

CATHOLIC WORKER



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CHRYSTIE STREET

By CLARE BEE

One day, after St. Therese of Lisieux had offered to go to the Saigon Mission, she walked into the Convent garden and was distressed to see that all the large trees had been severely lopped, but right away realized that if she were in the Saigon Convent she would not be troubled about the trees in Lisieux. This incident from her autobiography came to mind in Chrystie Street a few weeks ago. In five minutes ten plane trees fell under the bulldozer's force in the waste land opposite St. Joseph's House. The trees have gone but work is going on to return Sara Delano Roosevelt Park to its original purpose of providing beauty, joy and recreational facilities for all of us who live in this section of the Lower East Side.

Weddings

Congratulations and our good wishes and prayers for Monica and Tom Cornell and Elin and Alan Learnard who received the Sacrament of Matrimony during July. The Learnards' wedding was at Elin's home town in Massachusetts, but Monica and Tom, with Terry Becker as maid of honor, Loren Miner best man, Vince and Bob, servers and Chris as usher, had a Catholic Worker wedding in Holy Crucifix Church, Broome Street. Father Kohl said the Dialogue Mass and gave an inspiring talk. Monica's sister, Carlotta, who helped at the Worker last year, provided the organ music and the whole congregation joined in singing Gelineau Psalms in English. At the Offertory the bride's and groom's parents proceeded with the whole wheat hosts and the wine from the back of the Church to the Sanctuary. Later everyone in the Church received the kiss of peace.

We all enjoyed a happy wedding breakfast at St. Joseph's House. A hand of helpers worked the previous evening to transform the middle floor into a dining room decorated with white streamers and bells, after the men of the house had scrubbed the floors. The helpers were again on the job early on the wedding morning to prepare sandwiches and other goodies. Paul brought the flowers and arranged the vases. A host of friends were at the house to greet the happy couple and wish them well. From Chrystie Street the guests went to a reception at the hall of the Church of St. Mark's in the Bowery and continued the festivities with music and folk dancing.

The Sick

We are happy to report that Smokey Joe's cataract operations were a success, he was back at his desk in the office, folding papers to mail to new readers only two weeks after the first operation. Pat, Pete, Jim, Bill and Billy are all home again from Hospitals and are holding their own with us all. Our sympathy is extended to Jimmy Goslin's family. Jim was in a coma for five weeks after an accident and died without regaining consciousness. R.I.P.

Volunteers

"Do you need any help during the summer?" Many letters earlier in the year asked this question and the answer being "yes" has resulted in a band of helpers willing to assist with any job including sweeping, cleaning, preparing vegetables, cooking, sorting and distributing clothes, typing and

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The Case of Cardinal McIntyre

By DOROTHY DAY

Of all hostilities one of the saddest is the war between clergy and laity. We have written and spoken many times of all the aspects of war, the beginnings in our own hearts, the hostilities in the family between husband and wife, parents and children, children and parents. The entire conflict of authority and freedom. The Catholic Worker, pacifist and anarchist in philosophy, has had to discuss and write about all these things, in particular, and in general.

The works of mercy are works of love. The works of war are works of the devil. "You do not know of what spirit you are," Jesus said to his disciples when they would call down fire from heaven on the inhospitable Samaritans. This is to look at things in the large context of modern war. But as for the hostilities in our midst, the note of violence and conflict in all our dealings with others, everyone seems to contribute to it. There is no room for righteous wrath today. In the entire struggle over civil rights, the war which is going on in which one side is nonviolent, suffering martyrdoms, every movement of wrath in the heart over petty hostilities must be struggled with in order to hold up the strength of the participants.

"Let us but raise the level of religion in our hearts, and it will rise in the world," Newman wrote. "He who attempts to set up God's kingdom in his heart, furthers it in the world." We cannot all go on Freedom Rides, or take part in the COFO program in Mississippi, as young students are doing. (Marie Asche, who worked with us last summer, has gone to Mississippi).

But we can sustain them by our contributions, money, prayers, and by works in our local area along these lines.

Seminarians

This is what seminarians and the Catholic Interracial group have been doing in Los Angeles, not only this year but for many years, only to meet with prohibitions from the hierarchy, prohibitions of meetings, to setting up interracial councils, and so on. This silence and non-cooperation on the part of the priest and bishop and cardinal, this more than silence, this censure, this prohibition, has increased the separation of clergy and laity, and has built up a wall of bitterness.

Last month a young priest in the Los Angeles diocese wrote a letter to the Holy Father, asking for the removal of Cardinal McIntyre from the work of the diocese. His letter was given to the press all over the country and was reprinted by both secular and Catholic press.

Caine Mutiny

When I read the accounts in the dailies and some of the diocesan press, I thought of *The Caine Mutiny*. When I read the book, I compared it with the stories of the sea in Joseph Conrad's novels. The reasonable interference of the sturdy mate in the more recent book brought him to trial on the charge of mutiny. One of the things that struck me most forcibly in the latter book was the difference between the worker mate and the intellectual officer who needed him into making complaints and then would not back him up, who urged him to save the ship and the crew by disobeying

orders, and then would not testify for him at the trial.

When a friend was criticizing one of the Cardinals as being backward and restrictive of the freedom of the laity at that time, I was reminded of the book I had just read and I asked him why he did not go to the Chancery office and state his complaints, his remonstrances. The laity have a freedom to express themselves that the clergy do not. The late beloved Fr. La Farge, S.J. said in one of his last books, that the trouble with the church in America was a bullying clergy and a subservient laity and when I quoted that statement in regard to an incident which happened at the CW house of hospitality in Chicago, one of our readers wrote in angrily holding us to be the author of the statement of Fr. LaFarge.

Cardinals

I had not intended to write at length about this Los Angeles incident since so many of the diocesan papers and weeklies gave it ample coverage. But I recalled letters I had received in the last year, asking my advice as to what to do, letters from the laity and from the seminarians, east and west, and when I recalled too my long acquaintance with Cardinal McIntyre, (shall I say friendship?) I decided I would write at length, and personally. What I say about him, I could say also in one way or another about Cardinal Spellman and Cardinal Cushing.

Another reason why it is good to write at length is that the problem has to do with war, with race, with

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Tivoli A FARM WITH A VIEW

By DEANE MOWRER

All summer long I have heard them, voices speaking of beauty, voices surrounding me, exclaiming—How beautiful the river. How beautiful the sunset on the mountains beyond. How beautiful the woodland with great trees of centuries girth and height. How beautiful, how beautiful the view. All summer long I have heard them, voices speaking of beauty. Beauty which I cannot see. I try to recall past memories of the beautiful, memories of the Hudson River as I looked on it, other times, other where. Memories of the antique monarchical splendor of the sun setting over the great mountains of the West. Memories of the star-jeweled night sky over the desert of the Southwest. Memories of the fairylike spell of bluebells in the April woods of northern Missouri, where I spent my childhood and where my great grandparents had come with axe and plow to make a clearing in the wilderness. But the pictures of memory fade unless renewed by fresh vistas of beauty. Nor were these pictures the same as those the voices raptured over. The loss of visual beauty, to one who has loved beauty's face much, is a terrible deprivation. I remember that there are many others so deprived. Deprived not because they cannot see, but because of the squalid ugly conditions under which they are forced to live—in Harlem, down on the lower East Side of New York City, in the skid row areas of the Bowery near our Chrystie Street headquarters, in any decaying tenement section in any large industrial city.

I thought perhaps my deprivation might serve—No man is an island—in some obscure way as a kind of token atonement to those others deprived by man's greed, man's inhumanity to man, of the fresh air, sunlight, and natural beauty which God surely intended for all. I thought that certainly one of the functions of this new Catholic Worker farm overlooking the Hudson River, near Tivoli, New York, the farm with a view, would be to provide an opportunity for some of those who have been so terribly deprived to take a good look at the beautiful, at Nature giving glory to God.

All of us, I think must feel a little overwhelmed, a little like Alice after she had stepped through the looking-glass, not quite able to grasp this change from the somewhat shabby down-at-heel state of nature at Peter Maurin Farm to the almost unbelievable natural beauty of our new farm with a view. It is also difficult to realize that we have such spacious living quarters. There are three large buildings, one of which, the summer-hotel-like structure, was completely equipped, furnished, and ready to move into. The other two—the school building and the old mansion, which was solidly and beautifully constructed about 1840—require renovation. It is encouraging to realize how much work has already been done. The school building, which we call the Peter Maurin house, already houses a chapel, sacristy, library, and men's dormitory. The old mansion has two apartments, the wonderful rooms in the tower, and several other of the large beautiful old rooms made ready for occupancy

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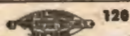
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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

This month, July, Tom Cornell who has been associate editor and getting out the Catholic Worker these last two years, attending to copy and makeup, correspondence, visitors, speaking engagements, etc., married Monica Ribar, who has been helping us at Chrystie Street for the past year. The marriage was solemnized in Holy Crucifix Church on Broome Street, right around the corner from the Vaccaro apartment house where we have four apartments, three for women one flight up and one for men on the top floor. Tom and Chris Kearns and assorted visitors had the top floor apartment.

Their new home will be on Prince Street, where they will be in old St. Patrick's parish. Living as we do in scattered apartments on Kenmare and Spring Street, we have been divided between these two parishes for some time now. The new apartment was partially furnished by our dear friends, Julian Beck and Judith Malina, of Living Theater fame, who were selling all the belongings in their apartment on West End Avenue before leaving the country to fulfill their engagements in Europe. The Becks are under prison sentence, postponed until their return, for obstructing the Federal authorities who had padlocked the Living Theater for non-payment of taxes. I testified as to Judith's character and libertarian principles - last month when they were being tried in the Federal Court building on Foley Square. They conducted their own case. Judith and I had been cell mates for thirty days at the Women's House of Detention a few years ago when among others, we refused to take part in the futile air raid drills which have since been abandoned. Our civil disobedience was to protest a law which was contrary to right reason (there is no defense against atomic weapons), and to call attention to the psychological warfare of which the civil defense drills were a part.

We have participated with the Becks in the General Strike for Peace, and been with them on many a picket line. We are grateful indeed to them for their contributions to the Cornells. Just as our clothes "come in," so also does our furniture. There is so much discarded in New York that one has only to wander around the streets, even on the East side and in the poorer neighborhoods, to pick up chairs, tables, even beds. Wednesday is pick-up day for the sanitation department and it is the only day when it is legal to put furniture out on the street. Anyone with a station wagon could make a good selection.

Monica Ribar's mother was one of two sisters, Monica Durkin and Carlotta Ribar, who helped Jack English start and keep going one of the two Cleveland Houses of Hospitality. Jack, who was not a pacifist, became a member of the Air Force in the second World War. He is now a Trappist priest

(for the last eight years) at Conyers, Ga.

This is the second second-generation wedding to take place this summer. Elin Paulson and Alan Learnard were married early in June at her parish church in Upton, Massachusetts and are living on a farm in upper Vermont. Al went to Fordham, was a member of CORE, worked as a plasterer in the building trades for a time, and is now working on the farm he bought north of St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Morality Plays

There was talk of the Becks giving Morality Plays on the streets of New York, after their theatre was taken over by the government. Robert Nichols, poet and playwright, has taken up the idea and Everyman (a modern version) was presented by the Peace Center of Greenwich Village and was reviewed in the last two issues of The Village Voice, and though it will not play in August, it will be resumed in September, according to Arthur Sainer, reviewer.

Village Voice

There have been some first rate articles in the recent issues of The Village Voice which I have seen, thanks to Marie, who keeps everyone supplied with newspapers around The Catholic Worker. Just state what you want, Wall Street Journal, Christian Science Monitor, Daily Worker, Times, Tribune, News, World Telegram—Marie will search the trash receptacles of our neat and tidy streets of New York to find it for you.

The articles, which I no longer have with me, are the ones on The World's Worst Fair, to be held every Saturday afternoon in Harlem, a most horrendous contrast to the World's Fair at Flushing Meadow; an article on the new palatial home of the National Maritime Union. From the story, it looks as though the rank and file don't fare as well as the officers. I was much interested since this was a union we saw spring from the rank and file under the leadership of Joe Curran, who worked as ordinary seaman on the decks of American vessels. During the May 1936 strike, some of the seamen came to stay with us at 115 Mott Street, and during the '36-'37 strike, which marked the real beginning of the union, Bill Callahan, John Cort, Joe and Austin Hughes and I ran a strike kitchen to feed the pickets. Mountains of bread, and tubs of peanut butter, jam and cottage cheese, and tons of coffee were consumed during the three months of the strike. We were left a few thousand dollars in debt to the grocer which Margaret Gage, one of our readers, promptly paid, and the seamen themselves, many of them, sent us money to repay us. Thanksgiving and Christmas that year meant peanut butter sandwiches for us all.

John Griffin, at Mott Street, was so jealous of our feeding the sea-

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SAINT ANNE AND THE RACE RIOTS

By ANNE TAILLEFER

Saint Anne is the patron saint of Brittany, where I was raised. July 26th is a very great feast over there. On the eve of the feast, great bonfires are lit along the seacoast. Girls named Anne are balanced over the dying embers; this is supposed to bring happiness. In a graver vein, people undertake the pilgrimage to Sainte Anne d'Auray, sometimes walking a hundred miles or more barefoot. How well I remember walking along the moors or up the violet hills, broken here and there by a medieval granite chapel or some strange little fountain reputed to possess miraculous powers. And then at last one sights the great basilica, built after the appearance of St. Anne to a man named Nikolazik, surrounded with the pageant of a hundred thousand Bretons in costumes of every hue, the lacy coifs like a huge sail as the crowd sings a solemn high mass in an open field. There are some relics of St. Anne here in New York, at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, and the crutches hung on the wall testify to miraculous cures.

This year, St. Anne's week was to be marked by another kind of walking. The first of the terrible events was the death of a Negro



boy of fifteen, James Powell, shot by Police Lieutenant Thomas R. Gilligan. This was followed by violence so fearful that Edward P. Morgan, the usually poised news commentator, said with a break in his voice that it seemed as if these young Negroes had so little to expect from life that they were hurling themselves to their death. The violence of despair! These reports were succeeded by news of another kind: the violence of hatred! White people, mostly in their teens, were throwing bricks and bottles and screaming insults at the pickets from the Congress of Racial Equality marching in protest at Police Headquarters on Centre Street.

Not having yet fully recovered from the fall I took during the school boycott in February (see February Catholic Worker), I hesitated to join the pickets, but caution did not seem to be in order at this point. My natural absent-mindedness combined with the force of habit landed me at the Tombs, or Criminal Courts Building, where all was silent. I had mistaken the directions. After I boarded a bus going up Centre Street, I saw the police swarming like bees on Canal Street.

CORE was picketing with order

and rhythm. There was a kind of spiritual sense of music as arm-swinging youths led the chants: Jim Crow . . . must go; Gilligan . . . must go!; FREEDOM NOW! The leaders were gentle and they seemed strong. The time-honored custom of letting the women walk on the inside so that the men would be exposed to the bricks and bottles was enforced. On the day before, white teen-agers from the neighborhood had run amok and, in spite of the admonitions of their parish priests, had thrown objects and yelled racial epithets at the picketers and later attacked a house where some of them lived. I was hailed by Bob Steed and his roommate, Mike. After about two hours, the rain came pouring down and my foot refused to function, so I hastily left the line.

The next day I heard an announcement on the radio that there was to be a rally at 73rd St. and Amsterdam Ave. and that the Rev. Milton Galamison was to be one of the speakers. Actually, he was delayed in Connecticut, but I arrived just in time to encounter the screaming, booing group that had formed across the street. There was heavy police protection, and police kept a close watch on the more aggressive hecklers, those who did not content themselves with howling from the other side of the street. One, who could hardly speak English, was shouting with a Slavic accent: "What about Vietnam?" I assured him that de Gaulle had a very good plan for that country, but he did not understand English, which is just as well, since that way his prejudices could not be shaken. One boy, with a furious, very pale, frustrated face, was being contained by two policemen and was telling them confidentially that everybody there was a Communist. (The organizations sponsoring the rally, under the collective name of Unite New York for Freedom, were: Harlem Parents Committee, New York Du Bois Clubs, Women Strike for Peace, Parents Workshop for Equality, Village Peace Center, Student Peace Union, and the Catholic Worker.) This pale boy's face, with its blind, nearly unmotivated fury, recalled to my mind an outstanding talk Karl Stern, the psychoanalyst, once gave the old Chrystie Street house on Group Neuroses. This boy seemed filled more with terror than with hate. He was very pathetic.

The speeches were excellent, simple, moving, and to the point. The platform was much the same as CORE's: establishment of a civilian review board to investigate police brutality, immediate removal of the Tactical Police Force from Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, suspension and arrest of Lieutenant Gilligan, the immediate resignation of Police Commissioner Murphy, Deputy Commissioner Arm, and Inspector Codd, and the establishment of racial balance in Harlem police precincts. This was no political rally, but one of friends, parents, students, social workers. A Negro and a white student appealed to the hecklers to come over and talk things out, but their jeers redoubled. They were obviously against everybody except Senator Goldwater, whose name they loudly applauded. A Negro mother spoke of the blood her family and so many other Negroes had shed to make this country free. The most powerful speaker was Mrs. Jane Benedict, of the Council on Housing, a white woman. She said that she came from a European ghetto, as did the other people across the street, ghettos of race or destitution, and that they had all made good because their skin was the right color. But one group could not heave itself out of the ghetto, because of its color, and this is to the everlasting shame of the white people, who are behaving like those Germans who said that they saw the fumes of the crematoria obscuring the sky but thought it was garbage burn-

ing. She dissociated herself and the rally from all violence, but reminded her listeners how inevitable violence becomes when people have been goaded to despair by cruelty, misery, and indifference. As the booing increased, she said that she was prepared to die and that if this was the future America she would be glad to die.

At one point, a Negro boy handing out leaflets was surrounded by white youths who said: "Why don't you get an education instead of knocking policemen?" The boy answered: "We are demonstrating to get an education, but don't you think you need one too?"

We disbanded to rush downtown to City Hall, where CORE was presenting a petition, and then to Police Headquarters again. A pretty girl in a tin hat, who seemed to have some authority, walked before me wearing a pair of jeans, which she filled to capacity. She was so pretty that I thought of Khrushchev's observation after seeing a Hollywood dance group: "The human face is so wonderful, why show one's rear?" I was reminded of this again the next day when a middle-aged lady coming out of church said indignantly that when she had told a girl in jeans that she was offending God, the girl replied that it was she who was offending Him by her unkindness. The woman was European, and even in non-Puritanical countries like France and Italy, shorts and slacks are not worn by any woman entering a church. But things are different in America. And may I add that on picket lines for peace and racial justice one sees more men and girls wearing jeans than middle-aged respectable people, whose presence these last days was negligible. I may say the same about clergymen.

The pilgrimage ended on Monday, at the United Nations, where Cuba was celebrating its independence. (The date is of course July 26th, but this fell on a Sunday). As I was going in, I bumped into Dave Dellinger, who was looking for A. J. Muste. These are not men who will fail to inquire about the smoke from the crematoria. There were not many people at the reception: the Algerians, a handful of other Africans, one or two hardy Americans. The delegate from Mexico was warmly hailed. Mexico had been one of four countries voting against the boycott of Cuba. Mexico is poor, but overpoweringly beautiful and in some ways marvelously free; it does not copy richer nations but insists on being itself.

I seem to be walking much better now—perhaps because there is a long way to go.

William Horvath, associate editor of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, worker and scholar, is on his way to Sweden to work there at his trade as bricklayer, and study and gather together material about cooperative housing on a small scale, in the endeavor to build up "a community of communities" as Martin Buber termed his own social ideal. Bill's article in this issue is about the rent strike and the planning that should go with it, and his great longing is that leaders would lead their followers along these constructive paths rather than solely into the field of politics. Demonstrations, meetings, direct action could go along with the constructive work of trying to build a new social order within the shell of the old. New leadership always springs up in mass movements.

Rent Strike and Co-ops

By WILLIAM HORVATH

The Tenants who organized in several neighborhood groups to go on a Rent Strike, may eventually form a loose Federation. Jesse Gray began this bold form of tenant representation. As I understand it, it took perhaps seven years to find twenty captains who could organize the resident families in buildings. The requirement is that in order to be on the management committee for the tenants a captain must hold a building. If he cannot, he is out. The community finally came to their aid by offering free legal service, and the sympathy of local mutual aid societies in Harlem played an important part.

Then the court, after many years of limpid hesitation, decided thru a social minded judge, that if a tenant pays rent and the landlord does not produce a minimum of safe and enjoyable shelter, the rent can be reduced to as little as one dollar a month. This remains till the violations on the old dilapidated building are removed. However, it is the tenants themselves, in this instance the poor, and the Negro people in Harlem, who first pioneered and now give support to the scheme.

Now others in other areas are improvising and bettering the technique. And I venture to say that this form of tenant's own association will eventually be used by even much richer tenant families. It is a natural kind of consumer union. And this is just what certain landlords will not want. An intelligent strong society of tenants able to petition for themselves. Able to bargain for the tenants.

Ted Velez of the East Harlem Tenants Council, 155 E. 123d Street in Manhattan, is another young leader. He has perhaps twenty buildings organized. In the beginning it was so hard to devote the continuous time to this that he almost went without food till tenants began to contribute voluntarily a dollar a month dues. He has a wonderful wife who went back to work to help. Thus are the leaders for the poor, dependent upon one another. Only later, and with much hesitation, will the professional kind of foundation offer assistance. Then I fear, with too many qualifications.

David Borden who is with the East Harlem Project tries to understand how best to introduce a practical and economical way to buy the old buildings so that the very tenants living in them can co-operatively rule them. He tells me of the keen interest tenants have just to have the right of improving the apartment and keeping the benefit of good housing without unfair charge. How tenants meet and talk of doing plumbing work and carpenter work together just to make the house safe. I think one landlord of one old law tenement offered it for one dollar along with a \$20,000 first mortgage. It has over 25 families in it now.

Landlords vs. Tenants.

You see, in the case of uncared for and long neglected flats, the owner wants most to hold on at any cost, and then sell it at a capital gain (profit). He keeps services at a low minimum. The owner's story of insufficient rent to do better is only partly true. He does not add the complete history of the apartment house. That there were twenty or thirty landlords before him. That they did not pay off mortgages to reduce the debt and allow enough income to improve the house, to build up a reserve fund, to have a new building ready thirty years later at a price many of the same tenants can afford.

No, each owner looked out only for his own immediate interest and profit. Some may have been kind hearted. But this was destroyed by the next one who was not. And finally, the attitude is all wrong for the proper household economy. The property is always loaded with debt. A rising

market allows an owner of apartments in this city to seek richer tenants and be rid of the poorer ones. Even if an old 20-family flat has only a life of 8 years we could consider it worth the good to human beings in it if we added a \$20,000 temporary improvement.

But how can this be done if the property is 80 years old and still has \$40,000 of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd mortgages on it? The tenants as a union of common interest need to devise a company which holds and makes their housing. One way to do this is by the Co-operative scheme of mutual ownership of shelter and land.

Brotherhood Economics

What I am suggesting, dear friends, is to play the game by the basic rules of enterprise but use it to form the benefits of good housing at lower costs to all tenants. Make the laws serve you, but contain the Christian philosophy of mutual aid.

This is one way to work out the mechanics of the possible. Seek out a genuine co-operative or non-profit builder of new apartments. There are three good ones in our city, tho they each need to alter their methods to fit the special need of underpaid working men's families.

They are Public Housing Authority, The United Housing Foundation, and the Association for Middle Income Housing. Discover how long it takes to make a new apartment house in place of the old one. How much it will charge tenants. And then get one of the builders to agree to buy back the property at cost price plus enough added to improve the old one during the wait. Let me give a quick example. If an old 20-family flat can be had for a total of \$25,000 then add let us say \$20,000 to temporarily improve it. By agreeing to buy back the same property five years later for \$45,000 the tenants union, or tenants' own housing company, can in the meanwhile help itself to live better. When the new building is ready they can use it for a reduced price, for they gave the old one and the land, without a profit. The sad irony is that present landlords of old houses hold them, do little for tenants, and then sell them for that much more anyway. And the new building, new tenants, must pay it in rent. Why not then do it the co-op way? We cannot do this legally if we do not take the chance, buy, manage, and seek the common good of all tenants in the neighborhood.

Men and Beasts

We set up land reserves, parks for wild beasts to live out their lives safely. Can we not unite to buy land and hold it in our own park and let men dwell upon it, that they may not be exploited and meanly made to serve interests not their own? That our best architects can build for people freely within their art and by reducing the cost of land, by paying only once for buildings, to invite industry to economically construct new cities from the community? If there is a profit in owning and building apartment houses in a city, then there is a saving and benefit for tenants to gain that profit and distribute it among themselves.

Let some pay more rent than others in same house. This method of distributing costs among various economic groups is already in use. One large co-op builder offered to have rooms for \$17 a month each. The others by slightly adding more, allow this. We can do this on a block level. Why not really?

There are two ways for a wage earner to better his household economy. One is to be paid sufficiently for his labor, the other is to get goods and services at a reduced price. The political economy of the Rochdale system of co-operation is simply not enough understood by the very people who need it most.



COME FOLLOW ME

Oakland

Peter Maurin House
Oakland 20, Calif.

Dear Miss Day:

Our faithful printer, Art Johnson, who so kindly and enthusiastically set our last newsletter in type and performed many acts of kindness for his associates has left P.M. House and we are again without a printer to keep our Green Revolution Press operating. We anticipate that another guest or an interested Catholic Worker will turn up to help us keep the press going.

We celebrated our first anniversary with an unspectacular cake and coffee party for the neighborhood. It was a warm friendly gathering and pleased all who attended. We had been advised when we began to move into this Negro neighborhood that neither the House of Hospitality nor our guests would be "accepted" . . . and that we might have "trouble." When we began to make plans to open the Peter Maurin Neighborhood House we were again advised by professional workers that it would take years for such a project to be accepted in the neighborhood. These warnings went unheeded, and rightly so as it has turned out. Our warnings did not take into consideration that we were Catholic Workers and not an "agency." The neighborhood remains as it was in the beginning . . . curious and friendly, at times actively helpful, rarely actively hostile.

The second year at Peter Maurin House is starting out as stimulating and challenging as did the first, perhaps more so. Our blessed Hugh Madden continues to direct the House of Hospitality with a kind and loving, yet firm hand.

We are finding some solutions to small problems, but the larger problems . . . poverty . . . (not voluntary), indifference, and the integrated despair we find on Seventh Street, coupled with the constant crises of a fledgling Christian community continue to elude solution. Often we wish for the stranger who will join our Friday Night Discussion Group and "solve" some of our more perplexing problems for us. In real life, when the stranger does appear and does make a suggestion, we often either shout him down or sagely murmur . . . "we have tried that, it can't be done" . . . etc. etc. A few visitors remain and become part of our Worker group.

To readers in the Oakland-San Francisco area. . . We need you and your friends to donate a day's wages in the fields, any weekend, to go to the coast and upkeep of the bus. Please help and enjoy a learning experience regarding "stoop" farm labor. Call 444-4874 for information.

Recent speakers included Henry Ramsey Jr., who told us why urban renewal equals Negro removal. Another guest that night reminded us that those blighted areas redevelopers love to talk about often include many fine

(Continued on page 4)

A Monastic Foundation In the South

Welcomed by Bishop Vincent Waters of Raleigh, North Carolina, the foundation of a small community following the Rule of St. Benedict, is in preparation in a part of the United States where the Catholics are very few—one per cent—and where there is a good proportion of colored people and, in some parts, a real amount of poverty. The Monastery of the Holy Mother of God will be located on a small farm land, near Oxford, N. C.

The proposed community would not exceed 12 monks, most of them not priests. The mode of life and standard of living would be very simple. It would promote neither misery nor uncleanness, which are evils, but an exterior and inner poverty of the heart and of the whole life, able to forego even the necessary things when requested by exceptional circumstances of necessity or of charity. The exterior aspect of poverty is, of course, relative, but the eagerness to live it in charity would lead to its balanced realization. The habit would be a gray tunic with a hood, and a leather belt. The daily bread should be earned as much as possible by one's manual labor. Man's work is a cooperation with God's creative Work, and at the same time, since we are sinners, it is a penance and a way of promoting humility. Such a life is an element of the "aggiornamento" wanted by the Church of today: a purification and a return to the authentic sources of the Gospel, in charity.

This monasticism "sine addito"—without any additional purpose—would be a life of prayer and work, without any exterior ministry; no parish nor mission work, no school. Its value is of the order of being, of living, not of doing; and if it brings, indeed, the testimony of a Christian life wholly and loyally led by men who fully believe in it and are totally dedicated to it, it would not be an end sought in itself, but a normal consequence. Very apostolic priests in different parts of the world are pointing out the need for such spiritual centers.

In this monastic family, all the

members, priests or not, will be monks, around the same altar and sharing the same labors. A frequent "revision of life" in common would prevent routine and formalism from creeping into their conventual or private life. The abbot's authority is that of a father, and the family spirit that of a real brotherhood. And in the most united brotherhood the desire for solitude found at the root of any monastic vocation could be fulfilled: days or longer periods of complete solitude granted to those needing them; and, when materially possible, each monk's cell separated as in the Eastern "lauras." At some distance from the central house would be provided some hermitages for those whom the Lord would call through the community to a perpetual life in solitude.

The spiritual life of such a community must be traditionally based on Holy Scripture and Liturgy, as expressing the life of the Church. Its prayer life is wholeheartedly opened to all the needs of the Church, with a particular stress on racial and ecumenical unity. All the liturgy, as well as the rest of the daily life, would want to give to every element its true, sacred and simple meaning. No particular devotion would be imposed in addition to the common Mass and divine Office, the latter being sung daily in the everyday language. A great difference is to be shown in the life and the liturgy of the Lord's day (Sundays and feasts) and those of the ordinary days. At Mass, Lauds and Vespers, intercessory prayers would specify intentions which would make visible the deep union of these men "separated from the world but united with it" with the local Church, as well as with the whole of the Mystical Body of Christ and all humankind. The liturgical life would be accessible to all: guests, neighbors, pilgrims. And, for the guests, a simple house welcome anyone seeking peace.

(For any information, write to Rev. Peter Minard, OSB., Regina Laudis, Bethlehem, Conn.)

NO TAXES FOR WAR IN VIET NAM

Or to keep Franco, Salazar, Chiang, and other tyrants in power, as in Brazil, or to starve the people of Cuba.

August 6, 1945, at Hiroshima

"At 8:15 on August 6, 1945, we could still work and sing and love. At 8:16, everything came to an end. Those of us who survived were transformed into men whose daily food is pain, whose constant company is fear. Tell everyone you know—simply to use his imagination."—Fumio Nakamura.

I am fasting this 19 days in penance, as it is 19 years since we started atomic bombing. I do this, not to coerce the authorities, but to awaken those who might want to do something for peace instead of continuing to support war.

Our War Economy Will Eventually Make Us Poor—

Utah, founded by pioneer Mormons as an agricultural paradise, is now second per capita among 50 states in the amount of federal jobs from Washington, D.C. With our right-to-work laws crippling labor, no civil rights legislation, automation lessening employment, what will happen when outside help ceases?

With our poison we upset the balance of nature, bring disease in time of peace, add via Dugway death to foreign countries where we impose our rule. If anyone ran a business with an increasing deficit each year; with billions spent to go to the Moon when we can't run our own country without paying our farmers not to produce so much, we would laugh at them.

Goldwater and Johnson, although they promise what they think will get them votes, support international war while saying "peace." Every four years we postpone our best thoughts with the excuse of the lesser of two evils. Thus we prefer Caesar to Christ and we do this for the most part in the name of Christ. We are afraid to stand alone. We want to be on the winning side, forgetting that as Thoreau said, "One on the side of God is a majority." "Material abundance without character is the surest way to destruction."—Jefferson.

I have openly refused to register for the draft in both World Wars, and did time for it. I have openly refused to pay my income tax since 1943, and owe over \$1500. As an anarchist, I do not vote on election day. (By my one-man revolution I really vote every day.) Neither do I judge my fellow man by performing jury duty. As a Christian, a Catholic, I oppose all exploitation of man by man. For 2½ years I began where the state leaves off, by feeding and housing transients for free at my Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's Refuge, and will continue to do so again beginning September First.

The dates for my fasting and picketing are July 19 to August 6, 1964.

Temporary address: P. O. Box 655, Salt Lake City, Utah.

AMMON HENNACY

Peter Maurin House

(Continued from page 3)

historic buildings. On May 1, Hiriko Mitsui spoke feelingly of his being in Hiroshima the day of the Bomb and afterwards. He was a child of 14 years at that time. Later in May Kenneth Rexroth read some of his poetry to a large and interested gathering. Mr. Rexroth also described some of his travels in Europe and spoke of the Church, its strengths and weaknesses in Europe as compared with the United States. He was extremely impressed with the vigor, the adventuresome nature, and the progressive ideas of the Church in France. Mr. Rexroth believes that all is not lost for the Church or humanity as long as Catholic Worker groups exist and multiply.

Peter Maurin Neighborhood House, which has been operating much less than a year, continues to be a neighborhood focal point. We are all very pleased to report that three formerly illiterate adults living in the neighborhood were graduated from the Adult Literacy Class held in the Neighborhood House two evenings a week. During the day, and weekends during the school year, the Neighborhood House is child-centered. Adelaide Vawter, who has unstintingly devoted her weekends to the neighborhood children, has heroically arranged for seventy neighborhood children to have two weeks at Cal Camp during June and July. They will camp in the redwoods and ferns.

Money to keep the rents, the gas and electricity bills paid still remains an ever present burden. Thanks to the generosity of many bakeries and wholesale food distributors, Brother Dennis of St. Mary's College, and the kind workers and friends who make the pickups of these gifts, we seldom lack food to give to the passing stranger or the guest who may stay on at the house. Often though, our funds are very low. Nevertheless, many of us believe that operating funds are the least of our worries. Gifts and donations seem easier to come by and appear more readily when we need them than do solutions to the many problems our existence in the neighborhood present to us.

Yours in Christ,

Harriette S. Atkinson
for Peter Maurin House Group

More About The Bus

Every weekday morning at 4:45 a long, yellow, freshly laundered bus pulls up at the Farm Labor office in Oakland. The sign on the bus states: "West Oakland Farm Workers Co-op." Some of the passengers present a membership card. Others, boarding for the first time, are told that this is a cooperative, and that the fifty cents which they pay toward the expenses of the round trip and the lunch and coffee in the field is received as dues, and not as a fare (the going rate being \$1.35 sans lunch). The bus then swings farther west to the Peter Maurin House to pick up the remainder of its riders for a full load of 37 and sets out for the harvest in Gilroy or Hollister, ninety miles to the South.

Many of those who ride the bus are transients, holed up in Oakland for a few months. Some are residents working to support families. They have all ridden and their contractors can cheat them. It is the cheap ride rather than the idea of the co-op that initially attracts riders.

The co-op was organized this Spring as an offshoot of Peter Maurin House, the Catholic Worker House in Oakland. The need for such a venture was demonstrated last summer when people active in the House were taking sandwiches out to workers getting on the buses. They were going out usually with no breakfast, nor with the prospect of any lunch, except for that food, and often water, which is peddled in the fields at high prices. Considering the

wages the transportation cost seemed excessive. There was one free bus, however, whose owner reserved the right to set the scales.

Art Brunwasser, an attorney, and a member of the Citizens for Farm Labor, volunteered his services in incorporating the co-op. Vincent and Alice Bourke bought and insured the bus by emptying their savings account. They will be repaid, hopefully, from what is left beyond day to day expenses, since the fifty cents daily dues also serves as a purchase fund. In this way the co-op gradually assumes ownership of the bus with the decision making machinery regarding its use remaining directly in the hands of the riders and drivers. The drivers work alternately, receiving at present \$5.00 per trip. Their responsibilities include lining up future work, keeping social security records, and collecting from the contractors whatever is due the co-op for providing a given number of workers each day.

On the day of this writing, the work was pea picking, at 2½ cents per pound. The peas by now tend to be dried out and overripe so that the full hamper taken up to the grading tables by the picker is much lighter by the time he takes it to the weighing scales. By mid-day the contractor in charge of the field decided that the whole crew should move to another place, possibly for better picking. Since the other field was twenty miles distant, an hour was lost from the productive part of the day. The bus returned to Oakland at 7:30 tonight, 14 hours departure, with an average take of \$4.00 per man.

One unforeseen byproduct of this operation is that a running account can be kept of actual hourly income in piece rate work. This can be kept throughout the season, in a variety of crops. Such figures have been hitherto generally unavailable, except from bracero users, who are required to keep hourly records. Perhaps this kind of information will prove useful to those who are trying to dispel some of the myths that the growers have spread over the land about the twenty five dollars a day for a full day's work that is out there, somewhere, in California's fields.

Bennett Mann
Peter Harris
R. J. Callagy

California South

It will soon be a year since we left our farm in Springboro and it seems the longer we are away from it, the more convinced we are that it is the only place to raise a large family. The running of a house and a yard, just does not provide enough work for all the children. The hours our children spent weeding, watering calves, putting up hay and planting crops, seems to be spent on organized play here in the city, such as spending every day swimming, horse back riding and playing ball. Even though these are all good, I cannot quite go along with so much time being consumed by organized play instead of some good wholesome manual labor. Certainly, the heat in the afternoon here in the desert does not lend itself to work, for one really has to push to keep going, looking for the cool of evening to come once again. Jack and our oldest boy, Tim, have work on a local farm for the summer, helping care for 200 cows on the Mormon Welfare Farm. Both the Mormons and the Seventh Day Adventists are buying hundreds of acres of land around the Riverside area. They are planting many new orange orchards and these will certainly add to the beauty of the area in the years to come.

After living here since last September, we are beginning to

get a small picture of the life of the church and her people in this area. And it certainly isn't nearly as progressive as I had pictured it was going to be. Reading about California back on the farm in Pennsylvania always gave me the impression that it was growing rapidly, not only in population but in education and so on, and one just assumed that the church had to move along at the same pace. Certainly in building buildings, such as schools and churches, it looks like they are keeping pace. But in other ways it appears to me to be moving at a much slower rate of speed. The Civil Rights Issue is as hot out here as it is all over the rest of the country. I am sure you read about the one lone priest who did speak out on the subject, a Father DuBay. He spoke for hundreds of lay people in the diocese as well as for a number of priests. Yet, none of them supported him openly, for various reasons, but mostly because they were afraid, and now feel that they let Fr. DuBay down.

Archbishop Roberts, S.J.

Cardijn Center, the one Catholic Action group here in Riverside, this past week had another experience, which proved to them, how far we are from "letting some fresh air in" as our dear Pope John had encouraged us to do. Cardijn Center, along with the Unitarians, Quakers and the

After a few weeks' trip through the south in August, I will take a leave from the work (except for some writing and correspondence) to spend four months with my grandchildren. My daughter is taking advantage of the government program of job training for mothers and will study practical nursing for four months away from home in a school for practical nurses, and then return to work for the remaining eight months of the year's training, in Springfield Vermont. Working there she can live at home. Mail will be forwarded to me, and I will take advantage of this lull in activity to do more writing, and also to make visits to nearby Vermont readers, of the Catholic Worker.

Dorothy Day

Human Relations group of Riverside, were going to get together and co-sponsor a talk by Archbishop Roberts, S.J., had arranged for a place for him to stay and a place for him to talk. Everyone was enthused about the whole idea, when word came from the Chancery that Archbishop Roberts would not be speaking in California. To date there has been no explanation as to why. Cardijn Center here, consists of a very small group of married couples having large families and cannot afford to pay for guest lecturers and so they were thrilled to have the other groups help sponsor such a wonderful speaker, so you can imagine what a blow it was for them not to have him speak here in Riverside. This gives you a little idea of what is happening in the lay apostolate in this locale. The Commonweal Club in LA seems to fare much better, they have some excellent speakers, and we attend when it is possible. They have about 100 or so attending their meetings and the donation is \$1.00, so they can pay a speaker, where this group in Riverside rarely has more than 25 at their meetings and do not use the donation system.

At long last we now have a daughter old enough to go to the Grail and she is attending a 3 weeks workshop in San Jose at the present time. She says she is enjoying it a great deal.

Your move sounded so fabulous to us. It's just a good thing all of you are detached from money, that you can handle so much of it in such an excellent way.

Love from all,
Mary Thornton

LETTERS

Prison Abuses

1320—20 Street
Rock Island, Illinois
July 21, 1964

Dear Friends:

Several highlights in the mistreatment of inmates during my stay at the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Mo.

1. Summer, 1963: Glenn May, a young man, apparently starved to death in the "acute psychiatric ward"—which is an isolation ward—after having been transferred there one week earlier due to the belief on the part of a psychiatrist that if Mr. May was ignored he would possibly cease to reject food. Psychological factors of some sort apparently were making it hard for Mr. May to eat, but he had eaten small amounts of oatmeal and ice cream almost regularly when coaxed by other inmates while he was in a medical ward. He was apparently never force-fed.

2. November, 1963: (from a letter of July 21, 1964 to Victor Richman) "It is not known yet on the outside (since my letter containing this information failed to pass censorship) that Robert Stroud tried to get medical attention for himself on the night of his fatal heart attack, Nov. 20-21, 1963. When the midnight shift change was made, the incoming officers in that medical building (B-Building), Messrs. Crabbe and Hall, were informed by the outgoing officers that the doctor-on-duty was to be reached to attend to Mr. Stroud. But the matter was apparently ignored then, and ignored again at 1 A.M. when Mr. Stroud was up again asking the officers to call the doctor. On his way back to his cell, the Birdman roused a friend, whom he informed that he thought himself dying, and requested him to keep trying to reach the doctor. It was after Mr. Stroud was found dead (due apparently to heart failure) the next morning that the doctor-on-duty first learned of the matter, according to statements made by this doctor, Dr. Salas, as he visited the ward that morning of Nov. 21st. His testimony to that effect, and also his demand to know why he had not been called during the night, were overheard by a number of inmates. With medical attention, Mr. Stroud would perhaps not have died that night, since heart failure can often be prevented through heart stimulation."

3. Late 1963 or early 1964: The case of a young man named Tienter. While isolated on the "acute psychiatric ward," Tienter's temperature began to rise drastically, apparently but not beyond question due to a possible overdose of medicine administered by a guard. He was transferred to a medical ward, and survived for several days after his temperature passed 108°, I'm told.

4. January, 1964: About Jan. 19th or 20th, 1964 an inmate named James Anderson received a broken jaw in the course of a beating administered, according to various sources, in the South section of 10-Building by a guard named Mr. Hopkins, assisted by Messrs. Tindall and Dean and two other guards. The victim was apparently not transferred to a medical ward until about two days after the brutality, which was when the fact that he had a broken jaw was discovered by a psychiatrist.

5. June, 1964: The case of an inmate named Cox who was unable to function sufficiently to work and would black-out on occasion. Cox was transferred to "the hole" on the south side of 10-Building, reportedly for "refusal to work," and died the same day he was transferred while completely isolated. The medical staff had been cognizant of his disease, a brain tumor, but it was nonetheless possible for a guard to transfer him to isolation in "the hole." The first four of the above

cases I mentioned in letters to the warden. Many times in the course of conversations with Medical Center personnel about such cases as these, I expressed the opinion that official secrecy was a crucial, and yet fragile, link in the chain which made possible year after year small but almost daily incidents of brutality on the part of custodial officers, as well as major incidents such as these. Personnel would argue that such incidents need not be made public for change to be achieved, that change could be achieved from within. But how few individuals willing to lose their Bureau of Prisons jobs and willing to work full or part time for prison reform—how very few it would take to change America's federal prisons beyond recognition by 1970.

Paul Salstrom

Living Theater

July 11, 1964
Mid-Atlantic

Dear Dorothy:

Here in the wide-sea world, this parenthesis between earth and earth, we are moving into whatever the future holds for us. And tonight I just finished *Loaves and Fishes* and want most of all to thank you for it and for the whole hope-inspiring joyous experience of *The Catholic Worker* which it unfolds. Reading in the luxury of this liner of the days we spent together in that blessed and rotten cell in the House of Detention fills me with horror at the ease of my own precocious and pretentious life. But it soothes me to think that when I return to the USA it will probably be to spend another 30 days (and Julian will likely do 60 in the Tombs) among those dis-solute and lovely girls.

Our case is now appealing; I expect we will win the case but lose the contempt charges and eventually have to do the time. Leo Pfeffer, reputed to be a very good lawyer, has the case and we trust him—though it's too bad to use a lawyer at all after the refreshing though frustrating experience of handling one's own case and the strength it gives to speak directly and not through a legal intermediary.

Meanwhile *The Brig* is engaged for London in September and Berlin in November. The whole company is coming to Europe with us (after all, they all went willingly to jail with us) and we will see how long we can maintain ourselves with European engagements. We want to begin rehearsing repertory (Brecht's version of *Antigone*, perhaps the best play on Civil Disobedience; perhaps also a very up-to-date version of *The Eumenides*, about turning the Furies into the Kindly Ones, etc.). And then we want to play in the streets, in the parks, in the churches, the churchyards, parking lots, anywhere that they let us, working out of a bus and a truck, playing free for contributions, with occasional paying engagements.

That's a plan. We are optimistic. Either we will try it in Europe or come back to the USA for it. How sad that they like us better in alien lands. We will have to go where they will have us and give us wherewithal.

Garry is in summer camp now; if we are still in Europe in December he will join us at Christmas. We have given up our apartment and feel somewhat rootless, which is in many ways wonderfully free and unhampered, but I feel a little frightened by it, in spite of Julian's bounteous optimism. Our plans are open and unformed.

Tonight after supper we got into a long, useful discussion with all the waiters in the ship's dining-room. It started with our vegetarian fare and soon we were heatedly debating the rights, and wrongs of pacifism, non-violence, conformity in dress and behavior,

(Continued on page 8)

BOOK REVIEWS

AHDOOLO, by Floyd Miller, E. P. Dutton, \$4.50. Reviewed by LORRAINE FREEMAN.

The North Pole was discovered on April 6, 1909, by Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary of the United States Navy. The man who stood at the North Pole with Peary and shared Peary's moment of victory was Matthew Henson, a Negro. To the four Eskimos who had accompanied them, the Pole was just another barren place in the frozen wasteland. But Matthew Henson knew what it meant. For twenty years he had followed Peary—years of constant fear, loneliness, near-starvation and daily brushes with death.

The dangers of the expedition can hardly be appreciated in this day and age of modern science and technology. There were no radios to keep up communications with the outside world, no airplanes to survey the land, no helicopters to make a quick rescue if the explorers were isolated or seriously wounded.

Two more determined men than Peary and Henson have rarely been included in the annals of exploration. On each expedition their accompanying members changed, defeated by a cruel primitive life and the everlasting, furious blinding snow and ice. Over a period of years, from youth to middle age, Matthew Henson remained and was to persevere with Peary to the very end.

Henson became an expert in his knowledge of the Arctic land. He learned to harpoon walrus, hunt reindeer, bear and musk and oxen, to skin and stuff animals, to fish over a hole in the ice and build igloos as a shelter against the below-zero weather. The special sledges Peary needed for travel over dangerous ice and snow were made by Henson. It was Henson to whom the other members of the different parties looked when the feared half-canine, half-wolf huskies had to be hitched and harnessed.

Unlike many of the others who invaded the North, Henson did not look upon the Eskimos as inferior beings. He lived with them and learned to speak their language, laugh at their jokes, eat their food, and wear their clothes. Henson learned and understood the Eskimo language so well that it was he who was able to bargain with the Eskimos for the furs, dogs and other needed equipment for the trips. He even adopted an Eskimo boy, and once when Henson slipped from an ice floe into the freezing water, it was an Eskimo who rescued him and saved his life.

Matthew Henson's light-brown skin at first caused the Eskimos to think that he was one of them, who spoke another tongue. "Ming Paluk" (the brother) he was fondly called by the Eskimos. They taught Henson the secrets of survival in the North. To the Eskimos who loved him, Matthew Henson was the greatest of all the men who came to their untamed land. They even had a legend, passed from father to son, which tells how before he learned to speak a word of Eskimo, he would shout: "Ah-doolo, Ah-doolo." This word had no meaning, but it would bring the Eskimos tumbling out of their igloos with a grin on their faces, ready to hit the trail.

Henson was 40 years old and Peary 52 when on February 28, 1909, they made their last attempt to reach the Pole. Twenty years of grim determination and assorted failures lay behind them. They got off to a good start; but in March, a great level of water that they could not cross stopped their progress.

After a week of waiting, the temperature dropped, and the lead froze, allowing lightly-weighted sledges to transport supplies to the other side. When they were but a few days march from the Pole, Peary sent all of the other supporting parties back to headquarters. Now Peary and Henson were left alone with four Eskimos for

the final dash northward. A hard grueling trail over the savage wilderness of snow and ice was ahead of them. But they pushed on forward by dint of sheer guts and extraordinary inner strength. One Negro and one white man destined to make history.

Floyd Miller's book, telling of the severe march to the North Pole, is indeed a gripping narrative of adventure, but I am afraid Mr. Miller has left out one very important incident, accidentally or otherwise: Matthew Henson was the trail-blazer for Peary's last expedition. His job as trail-blazer was to build an igloo at each stopping point, so that when Peary arrived, hampered by crippled feet, he could rest until it was time to start again. On the appointed day, when Henson, scouting ahead, finally arrived at the North Pole, he and one of the Eskimos built an igloo and waited. Forty minutes later, Peary and his team arrived. Thus Matthew Henson was actually the very first man to stand at the top of the world.

WASTE By Danilo Dolci: Monthly Review Press, 1964, \$6.75, 352 pp. Reviewed by PETER LUMSDEN.

Danilo Dolci is probably the most practical and effective social reformer alive today. His aim is a moderate one; to bring about in western Sicily the kind of democratic and decentralized socialism that already exists in Holland and Scandinavia. But if his aim is idealistic, his methods are utopian and anarchistic. He realizes that social reforms will not come about by government decree, but by mutual aid, direct action and steady pressure from below on the upper and middle classes. Dolci also believes in bringing the pressure of world public opinion to bear on the social problems of western Sicily and this is the third book he has written on the problem.

Dolci first came to the notice of the world with his dramatic reverse strike, which is described in his earlier book *The Outlaws of Partinico*. This was a model of nonviolent direct action, in which Dolci and a group of unemployed peasants, after having been refused permission by the authorities, started to repair a public road (which badly needed it). For this they were imprisoned, but it was a triumph for Dolci. For now the peasants trusted him and hoped in him to raise them from the appalling conditions in which they lived. Before, they did not even trust each other, and were without hope. We are told by the inhabitants themselves just how bad conditions are, for Dolci is the most retiring of authors and lets the shepherds, the contadini, the mezzadri, and members of the Mafia tell the stories of their own lives. These autobiographical sketches, often very moving, reveal a society of destitute, so ignorant, so superstitious and so cruel that it is a shock to realize that this exists in western Europe at the present time. Above all it is so wasteful and this is the theme of Dolci's book. It is all so unnecessary, for there are no natural causes for such terrible conditions. Sicily, perhaps more than any other country, could be an earthy paradise, for the land (when cared for) is fertile, the rainfall (when conserved) is more than adequate, and scenery and climate are delightful. All the evils that are there exist because of human will, and if human will caused them, human will can remove them.

Dolci is a skilled sociologist, not only in getting the characters in his book to tell their life histories in a readable form, but in backing up these necessarily subjective accounts with figures. Thus, in the appendix to the book, entitled "Technical Enquiry" we read: Illiteracy 54.6% (of a random sample of 100 families in a town called Montechiaro, pop. 20,429); Infant mortality—of a total 820

pregnancies 469 children survived; Number of pregnancies per woman in sample averaged 8.3; Number of rooms per family 1.16; 31.8% of houses without windows of any sort; Average number of persons per room 4.86; 24.2 of the population sleeps on the floor; 86.4 of homes are without lavatories. It is this piling of objective sociological facts on subjective personal experience that gives Dolci's books their practical force. For Dolci, unlike most sociologists, is involved. He lives with the people he is studying and shares their terrible conditions and is doing something to help them. This book tells us little of the work of the Danilo Dolci Centre in Partinico and of the many people from all over the world who give their time and labor there, and of projects of social reconstruction that are set up, for Dolci's purpose is wider than this. It is not only to arouse us to the problems of Sicily, but to the problems of men everywhere. It is not necessary to go to Sicily to help solve the problems of the world, for right here under our noses, men need our help.



FIGURES FOR AN APOCALYPSE

One agreeable way in which to cast a vote against the nuclear insanity is by purchasing a ticket to *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, the ebullient comedy noir, brilliantly cast, directed and co-scripted by Mr. Stanley Kubrick, whose *Paths of Glory* of a few years back is already recognized as one of the classic anti-war films. The subject-matter (the end of the world) and the characters (a crazed Birchite general, an ineffectual Stevensonian liberal who is President of the United States, Dr. Strangelove, an unreconstructed Nazi scientist, etc.) must be as familiar by now to most readers as those of *The Deputy*. Harder to convey is Mr. Kubrick's extraordinary mingling of hilarious farce with an eerie realism of presentation, which make this easily the best American film in many years. The interested reader will find perceptive notices in *Esquire*, the *New Republic*, and the *New York Review of Books*. Official and unofficial apologists for the Establishment have ridiculed the film's assumptions (but the newspapers inform us that in "real" life five hundred and forty Strategic Air Command planes, equipped with hydrogen bombs, are perpetually in the air, ready to incinerate the planet on very brief notice) and defended the "fall-safe" devices (but an English correspondent has calculated that if the Air Force's own figures are correct, the mechanism will break down once in the next thirty years). The social utility of the film has been emphasized, with characteris-

C. W. Weddings

Elin Paulson became Mrs. Allan Learned on the thirtieth of July, in Upton, Massachusetts. Al had been with us here at Chrystie Street since last summer, and Elin had been with us from the spring of 1962 for about a year. Elin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Paulson, are old-time Catholic Workers. We weren't able to get to the wedding, but they were in our thoughts even as we prepared for the wedding of Monica Ribar and Tom Cornell.

Monica too is second generation Catholic Worker. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ribar, and her aunt, Miss Monica Durkin, of Elyria, Ohio, had been active in the Cleveland House of Hospitality over twenty years ago. The Cornell wedding was the liturgical event of the year on the Lower East Side. Fr. Charles Kohli came from St. Patrick's Church in Glen Cove, Long Island to officiate, and Joe Drexel, a lay theology student at St. John's in Collegeville, Minnesota, acted as master of ceremonies. Loren Miner was best man and Terry Becker maid of honor. Chris Kearns ushered. The ceremony started with a procession, led by Vincent Maefsky as cross-bearer, then Loren and Terry, then Tom and his mother and step-father, Monica and her parents, and Fr. Kohli with Bob Gilliam. Bob and Vince served Fr. Kohli in very striking albs. Monica's father, George Ribar, read the proper parts of the Mass in English from a stand in the center aisle while the wedding party sat in the first two pews. Joe Drexel had baked whole wheat wafers, which, with the chalice and wine, were taken to the altar at the Offertory by the Ribars and Mrs. Rice, Tom's mother. Joe led the congregation in the Gelineau Psalms. With only the scantiest rehearsal of the singing we feared that the Psalms would go over weakly, but not at all. Everyone joined in and the church, Holy Crucifix on Broome Street, rocked with songs of rejoicing. Most of the congregation received Communion, standing. At the Agnus Dei the Kiss of Peace was delivered to the whole assembly. Monica's sister Carlotta played Bach on the organ before and after.

The wedding ceremony itself was equally simple and dignified. The parents of the bride and groom stood with the wedding party in the sanctuary. Most of the cere-

monial thoughtful eloquence, by Mr. Lewis Mumford, in a recent letter to the *New York Times*:

"By making 'Dr. Strangelove' the central symbol of this scientifically organized nightmare of mass extermination Mr. Kubrick has not merely correctly related it to its first great exponent, Hitler, he has likewise identified the ultimate strategy of nuclear gamesmanship for precisely what it would be: an act of treason against the human race. Those of us who have attacked this policy by reasoned argument for almost 20 years addressed deaf ears, closed eyes, locked minds: so I salute Mr. Kubrick with admiration for having successfully utilized the only method capable of evading our national censor—relentless but hilarious satire.

"What the wacky characters in 'Dr. Strangelove' are saying is precisely what needs to be said: this nightmare eventually that we have concocted for our children is nothing but a crazy fantasy, by nature as horribly crippled and dehumanized as Dr. Strangelove himself. It is not this film that is sick; what is sick is our supposedly moral, democratic country which allowed this policy to be formulated and implemented without even the pretense of open public debate.

"This film is the first break in the catatonic cold war trance that has so long held our country in its rigid grip."

M. J. C.

mony is in English now, as well as the nuptial blessing. We are so liturgy starved in New York that this ceremony seemed to us like a singular example of what community worship should be. To some of our neighbors it seemed a little strange. One little old Italian lady was heard to ask, "Are they Catholic?"

Walter Kerell and Clare Bee arranged for the reception at St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street. The second floor never looked so festive. Our regular baker, a specialist in day-old bread, outdid himself with the wedding cake. Gallons of temperance punch were consumed as the Ribars, the Cornells and their relatives mingled with St. Joseph's family. At two in the afternoon we moved to St. Mark's Church in the Bowlerie, a beautiful old Episcopalian church on Second Avenue, where Peter Stuyvesant is buried, for another reception. Fr. Allen, the pastor, had offered us the use of his hall for a reception. The hall had been the scene of an art show just previously, and many large beautiful pieces of stained glass still hung around the hall. For entertainment Miyoko Matsubara, a survivor of the bombing of Hiroshima, played the koto, a classical Japanese stringed instrument, and one of Tom's former room-mates, a young man from Tokyo, Hiroshi-san, sang the "Cherry Blossom Song." Then Barney McCaffrey took out his guitar and accompanied Chris Kearns on "The Lovesick Blues" and "The Wabash Cannonball."

The reception was almost as unusual as the ceremony itself, as colorful as the delegates' lounge at the U.N. Tom and Monica then left in a Lark convertible borrowed from the Knopps of Westport for the White Mountains. Monica had an interest in the Bob and Ray weather station on top of Mount Washington. Then on to the Avon Institute and Willard Uphaus' Camp World Fellowship. Many happy years to them and to the Learnedards!

Our Undeclared War

The following is a press release sent out by the Federation of American Scientists, June 19. It was not printed as far as we know in any other paper but *I. E. Stone's Weekly*. The protest was released June 19.

"Biological weapons are potentially very cheap, and their dissemination, particularly among the non-nuclear nations, would have the effect of providing these nations for the first time with a striking power comparable to that afforded by nuclear weapons. Thus, most nations, small and large, could easily and secretly acquire a significant biological and chemical warfare capability, which, furthermore, would be much less susceptible to inspection and control than are nuclear weapons."

"Civilian masses are peculiarly vulnerable, not only because of their relative lack of discipline and protective equipment, but because of the greater effectiveness of biological agents in areas of high population density. Though some mention has been made of the development of so-called 'humane' weapons resulting in incapacitation rather than death, the published information suggests that considerable effort is being devoted to development of lethal agents such as those causing anthrax and pneumonic plague.

"Reports that defoliating agents have been used (in Vietnam) to destroy protective cover have been confirmed by representatives of the Defense Department. These charges give rise to the broader implication that the U.S. is using the Vietnamese battlefield as a proving ground for chemical and biological warfare. FAS is opposed to the 'first-use' of chemical and biological weapons. We are further opposed to experimentation on foreign soil."

Cardinal McIntyre

(Continued from page 1)

poverty, voluntary and involuntary, with spiritual teaching, and our dissatisfaction with it. And what we can do about all these things.

One of the newspapers in New York talked about the indignity which the young priest was forced to submit to, the kneeling before his superior and promising obedience. I do not know what the ceremony was, but I imagine it is that one that occurs at every ordination, when the candidate for the priesthood kneels and placing his two hands within the hands of the bishop, swears obedience. One never hears a Catholic objecting to this. We lay people kneel to receive absolution, to receive a blessing, to receive all the sacraments, as coming from God, through the priest. The non-Catholic does not realize what a relationship of love and loyalty there is between the layman and the priest, the priest and bishop. In all the great events of one's life, birth, marriage and death, and for the unmarried the confirming of their vocation. For the times of sin and sickness, there is absolution and anointing, and at the moment of death, the holy oils and the prayers of priest and the people. It is our Faith which lends strength and dignity to our paltry and tragic lives, "In Thy hand are strength and power and to Thy hand it belongs to make everything great and strong."

An Early Friend

I first met Cardinal McIntyre back in the late twenties when I was filled with the longing to be a Catholic and could not because of marriage difficulties. One goes to a priest in the chancery office to straighten out these difficulties and Cardinal McIntyre who was then a monsignor was the one assigned to me to take care of my inquiries. His office was not a private one. His was one of a long row of desks on either side of the room, far enough apart so that one could talk privately. There was always a long line of people waiting in the outer office, and one by one, we were ushered in. There was never any haste about these interviews. He always gave me most courteous and sympathetic attention and I remember times when I was there at noon and he had a sandwich and a glass of milk brought to his desk. He said the Angelus when the clock struck twelve. I remember thinking how hard these young priests had to work, the tales they had to listen to. They had to be lawyers, psychologists, priests, all in one. Between him and Father Hyland, another young priest at Tottenville, Staten Island, I was helped along the way, over a period of several years, and was baptized.

Priests and The Worker

When five years later I started *The Catholic Worker* at the instigation of Peter Maurin, I did not ask permission—I did not discuss it with the chancery office. My contact with these young priests made me realize the more what I had always felt,—that Catholics lived in a world of their own, quite apart from the rest of the population. They did represent the Irish, the Italians, the Poles, the Hungarians and all the rest of the immigrant Catholic crowd who seemed so apart in every way, not just by religion, from the rest of the white, Protestant and generally middle class people from whom I sprang. I felt the order, the discipline of their lives, even if it meant a twenty minute Mass on a week day, in complete silence, and a three

quarters of an hour of worship on Sunday with news of bingo parties and coal collections scattered in with announcements of requiem Masses and banns of marriage.

No Permission Asked

I had been writing articles for the *Sign*, for *America*, the *Jesuit* paper, and doing clerical work for Fr. Joseph McSorley the Paulist and when I spoke to them of my venture, all three editors, Father Harold Purcell, Fr. Parsons, and Fr. McSorley all advised me to launch out, but not to ask permission. It would not be given, was implied. But I understood why. How make the hierarchy responsible for such an unproved venture? They might be held responsible for debts to be contracted—perhaps that was also understood to be part of the question.

At any rate the first issues of the paper came out and were greeted with enthusiasm by clergy and laity alike. The circulation soared, enough contributions came in so that hospitality could be provided for the down and outs that made up our first staff.

Workers and scholars alike were down and out in the depression, and we have always been the lame, the halt and the blind, the off scouring of all, to use St. Paul's phrase, all through the years. "The gold is ejected and the dross remains," one of our friends said of us. We were greeted by those who did not know us as a pack of saints, and the legend continued to grow, such a term giving an easy way out to those who felt themselves to be happily more publicans than pharisees. Our standards were too high, could not possibly be lived up to, but it was good to be reminded of them. Such principles would not work, they showed pride and presumption in a way, but they evidenced the longing in every human heart for the lost Eden of the past and the Paradise we all hoped for in the future. We were Utopians, in other words.

Full Freedom

Well, we have hung on to our personalist communitarian philosophy over the years, and it has been called anarchism, pacifism, communitarian socialism and many other things. But through all the years, there was never any criticism from the chancery office in New York about our philosophy even when it led us to jail in New York, New Jersey, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Omaha—wherever there were demonstrations about race or war.

The Baltimore House of Hospitality was closed as a public nuisance. It was inter-racial when it was against the law to have both black and white under the same roof in a hostel. Civil Disobedience began for us then.

Irene Mary Naughton was arrested for picketing in an inter-racial demonstration at Palisades Amusement Park. This was in the forties and was just the beginning of CW involvement. But still the chancery offices never interfered. They never committed themselves either.

Personal History

We were too busy to worry much about the attitudes of individual priests in chancery offices or parishes. Somehow or other, I had always realized that the church was made up of every political viewpoint as well as of saints and sinners, that there was room for all, that people were the product of their environment. Then too I had my own family to remind me, a conservative one in many ways. My own father was most intemperate in his remarks not only about the "foreigner" but about the Negro, coming from Tennessee as he did, and there were my Georgia cracker cousins, hard shelled Baptists, fundamentalists, Campbellites, religious bigots and racists undoubtedly. And yet one could not hate them.

They could not prevent one from going one's own way. So it was the same with the Church, the family of the Church. Churchmen became conservative; had to hang on to the gains made in a country which spoke of Hunkies, Dagoes, Spiks, Micks, greasers and so on. These despised ones showed that they could make it too.

But the people didn't get much more "instruction" than the Asians St. Francis Xavier reached with the teaching of prayers, and the pouring of water in baptism. Get to Sunday Mass, make your Easter duty, don't marry outside the faith,—the grace of the sacraments would do all the rest.

This was my first impression of the church until Peter Maurin opened my eyes to the splendid literature of the church, the social teaching, and I travelled and found like-minded people all over the country. From the first we had the advice and instruction of good and holy, and learned priests,—all of which gave us courage.

Routine Complaints

We were called to the chancery office occasionally. At first I saw only Monsignor McIntyre, and later it was Monsignor Gaffney. It was always over some trivial matter. After a few years, I felt that I understood the technique. I would get a letter reading, "Dear Dorothy, if you happen to be in the neighborhood, would you please drop in." I very seldom was in the neighborhood of Fiftieth street,—all our work being on the east side, but I took care to go at once. Monsignor McIntyre would



greet me in most friendly fashion, and then press a button for a stenographer. She would bring in a file, and he would open to a letter, one of a long pile of letters, and holding his hand over the signature, he would say, "We have received a complaint about something in the last issue of the CW," and he would read out some line like "Would you have your daughter go to the marriage bed with a Negro?" (I remember that line well. This was from a satirical article by Robert Ludlow.) Quite often the sentiments objected to were from his writings.

There was never any comment. But a few friendly inquiries about the work. I do not recall how many times I had these meetings with Monsignor McIntyre.

I remember once asking him for the use of an unoccupied rectory on the east side. Insurance problems, probable trouble with the board of health and the fire department and building department stood in the way, however.

Backing a Loan

But he tried to help us. Before we got our Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island, I found a place on the beach down near Tottenville that I wanted very much to buy and Bishop McIntyre, sympathizing with our money problems, offered to back or sponsor a bank loan for us for fifteen thousand (Continued on page 8)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

men on the westside water front, jealous for our men on the Bowery, that he promptly started a coffee pot going at Mott Street, St. Joseph's House, and with the help of a woman who brought in ten loaves of bread every morning, (which was multiplied to feed a line every day), the soup line which we are still running at St. Joseph's House, Chrystie Street got going. John Cort is now father of ten and chief adviser to the Peace Corps in the Philippines and Bill Callahan, father of five, is editor of the *Gloucester* paper in Greensburg, Pa. Austin died a few months ago and Joe's son Tom is now going to sea.

Women's Prison

Another story in the July ninth issue of the *Voice*, (Sheridan Square, New York), questions, "Why Build a Model Prison When a Hospital is Needed?" Susan Goodman wrote the story and tells of the plans for a 35 acre site on Riker's Island, where a model prison may be constructed at a cost of \$14,000,000, which is allocated in the 1964-65 budget for a new prison. The present House of Detention was considered a model when it was built 30 years ago, Susan Goodman reminds us. I wrote about it at the time, thinking Greenwich Village a strange place to have a House of Detention. I little thought when I first wrote of it that I would be lodged there myself four times.

The report of the New York Citizens Council, of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency favored construction of a jail on Riker's Island but stressed the need to cut down the prison population altogether by such means as freeing people unable to post bail until their trial. New York City only paroles 11% of its convicted prisoners, the Council noted, compared with 70% probation rate in some other states. "Non-violent felons could be handled more effectively outside of jail," they added.

To quote further from Susan Goodman's story, "They are building a jail for women who don't need to be jailed," caustically commented Carl M. Loeb, Jr., formerly head of the New York City Board of Correction. Observing that 80% of the inmates of the Women's House used narcotics, he said, "I think we ought to build

a hospital instead. The last place to put an addict is in jail."

Village District Leader Carol Greitzer adds a human touch when she notes that at least mothers can communicate from the windows of the present prison with their children on the street below, in the present site, and though Riker's Island with its campus-like atmosphere may be attractive, even heavenly, compared to the present prison, it is isolated. She questions the sense of building a high security prison for women who are not dangerous and wishes that there were more people mobilized to urge prison reform.

And as for seeing visitors, evidently the same old system will prevail—trying to talk through a mesh screen, at a counter with many others, and one's visitors fingerprinted and questioned.

I have talked to many prisoners and under many circumstances. In the Tombs you stand at something like a telephone booth, and talk through a heavy plate glass window. In Trenton penitentiary it is the same. I visited a prisoner convicted of second degree murder there, who found visits so painful he urged us to write instead.

In Philadelphia, Ammon was ushered into a room with a convicted murderer who is at present in a hospital for the criminal insane. He was locked in a room with him with no attendant present. I myself visited this same prisoner, who was brought out with a dozen others who visited friends and relatives, side by side along a counter which separated us. In San Quentin too I visited a convicted murderer who was brought from Death Row to spend half an hour with me alone in a locked room. This in a high security prison.

Heat and Drought

The heat continues unabated and we have had so little rain that prospects for crops are not so good up at the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli. I have spent most of the month in the city, but now will go up to the farm for our annual retreat, which will be crowded indeed.

Hans and Joe and Larry are doing a valiant job in the kitchen and Rita, Jean and Marge are helping out with the baking.

Our food bills rise!

But it is a summer of beauty and happiness for many and we thank God for our new farm at Tivoli.

The Social Conscience Of a University

A notice in the July 4th issue of *America* takes some pride in calling attention to a recently published handbook entitled *The Social Conscience of a Catholic*, largely written by students at Marquette University, a Jesuit institution in Milwaukee. The notice explains that the book is the product of a "remarkably successful Social Doctrine Institute held last summer at Marquette" and adds: "The reader is never allowed to forget that he is dealing, not only with a set of beautiful moral and religious principles, but also with the bread-and-butter issues of social justice that are troubling so many minds today."

Readers who happened to come across a front-page story that appeared in the (Kansas City) *Catholic Reporter* for June 9th may find themselves unable to share America's satisfaction with the degree of concern for these "bread-and-butter issues" exhibited by Marquette and some of its students. For there we read of an eleven-week strike conducted by embattled members of the United Steel Workers against the Pressed Steel Tank Company of West Allis, which culminated in three days of violence after the company began to recruit Marquette students as scabs, with the consent of university officials.

"Police and pickets fought their way into the plant each morning and back out at quitting time. A total of 29 pickets and one student were arrested. Four persons were treated at hospitals for injuries."

"The tempo of fighting increased Tuesday. Fifty policemen—half the West Allis police force—led six unsuccessful charges into 150 pickets before getting eight students into the plant on the seventh try."

"On Wednesday, one of these arrested was a 19-year-old Marquette student who had a beard concealed under his jacket. The student said the beard—which was not studded—was there to protect his back from blows."

A Wisconsin state senator protested the university's decision to permit its students to "steal bread and butter from strikers' families" and the union pointed out that a Catholic college campus is hardly an appropriate setting for a strike-breaking agency. The reply to these charges made by the university's personnel director apparently sums up Marquette's interpretation of Catholic social doctrine:

"It is our duty to help find students summer jobs. It is not our business to interfere with labor-management."

M.J.C.

Farm With A View

(Continued from page 1)

and now being used. Marge Hughes and her family live in the upstairs apartment; Professor Leimkuhler and his family have occupied the downstairs apartment. Stanley has taken over one of the old rooms for his printing press. Tamar Hennessey set up our rug loom in another room and taught Rita Corbin how to operate the loom. Rita has since taught me, so that we have at least made a start on our weaving.

Volunteers

We can thank our scholar-workers, who have come to help us this summer, that so much has been accomplished. A great deal remains to be done, of course; but considering that the work that has been done, has had to be done with almost no money and with materials left behind by the previous owner, I think the accomplishment has been noteworthy. Chief among our scholar-workers is Professor Ferdinand Leimkuhler, who teaches engineering at the University of Purdue. Professor Leimkuhler has undertaken the difficult and somewhat formidable job of rebuilding ancient plumbing and repairing electrical wiring. Another group of scholar-workers to whom we owe much is the work camp sent to us by the International Voluntary Service, who spent only about two and a half weeks with us but did a great deal of hard work and taught us much about the meaning of discipline and dedication. Peter Lumsden, veteran of the Moscow Peace Walk and founder of a Catholic Worker house in London, is another such scholar-worker, who is, we are glad to learn, planning to spend a longer time with us; for we have much need of his help. There are others, whom we cannot name, who have earned during shorter sojourns with us the right to be called scholar-workers. We thank them and pray that God will bless them for their help.

The Staff

In true Catholic Worker style, we no sooner acquire more spacious quarters than we acquire more persons to fill them. We are certainly happy that so many from Chrystie Street have been able to come up for visits for a weekend or longer. The new International nine-passenger Travel-All, which Jean Walsh drives down to Chrystie Street weekly, has made these visits possible. We are glad, too, that our Retreat and conferences have been so well attended. But all this means a great deal of routine work just to keep things going. Without our wonderful kitchen staff — Hans Tunnesen, chief cook, Joe Cotter and Larry Doyle, faithful assistants—I don't think we could manage. German George has taken over the care of dishes and pantry with the efficiency of one who once butlered in the homes of the rich. Jean Walsh and Alice Lawrence are kept busy with the endless details of managing the house, cleaning, preparing rooms for guests, etc. John Filliger, our farmer, has had a particularly hard time, what with the late start and the drought, but has managed to produce quantities of green beans, and if it ever rains, we may still be able to gather other fruits from the garden. John also looks after the complicated pumping apparatus which supplies our water from the well (but which may not be able to pump up any water unless we have rain soon) and is always busy doing something about the place. Marge Hughes has undertaken the job of bread baking and substitute cook so that Hans can have a day off. Peggy Conklin has not let the drought deter her from producing bright patches of flowers about our house. Agnes Sydney still does mending beside her window, but now sits beside a window overlooking the Hudson River, where she can almost reach out and touch the passing boats and barges. Joe Dumenski, our sacristan, is an indefatigable worker and is largely responsible for the work at the

chapel. Lorraine Freeman put the library in beautiful order only to discover a few days later that the job had to be done over. Marty Corbin, who in addition to being the new managing editor of the paper is in charge here, has in consequence much paper work to attend to, and also spends much time shopping and errand running. It would hardly be possible to name all who have helped and are helping. For all of them we say a fervent Deo gratias.

Life here is certainly not all work. Indeed, if a visitor were to wander back toward the swimming pool (which of us at the Catholic Worker would ever have dreamed of having a swimming pool?), he might conclude that this is more of a recreation center than a farm. For the children and families of Tivoli, our swimming pool is exactly that—a recreation center. Every weekday afternoon the school children of Tivoli are given swimming lessons in our pool under the direction of the school principal. On evenings and weekends, families come bringing their children. Needless to say, the pool is also a favorite spot with many of our guests and with the members of our community, especially the children. Paradoxically, this swimming pool, which seems such a luxury, has helped to make this farm a kind of paradise for children and has done more to promote good public relations between our somewhat eccentric selves and the town of Tivoli than almost anything we could have devised. One might, I think, call this a kind of holy luxury.

If ours is a farm with a view, it has more than a view of natural beauty; for those who live here out of a sense of commitment to Catholic Worker ideas have—ought to have—a particular point of view, an attitude toward God and man expounded in Peter Maurin's essays, best summarized under the familiar heading — CULT, CULTURE, CULTIVATION. Conferences and retreats are an important part of this program. This summer our program opened with a weekend of discussions of cooperative housing led by Bill Horvath. As usual, Bill's talks were highly informative and stimulated in me the hope that someday there might be a cooperative summer cottage project for some of those now deprived of the sight of beauty, a project which might well be located on our own farm with a view. The second event in our summer program was Fr. Casey's week-long retreat, a retreat which began in a deceptively casual manner but grew in intensity until the final conferences seemed mountain-top vistas of the ever important concepts of nature and grace. As usual, Fr. Casey's Masses were a liturgical banquet. It was wonderful to have so many of those who had made retreats at Easton and Newburgh, with us again. It seemed a special blessing to have Msgr. Betowski with us; both his presence and his Masses were greatly appreciated.

The most recent event in our summer program, and in some ways the most exciting, was the study weekend held here under the auspices of Pax, the American Catholic pacifist organization in which many Catholic Workers are interested. The excitement derived in part simply from the fact that so many of those who have participated in CW and pacifist activities during recent years were gathered together. But the true source of excitement was the fact that we were privileged to listen to two really outstanding and brilliant speakers — Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, the great Jesuit who has been writing, speaking, and working for peace for many years, and Professor Seymour Melman, of Columbia University, editor of *The Peace Race*, who provides incontrovertible evidence in facts and figures for the necessity of peace, even to save our economy. To try to restate such talks would be to over-

simplify too much. I cannot refrain from saying, however, how much I was impressed by the informed intelligence, honesty, courage, and energy of these two remarkable speakers. The discussions during and after the talks were serious and motivated by a genuine commitment to and concern for peace. Howard Everngam and Eileen Egan and all who worked to make the study weekend possible certainly deserve commendation. During the weekend the Archbishop said Mass for us in our chapel; and Sunday there was a particularly beautiful Mass making use of the new music which Fr. Clarence Rivers composed in the tradition of Negro spirituals to be sung with the Mass in the vernacular. We were an integrated group, and all of us were deeply moved by the Mass.

This Monday morning, the morning after the closing of the study weekend, Archbishop Roberts said a votive Mass of the Holy Spirit for our intentions. This evening, after Compline, Archbishop Roberts, who is remaining with us until tomorrow afternoon, blessed all our houses, our fields, woods, the parched garden, the pump straining to bring water up from a much lowered water table, the almost empty reservoir, even the swimming pool, the water for which comes from the Hudson River and so is still plentiful. As we followed in procession through St. Joseph's House, then Beata Maria, and down to the chapel in Peter Maurin House, I prayed that this new farm with the beautiful view might become a true center of the view and teachings of Peter



ST. APOLLONIA

Maurin and Dorothy Day and that God should send us rain, rain for our parched earth, rain for our arid spirit, that the land and we should bear fruit for the glory of God.

All summer long I have heard them, voices speaking of beauty. Beauty I cannot see. But wait. I hear the wind in the tree tops. The breeze moves about me, soft, fragrant with pine, almost tangible to me who listen, breathe, feel its song about me. In the night I hear the sound of river waves lapping the shore. The crickets and cicadas sing to me. Even a late wren forgets itself in ecstatic trills. All are trying to form for me the image of beauty not seen, the shape and future of a farm with a view.

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 1)

ing. Thank you Delphine, Pat, Patsy and Barbara G, Bob, Vince, Ricky and Hiroshi for your help and pleasant company.

Visitors

St. Joseph's is always open house. It has been our pleasure to welcome many friends during the past two months and to show the Catholic Worker in action to readers of the paper visiting New York, with Chrystie Street a 'must' on their programmes. Other visitors have included priests and nuns from many states and countries, college and school groups, friends from various Churches, including a Rabbi who brought some students to sing Compline with us. It was a joy to hear the psalms sung in Hebrew. One person who is a welcome visitor is baby Catherine, now six months old and charming all hearts with her placid and happy disposition.

Friday Night Meetings

Tom does a wonderful job providing 51 speakers on various subjects during the course of a year. The highlight of the past few weeks was Mother Teresa, Founder of the Missionaries of Charity of Calcutta, religious whose members bring physical and spiritual comfort to the dying. Other speakers have included Bob Berk telling about his experience with civil disobedience in Quebec. Ray Robinson Jr., gave a personal account of the Quebec, Washington, Guantanamo Walk. Eddy Furst entertained us one evening with his guitar and folk songs. A speaker from the Catholic Inter-racial Council showed how his organization works in parishes. Joe Drexel helped us to understand the meaning of the Liturgical Movement and Mr. Hamai of the Hibakusha (survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki) spoke to us with the aid of an interpreter about their trip through many countries to promote peace. Chris Kearns led a discussion on the Harlem riots. During July and August we miss the sassafras tea, but Jonas will be back to serve us in September.

Visits to Tivoli

The event of the week is when Jean draws up in the Travelall to pick up the party from St. Joseph's who wait excitedly to board the bus for a weekend or week's holiday at the farm in Tivoli. Arthur and Fred are on hand to secure the baggage on the rack, Marie is there to wave off the party. Scottie and Herb went up intending to spend a weekend in the country and have remained to help there. We are all happy to see so many of our friends going on their way to enjoy a time of beauty, fresh air and good food.

The Daily Round

Whatever the weather outside or the tempers inside, the main event of the day—the soup line—goes forward without a hitch. The good team of "help" is on the spot each day, with Charlie Keefe to make the soup, relieved one day a week by Pete Kurkull, the waiters, doormen, keepers of Siloe House. With Mike taking care that there is plenty of bread, wheeling about 150 lbs for 21 blocks in an old baby carriage and Frank collecting good bones for the soup from a friendly butcher. Upstairs Paul L. keeps the floors clean and Walter looks after the office with Ed unravelling all complaints and keeping the house happy. Each day brings its joys and problems. Christ asks our help under many guises and from many lips. For a piece of bread when the soup line is finished, a place to sit and rest after walking the streets. For a friendly word of encouragement and sympathy, a clean shirt, a pair of shoes to replace stolen ones, soap and a drying cloth for a visit to the public showers, a change of clothes before being sent on a job by an Agency. We are not merely giving to others but receive gratitude. We see one mother's compassion for another one's son and receive a lesson in conformity to God's will from a weekly visitor

who lives in the midst of persecution.

Miscellany

We offer congratulations to all our newly ordained Priest friends, wishing them God speed in their new appointments and ask their continued prayers for the Catholic Worker, and our grateful thanks to all friends who so generously bring their time or food and clothes to our door, helping us to be more generous to those in need.

Good wishes to Bob Lee, who has been around the Worker for about a year, as he starts his working trip to be present at the Eucharistic Congress in Bombay and to visit many countries before returning home.

As an alien from England I cannot end this column without thanking everyone at the Catholic Worker, from the First Floor, through the Second to the Third Floor for making it easy for me to become "one of the house." The good name Americans have overseas for their friendly and generous spirit I have found in abundance here.

A Time Like The Present

Today one can hear it said repeatedly that there is nothing anymore that an individual can do. If someone were to speak out, it would only mean imprisonment and death. True, there is not much that can be done anymore to change the whole course of world events; I think that should have been begun a hundred or even more years ago.

But as long as we live in this world, I believe it is never too late to save ourselves and, perhaps, some other souls for Christ. One really has no reason to be astonished that there are people who can no longer find their way in this great confusion of our day. People in whom one thinks he can put his trust and who should be leading the way, setting a good example, simply run along with the crowd. No one gives enlightenment either in word or writing—or, to be more exact, it may not be given. And this thoughtless race goes on and on, ever closer to eternity; as long as conditions are still half-way good, one does not see things quite right or recognize that one could perhaps do otherwise or should have done otherwise.

But, alas, once hardship and misery break over us, then it will come to us as with the light of day whether everything the crowd does is so right and good, and then for many the outcome will be despair. I realize, too, that today many words really would serve little more purpose than to make one highly eligible for imprisonment. Yet despite all this, it is not good if our spiritual guides remain silent for years on end. "Words," of course, refers to instruction; but examples give direction.

Does one then not want to see Christians who still are able to take a stand in the midst of darkness in deliberate clarity, calmness and confidence; who in the midst of tension, gloom, selfishness and hatefulness stand fast in perfect peace and cheerfulness; who are not like the floating reed which is driven here and there by every breeze; who do not merely watch to see what comrades or friends will do but only ask themselves "what does our faith teach us about all this?" or "can the conscience bear all this so easily that one will never have to repent of any of it?"

Written by Franz Jagerstatter, an Austrian peasant, shortly before he made his refusal to serve in Hitler's armies because he considered the regime and its wars unjust. He was beheaded in Berlin on August 9, 1943, as the price for being true to the dictates of his conscience. Translated by Gordon C. Zahn whose book on Jagerstatter will be published soon.

Cardinal McIntyre

(Continued from page 6)

dollars but that deal fell through because of the usual housing, health and fire department restrictions, on our work.

No comment was ever made by the by-then bishop or archbishop about political views. When we started to run articles like "War and Conscription at the Bar of Christian Morals," by Monsignor Barry O'Toole of the Catholic University and "The Crime of Conscription" and "Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors," by Fr. John Jr. Hugo of Pittsburgh, Bishop McIntyre merely commented, during one of these aforesaid visits, "We never studied these things much in the seminary." Shaking his head, and adding doubtfully, "There is the necessity of course to inform one's conscience." And I assured him that that was what we were trying to do.

A recent paper back called *The Essential Newman* carries part of Cardinal Newman's correspondence with Gladstone in which he discusses conscience, and he is reported to have said that if he were called upon to propose a toast on such a subject, which was unlikely, he would propose—"to conscience first, and to the Pope second." This was at a time when there was great discussion of new dogma, infallibility of the Pope.

Laymen Lead

Bishop O'Hara of Kansas City once said to Peter Maurin, "You lead the way,—we will follow." Meaning that it was up to the laity to plough ahead, to be the vanguard, to be the shock troops, to fight these battles without fear or favor. And that has always been my understanding. This business of "asking Father" what to do about something has never occurred to us. The way I have felt about Los Angeles is that the lay people had to go ahead and form their groups, "Catholics for interracial justice," form their picket lines, as they are only now doing, and make their complaints directly, to priest and cardinal, demanding the leadership, the moral example they are entitled to.

How can any priest be prevented from preaching the gospel of social justice in the labor field and in the inter-racial field? One can read aloud with loud agreement those message from the encyclicals, which are so pertinent to the struggles which are being carried on. One can tell the gospel stories in the light of what is happening today. Do the poor have the gospel preached to them today? Do we hear that resounding cry, "Woe to the rich!" Do we hear the story of the rich man sitting at his table feasting while the poor sat at the gate with neither food nor medicare? How many priests have read Fr. Regamey's *Poverty* or Shewring's *The Rich and the Poor in Christian Tradition*?

Poverty Frees

It is voluntary poverty which needs to be preached to the comfortable congregations, so that a man will not be afraid of losing his job if he speaks out on these issues. So that pastors or congregations will not be afraid of losing the support of rich benefactors. A readiness for poverty, a disposition to accept it, is enough to begin with. We will always get what we need, "Take no thought for what you shall eat or drink,—the Lord knows you have need of these things."

If more seminarians spoke out, even if the seminaries were emptied! (It is said the seminaries of France were half emptied because of the Algerian War, which went on for so long). If more young priests spoke out while they continued to work hard and continued to "be what they wished the other fellow to be," as Peter

Maurin put it,—what happy results might not be brought about.

But often the critical spirit results in desertions, from church and priesthood and seminary, and I suppose that is what the hierarchy fears. We have plenty of experience of the critical spirit and have seen the ravages that can be wrought in family and community. We have had many a good worker leave because he could not stand the frustrations, because "those in charge" did not throw out trouble makers, or force people to do better. The critical spirit can be the complaining spirit too, and the murmurer and complainer does more harm than good.

Freedom With Charity

If we could strive for the spirit of a St. Francis, and it would be good to read his life and struggles, we would be taking a first step, but it is only God himself who can make a saint, can send the grace necessary to enable him to suffer the consequences of following his conscience and to do it in such a way as not to seem to be passing judgment on another, but rather win him to another point of view, with love and with respect.

"You have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, Resist not evil: but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other; and if a man will contend with thee in judgment and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him, and whosoever will force thee to go one mile, go with him another two. Give to him that asketh of thee, and of him that would borrow of thee turn not away. You have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be children of your father who is in heaven who makes his sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans this? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? do not also the heathen this? Be you therefore perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Hard sayings indeed and no wonder that St. Peter said, in another context, when Jesus said that it was harder for a camel to go through the eye of the needle than for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven. "Who then can be saved?" "With God all things are possible."

When a man, black or white, reaches the point where he recognizes the worth of his soul (what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?)—when he begins to realize what it means to be a child of God, a son, an heir also, the sense of his own dignity as a child of God is so great that no indignity can touch him, or discourage him from working for the common good.

A Greater Task

It is for this that our shepherds are to be reproached, that they have not fed their sheep these strong meats, this doctrine of men divinized by the sacraments, capable of overcoming all obstacles in their advance to that kind of society where it is easier to be good.

Let Catholics form their associations, hold their meetings in their own homes, or in a hired hall, or any place else. Nothing should stop them. Let the controversy come out into the open in this way.

But one must always follow one's conscience, preach the gospel in season, out of season, and that gospel is "all men are brothers."

This teaching is contained in all the work of the Confraternities of Christian Doctrine. It just needs to be applied.



IS
THE MOST
INFALLIBLE
SIGN
OF THE
PRESENCE
OF
GOD.

"We love ourselves to the point of idolatry; but we also dislike ourselves . . . We find ourselves unutterably boring. Correlated with this distaste for the idolatrously worshipped self, there is in all of us a desire, sometimes latent, sometimes conscious and passionately expressed, to escape from the prison of our individuality—and the urge to self-transcendence. It is to this urge that we owe mystical theology, spiritual exercises, and yoga—to this, too, we owe alcoholism and drug addiction."

ALDOUS HUXLEY

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

unemployment ("Let 'em starve" cried one blond plump waiter), Jesus Christ and Adolf Hitler (they were intrigued by a notion of historical inevitability: if Christ lived today—one German lad argued seriously—He would have been Hitler. Thus hopelessness has them by the soul), and many other subjects worthy and unworthy. At least about 25 young men, none of whom had ever heard of anarchism or pacifism before, got a good hour's workout in the Peter Maurin fashion.

I expect we will be in New York in winter. In any case, you have too much work to do to take time to write me, but please accept love and greetings from the Mid-Atlantic.

From your grateful
Judith and Julian Beck

Goldoni Theater

Vicolo de Soldati 6,
Rome, ITALY
July 14, 1964

Dear Dorothy,

Thanks for your letter. Hope everything is going well with the new farm. It would be wonderful if it could grow to be a real "agronomic university." This world is far too mechanized for comfort, and before any more progress is made, people ought to re-estimate their relation to nature and to the Earth. Mechanization is all very well and good, as long as folks maintain their human outlook, the trouble is, some people seem to be turning into machines, too, and not very nice ones, at that.

I met Jim & Jean Forest here, along with Father Dan Berrigan and Father Louis. It was really great meeting them all. Dan gave me a lovely book of his poems. Tom Giering (I wonder if I got that name right?) and his friend Al from Tennessee paid us a visit; I read some Gregory Corso to them on the Spanish Steps.

Now, we've been going on in this Theatre for over three years, with no assistance whatsoever, neither from public nor from private sources. How we have been able to do what we have done seems to me little short of miraculous, but I'm afraid it can't continue, because our debts are piling up and we simply haven't the means of facing them, as we have put every cent we have into this theatre. For us to cease our theatrical activities would be disastrous, as we have such wonderful plans for our next season. At the beginning of October, we would like to present an original version of *GOD'S TROMBONES*, which is a Negro Bible show much in the tradition of *BLACK NATIVITY*. Like *BLACK NATIVITY*, there will be Spirituals, and it will be based on the poetry of James Weldon Johnson.

But, the tragedy is, if we can't get about \$2,000 to put us on our feet, we won't even have enough money to light a candle to the Madonna! I've been waiting for ages to send a little contribution to the Worker, but I just haven't been able to. I shall try to contribute something towards my subscription, and towards the 25 CWs that I hope you'll continue to send: you may be assured that I'll spread them about. If we get clear of our present mess, and are not out on the streets or under some bridge (it's these exorbitant taxes that are crushing us; I am praying to St. Joseph like mad), I'd like to produce an original dramatization of Peter Maurin's *Easy Essays*, set to music. I sang two of the Essays, *EXPLODING THE DYNAMITE* and *PIE IN THE SKY*, to the FOR group that Jim and Jean were with.

But please, perhaps some of you at the Worker would know of someone who could back us; we are asking for the smallest amount we possibly can. I really want to make this theatre a Centre of Dynamic Catholic thought, as we have been

trying to do in the past; we've been doing it utterly alone.

In the Peace of Christ,

Love,

Patrick O'Reilly-Persichetti
P.S. I am reading Meister Eckhart.

Farming Commune

275 North Road
Sudbury, Mass.

Dear Dorothy:

Our letter about a farming community we are hopeful of starting in Maine appeared in the February 1962 issue of the CW. (We own the 120 acres, 80 in woods and 40 in fields, although we do still have to pay off 40% of the mortgage.) We heard from approximately twelve persons, but nothing concrete.

Our feeling is that we can have an arrangement with people that will be a completely voluntary, individualistic approach to the communitarian socialism ideal. Our idea is that personal freedom is the prime gift from God and that this is only born and nurtured by cooperative effort, not by the tooth-and-claw jungle of the past.

We have sufficient acreage for from ten to twenty families to build their homes in the beautiful forest, as we are doing (and we will move there upon completion.) There are great quantities of Christmas trees and greens for wreaths, from which a good cash income may be had. Mussels and clams abound off our cove, so no one need fear starvation. I am a potter and will use the fine clay which is in abundance on the property to make pottery to sell to stores in Boston and New York, as well as to the summer people who come to visit, camp, or see the artists on Monhegan Island. It is a glorious life, close to nature, but requires much work.

Personally, I do not care much for the indirect approach to survival, as it is sustained by the capitalistic system. This security is false. It is only when a man goes directly to Nature for his livelihood that he can feel a measure of belonging, manliness and security. But this is empty unless he feels a concern for those other families around him.

We would like to share our woods with rugged families who have an inclination to be 20th century pioneers. I am sure that a handful of families working together can make a very satisfying life in the early New England tradition.

Can you direct any married couples with or without children to us?

Tom & Susan Shepard

South America

Bogota
Colombia
July 12th.

Dear Dorothy Day:

We have completed our six months' tour of South America. We visited Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru, and Colombia. Shantidas spoke of non-violence to packed houses. His message has been well received and the young people seem to grasp the idea of nonviolence. We have groups of friends everywhere. We have also given successful concerts consisting of our French songs. At present, we are going to Madrid, by way of Bermuda.

We often think of you and of our meeting last year in Rome. We send you our friendly remembrances in our Lord.

Peace, Strength and Joy
Shantidas & Chantarelle

(Ed. note: "Shantidas" and "Chantarelle" are Lanza del Vasto and his wife. He is perhaps the leading exponent in France of Gandhian nonviolence and the founder of the Community of the Ark. His wife is a talented singer; her concerts include many songs composed by her husband.)