

CATHOLIC WORKER

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He Will Bring Justice to the Nations

Property

California agriculture comes close to being a disaster area in the nation's economy, but no one could reach this conclusion simply by a visit to the state. Its fertile valleys are heaping up produce for the tables of Americans, while its fruits are famous throughout the land. Where, then, is the disaster? This question could be answered by doing a little farming, but it would be safer, easier, and quicker, to do some reading and attend a meeting or two—such as the National Conference on Land Reform which was held last April in San Francisco, under the sponsorship of the National Coalition for Land Reform.

Is land reform needed in the United States? Sheldon Greene, general counsel to the Coalition, who spoke at the Conference, told his listeners:

"We know that each year 100,000 farms are abandoned, and that rural America has sustained a population loss of 40 million people in the last 50 years. Concomitant with the abandonment of small farms and the migration to the cities of a heretofore agriculturally dependent rural population has been the increasing entry into agriculture of multipurpose business interests, bringing with it an increase in farm size and absentee ownership of the land. Once-populous areas occupied by independent small landholders interspersed with small rural service communities are being transformed into feudalistic estates—possibly one of the most significant economic and social transformations to be experienced in our history."

The obvious comment is that transitions of this sort are "normal" in a competitive society. Survival is for the strong, the most efficient producers. But the strength of these enormous farms, Mr. Greene says, is not due to their ability to produce food more efficiently at less expense:

"Studies have demonstrated the family farm to be the most efficient unit of agricultural production. Summarizing the studies made on the subject of farm efficiency, G. P. Madden concluded, 'All of the economies of size could be achieved by modern and fully mechanized one-man or two-man farms.' The study concluded that the major difference between the small and medium-sized farm and the large farm was simply that the latter had the potential to produce more profits for the farm owner."

This becomes true, not necessarily from more efficient farming, but through the power of the conglomerates and syndicates which go into agriculture to conduct vertical operations, supplying machinery and other equipment, fertilizer, seed, and feed at one end, while they also process and market the product at the other end. Profits taken as suppliers and distributors make up for any losses in the farming, which are frequent. But the small farmer must live on farming alone. He cannot sell his produce at a loss. Meanwhile, the agribusiness, while sustaining a farming loss, may find its real estate increased in value. "Last year," Mr. Greene remarks, "the largest item of increase of agricultural assets was the enhancement of real estate value—a growth of \$6.3 billion."

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Rita Corbin

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Perkinsville, Vermont.

Outside my window the snow is still falling from a sky which is grey. The forecast is rain and sleet to follow. Early in the morning Mary's Jim was called to clear and sand the roads. He works for the town, and is on call as early as 2 a.m. Martha is taking care of the animals. Maggie and Katy are chopping wood for the kitchen stove, and in the dining room the big wood stove which holds four large logs is heating the living room as well as taking the chill off the three bedrooms which open out from it.

I am very comfortable in my room which used to be Eric's (he lives in Springfield ten miles away with his little family). Becky, her husband John and four-year-old Sheila are in their newly built three-room cabin down the road in the next field. There is already a woodshed and a work shop added on to their little house. Have I accounted for all my grandchildren? Nickie is with us while his wife and three children are visiting her people in Connecticut; and Susie and Jack and the two children, Tanya and Kachina, are at Tivoli.

Hilaire is at the East Hill Farm in Chester, Vermont, a school run by the Bliss family, a school which combines academic work and farming. Tamar and I visited it Sunday, and though most of the children were home for the holidays, some of the students had to stay to take care of the animals, sheep, horses, cows and so on. It is a school under the guidance of the Blisses, built by the students, fed by the students, one might almost say run by the students, a discipline aimed at the common good most

willingly accepted by all. I've admired this New England school for years and am happy that Hilaire has been accepted there. Happy too, to find one of Graham Carey's daughters one of the pupils. Graham Carey was a great friend of Eric Gill, whom Peter Maurin held up to us as one of the leaders we should follow. Gill played a great part in shaping what Peter called his synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation, and Graham not only lived it but also helped us to get started on the farms we have lived on, helping us purchase them, and supplying us with our first cows on several of them. The East Hill School is not far from my daughter's, and Hilaire runs home now and again to borrow his own saw. It is also near Weston Priory where the Benedictine monks are friends of ours. Dr. Bliss's school is not a Catholic school or a Quaker school or a Mennonite one or anything else, but a fine example of a New England school where young people delight in the variety of occupations. We sang a grace before the Sunday dinner, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," and I was glad that there was singing there, and folk dancing, too.

A note about singing: both on the picket line and at the Masses with the United Farm Workers, and in the farm prison where I spent almost two weeks last summer, we sang each evening at the Mass, one Spanish hymn after another. The thought came to me then that singing itself is a wonderful exercise in breathing. Why, oh why don't we

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Persecution

These are sad days in Recife, in the Brazilian Northeast. On July 24, Operation Hope, a self-help organization sponsored by Dom Helder Camara, Archbishop of Recife, was holding a regular meeting at the Episcopal Palace. During a break, Vieira and Dida went out for a short walk in the night air. They did not return. They have not been heard of since. Vieira, an agronomist, lived and worked at the Taquari sugar plantation, a 16-farm project owned and directed by Operation Hope. Dida was a young member of the Local Residents Council of Bairro Coelhos. Coelhos is one of the poorest favelas in Recife. Police and military authorities, when questioned, had no information—and no interest in looking for the two men or their "kidnappers." Their abduction was simply a "non-fact."

On August 29, Biu disappeared in the same way. A seminarian at the Regional Institute of Theology, he helped co-ordinate the Bible study groups known as "Encounters of Brothers"—another promotion of Dom Helder—and was working in Youth Pastoral.

Next it was Amorim's turn. In his own favela-bairro he had organized Operation Hope—bringing the people together to press for piped water, garbage-removal, sewage and other services. When local authorities failed or delayed interminably, they pitched in to do the work themselves, and they are now completing, from their own resources, a civic center where they can have meetings, training courses, medical assistance, a primary school. A week before, Dom Helder was a popular guest at a party thrown by the neighborhood to celebrate the birth of Amorim's first baby. On the morning of October 4, Amorim awoke to find a car with three men parked outside his house. No official plates, no uniforms, but in Recife there is a saying: "Beware of the car with three men!" Eventually he had to leave for work. On the way he was forced into the car and has not been heard of since. Another "non-fact!"

Like the raid on the building which houses the Curia of the Archdiocese, the Regional Secretariats of CNBB and CRB. This occurred soon after release of the protest document "I Have Heard the Cries of My People" signed by Dom Helder and most of the Bishops and Religious Superiors of the North-East. Later the Federal Censorship Bureau in Rio sent the following warning to the Press: "Be it forbidden to make any or every reference to or commentary on the invasion of the Metropolitan Curia of Recife and the taking of documents pertaining to the CNBB, since such is absolutely false and without foundation."

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TAX RESISTANCE LITERATURE

War Tax Resistance's latest pamphlet is entitled "The Fiscal 1974 Budget: Who Benefits?" The work details where taxes go and how even larger amounts are being expended for military purposes. Compiled by Robert Calvert, it is available from War Tax Resistance, 912 E. 31st St., Kansas City, Mo. 64109 for 50c a copy, plus postage.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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have more singing in our Catholic Churches, like the singing at Monsignor Hellriegel's church in St. Louis where he has always paid a choir master to teach the children from the earliest grades, and whose singing inspires the entire church to sing? Chanting and singing are so natural a religious exercise, involving body and soul!

... If I do not give a report about my family once a year, as so many of our old friends do, I get letters complaining about it. So I have given my report, and add that all families have the same problems and the same sufferings, because there is no love without suffering. So let us rejoice with those who weep, and turn to Scripture for both weeping and rejoicing. I have great confidence in that saying of Julian of Norwich, "He will make everything to turn out well!" The Penguin edition of this classic, which was a favorite of Thomas Merton, brings me great comfort.

I spent Christmas with my sister, staying with her Christmas eve and Christmas day. The previous few days I had spent at Tivoli and am looking forward to getting up there again in February.

Letter Writing

"I have observed it in general of those who are very fond of scribbling other things, that they are least of all to be depended on for writing letters. God forbid that any of my friends should judge of my regard for them by the punctuality of my correspondence."

Edmund Burke, statesman, wrote that before the American revolution. I found it as a letterhead on a note from Conor Cruise O'Brien to Martin Corbin who is now teaching in Montreal. I have appropriated it as an excuse and an apology to all our readers. I cannot even promise to do better. I know I will never catch up on my mail. Forever there will be letters left unanswered, except for the prayers I say as I open my mail in the morning or read all the mail which has piled up while I am away on my pilgrimages. "To breathe prayers over them as I read them" sounds trite and pietistic, but I mean it. I'd pray out loud but there are enough people around here talking to themselves. Some of it irritates, some of it is heart-rending, a lot of it is cheery and bright.

Of course, there is on occasion violence. I came back from my Christmas visiting to find that the towel racks in the bathroom on the women's floor have disappeared. Have they been ripped out, to use as weapons of attack, or has some one only done it "to annoy, because she knows it teases"? This morning to ward off the noise I have my radio on—Ber-

lioz, Schubert, Chopin, etc. It is not a distraction, it is a pacifier. As St. Teresa of Avila said as she grabbed her castanets and started to dance during the hour of recreation in her unheated convent, "One must do something to make life bearable!" Had she encountered a hostile atmosphere which further chilled the air, on the return from one of her pilgrimages? I just gave St. Teresa's Foundations to Ruth Collins to tide her over a rough period in her work for the Harlem project in which Jerome and Rita, Ruth and John, and we too, down here on First Street are all involved. I should include John McGee and his wife Margaret, and Carmen Mathews too, in this co-op housing project. I should call it a co-op rather than a "foundation." In the modern sense, Dwight McDonald once described a



foundation as a large body of money surrounded by people trying to get some of it. Words change their meanings over the centuries.

The work really is an attempt to take over an old tenement and repair it so it is livable, and keep the families living in it (some were born in it) rather than let it be demolished and the people scattered who have long been neighbors.

And oh, in all non-violent works to "build within the shell of the old," the suffering which goes on, pain which turns into joy when we realize that such suffering keeps us close to Christ, and we learn that "in the Cross is joy of spirit," as the Imitation says.

Yes, I feel guilty about not answering letters. I apologize because I know I cannot keep up with the work and because I have two speaking engagements in January, in New England (the hardest time of the year to travel there, yet the most beautiful), and in February, March, and April, too. But I am suddenly cheered by a letter from a reader who tells me to go on travelling, that she enjoys my journeys. And this after a very inadequate account of them. (I am engrossed as soon as I get home, es-

(Continued on page 8)

36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

"My aspens, dear, All felled, felled, are all felled." Thus the brute opening of Hopkins' stunning poem "Binsey Poplars—felled 1879." So we begin this First St. column again by recording the death of another of our family's fairest trees, John McMullan, felled by a crashing fall in Christmastide, 1973.

John McMullan

He was born in Northern Ireland in 1908. His family was Catholic, but owned a small farm in Kilrea near Derry. John was baptized in the local Church of St. Mary, and as a young man worked the family farm with his father and three brothers. In the early 30's he immigrated to America, following by several months his younger sister Mary, who had come to live with an uncle in Brooklyn. John paid the uncle rent, and was soon taken on by a fellow Irishman, digging ditches for the gas company. He implied it was downright fortuitous to have a job in those years. Other jobs were to follow before the war, as a maintenance worker, and as a short-order cook in Sheepshead Bay.

When the war broke out, John served in the American Coast Guard. He spoke about his days in Norfolk the way a high-seas sailor speaks of ports across the Pacific. In this there was the trim pride which was a pervasive aspect of his manner.

After the war John returned to live with his sister, who was then settled in a small town near the Jersey shore. But for John the place lacked the fluidity of the city, the excitement and anonymity. He soon moved back to New York.

John was an urban man despite his origins. On several occasions he visited the Tivoli Farm, only to return quickly to the city. The slowness of the farm was more oppressive to him than the chaos of First St. Here he met scores of visitors and volunteers, kept up with the daily newspapers, and could talk with numerous friends. Here too, he had easy access to the Punch that was his weakness, and the surety of a place he was needed.

John first came to the Worker at 175 Chrystie. He lived on the Bowery then, at the Palace Hotel (one of those euphemisms for the circles of Hell). Serving the soup at St. Joseph's House alongside Wong, he came to be known as "Irish John." Together with Mary Galligan, Wong and John set a gruff but welcoming tone that was the style of the

soupline for years. The soup, made and served from the ranks, was tasteful to the men.

Eventually John followed Charlie Keefe and Jack Cook as proprietor of the soup itself. He took great pride in this, arising at 4:30 in the morning and walking the dark blocks from the hotel to the First St. House. Several times he was mugged at this early hour, but eventually the abductors came to realize it was "John the soup cook," and allowed him to pass unassaulted.

John loved the quiet hours of the day, the early hours when he was alone with the freshly made coffee and the just-boiling beans. He called these "the best hours." He would set the table for breakfast, and brew the oatmeal. Then would come daylight, Arthur with the paper, and finally the bustle, the onslaught. He would begin looking toward the night's television and the next morning.

I can't say I always ate John's soup or liked it. Sometimes it was superb, but other times it was so concocted my stomach's eye would boggle. But for all that, it sustained hundreds of us for years. When asked what kind of soup he had made today, John would answer "soup de jour" (in the manner he had learned from Charlie Keefe), or "oriental soup today." He would say it in a gleeful style. Then throwing back his head, he'd laugh till his face and forehead turned red.

John had, as I mentioned, a sense of the line. Seldom did he lord it over our guests, although the temptation was there. Instead he had greetings for many a man, greetings that were personal and bespoke comradeship. He would lend money to some, give cigarettes to others. When Mary died and Wong went upstairs to work on the paper, John felt somehow alone. There was no longer the protective buffer he felt in Mary's handling the door. The younger people who began working the line allowed more to go on unchallenged. At times he felt betrayed by this, the sensitive, gentle man that he was. He began drinking more, and his "holidays" became extended.

Still, he loved his work to the end. The last meal he prepared was the morning feast on Christmas Day. He wore multi-colored bowling shoes while he worked. He loved red shirts, and wore his pants a bit too high. His walk was a shuffle of feet, his cadence something akin to a gal-

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Aid Striking Farmworkers

We appeal to readers of the Catholic Worker to continue and intensify the boycott of all non-United Farm Workers Union grapes, iceberg lettuce, and wines—particularly Gallo, Franzia and Guild wines. This is a dark time for the working men and women of the fields, members of the United Farm Workers, who seek to claim their dignity and rights as working people. We must aid them in their nonviolent struggle for justice.

By their own labor, farmworkers are seeking to change the conditions of their impoverished lives. They have created their own union, the United Farm Workers Union under the leadership of Cesar Chavez. They have asked us to refuse to support the conditions that exploit them and their children. Farmworkers are among the lowest paid workers in America. \$2600 is the average annual income for farmworker families. Their housing is often in dilapidated, overcrowded Hoovervilles, often with no toilets or sinks. The infant mortality rate among them is 125% higher than the national average, while a farmworker's life expectancy is but 49 years. 800,000 farmworkers in the fields are under 16 years of age. And the average level of education is the eighth grade.

After five years of the original grape boycott, farmworkers under the UFW banner won contracts with almost 200 grape growers in 1969 and 1970. These contracts brought better working conditions, grievance procedures, higher wages, a medical plan, and pesticide protection. In the summer of 1973, most of the contracts expired. Instead of renegotiating them in good faith, the growers brought in the nonrepresentative and corrupt Teamsters Union, signing sweetheart contracts with it while neither consulting nor respecting the wishes of the workers and the rights of the workers' own union, the UFW.

The UFW has sent its members throughout the country, asking consumers to boycott grapes, wines, and lettuce which are not union harvested. Do not buy grapes and iceberg lettuce which carry no Aztec Eagle, the Union Label of the UFW. Do not buy Gallo, Guild, and Franzia wines, or any wine from Modesto County, Calif. (all owned by Gallo). The UFW desperately needs volunteer assistance as well as financial help. Contact your local boycott center and volunteer your time, even an hour a week will be appreciated. And send whatever financial assistance you can on a regular basis, no matter how small, to the United Farm Workers, La Paz, Keene, California 93531.

The Editors

Vietnam Prisoners

5027 Knox St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19144

Dear Dorothy:

The December issue reached us a few days ago. It is a fine issue. I see Hildegard Goss-Mayr is still working on the task she was doing when I was in New York and heard her speak.

My work with The Defenders in Juvenile Court is very time consuming. But I did get to hear Bishop Thomas Gumbleton speak on the political prisoners in South Vietnam—how 80% of the income of the South Vietnamese government comes from the U.S., and about his personal contact with four men who had been released from tiger cages after six years, legs paralyzed and shriveled—but spirits intact—still ready to resist—and without anger.

May God continue to bless the CW family.

Love,
Charlie Butterworth

War Tax Resistance

War Tax Resistance
912 E. 31 St.
Kansas City, Mo. 64109

Dear Friends,

We want to ask you, at the beginning of this letter, to read it carefully and to respond to it as soon as possible. Some major questions are raised and the answers depend on each of you.

First, as of May 1974, both of us will resign our positions on the National Staff. However, we will stay on as volunteers as long as is needed to help whoever takes over the National Office and until the present debt is paid. We have decided this after quite a bit of thought and after talking to a lot of people. The National Office needs some fresh thought and different ideas. We became convinced of this when only three Centers responded to our last mailing, which we felt was a rather important one.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is Epiphany. The sound of a cock crowing challenges the raw, snow-pregnant January afternoon amid subdued twitterings of wintering birds feeding at my window. This morning at Fr. Andy's Mass, we heard again the Gospel story of the Magi who followed a star to bring their gifts to Him, God Incarnate in a Child. Now a comet flashes around the sun, following its charted course, seeking Him from Whom it issued as did our simple souls. Where is our star? What gifts do we bring?

Stanley on Celluloid

Shortly after lunch when I went out to taste the air, I encountered Stanley Vishnewski who had just returned from giving a slide show at the Unitarian Church in Kingston. Stanley has a fine collection of slides from the early days of the Catholic Worker on down to present days, and has given a number of slide shows throughout the Northeast. On many occasions Stanley also shows his slides to interested visitors here at the farm. One such interested visitor not long ago was John Cort who worked with the Catholic Worker many years back when he and Stanley and Marge Hughes were young Catholic Worker enthusiasts.

Early in January, Stanley, with Clare Danielsson and Kathleen Jordan, journeyed to Boston to tape a television show for National Public Television. The program was divided into two parts, one on the active life of the Catholic Worker, the other on the contemplative. Gordon Zahn and two members of Catholic Worker-related groups also participated. The program was scheduled for showing early in January on "Swords and Plowshares" which is

We too need a change. Neither of us has lost our commitment to WTR, in fact both of us feel its importance is greater now than before. So we will not stop urging people to take up war tax resistance, but we would like to couple that with a broader non-violent program. We have already started a mail order book store dealing solely with non-violence. After Bob stops working to pay off our WTR debts he will move full time into working with the Non-Violent Studies Institute of which the book store is a part. Angie will spend her time help-



Ade Bethune

ing to start a Catholic Worker House, and will also help with the non-violence program.

Although Bob will continue to work until the present debts are paid, whoever takes over the national office will be responsible for programs they initiate and their ongoing expenses.

It seems that this decision on our part in turn calls for some decisions on your part. Who will become the National Staff? Is a National Office necessary? What about Tax Talk and the printing of literature? What about those people who

sponsored by the Massachusetts Council of Churches. Those interested in private showings of this program should contact the above through National Public Television. Those interested in a Stanley Vishnewski slide show of the Catholic Worker should contact Stanley here at the Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, New York 12583.

Christmas Celebrations

Epiphany, I think, might be called the climax of the Christmas season. This year the events leading up to the climax were pleasant enough to relieve the winter solstice depression and keep away winter doldrums, at least for a while. The high point of both Christmas and New Year's festivals was, of course, Midnight Mass celebrated by Fr. Andy in the living room. Miriam Carroll, with her helpers, had decorated the living room, as well as other parts of the house, though Dominic Falso decorated the chapel. Candles for the occasion were made with a touch of real artistry by Bob Tivani. Music for Mass at Christmas was provided by Dorothy, Carter, who sang her own arrangement of a Gregorian Gloria accompanied by a Chinese dulcimer. Such music expresses the wonder and awe which are always part of a Christmas Mass.

After Mass a group, including Barbara Miller, Barbara Agler, and Fr. Andy, sang a Russian Christmas song which Helene Iswolsky had taught them. Later, after Christmas refreshments in the dining room, Stanley led all singers in many traditional Christmas carols. For New Year's Mass our young Filipino friend, Ramon, vacationing from Oberlin College, played his guitar and sang with

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will need a place to turn to when IRS decides to come down on them for their resistance?

These issues have to be decided soon and therefore we are calling a **Working Committee Meeting for January 11-13**, the second weekend in January.

It is becoming clear that IRS feels much safer in "coming down" on war tax resisters now than they did a number of months ago. Apparently they feel there is no united movement to cause them any serious trouble. Are they right? If ever we needed to show a united group of people it is now.

Well, that's about all. Please let us hear from you so we can have all needed arrangements made for the Working Committee Meeting. Also, please be thinking of people who could take on the responsibility of the National Office. Hope to hear from you soon.

In peace,
Angie O'Gorman
Bob Calvert

U.F.W. Fund

P.O. Box 97
Escondido, Calif. 92025

Dear Friends:

The farm workers of the United Farm Workers of America under the leadership of Cesar Chavez are now engaged in a life-struggle for existence. You can help by boycotting non-UFW table grapes, non-UFW head lettuce, and all Gallo wines.

A check made out to the National Farm Worker's Service Center is tax-deductible. Your check can be sent to the union headquarters, La Paz, Keene, California 93531.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Fr. Victor Salandini

Nearings' Books

Social Science Institute
Harborside, Maine 04642

Dear Friends:

Forty years ago, in 1933, Scott wrote and published *Fascism*, an analysis of the social changes taking place in Europe. It is exceptionally timely today, when the U.S. population is beguiled and doped with TV and rendered wary by the disclosures of manipulation, mendacity and robbery in the highest circles of USA public life. Social Science Institute is issuing a second edition of *Fascism*, with a new introduction pointing directly at the United States. You should read this 56 page paperback.

Good fortune took us to China in May-June, 1973. The chance was unexpected, and so doubly welcome. With a party of six we visited collective farms, factories, schools, hospitals: observing, questioning, listening. We offer you some facts and conclusions in a 24 page pamphlet: *Peoples China in 1973*. China's advance points to one way out of the world's situation: through social revolution.

The China pamphlet costs forty cents, or three copies for a dollar. The *Fascism* book sells for a dollar. If you will send us two dollars we will mail you three pamphlets and the book post free.

In the Green Revolution,
Helen & Scott Nearing

W.R.L. Founders

6300 Greene St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

Dear Dorothy Day:

You may have seen in *The New York Times* of November 25th a notice of the death of Tracy D. Mygatt. Tracy had an especially warm spot in her heart for the Catholic Worker and its valiant staff. Her friend, Frances Witherspoon, who also has the greatest respect for all of you, is very ill.

With every good wish,
Sincerely yours,
Lucy P. Carner

Strike Lessons

No. 208, 37 Eden Place
Toronto, Ontario

Dear CW:

Two things have happened here in Toronto which may be of interest to readers of the CW. One was the visit of Cesar Chavez recently (Torontonians eat a lot of grapes—more than any other city in North America save five, I think). He cheered up the boycott movement here a lot. We have a number of UFW organizers in residence and they have begun to picket and to publicize already.

However there has been a lot of violence and bitterness at a strike at a small plant called Artistic Woodwork. A small union organized the workers, who struck when management insisted on a clause in the contract which permitted only a very limited form of grievance procedure to the workers. The strikers have had a lot of support from students and other trade unionists and from various groups on the Left in Toronto. Many of the workers walking the picket line are immigrants from Greece, Italy, or Portugal, or from the east-coast provinces of this country. But they and their supporters have been arrested on minor but costly charges, in great numbers, and the police, who shepherd the strike-breakers into the plant in the mornings, have been accused of strike-breaking.

The violence comes from both sides, but the police are certainly more savage than the pickets. It is sad to see, and one does tend to lose one's self-control when one sees a large man throw a small woman to the ground. The Toronto police have had their collective reputations smirched by their behaviour in this strike, and I guess the Left has a few lessons to learn about self-control also. I include myself.

And I do believe the CW helps me. I like to read it more than most other things I read these days; it's right up there with Merton and Kropotkin, and really restores my soul; your account of "the little way" causes the Marxists I talk with from time to time to shake their heads in amazement, but I am unable to take with ultimate seriousness any other form of political action, for myself and toward others on whatever scale I care to consider.

Peace to you all,
Ted Whittaker

C.W. Agrarianism

1 Maolis Road
Nahant, Mass. 01908

To the Editors:

My thanks to all at 36 East 1st Street for their kindness during my recent five-day visit. I am also glad to see that the worker as worker is getting a little more space in the paper. It has always seemed to me that for a paper with the name *Catholic Worker*, there isn't much in the paper that would interest American workingmen and women in their own relationship to their actual jobs.

The farm workers get fine coverage. Jan Adams has written good pieces. The Oneita and Farah strikes have been covered. And more recently we have seen two interesting reports by foundry workers—one American and one Chilean.

And yet, as you enter the house on First Street, you are immediately greeted by a sign on the wall which says that the Catholic Worker, among other good vs. bad things, stands for Agrarianism vs. Industrialism. What do you mean by agrarianism? Come to think of it, I was never really sure what Peter or Dorothy meant by it.

Taking Dorothy's advice, I have just read Kropotkin's *Fields, Factories and Workshops*. I am sorry I didn't read it 37 years ago on Mott St. There are differences between Peter Maurin and Peter Kropotkin. Kropotkin was a great admirer of technology and the machine.

T E R S

He was a distributist, yes. He wanted workers to be scholars and scholars to be workers, yes. But he wanted factories in the fields, though "not those large establishments, of course, in which huge masses of metals have to be dealt with and which are better placed at certain spots indicated by Nature." Or, keep steel mills off in a corner.

He wanted "those airy and hygienic, and consequently economical, factories in which human life is of more account than machinery and the making of extra profits, of which we already find a few samples here and there; factories and workshops into which men, women and children will not be driven by hunger, but will be attracted by the desire of finding

is organized and performed.

I hope the *Catholic Worker* will help to keep this kind of momentum going.
Sincerely in Christ,
John C. Cort

The Unselfish Man

1520 N. Willow
Lake Forest, Ill. 60045

Dear C.W. friends:

Your work is an inspiration to all. I often copy your contributor's words, giving them credit by name, and send them to the prisoners I write. My children enjoy the *Catholic Worker* also, and it inspires them to work towards an

The effects of the economy are clear to see—150 for dinner is now a common occurrence. Also, through some gifts to families and a large donation, it seems that we may be able to have enough for a down payment on some land. Only thing that we lack now is the time to look for the land. We have all been very busy especially with the holiday season. I hope that in Jan. we will be able to start looking in earnest.

I hope that all is well at the farm and city. I am sure the recent deaths have been difficult for everyone there.

It is a rich and generous gift of God for Joan to be with child again. It is with great joy and anticipation that we look forward to being parents. It is special news we wish to share since it makes so real the joyous news of Christmas.

Fondly,
Chris and Joan Montesano

Boston

Haley House
23 Dartmouth St.
Boston, Mass. 02116

Dear Fellow Workers,

We here at Haley House are attempting to meet the needs of the homeless men of Boston. We certainly do not expect to meet all needs nor reach all men. (There are 4000 homeless men in Boston, and we serve approximately 125 men daily.) But we try to be thorough in what we do.

We serve three meals every day. The men can obtain clothing from us twice a day. We provide a place for a man to get off the street during the daytime—a place that offers warmth and safety. We do not provide rehabilitation services. We do not allow people to come in who will bother the men about their lives. We want a place where the men can come and quietly be with themselves without outside intrusions.

There is a group of twenty of us who do the daily tasks of the store front. Then there is a much larger group of people who enable us to continue: give us the food to feed the men, the clothes to cloth them, and the money to pay the bills so that we have a place to seat them. But winter is here again; food, fuel, and everything else is going up in price—and those old bills! So please keep us in mind this winter.

Peace,
The McKennas

Davenport

Catholic Worker House
806 W. 5th St.
Davenport, Iowa 52802

Dear Dorothy:

Things in Davenport, Iowa are going well. We began doing hospitality the first week of September, after practically reconstructing the house. Now we're pretty well settled. We feed about twenty-five men and women each evening, and others from morning till late in the evening. We've been donated a store front in the downtown area so we can distribute free clothes. We have fall plowed some land (a couple of acres) so we can plant in the spring.

The cold weather brings men each night—we have about ten-twelve guests, although our accommodations are far from elegant. The men remind me that the floor is better than sleeping on the levee or in a box car. Soon we will have the other side of our duplex, and we'll be able to set up dormitory rooms, making things more comfortable.

Our weekly discussions are going well—Igal Roodenko has been here as well as John Baranski from the Evans-ton 4.

Could you put us on the mailing list for 300 *Catholic Workers*? Our men are passing them out at Masses in the area.

Also we can pass them out at the colleges in the town.

Peace—let us pray for one another,
Margaret Quigley

Worcester

Mustard Seed
Box 148
Worcester, Mass. 01609

Dear Dorothy and Friends,

Enclosed is a check that I received from a Worcester parish after speaking about the *Catholic Worker* and our storefront hospitality center, the Mustard Seed. I am sending it to you in response to the Fall Appeal.

We at the Mustard Seed suffered a setback two weeks ago when a small fire started in a garbage can from improperly disposed cigarettes. The damage was mostly smoke and water. We had closed at 9 p.m., someone saw smoke at 9:05, and by 9:20 it was entirely out. Unfortunately, the landlord asked us to leave his building—this accident was the last straw for him. He himself had been wonderfully generous to us, but many of the upstairs tenants complained of alcoholics hanging around the front of his building, and a few had threatened to leave and find apartments elsewhere.

So, for the time being, the Mustard Seed is in transit. We had, during the year, progressed from being a mere seed to something more like a sprout. We shall find new quarters and carry on somehow. Love to and prayers all.

Hoa Binh,
Shawn Donovan et al

Kansas City

Shalom House
40 South 13th St.
Kansas City, Kansas 66102

Dear Friends,

We've moved! After many months of looking and waiting, a building has finally been found to shelter Shalom House. The new location will be suitable for present needs, and the building is sound and adequate.

The building will provide space for the Peace Center and its activities, living quarters for myself, and also several "Christ-rooms" for overnight lodging for guests who may be in need of such help. Parishes and other groups should feel free to refer requests they receive to Shalom House. Space is normally limited to



Ade Bethune

men, but in an emergency you might phone us and hopefully we can arrange temporary hospitality for a couple or family. It's just that our space and facilities are quite limited.

The Shalom House Newsletter will be out before too long, and more details will be available then. The House will now be open many more hours; call if in doubt, or drop by if you are in the area. Your visit is a blessing!

Shalom,
Fr. Dick Wempe

Peter Maurin: Easy Essays

MECHANIZED LABOR

Gandhi says: "Industrialism is evil." Industrialism is evil/ because it brings idleness both to the capitalist class/ and the working class. Idleness does no good/ either to the capitalist class or to the working class./ Creative labor is what keeps people/ out of mischief. Creative labor/ is craft labor. Mechanized labor/ is not creative labor.

NO PLEASURE IN THEIR WORK

Carlyle says: "He who has found his work, let him look/ for no other blessedness." But workmen/ cannot find happiness/ in mechanized work. As Charles Devas says, "The great majority, having to perform/ some mechanized operation which requires little thought/ and allows no originality, and which concerns an object/ in the transformation of which, whether previous or subsequent,/ they have no part, cannot take pleasure/ in their work."

INDUSTRIALISM AND ART

Eric Gill says: "The notion of work has been separated/ from the notion of art. The notion of the useful/ has been separated from the notion of the beautiful./ The artist, that is to say,/ the responsible workman, has been separated/ from all other workmen. The factory hand/ has no responsibility for what he produces./ He has been reduced to a subhuman condition/ of intellectual irresponsibility. Industrialism/ has released the artist from the necessity/ of making anything useful. Industrialism/ has also released the workman from making anything amusing."

INSTITUTIONS AND CORPORATIONS

Jean Jacques Rousseau says: "Man is naturally good, but institutions make him bad, so let us/ overthrow institutions." I say: Man is partly good/ and partly bad, but corporations,/ not institutions,/ make him worse. "An institution," says Emerson, "is the extension/ of the soul of a man." Institutions are founded to foster the welfare/ of the masses. Corporations are organized to promote wealth/ for the few. So let us found/ smaller and better/ institutions and not promote/ bigger and better/ corporations.

an activity suited to their tastes, and where, aided by the motor and the machine, they will choose the branch of activity which best suits their inclinations." (Emphasis added.) Doesn't sound very agrarian to me. As Kropotkin indicated 75 years ago, this is something that is already happening. It is happening in America, as well as Germany, France, Israel, Yugoslavia and Scandinavia. It is even happening in big companies like General Foods and Proctor & Gamble.

It isn't necessary to eliminate employers, as the CW seems to think. What is necessary is the development of democratic participation and the employer's acceptance of it. Since the Lordstown strike in 1972 American unions have become more conscious of the need to enlarge the area of collective bargaining and to win recognition of the worker's right to have a say about how his work

unselfish man. You've spanned my parents' and my children's lives. You bring the laborer, the Indian, the fruit pickers, miners, young and old together with a deep understanding that comes with a deep sensitivity for their feelings, love and respect for them as for God.

Keep the soup pots hot!

Love,
Dr. Louise Lombard

C. W. Houses:

San Francisco

Martin De Porres House
2826 23rd St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94110

Dear Dorothy:

Joan and I have wonderful news. We are going to have another child! It is such joyous news especially during Advent. Our child will be due in August.

Things are going well at the house.

Notes in Brief

CAMARA ON RIGHTS DECLARATION

Dom Helder Camara has called for a greater spirit of humility and brotherhood on the eve of the 25th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Said Archbishop Camara in a Rothko Chapel (Houston, Texas) news release: "If each of you, freely and true to yourself, expresses your conception of what man is; if each of you listens to the other, there will without any doubt emerge a vision of what is essential in man, not in the name of principles but in the name of who man is. The world today refrains from telling man who he is precisely because it would then be forced to respect him and to refashion its structure according to a human identity."

PUERTO RICAN WORKERS SPEAK

"Puerto Rico Libre," the bulletin of the Committee for Puerto Rican Decolonization, reports in its November issue that a resolution passed by the Puerto Rican Workers Congress Against the High Cost of Living in October has rejected the construction of a proposed superport, oil refinery, metallurgical and petro-chemical complex in Puerto Rico. The resolution stated that the complex "undermines the interests of the Puerto Rican working class," and exhorts the government authorities to "Dedicate their efforts to the development of agriculture, the fishing industry, and light industry as alternatives for economic development which will benefit the working people of Puerto Rico, and which will be alternatives to the high cost of living."

"Puerto Rico Libre" is available from the committee, \$3. for 12 issues yearly, Box 1240, Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10009.

PROTEST PACIFIC ATOM TESTS

Last summer the "Fiji Times" (June 21) reported that: "Two French religious organizations have suggested that Christians working on the nuclear test programs could justifiably refuse to take part in the coming series of explosions. The Roman Catholic Peace and Justice Commission and the Council of the French Protestant Federation said in a joint statement . . . 'A large number of Christians believe that a unilateral renunciation by France of its nuclear armament policy would be a gesture of major impact. It is not excluded, then, that measuring the seriousness of the circumstances some Christians might feel it their duty to express their faith by refusals . . .'"

Similarly, the Bulletin of the ATOM Committee (Against Testing On Mururoa) stated that in Suva, Archbishop Pearce joined in protest, saying he was in accord with the "bishops of the entire Roman Catholic Church, who in 1965 described the arms race as an utterly treacherous trap for humanity which injured the poor to an intolerable degree."

OPERATION MANNA

The Manchester (England) Fellowship of Reconciliation and Pax Christi groups have set up a project supporting black workers in their struggle for justice in South Africa. Called Operation Manna (symbolizing the food that sustained the Israelites in the desert while they fled bondage), the project's aim is to raise a fund to aid black strikers and their dependents in South Africa. For more information, write Operation Manna, 168 Hamilton Rd., Longsight, Manchester, M13 0PG, England.

A STUDY KIT ON NONVIOLENCE

War Resisters League/West has published an educational study kit for non-violent revolution. It is a collection of articles and essays on radical nonviolent thought and case studies of organized, collective nonviolent actions that have taken place in 20th century America and around the world.

Some of the contributing writers include Barbara Deming, Ira Sandperl, George Lakey, Cesar Chavez and others. Articles deal with nonviolent campaigns

and actions in Norway, India, Vietnam, Latin America, the U.S. and many more.

The Study Kit comes in a sturdy portfolio. It contains sixteen articles (30 pp), an introduction, and a suggested reading list. Writes Mandy Carter: "We hope you will be able to contribute towards the \$1.25 cost to print it. However, if you don't have the full amount, don't hesitate to have us send it to you anyway." WRL/West, 833 Haight St., San Francisco, California 94117.

PAX CHRISTI TALKS, PACKET AVAILABLE

All talks delivered at the Founding Assembly of Pax Christi, held in Washington, D.C. October 5 to 7, 1973, are available on cassette tapes.

The talks deal with some aspect of the overall theme: "Gospel Nonviolence: A Catholic Imperative." The tapes are being offered at cost, \$1.25 per tape, postage included. Please make checks payable to "Pax Christi—USA."

The first tape contains the opening talk of Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker movement, and the closing address of Brother Andrew, founder of the Missionary Brothers of Charity, male companion order to Mother Teresas' Missionaries of Charity. The tape is 50 minutes in length.

The second tape, 90 minutes in length, is a record of a panel discussion on the theme and includes the following speakers: Gordon Zahn, Tom Quigley, Tony Mullaney, Sr. Gloria Fitzgerald, Rev. Brian Heir.

The third tape, 90 minutes in length, is a record of a second panel on the overall theme and features the following speakers: Eileen Egan, Clare Danielsson, Tom Cornell, Willa Bickham, and Kay Pollack.

Still available from Pax Christi is a Peace Packet which includes the following: "The Nonviolent Cross" by James Douglass; "Peace and Nonviolence" edit. by Edward Guinan, CSP; "Kill for Peace" by Richard McSorley, S.J.; "Six Essays" by Thomas Merton; "Catholics, Conscience & the Draft" edit. by Eileen Egan; Annotated Bibliography on Justice/Peace.

Special Price: \$5. from Pax Christi, 1335 N. Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20005.

MAJOR VICTORY FOR FARAH WORKERS, INJUNCTION OVERTURNED

All charges against the Center for United Labor Action and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and an injunction against their picketing, were dismissed on Jan. 9th in the National Labor Relations Board hearing over the boycott of Farah pants and Sibleys Department Stores in Rochester, N.Y. This constitutes a major victory in the effort to support the 3,000 Farah workers, and is also an important victory to defend the right to free speech.

During two days of hearings, the NLRB was unable to present any substantial basis for its charges that the CULA and the ACWA have been involved in illegal activities by boycotting stores carrying Farah products. The court dismissal overturned a temporary injunction against CULA's picketing of Sibleys.

Continue to support the Farah strikers by boycotting Farah pants.

WRL PEACE CALENDAR

The 1974 War Resisters League Calendar and Appointment Book, "As Long As the River Shall Flow," includes quotations from Indian writings, as well as drawings and photographs. Selected by Dolores McAuliffe and introduced by Dick Gregory, copies are \$2.75 each, \$5 for two. Postpaid. Write: War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012.

whereas a world rises to fall,
a spirit descends to ascend.
e. e. cummings

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leon gliding into bay. In warm weather he and Sal would sit for hours in front of the house. And at table his place in the upper corner of the dining room had a quiet all its own.

Altho he sometimes felt uncomprehended by the younger volunteers, John had an openness to them that was unmatched. He was ever solicitous of those he thought had come to truly work rather than take advantage. His was a certain tenderness and interest not common to most around the house, and a friendship that could be inspiring. Whiskers said he came back to New York because of John McMullan. John received letters from friends all over the country. One, Dana LaRose O'Brien, sent him a mug from Ireland this summer.

John did not become old. He liked contemporary music, and on one occasion bought the Beatles' record "Let It Be" because it fit his philosophy. His generosity went beyond cigarettes. He would share the little extras a Catholic Worker cook can manage with this person or that,

A Lament

By STEVE NOWLING

They tell me, Catherine that you are dead, but how could they know? How could they know that if you could die, it would have been years ago when your five-year-old son was stricken with spinal meningitis, or when your husband abandoned wife and child, or when you walked Times Square each day selling trinkets and candy to pay for rent and food for you and your growing boy, or when fire destroyed your last apartment and took the life of your son.

No, Catherine, you did not die. You continued living and struggling year after year after year. By normal reckoning maybe 74 years. But you are so much older, Catherine, for who can count all the minutes that were years as you sat in one cramped room after another with



Nina Rutledge

the bed sagging, the battered chest of drawers, the leaking sink, and the single, bare fluorescent bulb hanging in the center with the long, string switch trailing almost to the bed. How many hundreds of years did you sit staring out that dirty window with the drooping venetian blinds at other women's sons, and wonder why yours was never allowed to run and laugh and sing and go to school and fall in love and bring you grandbabies to hold?

They tell me, Catherine, that you have died, but that is not possible. Your demand for justice has not yet been fulfilled. "My rights! My rights and the rights of my son! Tell me, Stevie, who is America? Is America Rockefeller? No! America is the people. America is for all the people. And Jesus is for all the people, too. Right? That is why Rockefeller and the others killed him. Oi, oi. Where is the justice? I want the justice. I read the Bible once. It is good to read it once. But after that, what good is it. Listen to me, Stevie, and I will make a man of you. We must see with our hearts, but then we must speak with our mouths. Then we will have the justice. See?"

Yes, Catherine, I think I see. But you know, Catherine, I have been told that you are dead. I know it is not so, for where is the justice?

CATHERINE TARANGUL
24 November 1973—RIP

a sandwich now and then or an egg and fried potatoes. He always made sure Dorothy had some of the canned milk for her coffee in the morning. And when he finally had a check coming in for disability following a leg operation, he would put some of it out to get this one on a bus to sobriety in Philadelphia, or send a brother in Ireland seedmoney for the farm.

John had his Irish, too, a vein of belligerence that could be gotten up. To sit in his chair was to learn it shouldn't be done. To criticize his cooking was to be unwelcomed. He had no tolerance for loafers, what he called "Catholic Shirkers." He also had a curious vanity for appearance and would gather sacks of clothing, some of which went for sale when in a pinch. At Mike and Mick's wedding he wore a blazing chartreuse shirt that was an hiatus in the church. Red, like his face in laughter, was his favorite color.

But I would have to say that blue dominated this rather private person. It was his customary dress. There was a reserve, a just pride, a propriety about him. Like so many alcoholics, there were hidden sorrows locked deep within him, and these served to make him warm but somewhat distant. He understood others who were walking the line and would give them his own brand of encouragement. His friendship had a gratuitous quality that did not attach strings but "Let be."

John had had trouble with steps for years. He had bad ankles, perhaps from a previous accident, and we used to watch him when he'd go up to bed. (He had moved into the fourth floor a year and a half ago, following hospitalization for varicose veins.) The night after Christmas he slipped while coming down for supper from the top step on the second landing. He plunged the full flight, fracturing his cervical spine and suffering a complete paralysis. After ten days, he succumbed, dying on the feast of the Epiphany.

Those ten days were days of grace. As Kathleen said he seemed to live them for us, enduring merely on will. Many came to visit him, including his sister. He could not speak but could move his lips. One of the first things he communicated when he regained consciousness was "I'm alright, I'll be OK." This was characteristic of John. As in life, so in death. He did not wish others to be overly anxious for him. Several times he asked for a smoke, but of course, was attached to an oxygen machine! And his eyes smiled when we told him the line was having extra turkey because we'd been given so many this year. He suffered perhaps three cardiac arrests, the final one the most telling. He was anointed and expertly cared for up to the end.

Fr. Lyle conducted the funeral Mass. It was said on the table where John had made so many bowls of soup, cut so many carrots and parsnips, peeled so many onions. John must have been standing there in his usual manner, arms extended down to the top of the table. Among us were tears, Rachel uncomfited, weeping for her children. And the words of Hopkins, read at the Liturgy, struck us round:

Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:/. . . crying what "I do is me: for that I came."/ I say more: the just man justifies./ Keeps grace: that keeps all his goings graces:/ Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is—/Christ. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,/Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his/to the Father through the features of men's faces.

Other Sicknesses

December seemed our month for occupying the hospitals. James Tecar and Darwin Pritchett were in intensive care units. Both are better, but Darwin will be some time recovering from multiple fractures suffered in a hit and run acci-

(Continued on page 7)

W. H. Auden: Faith and the Ironic Hero

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

In her November, 1973 "On Pilgrimage," Dorothy Day told about the late poet W. H. Auden's friendship and sympathy for the Catholic Worker. She also

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dent. News came that Charlie Keefe had been struck by a patrol car, suffering another broken hip. John Alex was hospitalized with serious respiratory malfunctions. Two other guests, one a hemophiliac, the other an epileptic, spent time at hospitals. And Dorsey stayed at home but battled with pleurisy none the less.

On the brighter side, Arthur J. Lacey celebrated his 50th birthday on January 6. Evidence that he is at the golden mean came at Christmas when Arthur was invited to two parties—one for children and one for adults. We were blessed with many visitors over the holidays including Larry Rosebaugh and Fr. Griffin. Jack Cook and Walter Kerell came one night for supper. Jane and Dorothy returned from Ireland with tales and an eye to returning. Pam Mumby ended her stay with us, while John Cort came to visit for a week. We learned much from him. One night Tom Sullivan, Jerry Griffin and James O'Gara came to reconnoiter with John. We felt then a rare connection with forty years of Worker tradition, past and present.

We shall cherish memories of Michael Kirwan, who left us in December, bustling around the Worker for a year and a half, taking the stairs three at a time, bringing in books he'd unearthed in antiquarian book shops along 4th Ave., painting Easy Essays on the walls. After much generous work here, Michael has returned to Washington, D.C. to complete his carpenter's apprenticeship and study theology. We miss him in countless ways, but trust he will carry on the CW tradition in all he does.

Christmas

It was the Advent Wreath Michael had woven which helped prepare us for Christmas. Someone hung a decoration under the crucifix made of computer cards sprayed gold, and I thought how pleased John Cort would be to see this aspect of technology being Catholic Workerized. Mike and Micki played Santa, wrapping presents for days with Anne, and no one went empty handed. Carmen Mathews read Dickens' Christmas Carol for us at the Christmas party. It was the most beautiful reading I remember, and had all of us Lazarus-like Scrooges saying "Merry Christmas" afterwards. Then followed Fr. Lyle's celebration of midnight Mass. Many visitors attended. The Liturgy was heightened by Steve Didon's Bach Interlude for guitar. Afterwards we devoured Pat Murray's exquisite home-made coffee cake and prepared for the meals of Christmas Day. These were handled by John McMullan and Bill Healy in the morning, and Ed Forand, Frank Donovan, Robert Smith and John McLean at night. Needless to say, they (and we) rated four stars.

I could go on eternally, no doubt, but this paper has only four columns per page. So may we say a general thank you to all those who made this bounteous holiday. To those who have come to speak at meetings, to John Jacobs who brings bread and repaired the Clothing Room, to Roger who shows us a hundred kindnesses, to all our readers, a prayerful thank you.

After a year of many sorrowful deaths, of wars and breaches in public trust, Bach's Christmas Cantata came to me with assurance for the days ahead. May it to you. *Es bringt das recht Jubeljahr,* "It is truly a year of jubilation, why should we be always sad? Arise! Now is a time for singing, the little Jesus turns away all suffering."

recalled her first meeting him at the Third Hour. This is a small ecumenical group which we founded in 1946, and in which Auden showed interest. I remember his coming to one of our first meetings in my sitting room with only half a dozen chairs available. So he sat on the floor, stretching his long legs on a worn out carpet and smoking a pipe. With his rather untidy sandy hair and his reserved, almost timid, look, he reminded me of an English student rather than of a famous man of letters.

Later when a friend kindly lent us a larger apartment for our meetings, Auden promised to come, but did not appear. We were later told to our confusion that the elevator man would not take him up, because of the visitor's shabby rain-coat, turned up collar and absent

minded, Bohemian air. He never really looked like a Bohemian. He was too courteous and attentive. And he was not absent-minded, but keenly aware of everything that was going on around him. He was always interested in people and in their ideas.

And this is why he was for us so welcome, not only as a great poet but also as a man who understood and sincerely liked our small ecumenical endeavor, at that time quite unpopular and almost unknown. Many historical and theological subjects, which became so important in the days of Vatican Council II, were discussed at the Third Hour meetings by a few Catholics, Protestants and Russian-Orthodox. We sometimes felt we were skating on thin ice. It was thanks to men like Auden that we were bound together

by a spirit of good will, so that there was rarely a discordant note in our midst. Auden helped moreover by contributing several poems and an essay to our publication the *Third Hour*. The name recalls the time of the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Apostles (Acts II, 15). We shall always be deeply grateful for the poet's generosity.

Auden was a born ecumenist. He belonged to the Church of England, but he was also on cordial terms with Catholic priests and laymen as well as with the Russian-Orthodox, and was an admirer of the Byzantine liturgy. He understood them instinctively. His insight was based on not only theology, church history or liturgy (though as a man of culture he had sufficient knowledge of them). His insight was the projection of a deep religious consciousness. Though restrained and reluctant to show off his faith, he had a direct perception of what it meant. He had an ear for the Divine, like musicians have an ear for music.

Auden's religious consciousness is reflected in his Christmas Oratorio. I still remember my delight when I first read it in *The Commonweal* in the 1940-ties. There is so little true religious poetry, that it always appears somewhat of a miracle. Later I found in one of Auden's essays that chaste and almost stripped treatment of a subject approached too often and from too many angles superficially.

This essay was entitled "The Ironic Hero" and was first published in the *Third Hour*. Later it was included in a book containing various other pieces of Auden's prose. "The Ironic Hero" deals with Don Quixote, but on a deeper level it deals with sanctity.

The essay is a meditation in which the author shows us that Don Quixote is an "ironic character," because he is unlike the other heroes of classic literature. There is the epic hero, who performs spectacular deeds; and the tragic hero who suffers to expiate his sins or else hardens his heart and rebels against fate's injustice. As to the comic hero, he may also give performances or even suffer, but his misfortunes or extraordinary feats arouse nothing but laughter.

The Christian saint is neither epic, nor tragic, nor comic hero. He is a man who has absolute faith, loves God and loves his neighbor. He acts without vainglory, he suffers and fails in the world, but for him "it is a blessing, the sign that he is on the right path, a sign that he is in the truth." Like Christ who is his guide, he is no hero at all, but "the suffering servant" whose kingdom is not of this world.

And such, Auden tells us is Don Quixote, the knight of Faith, "who, like the saint is never discouraged in his defeats, who persists in his tireless quest along the right path." He speaks in the language of feudal pride and chivalry, but seeks to serve. He uses the terms of feudal romance, of his love for Dulcinea, which is the earthly eros. But in reality, Auden points out, it is the language of love for all in Christ, the *Agape*.

In our time, when the sophisticated do not care for saints and do not like to mention suffering, it is vital, and revitalizing to find in this essay of Auden the anatomy of sanctity. Reserved and sobering as it is, "The Ironic Hero" reveals Don Quixote's mystery and gives us the key to Auden's own faith.

"The first condition necessary in order to practice the Word of God is to be willing to commit oneself in the process of liberating mankind. But this process demands an historical commitment, it demands a transforming action that is willing to face the active opposition of those who dominate the world.

"In order for the First World to hear the Word of God, it must undergo the experience of Easter . . . That is, it must die as the First World, and be reborn as the Third World. Theology must come from the Third World. It cannot come from the bourgeois."

Paulo Freire

Land Reform Tackled

(Continued from page 1)

The idea behind land reforms is to make land available to those who want to live on it and work it. In most parts of the country, the farms used to be small. This was the original idea of the founders of the country, later reflected in the Homestead Act; but little by little, from a variety of causes, the land came under the control of large land companies and real estate syndicates. This trend, which still continues, the land reformers hope to reverse.

Robert Swann, of the International Independence Institute of Ashby, Mass., proposed the community land trust as an instrument for holding the land in trust and allocating its use to farmers who would lease it in perpetuity. The trust is a quasi-public institution, chartered to hold land in stewardship, with power to protect the use-rights of those who have taken up leaseholds. Explaining the idea, he said:

"Trusteeship and stewardship can be built on a long tradition in many societies (Indians of North and South America—the ejidos of Mexico, the tribes of Africa, the 'commons' of England and New England, the Crofters' system in Scotland, the Eskimos of Alaska. And in recent history, the Gramdan movement in India and the Jewish National Fund in Israel)."

With the trusteeship approach to the problem, land would be purchased, not expropriated. Experience with land trust operations in Georgia has shown that application of this plan can be far-reaching:

"A trust can be used as a holding mechanism for all sizes and tracts of land. Some of these tracts may be large enough to build entire new towns (large or small) or simply used as farms or as conservation tracts.

"Because large segments of land are held as a unit, the trust can utilize the entire region. This is, from a planning viewpoint, the most logical unit for resource planning. . . . This flexibility permits both short and long range strategies which can include small farms, large farms, or combinations of both. In this way, the modern technology of the large scale farm can be utilized while at the same time, the trust can encourage and promote the new ecological fertilizers and farming systems to avoid the dangers of monocultures and pesticides. In the short range, at least, large scale use of machine technology is necessary to compete with the agribusiness farm system. Land redistribution or resettlement creates more small farmers, but does nothing to insure their survival."

Land management of this sort is not without precedent. Swann says:

"In Israel the advantages of flexibility in planning can be seen very clearly, since over two thirds of the best land is held in trust by the Jewish National

Fund. There, everything from small farms, Kibbutzim, Moshavim (cooperative villages), and whole new towns are planned and established on trust land.

"In short, the trustee concept is an activist approach to the problem of redistribution of resources, and while it is initially aimed at the land, as it grows and develops strength as a movement it can begin to reach out into other areas of resource management."

The dream of the National Coalition for Land Reform is to provide access to the land. This opportunity, for those who want it, is seen as "the key to alleviating rural poverty, easing urban overcrowding, reducing welfare costs and unem-



Rita Corbin

ployment, protecting the rural environment, and building a stronger democracy."

Land reform is not a new idea, but the participants in this San Francisco Conference felt that they were witnesses of an historic occasion. The mood of the discussions was high-pitched and exciting. Nearly 500 people were there, from every part of the country, to share their knowledge, hopes, and plans. Their objective is a fundamental change in the relationship of people to the land. Further information may be obtained by writing to the National Coalition for Land Reform, 345 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. For details on the Land Trust idea, write to the International Independence Institute, West Road, Box 183, Ashby, Mass. 01431.

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

pecially on First Street by the sufferings around me, but also with its compensating joys—an increase of love and trust in our family of “undesirables.” What a beautiful word “desire” is, reminding us that the Lord said, “With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.” I read that in the King James version years ago and felt the passion of desire which he felt—the yearning in his heart for all men, not just his friends. And now I read that Grand Central Station is closing its doors from 12-6 a.m. for fear the waiting rooms will be filled with **undesirables**. But the Lord desires them with strong desire in his heart—these homeless ones. “As long as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me!”

Prices

Our Christmas season is over now, and we did indeed feast, what with the generosity of our friends who supplied us with much canned goods and many turkeys, 25 from the United Parcel Company for one thing. I am reminded of a Christmas when, in return for turkeys we had given them, a few of our neighbors brought us “surplus commodities” such as bags of quick-cooking rolled oats. In the depression we used to get cans of “home relief beef,” brought in as gifts from our neighbors in exchange for clothes or some of the goodies our readers sent in. Believe it or not, we got honey from Illinois once, and oysters from Maryland, and a frozen salmon by air freight from Seattle!

This is all a preliminary to writing what Ed Forand wants me to write about, and that is the price of beans, peas and lentils, which are a basis for our morning caldron of soup which serves hundreds of men each morning. Ed himself is one of our editors, our treasurer and keeper of accounts, who pays all the bills, who supports himself with a part-time job, and makes the soup Monday, Wednesday and Friday, which means very early rising.

His note to me, placed on my desk this morning, reads:

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 4)

the help of Barbara Miller, Joe Geraci and others.

There are a number of small children with us, and these seemed to find that special magic in the Christmas celebration which belongs most particularly to children. As for food, Alice Lawrence cooked both Christmas and New Year's dinners, superbly as always. But Kathy St. Clair and her helpers looked after the shopping and provided those extra delicacies which help to complete a Christmas feast. Although we were happy to have a number of guests, we were sorry that Joe and Audrey Monroe could not be with us. We are thankful to all who sent in special donations for our Christmastide, especially to the Bruderhof who brought quantities of food. In these days of soaring food prices, what better gift than food.

The Corbin's Canada

Marty Corbin, who is teaching at Dawson College in Montreal, Canada, arrived here on Christmas Day. A few days later, however, he and Rita and their children set out for their new home in Montreal. We miss the Corbins who have been with us since we moved to Tivoli, but we are glad that Marty has a job which will enable him to use some of his fine scholarly abilities. And we hope Rita will continue to pursue her art work and find new outlets for it. Meanwhile we are glad that she will continue to provide drawings for the **Catholic Worker**.

The loss of the Corbins has hardly diminished our size since we continue

“Dear Dorothy: Frank Donovan tells me you want to write something on the increase of the price of beans and so forth. I priced many of them at the supermarkets and all I can say is that gang in Washington must be going mad (I know we are supposed to remember everyone in our prayers, but there are some who make it very difficult). Read these and weep. Whole pea, 63c a pound; green split pea, 75c; yellow, 57c; pinto bean, 63c; lima, 53c; chick pea, 57c; white pea bean, 63c. Keeping in mind that when we get figures from the government, on the increase in prices on a monthly wholesale index, if the increase is 1% to 2% each month, this is considered high. Also when people complain about 4, 5 or 6% increases, they yell inflation. Now take peas, beans, etc., an absolutely necessary staple for the Puerto Ricans, blacks—any poor. Up to a short time ago we could, for approximately \$30, get 300 lbs. of beans, lentils or split peas. This same lot costs us now anywhere from \$180 to at least \$200. The beans and so forth sold in the retail stores would cost a few cents more each pound than we paid for them by buying in 100 lb. bags—but in either case the inflationary increase amounts to not 2% or even 10% but 500 or 600%. I don't think anything else in the country has been inflated like this, whether Cadillacs, yachts or what have you. Please write a scathing article! Peace, but to men of good will! Love, Ed Forand.”

I think his article is scathing enough. I could not do better. Thank God the young crowd goes up to the market at Hunt's Point and begs for food, and down to the fish market to get donations there. Carmen Mathews, our favorite actress, gave us canned hams, and Trappists sent cheeses to us and to the Maryknoll Cloister: nuns who are living in the slums here on the lower east side who then passed them on to us.

Now that Christmas is over the soup gets a bit thin now and again, but there is plenty of bread and tea and coffee, and we manage to feed all who come just as I saw it done in my last summer's visit to the Martin de Porres house in San Francisco and the Ammon Hennacy

to number eighty or thereabouts. There are many men from the road—or “ambassadors of God” as Peter Maurin called them—taking refuge from winter here. There are also some recovering from mental illness and other afflictions. As always there are young and old and in-between. There are, of course, the usual problems which go with such a disparate assortment of people. Most of the problems that are found elsewhere, will be found among us.

Our third-Sunday afternoon discussions have not gone quite as planned. Tony Equale kept his commitment in November to tell us about his ideas of community. In December, however, Tom Cornell was ill and unable to speak, though he has promised to do so at a later date. Miriam Carroll is scheduled to speak this month on Montessori educational methods. Ed Turner will speak in February. Jacques Travers will speak soon, we hope. Dorothy Day has promised to speak to us in May. Although she did not speak on a Sunday afternoon, Helene Iswolsky gave us a very interesting talk on Emmanuel Mounier and the Russian philosopher Berdyaev one night in December. Since Helene had known both these men well, and had worked and studied with them during her long residence in France, the talk added much to our understanding of these men, both as thinkers and human beings.

It is Epiphany. The January air is filled with the promise of snow. I wait for Vespers' bell. O where is the star that will lead us to Him? **Agnus Dei, Miserere Nobis.**

house in Los Angeles. There is truly a continuation of the loaves and fishes miracle going on all the time, when folks start this simple gesture of love, of breaking bread with our brothers and sisters in Christ. “They knew Him in the breaking of bread,” is the comforting and terse statement in Luke 24:35.

Ireland

I ended my last sketchy column in the December issue just as I was about to go to Belfast, Ireland. (It was not really a column last month but a series of let-



Fritz Eichenberg

AMMON HENNACY

ters I wrote home.) I flew over to Ireland from England after dark and the trip took only 45 minutes. There seems to be a lot of coming and going between Liverpool and Belfast, and it is claimed that Liverpool has increased by fifteen percent in population since the Troubles started. I was only twenty-four hours in Belfast, staying that night at a Simon house and talking to the folks there; they spoke only of their personal troubles, not of the tragedy of the city. Their attitude was hopeless; it seemed as though they felt it had always been going on, this bitter strife between brothers, and always would. The streets seemed desolate and deserted, and yet it was a familiar sight to me, having visited just such places in Detroit and Chicago after riots and fires made havoc of formerly friendly neighborhoods. I took the train for Dublin and was delighted to be greeted there by Jane Sammon of our First Street house who had been in England with me and had gone to Dublin before me. I stayed at the Campbell House and went to the annual meeting of the Simons; and having received a letter from Michael Cullen telling us of his move to Ventry, a small fishing and boat-building village in the southwest of Ireland, Jane and I took the train to Tralee the next day and were met by Michael and Pat McElligott. We had a most delightful two days and left in a flooding rainstorm only making the plane at Shannon Airport because the plane itself was late in taking off. Having had a two-day glimpse of Ireland, I fell in love with it, and will most surely make another pilgrimage there. We were right on the bay from which St. Brendan set forth on his travels, and we saw through the mists the road which led up to St. Brendan's mountain which is almost 3000 feet high. We saw the stone houses and the stone fences and the bright green fields, and still there were purple flowers on the hedgerows and a few palms which let us know that the weather was tempered by the Gulf Stream. I want to go back and read the lives of the saints and scholars and make a month-long retreat there. God willing.

Ammon, Prisons

Other things to think about this month. January 14, 1970 is the date of Ammon Hennacy's death, and when I finish writing this column I'll be sitting down reading over some of his stories of the Indians, or the date palm groves where he worked, or the irrigating he did, or of the prison cells he had been in. I have a goodly selection of books about pris-

ons and prisoners, beginning with Dostoevsky's **House of the Dead**, Chekhov's book about the prison settlement on Sakhalin, Kropotkin's **In Russian and French Prisons**, and now the 1973 edition of **Walls and Bars** by Eugene V. Debs, published by Charles H. Kerr and Company in Chicago. And of course there is **The First Circle**, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Nobel Prize winner, and his **Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich**, both stories of the labor camps of Russia. There is a lot about prisons in Ammon's book, and we strongly recommend it for the spirit he showed. He never pulled his punches but tried to convert others to his own point of view, including the guards and keepers during his imprisonments. He had plenty of blind spots, was a WASP of sorts, became a Catholic because he loved the **Catholic Worker**, left the Church because he could not accept its discipline, loved the saints because they suffered martyrdoms and emulated their courage, esteeming courage as the highest virtue. His was a lifelong struggle against war and capital punishment, and one might say he died on the picket line, protesting the coming execution of two convicted murderers. He was taken to a Catholic hospital where he was nursed by nuns and visited daily by a dear friend, a priest, who anointed him before he died. His Protestant and Catholic friends attended his funeral Mass in Salt Lake City. His first wife and two daughters and their husbands flew and drove up for the funeral and a Unitarian family which Ammon held dear provided the funeral breakfast for us all. If our readers wish to read Ammon's autobiography, which I consider a classic, write to Joan Thomas, Box 25, Phoenix, Arizona 85001.

The December 22 number of the **Peacemaker** contains the story of Dan Goodman's Selective Service violations, for which he was sentenced in an Indianapolis court to six years, four incarcerated years and two on probation. Read the **Peacemaker** to keep in touch with prisoners of conscience. Write 10208 Sylvan Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45241.

A long article which begins on the front page of the **Wall Street Journal** for January 2, tells of what is called Aversion Therapy, and the subhead continues with the ominous words, “punishing people to change behaviour.” The article tells facts and figures, names names and states the drugs used to “change behaviour.” The article questions—“Is It Old Fashioned Torture?”

Jessica Mitford has written a book on **Kind and Usual Punishment** which should be read and pondered on. Nothing has changed since the slaughter of both prisoners and guards at Attica a few years ago, and we need to do all we can to keep in touch with prisoners and protect them and work for them.

The book which has just been published by Charles H. Kerr and Co., Chicago, containing Eugene Debs' prison writings and his suggestions as to what can be done, is well worth studying. Ammon had the greatest admiration and love for this great leader in the labor movement who polled one million votes for President while he was in prison during the First World War. Just now as I am finishing writing this column, I read over the story of the prisoners' reaction to Debs' departure from Atlanta Penitentiary, where Ammon also served during the First World War, and was once again deeply moved.

Let us pray for all the prisoners we know, for those who write to us, such as Martin Sostre whose picture hangs on our office wall, and Eddie Sanchez and Arthur Banks, and all the other men, the countless thousands of men and women who are held behind prison bars. When even the prestigious **Wall Street Journal** publishes such a column or horrors, we must awake to the condition of these sufferers and do what we can to help them. Pray also for Father Lyle and his halfway house for prisoners in East Harlem.