home. Joan and I rushed to the hospital and spent the rest of the day with her. Late in the afternoon she died in our arms. We cried, prayed and rejoiced. It was one of the most powerful and beautiful experiences of our lives—the giving over of our child to her Father.

Joan and I decided that we would take care of the burial ourselves. A friend allowed us to have Therese buried in a family plot of hers at Holy Cross Cemetery. All that was required was to obtain a permit from the Department of Public Health. After receiving her body, we brought her home. We dressed her and placed her in a coffin that Ken, my brother-in-law, and I had made.

Our First Saint

Since Therese was the first child to be born into the Martin De Porres community, she was long awaited with joy and anticipation by the rest of the community. All shared in our pain of not being able to be with her. Since she was now finally home, the community had prepared a short and beautiful service to be said with her before we took her away to be buried. The next evening our families, friends and community were present at a Mass of the Resurrection and celebrated the presence of our first Saint to be with our Father.

There are some lessons and insights into life that Joan and I have learned from this experience. There are so many people dying and suffering from not only natural causes but from the hatred and violence in our societies. The gift of human life is a rich and precious gift. It demands that our way of living and of being make that preciousness a reality for all and most especially those who are considered the least. Some felt that Therese had no right to love and life because she was so much the least. That way of thinking and acting needs to be radically changed in all of our lives.

There is great wisdom in living one day at a time. Joan and I came prepared to face the mystery of birth and in such a short time birth was mixed with death at the very instant of birth; and then

with the waters of Baptism, we were faced again with life. Just when we were prepared to bring Therese home, she died. At each point where we planned one thing, another was required. There is a liberation that occurs when we free ourselves from our expectations and fears so that it is possible to fully live the present. "Do not worry about tomorrow . . . Set your heart on his kingdom



Rita Corbin

and righteousness and all these other things will be given you as well."

The most special insight Therese taught us is the meaning of Christ's words when he said, "Unless you change and become like a little child you will not enter the kingdom of heaven." What a child draws forth from others is love. To us it seemed so natural to love Therese. What changing and becoming like a little child means is to change ourselves so that we become a source of drawing forth love from others. What a child does is to affirm the love that is in others so that it spontaneously comes forth. Our lives in all of their aspects must become as simple and defenseless as that of an infant so that we can allow even the heart of the exploiter to be moved and can be witnesses to affirming the dignity of those whose lives are lived in inhuman conditions. Our attitude should be like that of Christ, "What you do to the least of these my brothers and sisters, you do to me."

(Eds. Note: Chris and Joan Montesano are members of the Martin De Porres House of Hospitality in San Francisco. This article appeared in their newsletter, "Gentle Personalism.")

Freedom & Personalism

(Continued from page 5)

Freedom is utterly fragile and vivacious. Whatever hindrances it meets, it strives for the realization of values, not only for the private person, but for and with the world around it. In the view of Christian doctrine, these values are happiness, science, truth, justice, acceptance to a certain extent of moral legalism, and full acceptance of the ethic of love. Experience proves that, in attaining these values, freedom is thwarted by counter-forces such as trials, sufferings, but, most especially, by freedom itself, which may choose "dis-values," i.e., evil. Finally, freedom opens on action.

Action Enriches

"Whatever is not acting, is not." Mounier defines four aims of action, instrumental in modifying reality and enriching the world:

A) Making, or technics, by which man acts upon external matter. It is the domain of economists and industrialists who must work under the governance of ethics, in order that their relations with their co-workers may not be defined with "the same registry of laws governing matter."

B) Behaving, or ethics, by which the making is enhanced with spirit. Behaving raises the problem of means and ends. Personalism is prone to visualize the precedence of the means over the end. Berdyaev writes in *The Destiny of Man*: "... in a sense the means which a man

uses are far more important than the ends which he pursues, for they express more truly what his spirit is. If a man strives for freedom by means of tyranny, for love by means of hatred, for brotherhood by means of dissension, for truth by means of falsity, his lofty aim is not to make our judgment of him more lenient. I actually believe that a man who would work for the cause of tyranny, hatred, falsity and dissension by means of freedom, love truthfulness, and brotherhood would be the better man of the two."

C) Contemplating, by which the person explores values for their realization, or prophetically aims at breaking insufferable conditions contrary to truth and justice.

D) Coming together, i.e., action should be geared at creating in its participants the sense that, by acting, their personal destiny finds its fruition not in isolation, but in community. In short, personalism stresses that action must be both efficient—or at least prompted by the need of efficiency—and spiritual.

This survey is nothing but a faint outline of Personalism. Our aim in writing these few pages would be fulfilled if the reader felt now interested enough to recourse to the writings of the very exponents of Personalism: Berdyaev, Peter Maurin, Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement, Mounier and Nedoncelle.

(Continued from page 2)

burst open. There it was: as in life so in death.

She was, as Arthur Lacey said at the hospital, as much a part of the CW as anyone. By temperament an anarchist, she loved her freedom and hated bureaucracy. She had a stubbornness of unrelenting Promethian proportion. And it is true, as Fr. Lyle said at her memorial Mass, she thirsted for justice. She hoarded money, and yet she could be generous. She would argue with you for a dime, then give you a quarter if she found you didn't have a thing. She loved post cards sent from traveling workers, and valued friends like Mary Newman and the O'Neills. When I was being sentenced in California, she wrote the Judge in behalf of leniency. She loved to sip on blackberry brandy on occasion, and would share it with Mark Samara or others who gave her a sympathetic ear.

Catherine had a sense of audience. When Daniel Berrigan spoke to a crowded group at a Friday night meeting she put them all back with the loud question, "What is truth?" At another meeting she interrupted the speaker and turned the discussion into a grievance hearing. It was only by our taking her purse to the door that she left the startled audience. She knew where her treasure was! She was the most stubborn person I ever hope to meet.

She died two days after Thanksgiving, looking old, almost primitive. Friends and a niece had come to visit her over the holiday. We said the office of the dead for her, and Lyle celebrated the funeral Mass. She goes not unmourned, nor will she ever be forgotten.

Hiram Smith

We knew Hiram for a much shorter period. A stubby, professorial-looking man with eyes that could twinkle and a dignified white goatee, he started coming in on the line three summers ago. Before that we would see him in Washington Square Park or standing outside the Holy Name Center on Bleeker St. But outside the soup line, he frequented the Worker rarely.

Then it happened his command of the language and a certain bravado impressed one of the young workers, and she invited him to speak at a Friday night meeting on the folk schools of Denmark, a subject with which he was familiar. To her mortification, the meeting was a disaster. Hiram showing up a bit tipsy. But from that time on, he was part of the Worker.

He began coming more regularly, at first just to talk. Then he added his hand to the paper folding. He'd go on for hours about efficiency ratings and how we could fold the paper much more easily by machine—all the while enjoying the process in which he was engrossed. Sometimes, when he got an assistance check, he would bring cheese to share at the lunch table. And when the fish we'd begged from the Fulton Fish Market needed filleting, Hiram would advance to the cleaning table, knee deep in stories.

Hiram was an articulate banterer on countless subjects, and rivaled even John Geis. His vocabulary was in the range of Ed Brown, our retired newspaper reporter. Like Ed, Hiram loved crossword puzzles, the artichoke heart of the newspaper. He had been a writer himself, had done editing for advertising journals, and some years back had worked with *Newsweek*. He had known James Agee, and visited his King St. apartment.

Family difficulties and his drinking had led him east from Detroit. There he had worked in auto plants, and could tell you all there was to know about assembly lines. In New York he met the Bowery, and eventually came to us. Smoking his pipe, he could create a charming aura. I remember him calling out at our wedding, "Louder please," in the midst of the exchange of vows. He always liked to coach Arthur on enunciation when Arthur read the Epistle at Mass. On the other hand, when drinking

he could be as obnoxious as the word implies. He turned several Friday night meetings (not his own) into veritable pandemonium.

Last winter Hiram fainted in a park from a heart disorder. After a night and a day he was discovered and brought to Beekman Hospital. His feet were severely frostbitten. Months later he left the hospital. But when someone accidentally destroyed a number of valued papers he had hidden here, and when his feet would never quite carry him again in the same way, a certain depression set in. More drinking and repeated stays in hospitals, heart disorders and a growing liver ailment, blackouts and a severe burn on his arm, these culminated in his final collapse, alone in his Bowery hotel room. It was a friend who notified us, a clerk in the hotel, some days later. He told us with rare feeling, shared by many of us, "I miss old Hiram." He is buried in Mt. Holiness, and will now be joined by Catherine Tarantul. November ends, and we pray for all these our friends and family departed.

Thanksgiving

But life goes on, or as Roethke wrote in "Once More the Round," we begin again. So our sorrow and weariness were mingled with the bounty of this Thanksgiving. Friends from Connecticut and Staten Island brought food and canned goods. (Holiday time is the only season we have such things.) A brace of sisters presented turkeys and trimmings, and helped John and Bill serve the morning meal. Br. Harold baked bread, and John McLean carved the turkey for the evening meal, the best job (accomplished in total darkness in the back yard) since Bill Harder had done it five years ago. (Bill, an old German with a Rabbi's beard, did such things at the Worker and the Waldorf.) Ed and Frank's supper was superb. Sal gave it four stars, saying it was the best since 1949 (and Sal's had quite a few to judge from!).

The house always bulges at Thanksgiving. Ellen Moore paid a visit from Toledo, and Danny O'Shea dropped down from Rochester. He had just come from protesting the twenty-one times a week his seminary serves meat. He now prepares his own meals and brings them to table, an instructive bit of direct action. Mark Samara returned from a disastrous trip on the streets and sidewalks of Miami. He hardly looked like he could keep up with the Rockettes in the Macy's Parade, but he was grateful to be back and gearing up for a fuel-shortage New York winter. Bill Butler came from Los Angeles, and will be us while he looks for a hospital job. And several days later, John Cort came to spend a week. I overheard him tell an old worker on the phone, "Come on down for supper. They're much better than in the 30's." We also learned that Bill Horvath, one of our associate editors of long-standing, had married Delora Jean Nichols in Michigan. We rejoice and send our best wishes.

We have finished sending out the appeal, and are grateful for those who have responded. A special thanks to those of our benefactors who send money or clothing but give us no return address. Unable to thank you singularly, we do so now.

Harold is beginning to decorate the house for Christmas, a project he began preparing months ago. Darwin and Millie have sent out their cards. Advent begins again, bringing to mind the unforgettable Mass Br. Andrew of Calcutta offered for us one silent Sunday morning. It is the Lord who brings us peace. May this peace extend to the Holy Places from the center of each heart.

Should not singing, which resounds so frequently on human lips at the gay and sad moments of the day, also sustain the Christian in celebration of the work in which "our salvation is accomplished"? Singing is a necessity of love and manifests it.

Pope Paul VI

Geel: St. Dymphna's Legacy in Crisis

By CLARE DANIELSSON

Even in a crisis, Geel is ahead of its time. For centuries, families in this Belgium "City of Charity" have given hospitality to the retarded and emotionally disturbed. The retarded and disturbed came originally as pilgrims seeking cures from St. Dymphna, martyred at Geel in the 7th century. Today they come to seek help from the hospital that has expanded and professionalized the family-care system, making Geel a world-famous center of community psychiatry.

At a time when many in the Church are debating the question of the celibate as opposed to the married state as a basis of service to God, Geel has already had 800 years of experience as a community of witnessing Christian families. Now the descendants of these families are asking, why bother with the tradition of hospitality?

The Value of Persons

Part of the crisis of Geel is the crisis of any secular family on encountering the industrialized, urban, modern technocratic way of life. In the last fifteen years, the traditional extended family, which had been involved in working its own farm or family business, has given way to smaller sized families who work in Geel's nearby factories. Whereas previously in Geel there was always one member of the family whose main responsibility it was to look after the patients, now with more people working outside the home, this is no longer true.

But another, more subtle issue is at stake: What is the human value of the retarded or the incurably mad person? Industrial life does not value the non-productive person; (s)he contributes nothing. Before the 20th century, the people of Geel had worked out their relationship with the strange pilgrims who came to St. Dymphna's Shrine. They were thought of as sick, as patients, not as ordinary people, but all were Christians and equal under God. With one or two patients living with a family, and one out of ten families continuing the tradition of family-care, the community of Geel had worked out a way to "be." Acceptance of the individual pilgrim was the heart of Geel's "therapy."

Complete acceptance has a contemplative quality. Modern science, medicine and psychiatry involve action. Their concern is what we can do for someone, or do with someone. We will study, teach, medicate, administer programs and institutions: in fact, do everything except "be" with the patients. The question of how to "be" with the retarded and mad is a question that historically the families of Geel attempted to answer. They created a solution in their Christian culture. But according to the secular standards of modern industrialized society, there is none.

The Struggle for Right Relationship

The St. Dymphna legend is the powerful story of a struggle for the right relationship within a family. As documented in studies of family therapy and studies of schizophrenic families, emotional disturbances often occur in families where relationships are confused. The legend of St. Dymphna is symbolic of this confusion. It also speaks for the retarded, historically the innocent victims of mankind's meanness, for the world has not succeeded in being the right kind of parent for these special children.

Dymphna, an Irish princess, fled to the continent of Europe to escape the demands of her father — for her hand in marriage. Her mother had died when she was still a child, and the depressed king commanded his advisors to find him another woman who looked just like his deceased wife. After some time, and under threat of punishment themselves, the advisors replied that the only person who resembled the queen, as could be expected, was Dymphna, the daughter. The king then proposed to her.

In secret, and aided by her priest and tutor, Gerebern, Dymphna left Ireland. She was hiding in the village of Geel

when her father arrived with his troops. The soldiers immediately killed Gerebern, and Dymphna, again refusing to marry, was beheaded by her father himself. Legend has it that at that moment his sanity was restored.

One wonders about that moment. Imagine him, standing there, with his daughter's blood on his hands, suddenly knowing that he was responsible for her death, by his own unwillingness to let go of his love for his wife. There is a similar story in St. Augustine's *Confessions*, less dramatic, of Augustine's confrontation with the death of his best friend. The eternal mysteries appear. With the acceptance of separation and death comes the beginning of new life — for the father. The life of Dymphna flowed into those who came to pray at her tomb, and live in the town of Geel.

Sometime between the 7th and the 12th centuries, St. Dymphna and Gerebern's coffins were found miraculously transformed into white marble. Geel then had to find shelter for the increasing number of pilgrims who came to her tomb, in hope of miracles, attracted by the story of her martyrdom. These were not ordinary pilgrims. They were mad and simple people. The Middle Ages thought of them as possessed by the devil, not as sick or brain injured or retarded. Hospitality to these pilgrims meant a profound change in attitude on the part of the townspeople. For everywhere else they were ridiculed and persecuted.

Historically, the church with the relics of St. Dymphna was built in 1349. (Gerebern's remains were stolen off to Germany.) The sickroom, including an isolation cell, was added in 1418, then expanded in 1683 so that the pilgrims could stay for nine days while waiting to be cured.

Gradually the townspeople noticed that all these pilgrims did not necessarily behave badly, and developed the interpersonal skill necessary to let them live with their families. Geel changed. It became a sanctuary. Family tradition kept up the hospitality to the pilgrims, aided sometimes by religious canons, and later by the town itself. In 1852 a state hospital was built, serving today as a 300-bed intake and observation center, and continuing the family-care tradition by improving the method of placement. Today, 1,700 patients are in the program. Only those who have not yet been placed with a family, and a few who are not suitable for family care, remain at the hospital. (60% of the patients today are classified as retarded, 30% as psychotics, and the remaining as brain damaged.)

Visiting Geel Today

When I visited Geel earlier this year, I was so impressed with its history and uniqueness that I was not prepared for the loss of spirit that has come to it with institutionalization. Dr. Matheussen, Hospital Director, asked me many questions about the Catholic Worker, saying he was not really familiar with voluntary organizations. Were they very common in America? The hospital has full authority over all patients and the family-care system, and seems influential in the spiritual life of the town as well which is so intertwined with the system of patient-care. The main voluntary function of a family interested in the St. Dymphna tradition today seems to be the services it can offer the hospital. Dr. Matheussen himself came from one of those families which had always had patients living with it. Yet somewhere, somehow, the spirit of personal initiative has been replaced by experts and governmental authority, and the next generation is counting itself out.

It is ironic that what the world wants to learn from Geel is dying at the source. Geel has shown that difficult people need not necessarily be isolated from the larger community, in fact they become less difficult when not isolated. Secondly, families, including children, need not be corrupted by the continual presence of the retarded or disturbed persons, if

there is guidance and help in developing the right relationship to them. Third, Geel has shown the mental health professions that one need not be a psychiatrist or a highly trained specialist to be able to work successfully with these people. But today it is only the hospital that is working to spread the tradition of family-care, while the townspeople and its religious are seemingly too trapped by the problems of modern industrialism and professionalism to be able to do very much.

Whither Hospitality?

A further point is important. The mere presence of patients in foster homes is not automatically better than their being in a hospital. The Sept.-Oct. 1972 issue of *Canada's Mental Health* reports a study of fifty foster homes for former mental patients. The report states that the homes under investigation were regimanted, inactive living situations, reminiscent of the old back wards of state hospitals. The report called for more professional education and guidance for the foster family (none existed), to aide family and community integration. This finding could easily be duplicated elsewhere.

At the present time, the hospital in Geel (in cooperation with Columbia University, New York Psychiatric Institute and others), is making a major reevaluation of its program — with suggested adaptations for other societies.



Beth Myer

Twenty other hospital-sponsored programs, based on the Geel model, already exist in Europe and the Americas. While financial support and offers of companionship are incentives, the mental health staff still carries the major responsibility. And in an industrialized, professionalized society, the problem remains of how to prevent the home from becoming as devoid of love as are most institutions.

A few developing programs do involve community participation. One in the province of Saskatchewan, Canada, involves citizens in regional boards of management. Two smaller projects in Missouri, begun in 1968 as part of a Foster Community Project, built their community support by approaching the town leaders, ministers and businessmen, involving them in the program. In Western Nigeria, traditional native Nigerian healers are part of the therapeutic process of a village hospital system developed by Dr. T. A. Lambo, a Nigerian psychiatrist trained in England. Patients live in four villages surrounding the hospital. During the last ten years, preliminary results have shown more success than conventional hospital methods.

What we need to do within the Church is to look for native healers and healing processes, and find a new commitment to hospitality within families.

The Spiritual Dilemma of Geel

As mentioned before, part of the contemporary Christian crisis is that under pressure of the hectic pace of industrialized society, we ourselves have lost the contemplative dimension of being. In a way that is not clear to me yet, part of the answer to the spiritual dilemma of Geel must come from contemplatives.

Jean Vanier, the Canadian thinker and founder of the community L'Arche for mentally handicapped men, writes of the value of contemplation as embodied in

his work. Speaking of the worth of the retarded, he says, "The mentally deficient on the level of reason have qualities on the level of the heart that are lost in our modern world." A baby can smile in response to loving care. Love is not restricted by reason, nor by age. We all need to be loved and accepted for the way we are first; as inadequate, as incomplete, the way Jesus loved the world. Maybe that is the purpose of the witness of the retarded. God has let them be, and they respond to love.

What then is the purpose of the witness of the psychotic, the eternal meaning of the story of St. Dymphna here? In the past the Church focused on the right relationship between the person and God. The thorny problems of the family and of personal love were often sidestepped. In traditional religious orders special friendships were discouraged, not to mention marriage and children. While there was talk of the value of the Christian family, it was probably only in the Geel community that family intricacies gradually were suffered through long enough to learn how to use them as the basis of service to humanity.

Developing the right relationship between members of a family remains a difficult and pioneering task. Here we can use all the contributions of psychology to faith! This means, first of all, integrating the spiritual life back into the body again, not denying the body's existence. Then, integrating spiritual life back into the family blood-bonds, however broken and twisted they may be, enhancing the family's importance.

Community is described in the Bible as a body with many different parts. Once the various parts are accepted and can "be", the problem of the relationships between them remains. But it is in working out these relationships that the building of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth is furthered.

AVAILABLE RESOURCES ON GEEL

1. A 40 minute, 16 mm color film: "Geel: A Changing Tradition" (8303), originally produced for Swedish television, is available for rent from the University of California Extension Media Center, Berkeley, Calif. 94720; fee: \$28.

2. There will be workshops open to the general public on Geel and therapeutic communities at the annual conference of the American Association of Psychotherapy and Group Psychotherapy, held in New York City, April 25-28, 1974. Write to A.A.G.P.P., 39 E. 20th St., N.Y., N.Y.; non-member registration fee: \$15.

3. Clare Danielsson has literature available on Geel and other communities. Write to her c/o Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583.

4. Spring issues of the Catholic Worker will announce a summer program on "Relationships in Community."

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.

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

December 21 — Denise Levertov: Poetry Reading.

December 28 — Jacques Travers: Gabriel Marcel's "Man Against Mass Society".

January 4 — NARMIC Slide Show: "The Post-War War".

January 11 — Robert Gilliam: The Pacifism of the Catholic Worker.

January 18 — Fr. Thomas Berry: The Vision-Quest of the American Indian.

January 25 — Film: "Nanook of the North".

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

served. Men who worked took a sandwich off to the job. It was orderly and friendly, and as informal as the CW in N. Y.

Those first few days of my stay in London were hectic—every hour seemed to be crammed with contacts, interviews with the B. B. C., the *Guardian* (formerly the *Manchester Guardian*), *Catholic Herald*, *The Universe*, and last and best with Viv Broughton, Student Christian Movement. The S. C. M. Press, Ltd., 56 Bloomsbury St., London, has recently published *Seeds of Liberation — Spiritual Dimensions to Political Struggle*, edited by Alistair Kee. The Preface is by Viv Broughton, telling of what he calls an extraordinary four-day meeting at Huddersfield of 350 people, mostly young, but ranging from "4 mos. to 60 yrs."

The articles in this pamphlet — excellent ones by Fr. Dan Berrigan who was quoted and commented on — are most stimulating, and it must have been an inspired meeting of all the young radical groups in the British Isles. They would be the ones we would most relate to, I'm sure.

A leading article in *The Movement* (10th issue) by Tom McGrath, president of the Student Christian Movement, about another conference held in Libya (rather like Abie Nathan's attempt to reach Israelis and Arabs thru broadcasting from his Peace Ship), reflects the way I feel about my own presence at the Simon Trust's 10th Anniversary celebration.

It has been like an Alice in Wonderland encounter, and has done much for me in the "clarification of thought," Peter Maurin's favorite phrase.

So my visit has been a puzzle and a mish-mash in many ways. On one day I was overworked with interviews, on another signed up for visits and conferences to which I could not go if I wished to be with my family, which Sue, my niece, represents to me over here. I quoted to them: "St. Paul says, he who neglects his family is anathema," and this visit of mine, after the three-day conference, was my reason for coming. The conference was actually from Friday night till Sunday noon. It was at a new, very fancy hotel, on the edge of one of the many forest remnants around London. It was expensive. There was a dinner dance and cocktail party. (The Simon workers had to find their own bed and board.) In actuality, it was to arouse the conscience of the affluent, to reassure them that their generosity would not be misplaced, and to publicize this most needed movement (a movement which was to reach the poorest, usually termed the undesirables).

Fund raising would never do the job of keeping "Simon" going. Already it was divided into those who called themselves Cyrenians, not Simons.

I met Austin Williams, who seems to be connected with many goodly enterprises, including his St. Vincent de Paul hostel in Islington, London, where we stayed, and Trustee with John Jennings and Anton Wallich-Clifford and his wife, of the Simon Community Trust (not the kind of Trust that the Land Trusts are trying to set up in the States). I enjoyed my meeting with Mary Therese, Anton's wife.

The very masthead of their anniversary stationary, filled with names of roy-

alties, bishops and other clergy was frightening to me. I did not realize that they were merely sponsors for the celebration and a recognition of 10 years of hard work. I muddled my way through, as they saw the English do, but I'm afraid I did not help them much, and confused them.

Sometimes I think a dollar from a thousand common people is better than 1,000 from one because it shows we have reached 1,000 of our brothers. Cathedrals in the States are said to be built by the pennies of Irish working girls, maid-servants, etc. What better proof of our faith, hope, and trust and love of God than to leave it to Him to make right our mistakes and failures.

Liverpool

Forty years or more ago, Peter Maurin wrote about hospitality, about how the obligation to practice it was recognized by the bishops and abbots, and how the Bishop of Liverpool was going to open up a hospice for the homeless when he



Rita Corbin

built his new Cathedral. But now the Cathedral had been built, and the former Bishop had died, and forty years or more have passed, but no hospice had been built.

Now I am in Liverpool for this tenth anniversary of the Simon communities (lay people, mostly non-Catholic). The first thing the Simon people greeted me with was, "You must see the shelter there is in the crypt of the Cathedral." A hospice in the crypt of the immense Cathedral had been opened a month before. I visited it last night and thought, "Peter should celebrate this in Heaven."

I am staying at a Simon House in Liverpool, sleeping in a dormitory for women with four very comfortable beds, with plenty of covers, and an electric radiator. Houses here are strictly forced to comply with health and building codes, which say little about heating, so the house itself is not heated, but only a room or two. But it is a beautiful, old mansion of a house, with a spiral stairwell reaching three stories up, brilliantly lit on the night I arrived from London. The house is as sound as our old mansion at Tivoli. The small fireplace is in use in the kitchen, and always there are folk huddled around it. There is a long yard in the back, and vegetables can be grown in the heart of the city.

The St. Vincent de Paul house has an even larger garden still, full of greens, carrots, beets, and other vegetables. There is a young couple with a boy of four running the house there, and, old mansion that it also was, like Petrus House on Shaw Street where I am staying, it has been remodelled so that one large room can be cut up into three. A wing has been added so that steady residents can have private rooms. Crypt, St. Vincent de Paul, both are supported by the diocese, but the Simon Trust supports and is a control agency which helps all the other Simon hospices which are run by young people and attract many

co-workers. In other words, they consider themselves autonomous, and yet connected with the Simon trust with its impressive list of sponsors.

But certainly it is the youth and enthusiasm of the young people that keep this hospitality, this care for the poor, alive and spreading in what is called the United Kingdom, in spite of conflict in Belfast, controversies in Wales and Scotland, always frankly expressed in press and on the air. Somehow one feels that Simon, or Cyrenian, or Petrus (whatever they call themselves), is direct action, non-violent action by a group of adventurous people, students and teachers.

In famous Rochdale, in another Petrus house, youth also presides, and the old and crippled, homeless and destitute are served. The place delights me because it was, at one time, the police station of the town, and it is a labyrinth of rooms.

Christ the King

This morning I went to Mass at the beautiful Cathedral which is on high ground so it is above the city, rather like the San Francisco Cathedral. But here, as I wrote, they have a crypt where homeless men are fed and have a good warm bed and bath.

The Archbishop presided. There was a great choir and an organ that at times had a great triumphal sound of trumpets and clarinets. And at the end the great and solemn *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat*. There were hymns, a *Credo* and *Pater Noster* in Gregorian and Latin, sung by the entire congregation, the *Credo* antiphonally. As the

congregation was leaving, the organ voluntary was a Toccata and Fugue in D minor (J. S. Bach). A glorious celebration of Christ the King.

At a tearoom downstairs, Archbishop and clergy join any of the congregation in refreshments. There is also a very good book shop and a Catholic Center across a little Square. We talked with the bishop about the Simon communities and praised the Crypt hostel, well-heated and most comfortable, most heartily. The diocese supports it. I've been freezing in some of the hostels of the Simons, poor as they are. Yesterday I was in the square where seven of the young folk (volunteers and co-workers) were freezing and fasting for two days and a night to beg to keep their work going. Then I had a tour of the city for an hour.

To Conclude

Tomorrow I go to Belfast to visit two hospices there, run by the valiant Simons (now each city's houses are becoming independent, autonomous, as our houses are). But they are all concerned with the most neglected poor, and have sprung from a common root.

Let me say frankly that there is no emphasis on religion, though they are serving Christ in His poor, with love and enthusiasm and a joyous, youthful spirit. It is good to be with them! (P. S. They seem, in Rochdale, to know nothing of the Co-op movement, which poor weavers started and which has spread all over the world.)

As usual, I can only give glimpses of such "pilgrimages" as this. So much more could be written.

LETTERS

Damaged Children

45 N. 10th St.
Stroudsburg, Pa. 18360

Dear Catholic Workers,

I like your magazine very much, and am glad to know that someone is trying to help poor people. I am a convert to the Catholic Faith, and when Christ came into my life He brought His cross. First of all, I was under the impression that we lived in a rich country, but when we were in San Antonio, Texas, we saw thousands and thousands of families living in chicken coops with dirt floors and no plumbing or furniture. They have to buy their water and store it in cans, but they don't always have the money to buy water. Also, many of the children don't go to school because they have no shoes, and they live near the Catholic school.

Then, I also discovered that I can't find anybody who is interested in severely brain-damaged children, that is Catholics. They are interested in the mildly retarded ones, but not the severely brain-damaged ones. When Jesus came into my life, He presented me with two very beautiful, severely brain-damaged boys, who cannot talk or chew food or care for themselves. While in Pennhurst, Pa., one of them picked all the skin off his neck and banged his head on the floor so much he had blood streaming down. He also fasted weeks and weeks because his gums were so bloody red he couldn't even swallow pudding, yet no one else knew about it except the patients. The place was so horrible I threw up everytime I went to see my children. My other son there had pneumonia all the time. Now, my boys are in White Haven State School and Hospital, and their health is better; only one boy had his finger smashed. The priest there said my boy could never go to Mass there again because he was humming very softly. The priest won't give holy communion to the boys. Only about three girls are allowed to receive. They have Mass in the cafeteria.

The patients in all institutions sit on

wooden benches. But at White Haven they got a few rocking chairs in one room. When are the Catholic Workers and priests and nuns going to become interested in severely brain-damaged people who can't strike?

Yours truly,
Mrs. Geny Custard

Catholic Hospitals

2200 South College
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Sister Lorraine (Re your letter to the *Catholic Worker*, Sept. 1973):

There were so many responses from my original letter to the *Catholic Worker*, that I felt that I should check my sources of information. To the best of my knowledge, the Sisters are in the process of being dispossessed, in spite of the irreplaceable service performed by the Sisters to the community of Springfield.

I truly wish that you were more aware of the sinister forces working against you while you are serving the needs of the community.

A case in point bears out, apparently, your contention that you have not been "dispossessed" in the recent U.S. District Court decision in Billings, Montana, that dissolved a temporary injunction forcing St. Vincent's Hospital to allow sterilization operations. This is certainly a victory for Catholic Hospital institutions; however, groups like the A.C.L.U. are taking cases like St. Vincent's to the Supreme Court on the basis that St. Vincent's accepted Federal Funds under the Hull-Burton Act, resulting in St. Vincent's being no longer a totally private institution.

I feel very strongly that St. John's Hospital in Springfield can be a totally private institution like it once was, because I think the community will support it without resorting to Federal Funds (which are a two-way street). I subscribe to this same way of thinking with respect to our Catholic Schools.

Yours sincerely,
John A. Hamilton

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