

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Artist With A Message

By DANIEL MAUK

At the Catholic Worker's Friday Night Meeting on December 1, we'll be remembering a dear friend and fellow worker, Fritz Eichenberg, who died 10 years ago at the age of 89. Part of the evening will be a look at a half-hour documentary of Fritz's work made by Christopher Lydon of PBS-TV and first broadcast on Christmas Eve in 1985.

Though many readers have seen the art of Fritz Eichenberg in the pages of *The Catholic Worker*—he created over 100 images that began appearing in the paper 50 years ago—some may be unaware of the remarkable man whose mind, heart and hands created these works of art. Through his wood engravings, Fritz made a unique contribution to the world of graphic arts.

If misery can play a part in the formation and inspiration of an artist, then Fritz's formative years as an artist began very early. He was born in Cologne, Germany, on October 24, 1901, and spent the early years of his life watching his father's slow decline into death from Parkinson's disease. Fritz adored his father and had never seen him walk. He once said, "I wanted to hold hands with my father and walk upright with him through the streets of Cologne.... It was my dream, and I dreamed it very often." Instead, at the age of 15, a young Fritz held his father in his arms as he died.

Of his first 11 years of schooling in the local gymnasium, Fritz remembered that he would sit, "waiting for the bell to save me." He hated school, the corporal punishment that went along with it, and all of the regimentation of German society at the time. Surrounded by uniforms—soldier, mailman, and station master alike—Fritz recalled being forced to line the streets with all the other children, waving flags when the Emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm, came to Cologne.

As Fritz told the story, "Providence took a hand in guiding me to my true vocation." The Great War was still raging and Fritz, as an undernourished teenager, fainted in front of the door of an Eichenberg family tenant. Fortunately, the tenant turned out to be an art historian and museum curator named Fritz Witte, who proceeded to introduce Fritz to Eduard Fuchs's *History of European Satirical Art*. After seeing the work of artists like Francisco Goya and Honoré Daumier, Fritz was determined "to become an artist with a message." Forever crediting Dr. Witte, Fritz said, "This enlightened man... put my mind and my pencil in the right direction."

The following years in post-war Germany were both a struggle and a joy for a blooming artist. Fritz became an apprentice at the printing plant of DuMont Schauberg in Cologne, and it was at this time that he took his first life drawing class. Fritz approached his art education with the same discipline and zeal that he had after characterized his life, and, to his great delight, he was accepted as a master student at the Academy of Graphic Arts in Leipzig, the book center of Europe at the time.

Upon graduation from the Academy in 1923, Fritz went to work as a newspaper artist and traveling correspondent, and enjoyed those exciting years when the arts flourished in Berlin before the rise of Nazism. Married and with a family of his own, he took on varying jobs to make a living, such as writing and



Self-Portrait

Fritz Eichenberg

illustrating articles, and making posters and cartoons. Little did he know that Adolf Hitler, a character frequently lampooned in his cartoons, would soon turn Germany and most of Europe into a death trap.

An Immigrant

Fritz always said he knew he wanted to get out of Germany, even before Adolf Hitler came to power. In 1933, coincidentally the year that Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin began the Catholic Worker movement, Fritz made a trip to the United States to cover the Chicago World's Fair. He instantly fell in love with New York City and it was here that he settled with his young family.

Fritz's early years in America were times of success and sorrow. He recorded his first impressions of New York in a series of prints—"The Aquarium," "The Subway," "The Steps," and "City Light"—and, looking at them today, one can still sense Fritz's fascination with the grit and glamour of New York, his new home. Soon he was teaching at The New School for Social Research, where he remained for the next 10 years and, at the invitation of George Macy, he began the first of many jobs with The Limited Editions Club by producing 29 engravings to illustrate *Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoevsky, his favorite author.

In 1937, death danced through Fritz's life again when Mary Altmann Eichenberg, his wife of 11 years, died unexpectedly, leaving Fritz and a young daughter alone in what was still a new world. It was an experience that he later described as profoundly painful, an experience

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STORIES FROM CUBA

By SUZETTE ERMILER

From 37,000 feet, I saw the July 4th sun set and the crescent moon rise, while sparkling lights glistened below. I soon realized that the source was not houses or industry, but, rather, a pyrotechnic wonderwork of red and blue from a town celebrating below. Then, there was darkness and explosion again, as we passed over another American community. I couldn't help but feel suspended in time, groundless between two feuding countries that have long prided themselves on their revolutions and histories of independence.

Soon after I arrived home from my three-week trip to Cuba, I sent a small care package with a Pastors for Peace caravan to the two men who drove our group for fourteen days. Otoniel and Rolando served not only as superb guides and workers to the nineteen travelers from my sister's North Carolina church, Church of Reconciliation, but also as true friends. I had gone as a translator for the church's work trip, where we did painting and small agricultural projects in Matanzas, Santa Clara and Cardenas, but also received an education from those I met.

As I reflect on my time there, I am again confounded by the quantity of stories shared with me and by the striking contradictions in the Cuba I experienced. I feel that only those who have lived through the revolution (or been born since it), stayed, and withstood what Fidel Castro ironically labeled "*el periodo especial*" (the special period) may claim a hold on Cuba's depth. The name meant

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A Spiritual Bouquet

By CHRISTOPHER NUGENT

My sister and I...made perfume. Even now I can remember the peculiar, delicious, pungent smell.

—Dorothy Day, *From Union Square to Rome*

Two loves have built two cities.

—St. Augustine, *The City of God*

Dorothy Day, Thomas Merton and the Little Flower form a triptych, or trinity, of three loves, a spiritual bouquet. This bouquet emits not just the familiar "odor of sanctity," but invites a mystical critique of culture, including the wilted remnant or diaspora of the counter-culture—that is, "flower children." To a compulsively dualistic society, it could instill, hopefully, a sheerest drop of sense, the fragrance of peace. Like the perfume of young Dorothy Day.

If this should sound unlikely, let us begin with the incarnation of the unlikely, Thomas Merton. And, since the sometime bohemian was a man of dramatic passages, let us begin with a little psychodrama.

On the bitter night of November 23, 1941, the young pilgrim of twenty-six had reached his apparent impasse. He was alone on the campus of St. Bonaventure University before a shrine of St. Thérèse, the Little Flower, the whole cult of which, ironically, he found aesthetically objectionable. But, he was desperate and the question critical: to be or not to be a monk.

This was a primal experience: to me, an

echo of the agony of another bohemian of sorts, Augustine, in his garden at Milan, in the year 385. The issues were remarkably kindred: a life in letters or in religion? "Good-fellow" or renunciant? Fulfillment of the flesh and proper progeny—and I find it apposite that the new "*Confessions*," *The Seven Storey Mountain*, was prefaced with the text, "For I tell you that God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham"—or, one might say, a quite literally stony celibacy? Academy or Gethsemani?

Thomas Merton turned to Thérèse and asked for a sign, aware that this could be a "precarious" way to pray. Suddenly, in his spiritual sense, he began to "hear the great bell of Gethsemani ringing in the night." Just as the mysterious voice of a child had called for Augustine a millennium and a half earlier, the bell tolled for Thomas Merton. Within two weeks of this night, the heretofore irresolute Thomas Merton would enter Gethsemani where he would be, as he recounted in his journal, "Theresa's Trappist."

Why Thérèse, one might ask, and not a sophisticated intellectual like St. Augustine, with whom Thomas Merton can be said to really begin his spiritual odyssey? Something subliminal, I think, drew him to Thérèse, something more elemental than sophistication, of which he was already adequately endowed. This could have included their

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MARYHOUSE

By JOSHUA STEIN

On July 5th, I found myself making my way from my small town in North Carolina to Manhattan. After spending a week at the Catholic Worker in March, I had decided to return for the summer. There were several reasons for my return to the Worker. First of all, I wanted to follow the example of Christ and be a servant to others. Secondly, I wanted to show my love and support for my wonderful Aunt Suzette and the work that she does. There were many other reasons for coming back, but these were the two deciding factors.

So, as my summer began to unfold, I was back at Maryhouse. The first couple of weeks were an adjustment time, as I became used to more intense and faster-paced surroundings. However, there was a thirst to be back, and I could feel the warmth of the house welcoming me. It was good to be away from my everyday routine back home. I had begun to grow so tired of working every day to provide for my own selfish needs and desires. My middle-income lifestyle started to seem like a lifestyle of luxury and wealth as I began to see the pain and need of homeless people in Manhattan. All of my problems that had seemed so large at home, started to become smaller.

Along with adjusting to the city, I had to adjust to the house and some of the people who live here. During the first week, there was a person that I was having a hard time getting to know. I felt as if I was in her way and that, maybe, she did not want me around. But, it wasn't too long before a certain softness began to show through, with occasional smiles and unasked favors, like doing my laundry. So, as I got to know her and the other people in the house a little better, I started to realize that what had seemed to be a hard shell on the outside was only a protective coating for the softness inside.

Coming from a family of five, I found the family atmosphere of Maryhouse very inviting, but on a much larger scale. I became sur-

rounded by all of the different opinions, conversations, emotions, and everything else that makes up a family. There was the occasional conversation that turned into a heated argument. There was the smile or the encouragement that made someone's day worthwhile. There were the numerous chores that needed to be done. Then, there were the meals that helped everyone go that extra mile.

I must say that the biggest joy of the house is Jonah. He is the youngest resident of the house, at eight months old. Having a baby around brightens everyone's day. It doesn't matter what kind of mood someone is in, it absolutely changes in his presence. People's expressions quickly go from gloomy or preoccupied to silly and goofy. Jonah truly brings the gift of happiness to the environment of the house.

Along with all the routine things that happened each day, there was always an element of surprise waiting around the corner. Sometimes, the unexpected involved a volunteer or a visitor passing through. A different person around often gave someone a break from a normal day by offering new stories and conversation. Visitors can be an important factor at the Catholic Worker. There are many people who pour themselves into the Worker and can use a break from the action or maybe just a helping hand. However, even if I have been a help or blessing around here, it has blessed me more to be a part of it.

I sit and try to sift through all of the thoughts and feelings I have had in the short period of the two months I have been here. I remember the cooking, cleaning, painting, listening, talking, debating, and everything else that kept me busy every day. In the time I have been here, there have been feelings ranging from joy to frustration. But, all of the joy each week easily outweighed any frustration. In a city that can be filled with so much pain and darkness, this house shines with the light and warmth of God's love. ✚

ROAR!

Religious Organizations Along the River (ROAR) announces "Bridging Faith and Environment," a conference for religious leaders, November 8-9, 2000 at Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, NY. The featured speaker will be Dr. Larry L. Rasmussen, Union Theological Seminary, author of *Earth Community, Earth Ethics* (Orbis, 1996). We will explore ethical issues of land holding and use for DREs, religious personnel and other Christians, especially those in our bio-region. Please contact Sister Kathleen Donnelly, SU, (845) 876-4178, ext. 305. ✚

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The Voyage of St. Brendan

Susan MacMurdy

End the Death Penalty

The third annual "Faith in Action Against the Death Penalty" conference will be held October 28-29, 2000, in various cities across the country, coordinated by Amnesty International. For information about this campaign, call Enid Harlow at Amnesty's New York office, (212) 807-8400, and ask for a copy of the 42-page *Resource Guidebook for Communities Working to Abolish the Death Penalty*. For information about New York activities that weekend, contact the Riverside Church Prison Ministry at (212) 870-6811, or the Campaign Against the Death Penalty at (212) 330-7056.

Another anti-death penalty conference, the largest ever convened in the US, will be held in San Francisco, CA, November 16-19, 2000. The conference, which will include a diverse coalition of organizations, has been named "Committing to Conscience: Building a Unified Strategy to End the Death Penalty." You can call the conference hotline at (888) 2-ABOLISH, or contact Death Penalty Focus of California, at 870 Market Street, Suite 859, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 243-0143. ✚

Moratorium 2000

There is a global movement for a moratorium on the death penalty, as a first step towards worldwide abolition. This campaign aims to gather one million signatures to be delivered to the United Nations for Human Rights Day, December 10, 2000. To support the Moratorium 2000 campaign or sign on to the petition, you can write to Moratorium 2000 c/o ROADP, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7130. ✚

Economic Justice

November 16-19, 2000, the University of the District of Columbia, the Center for Economic and Social Justice, and the World Institute for Development and Peace will hold a conference on "Capital Home-steading" at the UDC campus. The subject will be the causes of and solutions to the widening global gap in capital ownership. Center for Economic and Social Justice, PO Box 40711, Washington, DC 20016, (703) 243-5155. ✚

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In keeping with Peter Maurin's recognition of the need for ongoing clarification of thought, we invite you to join us for our weekly Friday night meetings. The meetings are held at either Maryhouse—55 East Third St., (212) 777-9617, or St. Joseph House—36 East First St., (212) 254-1640. As far ahead as we can see, those we will hold at First St. will be marked with an *. Feel welcome to call and confirm the schedule. Both houses are between First and Second Avenues (2nd Ave. stop on the F train).

- Oct. 13 Jim Reagan: Sacred Music from Many Traditions.
- Oct. 20 Suzette Ermler: Cuba in the Last Decade—"The Special Period."*
- Oct. 27 Dr. Norman Kurland, Center for Economic and Social Justice: Closing the Wealth Gap—A Moral Third Way.
- Nov. 3 Winifred Tate: Increasing Interventions in Colombia.*
- Nov. 10 Memories of Dorothy Day.
- Nov. 17 Bruce Russett: "The Challenge of Peace"—The Making of the 1983 Bishops' Pastoral Letter.*
- Nov. 24 No Meeting—Happy Thanksgiving!
- Dec. 1 Daniel Mauk: Remembering Fritz Eichenberg—An Artist with a Message.
- Dec. 8 Jim Wayne: Kentucky State Senator and Catholic Worker.
- Dec. 15 Amy Goodman [rescheduled]: Radical Journalist Views the World.*
- Dec. 22 Annual Christmas Party: Music and Merry-making.
- Dec. 29 No meeting. Joyous New Year!

MEETINGS BEGIN AT 7:45 PM

Sweet and Lowdown: Domino Sugar Strike

By EMILY SCHMALL

When the vote was taken to strike or to agree to a company offer that included layoffs and the loss of benefits, holidays, and job security for those who remained, it was clear that the Williamsburg Domino Sugar factory was going to see another strike. The workers of the Brooklyn plant anticipated a long dispute, but few of them realized the cost that would come with standing up for their rights. Management may have shown itself to be intractable, but, nonetheless, the rank and file take heart in their solidarity.

The Domino Sugar strike has now persisted for more than a year. The struggle, involving the Domino workers and their employer, Tate & Lyle, a British company based in Decatur, Illinois, has captured attention across the country. The International Longshoremen's Association—the Domino workers' parent union—and the AFL-CIO have contributed to the workers' efforts. A national boycott has been called of all Domino products. The stockholders are angry. The workers are angry. And still, after fourteen months, Tate & Lyle has refused to compromise.

The contract between the workers' union and the Domino corporation expired in October of 1998; since then, negotiations have been attempted, but nothing has been resolved. Beginning on June 15, 1999, strikers refused to accept the terms of an agreement proffered by the Tate & Lyle corporation. Although many of the workers risked their families' stability by striking, all members of the workers' union, Local 1814, resisted what they believed to be unfair proposals from Domino. Recently, succumbing to economic or other pressures, seventy co-workers have crossed the picket line; but, the remaining two hundred members have stayed strong, and without pay for over a year.

Many of the employees at the Domino Sugar factory in Williamsburg, Brooklyn have worked at the site for twenty, thirty, even fifty years. With an average of twenty years per worker, the people demand to be treated better. The corporation refuses to grant the rights

of seniority, ready to dispose of people who have spent the majority of their careers, if not their lives, at the factory.

Tate & Lyle representatives have said that, because the process of refining sugar is becoming more efficient, the workplace must also be. This, to them, means reducing the workforce. They have prepared for the efficiency change by having sugar that is already liquefied shipped from another Domino plant in Baltimore. This act alone will eliminate the jobs of about one hundred workers. Tate & Lyle spokesperson Margaret Blamberg said, "We're deeply disappointed that the union committee isn't willing to accept basic conditions to improve some inefficiencies at the plant."

Also, in the proposed contract, Domino stated that it has the right to hire a more competitive subcontractor if it will cost less than it would to pay Brooklyn factory workers. The company would like to buy out one third of its one- to fifteen-year employees for a mere fourteen thousand dollars, and replace them with people willing to work for half the salary of those who came before them. In addition, the production quotas, under Domino's plan, ought to double—with no pay increase, no extra pay for overtime or weekends, and the company will no longer give employees three paid national holidays. Eventually, the Domino Sugar factory wants the flexibility to replace some—the union worries all—workers they have currently with part-time, temporary workers. Over one hundred people will be laid off according to this plan, and many more will lose the forty-hour week and the salaries that provide for them and their families.

For over a year now, Union Local 1814 of the International Longshoremen's Association has refused to accept these conditions. The strikers claim that their strike has forced a dramatic cutback of deliveries. Usually producing four million pounds a day, the Brooklyn factory has managed merely one million pounds a week. Stock has dropped from its usual five points to two and sixty. Although Tate & Lyle refused to comment on

the status of production, the company, based in Britain, has reported that sugar output in the US "has deteriorated significantly since December, 1999 and losses have increased."

Though the strikers have seen some success, there are still many without a job, who have had to turn to the union for financial support. Nonetheless, as Local 1814 Vice-President Joe Crimi explains, "It doesn't give them money for everyday living...it's just not enough."

In Baltimore and New Orleans, sites of other Domino Sugar plants, workers have shown solidarity with Local 1814 and joined the strike. As of February, 2000, the workers of the Arabi plant in New Orleans went on strike after rejecting a proposal that similarly cut down the financial benefits to the workers by eliminating the Monday through Friday work week, hiring temporary workers, and refusing higher wages for working weekends and holidays. Even though the New Orleans sugar plant workers were on strike only a few weeks, they also suffered. Local 1101 president Bruce D'Antoni of the United Food and Commercial Workers Union said, "It's costing people money [to strike]. Any time you are out of work it costs you money. But if you don't go on strike and accept changes, how much is it going to cost you in what they are taking away from you?"

This rhetoric has been answered by the Williamsburg union workers, says Joe Crimi. The community near the Williamsburg Bridge has also advocated for the good of the strike, honking horns to show support when driving by, or joining the rallying at the picket line. In addition, several local Teamsters have joined the struggle by slowing down construction operations at the site. Local 1814 has called for a national boycott of all Domino products.

This movement of fellowship is what the workers need. Without workers' rights guaranteed and without an acknowledgement of seniority, the employees are justified in feeling vulnerable. "We want a guaranteed 40-hour work week, elimination of subcontracting and to maintain our seniority. Those are the key issues," striker Carmen Serrano

stated. "If you can't work a 40-hour week, what's the good of the job?"

It has not only been in Brooklyn that Domino has been accused of being a union buster. "They have a history of dragging out disputes and being aggressive with unions," according to Peter Seybold, director of Indiana University-Bloomington's Division of Labor Studies. "They make very unreasonable demands on a union to drive them into striking." In fact, the Brooklyn strike has been the third nationally since Tate & Lyle have attained ownership.

Strikers aim to make a large impact in Brooklyn, the home of the first Domino Sugar plant. Built in 1858, the refinery was opened by William and Frederick Havemeyer and soon became the country's major distributor of refined sugar. Before Tate & Lyle became owners of Domino Sugar in 1988, employees felt proud to work in one of New York's historic monuments. Sadly, that pride has diminished.

Corporate greed has already put many workers out of a job. One man, even, distressed about the strike, and having worked at the plant for the majority of his life, committed suicide. Other workers are beginning to crack; to be out of a job for over a year with no immediate plans to negotiate with the corporation seems overwhelming to some. But the rest, who take the strike one day at a time, until the demands are met and Tate & Lyle's requirements dropped, promise that Williamsburg, Brooklyn will see increasing action. Local 1814 will keep up the fight for better working conditions and a job they can be proud to do.

Although the strikers' union has helped financially throughout the strike, the strikers would appreciate additional support. If you are interested in showing your support of the Williamsburg Domino Sugar strikers, you can: boycott the use of all Domino Sugar products; continue publicizing the boycott of products; contribute with a donation to the Central Labor Council; participate in the picketing; or write a letter to Clive Rutherford, CEO, North America Sugar Incorporated, 492 2nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11211. To support the union, contact Joseph Crimi, Vice-President, Local 1814 ILA, 70 20th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11232, (718) 499-9600. ✦

An Anarchist Confession

By KATHARINE TEMPLE

This year's US presidential race can sound like an anarchist parody: look-alike candidates, two men whose names are four-letter words, each with sound-alike answers, backed by mirror-image p.r. machines. Virtual clones that make a mockery of notions about personal democracy. But, the spectacle is no laughing matter, especially not when it is touted around the world as the latest American export commodity. When you take a hard look at it, the claims to democracy have less and less substance—mere window-dressing for the powers-that-be. So, too, the anarchist response—to reject the ballot box as a snare and delusion—is no joke either.

Because such a response is so seldom heard, it was a pleasure to see Jeff Dietrich's 1971 interview with Dorothy reprinted in *The Catholic Agitator*, June, 2000. It begins, "I'd like first to ask you, are you an anarchist? And what does that mean to you in terms of your daily action?"

As for the big anarchist picture of state power within globalization, I still recommend Jacques Ellul's *The Political Illusion*, even though it was first published in 1965 and is now out of print. During an election in the year 2000, it may seem odd to turn to a book written before computers were the name of the power game. What is astonishing, though, is how accurately he anticipated what has come to pass. For instance:

"The difference between democracy and totalitarianism is precisely in the area of means. If a government increases technology in society, steps up propaganda and public relations, mobilizes all resources for the purpose of productivity, resorts to a planned

economy and social life, bureaucratizes all activities, reduces the law to a technique of social control, then it is a totalitarian government.... We should be forever concerned with the means used by the state, the politicians, our group, ourselves. They should be the principal content of our political reflections."

We tend to forget that our "new age" did not drop out of the sky with a new millennium. Jacques Ellul was the social thinker who had the foresight (and *The Technological Society* came out in 1954) to pinpoint the wellsprings for the deep transformations in society we now see in full array. He picked up on the rationality at the core of modern technology, what he called *technique*, and then examined its impact from every angle.

In this book, he focused on the political field of force (concentrated in the state, propagated as democracy) and his title, *The Political Illusion*, says it all. The illusions he exposed then remain alive and well today, most notably:

- the illusion that the state can escape its basis in force, or the constraints in its own bureaucratic imperatives;
- the illusion that political power can now be separated from technological expansion, or determine its direction;
- the illusion that this political/technological meld can be subjected to external, humanitarian, values;
- the illusion that expanded technological means lead to more diversity, choice, or decentralization;
- the illusion that increased information, generated by this system, adds to our ability to resist its dominant culture.

The anarchist philosophy is that the new social order is to be built by groups of [people] working together in communities—whether in communities of work or communities of culture or communities of artists—but in communities. Martin Buber said there could be a "community of communities" rather than a state. They could be united in some way but without any governing body. It would be made up of unions, credit unions instead of banks. There would be no more lending at interest. There would be no more money lenders.

—Dorothy Day, 1971
The Catholic Agitator

With the help of Jacques Ellul's decidedly anarchist bent—that consistently goes against the grain to warn about threats to human freedom posed by the ways and mores of technological power—we can supply our own details. If nothing else, in our current over-charged atmosphere, *The Political Illusion* can be a breath of fresh air to dispel the mystique about voting, and expand the discourse about democracy. And, this, as he made clear, is only the tip of the anarchist iceberg.

This is not a view about to be received any better now than in 1965, as a recent crossword puzzle brought home to me. Clue: "anarchist goal" (5 letters). It is a mark of the power of the state myth over our collective psyche that the answer is "chaos." This is a long way from the goal Jacques Ellul outlined near the end of his book:

"This means we must try to create positions in which we reject and struggle with the state, not in order to modify some element of the regime or force it to make some decision, but more fundamentally, in order to permit the emergence of social, political, intellectual or artistic bodies, associations, interest groups, or economic or Christian groups, totally independent of the state, and yet capable of opposing it, able to reject its pressures, as well as its

controls and even its gifts. The organizations must be completely independent, not only materially, but also intellectually and morally.... What is needed is groups capable of denying the state's right—today accepted by almost everyone—to mobilize all forces and all energies of the nation for a single aim, such as the grandeur or efficiency of that nation.... What is needed is groups of great diversity, capable of escaping our unitary structure and of presenting themselves not as negations of the state—which would be absurd—but as *something else*."

At this point, I have an anarchist confession. Too many of us who like to call ourselves anarchists are still too mesmerized by the very system we seek to resist. We do not always sense, in ourselves, the fascination, nor how hard it is to be weaned from "holy mother the state." For instance, although I do not vote, I began this piece with the election. On rereading *The Political Illusion*, though, I realize that true anarchists are not apt to follow this contest at all. They are doing "something else." Anarchists often get accused of negative thinking, while Jacques Ellul is routinely dismissed as a pessimist. But, surely, the conviction that we do not have to be fascinated by power, that there is something else other than its thrall, is the greatest political optimism of all. ✦

A Prayer for Binit Ukhti

By CHRISTOPHER ALLEN-DOUCOT

She arrived at the children's cemetery just before dusk. Her black *abeia* was billowing in the mounting wind, revealing a red dress and a pregnant form. The gusts were the leading edge of a sandstorm. She walked past hundreds of small mounds and by a trio of goats eating at the scrub around the markers, to an open-air mud brick and thatch work area. An elderly man, wearing a white robe and *kafia*, greeted her and accepted the shoebox she carried with her. Few words were spoken. The box was handed to one of three younger men who worked at the graveyard. The young man moved to the rear of the work area and, with great care, removed from the box the woman's niece: in Arabic, her *Binit Ukhti*.

The child had been born onto earth, into hell, and unto eternity earlier in the day at the Basra Pediatric and Maternity Hospital in southern Iraq. The wards at this hospital are full of mourning mothers and dying children. In any given room can be found children with rickets, marasmus, kwashiorkor, typhoid fever, cholera or cancer. The maternity ward has an air, not of hopeful anticipation, but of fearful repose: Will the expected child be whole? The day before *Binit Ukhti* was born, a hydrocephalic child and a child missing his head, neck and arms were born and died on the ward.

Basra Pediatric and Maternity is a teaching hospital. In an earlier era—before massive bombardment by American forces; before widespread contamination of the soil by radioactive depleted uranium (a toxic heavy metal used in thousands of munitions fired by the Americans); before 10 years of deprivation induced by the most comprehensive sanctions regime in history—before this madness, young doctors learned about typhoid, polio and malnutrition from textbooks and congenital defects were cleft palettes and club feet. One classroom in the hospital is a gallery of grotesquery, with dozens of photographs of the horrendously deformed children that are born and perish daily.

Next to this classroom is the hospital morgue; it is cool, at best. The actual drawers where the corpses are kept are not quite cold. The purchase of coolant fluids, needed to maintain the unit, is constrained by the sanctions. The entire room smelled like an unplugged, dirty refrigerator. The nation's electrical grid was targeted by the US during the Gulf War. Restrictions imposed by the sanctions have hampered repair efforts, and so, when the power goes out twice a day for three hours, the morgue begins to warm up. Thus, when a child dies, she is sent home with the family to be buried. The day *Binit Ukhti* died, the morgue had 15 boxes with 15 babies that had been unclaimed because their families couldn't pay to bury them. The family of *Binit Ukhti* raised 5,000 Iraqi *Dinar*, roughly \$2.50, for burial.

Midwives of Rebirth

Back at the cemetery, the worker placed the naked body of *Binit Ukhti*, umbilical cord still attached to her belly, on a three-foot-square stone slab at the rear of the chamber, as carefully as if he were placing her in a bassinet. The man filled a plastic pitcher and a teakettle with water. He measured the child and cut a length of white linen from a bolt kept in a satchel. The aunt then joined the man at the rear slab and, together, they gracefully washed the body with a yellow bar of soap and a cloth. The woman rinsed the girl with the water in the kettle.

Meanwhile, a gravedigger was busy digging his second sepulcher of the hour. The hole was three feet deep, too narrow to turn around in and not long enough for the man to take a step. He would soon carve a third opening. At midnight, he would be done for the day—a true graveyard shift.

In the work shanty, the man dried the body and moved her to a stone slab in the center of the space. Beneath the child lay the length of linen. The young man opened a jar that once held powdered baby formula. The vessel now contains the white powder made from the sacred *cidra* tree. He dipped his fingers in the sacrosanct concentrate and anointed *Binit Ukhti* on her hands, feet, elbows, and knees. The body was then swathed tenderly. Only the face of *Binit Ukhti*, snugly framed by the linen, was left exposed, as if the burial swaddling were an ivory *abeia*. Another length of linen was then wrapped around the body and tied with strips of the fabric below the feet, above the head and in the mid-section. These men repeat this ritual 2 or 3 times an hour during their shifts. They move with grace and condolence. They are not toilers—automatons, bundling inanimate packages. They are midwives of rebirth—forming new placentas so that the children they meet can be delivered into the expectant hands of Allah.



Brian Kavanagh

A prayer was uttered and, then, the aunt in her crimson dress and ebony *abeia* picked up the body to surrender *Binit Ukhti* to the grave. She processed alone through a labyrinth of tombstones with *Binit* resting on her swollen belly. The sky was gray, the sun was white. The graves before her, behind her and beside her were ashen. There were neither flowers nor grass. To the left of the cemetery, a group of teenaged boys played soccer in a lush field of grass ringed by a dozen date trees. Everywhere in Iraq, in urban vacant lots and on the dirt roads that run between the fields of wheat, children and young men gather to chase the white and black ball.

Two Unions

To the right of the cemetery, a wedding was taking place. Dozens of children, the girls in peach and yellow dresses, played in the street outside the parlor where the ceremony was underway. Weddings in Iraq are brief outbursts of joy in a milieu of despondency. Typically, weddings happen in parlors on Thursday afternoons and evenings, though this was on a Sunday. Outside the wedding chamber, a crowd of revelers waited in anticipation. The couple's car was decorated with white and pink crepe paper. The school bus idled to take the assembly to the reception. Men with trumpets and drums prepared to announce the union of woman and man.

In between these scenes of life, the aunt carried *Binit Ukhti*. At the grave, the body was placed on a leveled mound of dirt. Her shroud was opened slightly and a handful of earth was placed with the body before the cloak was again closed. Another verse of the *Koran* was prayed and, as the body was interred, the newly-married couple stepped outside to the excited blast of trumpets and pulses of drums. The union of child with God was heralded to all that bothered to notice.

When Mary, pregnant with Jesus, went to see Elizabeth, pregnant with the Baptist, John "leaped for joy in the womb." The Good News was soon to enter our world. When her aunt rested *Binit Ukhti* on her belly, did the child awaiting birth recoil in fear of life during war? Or did she leap with joy because *Binit* had been spared a life of suffering and, instead, had been returned into the womb of Allah, to be born into life everlasting? ✚

Up Here In the North

August 6, 2000
Belfast, North of Ireland

Dearest Cathy,

Love to you, and all good on this day of remembrance. As I was telling Joanne in my letter to her, I just heard about an English guy from Voices in the Wilderness who climbed to the top of the Millennium Ferris Wheel to protest the bombings in Iraq.

It's a hard place to describe, this "up here in the north." It's not as if I feel threatened on a personal level—no, far from it. I contend that the normalcy is quite abnormal, however; things are always bubbling under the surface.

This is a divided society, there is no doubt about that. The poor and working class seem to me to be the least likely to be together. One group can be loosely defined as Catholic/Nationalist/Republican, while the other is Protestant/Unionist/Loyalist. Within these two groupings are many subgroupings. Some Catholics might actually wish to remain part of the United Kingdom, while some Protestants might be striving for a reunifying with the rest of Ireland. The word "Republican" here usually means one who wishes to be part of the Republic of Ireland (Dublin, Kerry, Galway—26 of 32 counties). Nationalists might want that, too, but, whereas Republicans might wish this to be carried out by armed means, Nationalists include those who would want this only by means of a nonviolent struggle. The word "Unionist" refers to one wishing the union with the UK to continue, while a Loyalist might see continued status in the UK as a status worth violently struggling for.

Often, Loyalists have spawned groups willing to kill civilians merely for being Catholic—not for being members of the Sinn Féin party or the IRA, just for being Catholic. Like with Jews, you don't have to go to Mass to be a Catholic—it's all got to do with where you were historically rooted in the 17th century. IRA groups, on the other hand, tend to think they'd kill Protestants only if they were members of policing or military groups such as the cops, the British Army or other paramilitary Loyalist groups. IRA folks would have killed anyone connected to the Army and the cops—even in the less-than-common circumstances of that person being Catholic.

Meanwhile, almost daily, something happens that is "sectarian" in nature, that is, obviously aimed at a group only for religious affiliation. For instance, a school called St. Kieran's was attacked by fire; the other night, the Orange Order hall in Dungannon (I have friends that live near there) was destroyed by fire. The thing about Orangeism is, it is a political force—it is not a Church, although the local level of the Anglican Church of Ireland often gives space in its buildings for Orange Order meetings.

People have been forced to flee their homes, have been threatened with death if they didn't leave a housing estate (similar to our projects, but not high rises). It happens more often that a couple or family in a mixed marriage is forced out of a Protestant housing estate. If the family is Catholic, usually, it is the more thuggish Loyalists who are pulling the strings on throwing them out. As for Republicans, more militant elements within the Irish Catholic community, the issue is often about getting tossed out of your area because you've been engaging in "anti-social" behavior, usually stealing, drug-dealing, etc.

Another nasty thing employed by paramilitaries of all communities is kneecapping, that is, shooting someone in one or both knees, or in the ankles. Now, this may happen less than in the past, but it still happens. People also find out from the police that their "details" have been given by someone to another group—they are told this so as to take security precautions. How did a paramilitary group, supposedly under a cease-fire, get someone's "details"? Not certain.

In short, though some feel there is a great difference between the North of Ireland, 1980 and the North of Ireland, 2000, especially

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since the Good Friday agreement of April, 1998, others think nothing much has changed. That is, the IRA hasn't really handed over any of its weapons, although weapons dumps down in the Republic have been inspected by outside inspectors from Finland and South Africa. It is true, no one in any great number has been shot or bombed here in some years, but there is a fear that dissident Republicans and perhaps Loyalist fringe groups will stir things up. There are all sorts of things that go unreported—things considered too small, perhaps, in the greater scheme of world events. It's the fact that you're dealing with a little bit of land in the big world, a land of unresolved disputes, of wounds left to fester, one century into another.

Although no soldiers have been visible here since July 12, I think I will see them again next weekend for the events surrounding the Apprentice Boys parades—another number of parades that are tied in with the defeat of the Irish/Catholic cause of the 17th century. The Protestant community *in toto* does not observe or commemorate these historical events, although many do—some, in fact, find them all too contentious, particularly when the parade intersects with neighborhoods now, in greater part than in years gone by, populated by Catholics. So, for instance, the church I go to when I'm over at Paul Edmondson's is the oldest Catholic church in Belfast; that church is in an area where a massacre of Catholics took place back in 1992, a few weeks before I was last here. Well, the parade that year passed the place of this particular massacre, and some of the paraders danced, jumped up and down with great glee, and held out fingers to denote how many had been killed there. Residents said, from then on, they would never allow the parade to go through their area.



All Souls

Rita Corbin

To our ears, this may sound trivial. Some would say, "Oh, just let the group march on down." In fact, there's a "Parades Commission" which was set up under the Good Friday/Belfast agreement solely to deal with parades: if/when they are able to be held, etc. Some think it's a total disaster. The people in the area of St. Malachy's voted 92% to say no to this parade of August 12—we'll see what happens.

God bless—will be in touch.

Love,

Jane

P.S. The bitterest pill for many to swallow since I got here was the early release of paramilitary prisoners, Republican and Loyalist, on July 28. Some had killed many.

STORIES FROM CUBA

(Continued from page 1)

that, for a short amount of time, Cubans would experience an additional shortage of supplies, food and fuel; however, people's patience is now running low, as one or two years have turned into nine.

From our arrival in Havana, when there was a blackout at the airport, until the day I missed my plane because the Russian WWII side-car motorcycle carrying me broke down, I saw daily hardships and reminders that Cubans live in an isolated, blockaded country. I listened to hours of stories from Presbyterians, Baptists, Catholics, Russians, farmers, teachers, ministers, *babalaos* (priests of *santería*), artists, a state inspector, and an ambulance driver, and not one person was immune to the severities imposed during the *periodo especial*.

Following the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991, Cuba had to learn to live more independently than it had since 1959, when revolutionaries forced the dictator Fulgencio Batista to flee. The economic developments during this time are best explained by what is still the most pressing issue in the daily life of every Cuban: agriculture and food.

When the Soviets could no longer provide assistance to the Cuban state, by way of the sugar cane trade and agricultural supplies, Cubans were faced with a serious food shortage. Until that time, communities fed themselves through small, national agricultural associations. But people were hungry, the years 1993-1994 being, by all accounts, the most difficult. The *campesino* had to raise the price of produce and those in the city went out and bought it.

Eventually, food ran short and the state responded by investing heavily in the *campesino*. Cooperatives were formed and the government provided free land, and chemicals and insecticides at low prices. Fifty percent of the yields were given to the state and sold in markets and the other half, for the first time in the *campesinos'* lives, they could sell for their own profit. But, again, supplies ran short and the state was unable to provide all it promised.

As these details were explained to me one night by those who lived it, I felt the guilt of one who wastes and lives in a country of excess. For, it was during those years that policy makers in the United States were tightening the screws by passing legislation like the Torricelli and Helms-Burton Acts, which further restricted food and medicine entering Cuba, as well as preventing trade from other nations. Intellectually, I had known this before, but, to hear other people whom I'd befriended recount moments when they literally were struggling to keep some of their family members alive, overwhelmed me. One friend, with his wife in intensive care and his newborn child unable to drink breast milk (formula was not available), had to leave his city every day in search of goat's milk in the countryside.

A Changing Economy

When food was scarce earlier in the decade, families had money to spend, but no food to buy. As co-ops and individual *campesinos* raised prices for the food they produced, people had to spend everything for what was available. The *campesino* suddenly was wealthier than other Cubans, having become a treasured commodity in a time of hunger. When the US dollar entered the black market in the early nineties, however, Cubans could no longer afford their native foods.

The black market, rampant in the 16th and 17th centuries' trading commerce, flourished again. Co-ops, state-sanctioned institutions, pushed individual farmers into the black market. The devaluation of the *peso* encouraged Fidel Castro to legalize the dollar in 1993 and, today, it is becoming harder to purchase many goods with the *peso*. Items imported illegally through Panama flooded the market and goods perceived as higher quality became accessible and desired.

Social class changes surfaced immediately, most obviously in the visible *jineteras* (prostitutes—literally, horse jockeys), who were young women searching for ways to provide

for families or to buy new clothes or other items increasingly unavailable without dollars. I met a Cuban who conducted video interviews with *jineteras* and, though they are now less visible following police crackdowns, they have found other ingenious ways of working, such as using their homes or writing their prices in chalk on the bottom of their shoes.

Tourism boomed as well, and Canadians, Italians, Spanish and Germans flocked to new resorts popping up along the northern shores, especially in the internationally known Varadero. I visited there and could not believe the contrast to the rest of Cuba. The best fruits and seafood are limited to the tourist because of expense or legalities, and throughout the country, Cubans are not allowed to spend the night in any tourist hotel—with or without dollars—even in the company of foreigners. Tourism and sugar combined account for seventy percent of Cuba's foreign exchange.

The Double Blockade

Today, there is still a shortage of everything. I learned how to buy gas on the black market, signaling numbers with fingers from the car and making deals in the middle of the night. Everywhere, people stand on the side of the road hoping to *coger botella* (catch a ride) or drift slowly along on a Chinese Flying Pigeon bicycle, because fuel for cars is so scarce. When ambulances break down, hospitals have to do without because there are no replacement parts.

Cubans often told me that their lives consist of having materials available and no money, or having money and no materials. Our church group also experienced the frustration of not being able to get supplies, despite the fact that we weren't short of dollars. Paint has largely been inaccessible to Cubans, but the Baptist Church had procured permission for us to paint a state-run school for children with autism and Down's syndrome in Matanzas. Yet, we had to wait for two days before the work could begin, and when the state didn't follow through, we found paint on our own.

Xiomara runs a Presbyterian camp in the countryside outside Santa Clara. She spoke to me candidly, in a hushed voice, about her vision for Cuba and its current situation. She was not the only one to speak of a "double blockade," meaning that, in addition to the external blockade, the state and many Cubans have developed an "internal blockade," which prevents them from looking at their own faults that contribute to Cuba's problems. She looks for solutions in her power and aims to continue serving those in her community and those whom she considers to be the most marginal and neglected: the elderly. She predicts that deforestation will become an increasing environmental problem for Cuba. Only in the last ten years has Cuba had to look to its native forests to provide energy because fossil fuels, previously available through the Russians, are now in short supply.

Fidel Castro's solution to the food crisis came in the form of rationing, marked in family books called *libretas*, which allow Cubans to purchase subsidized products. Roughly (they vary from province to province), Cubans are allotted 6 lbs. of rice, 6 lbs. of sugar, 1.5 lbs. of beans, a quarter of a pound of coffee, and 6 eggs per person, each month. The list also includes oil, soap, milk for children up to age 6, and soy yogurt for children ages 7 to 13. Although the prices are low, the proportion in cost to the average Cuban's \$8-\$10 monthly salary is high.

Because of this, I was surprised at our first meal at Xiomara's camp. As I got to know



Apples

June Hildebrand



Michelle Dick

her over the week, I asked her about the extravagance of red snapper, rice, black beans, fresh tomatoes, coconut and coffee. Her answer to my "how" was simple: "You couldn't even imagine." It took them two days to round up everything, including a four-hour drive to the coast in their barely functioning car. It struck me that, in the US, we are so used to obtaining what we need or want easily, that it's almost inconceivable what Cubans go through every day to find food.

Xiomara also told a story similar to one I heard later from others. Clothing and shoes are found mostly in dollars now, a pair of shoes ranging from \$10-\$20. But, the quality is poor, since many shoes had been locked away earlier in the nineties, when funds were even more scarce. She spent an entire month's wages to buy a needed pair of shoes, and the first time she wore them, they completely fell apart on her way to church.

Religious structures still struggle to define themselves within the socialist state. Without question, churches now function more freely than ever; however, while I was in Santa Clara, at Father Pat Sullivan's parish church, the city churches were denied permission to have a procession with the Sacrament in what would have been the conclusion to a Eucharistic week. They were disappointed, but immediately sought a solution. Several pastors and a priest told me that it is better to work in conjunction with the state than to try to work against it. One priest said that, if the ultimate goal is to get medicine and food to the people, then the manner in which it is done does not matter.

Fighting and Surviving

While cruising along Cuba's highways (roads, really) in a yellow 1968 Gillig school bus, I was shown, from the windows, numerous hospitals, both medical and psychiatric, universities, newly implemented agricultural centers based on Chinese examples, beer factories, pig farms, electric plants, refineries, etc. It is an amazing testimony to the revolution that they are still functioning and that Cuba still boasts a literacy rate comparable to that in the US. And education, from preschool through PhD, is still free. In July of this year, the US Senate and House passed different versions of a proposal to lift the ban on sales of certain foods and medicines to Cuba. Time will tell how this may ease the difficulty with which Cuba's struggling schools and hospitals obtain much-needed supplies.

I met a young, Baptist mailman who rides a mail train delivering post across his province. He had studied geology and loved the short time before the *periodo especial* when he had examined the ancient strata of

Cuba's rocks. Now, he plans to come to the US because, he says, he is tired of *luchando* (fighting, meaning to survive). I know that beyond my three-week observations, the friends I made are still *luchando* and trying to *resolver* (resolve, usually through the black market) the best they can, some coping less well than others. I think of the men in an aluminum factory in Matanzas that I visited each day for conversation, who work all day in the hot factory for less than a dollar. We entertained ourselves with debate and laughter.

I also know that, despite the abundance that I found, it is sometimes a struggle to find humor in Cuba. A foreign priest told me he had never counseled so many people contemplating suicide; yet, he said, Cubans have a remarkable internal survival mechanism. Otoniel commented that Cubans feel they are perceived as enemies by most of the world, even though they have done nothing to deserve it.

Only ninety miles away from Cuba sits the epitome of extravagance and abundance: Miami. Many Cubans spoke to me of the ubiquitous fear that Cuban-Americans, not capitalism or the US government, might show up on their doorstep, claiming family properties that those who remain have tried so hard to maintain. But, most likely, people said, another of Fidel Castro's government men will succeed him and Cuba will keep on. No one, though I know there are some who might, subscribed to the point of view that capitalism would be the panacea for Cuba's struggle, or that with just one small dose of it, Cuba would be cured of all its woes. ✕

Iraq Video

The Institute for Development Training has created a video-learning package entitled "Silent Weapon: The Embargo Against Iraq," as a tool to educate adult study groups and congregations to advocate for an end to the US sanctions against Iraq. To learn more about this study guide, you can contact the Institute for Development Training, RR1, Box 267B, Trenton, ME 04605, (207) 667-7231. ✕

Close the SOA!

Last June, the House of Representatives accepted a Pentagon proposal to "reform" the School of the Americas with a new name and a few cosmetic changes—basically, business as usual. This year's vigil, in memory of those assassinated by SOA graduates, and nonviolent civil disobedience will be held November 17-19, at Fort Benning, GA. Write to SOA Watch, PO Box 4566, Washington, DC 20017, or call (202) 234-3440. ✕

The Book of Notes

By SUE de NYM

As you know, Ric Rhetor has flown the coop, so to speak. Now, there are two issues worth of happenings to fill our readers in on, so let's get right to it.

There have been several departures. Joe DeSanto, who moved into St. Joe's in February, left in August for a teaching job in East Harlem. We wish him all the best (fourth graders are a rough crowd!) and hope he comes down to visit every now and again. Ananda, who had been helping out a lot at Maryhouse, moved into her apartment and is starting classes in preparation for a nursing program. Our thoughts are with her as well, and we are sure that her broken arm, a roller-blading casualty, will not impede her success.

Nancy Lui, from Singapore by way of Kansas University, visited in March and liked us so well that she came back for the month of July. It was a pleasure having her at Maryhouse, her gentle way always a welcome presence. Josh Stein, Suzette's nephew from North Carolina, was also with us in the summer. He brought enthusiasm and optimism to the sometimes thankless task of painting, or, more importantly, preparing to paint! We will miss him and expect him to come back and see us some time.

Another friend, Jeremy Scahill, has left New York. He and his wife, Ivana, and their daughter, Ksenija, have moved to Belgrade, Yugoslavia where Ivana is from. And, Marj Humphrey has returned to Kenya, where she worked for several years as a Maryknoll lay missionary. Pat and Kathleen Jordan gave her a proper send-off at their house on Staten Island.

Another type of departure is the closing of the Blarney Stone (a restaurant near Madison Square Garden), or more accurately, the retirement of the proprietor, Tim Moran. For many years, Tim has graciously provided us with the meat and eggs for our holiday meals, which is no small undertaking. He swears that he will continue to provide for us, and we know he will, but he furthermore gave us all the extra supplies that remained after the closing of his pub. We were so pleased to see him and meet two of his children.

In the short-term departure department, Jane went to Ireland for four months (with a side trip to Germany to visit Kristin Schönfelder), Lucia went to Turkey for a vacation with her family, Suzette went to Cuba as translator with a church group and Gene spent two months in Connecticut with his godmother. (The Genius also made a stop at the Thomas Merton Center in Bridgeport). Joe and Sabra went to Ireland with Joe's parents. Carmen has been attending the national meetings of the War Resisters League, which has taken him to such scenic locales as Houston and Chicago. And, Jonah was introduced to his California relatives, as Joanne and Michael took him out there to attend Joanne's sister's wedding.

Carmen and Janella went to Washington, DC and were arrested at a protest commemorating the 10th anniversary of the sanctions against Iraq, held on Hiroshima Day, August 6. Presiding at the event were luminaries Kathy Kelly of Voices in the Wilderness, John Dear of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Bishop Thomas Gumbleton. We grieve the continuing, unnecessary suffering of the Iraqi people.

War Tax Resisters

The fifteenth annual New England Gathering of War Tax Resisters will be held in Deerfield, MA, November 17-19, 2000. For details, contact Melinda Nielsen, 24 Clark Ave., Northampton, MA 01060, (413) 584-5608. ✦

CW Gathering in Europe

CWers will get together in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, from October 25-29, for the fourth annual European CW gathering. The theme is "Anarchism." Join our friends at Jeannette Noel Huis, Klieverink 125-126-127, Postbus 22141, 1100 CC Amsterdam, (020) 6994-320. ✦

Under theoretical departures, our own Felton Davis and Peter DeMott of the Ithaca CW community were both found guilty for their participation in the 1999 Hiroshima Day vigil on the steps of the Pentagon, and are scheduled to be sentenced in Alexandria, VA on October 24. Please keep them in your thoughts and prayers.

In the "prayers asked and answered" department is the arrival of Talitha Glossmeyer, from Oklahoma. Daughter of Joe Glossmeyer, who was around when St. Joseph's House opened up on First Street in 1968, Talitha moved into Maryhouse in August. Also, Janella Meads, who hails from Michigan, moved into St. Joe's in June. It's great having her, and there's the extra bonus of visits from her brother Derrick, who goes to school in Ithaca.

Thankfully, the weather was uncharacteristically cool during July and August, because our houses were teeming with visitors. The illustrious list includes Dean Brackley, SJ, from El Salvador; David Miller, from San Francisco; Callie Vincent, from West Virginia, the daughter of Mike Vincent and Linda Bunce, who both lived at the NYCW at one time; Cathal Lathrop, from Dublin, the son of Chuck Lathrop, who was here in the early 70s; and Tom McDonald and Liz Facey from Grand Rapid, OH with their two children, Daniel and Claire. Tom was here in the early 70s also. David Kast and his two delightful children stayed for a couple of days, and our loyal artist, Renato, around in the late 80s and now back from Japan and living in Chinatown, stopped by for an afternoon.

Martin Balle, from Bavaria, Germany, spent a week with us; he did a 10-month stint in 1989. (His fish soup was the stuff of legend!)

Kerry Dugan arrived in late summer, being his extremely helpful and creative self, and trying to make a few bucks here on the East Coast, as jobs are scarce on the Navajo reservation in Arizona, where he and Brook live. He's also been branching out in his artwork, taking classes at the Pastel Society of America while he's here.

We had the great pleasure of a few days' visit with Tyrrell O'Neil and her daughter, Lumi (who's already three!). That's Roger's oldest daughter and granddaughter. And, Barbara and Georgie Bouck came for a few weeks in August and September. Their friends from Toronto, Anne and Rebecca, joined them for the first week. There was much joy.

And lastly, we are delighted to announce the birth of Linda and David Mastrodonato's second child, Joseph Thomas, Dominick's younger brother. Joseph was born on August 21 (under the waning half moon, Felton tells us, just like Eleanor Roosevelt, Frank Zappa, Ksenija, and Roland D'Arcangelo). ✦

We have all known
the Long Loneliness
and we have
learned the only
solution is
Love
and that love
comes with
community
-Dorothy Day

Dom Paschal Baumstein, OSB

Daniel O'Hagan

When Daniel was discharged from the Navy in 1945, he felt a great letdown: What good had the war done? The people still had to come together and talk. And he was taught in school, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." How would this go with loading a gun for the suicide planes while anchored in Okinawa?

After first finding that Quakers didn't believe in war—so he wasn't the only one!—he finally found the Catholic Worker. You can imagine his delight at learning that there were fellow Catholics who believed there was a better way than war.

He visited the Catholic Worker several times and, twice, went to jail with Dorothy Day, in protest against the use of air raid shelters. He always subscribed to *The Catholic Worker*, occasionally sending a note or short article.

Daniel and I were married in 1957 and, the next year, started our little homestead, where we have lived ever since. We have lived very simply, without electricity or running water—simply, yes, but work-intensive also. From time to time, we have had apprentices who came to learn about simple living or woodworking with hand tools, for Daniel became a woodworker and handyman.

He had a seven-year struggle with cancer, becoming increasingly incapacitated; but he continued making things until he could scarcely get to the shop. We cared for him at home, which was a blessing for us all: a time of shared love and faith. The Hospice people were a great help. He died June 21, 2000.

—Marcia O'Hagan

The Kingdom of Heaven

[The following letter is reprinted from the June, 1963 CW—Eds. Note.]

Narvon, PA

Dear Charles [Butterworth],

Reading, other than in winter, is a pleasure a lot of country people find hard to sandwich in, what with spring chores and the hurry to get the garden in, plus all the outdoor jobs postponed in winter. Then, summer is too busy with keeping ahead of the weeds, up early and to bed late, working after supper; and of course, fall, the harvest and making sure things are ready for the blows and snows of winter. They don't have to drive themselves. They could take time out for reading or writing, but, somehow, their spare time is used in other ways.

Little Kathy has been a great blessing, and Marcia and I have with pleasure relearned our old nursery rhymes and stories and songs. She is, like all little ones, the essence of that saying, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and, "For such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

One thing we got around to this winter was to restore and use an old wool-wheel Robert and Ann Stowell very thoughtfully gave us. What a delight to use the wool of a neighbor's sheep, card it and spin it, wash it and wind it up for knitting! Such a simple, quiet way to get socks and mittens, caps, or scarfs!

Work in the shop has always been brisk; always, an order or two (or three) on hand while some other piece is being made. I've lately been working on a pine chest of drawers and when all the work, or nearly (this wood was planed at the mill), is done by hand, it takes a long time. But, because of this, the odd-matching dovetails, the differences in the knobs turned on the foot-lathe, the unevenness of the draw knife marks, all these things somehow give the piece an entity, a uniqueness, which forever separates it from the mass-produced piece.

Please say hello to Dorothy and Charles McCormack when you see them and give them our good wishes, as well as to yourself. Keep up the good work. May God be with you.

—Daniel, Marcia and Kathleen O'Hagan

Tom Sullivan

Tom Sullivan will have "saint" before his name, for me, from now on. He had all the Christian virtues—the spontaneous generosity, the kindness, the patience, the instinctual piety. He had the virtue of humor too—droll wit along with a cool eye and an occasional sharp tongue.

Most of all he cared, really cared, about people; he remembered our children, their hopes and troubles, and wished them well through the years. A friend of my husband, John Cogley, since high school, their friendship was rock solid, no matter what. When John had a stroke, Tom, with typical unobtrusiveness, came from New York to Santa Barbara, checked into a motel and suddenly appeared in John's hospital room. He was just there with his speechless friend, calm and serene and soothing.

Years later, on a whim to return to his roots, he decided to go back to Chicago and moved from Hicksville, L.I. with all his belongings. For two years he stayed—his boxes unpacked—and spent most of that time caring for his ailing, elderly relatives. Then he moved, once more, to Hicksville.

Tom lived alone, of course, and eventually needed care himself. He declined over several years in a nursing home staffed by kindly, overworked attendants. A few blessed and loving friends visited him regularly and watched him fade slowly and patiently as he approached his Lord. A genuinely holy man.

—Theodora Farrell



Rita Corbin

Street Photographer

VIVIAN CHERRY: A Working Street Photographer, 1940s-1990s. Exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum of Art; closed August 6th. Reviewed by Robert Steed.

If this were a daily or weekly publication, this exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum would not have come and gone before a review could appear. So, I hope some of our readers in the New York area saw the short review in the *New York Times* and made their way out to Brooklyn to see some 70 photos, many of which are of scenes of Manhattan: the Lower East Side, Times Square, Harlem and the Catholic Worker.

Vivian Cherry was born in what is now East Harlem in 1920 and this exhibition, drawn from the museum's permanent collection, was her first retrospective. She is a member of that tribe called "street photographers," of whom the museum's brochure says, "A fine instinct for the perfect moment is never enough. The eye and the hand and the brain must coordinate perfectly and without hesitation." Otherwise, the window of opportunity may close before he or she can capture that unique moment they all wait for.

Vivian began her professional life, not as a photographer, but as a dancer, at the age of four or five. She danced in clubs and Broadway shows and was associated with such luminaries of modern dance as Ruth St. Denis and Helen Tamiris. However, when a physical injury interrupted her dancing career, she entered the male-dominated photography business in the early 1940s, where she began as a dark-room technician and contact printer. After mastering the craft, she began the study of photography at the Photo League and with the noted teacher Sid Grossman.

I met Vivian in 1955, soon after I arrived at the Catholic Worker. We were introduced by Ammon Hennacy, who was her good friend and who used to baby-sit for her when he took a night off from his endless propa-

gandizing. She lived, at that time, a couple of blocks down the street from St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street with her son Steve, who is now a lawyer in New Mexico. It was one of those typical dark and airless tenement apartments which abound in the Lower East Side. They were relatively inexpensive in those days, but go for many hundreds of dollars a month nowadays.

Vivian had been given an assignment by the now-defunct Catholic magazine *Jubilee* to do a photo-essay on Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker. One section of the exhibition featured four of the photos taken at that time; some of the photos were used to illustrate Dorothy's book, *Loaves and Fishes*.

One of the four showed Dorothy on a picketline, carrying a placard displaying a quotation from Pope John XXIII. The message is: Food, not Bombs. The background looks like Broadway along the City Hall Park and was probably taken during one of the compulsory air raid drills of the fifties. Among the picketers with her back to the camera is the late Deane Mowrer, still somewhat sighted at that time, but legally blind.

Another showed the soupline entering the dining room at 223 Chrystie Street. About twenty men are visible: white, middle-aged to old, resignation written on their faces. Only one is black. It was on just such a morning a couple of years later that Dorothy, on her way to Mass, encountered the poet W.H. Auden, who handed her a check for 250 dollars. She mistook him, at first, for one of the men coming for soup; W.H. Auden was famous for his disheveled appearance. The encounter made the front page of the *New York Times*.

The other two photos featured women sitting in the library at Chrystie Street. In one, the woman, whose face I remember well, sits asleep in a straight-backed, wooden chair under a Barclay Street statue of the Virgin Mary. In the other, three old women sit side by

side, lost in thought, seemingly unaware of the camera. One of them is Anna, a Jewish woman who had been living in the streets, winter and summer, who was, with great difficulty, persuaded to come inside and sleep on a piece of cardboard under the stairs on the first floor. She steadfastly refused to accept a bed (probably a wise move, as we were all eaten alive by bedbugs upstairs!). In this photo she looks quite somber, but I remember that she had the most beguiling, toothless smile.

All of Vivian's photos feature the common people, often the marginal ones. The genesis of this "bias" probably stems in part from the fact that her parents left the Ukraine in the first decade of the twentieth century, where they had experienced rampant anti-Semitism. Her father, a house painter in this country, was apolitical but her mother was an outspoken communist. They met in Kiev, when her father went to his mother as a patient: She was a dentist.

Vivian lived at a number of locations on the Lower East Side, then, as now, filled with immigrants finding their way in a new and strange country. On Chrystie Street, she was just a block from the Bowery. At that time, the Bowery, from Chatham Square to Union Square, was a hellish stretch of flophouses, gin mills and cheap, greasy-spoon restaurants, with a population of mostly drunken men and over-shadowed by the Third Avenue El, a grimy, elevated railway that did its best to see to it that the sun never penetrated to the street. The visual impression was something akin to the famous Gustave Doré illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*.



Clifford Harper

Artist With A Message

(Continued from page 1)

rience that left him feeling broken and with no desire to live.

Fritz was able to overcome his grief in the years ahead. He remarried, had another child, and began an association with the Quakers that lasted for the rest of his life. For the next 50 years, Fritz produced a prodigious outpouring of art, illustrating a dazzling array of classics—Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Fyodor Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*, Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Dylan Thomas's *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, Dorothy Day's *The Long Loneliness*—and two of my favorites by the Brontë sisters, *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre*, to name only a very few.

Fritz and the Catholic Worker

One of the major events in Fritz's life took place in 1949 when his friend, Gilbert Kilpack, arranged for Fritz to sit next to Dorothy Day at a conference on religious publishing at Pendle Hill, a Quaker Retreat Center. According to a wonderful interview that Robert Ellsberg did with Fritz for *The Catholic Worker* in October, 1981, Dorothy asked Fritz for "something emotional, something that would touch people through images, as she was trying to do through words, and something that would communicate the spirit of the Catholic Worker to people who, perhaps, could not read the articles." Fritz went on to tell Robert, "Dorothy stood for everything I thought would make this world a better place. She cared for the underdog, the oppressed, the poor, the ones who were easily discarded.... I never knew, thirty years ago, that my humble work for *The Catholic Worker* would become almost

an identification for me."

After Dorothy's death in 1980, Fritz wrote to me, "I remember her when we first met at Pendle Hill so many decades ago. I share my deep love for her with millions—she is a living presence that does not fade. I cherish her many letters, the hours spent together—never long enough, and her friendship which added immeasurably to my life and spiritual growth. So I won't say that I miss her—she is still very much with me and always will be."

Part of the Family

At the Worker, Fritz belonged to us heart and soul. In the spring of 1986, we were corresponding about what would be, in May, his last speaking engagement at the Catholic Worker. Fritz wrote, "I do love to get your letters and to know that all is well with my friends at the Catholic Worker. It makes me feel that I am still part of the 'family'.... It seems that old age is catching up with me and forces me into slow motion. It doesn't help that I rebel against it—nor conform with it. Thank you for thinking of me and for wanting me as a speaker—I'm getting frail and creaking in the joints, but as long as I can crawl, you have me. Time marches on—as my handwriting shows—yet I still march."

It is difficult, now, to convey the excitement we felt knowing that Fritz would soon be arriving with his collection of slides. In addition to his Friday night talk at the Worker, we added as many get-togethers as Fritz's energy would allow. I remember fondly one weekend when Frank Donovan, Peggy Scherer and I joined the Eichenbergs for a lively breakfast at their hotel. Little did we realize that the whole morning had flown by when Fritz simply stood up, invited us to the next booth for lunch, and off we went!

The last four years of Fritz's life were, for him, another trial by fire. Eventually his own Parkinson's disease left him nearly paralyzed—first unable to work, then barely able to speak. His loving wife, Toni, cared for him

tenderly and with constant devotion. I can remember sitting with Fritz during our last visit and at first feeling uncomfortable because we could no longer speak to one another as we had for years. It was then as though Fritz looked inside me: he stretched out a small, trembling arm, took hold of my hand, and suddenly, it was just as if we were once again sitting and talking the hours away as always.

The Graphic Artist

The best way to consider Fritz's work is to find some good examples of it and see for yourself. His work does not appear frequently enough in current issues of *The Catholic Worker*, but, fortunately, in old issues it is abundant. I sometimes stop in our local used bookstore, the Strand, and usually walk out with a copy of some classic book illustrated by Fritz. There are several fine books by and about Fritz Eichenberg, which I will list at the end of this article.

I would like to conclude by sharing some comments made by Alan Fern, Director of the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, DC, at a memorial service for Fritz that took place in March of 1991. Dr. Fern captured something of the essence of Fritz as a significant artist-illustrator in the 20th century:

"Fritz uniquely combined a series of qualities, quirks, crochets, and contradictions. In both moral and artistic terms, he saw the world in black and white. He was a committed humanist, believing in the necessity of art to communicate significant ideas and attitudes and to change minds, and he was firmly attached to a printmaking tradition that stretched back to Albrecht Dürer.... He was a voracious and intelligent reader, and a brilliant writer—qualities not always found in visual artists.... His personality incorporated a deep streak of pessimism, and sometimes anger, about the failure of the world to come to grips with problems that needlessly sapped our resources and our energies through political and military conflicts.

Vivian vividly captured the 1955 demolition of the "El," in what was probably the most impressive part of the exhibition. One stunning image follows another, as she documents the transition from darkness to light. The Bowery is a magnificent street and, with the addition of a few hundred trees, could become a veritable Champs-Élysées. One bright light in the otherwise gloomy history of the "El" was the waiting rooms in the stations, which had stained-glass windows and coal stoves—a great comfort on cold nights, unlike the frigid, exposed waiting areas one must endure in the elevated portions of the present-day subway system.

In 1948, Vivian did a series which appeared in *48 Magazine* and was reprinted in the French magazine *Regards* in 1951, depicting small boys with toy guns in mock hold-ups. They probably had seen such goings-on in the movies, as I did a few years earlier. We all went through the "cowboys and Indians" phase, with our toy six-shooters, holsters, chaps; and cowboy hats, and few of us turned to crime; but, then as now, some saw it as a danger and the French are usually ready to see a threat to civilization in any American fad. This should not be taken as opposition to gun control on my part; *au contraire*. The photos (to get back to the point) are quite poignant.

Other portions of the exhibit recorded the life of a country doctor in Appalachia, a primitive artist in New York, children in the poorer neighborhoods of the city and street life, always—a kosher butcher in front of his shop, a fierce-looking old woman in front of her *schmatta* shop, a sleeping shoe-shine man.

In the nineties, Vivian began to record life in color, from Times Square to southern Mexico. From garish storefronts in Times Square to a pork butcher's window, which brings to mind works by Rembrandt and Soutine, filled with bloody meat, these photos resemble richly painted canvases. And, whether black-and-white shots evoking memories of earlier days, or colorful windows on the present, Vivian Cherry has given New Yorkers a photo album of their lives. ✦

"His mind discovered form, pattern, order, and significance in anything he saw, and he considered it his duty to share the wonder of it. If he could peel away the distractions that kept the rest of us from detecting the meanings he discovered in his constant, restless trip through life, he could feel he had accomplished something. And he needed to feel this—to know that each day he had worked on bringing into being a new idea, a new vision, or a new insight.

"Fritz enriched the world of graphic arts with some of the most compelling wood-engravings of our time. He has touched the imagination of countless readers who may scarcely be aware of how their responses to literary classics have been guided by his penetrating vision. And, as he hoped he would, he has illuminated the lives of many friends and colleagues." ✦

Books by and about Fritz Eichenberg:

Ape in a Cape (children's book), by Fritz Eichenberg. Harcourt Brace and World, New York, 1952.

The Art of the Print, by Fritz Eichenberg. Harry N. Abrams, Inc., New York, 1976.

Artist on the Witness Stand, by Fritz Eichenberg. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #25, Pendle Hill Publications, Wallingford, PA, 1984.

Dance of Death, by Fritz Eichenberg. Abbeville Press, New York, 1983.

Endangered Species and Other Fables with a Twist, by Fritz Eichenberg. Stemmer House, Owings, MD, 1979.

Fritz Eichenberg: Works of Mercy, edited by Robert Ellsberg. Orbis Books, NY, 1992.

The Wood and the Graver, by Fritz Eichenberg. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, 1977. ✦

A Spiritual Bouquet

(Continued from page 1)

common birth on French soil and the common losses of their mothers when they were toddlers, creating some secret affinity. But, I think Michael Mott, author of the monumental *The Seven Mountains of Thomas Merton*, struck the right note in suggesting that there was something in Thérèse that Thomas Merton needed: affectivity. Unlike Thérèse, he had not known a close and supportive family, and he was marked by a deep-seated hunger for love. As a bohemian, he could adulterate love, and as an author, he could intellectualize love, but neither was love incarnate. Thérèse, I submit, was.

After early reticence, including reservations about a translation of Thérèse's *The Story of a Soul*, Thomas Merton read Thérèse in the original; Henri Ghéon's splendid *The Secret of the Little Flower* completed the conversion. Thomas Merton described himself as "knocked out by it completely." In her, he found the magic childhood he had himself missed; and Thérèse was the *puella aeterna*, the archetypal child. This "mighty child," he marveled, was incomprehensible by such accounts as the *Book of Job*, *The Dark Night of the Soul*, or Søren Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*. One might say that this "mighty child" was god-mother of the man.

I detect the scent of the Little Flower in Thomas Merton's poem "Night-Flowering Cactus." Thérèse stands not for the dulcification of Thomas Merton, but his passage into the new man. He, it should go without saying, became much more than some "hip" monk, while the Little Flower, from her side, anomalous though it might seem, can be deemed an anticipation of "flower power." Or, perhaps, what it ought to have been. The intuitive Thérèse was possessed of just that immediacy, impetuosity (e.g., she spoke up at her audience with Leo XIII, though she was strictly instructed to the contrary), and moral purity that the "sixties," at its best, sought, but as often as not mimicked and easily squandered, if not betrayed. Late Thomas Merton himself lamented its "fake creativity."

The Tao of Dorothy

When we turn a generation back from Thomas Merton to Dorothy Day, spiritual consanguinity is even more obvious. Dorothy indeed raised up from stones "children to Abraham"—a text dear to her as well as to Thomas Merton—and Thomas Merton himself acknowledged her role in his spiritual maternity. He wrote her, in 1965, that "if there were no Catholic Worker and other such forms of witness, I would never have joined the Catholic Church." But, given the bohemianism of the early Dorothy Day (like the early Thomas Merton), might we not ask if Dorothy, too, is explicable by such formidable texts as the *Book of Job*, *The Dark Night of the Soul*, or *Fear and Trembling*? Or by, again perchance, the specter of the Little Flower—that is, simplicity itself?

What are the roots of such a woman, as the Buddhists might say, the face before she was born? Is it conceivable that the Brooklyn-born Dorothy Day is an efflorescence of something promised by the Little Flower—as it were, raising up her own stones to Abraham?

Let us build the fascinating relationship of such apparently disparate women upon foundations of rock. The young Dorothy, apparently even more than Thomas Merton, was, at first, dismissive of Thérèse. This was in 1928, shortly after her baptism, when *The Story of a Soul* was sweeping the Catholic world the way *The Seven Storey Mountain* would a generation later. The veteran of Union Square, however, rejected it as "pious pap." But, Thérèse eventually wore the sometimes flinty Dorothy down, the way Taoists speak of water having its way with rock. By the time of Dorothy Day's own landmark autobiography, *The Long Loneliness*, published in 1952, Thérèse is revealed as one of her spiritual masters, in the company of St. Francis and the Mystical Doctor, St. John of

the Cross. Dorothy was drawn by "the little way" of Thérèse, essentially, a spirituality of the ordinary, and found in it the applied theology of the house of hospitality. This was incarnational, as against armchair, Christianity, and Thérèse embodied it well before the Catholic Worker; for example, in her tireless and compassionate care for elderly and infirm nuns.

Dorothy's crowning of the Little Flower was in *Thérèse*, her only life of a saint, published in 1960. If the autobiography did not constitute a very original contribution to Thérèse studies, it did come from the hands of Dorothy, and it was a valentine. Maybe even more significantly, the title Dorothy gave her spiritual notebooks derives from what may be the grimmest saying of the saint: "All is grace." All is grace for the Little Flower, including at the horrific end of her life, the descent into hell.

This is to suggest that we shake off facticity, the stuff of academic knowledge, and venture the depths, the stuff of communion. Dorothy Day was admittedly haunted by God—as, perhaps, any saint is—and maybe by more than God. "Pious pap," for example, may be protesting too much. We do know that Dorothy observed that she was born the year of Thérèse's death, 1897. Not content to leave well enough alone, I could not but also notice that Dorothy was born on November 8, forty days after the death of Thérèse on September 30. This is well within range of the forty-nine day *bardo*, or interim, of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. The flowers, spiritual flowers, can come any time. Behind every saint, it has been said, is another saint, and let me suggest, half-seriously and half-whimsically, that this may apply in an extraordinary way for our two saints.



Fritz Eichenberg

This odd observation is offered as only of symbolic value. Its sense is more moral than metaphysical. It would underscore the Incarnation as a permanent reality, not, in any conventional sense, reincarnation. Reincarnation, as I understand it, comes primarily via a metaphor from nature, a circular metaphor. This is Pauline, and I find it more mystical. The "good news" of Paul is, as he affirms, "I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and in my flesh I complete what is lacking in the afflictions of Christ for the sake of His Body" (Col. 1:24), the Mystical Body

of the Christian communion. And so, in some mystical sense, *The Long Loneliness* of Dorothy Day continues the short, "Night-Flowering Cactus" of the Little Flower, to allude again to the poem of Thomas Merton. And, maybe Thomas Merton, let us say, continued the life of the Taoist sage, Chuang Tzu. Maybe they all derive from and point to the same source, the Great Compassion. And, therefore, the Redemption, or, if you want, co-redemption, is passed around.

The Beach and the Bowery

In support of the mystical convergence of Dorothy and Thérèse, let me propose that the saint of the Bowery was a mystic, and the reclusive Carmelite, uncannily the activist. We can complete their portraits in that order.

Dorothy I would see as a mystic of "the little way." She was not, of course, like the grand Teresa, Teresa of Ávila, experiencing transverberations in Greenwich Village. We know nothing of visitations from angels, but Peter Maurin, encouraged by Holy Writ, observed that, by taking in the stranger, we may, without knowing it, be "entertaining angels." Yet, to be fair to the challenge, there was the "Beach Experience" of Staten Island, 1925. This seems an aesthetic fusion of the Trinity, the greatest of Christian mysteries, and that which is most manifest, nature. It is recounted in the fine collection of the late William D. Miller, *All Is Grace: The Spirituality of Dorothy Day*.

"I was 'born again' by the word of the spirit, contemplating the beauty of the sea and shore, wind and waves, the tides.... All gave testimony of a Creator, a Father Almighty, made known to us through His Son. Jesus always seemed to have preferred following the seashore or the banks of some river."

What really matters in mysticism is not the height of the experience so much as the length of its beneficent effects. Dorothy's was very long, as *The Long Loneliness* attests. Indeed, most of her life can be characterized as religious experience—diffused, and, therefore, less dramatic. Moreover, as a student of St. John of the Cross, I cannot read *All Is Grace* without the realization that it is informed by the spirit of the Mystical Doctor. For example, "Faith is like walking from darkness into light and being blinded by it" is an expression of a key *motif* of *The Dark Night of the Soul*. Dorothy was imbued with the spirituality of St. John of the Cross by such means as the retreats of Fr. John Hugo and others. And the Mystical Doctor, we can add, is the common doctor of all three of our figures.

Before retiring the matter of Dorothy as mystic, her spirit of radical detachment calls for observation and illumination. Detachment, of course, is not a conspicuous value in an ego-driven consumer society. But, if one intends to be whole, renunciation is the essential counter-weight to denunciation. Otherwise, the moral claims of prophesy are reduced to the partisan vituperation of politics. Just as kings, as Plato would have it, need to be philosophers, prophets need the counter-vailing mystical; and mysticism needs some public sense. Although Thomas Merton was an exemplary blend of mysticism and moralization, piety and prophetic witness, it is to the more speculative case of his spiritual midwife, Thérèse, that we must return.

Here, There, and Everywhere

The Little Flower was activist as Dorothy was mystic. That is, she was an activist of "the little way." Her way was not always that little, for her special vocation eventuated as the act of suffering. Her years in the convent can appear anticlimatic, being largely without consolation for the new "bride of Christ." Still, she managed her "alms of smiling." The last two years were all but intolerable: Stricken with tuberculosis, gangrene set in, and, throughout, she was denied the palliative of morphine. She witnessed where she was.

I find it powerfully symbolic that, when her friend Lucy abandoned the Carmel at Lisieux, Thérèse got up from her sickbed—shortly, deathbed—and marched around it as an act of compassion. Here was engagement and transcendence. The great master Friedrich von Hügel, in a rather famous pas-

sage on the Passion, concludes that "Suffering thus becomes the highest form of action." The two poles of passion and action magnetize each other.

If it still be objected that Thérèse was not at the barricades, we would reply with the mystical notion of nonlocality. Nonlocality enabled Thérèse and Thomas Merton to be everywhere. A classical affirmation of the mystery is in the sixty-eighth and, I think, climactic chapter of *The Cloud of Unknowing*: "Nowhere" is where I want you. Why, when you are 'nowhere' physically, you are 'everywhere' spiritually." Gethsemani, in the wilderness of Kentucky, was "nowhere." But Thomas Merton could make it a mysterious presence virtually everywhere. When the Little Flower pressed the flesh of the dying old nun of Lisieux, she was, in some sense, pressing the flesh of a dying outcast of Calcutta. Because, first, she was pressing the flesh of Christ. We are of a cloth in this Mystical Body. As if in confirmation of nonlocality, Thérèse has been named co-patroness of missions.

The Solution is Love

The case for the other extremity, the severed quietist, can be suggested by Aldous Huxley's *Grey Eminence*. Set in the critical period of Western mysticism, the seventeenth century, the work argues the incompatibility of mysticism and political action. Of course, politics can contaminate—or worse, as the case of Thomas More suggests. The young Thomas More struggled mightily between, to employ his contemporary coin, the *vita activa* and *vita contemplativa*. He resolved upon the *vita mixta*—which issued in the scaffold. Western mystics have some roots in martyrdom. I have advanced elsewhere that Thomas More was mystic, and I find it fascinating that the very title of his famous work, a cornerstone of modern political action, the *Utopia*, was inspired, I think, by the medieval mystical classic, *The Cloud of Unknowing*. Again, "Nowhere" is where I want you.... The blood of the martyrs, running recently to Bishop Juan Gerardi of Guatemala, may be another way of raising flowers. The life of Mahatma Gandhi and the "engaged Buddhism" of Thomas Merton's "brother," Thich Nhat Hanh, also come easily to mind. Such witnesses, along with Dorothy Day, confirm that, in principle, the mystical and political action are not incompatible. To the contrary, it may be the mystical anchor that principles politics, ultimately.

To my mind, none of our trinity, nor the Catholic faith itself, makes sense apart from mysticism. And, I believe that this is why Thomas Merton, in his last decade, was disturbed by more than a scent of "anti-mysticism," a term enlisted from a study on the spiritual tragedy of the seventeenth century. Thomas Merton could accommodate with titles like *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*—rather ironically, I think, since he was hardly just a bystander. But Thomas Merton, a self-described "fourteenth-century man," was rooted, and, therefore, free from captivity to fashion.

Ultimately, true radicals like Thomas Merton and Dorothy Day cannot be viewed as either "liberal" or "conservative." They were whole, and such partisan labels tend to feed the polarizing monster of the media.

Whatever the first fragrance of our spiritual bouquet, its roots are profoundly political. We began with the two loves of St. Augustine, filtered through a trinity, a conspiracy of loves. Augustine, in *The City of God*, bequeathed us our classic formulation of community: a people bound by common love. But the sixties "counter-culture" was bound more by a common aversion. This aversion was seething over subdued special interests, and once the aversion was removed, the inherent disintegration was inevitable. Not so the true "city of God," free of the idols of the market and enfolded in Love eternal. But the ephemeral counter-culture, a phenomenon as old as history, is undone for being attached where it should be detached, and detached where it should be attached. And, I guess it will have to go that way until flower children of the future, truly sensitive to fragrance, encounter, and mutually enrich, a spiritual bouquet. ✕