THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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Strike Leader Comes East

By DOROTHY DAY

Last year we published at least eight stories on the progress of the "grape strike" which has been going on in California since September of 1965. During these two years of struggle and suffering there have been victories against what would seem to be overwhelming odds. Contracts have been signed with powerful growers, such as the DiGiorgio Ranches in Delano, Borrrego Springs and Arvin, and on July 18th a representation election will be held at Marysville, the last DiGiorgio ranch not under contract. Contracts have been signed which the workers themselves negotiated with DiGiorgio, which have brought them higher wages, free health insurance and a grievance procedure to settle complaints.

Contracts have also been signed with Schenley. "Now we got rest rooms," one worker said, "and a place to wash our hands and paper to dry them. They put in some ice water in the summertime. Before we had no rest rooms. We had to walk out into the fields, and far too, because men and women work together."

One of the ranches of the Christian Brothers has signed a contract and three others will follow after an election.

We have been getting our news from two of our correspondents in California, and from the organ of the farm worker, El Malcriado, which is published both in Spanish and in English and has been edited from the beginning by Bill Esher, who was a member of the Oakland Catholic Worker group.

This last month we received a visit from the leader of the strikers, Cesar Chavez, himself. He and a few members of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists spent a Sunday morning with us at the CW house at Chrystie Street and later on Monday night we saw him again at Union Theological Seminary, where those interested gathered to see what they could do to help on the East Coast. So far there has been no organizing among the people who pick apples and grapes in the New York State, and potatoes in Jersey and Long Island. (New York is the third largest apple-growing state in the country.)

From 1934 on we have been concerned with this problem of destitution among farm workers, and we are particularly interested in Chavez because of his emphasis on nonviolence. He has a true recognition of the overall problems of agriculture, the problems of the small farmer and the large grower, what the factory system of farming has done to the morale of the employer, and the steady growth of class-war attitudes on the part of both grower and worker. But he has recognized that the problem is insoluble without tapping the deep religious instincts of the people he is leading for patience and perseverance. The banners of Our Lady of Guadalupe have been prominent in the strike and in the march on Sacramento, which took place during Lent this year, just as they were present during the violent wars for independence in Mexico in the past. When Cesar Chavez saw the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe which has been hanging on our walls for so long that it is dark with age, he immediately left his seat at the table and stood before it a few moments before we began to talk.

He looks just like his pictures, perhaps even younger, straight black hair, face browned by the sun, and brown as an Indian's is brown. I remembered Archbishop Miranda, himself a Mexican, telling me proudly some years ago, "The Mexicans are a new race, a new people, neither Indian nor Spanish."

Chavez does not talk much in such conversations as these, perhaps because there are so many more articulate people around him. The Rev. Jim Drake, member of the migrant ministry and active in the strike from the beginning, recently arrested for praying in front of the Capitol in Texas where the fight to organize has spread (so far without success) did a great deal of the explaining at the CW and at the Union meeting. I would like very much to hear Chavez speaking to the members of the Farm Workers Organizing Committee; or I would like to have a record of his talk at the close of the pilgrimage into Sacramento. When I do hear him, I believe that I will have heard three of the most vital leaders of our time, the other two being Martin Luther King and Fidel Castro. The first two are proponents of nonviolent revolution in our social order and Castro the first successful leader

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Allen Ginsberg.

"I saw the three fish one head, carved on insole of naked Buddha Footprint stone at Bodh-Gaya under the Bo tree. Large—6 or 10 foot size—feet or soles made of stone are a traditional form of votive marker. Mythologically the 32 signs—stigmata, like—of the Buddha include chakras (magic wheels symbolic of energy) on hands and feet. This is a sort of a fish chakra. So antique artists used to sculpt big feet as symbolic of the illumined man—before Greeks brought in *human-face representation of Buddha. They never used to have statues of him—umbrellas, Bo-trees, or feet instead—before Alexander came to India."*

(Letter from Allen Ginsberg, accompanying illustration)

We confess that we had never seen this symbol before but after we received Allen Ginsberg's letter we found it in an edition of the short Breviary—among many other symbols of divinity. The fish was long used as a symbol of the Christian—**Ichthus;** the word **fish** being in Greek the words Jesus Christ, God. The three fish is an ancient symbol of the Trinity. And the feast of the Holy Trinity is in June.

"By the word of the Lord were the heavens and earth and sea created.
"And all their host by the breath of his mouth."

(Versicle from short Breviary)

"There are three that bear witness in heaven: the Father, the Word and the Holy Spirit; and these three are one." John V:7

(From the Short Breviary, Trinity Sunday)

Vietnam and Beyond

From a talk by
Rev. Dr. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
given at Riverside Church, New York City on
April 4, 1967.

The war in Vietnam is but a symptom of a far deeper malady within the American spirit, and if we ignore this sobering reality we will find ourselves organizing clergy and laymen-concerned committees for the next generation. They will be concerned about Guatemala and Peru. They will be concerned about Thailand and Cambodia. They will be concerned about Mozambique and South Africa. We will be marching for these and a dozen other names and attending rallies without end unless there is a significant change in American life and policy. Such thoughts take us beyond Vietnam, but not beyond our calling as sons of God.

In 1957 a sensitive American official overseas said that it seemed to him that our nation was on the wrong side of a world revolution. During the past ten years we have seen emerge a pattern of suppression which now has justified the presence of U.S. military "advisors" in Venezeula. This need to maintain social stability for our investments accounts for the counter-revolutionary action of American forces in Guatemala. It tells why American helicopters are being used against guerillas in Colombia and why American napalm and Green Beret forces have already been active against rebels in Peru. It is with such activity in mind that the words of the late John F. Kennedy come back to haunt us. Five years ago he said, "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable."

Increasingly, by choice or by accident, this is the role our nation has taken—the role of those who make peaceful revolution impossible by refusing to give up the privileges and the

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Spring Mobilization

Christ is our Peace! On April 15th I could not help but think of that poem of Francis Thompson's about meeting Christ at Charing Cross. I felt that the hundreds of thousands of people who assembled in the Sheep Meadow at Central Park, New York City, coming from all points east of the Mississippi, and from St. Louis (not to speak of other cities further west) were meeting him too, in each other, on this great peace march. It was the greatest mass meeting and march in American history and clearly demonstrated to the American people as a whole the unpopularity of the war in Vietnam and the longing of the people for peace. On the same day there was a similar demonstration in San Francisco, the largest ever held in that city.

"I Was There"

Those who came on that cold and threatening day (it did not rain until evening) were happy that they could say, "I was there." My position was a vantage point on a high rock where many others were perched outside Sheep Meadow, which was already crowded with groups of demonstrators. My companions on that knoll were Raona Wilson and her three-week-old baby, Monica Cornell and her two-year old Tom Jr., Sheila Maloney and her baby, Hermine Evans, from Chicago, and many others who came and went. Karl Meyer led a Chicago contingent and there was a spirit of elation among all those from the Midwest, after an all-night trip on the bus which brought them into town just in time for the massing in the park.

Most of the Catholic Worker staff was present, and there were many former Catholic Workers, including Betty Bartelme, religious editor at Macmillan, Agnes (Bird) McCormack, and Eleanor (Corrigan) Gosselin with her husband and children. Eleanor was the secretary of the first PAX group in this country before World War II. I could not begin to name all who were thre. Indeed I would not make a very good politician—my memory for names is so poor. Our Catholic Worker crowd were supposed to gather under the G or H signs (pacifist or religious groups) so that we could find one another, but of course there was a great deal of mingling of all the groups, and the march was so slow-moving that there was plenty of time for visiting and picnicking.

The marchers began to leave the park about noon, and Central Park was not evacuated until after four, so there were few indeed who heard the speakers.

The march was headed by Dr. Martin Luther King, and I was delighted to hear that, in addition to Dr. Benjamin Spock and many others, our own dear friend Msgr. Charles Owen Rice, who formerly headed the St. Joseph's House of Hospitality in Pittsburgh and is famous as a labor priest, marched at Dr. King's right hand.

The speeches went on all afternoon but it was hard for those who were crowded into the U.N. plaza, and every side street, from Forty-second to Forty-seventh, to hear, even though the loudspeaking system was a good one. I had a point of vantage on the steps of Holy Family Church, which we were not at first permitted to occupy. Eileen Egan, secretary of the American Pax Association, and Dr. Cecil Gill, from Cardiff, Wales,

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Here is a gem I found in C. S. Lewis' Letters (Hartcourt, Brace and World):

"The advantage of a fixed form of service is that we know what is coming. Extempore public prayer has this difficulty: we don't know whether we can join in it until we've heard it—it might be phony or heretical. We are therefore called upon to carry on a critical and devotional activity at the same moment, two things hardly compatible. In a fixed form we ought to have gone through the motions before in our private prayer; the rigid form really sets our devotions free. I also find that the more rigid it is, the easier to keep our thoughts from straying. Also it prevents getting too completely eaten up by whatever happens to be the preoccupation of the moment, war, and election or whatnot. The permanent shape of Christianity shows through. I don't see how the extempore method can help but become provincial and I think it has a great tendency to direct attention to the minister rather than to God."

C. S. Lewis "speaks to my condition," as the Quakers say.

The New Liturgy

Which leads me into reflections on the new Masses, the intimate Masses, the colloquial Masses, the folk-song Masses, and so on. By the intimate I mean those where everyone gathers close around the altar inside the sanctuary, as close to the priest as possible. Even the young ones have a hard time standing, shifting from one leg to the other, the girls with high heels ("If I'd know it was to be like this I would have worn my sneakers," one said), the older rheumatic ones with ever-increasing pain. By the intimate I also mean those offered in small apartments before a small group. I understand that permission for this has been granted in Harlem for some time now, and priests are offering the Mass in the poorest of homes block by block in their parishes, during the week—bringing Christ most literally to the people. This is wonderful.

But there is also the attempt made by some young priests to reach the young, to make the Mass meaningful to the young (the **bourgeois**, educated, middle-class young) where novelty is supposed to attract the attention but which, as far as I can see, has led to drawing these same young ones completely away from the "people of God," "the masses" and worship in the parish church. There is the suggestion of contempt here, for the people, and for the faith of the inarticulate ones of the earth, "the ancient lowly" as they have been called. Their perseverance in worship, week after week, holyday after holyday, has always impressed me and filled my heart with a sense of love for all my fellow Catholics, even Birchites, bigots, racists, priests and lay people alike, whom I could term "my enemies" whom I am bidden to love. Our worst enemies are of our own household, Scripture says. We are united, however, as people in marriage are united, by the deepest spiritual bond, participation in the sacraments, so that we have become "one flesh" in the Mystical Body.

I do love the guitar Masses, and the Masses where the recorder and the flute are played, and sometimes the glorious and triumphant trumpet. But I do not want them every day, any more than we ever wanted solemn Gregorian Requiem Masses every day. They are for the occasion. The guitar Masses I have heard from one end of the country to the other are all different and have a special beauty of their own. I have been a participant (it is not that I have just heard them) in such Masses with the Franciscan Brothers in Santa Barbara, with the students at St. Louis University, at the McGill Newman Club in Montreal and many other Newman meetings, and in Barrytown, New York, where the Christian Brothers, our neighbors, have a folk Mass every Saturday at eleven-fifteen. They are joyful and happy Masses indeed and supposed to attract the young. But the beginning of faith is something different. The "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Fear in the sense of awe.

Here is another quotation from C. S. Lewis, in **Miracles** (Fontana Books; paperback):

Men are reluctant to pass over from the nation of an abstract and negative deity to the living God. . . . An "impersonal God"—well and good. A subjective God of beauty, truth and goodness, inside our own heads—better still. A formless life force surging through us, a vast power which we can tap—best of all.

But God himself, alive, pulling at the other end of the cord, perhaps approaching at an infinite speed, the hunter, king, husband—that is quite another matter. There comes a moment when the children who have been playing burglars hush suddenly: was that a real footstep in the hall? There comes the moment when people who have been dabbling in religion (Man's search for God!) suddenly draw back. Suppose we really found Him? We never meant it to come to that! Worse still, supposing He had found us?

The Price of Peace

Every first Friday evening in New York (except July and August) a PAX meeting is held in the hall over the Paraclete Bookshop in New York City. Last week, after the Mass at seven p.m., Barry Ulanov gave a very impressive talk, which we hope to get on tape from the PAX group

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Civil Disobedience

By HANS BERTSCH, O.F.M.

The values of our society praise the disobedience of Antigone, yet censure the obedience of the Nazi military men. The presuppositions behind these judgments form the bases of the democratic heritage of Western civilization. What is the nature of a democracy and the role of individuals in it?

Because of present concern about expressing disapproval about official government policies, the place of civil disobedience within this political system has gained special importance today. The question is created when the individual conscience finds it must counter the law of the community formulated by the elected legislators. Before we can answer negatively or affirmatively concerning civil disobedience, we must first understand the nature of the society in which we are living and the values that are inherent to it. In other words, the dispute concerning civil disobedience should first be placed within the proper context of the authority of the state and the autonomy of the individual. The use of human freedom and the responsibility of living according to the norms discovered by one's individual conscience are guaranteed within a human society because of the limited role of the state and the existence of a supreme authority by which the individual values himself. If these two aspects can be explained as the norm of behavior, civil disobedience becomes not an unusual occurence, but the given duty of intelligent citizens.

Each person is free to dissent because the state is not absolute. Carlton J. H. Hayes, in his work **Christianity and Western Civilization**, has shown that historically democracy has been a heritage of dissent because the government has always been limited. He points to many events which presuppose this underlying explanation. Bishop Ambrose of Milan publicly upbraided the Emperor Theodosius for his massacre of a group of Thessalonians, and Gregory VII challenged the Holy Roman Emperor Henry IV. The Magna Carta protected the lesser nobles from arbitrary government. The bill of rights of England (1689), the declaration of the rights of man of France (1789), the bill of rights added to the United States Constitution, and the use of plural authority all guarantee the established limited boundaries of the power of a government. Professor Hayes summarized in this way the constant effort of Western civilization to control the state: "The Christian west has been replete with rebellions against tyranny and affirmations of liberty." Adlai Stevenson once said, "Self criticism is the secret weapon of democracy." In a book on Nazi Germany, **They Thought They Were Free**, Milton Mayer wrote, "Free inquiry on a free platform is the only practice that distinguishes a free from a slave society." A limited government authority gives men the right to contradict and correct when it errs. Regardless of the belief or practice of officials and citizens, every government is limited; none is absolute.

Man's historical actions need a reasonable explanation beyond their mere occurrence. Our second criterion of a democracy such as America is the inviolability of the human conscience. There is a supreme authority to which man owes obedience, and each must determine for himself (as far as he is rationally able) his form of allegiance to what he knows as the absolute. This absolute can be examined from two viewpoints — the Christian and the humanistic.

The Fathers of the Second Vatican Council wrote in the Constitution on the Church in the Modern World:

In the depths of his conscience, man detects a law which does not impose upon himself, but which holds him to obedience. Always summoning him to love good and avoid evil, the voice of conscience when necessary speaks to his heart: do this, shun that. For man has in his heart a law written by God; to obey it is the very dignity of man; according to it he will be judged.

This text is grounded in St. Paul's statement (Romans 2, 15-16) that each will be judged according to his own conscience. In one's conscience, a man is alone with God. Here is revealed that law which is fulfilled by love of God and neighbor (Matt. 22, 37-40; Gal. 5, 13-14) and for which each man is responsible.

In **Ethics** Dietrich Bonhoeffer declared the absoluteness of God, as revealed by Jesus, to be the definitive norm of Christian behavior. "The reality of God should show itself everywhere to be the ultimate reality."

Humanists regard the absoluteness of the individual as the inviolable norm. Jean-Paul Sartre philosophizes that each man is his own supreme authority. Each person's life is his own, and no one else can take responsibility for the way it is lived. John Stuart Mill wrote in his classic essay, **On Liberty**, "Over himself, over his own mind and body, the individual is sovereign." Because the state is not absolute, moments of conscientious conflict should be decided by the individual. Laws are universals, not particular applications. The common good is not an electorally decided norm, but is based on the proper end and decision of each individual, contributing to the welfare of his neighbor. Civil disobedience presupposes the willing habit of obedience, and so we will have citizens honestly trying to obey the law — to do the will of their Father or their brother—when juridically they are breaking the law.

When can a person conscientiously break a law? Which laws can be broken? Are there some that always apply to citizens and can never be broken? Theoretically, any law can be broken at any time there is a lack of consent on the part of the governed as to its applicability. In other words, when a law conflicts with a higher law. St. Thomas Aquinas wrote, "Human law does not bind a man in conscience and if it conflicts with the higher law human law should not be obeyed." The application of this to each instance depends on the specific individual (and collective—man lives in society and is influenced by others in his thinking) interpretation of three propositions or norms about civil disobedience.

Creative Refusal

First, civil disobedience is a recognized procedure for challenging law or policy, a legalized illegality. We all know that the American revolution directly disobeyed the laws of the British Empire. Even more convincing are the following instances, given by Harrop Freeman of the Cornell University Law School: The tax law requires a citizen to pay all his taxes, but if he challenges his need to pay them, he may either refuse to pay (civil disobedience encouraged by statute) or pay and sue for a refund. In **Keegan vs. U.S.**, the Supreme Court decision said: "One with innocent motives, who honestly believes a law is unconstitutional and, therefore, not obligatory, may well counsel that the law shall not be obeyed; that its command shall be resisted until a court shall have held it valid, but this is not knowingly counseling, stealthily and by guile, to evade its command." The conscientious objector who considers himself illegally classified, is required by the Supreme Court, wrote Mr. Freeman, to appear at the induction center and disobey the law by refusing induction. This is the procedure to challenge a classification as illegal. Criminal prosecution will follow to determine one's legal justification according to the laws of the state. Only continued opposition will compel the legislature to change the laws.

A negative statement can serve as the second norm: civil disobedience is **not** chaotic and inhuman anarchy, looting, or destruction of other persons' rights. It is nonviolent and is meant to defend truth, justice, and charity, even though it seeks to overthrow an established order.

In a pamphlet published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Bayard Rustin, the organizer of the Freedom March on Washington in 1963, gives us our third norm. Before a person can engage in civil disobedience he must examine himself on the following qualifications and answer in the affirmative to them all: 1) Is my act an attempt to adhere conscientiously to a higher law, hoping that a new law will emerge on the basis of that higher principle? 2) Have I engaged in the normal democratic process and exercised the constitutional means to change the law? 3) Have I removed ego, self, pride, desire for my own publicity or aggrandizement as much as it is possible to do so? 4) Am I prepared to accept the consequences (a jail sentence, public "humiliation")?

Antidote to Tyranny

The witness value of civil disobedience has worked to overthrow totalitarian states or to prevent them from occurring: Gandhi, the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the unlawful actions which preceded it, religious martyrs, prohibition (with the wholesale disobedience of our parents or grandparents, who today may decry any form of protest against our government), the 1936-7 labor struggles, and Hitler's frustrated attempt (because of the teachers' disobedience) to force master-race propaganda textbooks on schools.

The nature of a democracy is dissent, and the role of the individuals within it is the same. But what about a Christian within a state? The goal of a Christian is the kingdom of God, where the peace of Christ will rule among all men, Christ's presence will be loved by all, and men will love each other. But it is equally true that Christ is really present today in each of us and our neighbor.

The Christian, then, has an added responsibility in a democracy. An interior conviction of solidarity with his neighbor gives the Christian true peace and a dissent more profound than the non-Christian can experience. By civil disobedience he says that a law—despite organizational harmonies—actually destroys the inner union and peace between men. The person who can strongly and confidently make this judgment must be closely attached to God and his fellow men, knowing well God's presence to men. The civil disobedient must be willing to obey and to suffer—to pay the cost of discipleship to Jesus and men.

The dearness of life will give him the courage to stand up and cry out when God's sons and his brothers are mocked and spat upon: against **apartheid** in South Africa and America, improper housing, **bracero** indignities, or the repressing of freedom — political, educational, religious, or personal; supporting the cause of the American Indian; demanding alternative service to the military draft; seeking food for the hungry, education for the ignorant, and human privileges for the sinner or socially deviant.

Democracy needs individual citizens committing acts of civil disobedience if it is to retain its democratic structure. Let us pray that the strength to act for our fellow man in a practical, sincerely Christian manner be given us daily.

Ed. note: Mr. Bertsch is a Franciscan seminarian at San Luis Rey College, in California. This is his first appearance in the **Catholic Worker.**

CHRYSTIE STREET

By JACK COOK

More bugs than birds are to be found on the Bowery. The bugs, however, seem satisfied with their fare, whereas the birds, less than stately pigeons, are as hard up as the rest of us for handouts and a place to roost. The lack of statues of eminent statesmen, generals, and such in our area must be a keen hardship for them.

The Line

Nor is it easy for the men. Before the bitterness of winter set in, city building inspectors made us close down "Siloe house," the huge back room wherein the men, having no place else to go but the streets, were accustomed to wait, from early morning until 10 o'clock, when we serve the soup. True, it was dark and dank, not well heated, often a scene of violence and continued drinking; yet it was a place to come, out of the wind, rain, or snow, a place to sit and talk. The fallen roofbeam, the bare wiring, perhaps the stench, were too much for the inspectors. As a result, all winter long the men had to stand outside, usually in long lines on either side of the front door. On the left side, the super (known for his leadpipe brutality) often dumped buckets of water on them from out of a third-story window; on the right, our landlord-venetian-blind-store owner complained of the men blocking his business and threatened to call the cops.

Here and There

Charlie Keefe, our erudite misanthrope in residence, recently returned to recuperate from his second operation. Arthur (the Bishop) Lacey stopped here for a few days, after spending a week on retreat. The Corbins, one and all, were in more frequently due to the Spring Mobilization days. Arthur (the Good and the Bad) Sullivan is back with us as doorman and general factotum. Bayonne Pete, to the joy of his brothers in Jersey perhaps, is back, and so is Earl Ovitt, who, though requested not to spend much time inside the house, is "at home" on the sidewalk of our block, where he "works," proffers his own refreshments, and, in his own unique fashion, entertains outside our front window, in that order, almost every day. John Geiss, the bearded old agitator, has been with us for some months now. When Spring arrives, staff in hand, he will probably be off again. Pat Rusk, happily not imprisoned for civil disobedience, visited the farm for a few days. Frenchy returned from Maine a few months ago; he returned from Maine's consequences a few weeks ago. Now, conscientious and skillful, he directs the work on the second floor. Edward Brown, master of rhetorical rage and teller of tall tales, is taking care of his aged mother in Atlantic City. He is missed.

Other Institutions

Most of us have evaded for another month the men in and with white jackets; some, however, are in other hospitals for different reasons. John McMullen, one of the regular waiters, took a fall and fractured his shoulder. Tom Likely was about to be released from Beekman Hospital when he had two seizures and is now on his back again. Mike Herniak, who has been in and out of the hospital a half dozen times since last summer, was released recently. Much of the heavy carpentry work was done by Mike, including those huge, sturdy, ever-in-use tables on the first floor, which serve the soupline, our daily meals, and whatever other work must be done. But a serious heart condition, partial paralysis of his hands and one foot, prevent Mike from "doing as [he] usta." Tony, our cook, Chuck Bassinetti, Bayonne Pete, Henry Neilson, and some of the staff, visit those in the hospital as frequently as possible.

Tony continues to prepare, with ease and finesse, delicious soups for the line and lunches for the house people, under conditions other cooks of his caliber would find intolerable. He and Henry Neilson, our ever good-natured Danish waiter, both former professional cooks, are scrupulously clean and efficient in circumstances and under tensions where those qualities would ordinarily be impossible.

From the chair near the front window, one can see the brooding John Pahl, looking to all the world like some old Nantucket-whaler captain, careen along the curb edge, as is his habit, dressed winter and summer in the same wind-blown blue suit with two vests, his pockets bulging, his grey sparse hair blown back from his high forehead. He still eats standing up and off to the side, as he has these many years, I'm told. Though something of a recluse, aloof and independent, he knows who's in or out of prison and keeps in touch with former staff members.

The pantry and storeroom are kept in order by Paul, whose family of cats has enlarged considerably of late with the addition of three new litters. Not wanting to lose the mothers, Paul is reluctant to call the S.P.C.A., and at wit's end trying to find a solution. He continues to feed the pigeons at Union Square every day, although I understand there is competition now from a man who feeds the pigeons corn rather than selected garbage, as Paul does.

Irish Pat, night-watchman for the Worker in the past and a man not to be trifled with, suffers now from a "bum back"; but still he manages to direct the soupline traffic and fold papers. Bill Harder, resembling some Old Testament prophet with a German accent, does a considerable amount of work in the kitchen despite his poor legs and his age. Hugh Madden runs to Ninth Street every day behind his cart to pick up the bread, returns on the run, then is off in the opposite direction for the groceries.

Toward evening others arrive: Big Julie, whose earthy humor has not been dampened by her recent serious eye operation; Missouri Marie, with her papers and her delightful laughter and chatter. Mike Kovalak, tall and ascetic, comes quietly to dine. Madame LaRoche, who sells the **Catholic Worker** on the Lower East Side, and two Russians—one tall and thin, the other short and stocky—take their places quietly and disturb no one, though they often are disturbed.

Second Floor

The workers on this floor were particularly hard pressed to put out the March-April issue, for it came while the appeal was still in the process of being prepared for the mails. At that time, also, Italian Mike decided that he would go to the farm, for he now moves with painful slowness. He left and so, it seemed, did much of the spirit of this floor. Italian Mike and Mary Gallagan would often sustain as they worked a dialogue of pseudo-sophisticated repartee, pun-filled exchanges, finally ending with some raw yet uproarious remark, which would bring down upon Mike's head loud but half-hearted reproaches. But no longer were the words of Mr. Anderson, Marion, Polish Walter, or whoever else happened to be seated around those tables, subject to his ribald wit, his earthy retorts. He was missed.

Frenchy adds to the humor on this floor with a variety of antics which, combined with his industriousness, tend to make the work less tedious. Barbara, Marie, Preston (who recently joined us), John Geiss, volunteers, occasional visitors—all contribute to the many-leveled, gregarious, moody or light, always original, talk and tone of this floor.

As I write this piece, a few days

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Poverty and Simplicity

The national convention of the Catholic Art Association will take place from August 14 to 17th at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio. Theme of the sessions will be: "True Poverty: A Workshop on Simplicity in Life and Art." Miss Josephine Drabek, New York City, is program chairman. The number of participants is limited, early inquiries are invited and may be made to the association's Executive Secretary, 53 Ridgewood Rd., Buffalo, New York 14220.

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

On April 15th, the day of the Spring Mobilization, a hundred and fifty of us marched in downtown Salt Lake City against the war, and three hundred and fifty people attended the teach-in at the University that night. In Pocatello, Idaho, two hundred people, including two nuns, marched in a snowstorm the same day.

Western Trip

We left early Easter Sunday morning and on Monday night had a rousing meeting at the State College in Pullman, Washington, planned by Professor Howard McCord, a Catholic poet who is deeply interested in the poetry of India. The University of Idaho, at Moscow, was closed for vacation, but I had a meeting in the home of John Sullivan. The next night I spoke to a small group at Whitman

College under the auspices of the Young Mens Christian Association. Some right-winger turned the lights off during my talk, but they were turned on again and the meeting continued. The local head of the Farm Labor Bureau told me that because the asparagus harvest is being mechanized only about a thousand instead of the customary six thousand farm laborers will probably be here this spring for the crop. Some professors from Pullman and Moscow run a nursery during the season to take care of children whose parents are working in the fields. The camp is nine miles south of Walla Walla, near the Oregon border.

On the way to Olympia we stopped at Yakima, one of the apple centers of Washington, and found the sorriest apples in the chain store; I guess they ship the best ones out of the state. We were welcomed at St. Martin's College by Noreen Higgins and Father Maurus Keller. My talk was well attended, with priests and nuns present. In Portland, Margaret Levy had me speak to the Rosicrucians, and the same night I had, as always, an interesting meeting at Reed College. At the University in Eugene, Barrie Toelkin, who formerly taught English at the University in Salt Lake City, planned my meeting.

We couldn't miss Tom and Nancy Coddington at their Hennacy Farm near Ukiah. And on the way we visited the Andersons at Willets, where I met my pretty godchild Margaret. Bob Callagy has moved to Bolinas, which is on the coast over the winding mountain roads

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A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is Monday of Pentecost Week, the fifteenth of May, the Feast of St. John Baptist de la Salle, the anniversary of the death of Peter Maurin. May still continues in her early April mood, with cool wet weather the order of the day. But many of the trees and shrubs, I am told, are loafed in the delicate green shadings of early Spring, and the grass springs with greenness under my feet. New birds have joined the bird chorus. As I stood outside in the mist for a few moments, I heard thrush music coming from our woods, like flute notes escaped from a Mozart concerto. The random warble of a bluebird seemed to float disembodied in the air. An oriole's jaunty little song comes like the insouciant refrain from the love lyric of a Cavalier poet. Finally, the bubbling alleluia of a wren assures me that whatever the weather, this is the month to go a-Maying, the month of the anniversary of the founding of the Catholic Worker by Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day in 1933, the month which begins with the feast of our great patron, St. Joseph the Worker, the month dedicated to Our Lady, without whose help we could hardly continue. Pray for us, Peter Maurin, that we may renew, re-live those dynamic truths you gave us in your great program of **Cult, Culture and Cultivation.**

It is hard to think of Spring with the bubbling enthusiasm of the wren, when we consider—as we must; for every newspaper, every TV or radio newscast re-emphasizes the brutal facts—the terrible deeds occuring in Vietnam. Deeds for which our country and we ourselves must assume the responsibility. There the dreadful cacophony of guns and bombs would drown the sweetest bird song, if any bird dared sing in such a place. There the fire of napalm falls on the nesting birds, making of them and their leafy jungle shelter a scorched and blazing holocaust in the satanic rites of war. But the birds are not the only sacrificial victims, for there among the blazing ruins of the forest, will be found the burning bodies of women and children. In the Pentagon the military strategists chalk up another victory. O Lord, Who in the Gospel of Pentecost Sunday promises us the gift of Your Peace —where is your peace?

But here at Tivoli, at the Catholic Worker "farm with a view," the rain continues to fall, falling heavily now, splattering noisily down gutters and on rooftops. The stream in the ravine runs like a little torrent. Almost rain enough, I think, to fill the swimming pool. Surely enough to end the drought which plagued us during our first years here. But when, O when, would the upper field be dry enough for John to plow and plant his garden? I rejoiced that he had been able to plant a few vegetables —carrots, beets, scallions, asparagus—down in the small garden next to the dwarf fruit trees Peter Lumsden and Catherine Swann Miller had set out for us. I thought of the seeds I myself had planted on the Vigil of Pentecost in the little garden beside the dining-room door, where Reginald Highhill had worked so hard to make the soil viable. I wondered if the seeds would wash away, and whether I should ever have morning-glories climbing over the picket fence (built originally by Joe Cole but repaired by Reggie), or whether flowers and herbs should ever grow along the neat slate walkways Reggie had put down for me to walk on. But even in the rain I hear the clear sweet whistles of a cardinal and the trill of a song sparrow. Then my imagination, atavistic and dour, suggested—as my remote forbears undoubtedly thought—that these raindrops were Nature's tears, shed for the deplorable conduct of all humankind. But my mind leapt to Shakespeare and the familiar but beautiful comparison of mercy to the gentle rain of heaven. Then surely these raindrops will mother fruitfulness. My heart joined the cardinal and song sparrow in a song of affirmation. For is He not merciful? **Miserere nobis.**

When Caroline Gordon Tate and Cary Peebles drove me back from Princeton, where I had spent a most refreshing and enjoyable six weeks, I was surprised to see a number of new faces at the farm, and to learn of the many guests who had continued to come in spite of most unspringlike weather, and to hear of the many comings and goings.

A summer visitor once remarked that she thought the principal work of the farm was "comings and goings." Perhaps it is; for we are indeed a house of hospitality on the land, where many come for food, not only for the body, but for the mind and spirit as well, food grown in the soil of Peter Maurin's teachings, nurtured by the care of Dorothy's Day's practical works of mercy. So whatever the weather, people—new friends and old, the curious and the critical—come and go.

It was good to find Joe and Audrey Monroe here when I returned, and to have them come back for another weekend a couple of weeks later, this time bringing their young friend, "Skip" Birch, who works with the West Harlem Community Program. It was good, too, to have Howard and Louise Moore drive over from Cherry Valley one May Sunday afternoon, though it was raining then, as now.

During the Moores' visit, Marge Hughes brought out an old **Catholic Worker** with an account of the brutal treatment Howard received during his incarceration in a federal prison for refusing to serve in the first World War. He was not only beaten badly but was also placed in solitary confinement with his hands stretched up above his head and manacled to the bars. After his release from prison — he served three years, I think — Howard returned to the Moore family farm, which has been in the family since 1828, and set out some twenty-one thousand young spruce trees.

At that time the trees were about the size of lead pencils; now they tower sixty feet or more into the air. Later Howard spent many years as a productive and successful businessman, but always as a man of good will and peace.

Now, in his retirement, he and his wife Louise, who is an ardent gardener and conservationist, have transformed the farm into a kind of combination botanical garden and bird sanctuary. Last July and September, when I visited the Moores, I walked with Louise through the spruce forest, and heard the organlike tones of the wind singing therein, and on a July morning the flutes of the wood thrushes, sweet and clear.

Would it not be better for our young men to plant trees than to go out with monstrous weapons to kill their fellow men (even women and children), and with napalm bombs to despoil the forests of the Vietnamese? Surely God will bless a man who plants a spruce forest.

Our guest book is, as usual, filled with the names of many guests, more than I am able to mention. Among those whom I most regret missing are Mary McArdle Asaro, her son Gerald, and her sister, Dorothy. It was good to have "Italian" Mike from Chrystie Street with us for a while. Unfortunately, Mike found our country life too quiet and dull, and returned at the first opportunity to the livelier, noisier haunts of the Bowery. It was good too to find that the peace candidate, Eric Lindbloom, and the poet, Denise Levertov, took time to visit us, though I was sorry to miss them. Yesterday Mary Hughes, Tommy Hughes and Johannah, now Mrs. Ed Turner, with her husband and

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BERNARD LAZARE

"That Atheist Overflowing With the Word of God"

By THOMAS P. ANDERSON

When Bernard Lazare first came to Paris from his native Nimes in the 1880s, he thought of himself as just another journalist, another eager young Jew anxious to make his fortune in the capital. As Charles Peguy was later to say, his role as prophet was hidden even from himself. It was the Dreyfus Affair that turned Bernard Lazare into the Prophet of Israel and made this young atheist and anarchist into one of the great champions of human freedom and dignity.

The Dreyfus Affair arose from charges against a Jewish army captain named Alfred Dreyfus, who was accused of being a German spy. It became a major event in French history because the anti-Semitic newspaper **La Libre Parole** turned the case against Dreyfus into a case against all the Jews in France. The result was that Dreyfus was convicted in 1894, on flimsy evidence, sent to Devil's Island, and then, with new evidence turned up by the Dreyfus family, brought back, retired, reconvicted and pardoned, and finally exonerated completely.

During the long battle over the affair, France was divided against herself. Most churchmen sided with the anti-Dreyfus forces. Catholic newspapers took the lead in slandering the Jews. Against them were ranged a number of Dreyfus defenders: Emile Zola, the novelist, Georges Clemenceau, the politician, socialist leader Jean Jaures, the great poet Charles Peguy (one of the few Catholic supporters of Dreyfus) and Bernard Lazare.

Lazare became interested in the case as a journalist. Soon he was devoting his full time to the interests of Dreyfus. It was in this connection that he came to be one of the circle that gathered around Peguy. Although they came from different worlds, the Catholic poet and the Jewish journalist became fast friends, and remained so until Lazare's untimely death in 1903. Yvonne Servais, in her biography of Peguy, says that they shared that "invincible young playfulness . . . strictly reserved to very pure hearts." And it was Peguy who characterized Lazare as "that atheist overflowing with the word of God."

The eventual result of the case was the complete vindication of Captain Dreyfus. But the ending of the persecution of Dreyfus was the signal for the start of a new persecution by the defenders of Dreyfus, directed against the Catholic Church. Such men as Jean Jaures held the church responsible for the affair and declared that she would have to be made to pay. The result, in 1902 and thereafter, was a series of anti-clerical laws aimed at wiping out the religious orders in France and abolishing Catholic education.

Now Bernard Lazare was a genuine atheist, who agreed with Marx, whom he often quoted, that religion was the opiate of the people. Nonetheless, Lazare sided with his friend Peguy in opposing the anti-clerical laws with the same passionate fury with which he had opposed the anti-Semitism of **La Libre Parole.** The result was the virtual ostracism of Lazare in liberal circles. No newspaper would take anything signed by him. His friends drifted away from him. In his struggle against the anti-clericalism of the government his health was broken, and in 1903 he died after a long illness and much suffering, but with his spirit still unconquered. Peguy, who was with him to the end, said that his eyes burned with a fierce, mystic light, and that even in his last moments, Lazare never lost his zestful optimism and hope for humanity.

Bernard Lazare is often referred to as an "anarchist," and in a very real sense he was. But his anarchism had nothing to do with the bomb-throwing variety then common in Europe. He was for a time close friends with Georges Sorel, the apostle of violence. Peguy remembered how they used to laugh together and joke with each other, but Lazare was too pure of heart ever to be deluded into the belief that one could cure the wounds of humanity with bombs. His anarchism was of a more fundamental nature. Peguy said:

It is necessary to realize that this was a man, and as I have precisely stated, a prophet, for whom all the apparatus of power, of reasons of state, for whom all temporal powers, all political powers and authorities of every sort, political, intellectual, mental, did not count at all, against his revolt, his conscience. We others, when we revolt against authority . . . at least we feel its weight. For him authorities did not exist.

Lazare **annihilated** all authority with his scorn.

But this attitude of revolt did not embitter Bernard Lazare. Peguy also says of him:

He had, undeniably, the parts of a saint, of holiness. And when I speak of a saint, I am not speaking metaphorically. He had a sweetness, a goodness, a mystic tenderness, an equality of humor, a tolerance of bitterness and ingratitude . . . he had a sort of perfect goodness and resignation associated with an incredible profundity of the spirit.

Peguy often spoke of him as a prophet, and so he was. The role of the prophets of old was that of denouncing the sins of Israel and appealing to her to turn from her old ways. This was Lazare's appeal to France in the days of the Dreyfus affair when bitterness filled the land, and a priest wrote to the editor of **La Libre Parole** offering to buy the skin of a Jew for a hearth rug.

In this great moral crisis Lazare fought back, unafraid of the hatred and violence that he was bringing on himself. Andre Fontainas once wrote of him: "Bernard Lazare's inflexible reason never surrendered to any temptation of wealth, prestige, of renown, or even of tranquility. He did not hide what he saw, and as it did not suffice for him to see without comprehending, he brought to light the motives of a base passion and of implacable prejudice."

When Edouard Drumont, the editor of **La Libre Parole,** wrote that "the anti-Semites proposed to deliver the workers from exploitation by the Jewish monopolies," Lazare answered: "And what, only the Jews? . . . How about the monopolists, the exploiters, the entrepreneurs who are Christians, what do you propose to do about them? You ignore them? Then it is because you are only an anti-Semite." Lazare was the champion of all the oppressed against all the oppressors. When the Dreyfusards took their revenge on the religious orders and closed the Church schools, Lazare declared: "If we do not take care, tomorrow we will find ourselves applauding the French police who take the child by the arm and force him to enter the state schools." He saw clearly that "the most formidable of inequalities are those which are consecrated under the principle of a law equal for all."

Lazare became intensely unpopular in Jewish circles, as well as clerical and anti-Semitic circles, because of his stand against the persecution of the Catholic Church. This hostility prompted Charles Peguy to remark that: "the failure to recognize its prophets by Israel, and the leadership of Israel by its prophets is the whole history of Israel. The failure to recognize saints by the sinners and the salvation of sinners by the saints, is the entire history of Christianity . . . It is remarkable, that the only journal where they ever treated our friend worthily, that is, in accordance with his dignity and grandeur, in his full measure and order of worth, where they treated him with enmity, no doubt, but all the same in accord with his worth . . . was in **La Libre Parole,** and the only man who did so was Edouard Drumont."

Definitive Work

The Dreyfus case and the controversy it engendered caused Bernard Lazare to write his most famous and best work: **Anti-semitism; Its History and Its Causes.** In this work he transcended the limits of sectarianism to write a history so comprehensive that it is still in many ways the last word on the subject. "To tell the story of Israel, is to tell the story of France, or Germany, or Spain," he wrote. He demonstrated clearly that the Jews were not a separate race of men, but a separate compact with their God, and that, therefore, they were the "leaven of nations." Only when unjust restrictions kept them out of the national life did they fail to become members of the society in which they lived.

Lazare saw that the Jews, because of their intellectual traditions, were innovators and natural revolutionaries. "Having their Tyrant in Heaven, they could not stand having one on earth." He saw in the Jewish people that element of progress which was leading mankind toward a new spiritual brotherhood of man. Like Teilhard de Chardin, he envisioned mankind moving toward a new

unity which would be based on the bonds of love and toleration. "A new civilization is in the process of making," he wrote," common to all enlighted nations—a civilization of humanity . . . The brotherhood of nations which formerly was a mere chimera, may be dreamed of now without transcending the limits of common sense . . . The nations are coming into closer touch and are learning to know one another better, admire one another, love one another." Anti-Semitism he saw as "the last, though most long lived, manifestation of the old spirit of reaction and narrow conservatism which is vainly attempting to arrest the onward movement of the Revolution." He maintained this optimism until the day of his untimely death (he was still in his thirties) in 1903.

Peguy recalled that on one of his last visits to Lazare he had found him elated over the fact that the Amsterdam metro had just been opened. Lazare maintained that any advance in transportation would break down the old barriers of selfishness and nationalism and make way for the Revolution. This Revolution he envisioned, in Marxist terms, as the triumph of the proletariat, but he did not envision it as a triumph of violence. The spirit of brutality which disfigures Marx's otherwise remarkable vision was missing in Lazare. Instead he envisioned revolution as the triumph of love.

After his death, the fragments of the book he had been working on were put together as **Le Fumier de Job (Job's Dunghill*) Job,** the man of suffering, was a char-

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* Translated into English by Harry Lorin Binsse and published in 1948 by Schocken Books, with an introduction by Hannah Arendt.

PAX GROUP SCORES DRAFT LAW

The consciences of those who follow the just war tradition should be respected.

Two sponsors of PAX* have joined with the group's chairman in a letter to all the members of the House of Representatives asking that a grave injustice in the Selective Service law (as recently voted upon by the Senate) be remedied. Congressmen are prepared with many amendments. PAX urges that one of the amendments deal with the inequity regarding those who follow the tradition of the just war.

Dear Mr. Congressman:

Unless certain provisions of the current Selective Service law are changed, a grave case of religious discrimination and denial of human rights will be continued. The Senate has already passed this legislation in its present form.

The law arbitrarily recognizes as conscientious objectors only those who believe all wars to be wrong. Yet the absolute moral obligation for a Christian to abstain from participation in a war which he cannot convince himself is just is of equal religious weight.

The conditions necessary for a just war are a long-established and central Christian teaching. They were first formulated by St. Augustine, a seminal theological thinker for both Catholics and Protestants alike. The chief conditions of this formulation are that a war must be:

declared by lawful authority and only as a last resort;
just in its cause, methods, and intentions;
certain of success and of correcting more evil than it will cause.

A reaffirmation of the duties of conscience was made by the Catholic bishops of the entire world at the Second Vatican Council in 1965, and they declared that ". . . it seems right that laws make humane provisions for the case of those who for reasons of conscience refuse to bear arms . . ."

Spokesmen for other Christian groups, such as Dr. John M. Swomley, professor of Christian Ethics at a Protestant school of theology, have pointed out that the draft law is unfair to those who follow the just war tradition, in particular, Catholics. Said Dr. Swomley: "The Roman Catholics then permitted Congress to pass a law discriminating in favor of the Protestant position."

It has been pointed out that the techniques for classifying those who base their position on just war principles is not necessarily any more difficult than for those who object to all wars. It is unworthy of the American tradition of responsible citizenship to perpetuate a situation in which some citizens are denied the right of conscientious judgment on so serious a matter as war while the right of others is explicitly preserved.

To remedy this injustice we propose that the Selective Service law be amended to include the following concept:

THE CONSCIENCES OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE JUST WAR TRADITION SHOULD BE RESPECTED.

We trust that in the short period before the law is voted upon in the House of Representatives and dealt with by the Conference Committee, men of conscience will address themselves to the ending of this long standing inequity.

Respectfully yours,
Howard Everngam, Chairman, Pax
Sr. M. Brendan RSHM, Sponsor, Pax
President, Marymount College,
Tarrytown, N. Y.
Philip Scharper, Sponsor, Pax
Editor, Sheed and Ward Publishers

What You Can Do:

1. **Write to your Congressman urging that the rights of conscience of all Americans be respected in the new draft law.**
2. **Write to your Bishop to ask if the just-war formula is still a part of Church teaching. If it is, it would seem imperative that he and his brother Bishops reaffirm it at this time. Since there has been silence on this crucial matter up to now, is there not an obligation on the part of the Bishops to speak out in the spirit of Vatican II regarding the rights of conscience of the members of their flocks?**
3. **Write or wire the Secretariat on World Justice and Peace to take up the matter of the Selective Service law as the first order of business. This Secretariat, owing its origin to Vatican II, has just been set up by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. It would be logical for this question, so intimately related to both justice and peace, to become its first concern. Address: Secretariat on World Justice and Peace, 1312 Massachusetts, Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20005. Msgr. Marvin Bordalon, Executive Secretary.**

*PAX: An association of Catholics and others who seek to promote peace and to encourage the practical application of Christian principles to the question of war. PAX publishes a quarterly magazine, PEACE. For information: PAX, Box 139, Murray Hill P.O., New York, 10016.

Spring Mobilization

(Continued from page 1)

joined me in the rear of the church, where I had a chance to do some heartfelt praying. When we came out again on the steps, Dr. Gill expressed his wonder at the peacefulness of this enormous gathering. It would have been different in England, he implied.

We were permitted to remain on the steps then because Father Richard McSorley, the Jesuit, and Brother David, the Benedictine monk were there, and the police became a bit more permissive. Two of the priests who joined us in watching the continued arrival of the marchers, greeted us before they left, and when I asked who the pastor of Holy Family Church was, I found that it was Msgr. Timothy Flynn himself I was speaking to and his assistant. Msgr. Flynn asked me to send him books to add to his peace collection in the circulating library attached to Holy Family Church. I hope that our readers will help in this project.

It was a beautiful and most satisfactory day, and aside from a few little skirmishes with high school kids who were out looking for excitement, there were almost no disturbances. The police were cooperative and to be commended on their courteous handling of what was estimated by most to be almost a half million people.

D. D.

LOAVES AND FISHES

Ed. note: The following text is the bulk of chapter two of Dorothy Day's book Loaves and Fishes, published by Harper & Row in 1963, which is an account of the history of the Catholic Worker movement up to that time and may be read as a supplement to her earlier autobiographical work The Long Loneliness (Doubleday-Image paperback). When the later book appeared, Thomas Merton wrote: "Every American Christian should read Dorothy Day's Loaves and Fishes, because it explodes the comfortable myth that we have practically solved the 'problem of poverty' in our affluent society . . . I hope that those who read her book will be moved by it to serious thought and to some practical action: it is a credit to American democracy and to American Catholicism." And Norman Thomas described Loaves and Fishes as "an absorbingly well-written series of pictures of her work and of those she has gathered around her in connection with the Catholic Worker, its hospitality house and its community farm. I rejoice with new hope for mankind because of the kind of work that she and some of her associates are doing."

By DOROTHY DAY

Someone once said that it took me from December until May to bring out the paper. The truth is that I agreed at once. The delay was due chiefly to the fact that Peter, in his optimism about funds, was relying on a priest he knew who had a very plush rectory uptown on the West Side. His clerical friend would give us a mimeograph machine, paper, and space in the rectory basement. None of these were forthcoming — they had been only optimistic notions of Peter's.

But in the meantime Peter was educating me. I had a secular education, he said, and he would give me a Catholic outline of history. One way to study history was to read the lives of the saints down the centuries. Perhaps he chose this method because he had noticed my library, which contained a life of St. Teresa of Avila and her writings, especially about her spiritual foundations, and a life of St. Catherine of Siena. "Ah, there was a saint who had an influence on her times!" he exclaimed. Then he plunged into a discussion of St. Catherine's letters to the Popes and other public figures of the fourteenth century, in which she took them to task for their failings.

The date I had met Peter is clear in my mind because it was just after the feast of the Immaculate Conception, which is on December 8. I had visited the national shrine at Catholic University in Washington to pray for the hunger marchers. I felt keenly that God was more on the side of the hungry, the ragged, the unemployed, than on the side of the comfortable churchgoers, who gave so little heed to the misery of the needy and the groaning of the poor. I had prayed that some way would open up for me to do something, to line myself up on their side, to work for them, so that I would no longer feel I had been false to them in embracing my new-found faith.

The appearance of Peter Maurin, I felt with deep conviction, was the result of my prayers. Just as the good God had used the farmer Habakuk to bring the mess of food intended for the reapers to Daniel in the lions' den, so had He sent Peter Maurin to bring me the good intellectual food I needed to strengthen me to work for Him.

I learned shortly how he had happened to come to see me. He had heard of me on a visit to the **Commonweal**, our famous New York weekly edited by laymen. It had been started by Michael Williams, a veteran journalist, who had worked in San Francisco on the same paper with my father years before. Peter had also been told of my conversion by a red-headed Irish Communist with whom he struck up a conversation on a bench in Union Square. The Irishman told Peter that we both had similar ideas—namely, that the Catholic Church had a social teaching which could be applied to the problems of our day. So Peter had set out to find me.

Now he had someone to whom he could propound his program. He must have proposed it many times before, at Social Action conferences, in visits to public figures and chancery offices around the country. But he seemed to have got nowhere. It might have been his shabbiness, it might have been his thick accent, that prevented him from getting a hearing.

Perhaps it was because of my own radical background that Peter brought me a digest of the writings of Kropotkin one day, calling my attention especially to **Fields, Factories and Worshops.** He had gone over to the Rand School of Social Science for this, and carefully copied out the pertinent passages. He also liked **Mutual Aid** and **The Conquest of Bread.**

I was familiar with Kropotkin only through his **Memoirs of a Revolutionist**, which had originally run serially in the **Atlantic Monthly.** (Oh, far-off day of American freedom, when Karl Marx could write for the morning **Tribune** in New York, and Kropotkin could not only be published in the **Atlantic**, but be received as a guest in the homes of New England Unitarians, and in Jane Addams' Hull House in Chicago!)

Theory of Revolution

Peter came day after day. He brought me books to read and the newest of his phased writings. There was to be no end to my learning.

One day I chanced upon Peter in his friend's uptown church. I had dropped in to say a few prayers. After some minutes I looked up. There was Peter, sitting in front of the Blessed Sacrament, evidently in deep meditation. He seemed totally unconscious of the presence of anyone else in the church. He sat there in silence. Every now and then he would nod his head, and gesticulate with his hand, as though he were making one of his points to the Presence before Whom he sat so quietly. I did not want to disturb him.

Also, in my subconscious, I was probably tired of his constant conversation. His line of thought, the books he had given me to read, were all new to me and all ponderous. There was so much theory. I had read about Kropotkin the man, his life and adventures. In a way they told me much. I was not sure I wanted to know more. Peter read Kropotkin's theoretical works. It was the idea, the abstract thought, that got him and that he hoped would get me.

Sitting there thinking back over the past weeks, I had to face the fact that Peter was hard to listen to. I would tune in some concert, some symphony, and beg him to be still. Tessa (my brother John's wife) and I both loved music, but Peter seemed to have no ear for it. He would be obedient for a time. But soon he would look at my forbidding face, and, seeing no yielding there, he would go over to the gentler Tessa, Pulling a chair close to hers and leaning almost on the arm, he would begin to talk. He was incorrigible. Yet we were growing to love him, to greet him warmly when he came, to press food on him, knowing that he ate only one meal a day.

His willingness to talk to any visitor who dropped in, however, was a boon to us; it released us for our various chores. I, for example, could run into the front room to my typewriter and get some work done. I recall one visitor in particular, who came quite often, a sculptor named Hugh—a tall man, heavy and quiet, with big brown eyes. He used to take out a flute and play while Peter talked to him.

"You are quite right, Peter," he would say every now and then, nodding absently. Then he would go right on piping his simple tunes. He startled us one day, when a woman friend of ours came to call, by remarking after she had left that she used to come to his studio and sit in the nude on the mantelpiece. We concluded that she must have resembled some model who had once posed for him.

Usually by ten or eleven we urged our visitors to go. We were at home with them and felt free to send them on their way. On mild nights, Hugh and Peter would go on to Union Square to sit on a park bench. There they would continue their conversation—if it could be called that—with Hugh playing his flute, and Peter, gesticulating, haranguing him with his discussion of history, his analysis of ideas, old and new, and, in doing so, perhaps rehearsing his lessons for me the next day.

Placidly, Tessa awaited her baby, and I went on with my free-lancing. In the evenings, my brother and I (John was working days now) would talk over plans for the paper with Peter, who knew nothing about journalism. He would supply the ideas, and we would get out the paper for the "man in the street."

Getting Into Print

My mind and heart were full of the part I had to play, self-centered creature that I was. I planned the makeup and the type, and what stories I would write to go with Peter's easy essays. I don't think we even consulted Peter as to whether he liked the title we had given to his writings in the paper, "Easy Essays." He was so happy over the coming incarnation of his ideas in print that he never expressed himself on the subject. But he well knew that, in spite of the title, his essays were anything but easy. Like those in the Gospel, his were hard sayings—hard to work out in everyday life.

Having become convinced of this after several weeks, I went, on the advice of Father Joseph McSorley, former provincial of the Paulist Society and my good spiritual adviser at the time, to the Paulist Press. For an edition of two thousand copies, I was told, the price would be fifty-seven dollars.

I decided to wait until I had the cash in hand before getting out the first issue. I didn't want to run up any debts. I did no installment buying, although I didn't mind being late with the rent or skimping on groceries to speed the accumulation of enough money to pay the first bill. Father McSorley helped a lot by finding work for me to do. Father Harold Purcell gave me ten dollars, and Sister Peter Claver brought me a dollar which someone had just given to her.

All that winter Peter had come back and forth from Mt. Tremper in upstate New York, but by April he was in town all the time. Our plans were shaping up. Yet Peter was plainly not too well pleased with the way the paper was going.

I had sent my copy to the printer—news accounts of the exploitation of Negroes in the South, and the plight of the sharecroppers; child labor in our own neighborhood; some recent evictions; a local strike over wages and hours; pleas for better home relief, and so on—and we were waiting for proofs.

When they came we cut them out and started making a dummy, pasting them up on the eight pages of a tabloid the size of the **Nation**, writing headlines, and experimenting with different kinds of type. Peter looked over what I had written as it came back from the printer. I could see that, far from being happy about it, he was becoming more and more disturbed. One day, while looking over some fresh proofs, he shook his head. His expression was one of great sadness.

"It's everyone's paper," he said. I was pleased. I thought that was what we both wanted. "And everyone's paper is no one's paper," he added with a sigh.

He rose without another word and went out the door. Later we learned indirectly that he had gone back upstate. It was some time before we heard from him again.

We kept hoping that he would be on hand for that historic May Day in 1933 when we ventured out in Union Square to sell the first issue. He wasn't. A friendly priest sent three young men to accompany me. One of them was Joe Bennett, a tall, gangling blond boy from Denver, who was to work closely with us for some months. The day was bright and warm and beautiful. The square was packed with demonstrators and paraders, listening to speeches, carrying on disputes among themselves, or glancing through the great masses of literature being given out or sold, which so soon were litter on the ground.

The two younger men, intimidated and discouraged by the slighting comments of the champions of labor and the left, soon fled. Religion in Union Square! It was preposterous! If we had been representing Jehovah's Witnesses, we might have had a friendlier reception. But people associated with the Roman Catholic Church! Joe Bennett and I stuck it out, reveling in the bright spring sunshine. We did not sell many papers, but we did enjoy the discussions into which we were drawn. One Irishman looked at the masthead and rebuked us for the line which read "a penny a copy." We were in the pay of the English, he said. Next month we changed it to "a cent a copy" just to placate the Irish.

We knew Peter would not have let this go without making a point. He would have said, "When an Irishman met an Irishman a thousand years ago, they started a monastery. Now, when an Irishman meets an Irishman, you know what they start." Then he would have gone on with a long discourse on Gaelic culture, on how it was the Irish who kept civilization alive through the Dark Ages, and on and on, until his adversary would have forgotten all about his heat over the penny.

Another protest came from a Negro, who pointed out that the two workers on our masthead, standing on either side of our title, the **Catholic Worker**, were both white men. One had a pick and the other had a shovel. "Why not have one white and the other colored?" he wanted to know.

We thought it was a good suggestion. Before our next issue came out we found an artist who made a new masthead for us, a white man and a colored man, each with his implements of toil, clasping hands, with the figure of Christ in the background, uniting them. Joe Bennett and I sat on park benches that first day, got our first touch of sunburn and gradually relaxed. In spite of our small sales and the uncertain prospects for the future, it was with a happy feeling of accomplishment that I returned to East Fifteenth Street that evening.

Lost Leader

But I missed Peter Maurin. We had been so excited at the idea of launching a new paper, small though it was, and we had had so many details to attend to, that there was not much time to miss him before the paper came out. But now I did. His absence gave me an

Pie in the Sky

By PETER MAURIN

Bourgeois capitalists
don't want their pie
in the sky
when they die.
They want their pie
here and now.
To get their pie
here and now
bourgeois capitalists
give us
better and bigger
commercial wars
for the sake of markets
and raw materials.
But as Sherman says,
"War is hell."
So we get hell
here and now
because bourgeois capitalists
don't want their pie
in the sky
when they die,
but want their pie
here and now.

Bolshevist Socialists,
like bourgeois capitalists,
don't want their pie
in the sky
when they die.
They want their pie
here and now.
Bolshevist Socialists
give us
better and bigger
class wars
for the sake
of capturing the control
of the means of production
and distribution.
But war is hell,
whether it is
a commercial war
or a class war.
So we get hell
here and now
because Bolshevist Socialists
don't want their pie
in the sky
when they die,
but want their pie
here and now.

Bolshevist Socialists
as well as
bourgeois capitalists
give us hell
here and now
without
leaving us the hope
of getting our pie
in the sky
when we die.
We just
get hell.
Catholic Communionism
leaves us the hope
of getting our pie
in the sky
when we die
without
giving us hell
here and now.

EVERYONE

uneasy feeling, reminding me that our paper was not reflecting his thought, although it was he who had given us the idea.

Then, for a while, I was too busy again to think much about it. Copies had to be mailed out to editors of diocesan papers and to men and women prominent in the Catholic world. Mail began to come in praising our first effort. Some letters even contained donations to help us continue our work. I was lighthearted with success. We had started. Tessa's baby was born the week after the **Catholic Worker** was launched. A few days later my brother got a job, editing the small-town paper in Dobbs Ferry, up the Hudson River, and moved his family there.

At the same time a barbershop on the street floor below our apartment house became empty. I could see that it would be ideal for an office. It was a long shop, and narrow. In back of it was a bedroom, and beyond that a kitchen. A door opened on the backyard, and the paved space in front of the garden made an ideal spot for an outdoor sitting room where we could receive guests and even serve afternoon tea. So, with a few pieces of second-hand furniture—a desk, a table, a filing case, and a couple of chairs—we made still another start.

More and more people began to come. Two constant visitors at the office of the **Catholic Worker** were a thin, shabby, and rather furtive-looking pair whom Peter had picked up in Union Square earlier in the spring before he went away. To him they represented "the worker." They would listen to him untiringly and without interrupting. They were the beginning of an audience, something to build on—not very promising, but something. After one of Peter's discussions in the square, they usually followed him to my place, where, if there was not a bit of change forthcoming, there was at least bread and sweet tea. Peter would say each time, "They have no place to sleep." He was sure that I would produce the dollar needed for two beds on the Bowery. But often there was no dollar, so they stayed for lunch instead.

All the while Peter was in the country I was visited regularly by the pair of them. They always announced themselves before I opened the door: "Dolan and Egan here again." It got so that my personal friends, knowing how exasperated I was becoming at having my time taken up, used to call out upon arriving, "Dolan and Egan here again."

Thus it was with repressed impatience that I heard one day a knock on the door of my apartment above the barbershop. I stood there, braced for the familiar greeting. When it did not come, I opened the door anyway — there stood Peter Maurin.

"Peter! Where have you been?" My relief was so great that my welcome was ardent. "Where were you on May Day? Thousands of people in Union Square and not a sign of Peter!"

"Everyone's paper is no one's paper," he repeated, shaking his head. Peter seemed rested and not so dusty as usual. His gray eyes told me that he was glad to be back. While I prepared coffee and soup and put out the bread, he went on and on, and I let him, content to wait until he was eating his soup to tell him all that had been happening. When his mouth was full he would listen.

I got no explanation from him as to why he had gone away. The closest he came to it was to say wryly, with a shrug, "Man proposes and woman disposes." But he looked at me and smiled and his eyes warmed. I could see that he was happy to be back and ready to get on with his mission. He was full of patience, ready to look at me now not as a Catherine of Siena, already enlightened by the Holy Spirit, but as an ex-Socialist, ex-I.W.W., ex-Communist, in whom he might find some concordance, some basis on which to build. But unions and strikes and the fight for better wages and hours would remain my immediate concern. As St. Augustine said, "The bottle will still smell of the liquor it once held." I continued on this track until Peter had enlightened my mind and enlarged my heart to see further, more in accord with the liberty of Christ, of which St. Paul was always speaking.

Peter took up right where he had left off, pulling a book from his pocket to continue my schooling. It might have been an encyclical on St. Francis of Assisi; or something by Eric Gill, writer, sculptor, artist, craftsman, living at that time in a community in England; or the short book **Nazareth or Social Chaos** by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., who had encouraged that community. It was only gradually, through many conversations, that I came to understand enough of his thinking to realize why he considered the stories in the first issue of the **Catholic Worker** inadequate.

He often spoke of what he called "a philosophy of work." "Work, not wages—work is not a commodity to be bought and sold" was one of his slogans. "Personal responsibility, not state responsibility" was another. A favorite source of his was **The Personalist Manifesto** by Emmanuel Mounier, which he would go around extemporaneously translating from the French for the benefit of anyone who would listen. He finally persuaded Father Virgil Michel, a Benedictine priest of St. John's Abbey, in Minnesota, to translate it. Peter got it published. "A personalist is a **go-giver**, not a **go-getter**," he used to say. "He tries to give what he has instead of trying to get what the other fellow has. He tries to be good by doing good to the other fellow. He has a social doctrine of the common good. He is alter-centered, not self-centered."

Philosophy of Labor

Much later, when I had a look at that first issue, I could see more clearly what bothered Peter. We had emphasized wages and hours while he was trying to talk about a philosophy of work. I had written of women in industry, children in industry, of sweatshops and strikes.

"Strikes don't strike me!" Peter kept saying, stubbornly. It must have appeared to him that we were just urging the patching-up of the industrial system instead of trying to rebuild society itself with a philosophy so old it seemed like new. Even the name of the paper did not satisfy him. He would have preferred **Catholic Radical**, since he believed that radicals should, as their name implied, get at the roots of things. The second issue of the paper, the June-July number, showed that we had been talking things over. My editorial said:

Peter Maurin (whose name we misspelled in the last issue) has his program which is embodied in his contribution this month. Because his program is specific and definite, he thinks it is better to withdraw his name from the editorial board and continue his contact with the paper as a contributor.

Then came Peter's editorial:

As an editor, it will be assumed that I sponsor or advocate any reform suggested in the pages of the Catholic Worker. I would rather definitely sign my own work, letting it be understood what I stand for.

My program stands for three things: Round-table discussions is one and I hope to have the first one at the Manhattan Lyceum the last Sunday in June. We can have a hall holding 150 people for eight hours for ten dollars. I have paid a deposit of three. I have no more money now but I will beg the rest. I hope everyone will come to this meeting. I want Communists, radicals, priests, and laity. I want everyone to set forth his own views. I want clarification of thought.

The next step in the program is houses of hospitality. In the Middle Ages it was an obligation of the bishop to provide houses of hospitality or hospices for the **wayfarer. They are especially necesary now and necessary to my program, as halfway houses. I am hoping that someone will donate a house rent-free for six months so that a start may be made. A priest will be at the head of it and men gathered from our round-table discussions will be recruited to work in the houses cooperatively and eventually be sent out to farm colonies or agronomic universities. Which comes to the third step in my program. People will have to go back to the land. The machine has displaced labor. The cities are overcrowded. The land will have to take care of them.**

My whole scheme is a Utopian, Christian communism. I am not afraid of the word communism. I am not saying that my program is for everyone. It is for those who choose to embrace it. I am not opposed to private property with responsibility. But those who own private property should never forget it is a trust.

This succinct listing of his aims was not even the lead editorial. Perhaps it sounded too utopian for my tastes; perhaps I was irked because women were left out in his description of a house of hospitality, where he spoke of a group of men living under a priest. In addition to Peter's editorial, there were several of his easy essays. In one, recommending the formation of houses of hospitality and farming communies, he wrote in his troubador mood:

We need round-table discussions to keep trained minds from becoming academic.

We need round-table discussions to keep untrained minds from becoming superficial.

We need round-table discussions to learn from scholars how things would be, if they were as they should be.

We need round-table discussions to learn from scholars how a path can be made from things as they are to things as they should be.

We need houses of hospitality to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor.

We need houses of hospitality to bring the Bishops to the people and the people to the Bishops.

We need houses of hospitality to bring back to institutions the technique of institutions.

We need houses of hospitality to bring social justice through Catholic Action.

The unemployed need free rent. They can have that in an agronomic university.

The unemployed need free fuel. They can get that in an agronomic university.

The unemployed need free food. They can raise that in an agronomic university.

The unemployed need to acquire skill. They can do that in an agronomic university.

There were other articles on more mundane matters. One stated that readers had contributed $156.50. That, with what money I got from free-lancing, would keep us going. There was also a report on distribution: papers were being mailed out all over the country in bundles of ten or twenty; Dolan and Eagan had been selling on the streets (they kept the money to pay for their "eats and tobacco"); and I too had embarked on the great adventure of going out to face up to "the man on the street."

So we continued through the summer. Since this was the depression and there were no jobs, almost immediately we found ourselves a group, a staff, which grew steadily in numbers. Joe Bennett, our first salesman, was still with us. Soon we were joined by Stanley Vishnewski, a seventeen-year-old Lithuanian boy from the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn who used to walk to New York over the bridge every day and then twenty-five blocks uptown to Fifteenth Street. He sold the paper, too, and ran errands and worked without wages despite the urging of his father, a tailor, that he ought to be looking for a job. (Stanley has remained with us ever since.) . . .

That summer Peter performed with gusto his role as a troubador of God. During dinner he talked —or rather he chanted—and his essays made a pleasant accompaniment to our meals.

One of them, "A Case for Utopia," which we printed later in our paper, is especially pertinent today:

The world would be better off if people tried to become better, and people would become better if they stopped trying to become better off.

For when everyone tries to become better off nobody is better off.

But when everyone tries to become better everybody is better off.

Everyone would be rich if nobody tried to become richer, and nobody would be poor if everybody tried to be the poorest.

And everybody would be what he ought to be if everybody tried to be what he wants the other fellow to be.

On American Traits

By PETER MAURIN

"I have lived
in all the major dictatorships—
Russia, Italy, Germany.
My experience teaches me
that democracy
with all its faults
is better
than any of these.
My experience teaches me
that the maintenance
of personal freedom
should be
the primary consideration
of every human being.
It is never a choice
between freedom
and a full stomach.
No dictatorship
has given either."
LOUIS FISCHER

At the base
of the American spirit
is the functionalism
of frontier life,
not the acquisitivism
of the Chamber of Commerce.
The American spirit
is characterized
by the love of freedom,
the spirit of initiative
and the will to co-operate.
The American
does not like
to be pushed about
and to be sent
where he does not want
to go.
Even the business man
likes to talk about
the spirit of initiative,
which he calls
free enterprise.
When in America
someone is busy
doing something
for the Common Good
he finds people
willing to co-operate.

Freedom is a duty
more than a right.
Man has a duty
to be intelligent.
Man has a duty
to act intelligently,
using pure means
to reach pure aims.
To use impure means
is to take the wrong road.
You cannot go
where you want to go
by taking a road
which does not lead you there.
Having pure aims
and using pure means
is making the right use
of freedom.
The spirit of initiative
is what businessmen call
free enterprise.
A private enterprise,
must be carried out
for the common good.
If a private enterprise
is not carried out
for the Common Good
it turns out to be a public nuisance.
A public nuisance
produces grievances.
Personal grievances
against public nuisances
produce demagogues
who promise to wipe out
public nuisances.
The spirit of initiative
of social-minded people
brings into existence
social institutions
that make for the welfare
of the common people.

When someone
has something
considered by the common man
to be beneficial
to the Common Good
he is admired
by the common man.
The admiration
of unselfish men
who are not afraid
to take the initiative
creates a desire
among the admirers
to climb on the bandwagon
of men of initiative.
They want to be part
of an unselfish movement.
They are willing
to make sacrifices
for the common cause.
So the will to co-operate
is the result
of the daring
of unselfish men
who are not afraid
to take the initiative.

E'S PAPER

Teachers, Traders, and Tricksters

NO RECOURSE

Politicians used to say:
"We make prosperity
through our wise policies."
Business men used to say:
"We make prosperity
through our private enterprise."
The workers did not seem
to have anything to do
about the matter.
They were either
put to work
or thrown out
of employment.
And when unemployment came
the workers had no recourse
against the prosperity—
politicians
and business man.

POLITICS IS POLITICS

A politician is an artist in the art
of following the wind
of public opinion.
He who follows the wind
of public opinion
does not follow
his own judgment.
And he who does not follow
his own judgment
cannot lead people
out of the beaten path.
He is like the tail end of the dog
trying to lead the head.
When people stand back
of politicians
and politicians
stand back of the people,
people and politicians
go around in a circle
and get nowhere.

MAKER OF DEALS

A business man
is a maker of deals
He wants to close
a profitable deal
in the shortest possible time.
To close a profitable deal
in the shortest possible time
he tells you what a good bargain
you are getting.
And while he tells you
what a good bargain
you are getting
he is always thinking
what a good bargain
he is getting.
He appeals
to the selfishness in you
to satisfy
the selfishness in him.

BUSINESS IS SELFISHNESS

Because everybody
is naturally selfish
business men say
that business
must be based
on selfishness.
But when business
is based on selfishness
everybody is busy
becoming more selfish.
And when everybody is busy
becoming more selfish
we have classes and clashes.

TEACHING SUBJECTS

Our business managers
don't know how to manage
because they don't understand
the things they try to manage.
the things they try to manage
So they turn to college professors
in the hope of understanding
the things they try to manage.
But college professors
do not profess anything;
they only teach subjects.
As teachers of subjects
college professors
may enable people
to master subjects.
But mastering subjects
has never enabled anyone
to master situations.

SPECIALIZATION

A few years ago,
I asked a college professor
to give me
the formulation
of those universal concepts
embodied
in the universal message
of universal universities
that will enable
the common man
to create
a universal economy.
And I was told
by the college professor:
"This is not my subject."
Colleges and universities
give to the students
plenty of facts
but very little understanding.
They turn out specialists
knowing more and more
about less and less.

CHISTIANITY UNTRIED

Chesterton says:
"The Christian ideal
has not been tried
and found wanting.
It has been found difficult
and left untried."
Christianity has not been tried
because people thought
it was impractical.
And men have tried everything
except Christianity.
And everything
that men have tried
has failed.

Christianity and Democracy

The Common Good
is not common,
because common sense
does not prevail.
In a good autocracy
the Common Good
is incarnated
in a good autocrat.
In a good aristocracy
the Common Good
is incarnated
in the good aristocrats.
In a good democracy
the Common Good
is incarnated
in the good democrats.
The good democrats
are democrats
with the democratic spirit.
They are the elite
in a democracy.

Jules Beranger
followed Jusserand
as French Ambassador
in Washington.
Beranger was an agnostic
who could not conceive
of a democracy
without a cultural elite.
The elite in a democracy
is imbued
with what we call
the right spirit.
The democratic elite
is the spearhead
of a democratic society.
The democratic elite
is recruited
from all classes
of a democratic society.
The democratic elite
is not moved
by greed for wealth
or greed for power.
It is moved
by clear thinking.

Agnostic intellectuals
lack faith
in Christ the Redeemer
as well as
in God the Omnipotent.
And now
they are losing faith
in the power of man
to pull himself up
by his own bootstraps.
Faith in Christ the Redeemer,
hope in the life to come,
and charity toward all men
are motivating forces
in the fostering
of a democratic elite—
without which
a democratic society
becomes the laughing-stock
of totalitarian societies.
What a fine place
this world would be
if Dualist Humanists
tried to be human
to men.
What a fine place
this world would be
if Personalist Theists
tried to be
their brother's keeper
as God
wants them to be.
What a fine place
this world be
if Fundamentalist Protestants
tried to exemplify
the Sermon on the Mount.
What a fine place
this world would be
if Roman Catholics
tried to keep up
with St. Francis of Assisi.

Social Workers And Workers

The training of social workers
enables them to help people
to adjust themselves
to the existing environment.
The training of social workers
does not enable them
to help people
to change the environment.
Social workers
must become social-minded
before they can be critics
of the existing environment
and free creative agents
of the new environment.
In Houses of Hospitality
social workers can acquire
that art of human contacts
and that social-mindedness
or understanding of social forces
which will make them critical
of the existing environment
and the free creative agents
of a new environment.

"Terror at the absence of God
in the world, the feeling that one
is no longer able to realize the
divine, perplexity at God's silence,
at his withdrawal beyond our
reach, dismay before a world los-
ing meaning as it grows profane,
a world obeying eyeless and face-
less laws that reduce not only
nature but human beings to things
—all these are aspects of an ex-
perience which, finding theo-
retical sense in what seems like
an obligatory atheism, is a very
real experience of profound
existence. It is an experience still
far from being successfully met
and grappled with by the vulgar
thought and speech of Christian-
ity."

KARL RAHNER, S.J.

Aims and Purposes

(An editorial by Dorothy Day, published in the May 1943 Catholic Worker.)

"Let us therefore love God because God hath first loved us. If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?" — **St. John.**

It is because of this invitation that we are engaged in the work of getting out **The Catholic Worker.** "Love is an exchange of gifts," St. Ignatius said. And we want to show our love for our brother, so that we can show our love for God; and the best way we can do it is to try to give him what we've got, in the way of food, clothing and shelter; to give him what talents we possess by writing, drawing pictures, reminding each other of the love of God and the love of man. There is too little love in this world, too little tenderness.

Love Fulfills the Law

How can we love God and kill our brother? How can we love our brother and kill him? How can we fulfill the Gospel precept to be perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect; how can we follow the precept to love God when we kill our fellow men? How can war be compatible with such love?

To kill, to destroy, to starve, to inflict all these sufferings with love—that is sadism of the most hideous kind. That is perversity. It has long been said that religion is the opiate of the people. Pope Pius XI said that the workers of the world are lost to the Church. If that is true, if the poor of the world are turned from the Bride of Christ, it is because there is no relation between the spiritual and the material. We are not trying to put into effect our Christianity, our Christian principles. They are not animating our lives.

Why do we write about cooperatives, credit unions, mutual aid? Because when we see what Christianity is, when we see the beauty of our faith—when we have gone through something analogous to a conversion, we see all things new, as St. Paul says. We look upon our work, our lives, and we say, "How do these things square with Christian teaching? Can we go on making money at the expense of our brother? Can we be profiteers, can we work on Wall Street? Can we go in for advertising which sets up false standards, which perverts the people, which fills their minds with meretricious desires, making the good sweet life of the Christian unpalatable?" If we wish to follow Christ, we will be workers like Jesus, like St. Joseph, like St. Paul. We will think of the dignity of labor, we will respect the worker, will bear our share of responsibility towards making that new social order wherein justice dwelleth, where people will have that certain amount of goods which St. Thomas says is necessary to lead a good life.

Why do we talk about houses of hospitality, bread lines, and farming communes and the necessity of our taking care of our poorer brother? Because the greatest hypocrisy is this, to say to our brother in need, "Go, be thou filled," and give him no bread.

How can we show our love for God except through our love for our brothers?

How can we cease to cry out against injustice and human misery?

The first Sunday in May, I went visiting through Paterson and Passaic with Sister Peter Claver, and saw some of her Negro students and heard some of their sotries. There was one elderly woman caring for grandchildren, two little boys, working at hard days' work, living in a cold house. During the depths of the winter she had no stove. At one time she was so poor she sold her bed and slept on a board between two chairs.

There is always work, people will say. Yes, but what if your children are sick, or if you are too ill yourself to work?

This poor woman had supplied the bouquet of flowers that Low Sunday morning for the altar of the little Negro chapel in Paterson. They were the only flowers there, and it was the month of May.

She had one of her grandchildren in her arms all during the Mass and it cooed like a little pigeon.

Oh, the suffering, the poverty, of these poor of Christ, and the indifference of Christians!

On my recent visit South I heard of a white man who had killed seven Negroes, one for not getting out of his bed, one for marrying a mulatto of whom he was enamoured. And in speaking of these things to one of the brothers of the order I had visited he said to me:

"But that is not the worst. When I was down South as a brother, I saw a young man with his arms and legs grotesquely crippled. He had offended a white man at the age of twelve or so and the man had laid hold of him and broken both his arms and legs like matchsticks. They were never set properly and he was crippled for life."

Are not these sins crying to heaven for vengeance? And how can we do anything but howl over these sins in which we share? They are our sins. Just as we believe in the communion of saints —that we share in the merits of the saints, so we must believe that we share in the guilt of such cruelty and injustice.

We cannot talk of the love of God, the love of our neighbor without recognizing the dire need for penance. In a world in which such cruelty exists, in which men are so possessed, such a spirit cannot be cast out but by prayer and fasting. Our Lord Himself said so.

"We are told that there is too much talk on race relations, too many demonstrations. We are counseled to go slowly, to be prudent, for you 'cannot legislate morality.' This last statement, of course, is the height of arrogance in America today; human and civil rights are not something given or conceded to the minority by the omnipotent majority. They are given in the act of creation by God; man must respect them, not legislate about them. If they are in our constitutions and bills of rights it is becasue they exist in man previous to any constitution; they belong to every man and woman on God's earth; the persons who attempt to 'give' them or 'curtail' them are both tyrants, be they in the North or in the South.'

—Rev. Peter J. Riga

WAY OF THE CROSS

No ceremonial bow may bring Your Crucifixion
To me now
Nor surpliced priest, nor canticle.
Though millions mull, one in mind

Of reverence, I am blind,
Nodding penitence in kind;
For there are other ways of love
And I am lost on a shoal of whispering wants.

Christ; walk in my town today
And tell again of love!
Against the morning door I feel a thrust.
Tomorrow's news! I rush to dust.

Elizabeth McGrath

A New Community

By JIM WILSON

In the church of the 60's (Vatican Council and post-Vatican Council period) there has been much discussion of **poverty, peace,** and **community.** Actually, the three are interrelated and cannot be separated. If they are, then Christianity ceases to exist; e.g., if a nation has set a code of values at the level of holy poverty, and yet finds itself at war with another nation, it ceases to be Christian, or if a people form themselves into a community of love, and yet hoard their possessions (in community) from those outside their community, they likewise cease to be Christian.

Voluntary Poverty

What do we mean when we speak of Christian poverty? First, we must realize that our answers must be biblical; they await us in the Old and New Testaments. We see in the New Testament that Christ's message of peace and love is founded on a commitment to total poverty. Christ became poor and demands that we do the same. Material goods are not condemned by Christ, but our concern for them is.

What does it mean to become poor? Does it mean leaving our present social "status" and moving to the bottom of the social scale, the slums of the city? Yes, it means this—and much more. It doesn't only mean leaving our possessions behind while we move our bodies into the pit of poverty. It means leaving our security along with our possessions. We must have nothing to save us from the humility of begging. If we are to become like the poor, we must suffer all the injustices which they suffer, before we can even begin to think about improving their condition. If we seek social justice without having suffered from social injustice, not only will we be hypocritical, but we will never successfully change anything. Only those who have been crushed by an evil system can rise up and destroy that system. It is the Christian paradox of dying in order to live.

Yes, we must know the filth of the poor by living in the situation where filth is the daily routine. Our bodies must give off the same odor of dirt and sweat that is the perfume of the poor man. This does not mean that we must remain in this state of filth, but we must pass through it and experience it before we can show the poor that dirt, garbage and filth are not synonomous with poverty.

When, as Christians, we made our commitment to the poor, we said to ourselves, "Christ has told us to become like the poor; surely then, these are the saints." The more we live their life, the more we realize what Christ was trying to tell us. We see, for example, that the poor are as greedy and as status-seeking as the "middle class" —always striving for more and more material goods. What, then, is the difference? Why has Christ chosen the poor? They were chosen because their system of values can still be changed; since they haven't had, they can learn to stop seeking. They can learn that the joy of mere relationships with other people is worth more than many of our modern luxuries. They can still learn that the beauty of the outdoors is worth more than a castle.

Let me point out that the poor have not reached this point of changed values. They still buy new cars, and try to get as much money for nothing as they can. But this is because there is a lack of teachers. This is the Christian's job, but first he must strip himself of the world, and only then will he be qualified to teach.

The middle class, the rich, cannot learn any of these things as a whole. Individuals within this class may, but the class, as a whole, has gone one step beyond learning. This leads us to the same conclusion that Christ reached; that the rich are doomed. Not by God's choice, or ours, but their own.

This is a harsh blow for many. They thought that Christ's view on poverty was the same as most people's: that there is too much of it. They assumed that a good Christian would read the statistics of death from hunger in India, sigh and send twenty-five dollars to the Bishop's Relief Fund. Other sincere Christians still think that governmental programs, such as the War on Poverty and the Peace Corps, are the answers. They do not seem to realize that all these programs do is make the poor like them, help bring the poor into the class of the doomed.

Active Peacemaking

Our next definition is that of peace, as contained in the message of the New Testament. We have a tendency to associate peace always and completely with war. If there is not war, we cannot discuss peace. This is a very narrow view, and it is contrary to the Christian message. Again we must speak in terms of a way of life. Peace is a living and breathing organism in the Christian life. It is real and it is important, as real and important as love is to marriage. Without it, the Christian life dies.

Peace is love. They are one and the same. Peace is love on a larger scale, and this is the only difference. We know that Christ's whole message was one of love and therefore peace. He preached it and lived it, and this is what He asks us to do. It is the same principle as His teaching of poverty. In order to know peace (love), we must live a life of peace (love). Did He teach us how to live this life of peace? He taught us in the simplest terms, in the Sermon on the Mount. Here He teaches the message of Peace. First, to love God and then your neighbor—so far, it is easy. Then it becomes more difficult. Love your enemy. This is love. Christ left peace to man's imagination. Surely man could arrive at this on his own. Its all so logical, it follows the same pattern of love; groups of people love those who are not friendly, and then nations love those who are not friendly.

What if the enemy doesn't love us in return? Did Christ answer that? "Resist evil with good"; "If a man strikes you on one cheek, turn the other to him." These were his simple answers, but His final and most complete answer came with His death on the cross.

How are these messages of love and poverty related? Our poverty is a product of our love. Because of love, our coat goes to the freezing man and we stand without a coat. Our money goes to the hungry, and we are without a penny. Our very livelihood goes out to embrace all of humanity, and we die in love.

Total Community

Community is the child of love. She must be cared for and cherished. We must protect her and guide her until one day she blossoms into fulfillment. Community is the hardest and yet the most gratifying result of love.

If, as Christians, we live a life of love, community is inevitable. Wherever love is, community is not far away.

The scriptures speak to us many times of sharing burdens and joys with one another. Christ tells us to love one another. Paul tells us to weep with those who weep, and laugh with those who laugh.

When Christ taught His message, He knew that it would be hard for man to go it alone. He formed a community of twelve around Him. These men needed each other to help them live His life, as we need each other to follow His message.

Community means more than having coffee and doughnuts together after Sunday Mass. It means seeing one another at our best moments as well as our worst. It means holding someone when you need to be held yourself. It means relationships that are at times closer than those in the basic community, the family.

Where community exists, hatred is always lurking nearby. Jealousy is constantly overhead. Little wars are always being fought, and peace is being sought. Yet, the community is the most important phase of Christianity.

One thing is clear at this point; poverty, peace (love), and community must be total. The Christian life is one of Witness. What comes about by this witness is incidental. The life of the Christian is one of witness-prophet, and therefore teacher. If we are not prepared to

take on these tasks, we must seek out others who are, and be satisfied with learning.

Ed. note: Jim Wilson was a staff member of the Catholic Worker house on Chrystie Street, and is presently in Allenwood (Pennsylvania) Federal Prison Farm, where he is serving a three-year sentence for draft refusal.

Civil Disobedience

"We disobey the laws of the State because we believe that the State is lawless and cannot any longer protect our lives and liberties. We, too, recognize the rule of law, but our law is the law of humanity, which we also call the law of God. At this stage in history, the human law and the civil law confront and contradict each other. Which law shall we obey?"

SIR HERBERT READ

"It is the special property of human institutions and laws that there is nothing in them so holy and salutary but that custom may not alter them or overthrow them or social habits bring them to naught. So in the Church of God, in which changeableness of discipline is joined with absolute immutability of doctrine, it happens not rarely that things which were once relevant or suitable become in the course of time out-of-date or useless or even harmful."

Pope Leo XIII

"To be governed is to be conscripted, drilled, fleeced, exploited, monopolized, extorted from, exhausted, hoaxed and robbed: then, upon the slightest resistance, at the first word of complaint, to be repressed, fined, vilified, annoyed, hunted down, pulled about, beaten, disarmed, bound, imprisoned, shot, judged, condemned, banished, sacrificed, sold, betrayed, and, to crown all, ridiculed, derided, outraged, dishonored."

Proudhon

"Life may be hard, injustice may seem to triumph in the world, the future may be dark and uncertain, but personal loyalty and generosity exist and make such evils bearable."

W. H. Auden,
The Dyer's Hand
(Random House)

New Year Letter

Internal Revenue Service
District Director
P.O. Box 782
Chicago, Illinois, 60690

Re: Form L-191 D:AUD: REV:

Gentlemen:

I have received copies of the income-tax returns which you have prepared without my cooperation or consent, covering my income for the years 1962, 1963, and 1965, on which you claim $729.62 in taxes and $269.50 in penalties, for the alleged fraud of "consistent claiming of unsubstantiated exemptions over a period of years."

First of all, let me say that these returns are very largely false and inaccurate. However, the manner in which you have prepared them is understandable, since I have refused to file returns since 1960, or to cooperate in their preparation.

I have, however, filled out every year the Exemption Certificates required by my employers, not because I wished to do so or felt that I should, but only because my employers felt constrained to comply with the law on withholding of taxes, and I could not maintain my employment without making this minimum concession to the demands of the state. In preparing returns you have not allowed for most of the dependents of St. Stephen's House of Hospitality, whom I claimed on the Exemption Certificates, because I did not substantiate the claim by filing tax returns. This is the major error in your returns, but in addition you have made smaller errors which would be to my advantage and which I will allow you to discover for yourselves. A third category of error is that you consistently refer to me as "taxpayer" when, in fact, I have paid you nothing, and you have succeeded in collecting only $9.38 for the period covered by these returns.

I do not intend to correct your returns, or to substantiate the exemptions I have claimed in the past, although I do wish to make clear that those claims were truthful, and in no way fraudulent. However, my refusal to pay is not based on lawful exemptions, calculations or other legalities. Whether your returns were accurate or inaccurate, whether you claimed $10 or $10,000, I would not pay a cent. The sole ground for my refusal is the evil military purposes for which most of the money you collect is spent. I will not pay for those purposes. I intend to go on sharing all of my surplus with other people for humanitarian purposes. Thus, the accuracy or inaccuracy of the amounts you claim is unimportant and irrelevant, because I do not believe that you will ever succeed in collecting any substantial part of them. You may go to my bank account: you will find it empty. You may search for my property: you will find it negligible, because I have not accumulated property, but have shared most of my personal income with other people through the House of Hospitality for many years. By these steps, sharing with other people and refusing to participate in the destruction of men by man, I hope to go on building for a better world. I wish you much happiness in the New Year, and no success in the bad business in which you are engaged.

Yours for a nonviolent revolution

KARL MEYER
St. Stephen's House
1339 N. Mohawk St., Chicago, Ill.

Letter to Selective Service

May, 1967

Dear Sirs,

Since undergoing the last Army physical, at your request, my mind has been filled with serious doubts about the morality of the Selective Service System.

As I rode in your bus to and from the induction center I heard no eagerness from my companions to fight in your war, on the contrary all I heard was how to keep out. Several asked me about obtaining CO status and I explained it to them the best I could but I knew that it was not the truest position to take, at least not for me. For as I rode on that bus I knew that many of those very boys, for most were not men or could at least not vote, would soon be dropped into the jungles of Vietnam against their will with no alternative but kill or be killed. And after giving it great examination I feel I can no longer cooperate with the Selective Service System, for it is morally wrong and sinful. Selective Service either kills the men it takes or forces them to become killers and usually both.

I know I have taken up much of your time with my case and I am sorry if I have caused you any inconvenience, but I do hope I have helped you to examine certain basic moral absolutes, they are (1) that it is wrong to kill, especially in a nondiscriminate manner, and (2) it is doubly wrong to force someone under penalty of fine and/or imprisonment to kill his fellow man who like himself is made in the image and likeness of God.

I seriously hope that all of you good people at the Selective Service office will examine your conscience as to the morality of your work and will send a letter of your own to the State director containing and explaining your resignation. For it is only by refusing to cooperate with such an evil as Selective Service that we may stop wars and totalitarianism.

For every conviction of a conscientious objector is an acquittal of Adolph Eichmann, who said he was only following orders. Would not the world have been a better place if he too had chosen jail or fled the country, rather than to have done the thing he did for the Fatherland?

No one wants to go to jail, and I certainly do not, but when jail is the only true alternative to that which is evil then jail must be the choice. I hope my decision would be the same if the penalty were death, although even now I pray for strength.

I will be here at the Catholic Worker, for as long as I may, so you can always reach me here. If you choose to send the F.B.I. they know the place well, having arrested several of my co-workers on other draft charges. We know some of them quite well and look forward to their informal visits, for we also try to convert them away from violence.

Sincerely,
Christopher S. Kearns

"It is the nature of a government not to be ruled, but to rule. And as it derives its power from the army, it will never give up the army nor will it ever renounce that for which the army is designed—war."

LEV TOLSTOY

PICKING APPLES

By RAYMOND BENJAMIN

To pick apples is to experience many things. It is to know frustration when the red color changes or when apples cling like crabs. It is to know joy when a tree is loaded with fruit that comes off easily. Work can be boring, or exciting. It is a pain to work in poor trees, in the cold or rain, and it is a pleasure to fill many bushels rhythmically or to work in glorious September-October weather. To pick apples is not a fine art, but to pick apples and do a fine job is an art.

Ancient and cavernous, a mansion - sized farmhouse without plumbing, heating or electricity in the woods of Raymond, is home for the six or seven weeks of harvesting. An artist, now in Europe, lived here, leaving paintings that hang in several rooms and the indoor outhouse. The road up to this old Whittier homestead gives the driver an opportunity to dodge boulders and spin wheels in mud. I have not yet fully explored the house and failed to find the route to the attic. Art Harvey lives in a cabin nearby, which is his home, office, print shop, bindery and center of New Hampshire pacifism.

The crew this year is young. We might address each other as "brother" and Art as "the old man." Most of us are conscientious objectors. We had our conflicts, to be sure, but the water was drawn, fires made, food cooked. May we all get together again! Here we are:

Don Hoffman, twenty-four, was released in August from the Federal Prison Camp in Allenwood, Pennsylvania. He served one and a half years for draft refusal. He requested CO status under the law but when it was denied he did not appeal, coming to believe he should not cooperate with a system which classifies people in this way. Feeling that war is not evil, providing that all those who participate do so because they want to, but that conscription is evil, he refused induction. Nearly a year passed before his arrest, and he learned of it by telephone. With Don at Allenwood was Fred Moore, a former Greenleaf Harvester, and some copies of the notorious **Greenleaf.** The Hoffman diet is something to marvel at, consisting simply of nuts, fruits and a few vegetables. Don fasted ten days after his release from prison to get rid of prison toxins, and will fast during February while in Florida. He'll pick oranges there and peaches in Virginia. Don's new Dodge van was our daily conveyance to work at a penny per mile per head. For the Hoffmans it was home. Except on cold mornings when Don came into the kitchen to get warm, van-living seemed much more luxurious.

Art Harvey, thirty-four—what's the use describing him? But I'll name some of his eccentricities. Those substances used by the rest of us as coffee, cocoa, sugar and salt, he terms, "black powder, brown powder and white grit." Future Harvesters beware! He pasteurizes his cider so it won't get hard, and confiscated our personal supply which we were permitting to age. Denouncing reading and printing as evils, he is naturally (?) a bookseller and a printer himself. But the really important things to him are APPLES.

Dave Thompson, twenty-three. As I write (October 27) we all wish Dave the best of luck and blessings. He has been ordered to report today for induction, and plans to refuse. It happened to him once before, and on being thrown in the Rutland jail he fasted, drinking no water, for some days until released. He braved last winter at the Whittier farm and this year, if not in jail, hopes to go south. David is a hard worker in the packing room at Apple Hill Farm. He's lots of fun and his knowledge of philosophy is surprising.

Don Barnebey, nineteen, from Ohio and "all over." He worked at World Fellowship camp last summer, where Art convinced him that he wanted to pick apples. Quit school at sixteen and so is largely self-educated. Bicycled across the U.S., lived in the Maine woods one winter, ran a newsstand in San Francisco. After picking oranges in Florida he figures to settle in Vancouver for writing and nature-contemplation, or to escape the draft.

Robert Dunn, twenty-four, from Meredith. The embodiment of patience. Slow but careful he was with apples. He never got above fifty bushels a day (and neither did I most of the time). Bob worked on poems before anyone else was up, and since he slept in the kitchen he was our firemaker and often our cook.

James Cluett, twenty, from Connecticut. Drove the tractor at Apple Hill. Jim was our "rich kid" with a Karmann Ghia, hourly guaranteed pay, guitar and autoharp. Occasionally we were treated to his music, which has earned him up to fifty dollars an hour at clubs and camps. He composed a song about New England and red apples. He is now staying at Sant Sani Ashram in Sanbornton.

William Sell, twenty-four, from Michigan. Looking more like eighteen, he was cleaner than the rest of us, or tried to be. Paul Salstrom dropped him off here one day. At Michigan State he majored in zoology, and last summer was a counselor at Committee for Non-Violent Action Camp Ahimsa. Apparently all that college did him no good when it came to working, and he poked along with about twenty-five bushels a day. After three weeks or so he finally caught apple-mania and did much better.

Judy Sasser, taking a year off from Rollins College in Florida. She lived in a tent, mind you, by the Corneliusens' pond. Despite cold morning and wet grass she was rarely without a smile. She came up to New Hampshire on her motor-scooter.

Joel Kent, forty-five, Jamaica, Vermont, also lived in a tent at the orchard. Next year he plans on a tepee so he can cook indoors. His lunches were apples and cheese, and he took a dip in the pond each evening no matter what the temperature.

Raymond Benjamin, "Red," eighteen, of Sanbornton. My "I" already litters these pages. Early this summer I hitch-hiked to visit my brother near Denver, and made it in two days; but while returning to pick apples I was jailed for five days for "soliciting rides." My draft classification is 1-Y, after taking a physical exam during picking. Before that I was 1-A-O, appealing for 1-O. "Someday," declares Bob Dunn, who was similarly classified, "the Laconia board will have a healthy CO."

I undertook apple picking as an experiment and experience. At one point I despaired of earning enough to get through the winter, but that changed to jubilation when I made eighty dollars in one week, double my earning of the previous week. Now I consider the experiment a success, although I made less than half the amount earned by some of the others. Advice to future beginners: Be content with fifty cents an hour if that's all you make at first. Skill comes with time, and the picking also improves. And you will enjoy the work!

Our friendly visitors included three from Cambridge who came up with another college dropout who wanted to try harvesting work. (After three days he returned home.) Later, two University of New Hampshire students came by to discuss peace activities and the new Students for a Democratic Society chapter. A nurse from Maine dropped in, interested in the School of Living and autumn foliage. Four students and Newton Garver came one evening for supper and discussion, from Friends World College. We thank them for all the food they left behind.

The evening of October 6 was exciting but a bit terrifying. It was 7 P.M. when we encountered two cars blocking the dirt road to home. We knew the tax-collector and sheriff might appear to see Art about his tax refusal. Don asked quickly, "Shall we keep going?" Art replied: "No, no, stop." He jumped out and got the mail from the box and gave it to us. Art was ordered to get into the cop-car, which he refused to do. The four men then forced him into the car, creating more than a scuffle. I was later told this was "keeping the peace," and that Art had attacked the tax-collector. But when I asked the deputy to elaborate, he refused, saying: "I'm not a lawyer."

We were told to produce an identification. David had none and Bob had only his poem. They said the questioning was necessary because of thefts in the area supposedly done by someone with a vehicle like ours. The deputy sheriff got a bit upset when I asked him, "Why don't you ask us about what we do and the like, since we're suspected of robbery, instead of arguing about Vietnam or civil rights?" Later, humor was found in the situation. On a very warm day at the orchard, Joel said: "Well, finally it's beastly hot (Art's phrase), and Art's in the cooler." On Monday he was freed, and that evening we saw the brightest rainbow—a double one—of our lives. Exclamations were profuse. Under its arch the setting sun set the tree-tops all aglow.

Nassar, Hardy, Anderson, Mack, Corneliusen, Leadbeater—growers for whom our motley crew worked. Some of us got our first taste of picking with Nassar's peaches and pears. The first day at Hardy's we were treated to a helicopter-sprayed hormone shower. This liquid, according to Art, "makes apples think a hurricane is coming so they hang on tighter." Anderson's trees were poor but the pay was 32c per bushel (compared to 25-27c elsewhere). Most of our work was with the Corneliusen's of Apple Hill Farm. Mrs. C. presented us with peach pudding, home-made bread and the right to plunder their garden.

Work began soon after sun-up and sometimes lasted until dark. Up at 6 to Art's clomping feet. Home at 7 or later, after a stop at the grocery in Chester. After a while, one begins to feel the orchard rhythms of day and season. I saw miracles better than the Bible has to relate—the sun, the clouds, raindrops and the evaporation of dew. That acres and tons of wet earth and grass and leaves could dry so quickly was something I sang about. One might hear me reciting Whitman, or hear food values being discussed, or Art and Don B betting on the number of bushels in a tree. Lunch was eaten by those who could afford to pass up the chance to earn a dollar or two more. After finishing with eight-thousand bushels at Corneliusen's October 8, we worked until the 20th at Moose Hill Orchard, directed by a cigar-wielding young man. One day geese flew over in numbers that foretell a hard winter. One felt, picking in a grassy, lush-treed orchard with Negroes chanting and shouting, that the harvest must be of oranges!

Ed. note: This is a condensed version of an article published last year in the **Greenleaf,** which is put out by Arthur Harvey, Raymond, New Hampshire 03077. Mr. Harvey also has a large collection of Gandhian literature, which he sells by mail order.

Art in any worthy sense is not only arduous, but demands a continuous application of the faculties, it requires the full disposition of the whole man, if not in actual labour, then in observation, contemplation and passive awareness. Art is a full time job.

HERBERT READ

Strike Leader Comes East

(Continued from page 1)

of a violent revolution in our hemispere in recent times.

Chavez mentioned that the Catholic Workers from the Bay area had helped greatly with truckloads of food and clothing for the strikers. I was interested to learn that the housing where the strike occurred was the same that I visited during the Roosevelt period when the government put up such migrant camps as those portrayed in the movie, **The Grapes of Wrath.** They are still being used today, but now they are owned by the growers and rented to the workers.

The Housing Authority will build new units, a hundred in each camp, but the camps in Tulare County will be torn down by July 1st. The strikers are paying eighteen dollars a month, and the Housing Authority director says that the new units are sixty dollars a month. Actually, farm workers were paying eighteen a month for one shack and an additional eight dollars for a second in order to have bedroom space. A rent strike started when the rent was raised to twenty-two dollars a month for the first shack and eight for the second.

Chavez was in the East to receive an award from the League for Industrial Democracy in New York City and to visit Ithaca, where a group of Cornell students and others are interested in organizing the migrants in New York state.

He left the office of the Catholic Worker while the Sunday "line" was in full swing, and set out for a late Mass before driving up state to Ithaca. On Monday, in the driving rain and snow, he came back to New York to the larger meeting at Knox Hall, Union Theological Seminary.

The matter of a boycott of Vermouth Industries and all bottled goods bearing the name of Tribuno was taken up. The aim is to force a contract with Perelli-Minetti and Sons, a Delano area grower where an unauthorized contract with the Teamster's union was signed while the Farm workers were on strike. Actually, what the Farm Workers Organizing Committee is urging, and in this case by means of a boycott, is that a fair and impartial election be held.

Assumption Abbey, a Benedictine Foundation in North Dakota, gains a royalty on all bottles of Assumption Abbey liquor are sold, in return for the use of its name. We urge the monks not to renew their agreement with the Perelli-Minetti people for the use of the name "Assumption Abbey." And if a settlement is not made we ask our friends to write to the abbot, asking him to take this up with the Perelli-Minneti people.

The head of Vermouth Industries, is John Tribuno, whose office is in New York City. Forty per cent of his vermouth comes from what **El Malcriado** calls the Perelli-Minetti Octopus, which is made up of 26 interlocking family corporations.

Voice of Farm Labor

Again we advise our readers to subscribe to the farm workers' paper, **El Malcriado** (Box 1060, Delano, California, subscription price $2.50 per year). The last issue contains stories of: the struggle of the farm workers in Texas, and Arizona; congressional hearings to bring the farm workers under the National Labor Relations Act; asparagus pickers' jobs in the Stockton area being taken by imported workers from Mexico while local Mexicans, Anglos and Filipino workers are left unemployed; stories too of a retired San Francisco longshoreman who is teaching the Mexican children of Delano how to play the recorder and giving them "a sound background in musical notation." There are art classes too for children and adults, and writing classes under one of the men from El Teatro Campesino, which brought a play about the strike up and down the West Coast to union audiences. There are also stories about the credit union, the co-op, the Farm Workers Service Center, and a co-op gasoline station which opened a month ago and which, as we sat there talking at the seminary on April 25, was damaged by two cartridge bombs which shattered the windows.

Cesar Chavez told us of the piece of land which the union had bought, seceding as it were from the town of Delano, and setting up some of their own services, which included a blood bank and a child-care center for strikers and workers.

These are all small beginnings and they are accompanied by the suffering, the misunderstandings, the discouragements of all beginnings. But already great victories have been won when one considers the Schenley and DiGiorgio and Christian Brothers contracts.

When finally farm workers are organized in one small town after another and all together begin to feel their strength in this largest of all the United States' industries, which is agriculture, they may begin to have a vision of the kind of society where the workers will also be owners, of their own homes, a few acres, and eventually of large holdings in the form of cooperatives. Perhaps the growers have much to learn from them, and they from the growers, though it is hard to imagine these successful businessmen and owners of factories in the fields becoming willing to teach their workers how to run such large holdings. But such conversions towards a life on the land have taken place, by force, through revolution, or peaceably by a people persecuted and oppressed, as in the foundation of the kibbutzim of Israel, described in Martin Buber's **Paths in Utopia.**

Down Under

Lidcombe NSW
Australia

Dear Dorothy Day:

I am writing to let you know that two dollars should be arriving within ten to fourteen days to pay for five copies of your splendid **Catholic Worker** for a year. If postage to Australia costs more, please bill me.

As for myself, I am studying at the university here in Sydney (agricultural science is my present (undergraduate) course).

You may or may not know that we have conscription by lottery in Australia. If your birthday marble is pulled out of a large barrel you are "called up." Those lucky ones whose marbles stay in the barrel (like me) are completely exempt. Once conscripted the young (20-year-old) man is liable to serve overseas. This latter will mean probably a trip to Vietnam, as about half or more of our (Australia's) troops in the battle lines in Vietnam are conscripts. Fortunately, one of our major political parties (the Labor Party) is opposed to all this. The Catholic Worker in Melbourne is actively opposed to the war and all wars. Peace groups are forming in most capital cities and in Sydney we are just in the process of forming a group of interested people to help conscientious objectors.

I wonder if some of your issues could touch on the tragedy of man's misusing the tools he has made in order to create a situation where his further evolution is in danger. In 1967 we have a world so full of potential, a God so immanent and men so deceived. I would like to see something on psychic evolution (a la Teilhard de Chardin). Surely a law of love is as necessary for man's continued stay on this earth as is a law of gravity.

Don't forget the international money order in a couple of weeks and keep loving the hate out of all us.

Yours,
Peter Ofner

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 2)

(of which I am a sponsor) and replay here at Tivoli.

Mr. Ulanov spoke about nonviolence and reminded me of that quality of awe, speaking of peace as awe-ful in that same sense. Are we willing to pay the price of peace? Are we really thinking of what peace means? It seems to me that we have not yet begun. It is easier when the price is forced upon one, as Belgium was forced to give up the Congo, as empires, beginning with England, have been forced, in the inexorable stride of history, to give up their colonies. But even though this peace, or beginning of peace, the first steps towards peace founded on justice were made, it meant an austerity regime forced upon the workers in Belgium, which resulted in a general strike on the part of those whom Orwell called the exploiting workers. They had profited by the greed of their rulers, and were not prepared to accept the changed situation and the sacrifices entailed. Peace is indeed awe-ful when one considers the cost, the giving up not only of financial interests but also of prestige, "face", and a real conversion of heart and mind. And every worker, every one of us in this country, is somehow involved in the struggle for peace in Vietnam. We want peace without that victory which prelates have called for. We have scorned those prelates, but we ourselves are living off the boom which this war has brought about. It is a fearsome thing to think of. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God."

That quotation comes to mind when I think of the retreat which Father John J. Hugo is going to give, God willing, at St. John's Church in Coylesville, Penna., June 25-July 1. We don't know what the living conditions there will be like; we may have to stay in guest houses or motels nearby if it is not possible to convert the large parish hall into dormitories. Women may have to take turns with the cooking. There will be complete silence during the week, so that the Holy Spirit can speak. This is the first open retreat that Father Hugo has given for some time, and we do not know how many people will come on the spur of the moment, or who will register at the last minute.

For the past three summers, Father Hugo has given us retreats here at Tivoli, but since this is a house of hospitality, a guest house, a conference center, and an inn by the side of the road, there were constant interruptions and not the silence needed. Our own family of about thirty-five, men women and children, able and disabled do not take very kindly to reading at table of the **Prison Memoirs** of Father Delp, or the **Life of St. Vincent de Paul**, for instance. And one senses that the kitchen force is champing at the bit, trying to get the tables cleared, the dishes finished and other necessary work under way. So we are trying this experiment: a retreat at Coylesville. Right now I know of people who are coming from Pittsburgh, Louisville, Cleveland and New York. Coylesville is ten miles on Route 42 out of Butler, Pennsylvania, which is about twenty-five miles north of Pittsburgh. So look to maps.

I myself will go a little earlier to Coylesville to see what preparations I can help in. I am looking forward to this retreat like a thirsty man to a spring in the desert. Those who wish to attend can write to me here at the Farm or to Father Hugo, at Fenelton, Pennsylvania.

Father Hugo is the author of **The Gospel of Peace, In the Vineyard, The Immorality of Conscription, Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors** and the retreat notes, **Applied Christianity.** All but the last were published in The Catholic Worker over the years.

The most unhappy Happening which has taken place recently for the Catholic Worker—equal indeed to the delay in the acquisition of a new St. Joseph's House of Hospitality—is the Zip code business. Once before we went through a mailing crisis: with zoning numbers during the Second World War. There was a dearth of young men in the place (and nobody ever wants to do office work anyway). Every month we print 90,000 copies of the **Catholic Worker,** and our card files are enormous. Once before we had to rearrange everything according to zones and cities and now there is a more complete and difficult rearrangement to do. Each and every card has to have a Zip code marked on it, and each and every stencil has to have that same number typed in. People take turns sitting at those infernal machines, the stencil typewriters, two of them, and work until neck and back ache with the torture of it. They are not used to what is really the painful labor of the typist. Also, some of them are sick people to begin with. We have little steady clerical help. There is more glamor in demonstration, the direct action of such communication being helped by the distribution of the very paper which we are trying to get out into the homes and on the streets.

Besides, we are occupied in the house of hospitality with cooking meals, serving a soupline, giving out clothes, and attending to the needs of the fifty or so people who make up the immediate family there at 175 Chrystie Street, besides the breadline. Everyone is a volunteer. There are no salaries. We all get food, clothing and shelter. (The city and state provide medical care but we bury our own. There is a terrible dignity about dying, as there is about birth, and these great events need to be accompanied by appropriate reverence and ceremony. I myself like a solemn Gregorian Requiem Mass for such an occasion.)

Yes, we need help before the Post Office shuts down on us entirely, or the paper is still more delayed in getting mailed out. Our combined issue for March-April, was because of this need to work on the Zip code, which I am happy to say is now half done. But I am truly pleading for help on this job and in this filing-card system, to help us get it up to date. And while we are at it, we apologize too for our lateness in acknowledging mail, which is piling up at an alarming rate. Expect to be thanked and have your questions answered sooner or later, and forgive us, and pray for us

We hope this anniversary issue, with much of Peter Maurin in it, will make up for the issues you have missed.

Vehicle Needed

"Potatoes for 4 cents a pound. Large eggs at 45 cents a dozen. Pure lard for 20 cents a pound. These were among the prices yesterday in a tiny store in East Harlem.

"Rebelling against high food costs, a group of the poor has organized its own bargain grocery outlet in a storefront at 419 East 117th Street, near First Avenue. There, soap, soup and milk are sold at similarly produced prices to clientele made up exclusively of families on welfare . .

" 'The money comes here every two weeks,' a housewife said of the welfare cycle. 'People get tired of finding that, right before welfare-check days, everything was stamped a few pennies higher in the stores.'

"So the Parents Association of 117th Street organized a consumer protective food union that puts more food in the change purse" . . .

"Yesterday at 4 a.m., Joseph Gil drove to the Hunts Point Market, the city's giant wholesale produce center in the Bronx, and loaded his station wagon with vegetables, dairy products and packaged goods. Mr. Gil is director of East Harlem Area Services for the Neighborhood Conservation Bureau of the Housing and Redevelopment Board.

"Prices in the pool were 2 or 3 cents an item above the wholesale cost . . . Orders totalling $270 were taken from 15 families on Monday and filled yesterday. Cash was paid in advance.

"Mrs. Elsie Silvestry, a mother of young children, said she usually spent $32 a week for food. She had $28 worth of pool foods stacked in two carts and she estimated that the supply would last 'almost two weeks'."

(From a feature story by McCandlish Phillips in the New York **Times** for April 19th.

Mr. Gil has since informed the CW that the 117th Street parents would like very much to establish the food cooperative on a permanent basis. Their biggest problem is transportation. What they need is a station wagon or a pick-up truck that can be used to haul food from the market and to transport neighborhood people to the clinic, hospital or welfare center when necessary. We hope that one of our readers will be able to donate such a vehicle for use in this valuable cooperative venture. Mr. Gil can be reached at 354 East 116th Street, New York, N. Y. 10035.

BERNARD LAZARE

(Continued from page 4)

acter for whom Lazare had the greatest sympathy, for he saw in him the prototype of the suffering of Israel. Christ he saw also in this light. In his last fragments, Lazare wrote:

Oh Jesus, vagabond of Galilee, you have prefigured the existence of your people. King of Jews, your brothers have had your destiny. They have known the nails of your cross, the thorns of your crown, the scars of your body and the sufferings of your passion; and the universe adores in you the martyr of Israel which it persecutes

The sympathies of Lazare were indeed universal. Often fellow Jews would reproach him for his concern with the universal human condition. "But you tell me, and it is as a reproach, that I occupy myself with humanity, with the proletariat (very big words, you add). Do you think that when I am working thusly I am not working for suffering Israel? Why restrict your actions? Do you think that the prophets of old spoke only for Juda? If they had spoken only for Juda they would not be eternal. They live today because they have aided men to believe in a justice which will realize itself someday."

And in his last notes he wrote: "Where is our Fatherland? Where we have suffered? Then it is everywhere. It is Rome, it is the somber towns of Germany and Bohemia. Is it where we have loved? Then it is in Spain, it is in Poland. Our Fatherland. It is made up of so many things, so many memories, regrets, joys, tears, and sorrows that a little space of land uncultivated and desolate may not support it, and Jerusalem, as Judea, is but one morsel of which our Fatherland is made."

This was the last message of Bernard Lazare to the Jews, and to all mankind.

Ed. Note: Thomas P. Anderson teaches history at Wheeling, a Jesuit college, and is an editor of the excellent quarterly **Continuum.** This year Wheeling College's Institute for Jewish Studies will conduct a two-week summer program, primarily for teachers in Catholic colleges, in which a number of leading Jewish scholars will take part. Details of the program can be obtained from Mr. Anderson, Wheeling College, Wheeling, West Virginia 26603.

Summer Conferences 1967

CATHOLIC WORKER FARM

Box 33, Tivoli, New York 12583

Tel.: (914) PL-9-2761

July 9-15—CATHOLIC WORKER SCHOOL: Discussions led by members of CW staff; indoor and outdoor work projects. (Please write to Stanley Vishnewski, at CW Farm, for reservations.)

July 28-30—Annual weekend of AMERICAN PAX ASSOCIATION (Reservations: Eileen Egan, Box 139, Murray Hill, New York 16, N.Y.)

August 19-September 1—PEACEMAKER Orientation Program in Nonviolence: Socio-drama; action projects; history of nonviolence; education; urban problems; rural poverty; peace & freedom movements; noncooperation; the State; economic sharing. (Reservations: Wally Nelson, 3810 Hamilton St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104)

Farm is located on east bank of Hudson River, about a hundred miles north of New York City. If driving, consult road map for route. Three trains daily go from Grand Central to Rhinecliff, which is nearest train stop. (Since it is about fifteen miles from farm, please call us BEFORE leaving New York, if coming by train.)

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

before going to press, Italian Mike has returned to us from the farm: not quite ready for the quiet life, still full of vim and vulgarity. Other news: Tom Likely, Larry, and Mike Herniak have all returned from the hospital. Serious and silent now, with only an occasional blast of his former rhetoric, Mike does more and more of the work on the first and second floors. And John Pohl fell and injured his hip, while careening around the corner; his longstanding distrust and abhorrence for hospitals was reinforced by a nine-hour wait in the emergency ward of Bellevue Hospital, after which he was told that he would be admitted the next day.

Third Floor

"Success is not the name of God" (Leon Bloy): so reads one of the many painted, scribbled, or posted sayings, along with icons, banners, picket signs, drawings, faded photographs, and much more, to be found on these shabby but delightfully littered walls. Different are the problems faced here. A cantankerous stencil machine accounts for an harassed Phil Maloney and some unavoidably damaged stencils; the battle of the "books" is waged weekly by Ed Forand; the mail and other paperwork by Walter Kerell; the task of typing new stencils belongs to the stoical Gordon McCarthy, who also labors, like some modern Sisyphus, to supply the Zip codes for our many subscribers and the post office.

New subscriptions are taken care of personally by Smokey Joe, who came to the Worker the year before I was born—i.e. 28 years ago. At one time or another, Smokey has been responsible for almost every type of work called for around here, short of the "On Pilgrimage" column, which, were he to write his equivalent (as he is sometimes prone to express vocally in his unique, frothy rhetoric), would be an experience. He seems to remember everyone and everything, and thus is a source of much entertainment and information. Virtually blind without his special glasses, it is something of a catastrophe for him to lose them, as happaned recently. (Eye-glasses seem to be at a premium on the Bowery; Henry Neilson had his swiped from his face by a guy who asked him for a cigarette. Henry, at the time, was innocently offering the cigarette.)

Friday Night Meetings

Bob Gilliam has taken over these meetings from Chris Kearns. If I understand Bob correctly, he hopes in coming weeks to focus on the basic principles of our lives; hence, most of us—Marty Corbin, Phil, Bob, myself, and others—are scheduled to re-examine and speak on our somewhat radical lives in community, to see whether or not, in Socrates' phrase, they are worth living. An excellent address by Conor Cruise O'Brien, that first-rate critical mind from Ireland, and a lively discussion afterward, highlighted the meetings this past month. Graciously did he accept, too, Marty's invitation to continue, in good Irish fashion, the discussion over a few beers.

Reunion and Peace

During the Mobilization days, we had the opportunity to meet: Karl Meyer and his friends; Charlie Butterworth and the delightful bunch from Philly; and many others, including Jean Walsh, John Stokes, and Hermine Evans, who were with us on that rocky knoll in Central Park, where Dorothy and the group of us retreated for a while to escape the press of the thousands of people bearing witness to their desire for peace. Later on, Nicole d'Entremont and I were caught up in the not so non-violent (in mood anyway) sea of people in the Harlem contingent, who invaded Seventh Avenue, to their leaders' cries of "It's your street! Take it over!" The bystanders' response was peculiar: total disbelief, apprehension, and disturbed silence.

Prisoners

David Miller was released suddenly from the West Street Federal House of Detention, pending an appeal to the Supreme Court. He and Cathy are determined to go ahead and open their house of hospitality in Washington, D.C. Murphy Dowouis and Terry Sullivan are due to be released shortly. Raona, Phil and Sheila, visited Jim Wilson in Allenwood, along with Elena Beardall, who visited her husband Greg. Six of our Chrystie Street staff are still in the preliminary rounds of this particular bout with the government.

Conclusion

Though lacking statues of eminent statesmen and generals—frozen in their fame and myths—we feel no keen disappointment, as perhaps the pigeons do; for where else can one find men and women more various in temperment, more original in character, more disparate in style, more striking in appearance, more at home in their poverty? Thus our work and lives go on in this strange community at Chrystie Street, peopled by the fully human, the humanly frail, by the shadows of past workers and the spirits of those now in prison. It is not the life of most Americans: the image of which, perhaps, is that Bowery Man, who (in earning his pennies by "banging" (wiping) windows of cars and trucks as they stop for the light at the corner of Chrystie and Delancey), by mistake or wishful thinking, wiped also the windows of a paddy wagon. The cops let him finish his chore. Then they picked him up and tossed him inside.

A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

child, came to spend Mother's Day with their mother, Marge Hughes.

As for the comings and goings among our own family, Arthur Lacey made a week's retreat at the Trappist monastery in Berryville, Virginia, and spent another week renewing acquaintance around Chrystie Street before returning to his duties as mailman and sacristan. Marty and Rita Corbin celebrated their wedding anniversary—they were married May 1, 1954, on the anniversary of the Catholic Worker — by visiting friends in New York City. Marty has also attended a number of meetings, and given several talks. Dorothy Day and Stanley Vishnewski visited Tamar Hennessy and the Hennessy children in Vermont. Peggy Conklin has taken refuge from our non-garden-making weather by visiting New York City. Maggie Corbin spent the night with her friends, in Tivoli. Marge and Johnny Hughes have made several trips to the city to consult with Johnny's eye and ear specialists. Helene Iswolsky left last week for Pennsylvania where she is to deliver a talk at Pennsylvania State University. The week before, Helene spoke at Bard College, where several of us from the farm were privileged to hear her. Finally, Dorothy Day and Kay Lynch went into the city to attend the baptism of Clarice Danielsson. Clarice has visited us a number of times, and we are all happy about her conversion, and that she has—as so many others do—Dorothy Day for a godmother.

Agnes Sidney, who has been so very ill for so long, is also away from home, back at the Northern Dutchess Hospital in Rhinebeck. The doctor felt that she must enter the hospital again. The task of caring for her here was difficult, since Kay Lynch and Marge Hughes and Dorothy Day, who shared the work, had many other duties. Alice Lawrence and Mrs. Carmen Ham, who also helped, were often unable to do so because of their own ill health. When Dorothy, Kay, and I visited Agnes on the Vigil of Pentecost, we found her almost too weak to speak. She was, however, a little better, Dorothy said, the next night. Again we ask the prayers of friends and readers for her.

Even though the cold wet weather has delayed our garden-making, there is, as always, much work to be done. George Burke is back with us again and has done much to make the place more beautiful by his care of the grass, the shrines, and the landscaping around the Peter Maurin House area. George is also helping John Filliger and Kay prepare the swimming pool for summer use. Hugh Madden is with us again and keeping busy; he has done some much needed work on the road. Charley Keefe, once famous for his soup for the "line" at Chrystie Street, is cooking two days a week in our kitchen. Although I think he finds our family, a little small—we are only thirty or so, compared to the two hundred or more he cooked for on the line—he does a good job and is a great help to Hans. With Marge Hughes cooking two days, Rita one, and Alice Lawrence helping prepare the suppers when she is able, Hans Tunnesen's job is considerably lightened. Hans continues to cook on weekends, and is always ready to advise or help any less experienced cook. Placid Decker washes pots and pans, cleans up in the kitchen and dining room, and performs many other cleanup duties. Cleanliness and order are dear to Placid's Benedictine heart, and we are happy he continues to try to make our somewhat chaotic household more neat and orderly. Mike Sullivan continues to do most of our important repair work, though, like John Filliger, our farmer, he is always ready to fill in wherever needed. A few days ago he put up outside my window a beautiful new bird feeder which Branislava Gibbons and Caroline Gordon Tate sent to me. Somewhat earlier he cleaned some of the birdhouses around the place, put up a new house which Sally Corbin's Aunt Betty had given her, and set out little piles of nest-building materials—twigs, twine, hair, mud, etc.—with appropriate signs to allure the birds and amuse the farm family. As for Bob Stewart, he still has a full-time job of chauffeuring, meeting trains and buses, taking people on shopping trips and other necessary errands.

The job of answering "appeal" mail has fallen heavily on Dorothy Day, Stanley Vishnewski, and Arthur Lacey. Marty, of course, handles the correspondence related to the paper, as well as the editing of manuscripts. Rita Corbin looks after the art work for the paper and perform innumerable family and community duties. Dorothy and Marty have also done some planning for the summer. A schedule of events is published in another part of the paper.

The Catholic Worker Summer School is scheduled to be held here at the farm the week beginning July ninth. Readers who wish to visit the farm and learn something about the nature of our work would do well to take advantage of this opportunity. At other times we might not have room since we expect many vacationers from the city slums and many guests for our other special events. Anyone interested in attending the summer school should contact Kay Lynch or Stanley Vishnewski, here at the Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, New York. We want to be sure we have beds and food enough to go round.

A kind of pre-season event will be held next Sunday, May 21st, when the Catholic Peace Fellowship group of New Jersey will meet here at the farm. Marty Corbin and Tom Cornell will speak, and there will be a priest to celebrate Mass. For Sally Corbin, however, the most important event of the season will occur tomorrow, May 16th when she celebrates her fifth birthday.

Still falls the rain, and once again I hear thrush music from the woods. Yesterday, when we went for a drive after Mass, the Mass of Pentecost Sunday, Kay noticed that, because of the late Spring, many of the fruit trees had not yet blossomed. But in one place she saw lilacs almost ready to open out. When lilacs bloom, then June must surely come. And one fine soft and sunny day, children will splash and play in our swimming pool. And the liturgical white and gold of daisies will announce the approach of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. But this is the night of Pentecost Monday. Rain falls. A late thrush sings. And, in the words of Hopkins, "the Holy Ghost over the bent world broods, with warm breast and with ah bright wings."

"All our religion is only a sham religion, and all our virtues only phantoms, and we are nothing but hypocrites in the eyes of God, if we do not have this universal charity for all men, for the bad as well as the good, for poor people as well as rich people, for all those who do us harm, as well as those who do us good. 'But,' you will tell me, 'so often we see someone acting badly, there is no other explanation.' 'My friend, because you have no charity, you assume that they are doing wrong. If you had charity, your thinking would be very different, because you would always be conscious that you could well be mistaken, as you have been so often in the past.' Yes, my brothers, he who has charity does not see defects in his brothers. He who possesses charity can be assured that Heaven is his. It is your happiness that I desire."

St. Jean-Marie Vianney
(the Cure of Ars)
Sermon for the 12th Sunday after Pentecost

LETTERS

Peace Economics

RFD 1, Box 197B
Voluntown, Conn. 06384

Dear Dorothy Day:

I am sure that you will be encouraged to know that my article in the **Catholic Worker** on "The Economics of Peace" (January 1967) has resulted in some forty or more responses, and more are still coming in from all around the country. We have sent our prospectus to all those who wrote, and I am sure that we will be receiving further correspondence.

The first pilot program of the International Foundation for Independence has now been initiated right here in this country. It is a twenty-five thousand dollar loan to the Southwest Alabama Farmers Cooperative Association, a newly formed cooperative of some eight hundred Negro farmers in the ten counties around Selma. This loan will go for fertilizer and other productive inputs. (I am sorry about the fertilizer, but these farmers haven't yet been sold on organic farming. That will take some time.) We feel that the significance of getting a loan started in this country, especially with the farmers around Selma, should be apparent to many people, and that it will help to advance the I.F.I. in financing and capital-fund raising.

Do send me any suggestions you may have as to where we might launch further pilot programs, either in this country or in any other part of the world. We are particularly interested in the Philippine Islands; we have contact with members of the Philippine Rural Reconstruction Movement and possibility exists for a good pilot program there. If you have any contacts in the Philippines that you think might be helpful to us, I would appreciate knowing about them. We are also looking into several possibilities in South America—one in Ecuador, one in Panama, and one in Colombia. Have you any suggestions in these countries? Also, needless to say, if you have any suggestions as to where we can begin to get some of the initial loan capital, please let us know.

Sincerly yours,
Robert Swann

Back Issues

Bishop's House
Dibrugarh, Assam
India

Dear Editor:

Allow me to introduce myself as the second bishop of Dibrugarh (Assam) India, who took charge of this see in December of last year.

I have just returned from a tour of Nagaland a Manipur State, which form part of my diocese. One of the pressing needs of our new Catholics there is for a regular supply of healthy Catholic literature. I therefore request you to allow me to appeal through the columns of your esteemed publication for back numbers. Please ask your readers to send me their back copies at this address.

I thank you for this great help and I promise you my humble prayers. I can assure you that this literature will be put to good use by my flock.

Yours gratefully in Our Lord,
Most Rev.
Hubert D'Rosario, D.D.

Joe Hill House

(Continued from Page 3)

west of Mill Valley. It is a kind of extension of Big Sur. We had a meeting in one of Bob's newly built houses which was the most sympathetic of the trip.

Digging In

In San Francisco we got in touch with Father Harris, an Episcopalian priest whose church basement on Waller Street contains the office of the most important element in the community: the Diggers. As we were waiting a girl brought in some celery and someone else brought in sacks of food. (They cook it in the church kitchen.) On weekends they feed thousands of young folks, most of them hippies, at or near Golden Gate Park. They also have several houses where young folks sleep on the floor, as they did at the old CW at 223 Chrystie Street in New York and as they do at our Joe Hill House in Salt Lake City. They invited me to their free store, which occupies a corner a few blocks from the church and offers free clothing, kitchen utensils, toys, etc., with no questions asked. There is a small box which is used as a "Digger bank": if you have extra money you are supposed to put some in and if you need money you take some out. The box was empty, so I put in a small coin, remembering the Depression days when Peter Maurin had a box with a lid on it in a bus station which served the same purpose. They asked me to get up on a chair and explain the One Man Revolution. I had never thought of myself as a Digger, but I guess that is what I have been all along.

I have always thought of the Mormons, who call themselves L.D.S. (Latter Day Saints), as expressing the kind of philosophy that bolsters the **status quo**. Now I was in the center of those who in different degrees experiment with LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), which tends to **turn off** the young folks from the divine message of the insurance companies and the stock market. The morning paper that day told of a young man who had taken LSD and killed himself. Whether he would have done it without having taken the drug, no one knows. Many of us old-time radicals have managed to **turn on** and avoid the snares of orthodox thinking through evidence from the lives of Socrates, Christ, Gandhi, Tolstoy, Debs, Darrow, and other rebels. In this mixed-up society, where a premium is placed on lying and deceit, those who uphold the murderous system have no right to condemn the hippies. I wish them a speedy exit from any addiction to drugs. The terror we spread over Vitenam is in sharp contrast to the message of love and service that the Diggers provide.

In 1941, George A. Sabine, a Cornell professor, published a massive edition of the works of Gerald Winstanley, the original Digger, from which I quote:

"On the first day of April, 1649 a little band of some half a dozen poor men . . . appeared upon the common land at St. George's Hill and began to dig the ground and to prepare it for sowing parsnips, carrots and beans . . . The Diggers were taken by the country people and shut up in the Church at Walton . . . The two Diggers refused to remove their hats in the General's presence . . . some of the crops had been trampled by the country people . . . The crops planted in the spring had been destroyed but the Diggers planned to prepare the land and plant a crop of winter grain, and they had built four houses . . . Writing in April of 1650 Winstanley says that they had 11 acres of grain growing and had built six or seven houses . . . John Platt, the rector . . . turned the cattle into the growing grain, and with a good deal of brutality, it seems, they destroyed the houses and turned the Diggers, women and children, out upon the heath."

This was soon after Oliver Cromwell had overturned the monarchy and promised prosperity to the common people. Winstanley saw little of this prosperity and used this method to call attention to the predicament of the poor. Bruce Phillips has arranged a tune for the "Diggers Song" and we add some of these verses to our radical message on Friday nights at Joe Hill House:

With spades and hoes and plowes,
stand up now, stand up now,
With spades and hoes and plowes
stand up now.
Your freedom to uphold, seeing
Caviliers are bold
To kill you if they could, and rights
from you to hold.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests,
stand up now, stand up now.
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests
stand up now.
For tyrants they are both even
flatt against their oath,
To grant us they are loath, free
meat and drink and cloth.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

More Meetings

We said hello to Carol and Francis Gorgen and their new baby boy, and had three meetings at Foothill College, in Los Altos Hills, California. I had a large meeting at San Jose College and later spoke briefly to a group in the basement of a Baptist church. We stayed in Santa Barbara with Hallock Hoffman, of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. I spoke at a coffee house there called The Establishment. In North Hollywood, Father William DuBay and the Dissent club at the college had a meeting at Ashgrove music hall; the manager is a **CW** subscriber. On the same day Rev. Stephen Fritchman introduced me to members of the local Unitarian Church; I always have fine meetings there. We met my daughters, Carmen and Sharon, who are busy as usual with their music teaching. In Las Vegas Gene Dawson arranged a meeting for me at the State College. We were glad to return to Salt Lake City, passing Zion Canyon and Bryce Canyon in the snow, and again viewing the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

We celebrated May Day at the Joe Hill House with seventy-five students. I also spoke for a hour on KWIC, explaining my radical ideas. One of the listeners who telephoned in to ask questions called me a bum and I replied by quoting Debs to the effect that while there is a lower class I am it. Since the ultra-patriotic folks try to turn May Day into "Law Enforcement Day," I call it: "Break a Bad Law Day." For a bad law is no better than any other bad thing.

For **CW** readers and transients, the address of Joe Hill House is: **3462 S. 4 W** and our mailing address is: **P.O. Box 455, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101.**

"The youth, of course, is an innovator by the fact of his birth. There he stands, newly born on the planet, a universal beggar, with all the reason of things, one would say, on his side. In his first consideration to feed, clothe, and warm himself, he is met by warnings on every hand that this thing and that thing have owners, and that he must go elsewhere. Then he says, "If I am born into the earth, where is my part? Have the goodness, gentlemen of this world, to show me my wood-lot, where I may fell my woods, my field where I may plant my corn, my pleasant ground where to build my cabin.'

" 'Touch any wood, or field, or house-lot, on your peril,' cry all the gentlemen of the world. 'But you may come and work in ours, and we shall give you a piece of bread.' "

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
"Essay on Man,
the Conservative"

Book Reviews

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS, by Allan R. Bosworth, W. W. Norton, $5.95. Reviewed by MURRAY POLNER.

For the first forty years of this century only sporadic attention was paid the Japanese. They lived at best amid general indifference but at worst they were surrounded by pockets of nativist contempt. Very quickly the Yellow Peril became a euphemism for the issei and their children. There were also bitter school desegregation battles in San Francisco, not unlike the anguish of our own times, as well as restrictive land-ownership ordinances and discriminatory immigration laws. To casual observers it might seem that opposition to American Japanese rose and fell with the prevailing state of foreign relations between Tokyo and Washington, but that was only partly so. In fact, xenophobia, race hatred, fear of economic competition, indeed all the classic ingredients of prejudice lay behind the anti-Japanese sentiment.

This animosity increased in fits and starts through the late twenties and especially into the thirties until the Pearl Harbor attack symbolized the culmination of years of hysteria. By January 1942, Americans living on the West Coast, for example, had little doubts about the wisdom of evacuating and incarcerating a hundred and ten thousand Japanese-Americans.

The entire story is here re-told brilliantly by Allan R. Bosworth, a former naval captain and newspaperman. While there is very little that is new in the recapitulation, it is not without value, for it reminds us of an incredible display of know-nothingism that denied every legal right to seventy thousand American citizens and forty thousand aliens only twenty-five years ago.

The original demand for evacuation from the West Coast came from the traditional opposition: the professional veterans, the big growers, some large unions, much of the daily press and later, the entire California congressional delegation. They were, however, acting predictably and, in their own way, even logically. But for the far greater body of Americans, largely uninterested in the old anti-Japanese line, the stunning sequence of unexpected attack and war created an atmosphere of great alarm. There were false air-raids in Los Angeles and wild rumors of a Japanese invasion.

Moreover, in the first weeks after December 7th those who expressed themselves publicly on the subject were nearly unanimous: the Japanese could not be trusted; the danger of espionage was great. The Commanding General of the West Coast warned the Tolan Congressional Committee: "A Jap's a Jap. Once a Jap, always a Jap."

It was hardly possible to take an opposing view. The few who did protest angrily, such as Norman Thomas — who is inexplicably omitted from the book, a major oversight—were written off as professional dissenters. The overwhelming weight of official indoctrination was that they were all "potentially" dangerous and should be removed from their homes and communities and locked up. How many ordinary citizens could see through and withstand this barrage of propaganda from a paternalistic government, one that thought of itself as a friend of the common man? Who in Washington between 1942 and 1945 had time for a hundred and ten thousand men, women and children languishing in desert camps stretching from California to Arkansas when there was a war to be won and millions to be liberated?

It is apparent that Bosworth is shocked that it could have happened, even in wartime. We accept Stalin's brutal removal of the Crimean Tartars and Volga Germans as natural to his despotic style. But who would have expected New Dealers, or so Bosworth seems to suggest, the best of the breed in middle-class democracy, to have behaved in this way? Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the folk hero of the dispossessed was, of course, the President. Francis Biddle (later of the Americans for Democratic Action) was his Attorney-General and Henry L. Stimson, who never ceased to tire of lecturing the Imperial Japanese on their moral depravity, was Secretary of War and immediately responsible for removal and imprisonment. There is no record that any of them ever protested the treatment of their fellow Americans. Bosworth cites J. Edgar Hoover's remark which indicates that the F.B.I. at least never bought the "potential danger" thesis. The insistence upon evacuation and detention, he quotes Hoover, was "based primarily upon public and political pressures rather than upon factual data." Not many Administration apologists had the courage to say even that.

I think the search for meaning, however, must go beyond personal responsibility. A tentative insight may be gleaned from Hannah Arendt's remark that man no longer acts; he behaves—he is a sort of "bio-mechanical link in the technological process" of indoctrination and misinformation. He is increasingly powerless to change the course of events or even shape his own destiny, unless, possibly, he is immediately and directly threaten in some way.

One of the neatest of the radical myths about revolutions is that they were all supported by the "people." Yet in nearly every important social revolution of the past two centuries very few cared enough to put themselves on the line, except when their own immediate self-interest was involved. John Adams' well-known qualification about the American Revolution is apropos here: one-third of the colonials favored the American rebels, one-third were on the side of the Crown and one-third were indifferent. A more recent illustration of this malaise is that no significant groundswell of opposition to the war in Vietnam need be expected among the middle class until all college deferments are dropped and their sons and husbands placed in jeopardy of being drafted.

It was thus easy in 1942 for well-meaning Americans to turn their backs on events. When the Supreme Court ruled that evacuation was constitutional even more doubts were put to rest. It was all very kosher. The Japanese were not treated harshly, there were no gas ovens and the War Relocation Authority people were often considerate and sympathetic. Quakers were permitted to volunteer their services. Later, Congress tried to assuage grievances by voting some compensation for lost property. If those three years added up to a shameful act it was nevertheless mild enough to spare us all generations of remorse and self-flagellation and permit many to consider it a temporary aberration, hardly in keeping with the traditions of American freedom.

Could it ever happen again, asks Bosworth? He thinks so, noting that the Supreme Court decision still stands. He cites Justice Robert Jackson's warning that it is "a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need." All that is needed, he writes, is a profoundly emotional frustration over Vietnam, a war against China or some such thing. I hope he is wrong, but given the proper set of conditions radicals and dissenters, more than a national group, may very well be put aside for the duration. How and when is still a moot point but we do have a precedent as well as little chance that anyone but the persecuted minority themselves will do any protesting.

THE HOLY BIBLE. REVISED STANDARD VERSION, CATHOLIC EDITION. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. $6.50. (Also available from Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York). Reviewed by LEONARD J. DOYLE.

Lamenting the lack of a "Catholic" Bible translation in the year 1578, the president of Douay College wrote: "Our adversaries, however, have at their finger tips from some heretical version all those passages of Scripture which seem to make for them, and by a certain deceptive adaptation and alteration of the sacred words produce the effect of appearing to say nothing but what comes from the Bible. This evil might be remedied if we too had some Catholic version of the Bible, for all the English versions are most corrupt."

This Catholic translation of the Bible was made, and became known as the Douay version.

In 1611 the translators of the King James version of the Bible, in offering their work to the king, said in part:" . . . if, on the one side, we shall be traduced by Popish Persons at home or abroad, who therefore will malign us, because we are poor instruments to make God's holy Truth to be yet more and more known unto the people, whom they desire still to keep in ignorance and darkness . . ."

After three hundred and fifty years, the "adversaries" have agreed upon a Revised Standard Version of the Bible in English. This is essentially a revision of the King James version, which had long been regarded as superior in diction and style to the Douay.

The King James version needed revision on three counts:

1) A more accurate text for the books of the Old and New Testaments has been established through the discovery, over the centuries, of early manuscripts in the original languages.

2) A more accurate interpretation of the text has become possible through archeological discovery both of obpects and of non-scriptural texts which throw light on the meaning of words in Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek.

3) The English language has changed so that words and expressions have dropped out of use or, more serious still, have changed their meaning since the time of King James I, and revision is needed to make the English intelligible.

The translators of the Revised Standard Version were commissioned by the International Council of Religious Education to embody in their translation "the best results of modern scholarship as to the meaning of the Scriptures" and to express this meaning "in English diction which is designed for use in public and private worship and preserves those qualities which have given to the King James Version a supreme place in English literature."

The Revised Standard Version was published in 1952, and the introduction to the Catholic edition says that "it has been acclaimed on all sides as a translation which combines accuracy and clarity of meaning with beauty of language and traditional diction."

The Catholic edition makes no change in the wording of the Old Testament. Certain books recognized by the Catholic Church as canonical had already been added to the Revised Standard Version in a 1957 edition, and were taken over in that translation. An appendix to the Old Testament adds a few pages of notes on various passages, with variant readings.

In the New Testament some notes are added also. Moreover, a few changes are made in the text, and these are listed in an appendix. Aside from the substitution of the word **brethren** for **brothers**, these changes consist mainly in incorporating into the text certain variant readings which had been given in the Revised Standard Version's footnotes, and switching the Revised text over to a footnote in the Catholic edition.

The Revised Standard Version has gained wide acceptance, and the publication of a Catholic edition is a step toward religious unity.

"Spoken or printed, broadcast over the ether or on woodpulp, all advertising copy has but one purpose—to prevent the will from ever achieving silence. Desirelessness is the condition of deliverance and illumination. The condition of an expanding and technologically progressive system of mass-production is universal craving. Advertising is the organized effort to extend and intensify craving—to extend and intensify, that is to say, the workings of that force which (as all the saints and teachers of all the higher religions have always taught) is the principal cause of suffering and wrong-doing and the greatest obstacle between the human soul and its divine Ground."

Aldous Huxley,
The Perennial Philosophy
(Harpers)

We Need a New Car

We are in desperate need of a new car at St. Joseph's House. Our old VW bus has had it. A station wagon of the bus or truck variety would be most desirable for us since we carry large loads of vegetables, which we beg from the produce markets twice a week. In addition there are the ninety thousand copies of each issue of the CW that we deliver to the post office, and the many people we must drive around the city and between the Tivoli Farm and the Bowery. Because of the lack of a wagon we have had to pass up many offers of food supplies and clothing from individuals and convents around the city, much to our regret. A good station wagon of any type would be appreciated, but one of the bus or truck type would be best. If you can help please call (212) OR 4-9812, or write 175 Chrystie Street, N.Y.C. 10002.

Martin Luther King

(Continued from page 1)

pleasures that come from the immense profits of overseas investment.

I am convinced that if we are to get on the right side of the world revolution, we as a nation must undergo a radical revolution of values. We must rapidly begin this shift from a "thing-oriented" society to a "person-oriented" society. When machines and computers, profit motives and property rights are considered more important than people, the giant triplets of racism, materialism, and militarism are incapable of being conquered.

A true revolution of values will soon cause us to question the fairness and justice of many of our past and present policies. On the one hand we are called to play the Good Samaritan on life's roadside; but that will be only an initial act. One day we must come to see that the whole Jericho road must be transformed so that men and women will not be constantly beaten and robbed as they make their journey on Life's highway. True compassion is more than flinging a coin to a beggar—it is not haphazard and superficial. It comes to see that an edifice that produces beggars need restructuring. A true revolution of values will soon look uneasily on the glaring contrast of poverty and wealth. With righteous indignation, it will look across the seas and see individual capitalists of the West investing huge sums of money in Asia, Africa and South America only to take the profits out with no concern for the social betterment of the countries and say: "This is not just." It will look at our alliance with the landed gentry of Latin America and say: "This is not just." The Western arrogance of feeling that it has everything to teach others and nothing to learn from them is not just. A true revolution of values will lay hands on the world order and say of war: "This way of settling differences is not just." This business of burning human beings with napalm, of filling our nation's homes with orphans and widows, of injecting poisonous drugs of hate into the veins of peoples normally human, of sending men home from dark and bloody battlefields physically handicapped and psychologically deranged, cannot be reconciled with wisdom, justice, and love. A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death.

(Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam have just published a handsome brochure containing the text of two historic addresses on the subject of Vietnam by Dr. King, along with commentaries by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Dr. John C. Bennett, Dr. Henry Steele Commager, Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel, and others. For information on individual and bulk orders, please write to: **Clergy and Laymen Concerned**, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 560, New York, N.Y. 10027).