

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XLI, No. 6

JULY-AUGUST, 1975

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1¢

Bromleys Face Eviction for Tax Resistance

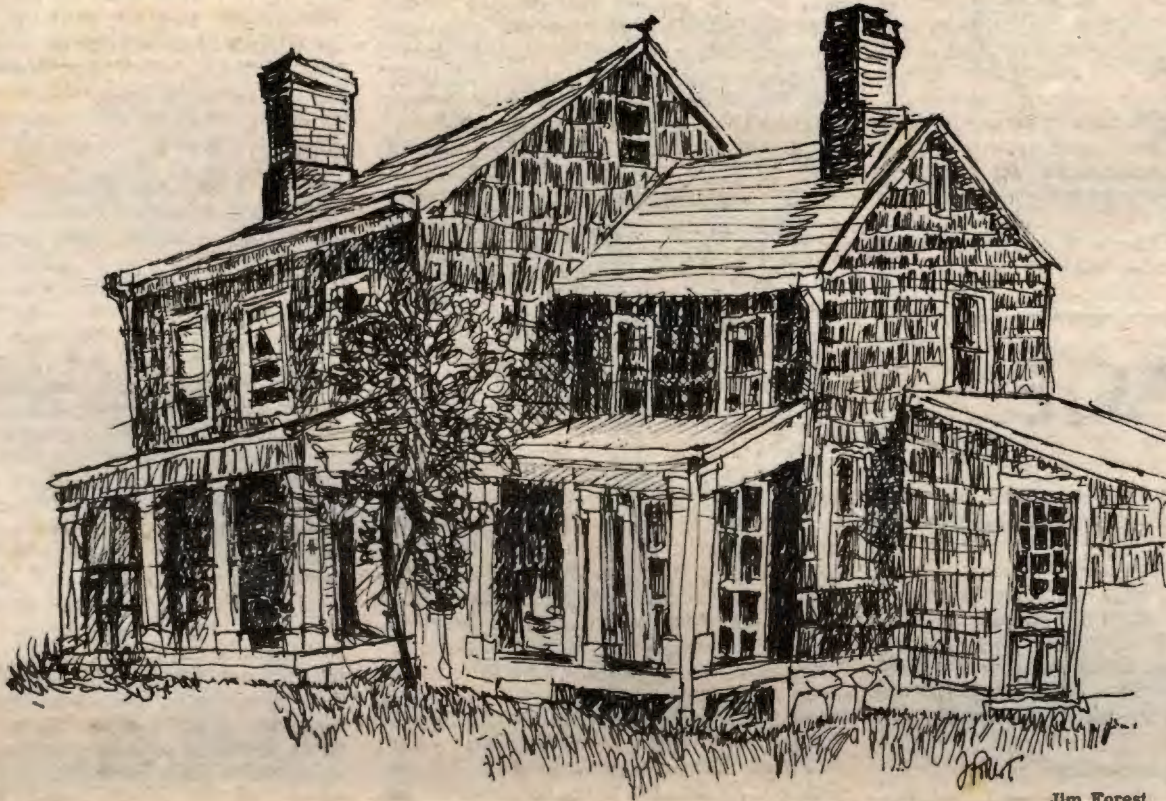
By PEGGY SCHERER

It was in 1972 that the Internal Revenue Service first sent notices to **The Peacemaker** and to Ernest and Marion Bromley, claiming approximately \$25,000 in unpaid taxes. The assessment, based on banking records of **The Peacemaker**, claimed that Ernest had been a paid employee. This claim is false: Ernest never received payment for years of work on **The Peacemaker**. IRS also claimed that recipients of money from **The Peacemaker Sharing Fund**, which supports families of imprisoned war resisters, were employees and taxes were owed on their "salaries." This last claim was later dropped. The first claim has been carried through, with a second injustice. The assessment is based on financial records of **The Peacemaker**; but the property that has been taken to pay the unjust assessment, a house located near Cincinnati, Ohio, belongs to Gano Peacemakers, Inc., which is a separate financial entity. Though the house belonging to Gano Peacemakers Inc. is also the home of Ernest and Marion Bromley, and was the mailing address of **The Peacemaker** until recently, no money was ever exchanged between the two groups. But the house was seized by the IRS on Jan. 31, 1975, and sold at auction on May 28, 1975.

SSS Secret Files

This case has serious implications for the Peacemaker Movement as a whole. If IRS succeeds in this action, it can proceed to make it impossible for **The Peacemaker** to continue. There are political implications for thousands of other peace groups and individuals as well. The auditing of **The Peacemaker** funds in 1972 came soon after the Special Services Staff (SSS) drew up a file on **The Peacemaker** and Ernest Bromley, then acting editor of the paper. A memo on this file, dated Dec. 8, 1971, singled out **The Peacemaker** and Ernest Bromley for tax refusal and encouraging others to refuse to pay war taxes. The SSS was set up by IRS in 1969 at the request of Richard Nixon. Its purpose was to study groups and individuals who protested against the US government, especially those who protested US involvement in Vietnam. The SSS investigated and drew up files on 2873 organizations and 8585 individuals who were considered extremists and dissidents. Only 99 of these files have ever been made public. The existence of the memo on **The Peacemaker** was discovered by accident. And though the SSS was supposedly disbanded on Aug. 9, 1973, the continued harassment of the Peacemaker movement, and the fact that the files have not been destroyed or made public, even to the people studied in the files, indicates otherwise. The man in charge of setting up the SSS was Leon Green, then deputy

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Jim Forest

UFW Urges: Continue Gallo Boycott

A response to Ernest Gallo by Cesar Chavez, President of UFW, AFL-CIO

(Since June, 1973, the United Farm Workers Union has been leading a consumers' boycott of Gallo wines, that is, all wines from Modesto, California. During that time, the UFW has been calling for secret ballot elections in the fields to enable the Gallo workers to choose their own union. The struggle has been a long and painful one in the face of the powerful, often violent, opposition from Gallo and the Teamsters Union. Yet, the boycott has been a rallying point for UFW supporters across the country—a way in which each of us could participate in the farmworkers' struggle for justice.

On May 29, 1975, the California legislature, in a special session, passed a farm labor bill providing for secret ballot elections; the bill becomes law on August 28, 1975. But, **THE STRUGGLE IS NOT OVER**. Even if the UFW wins the elections, strong contracts must be won. To this end, experience points to the need for a strong, ongoing boycott.

In March, 1971, a moratorium was called on the lettuce boycott while the UFW negotiated with the growers. After six months of negotiating, with no boycott, the growers lost their enthusiasm for a settlement. Even now, Delano growers oppose the new law and will likely seek ways to frustrate its implementation. So, the Gallo boycott is as important as ever. And after Gallo contracts are won, grapes and lettuce remain — and tomatoes, strawberries, lemons, melons ... Cesar Chavez writes, "In time our movement will reach all farm workers in America and the fruits of our new strength and spirit will reach to our children and our children's children." Eds. note.)

One issue in our struggle with Gallo is more important than all others: What do Gallo's workers want? Our contract with Gallo expired on April 18, 1973. We had represented Gallo farmworkers for six years. During negotiations in April-May-June 1973 Gallo assured us that there was no doubt that UFW represented Gallo's farmworkers. Now, because of their need to fight the boycott, they have created their own version of history: Gallo claims that on April 18, 1973, the workers were unhappy with UFW and on June 25, 1973, the Teamsters presented signatures from Gallo workers and demanded recognition for collective bargaining purposes. What did Gallo's regular workers really want on April 18, 1973 and on June 25, 1973? Did they want the Teamsters to represent them or did they want the UFW? Gallo says they wanted the Teamsters. That claim is unbelievable on its face because Gallo workers were our members for six years. These workers were partisans in our movement. But if Gallo doubts what we know then we ask again for a secret ballot election to settle this question once and for all. We asked for such an election in 1973 but Gallo and the Teamsters refused.

Ernest Gallo says that his company "made every attempt to renew its contract with the UFW." Our Union was trying to re-negotiate the table grapes contracts in the Coachella Valley in the early months of 1973. The UFW negotiating committee—Gallo workers and Dave Burciaga, UFW's chief negotiator—met with Gallo management on March 22, 1973. Dave Burciaga asked the company on that date to extend the contract day-at-a-time if negotiations continued past April 18, 1973. Bob Deatrick, representing Gallo, refused! On April 18, Burciaga called Deatrick and again requested an extension

of the contract while negotiations continued. This time Deatrick refused by phone and in writing. From that date Gallo maintained union wage rates but all other protections of the UFW contract were eliminated. On May 8, in the third session of negotiations, Gallo proposed that the farmworkers give up basic protections they had enjoyed for six years, including: job security, hiring hall, health & safety, seniority, grievance procedures, discharge, etc. In other parts of the state the Teamsters were proclaiming their willingness to surrender these same clauses to the growers. Teamster organizers began appearing in Gallo fields on April 24. UFW organizers were not allowed in the fields after the contract expired April 18. In May and June, Gallo fired 5 workers for union activity. By these deeds and others, Gallo made it very clear to us that they were planning to sign with the Teamsters unless our Union gave up the fundamental protections of the contract.

Ernest Gallo says that the Teamsters presented evidence that they represented Gallo's workers and that Gallo verified the evidence: But Gallo has never been willing to let an independent third party examine this Teamster "evidence." In fact, Gallo's regular workers went on strike June 27, 1973 when the company announced its intention to negotiate with the Teamsters. More than 135 Gallo workers with established seniority were on the picket line while Gallo was talking with the Teamsters in late June and early July, 1973. Ernest Gallo has admitted to Ron Taylor of the Fresno Bee, "That the striking workers were notified they would be fired if they did not return to work. He (Gallo) said they were then discharged and new workers recruited. This second group of workers ratified the Teamster contract.

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DEMONSTRATION AT IRS SEPTEMBER 3, 1975

A general demonstration, protesting IRS harassment of the Bromleys and all political dissenters, will be held at the National Headquarters of IRS, in Washington, D.C.

For exact times, gathering points, and information on housing, contact Kathi Milanowski, c/o CCNV, 1345 Euclid St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, (202) 667-6407.

Vol. XLI, No. 6

July-August, 1975

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly (Bi-monthly March-April, July-August, October-November)

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Editorial communications, new subscriptions and change of address:
36 East First Street, New York, N. Y. 10003
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Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly. Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

This summer, at least 4 months of it, I am spending at Tivoli, and even here one is hard-pressed by the trials and "trouble-ations" of the world around us, but joys and sorrows always go together in our CW houses and farms which are increasing and multiplying.

Helene Iswolsky, in one of her talks about Russia, quoted a peasant saying that in a field where a poisonous weed was found, there was also found its antidote.

This morning, outside my window a huge ship—The Star Nadine, Moravia, a monstrous tanker — sailed seaward. Many times a day, long freight trains pass. Usually tankers come up river to the Port of Albany to unload. But to see them loaded to the gunwales, decks almost awash, one wonders what their cargo is. Sometimes life is a nightmare. Without the faith, in this time of wars (not yet of pestilence, though germ warfare is discussed) how can one be happy?

For me the Jesus prayer, used by the Russian pilgrim, is that remedy growing in the field that Helene Iswolsky speaks of—the Jesus prayer in the supernatural order and in the natural order. The lovely sweet clover is blooming now, thickets of it, which Stanley and Rita and I picked yesterday in the field off the CW property, down by the railroad tracks and the river. Supernatural and natural joys so often go together.

Joy lifts the heart out of fears and forebodings. "Rejoice always," St. Paul wrote, "and again I say, rejoice." Joy brings with it courage also, courage to endure.

There is a "rattling of sabers" again. This time the threats of the Secretary of Defense that we might use nuclear weapons against North Korea!

We never get very far away from the crises of our day. While we enjoyed one of the two-week annual sessions of the Peacemakers, in June, we could reflect that down the river on the property which used to be a Christian Brothers school there is now a Korean "institute" of some kind, bought by a South Korean.

Interruptions

It is Sunday, and I was writing this as a "meditation" and it is often interrupted. Just now my oldest great granddaughter, Tanya, came in covered with dirt. On inspection I found she was covered with streaks of resin from the tall pine tree near my little porch room and with it all the dust and dirt which sticks to the resin. She delights in climbing to the very top of the pine trees. My daughter Tamar's advice to me has always been—"Don't look." (Nicky's, as a child was, "Not me," and Mary's was "Me too!" I told this to the

Allens at Tucson, Arizona, who had ten children then and she said her motto was, "Let go — let God —.")

Tanya's bath took quite a time. There are two baths on each floor and I found the first filled with the laundry of one of our guests, all of whom, I am happy to say, feel much at home and at ease hereabouts. The three buildings fill to overflowing all summer and spill out on the lawn.

Peacemakers

The Peacemakers discussed, among other subjects like voluntary poverty, life styles, etc., the kind of demonstrations to show our determination not to pay income tax which goes for building up monstrous implements of war. Wally Nelson and his wife Juanita were there, both of whom are familiar with arrests and jailings. I got acquainted with them years ago when Koinonia, in Central Georgia, was literally under fire from the small-townners all around them. Barns had been set afire, houses shot into, fences cut down so that the cattle of the agricultural community escaped. The late Clarence Jordan, the minister who started this now thriving community, narrowly escaped death many times. The Nelsons, Ross Anderson, who is also with us today, and I were there giving not only moral but physical support. Ross and I (we are the same age) cooked for the community and Wally risked his life going around in overalls as a black farmer, trying to buy seed peanuts. Mrs. Jordan and I had attempted this but were hounded by a canful of white men who shouted that I was a Northern Communist whore! I'm not sure that they didn't add Catholic to that. I had been called the same in newspapers in Memphis, Tennessee, where the first agricultural union was being set up in the Thirties. Lives were lost in those early years.

Where there is trouble, there the Peacemakers have been also, finding the antidotes to hatred in every field.

Always there are numbers who stay on at Tivoli after the conference to help catch up with the farm work. Others drift in, whom we presume are peacemakers, but find out later are not. They are just passing by, dropping in for a visit.

Friends of The Family

There is a little known book of Dostoevsky called *The Friend of the Family* which I often turn to for comfort. *The Friend of the Family* has often been brought to mind around the CW. There are always those who, with an air of authority, speak for the CW Movement and assume an authority they do not

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St. Joseph House

By SUSAN WEIMER

As the heat and humidity of summer wear on, life at St. Joseph's House remains routine. Yet, perhaps because of our laissez-faire ways on First Street, routine dares to don the cloak of integrity.

St. Joseph's House, often described as a microcosm of the world, reflects the world's constant, state of flux, in a phantasmagoria of noise and confusion. As a mild example, some people continually ask about the completion of Maryhouse. What will the set-up be? Who will be where? How about rules? Once again folks find themselves caught in change, uncertain of where the move will place (or misplace) them and their own daily routine. Here on First Street, as elsewhere, there seems to be great value, great security, in the constancy of routine.

Integrity of Routine

In a pocket of the world where little is constant, the routine around our house can also yield some measure of peace and integrity. Most of us are well-acquainted with both soup line and newspaper facets of the Worker. Yet, something more epitomizes integrity of routine here. It is Anna's emptying the garbage on the third floor each day; Walter's arrival in the morning with a smile and a song; Arthur Jacobsen's washing and slicing vegetables for our daily dinner; Paul's fastidiousness in packing up the food waste on the first floor. And it is Radio Jimmy's cheerful "How's the coffee?"; Joseph's daily quotation from John 14:6; George's question, "Could I have some coffee, dahlinsk?" After one has cooked for awhile, there is a wonderful integrity which shines through Esther and her daily "thank you, honey—nice supper—God bless you;" or Polish Mike's humorous grimaces indicating he desires seconds. And in the evenings, there is the tired, every day voice of someone calling upstairs, "Frank—Vespers," and Frank's return tap on the window, indicating that he's on his way. The cohesiveness that arises from such ordinary tasks is often overlooked by us. It takes a slightly off-beam event, like the 4th of July, or the sanitation strike and subsequent garbage fires, to remind us how dependent we are on the constancy of routine—especially that of others.



Rita Corbin

For weeks New York's financial crisis has been in the headlines. Massive layoffs of city workers were announced; in protest, sanitation workers walked off the job and garbage piled high. Flies buzzed around the mounds of rancid trash, and fears mounted in the face of the threat of disease. Then, on July third, late at night, groups of people dumped the trash along the streets and set it ablaze. Anger, frustration, confusion. During the night of the garbage fires, people on the block all worked together. Fire hydrants splashed forth, shovels and pails appeared. While folks from neighboring apartment buildings shoveled the garbage apart in front of our house, Bill, Sprague, Lee and others put out a truck that was ablaze down the street. It was reassuring to see that, in the midst of impending disaster, the block worked as a unit. People remained calm, moved amongst each other, took care of business—as if garbage fires were a daily reckoning. One of our neighbors seemed

tireless. He was the first out with shovel and pail and was still working when I left. In the first moments of the fire, people moved about tentatively, confused. He alone was out in front, brandishing pail and shovel. At one point he looked up and down the street and shouted "Work!" at the top of his lungs. People responded, following his example. The last I saw of him, he and some men from our house were still packing the sopping, stinking garbage into trash bags.

At the Core—Love

In a way, this integrity of routine is the spring from which we draw on the divine. There is a refreshing simplicity and purity to routine which is not only timeless, but marvelous here in a neighborhood that is physically stark. Thomas Merton says, in *Seeds of Contemplation* "... for a contemplative there is a supreme value in the ordinary routine of work and poverty and hardship and monotony ..." As I sit here at the laundromat, writing, the validity of this statement strikes once again. Our everyday actions as busy Marthas can endue us with a sense of the ordinariness of us all. Perhaps most importantly, the integrity which arrives with daily routine brings us closer to Christ. One cannot be Mary without also being Martha. In the repetitiveness of daily chores we begin to perceive the supernal spark of Christ with us; God become man; the way of the cross; the hope of the Resurrection. An image comes to mind—a solid, hard, rough-hewn block of wood. And from this wood we carve our daily routine, our cross. However, in our routine, if we do not further realize the love inherent in the cross, we lose the integrity of our routine. Here, at 36 East First, as often as this germ of integrity appears, it also vanishes. For example, often the task comes before the person. If, in our routine, we become too task-oriented, we lose the love. Hospitality, as Henri Nouwen says, involves creating needed space in which the guest can feel at home. And, to do this, the host or hostess must feel at ease in his or her own house. Thus, part of our routine should involve a creative flexibility, a conscious striving towards graciousness, openness and humor: towards community uplifting. All of our daily tasks, ideas, creations may be needful to someone, but unless the required love is central, routine remains mere routine—a task, something to do, get it over with, don't bother me, dull, tedious.

At Home

A woman came to the door late one evening, several weeks ago. She was hungry. But of equal importance was her mien. Her eyes and whole body expressed a fatigue, a loss, a sense of being hounded. Though the house was closed, the person on house duty invited her in with grace and concern. Ginny, a woman from the farm, and her baby Karen were sitting at the table also. Karen started laughing and crawling around on the table top. We all smiled. The visitor, who had been sitting very quietly in a corner seat, looked up from her plate, laughed gently, and remarked on the loveliness of the child. Then, feeling more at ease, she wondered if she might be allowed to wash up the few remaining dishes. The courteousness and ease of host and guest conveyed an apparent at-home atmosphere for everyone. The house routine remained integral by the very fact that it remained flexible, gracious, open. A woman found herself able to slip into our routine, to share a moment of creative love which belongs to us all.

Karl Rahner wrote a beautiful meditation entitled "God of our daily routine" in *Encounters with Silence*. He emphasizes the point that, if we wish to approach God, that approach must flow through our ordinary day-to-day life: "If it's true that I can lose You in everything, it must also be true that I can find You in everything."

A Woman in Prison — Searching for a Home

(The following article was sent to us by Sister Evelyn Mattern. It was written by one of her students, a prisoner at North Carolina Correctional Center for Women. Eds. note.)

My first impression was of brute force. I had been in the reception area for nearly a month when she arrived. It was said that if a fight started with her involved, it would take an army of guards to pull her off. And by looking at her, I believed it.

She was a tall angular woman, solidly built, with jet black hair. I felt I should avoid her because surely she had a bad disposition.

After about two days she began to speak to me now and again, and since I rather feared her, I spoke in return. We began to converse as time passed and even though it's against the prison rules to lend money, I loaned it to her anyway, knowing I'd never see it again, but not really caring because she had no one but herself to depend on.

I discovered that she was 55 years of age and had been coming to the N. C. C. C. W. since she was 18, for being a drunk. She wasn't supposed to be here

this last time but rather at an Alcoholic Rehabilitation Center. It seems as if the judge had forgotten to put that on her papers. It never was straightened out and I really began to be concerned with this woman's welfare.

I was finally classified to work in the laundry and moved out of reception, leaving Mary behind. I saw her from day to day and we'd either nod or speak.

A couple of weeks later, Mary was also classified to work in the laundry on the folding table, where I was. I kept giving her money and buying her things such as a nickel cup of coffee or cigarettes.

One Thursday, Mary came up to me and handed me every penny that I had ever given her. A friend of one of the inmates had sent Mary \$10.00. I was stunned and a great admiration began to grow in me for her. After all, she could have kept her mouth shut and her palms closed about the money she'd received.

I wanted to know more about her so I began to inquire about her life. She was reluctant to discuss it, so I decided to forget it since it really wasn't exactly my business anyway.

Sometime later, because I was so fascinated by this strange woman, I asked her again and she began to tell me her story. I have put it in my own words using the facts she gave me as best as she could remember, and this is it:

A Childhood

Mary was born in Henderson, N.C. on May 29, 1919. Her mother was a good



Rita Corbin

woman who was rather quiet and occasionally attended the local church. Mary grew up hating her unknown father for not marrying her mother and giving her his name. Her father was already married with a family of his own.

At the age of 5, Mary's granddaddy, who took more than a few nips off the old bottle, would give Mary drinks. Mary was used to seeing her uncle staggering around, too, so she got herself a little flask and filled it with well water so she could pretend it was whisky. She would amble around with her flask in the back pocket of her trousers, taking it out now and then for a swig or two and proceed to stumble and stagger as she'd seen them do. At this point in Mary's life, she was just playing a game.

Now Mary was 6, and of age for school. Her mother was poor and couldn't afford to buy her nice clothes. Mary was ashamed of her dresses which were patched and worn. Henderson was such a small community that everyone knew everyone else's business and the children at school teased her incessantly about the quality of her clothes and the fact that she had no father. She became ashamed of herself and her family and would hide in the woods near her house instead of attending school.

While hiding and playing in these woods, Mary came across a bootlegger and discovered she could buy a jar full of whisky for a quarter. She then began to learn how to beg, steal, con, anything to obtain that quarter.

Mary was always a loner, having no real friends or confidants. All she had was her mother whom she loved dearly. At the age of 11, Mary was raped in the very same woods in which she played. She never told anyone, not even her mother, for fear of being punished for being in the woods instead of school.

Her mother remarried when Mary was about 14. This confused Mary even more for now she had to share her only possession, her mother, with someone else. She began throwing tantrums, causing trouble, anything to attract her mother's attention as she now felt totally alone. Her mother put her in a work-house in Kinston, N.C. at the age of 15, because she felt that she could no longer control Mary. This was after an episode of Mary's breaking all the windows in the house in which they lived.

Mary stayed in the work-house until she was almost 17. Upon her release, she set out on her own, doing odd jobs, keeping house, until she met her first husband. He was about 50 years old and an alcoholic. Mary stayed with him for two months and after a seven year separation, obtained a divorce.

Bouts With Alcoholism

Her first time in the N.C.C.C.W. was when she was 18 years old. She was arrested for being drunk and, while in jail awaiting her trial, got into a fight with another girl for calling her an S.O.B. Mary cut the girl with a knife. She and three other women, drunk on rubbing alcohol, set fire to the jail. She was sentenced to the N.C.C.C.W. and served almost four years.

Mary stayed out of trouble for awhile and was married again at the age of 26. Again, the man was an alcoholic and around the age of 50. Mary wanted children badly and perhaps if she'd had even one whom she could love and who would love her in return, she would have stayed out of trouble. She stayed married, this time for fifteen years, and was in and out of the N.C.C.C.W. many times, all for alcoholism or, in some way, as a direct result of drinking.

Mary was now in Lumberton, N.C. wandering around; no real home; no-one to care. Her mother was dead and she hadn't seen any of her family but once since she was 28. Her half-brother and sisters were, and still are, alive but wanted nothing to do with Mary.

At the age of 43, Mary was arrested
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Community of the Ark:

Work, Prayer, and Resistance

(This description of the Community of the Ark was written by members of the Community, and translated by Lowell and Edith Rheinheimer, who lived for a time with the Community of the Ark. Eds. note.)

The Community of the Ark, founded by Lanza del Vasto, is established at La Borie-Noble, near le Bousquet d'Orb, Herault, in southern France. It groups together married and single men and women living directly from the labor of their hands. The men work mostly in the fields and workshops, the women in the gardens, at housework, and in the spinning and weaving workshops. In a country like France, where a poor harvest is a worse menace than poverty, the "Companions of the Ark" have chosen to live in a poor and abandoned region on the Escandorgue plateau.

Whole wheat bread is baked in the oven following traditional methods. The fields and gardens give grains, fruits and vegetables; the farm provides milk, eggs and cheese; the workshops provide furniture and cloth. Basic necessities are thereby satisfied on the spot without the aid of large technical organizations. This independent economic will is certainly the most apparent character of daily life at the Ark.

The Companions of the Ark want to show thereby, that it is possible to attain full human and spiritual fulfillment, and even to give a light to the world, through simplicity of means and way of life, "technically under-developed," accessible to the poor.

This economic independence is not an isolationist will; in fact, it could be much more independent if it were not coordinated with another demand, less apparent but equally fundamental: service to others. An important part of the strength of the Community is dedicated to relations with the outside under the most varied of forms: receiving visitors and friends, correspondence, lecture tours in France and abroad, formation and support of groups of friends living in the city, training persons in non-violence, support or formation of non-violent demonstrations.

School of Nonviolence

For the Companions of the Ark this way of life is a permanent direct non-violent action. Through the testimony of a life that is simple, natural, industrious, fraternal and within the reach of all, they demonstrate the possibility of a society without violence. In a society based on competition, the artificial multiplication of needs and the search for profit or "the good life," violence and

constraint will always be necessary in some form to defend the "just interests" of some. But if a few people renounce wealth and agree to procure by themselves the essential needs of their family, they form a society which can live and maintain itself without violence or the exploitation of the weak. The happiness of these persons gives birth to no covetousness. It is accessible to anyone, but even more so to the poor and to the workers.

What is more, this economic independence assures complete liberty in relation to established powers. Asking of it neither salary, advantage nor protection, they may all the more freely organize the eventual disobedience to an unjust or dishonorable law.

This life is, of itself, a school of non-violence. All important decisions are reached through unanimity of the avowed Companions. When unanimity cannot be obtained, we rather remain silent together, letting the heat and fever calm itself; we pray, we meditate, and if necessary all fast until the light capable of uniting us surges forth.

Obedience is due first to the rules and disciplines, and second to the leaders who command and counsel. But it never diminishes the personal responsibility of the one who obeys.

Rhythm of Prayer

The nonviolent community is holding itself back if it pretends to base itself upon purely human affinities or fraternity, even if sustained by common aspiration. To become the instrument of nonviolence and unity, intelligence and affections must be constantly renewed and animated by Truth and Living Love. This renewal demands from each, in some degree, detachment, renunciation and sacrifice of one's opinions and one's personal feelings. This is why the members of the nonviolent community must seek together every day the spiritual strength in which they may find comfort, surmount their oppositions and live a practical unity which reaches out to every person, even an adversary.

This is the role and the primary sense of a religion practiced in spirit and in truth. The entire day of the Companions of the Ark is rhythmized by times of prayer, of reading and of silence. Catholics and Protestants live in good accord. At night, a communal prayer unites them around the fire. This prayer is conceived in such a way as to offend no one, no matter what his/her religion. The believers of each faith meet together for prayer according to their own ritual, thus reconciling the Community's united will with openness to the individual's

loyalty to his/her own church. Each one has the duty to grow in one's own religious tradition.

Nonviolent Action

Thus, the Ark presents itself as the experience of a society where all aspects of personal and social life are organized following the principles and methods of nonviolence. Through this permanent action it constitutes a center of formation and teaching which radiates throughout the entire world through its already mentioned points of liaison. In these relations with the outside, the struggle against injustice takes on a special importance. Every Companion is vowed to be "ready on call at all times for the defense of justice with the arms of justice."

The first action of this kind (a twenty day fast against the tortures in Algeria in 1957) made evident one fact: persons who cannot or choose not to orient themselves towards the experiences of non-violent life realized in the Ark may, however, engage in nonviolent combat on a precise problem or for a predetermined period. Thus was born Nonviolent Civic Action in which the Companions, Friends and Allies of the Ark join with all those, believers and non-believers, who wish to try nonviolence in the framework of present society to solve the most urgent problems.

Nonviolent Civic Action was consecrated by the 1958 invasion of the first atomic energy plant in France, prelude to a campaign directed against nuclear armaments. There was the campaign against internment camps of Algerians considered "suspicious" during the Algerian war. Later, there was the solidarity action with the non-cooperators during the Algerian war who were volunteers for civil service on the battlefield. This became the action for the statute for conscientious objectors.

There has been continuous action against nuclear arms in France and also against the atomic energy plants and dangerous chemical plants. Another form of action has been the fasts held to draw attention to, and raise money for, the Bangladesh refugees and the starving people of the Sahel in Africa. At the present time the Companions of the Ark are engaged with 103 peasants in their attempt to stop the extension of the military camp on the Larzac plateau, which threatens to make a desert of their productive farms. If you wish to visit the Community of the Ark, you must write and wait for an answer: la Communauté de l'Arche, 34.260 le Bousquet d'Orb, France.

Gog and Magog in the Nuclear Age

By R. SCOTT KENNEDY

Any major turning point in history, and certainly the end of the Vietnam War can be considered no less, requires a great deal of reflection, evaluation and prayerful consideration of its significance and import for the future.

For those seeking material for reflection, perhaps something time-worn which offers a slightly more detached perspective against which to hold and compare more recent events, I suggest a reading (or re-reading) of Thomas Merton's "A Letter to Pablo Antonio Cuadra Concerning Giants," found in Merton's *Emblems of a Season of Fury* (New Directions, 1963).

In this letter Merton projects a startling world scenario. He pictures the United States and the Soviet Union heading unswervingly towards nuclear holocaust, the "main event." The Southern hemisphere (read "third world") escapes some of the most devastating effects of the holocaust to "discover itself alone in a smaller, emptier, better-radiated but still habitable world."

Merton vests his hope in these survivors who "may find themselves heirs to the opportunities and objectives ... shrugged off with such careless abandon" by the warring superpowers.

Our Responsibility

We seem to have escaped the quagmire in Indochina without resorting to the final nuclear contingencies plotted by Rand, Pentagon and Department of Defense thinkers (though one senses that some in Washington still have not given up hope of ushering us into the post-nuclear age).

The Middle East conflict offers another such opportunity which we (and the Soviets) may not be able to pass up.

Nevertheless, a storm devastating part of the world community has been stilled, and we have a brief respite in which

to look at it with a bit more objectivity than we have enjoyed in the past decade.

In his "Letter Concerning Giants" Merton writes:

The vertigo of the twentieth century needs no permission of yours or mine to continue. The tornado has not yet consulted any of us, and will not do so. This does not mean that we are helpless. It only means that our salvation lies in understanding our exact position, not flattering ourselves that we have brought the whirlwind into being by ourselves, or that we can calm it with a wave of the hand.

While the warring whirlwind in Vietnam has finally subsided, it would be unfounded flattery to credit ourselves with America's withdrawal and Saigon's defeat. As Jim Forest and Diane Leonetti have written, "It is over because of the Vietnamese ability to absorb more suffering than we Americans were willing to inflict."

Americans were generally acquiescent to those active in pursuing the war—voting for "lesser evil" candidates who only escalated the fighting, working in defense industries, paying taxes, and so on.

Still, the war was begun and maintained largely without our consent. Similarly, future American military ventures to protect interests at home or abroad will not likely seek our prior approval. Our task, then, is to understand "our exact position." Anything less than this invites the danger of our not averting future mistakes of equal proportion.

The cultural dynamics worthy of scrutiny suggested by Merton thirteen years ago are even more striking in this age of detente and after the fall of Vietnam.

Gog and Magog

Challenging the "enlightenment of the twentieth century barbarian" Merton

claims that he "no longer [has] any desire to be considered enlightened by the standards of the stool pigeons and torturers whose most signal claim to success is that they have built so many extermination camps [tiger cages!] and operated them to the limit of their capacity."



Rita Corbin

These glorious creatures, revelling in paroxysms of collective paranoia, have now aligned themselves in enormous power blocs of which the most striking feature is that they resemble one another like a pair of twins.

Merton borrows from Ezekiel to name "these glorious creatures." They are Gog and Magog.

From the belly of the giant, Merton echoes an understanding manifest by the anti-imperialist but nonviolent Third Force in Vietnam:

Hatred destroys the real being of man in fighting the fiction which it calls "the enemy." For man is concrete and alive, but "the enemy" is a subjective abstraction.

A society that kills real men in order to deliver itself from the phantasm of a paranoid delusion is already possessed of destructiveness because it has made itself incapable of love. It refuses, a priori, to love. It is dedicated not to concrete relations of man with man, but only to abstractions about politics, economics, psychology, and even, sometimes, religion.

Be Unlike the Giants

A first lesson to learn from such Vietnamese as compose the "Third Force" is that a commitment to nonviolence may be a necessary corrective to anyone with an attraction or predisposition to ideology. Such a commitment may help guarantee that political analysis continues to serve life and human persons, rather than becoming simply another excuse for dehumanization and a license for destruction.

God speaks, and God is to be heard, not only on Sinai, not only in my own heart, but in the voice of the stranger ... We must find Him in our enemy, or we may lose Him even in our friend.

(Continued on page 8)

A Letter to the IRS

St. Boniface Church
254 First St.,
Jersey City, N.J. 07302

Sirs:

As April 15, 1975, the last day for filing income tax returns, approaches, let me serve notice on the government that I do not wish to serve its disregard for humans. For the same reason as I ripped up my draft card and registration some time ago, I now refuse to fill out any income tax form.

I choose not to give money to kill. For years, any extra money that could have gone to this government for the purposes of war, I gave to many different humanizing efforts. This way, I made sure there were no taxable monies available from me.

I want to say no strongly to an administration which would spend nine billion dollars more for war-making and would cut out an already allotted 2.6 billion for things ranging from cancer research to schools and hospitals.

I want to say no strongly to a government which makes the poor and the old grovel for enough bread to survive while it struggles to give oil depletion allowances to those who have robbed the earth of natural resources meant for all, not for a favored few. Imagine wanting to give taxpayers' money to those who have made 130 percent profit off a probably contrived energy crisis which caused suffering to millions! Of course, the poor always have an energy crisis. They live in fear of having heat, gas, electricity shut off because there is not the money to pay the exorbitant bills. But it is not just that taxpayers' dollars are used for war and for oil depletion allowances. That would be enough for tax resistance.

I want to say no strongly, by not filling out an income tax form, because money from the people of this country is used to train police in other countries how to torture, how to repress demands for justice. Money from this country was used to overthrow a legitimate government in Chile, with the subsequent murder of countless Chilean citizens. Money from this country is used to support and maintain dictatorships in South Korea, in the Philippines, in Brazil and in the Dominican Republic, and in other Latin American countries where big business gains enormous profit off the cheap labor, off the enslaved backs of millions of our brother and sister humans who live in neighboring lands.

Money from this country, from the people of this country is used to keep people who yearn for freedom in inhuman prisons. And there is no asylum here for the economically or politically oppressed, as the dollars are spent to weed out illegal aliens in hunts that put to shame and mock the words on the Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free."

To the laws that de-humanize, and that are anti-human, anti-life, I say no not just with a clear conscience but as a way of clearing conscience. The law of love, the only one we must keep, is violated blatantly.

Jesus says we must love our neighbor. My neighbors in Jersey City are poor, old, Puerto Rican, black, illegal, and the way taxes are spent violates their humanity. I say no to such violation of the people here in Downtown Jersey City and to all my neighbors with whom I share life on this planet.

Peace,
Rev. John P. Egan

Bromleys Face Eviction

(Continued from page 1)

assistant commissioner of IRS—and now regional commissioner of the IRS, headquartered in Cincinnati.

The continued and secret existence of these files is dangerous. In connection with the Bromley case, a reporter and a group of Quakers requested to see all files pertaining to the case. Although all the proper request forms were filed through official channels, this group was continuously denied access to the files. Another reporter who wrote a newspaper article sympathetic to the Bromleys had his own accounts audited by the IRS soon after his article appeared.

Peacemaker Response

The IRS has been informed of the true facts of this case, but has continued almost without hesitation. Since the first notice sent the Bromleys in 1972, hundreds of letters of protest sent to IRS have resulted in one change. IRS claims that recipients of Sharing Fund monies were employees have been dropped. But the assessment was readjusted and fines were added to keep the amount they claimed was due them at about \$25,000. The Bromleys, because of personal beliefs that to appeal through IRS appeals courts would be to recognize an unjust system, will not work through the courts. They believe, rather, in personal witness and public disclosure of the abuse of power. In accordance with this belief, the Bromleys and many others have written letters, leafletted the IRS building in Cincinnati daily for the last five months, and gotten newspaper articles written. Personal conversations between individual Peacemakers and IRS officials leave no doubt that IRS has all the facts but is acting anyway. Education of the public in the facts of this case, and the credibility that this is in fact an act of political harassment, was attested to when, on June 18, 1975, Cincinnati's city council voted 8 to 1 to ask two Congressional committees to probe this

affair.

There is still time to respond to this case, on the part of individuals and groups. Write to demand the reversal of the sale of the house (a step which IRS can still take until the official closing of the sale and eviction, which will take place on, or around, Sept. 28). Request that all the SSS files be destroyed, and that the IRS not be allowed to harass any other groups or individuals who disagree with the government. Letters should be sent to:

**Regional Commissioner Leon Green
District Director Dwight James
Federal Office Building
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202**

**Donald Alexander, Commissioner, IRS
12th & Constitution, NW
Washington, DC 20224**

The Congressional Committees investigating the case are the US Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, 102 B Russell, Senate Office Building, Washington, DC 20510, and the Oversight Committee of the House Ways and Means Committee, 2371 Rayburn Building, Washington, DC 20515.

Those who have faith in government processes might write these committees.

The most important witness will be on Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, at the National Headquarters of IRS in Washington. We are asking as many people as possible to join us then, for a general demonstration and acts of civil disobedience, in protest of IRS harassment of the Bromleys and all political dissenters. For exact times, gathering points, and information on housing, etc., contact Kathi Milanowski, c/o Community of Creative Nonviolence, 1345 Euclid St. NW, Washington, DC 20009 (202) 667-6407. There will be an action the same day in Cincinnati—contact John Leininger, THE PEACEMAKER, 1255 Paddock Hills Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45229 about this action and for more information on the case.

We Go on Record: the CW Response to Hiroshima

(This August marks the 30th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima. On that day a new age of fear was unveiled. Each year the U.S. budget provides more and more money for arms, B-1 bombers, Trident submarines. Towns across the country are prospective sites for nuclear power plants. It is for each of us to resist, as far as we can, this movement of power, and fear, and destruction. One very immediate way is war tax resistance, highlighted in this issue of CW.)

In September, 1945, Dorothy Day wrote the following position statement on the atom bomb. We reprint it now as a reminder of our responsibility to preserve life. Eds. note.)

By DOROTHY DAY

Mr. Truman was jubilant. President Truman. True man; what a strange name, come to think of it. We refer to Jesus Christ as true God and true Man. Truman is a true man of his time in that he was jubilant. He was not a son of God, brother of Christ, brother of the Japanese, jubilating as he did. He went from table to table on the cruiser which was bringing him home from the Big Three conference, telling the great news; "jubilant" the newspapers said. Jubilate Deo. We have killed 318,000 Japanese.

That is, we hope we have killed them, the Associated Press, on page one, column one of the Herald Tribune, says. The effect is hoped for, not known. It is to be hoped they are vaporized, our Japanese brothers — scattered, men, women and babies, to the four winds, over the seven seas. Perhaps we will breathe their dust into our nostrils, feel them in the fog of New York on our faces, feel them in the rain on the hills of Easton.

Jubilate Deo. President Truman was jubilant. We have created. We have created destruction. We have created a new element, called Pluto. Nature had nothing to do with it.

Created to Destroy

"A cavern below Columbia was the bomb's cradle," born not that men might

live, but that men might be killed. Brought into being in a cavern, and then tried in a desert place, in the midst of tempest and lightning, tried out, and then again on the eve of the Feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ, on a far off island in the eastern hemisphere, tried out again, this "new weapon which conceivably might wipe out mankind, and perhaps the planet itself."

"Dropped on a town, one bomb would be equivalent to a severe earthquake and would utterly destroy the place. A scientific brain trust has solved the problem of how to confine and release almost unlimited energy. It is impossible yet to measure its effects."

"We have spent two billion on the greatest scientific gamble in history and won," said President Truman jubilantly.

The papers list the scientists (the murderers) who are credited with perfecting this new weapon. One outstanding authority "who earlier had developed a powerful electrical bombardment machine called the cyclotron, was Professor O. E. Lawrence, a Nobel prize winner of the University of California. In the heat of the race to unlock the atom, he built the world's most powerful atom smashing gun, a machine whose electrical projectiles carried charges equivalent to 25,000,000 volts. But such machines were found in the end to be unnecessary. The atom of Uranium-235 was smashed with surprising ease. Science discovered that not sledgehammer blows, but subtle taps from slow traveling neutrons managed more on a tuning technique were all that were needed to disintegrate the Uranium-235 atom."

(Remember the tales we used to hear, that one note of a violin, if that note could be discovered, could collapse the Empire State Building. Remember too, that God's voice was heard not in the great and strong wind, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but "in the whistling of a gentle air.")

Scientists, army officers, great universities (Notre Dame included), and captains of industry—all are given credit

lines in the press for their work of preparing the bomb—and other bombs, the President assures us, are in production now.

Great Britain controls the supply of uranium ore, in Canada and Rhodesia. We are making the bombs. This new great force will be used for good, the scientists assured us. And then they wiped out a city of 318,000. This was good. The President was jubilant.

Today's paper with its columns of description of the new era, the atomic era, which this colossal slaughter of the



Irving Amen

innocents has ushered in, is filled with stories covering every conceivable phase of the new discovery. Pictures of the towns and the industrial plants where the parts are made are spread across the pages. In the forefront of the town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is a chapel, a large comfortable-looking chapel benignly settled beside the plant. And the

scientists making the first tests in the desert prayed, one newspaper account said.

God, Our Creator

Yes, God is still in the picture. God is not mocked. Today, the day of this so great news, God made a madman dance and talk, who had not spoken for twenty years. God sent a typhoon to damage the carrier Hornet. God permitted a fog to obscure vision and a bomber, crashed into the Empire State Building. God permits these things. We have to remember it. We are held in God's hands, all of us, and President Truman too, and these scientists who have created death, but will use it for good. He, God, holds our life and our happiness, our sanity and our health; our lives are in His hands. **He is our Creator. Creator.**

And as I write, Pigsie, who works in Secaucus, New Jersey, feeding hogs, and cleaning out the excrement of hogs, who comes in once a month to find beauty and surcease and glamor and glory in the drink of the Bowery, trying to drive the hell and the smell out of his nostrils and his life, sleeps on our doorstep, in this best and most advanced and progressive of all possible worlds. And as I write, our cat, Rainbow, slinks by with a shrill rat in her jaws, out of the kitchen closet here at Mott Street. Here in this greatest of cities which covered the cavern where this stupendous discovery was made, which institutes an era of unbelievable richness and power and glory for man...

Everyone says, "I wonder what the Pope thinks of it?" How everyone turns to the Vatican for judgment, even though they do not seem to listen to the voice there! But our Lord Himself has already pronounced judgment on the atomic bomb. When James and John (John the beloved) wished to call down fire from heaven on their enemies, Jesus said:

"You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save." He said also, "What you do unto the least of these my brethren, you do unto me."

Nonviolent Resistance Grows in Spain

By CRAIG SIMPSON

While the Spanish Civil War raged in the 1930's, the Catholic Worker proclaimed its pacifist commitment, supporting neither the communist nor fascist positions. Now, after decades of dictatorship in Spain, the nonviolent movement is growing, with the Catholic Church playing an important part in resistance to the Franco regime. Especially important are the emergence of conscientious objectors, the jailing of Lluís Xirinacs, and the nonviolent movement of workers and priests in southern Spain, especially in the city of Granada.

Conscientious Objection

Spain, unlike the U.S., does not have a tradition of war resistance. Most of the people going to prison have been Jehovah Witnesses, but rarely other religious or political objectors. But in 1971, a group of five nonviolent objectors was given a total of 14 years in prison, which included 2½ years of disciplinary battalion and 1 month in a mental hospital. The most notable of these resisters was Pepe Bennza, a young Catholic objector who mobilized international support in a well-publicized march from Geneva to Spain. After that campaign, Spain changed its law of imprisonment of CO's from 18 years in prison to 3 to 8 years and loss of all rights. When Pepe was released, after 3 years in prison, he began the long and painful organizing necessary to building a resistance movement. With the help of Justicia y Paz, a commission of the Catholic Church in Spain, Bennza was allowed to speak in towns, villages and communities throughout Spain; he has made over 120 speeches in legal, public meetings promoting a law to allow civil service as an alternative to the

We must reflect and then decide, clearly, whether humanity's lot must be made still more miserable in order to achieve far-off and shadowy ends, whether we should accept a world bristling with arms where brother kills brother; or whether, on the contrary, we should avoid bloodshed and misery as much as possible so that we give a chance for survival to later generations...

For my part, I am fairly sure that I have made a choice. And having chosen, I think that I must speak out, that I must state that I will never again be one of those, whoever they be, who compromise with murder, and that I must take the consequences of that decision...

All I ask is that, in the midst of a murderous world, we agree to reflect on murder and to make a choice... And henceforth the only honorable course will be to stake everything on a formidable gamble: that words are more powerful than munitions.

Albert Camus

military, and to recognize conscientious objection. According to Pepe, "We think the government will procrastinate, and we think the answer to that is collective objection through civil service. We shall face serious problems." In the future, they will be planning public actions to dramatize their struggle. There are now several Spanish objectors serving prison sentences throughout Spain and the Sahara.

Another area to watch is represented by Lluís Xirinacs, a Catholic priest in the center of the Catalan movement in northeast Spain. The Catalan people took a heroic stand against Franco during the Spanish revolution, especially in Barcelona, and the Franco regime has found it impossible to control. Lluís Xirinacs, sentenced over three years ago for passing out information on the Catalan struggle, remains in prison, though his formal sentence has ended. He has been on a number of hunger strikes, one lasting for as long as 41 days, seeking amnesty for all political prison-

ers. Recently, there have been attempts to nominate Xirinacs for the Nobel Peace prize, to give him international recognition. Pax Christi in Spain, which has wide influence, has taken up this cause along with its work against the death penalty and for civil service.

Workers Movement

A third aspect of the Spanish nonviolent movement is the organizing and actions of nonviolent workers and priests in Granada. Their belief in nonviolence and the struggle for justice around workers' issues has been very crucial in that area.

In late April, 1975, a street demonstration resulted in the arrests of 36 workers and 3 priests—Jose Godoy, Antonio Quiter and Angel Aquado. (Jose Godoy, a long-time member of the nonviolent movement in Spain, had been arrested for previous demonstrations.) They were given large fines, and prison sentences of up to 3 months if they did not pay, for distributing illegal propaganda, public disorder and nonpeaceful meeting. More

workers were arrested a few days later. On May 9, Archbishop Benavent of Granada issued a 6-point statement in support of the workers' right to meet and to form associations to get their needs properly met. He said the priests were acting from a sincere love of the poor and of justice. This is an incredible statement considering the history of support for the Franco regime in the Catholic Church in Spain. The Archbishop made this statement after he visited the 3 priests in the prison at Carabanchel in Madrid (the same prison in which Lluís Xirinacs is being held.) On May 19, Jose Godoy began a month-long hunger strike consuming only pure water; his only communications were with his very close friends and family and those imprisoned with him. By this action, he hopes to call attention to conditions in Granada, and make the authorities consider three concrete proposals: the release of all people in prison for demonstrating against unemployment, the cancellation of all fines imposed on the demonstrators, and the continuation of dialogue with workers who locked themselves in a church in early May. These demonstrators are seeking representation of the unemployed in trade unions, and 100% salary during unemployment. This Jesuit priest, construction worker, and nonviolent activist is a model and sign of hope for the nonviolent movement in Spain, where repression is so severe.

(For more information on Spanish resistance, write WRI Spanish Nonviolent Support, c/o War Resisters International, 35 rue Van Elewich, 1050, Brussels, Belgium. Craig Simpson is a member of the WRI Collective. Eds. note.)

+ + + LETTERS + + +

A Pilgrimage

St. Joseph's Day
San Francisco, Ca.

Dearest Dorothy,

I could write and re-write that salutation a hundred times over this morning, as you and all at St. Joseph's House are especially near on this feast — how we are both with you in heart and spirit, thankful for the many and daily blessings of the Lord — not least of all for the miracle of friendship and community. I think of each one, living and dead, old and young, strong and weak, today especially—the Lord loves the little ones, and the weak He makes strong, like St. Joseph himself, who, in turn, watched over and interceded for the rest of us all these years.

We have finally "landed" on the other shore of our pilgrimage. As I write, the sun is high and warm, and I can hear both a dove and a mockingbird singing — it makes me think of you there on Staten Island; how I hope the days continue to be rich in peace, prayer and rest for you. I wanted to tell you how very, very fine I thought your January "On Pilgrimage" was in particular — very inspiring — the "obituaries" were so life-filled, offering such examples of true Christian lives and joy — thank you.

There's so much of our "pilgrimage" I want to share with you, that I know you'd enjoy, that I really just don't know where or how to begin. I know Pat wrote you from Gethesemani. I was a few miles over at Loretto then, and my days there were very rich in solitude and prayer, though I did visit with some of the sisters. I think you would be refreshed by the spirit and land there. I was especially happy, one afternoon, to have the chance to meet and talk with Mary Lee Mitchum. She and her husband Carl and their 4 children live across the road, between Loretto and Gethesemani, and are the people who started the "families of St. Benedict" several years ago. They try to follow Benedict's rule closely, with special focus on poverty and contemplation — the monks seem inspired by their devotion to voluntary poverty! — and seem to be thriving, although only one other family is with them now. They go to the abbey for Mass and Office. The children attend the local schools. That is such very poor country that there's

little tension, at this point, between their parents' voluntary poverty and their neighbors' simple lives. At Loretto itself, there are several women living hermetical lives, one of whom is a good friend, Sister Jane Marie, who spent a few weeks at the CW in the mid '60's. And there are also four sisters who have formed a small contemplative life in common — they use the basement of the old novitiate building and live very simply, singing all the hours of the office according to the Grail psalter, which is the same chant melody the monks at Gethesemani use. Very beautiful. It always revives me to know that the world over people are singing all the praises of the Divine Office.

Perhaps the "highpoint" of our trip for me was being at and with the Gauchats, and I need not fill in details for you. Your favorite phrase, that "beauty will save the world," surely lives in every face and room of their home. The chance to get to know Dorothy Gauchat I cherish — she is quite extraordinary.

We had a brief but good visit with Chuck and Sandy in West Hamlin, on our way to see Pat Murray. After supper, Sandy picked up his guitar and sang several fine songs, one of which was Peter Maurin's "If everybody tried to be better" essay put to music — you would have been delighted. We also saw Tom McDonald in Toledo, who's now working for the UFW. In Ann Arbor, Pat gave several excellent talks on the CW — young Joe Summers had done marvelous preparations for our visit, including flyers and posters announcing the talks which had CW positions and several of Peter's essays on them, and had a great collection of books and CW papers for folks to take afterwards. We then went on to Madison, Wis., where we spoke to several classes at a small Catholic college (Edgewood). Everywhere we went, Dorothy, people were most interested, and often very well versed in the ideas and visions of the CW — and as "ambassadors" we were received everywhere with great kindness. Many asked for you.

We spent several days with Sandy Neill in Minneapolis, and then went to southwestern Minn., to a small town where I was born, Minneota — where my parents, and their parents, are from, where most of my people still live on farms. It was wonderful to return there.

Then on down to K. C., where we had a brief but splendid visit with Angie O'Gorman (Holy Family House) — she is really fine. Those are great houses, so big and sturdy, and there were several families staying there when we visited. We also spent part of an afternoon with Fr. Dick Wempe who runs Shalom House, a peace study center in K. C., Kansas. He is especially inspired by Charles de Foucauld, and has a modest but potentially powerful vision of recreating the small, poor, working-class neighborhood he lives in into a mutual-aid type village. He also brought word that Joe Goodding, who is at Shantivanem, a contemplative community over West in Kansas, is very well.

After a short visit with one of my sisters and her husband in Ashland, Mo., where they are living simply on five beautiful acres of land in the middle of a wildlife preserve, building their own cabin, etc., we went on to St. Louis, where we spent about a week with my family. They are all well.

We had the great joy and privilege of going to Holy Cross parish on Laetare Sunday, where Msgr. Hellreigel celebrated Mass. It was really splendid, Dorothy! I felt like I was listening to Pope John, he was so deeply and completely pastoral. The children's choir sang beautifully, and all there participated with such great reverence. Oh, that there were more such priests, more such parishes! Thank you for encouraging us to seek him out.

This is already too long and winding, and I've left so much out — Joan Drilling and the Glossmayers in Okla., Fr. Louis Vitale in Las Vegas, a visit with friends who live and work on a Hopi reservation in Ariz. — perhaps Pat will do better, but I'm sure this is more than enough for now!

Love to all, especially to you.

Kathleen [De Sutter Jordan]

A Tribute to Tivoli

160 S. Forest St.
Carbondale, Ill. 62901

Dear Friends at Tivoli,

On behalf of the seven other Franciscans and myself who were privileged to spend some days at Tivoli while participating in the recent Peacemakers Orientation Program, I want to say

thanks to all the Catholic Worker people on the farm. Thanks for sharing your simple life-style, your egalitarian spirit and, above all, your deep faith with us.

The faith-dimension of your community seems to underpin all your actions and, for me, was a real challenge to my own faith. To celebrate the Paschal Mystery of Christ with you beneath the trees on the lawn overlooking the Hudson River; to experience your faith in the mysteries of personhood, of life and of death; to recognize your own recognition of the religious importance of little things like washing dishes and cleaning toilets; to respond to your awareness of God's strong presence in the trees, the grass, the sunshine, the river and the hills—these are some of the most precious gifts you gave me during my two weeks at Tivoli.

I was also confronted by your egalitarian spirit—the unconditional acceptance of the person as person. Conditioned as I am to make pragmatic responses to status, to roles and to power—responses which are, for the most part, totally pagan and dehumanizing—your spirit at Tivoli was like a breath of fresh air which helped liberate me from the oppressive and stagnant atmosphere of a game-oriented society.

I was challenged by your simple life-style to confront my taken-for-granted needs—my need for tasty and expensive foods, my need for a high quality and quantity of meat, my need for high-cost transport, my need for air-conditioning and a whole range of consumerist products.

I might end this response to Tivoli by paraphrasing Peter Maurin. Peter wrote that the world would be a fine place if Roman Catholics tried to keep up with Francis of Assisi. As a member of a Franciscan institution, I might go a step further and say that the Franciscan Order would be a fine place if Franciscans tried to keep up with Peter Maurin. We might hope and pray that the spirit of Peter Maurin and Francis of Assisi will stimulate Catholic Workers and the Franciscans to share their commonality and co-operate toward bringing reality and promise closer together. We all work toward realizing Christ's promise of a human, just and peaceful world for all people.

Peter Shanahan, O.F.M.

Notes and Commentary

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT FOR SEVEN NATIVE AMERICANS

Seven young men from the Yankton Sioux tribe have been held in solitary confinement in the South Dakota State Penitentiary since June 6, 1975, though they have not been convicted of any crime. Arrested on May 2, 1975 in connection with the occupation of a pork processing plant in Wagner, S. Dak., on Yankton Sioux land, the seven are to be arraigned on July 18. Each is confined to a six by eight foot cell, where he takes his meals alone; exercise consists of one half hour of activity daily in a room adjoining the cells. These seven men are serving time in solitary without having been tried, without the due process guaranteed in the Constitution.

The plant occupied by the seven men is a joint venture of the tribe (Yankton Sioux Ind.) and Melvin Rosenthal, a businessman. On March 17, 1975, protesting Mr. Rosenthal's non-compliance with their plant contract, and his insensitivity to the rights and needs of the tribe, several Yankton Sioux peacefully occupied the plant for three days. Greg Zephier, one of the demonstrators, was arrested in May as a result of that protest. His arrest precipitated a sixteen hour occupation of the plant on May 2, ending in the arrest of the Yankton Sioux Seven. The seven men were held temporarily in two county jails before being transferred to solitary confinement.

You can write to Judge Paul J. Kern,

Charles Mix County Courthouse, Lake Andes, S. Dak. 57356, and to J. D. Parkinson, Warden, S. Dak. State Penitentiary at Sioux Falls, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. 57104, asking that the men be released. Funds are needed for the Yankton Sioux Legal Defense Committee, c/o Lois Tiger, P.O. Box 145, Marty, S.D. 57361. Make checks payable to Lois Tiger.

Anne Marie Fraser

MARTIN SOSTRE UNJUSTLY CONVICTED

On June 3, 1975, Martin Sostre was sentenced to up to another 4 years, concurrent to the 30 years he is now serving. For allegedly assaulting 3 Clinton prison guards who wanted to degrade him by means of a forced rectal search, Martin Sostre was again found guilty in what has become a pattern of oppression and injustice. Racism, corruption and confusion have combined to block a fair and honest consideration of forced rectal searches on anyone. Martin Sostre's is the voice of resistance to such degradation and humiliation. Martin Sostre has said that "I cannot submit to injustices, even minor ones" And Martin Sostre was offered a suspended sentence on June 3, if he would plead guilty. "I can't plead guilty, your Honor. I never hit those guards," was his answer.

One cannot help feeling that the underlying reason that justice has been denied Martin Sostre so repeatedly, now

and in the past, is that he is a person of conscience and has become the voice of all the voiceless in our prisons. Funds for the appeal of this latest conviction, and letters of support, and prayers are needed by Martin Sostre and those people who are struggling with him. Please contact the Martin Sostre Defense Committee, P.O. Box 839, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, N.Y. 14205.

Bill Griffin

PUBLICATION NOTE

THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE: Active Nonviolence in the U.S.

The Institute for the Study of Nonviolence is producing a documentary history of the organized nonviolent movement in the U.S. The book will contain 240 pages of photographs, illustrations, and historical text. To publish the book in a way consistent with its content, the Institute is helping to organize a co-operative publishing effort among non-violent groups and individuals.

Pre-publication editions, to provide the capital needed to produce the initial press run, are available for \$10 (plus 83c postage) hardbound, and \$3 (plus 65c postage) softbound.

For more information, and to order, write:

The Power of the People
Institute for the Study of Nonviolence
P. O. Box 1001
Palo Alto, CA 94302

Woman Prisoner

(Continued from page 3)

in Lumberton for the murder of a man with whom she had been staying. She had traded her wedding rings which were worth about \$600.00 for a fifth of liquor, and had no memory of the incident. In a blacked out state, she couldn't remember things that had happened when she'd been drunk. The man had been beaten to near death. Mary was in jail for three months before her trial. She was acquitted but she honestly couldn't tell me if she'd beaten the man or not.

Somewhere To Start

Mary has been in this so-called correctional center for women a total of 21 times. She is a good woman and with proper help could make something out of what's left of her life. All she wants is help, a home, someone to love her rather than condemn her. I asked her why she drank. She said to forget, to numb her mind to her past life, not just to get high, although, she did admit that was part of it.

It seems to me that the judges or even the people in charge here could see that she has a sickness. Alcoholism is a sickness!

I have developed a great respect and admiration for this woman and an awe for her endurance. I wish there would be some way I could help her after I get out myself. Maybe someone, upon reading this, will take thought and even though they can't help this Mary, perhaps some other Mary out there can be helped. Someone has to start somewhere.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Under a July sun, Queen Anne's lace is coolly filagreed in white among the parching grasses. In Gordon's little garden before our front door, cosmos—metaphors of summer grace—sway gently on long slender stems among bright color-patterns of marigolds, zinnias, and petunias. From the ambience of afternoon, a few birds sing—though without morning's bravura—in the familiar tones of robin, wren, and song sparrow. Children pass under my window, questing adventure to fill their long summer day. Thirsty roots and dusty leaves yearn for a thunder storm. For the moment the house is caught in a siesta mood of quiet, beyond alarms and wrangling. I meditate on summer and its beauty—the burgeoning and greening, the flowering and ripening, the daily *Te Deum* of birds and insects, the cool shadows of passing clouds. But somewhere in summer's jungle, lurk the frenzy and pollution of human making and doing, the weight of heat and humidity, the hostile swarms of flies, gnats, mosquitoes, the noise and crowd of people. Where is the still small point? *Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem.*

Thanks to the Peacemakers, summer began for us with a fitting and beautiful observance. On midsummer eve just at sunset time, a group of Peacemakers, with some of us from the Catholic Worker, held a solstice service. The group formed a circle on the lawn overlooking the Hudson River, across which the sun declined against a backdrop of mountains. The service was quiet and reverent, with prayer and meditation, readings of a religious nature or emphasizing the delicate balance of nature and our place in helping to preserve that delicate balance. There was the chanting of Om and the singing of the great Amen from the Mass. There was the joining of hands, and a kind of circular procession. It was a kind of dramatization of our unity with nature, with that Creation in which the "Holy Ghost over the bent world broods" to teach us that "the world is charged

with the grandeur of God."

Later with the great moon rising, a bonfire was made, and marshmallows toasted to the great delight of the children. There was music, laughter, good fellowship.

Peacemaker Conference

There were sixty or more Peacemakers here for this year's conference, and as always they lived up to their name. They came with their sleeping bags and tents, and encamped in and around Peter Maurin house. They looked after



Rita Corbin

themselves, shared in cooking the meals which we ate in common, worked up in the fields, and tried to be as cooperative and helpful as possible. Their conferences were organized around presentations and workshop discussion groups. The topics ranged through most of those

bearing on peace: non-violence, tax refusal, land trust, communities, prisons, proliferation of nuclear plants and weaponry, sexuality, racism, etc.

I particularly enjoyed the presentations of the Reverend Ashton Jones and G. T. Miller. Ashton Jones has spent a long nonviolent life working for civil rights and other peace related causes. Many years ago he visited India and talked with Gandhi. He also worked with Martin Luther King during the crucial years of the civil rights struggle. G. T. Miller tells a fascinating story of his one-man crusade against injustice and prejudice. Although from a poor background, with no more than a third grade education, G. T., through hard work and industry, finally became the owner of a feed store in a small Southern town. The unusual thing is that he did not discard his conscience along the way, that he grew in compassion and concern for those more unfortunate than himself, that he did what he could wherever he was, with what he had. For this the Ku Klux Klan threatened, assaulted, persecuted, shot him. He persevered in love, however, even toward his enemy, the Klansmen. Both Ashton Jones and G. T. Miller are good examples of what Ammon Hennacy used to call the one-man revolution, or of what Dorothy Day calls personalism, or the "little way."

Another presentation which I enjoyed greatly was that of Dorothy Day who spoke of the Catholic Worker and its many peace related activities. There is much in the Catholic Worker that is routine and tedious—keeping a community going through preparing meals, sweeping floors, cleaning toilets, taking care of the sick. But there is also much that is dramatic, even a kind of high adventure. Dorothy Day is not only co-founder of the Catholic Worker but has always participated in both kinds of work, not to mention her apostolate of speaking and writing. Dorothy speaks with the conviction, understanding, and humor which have been nourished in a long life of dedication, and which never fail to capture attention and to stimulate interest.

Visitors

Some of the Peacemakers brought their children with them, which occasioned much joy among the children living and visiting here. Rita Corbin had come down from Canada with Coretta and Marty John, and had stopped off in Vermont to pick up Tanya. Johan and Sam Goose were visiting Will. With the Peacemaker children, there were fourteen or fifteen children here most of the time. Almost everyday someone took them swimming at Twin Lakes or Saugerties beach. On several evenings the daughter of Bob and Marge Swann conducted folk dancing on the lawn. Children and adults participated together with much delight.

Tanya, who was six in April, had lived with us long enough to feel that the farm is home. She is a great friend of mine. Now that she has returned to Vermont again, I miss her visits and her charming conversation.

It was also good to have Ross Anderson, 79, and Anne Upsher, 89, here. Both are veteran Peacemakers, and both are amazingly alert and full of love of life and good will toward all. Needless to say, they are much liked by the young people.

Among the visitors who came largely because of the Peacemakers were some seven Franciscans from Chicago. Thanks to them, we were able to have Mass a number of times during the conference.

During the summer, visitors are often more in evidence than members of the community. Sometimes visitors come and talk only with other visitors. From time to time, Stanley puts on a slide show so that newcomers can get some idea of our work and history.

The Fourth of July weekend brought us a number of visitors, including Anne Marie Stokes, whom I am always glad

to see, and William Miller with his son and a former student interested in the Catholic Worker. Professor Miller's book—*A Harsh and Dreadful Love: Dorothy Day and The Catholic Worker Movement*—is still available in paperback, I think, and is certainly a good introduction to the work. Professor Miller is now working on a biography of Peter Maurin. He teaches at the University of Florida in Tallahassee. He told us that his sons and their friends have started a Catholic Worker house of hospitality in that area.

Some of our visitors stay for several weeks and often help much with the work. Among these are Brother Roman from the Holy Cross seminary and Sr. Eileen from the teaching sisters of Notre Dame in Maryland. Louise, our friend from Tennessee, also continues to be a constant friend in work.

Unfortunately the work of house and garden is heavy at this time of year. Bob Connors, one of our best workers, has left us. Tom Hughes and Mary Jo plan to take off this evening, and Miriam is away. Cathy St. Clair is in the hospital again. She may have to have another skin graft, and will probably remain in the hospital another month. Chris Anders burned his right arm badly while working on an old car. Although he is very brave about the matter, his work capacity is diminished. Florent, Kathleen, Terry, Joan, Alan, Frank, John Filliger, Bob Tavani, George Collins, with the help of some others, really have their hands full. It is good that Arthur Sullivan has returned to help with the laundry.

Summer Fruits

For my part, I am suffering from summer doldrums and am much in need of a change. Next week I hope to get down to Clare Danielsson's conference in Cold Spring, and hope that I will be suf-

POEM

A few fell
among bullets
and
stumpless ground
—but when assured
of the
presence
He was in full view.
And there
He answered
the few
with simple words
And serenity
that surrendered
nothing
to Caesar
but His body
that answered
to all
men:
Life.

PATRICK DURAN

The Orchard at Tivoli

By JOSEPH GERACI

There is a great sense of satisfaction in planting a tree. Usually it will be around far longer than the planter. The oak that Shelley planted at the family home as a child became a memorial. People still collect leaves from trees near Tolstoy's grave, trees that shaded him on his walks through Yasnaya Polyana. There is good reason for planting trees. Even a Tolstoy had to be reminded of life's brevity. Planting a tree that will overshadow our grandchildren, and theirs, can silence us before a vast and timeless nature, so still, so much more in touch with the eternal than busy people.

Trees speak to us of being rooted—in the earth where we shall all end, a harsh equality. If we say that home is as a tree, we say that home is a rooted place. We say, let us put our roots down so that we may grow. It is a resolution too few of us are willing to make in this hasty age. To plant a tree is to build a home. All around, the land becomes a new place, to stay and wait.

Nature's Balance

Two years ago we planted an orchard at Tivoli: apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, and filbert nuts—fifty five trees in all. It is a complicated thing growing fruit. Fruit trees are the pampered children. At planting they must get the right balance of manure to dirt (4 or 3 to 1), the right spot with a lot of sun and a good circulation of air, and constant care. They must be pruned so that the proper branches grow the proper way with the proper strength, mulched (preferably with hay, though orchard grass will do), cultivated, weeded and watched. They need water, but it should not set; other trees near by have to be removed. The sumac does not like orchards. It thinks that every field belongs to it. It sends out underground roots that throw up shoot after shoot; whole groves spring up and have to be uprooted as that pear or that apple is threatened with choking.

The deer, field mice, aphids and worms eat the young trees. But the trees have friends. Birds eat the bugs. They nest beneath wild roses and in dogwood bushes. Throughout our orchard we have kept the roses and dogwood. Forty varieties of birds feed on dogwood, they say. Lady bugs, spiders and praying mantis eat aphids and other destructive insects. There is a balance in nature, but no orchard begins balanced. It is balanced in time with a little work and not a little cooperation among friends. The land has to be changed to grow fruit; this stream needs a little diverting, this honey locust is in the way, a sapling oak is transplanted, a few cedar trees that cause a lethal apple disease are moved or cut down if diseased themselves. Slowly the orchard shapes itself. The trees fit the land and begin to fill it; some trees in blossom show the shape of the planting.

All trees teach. With fruit trees we learn by doing. Orchards do not want to be left alone. They say, help, and if you help properly look what we can give, a little gift among friends.

Orchards take a long time to grow. There is something in a fruit tree, in all trees, that tells us how to live, more silently perhaps, more considerably, but more at home too, in this fertile, if temporary home that is our earth.

ficiently refreshed to write better next time. O September, is there not refreshment in your very name?

Kathleen is making most delicious jam from the blackcap raspberries in our woods. Our garden is beginning to yield a bountiful harvest—great baskets of string beans, spinach, squash, lettuce. A load has been sent to the city for First Street. Since we are forbidden to can, we need a deep freeze to care for these vegetables properly.

We move toward August, and the song festival of crickets and katydids. From the Feast of the Assumption, Our Lady blesses us and our harvest. Pray for us, Mary, that we may learn to share more with others. *Deo Gratias.*

There is no love without the cross, and no cross without a victim. And whether we be on the cross or beneath it weeping, there is Christ, and sorrow shall be turned to joy.

William Gauchat

Farmworkers Urge: Continue Gallo Boycott

(Continued from page 1)

Gallo said those workers who went out on strike had no voice in the matter." (National Catholic Reporter, January 10, 1975).

This Gallo procedure in 1973 contrasts sharply with their actions in 1967. On August 7, 1967, the California State Conciliation came in at the request of Gallo and the UFW and verified the workers' signatures for UFW; this election led to the first UFW-Gallo contract in 1967.

Ernest Gallo is disturbed about the "rights of the workers" under a UFW contract. It is a strange concern coming from an employer who has turned his workers over to a Teamsters Union in which farmworkers have no meetings, elect no representatives, have no say about dues policies, have no contract enforcement committee, no seniority, no job security, no health and safety committee, no rights.

Mr. Gallo may not like the internal workings of the UFW but he should face the fact that it is not his business. It is the business of the workers! Duly elected farmworker delegates adopted the UFW Constitution which establishes guidelines within which farmworkers run their own affairs in their own Union. Sections XVI-XXI of our Constitution define the rights and responsibilities of members.

Gallo complains about UFW discipline of members but what he does not understand is that the "Union" does not discipline workers. Gallo workers do the

electing and disciplining of their fellow members in their own meetings and under the provisions of their own Constitution.

Ernest Gallo has many specific complaints about the hiring hall: As Mr. Gallo well knows, the UFW Constitutional Convention revised the dues structure so that workers pay dues only when they are working. Ernest Gallo also knows that our hiring hall does follow a seniority system so that regular Gallo workers who bring cousins and uncles to the hiring hall may be separated from their relatives because the new workers cannot be dispatched ahead of employees who have more seniority. Mr. Gallo knows, but does not say, that the workers set up these seniority rules for their own protection—to protect them from Gallo's unfair hiring practices, including favoritism, and cronyism. Like other growers, the Gallos want to maintain the unilateral power to hire and fire workers. The hiring hall takes away that power. The Teamsters have handed that power back to the Gallo family.

Ernest Gallo is apparently impressed with the Teamster medical and pension plans: Unfortunately these plans are designed to serve year-round workers and do not effectively serve the majority of Gallo's workers who are seasonal, migratory and most in need.

The Teamster medical plan requires that a worker have 80 hours in January to get benefits in February, 80 hours in February to get benefits in March, etc. The result is that seasonal workers do not get benefits during the non-work

season—the time when they have the most sickness and the least money. Under the UFW plan a worker can build up 150 hours of work during the harvest season that will then provide medical benefits for the next 9 months. As our



Rita Corbin

Union grows in strength the UFW medical plan and pension plan will also grow—but in our case the decisions about benefit levels and eligibility requirements will be made by farm workers elected by their fellow workers.

Ernest Gallo is very vocal about the need for legislation: Farm workers have waited 40 years for collective bargaining legislation. They cannot wait for legislative bodies to do what is right and just. Farmworkers will use the nonviolent tools that are in their own hands—the strike and the boycott—to gain the justice they seek. At the same time they will work for legislation that truly protects farmworkers' rights and does not take away their only means of nonviolent struggle. If fair legislation does not succeed, then in time the strike and boycott will bring about elections and contracts.

Ernest Gallo claims that he is not like the other growers: The Gallo Wine Co. is certainly larger than most growers. They own more than 10,000 acres of farm land. They produce 45% of all California wines and 37% of all U.S. wines. Gallo is united with the non-UFW lettuce and grape growers on the issue that matters most to farm workers; Gallo wants to destroy the UFW hiring hall so they can hire and fire who they want, when they want; they want to be able to hire illegals and children if necessary; they want the freedom to fire active union "sympathizers" at will; they want to be able to fire older workers who cannot run through the fields as fast as 20 year-olds—even when those older workers have years of seniority. They want to continue the practice of giving machine and supervisory jobs to whites—even when blacks and browns have more seniority. They want to hold onto these "management rights" and they are willing to make deals with the Teamsters, fire their own workers, evict them from their homes to maintain them.

We are willing to test the will of the Gallo workers in a secret ballot election: If we lose we will call off the Gallo strike and boycott. We ask our friends and supporters to continue and intensify the boycott of all Gallo Wines! (All wines made in Modesto are Gallo Wines).

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

have. There are of course all those (most of the family) who try to follow Christ's example at the Last Supper when He washed the feet of others. He had come to serve, not to exercise authority.

Here at the farm no one wants to exercise authority—to be "in charge." When a painful decision has to be made, a group gathers together and discusses it earnestly and, I am sure, some of them prayerfully. In the City, no one is ever "in charge." They just take turns "having the house," which means having to say no to an aggressive drinker, or separate men in a sudden, murderous quarrel.

But there are always others who assume authority which they do not have. This problem has always and will always be with us.

One example of what we suffer happened years ago. A Bowery man carrying a large, old fashioned typewriter in the direction of a pawnshop was stopped by a policeman who asked him where he got it. "The Catholic Worker," he answered. "They own all things in common, there."

The policeman brought him and the typewriter back to us, and we sadly confessed to our ex-guest that such generosity wasn't quite our rule of life as yet.

They are still mailing out the June issue at First Street. We were short-handed, and so later than usual. (They sent out eighty-five thousand papers, not counting those taken by some of our very winsome panhandlers to sell daily on the street. Maybe we will have to stop the street selling.) "We are all made to be exploited," one of the family at St. Joseph's house said.

Rain Needed

Farmer John tells everyone to pray for rain. "Tell St. Isadore the Farmer our crops are burning up," he said this morning. This afternoon it rained, but not enough. The thunder is still rumbling; it is humid and sticky with enough lightning to have caused our house lights to go off. "No reading tonight," someone groaned. "And I'm in the middle

of a good book."

As for me I have been going to bed at dark. If I put the reading lamp on, the little porch where I sleep swarms with all kinds of insects that fly in your eyes, your hair, your nose, your ears, and then in your mouth if you leave it open. I have been pestered with all kinds of insects, remembering St. Benedict Joseph Labre, the derelict saint of Rome, who slept in doorways and disregarded his vermin. (The Montreal house founded by Tony Walsh was named for him.) We will pray to him. We do not have his endurance. There is also St. Francis Xavier. When he was in the Indies, St. Ignatius wrote, begging news of how it was going with this lonely apostle at the other end of the world. "I am interested to hear even of the fleas that bite you," he wrote. And of course, speaking of fleas, there was St. Teresa of Avila whose convent was plagued once with some kind of insect and she wrote a song which her nuns sang in procession, a song of petition, and was never afflicted again.

This is really no joke. The slums of New York, not to speak of rural slums, are so afflicted, summers and winters, besides suffering rats and mice.

We live in the midst of such unbelievable beauty, here at Tivoli on the Hudson, that there has to be some fly in the ointment. There are so many here suffering real illnesses; there are so many of the lonely, the sick and depressed, homeless and wandering, that I must refer to the minor irritations that afflict all of us lightheartedly.

Thundering again. A dead calm prevails. No sound of rain. Last Sunday, New York subways were flooded, and no rain at Tivoli. St. Isadore, St. Benedict Joseph, St. Francis Xavier, St. Teresa, pray for us. Not about anything in particular. Just pray for us, and our readers, our writers and all those who break bread with us.

Thursday, July 10. Late yesterday afternoon the rain started, a gentle steady rain, heavy enough to keep everyone indoors, while Stanley showed his slide shows. From my room I could hear

gales of laughter and cheers. His commentary, uninhibited by my presence, was full of his usual dry wit.

In the afternoon we had had a beautiful concert, violin and piano, given by Dennis who lives with us much of the time, and Elizabeth Esher, our dear neighbor who, with her husband, drives us to Mass and doctor appointments when the cars are broken down or not available. Both are accomplished musicians, and we had Vivaldi and Haydn and other composers.

We have not had Mass in the Chapel for some time, but the Blessed Sacrament is there, thanks be to God. Many make a morning meditation, and there are evening Vespers.

Taxes

Next issue, I will try to write more about federal income tax which is providing the weapons for war—why we pay local taxes and not the federal income tax. We recognize the seriousness of this and the risks involved for families. The Bromley case is an example. Their house was sold from under them in Cincinnati but they have not yet been evicted. The price paid was excessively above its value. It looks like the government is trying to make an example of them. (It was not bought by friends and given back to them—an erroneous rumor; the Bromleys would not have put up with a connived sale which would mean still more money going to the government for war.)

This is a good and historic case, involving as it does, simple, plain and powerless (?) people.

Which reminds me, *More Power Than We Know*, by Dave Dellinger, published by Anchor Press-Doubleday, has just arrived.

Right now I am reading *Love and Success* by Dr. Karl Stern, (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) a truly great collection of essays by a very learned man. Both to be reviewed later.

One must have a quiet life, and have time to read slowly and thoughtfully, to do a review. We do not have a quiet life here.

Gog and Magog

(Continued from page 4)

The Vietnamese battle is not over and their struggle, in a deeper sense, may have just begun.

Merton's advice to the third world, though not written specifically to the Vietnamese, speaks clearly to the challenge which faces them now:

To the whole third world I would say there is one lesson to be learned from the present situation, one lesson of the greatest urgency: be unlike the giants, Gog and Magog.

Mark what they do, and act differently. Mark their official pronouncements, their ideologies, and without any difficulty you will find them hollow. Mark their behavior: their bluster, their violence, their blandishments, their hypocrisy: by their fruits you shall know them.

In all their boastfulness they have become the victims of their own terror, which is nothing but the emptiness of their own hearts. They claim to be humanists, they claim to know and love man. They have come to liberate man, they say.

But they do not know what man is. They are themselves less human than their fathers were, less articulate, less sensitive, less profound, less capable of genuine concern.

They are turning into giant insects. Their societies are becoming anthills, without purpose, without meaning, without spirit and joy.