THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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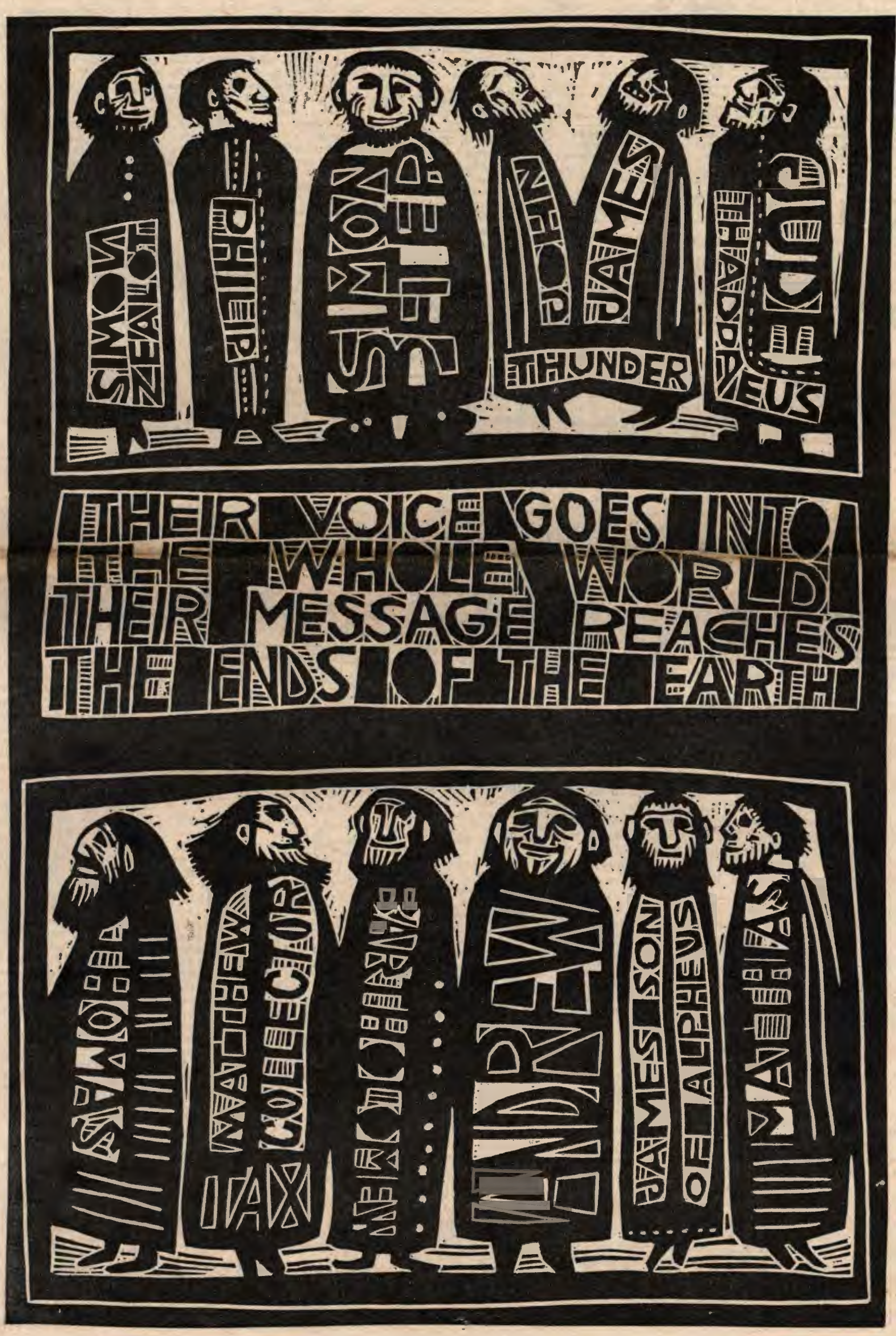

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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Tribute to the Nelsons

By DOROTHY DAY

Every summer for the past three years a Peacemakers training program has been held at our Tivoli farm for the last two or three weeks of August. The old mansion and the Peter Maurin house are filled with guests, and campers come and set up their tents on the lawn facing the river. The organizer of the Peacemakers' school is Wally Nelson, who has been in the workhouse in Cincinnati for the past two weeks, fasting. He and several others were arrested during a vigil for DeCourcy Squire, an 18 yr. old Antioch student who had been hospitalized after fasting since her arrest Dec. 7 and subsequent sentence of 9 mo. for participating in a peace demonstration. (DeCourcy has since been released.)

A psychiatric examination was ordered for Wally when he refused to co-operate with his arrest and trial. Found by court psychiatrists to be "sane," he was sentenced for "loitering" to ten days in the workhouse, $25 and costs. Again refusing to co-operate with legalized injustice, he was dragged from the police van by his legs, an action that caused his wife Juanita to follow him, cradling his head in her hands. When they arrived at Wally's cell, Nita bent over to kiss him, was arrested for "disorderly conduct" and fined $25 and costs. This she refused to pay, and was ordered to the workhouse.

Detailed stories of these arrests are given in the February 10th issue of the **Peacemaker**, (10208 Sylvan Avenue, (Gano) Cincinnati, Ohio 45241). I hope that many of our readers will subscribe to the **Peacemaker**, since news of the conscientious objectors who are in prison and much other war-resistance news can be obtained there. Peacemakers have led in direct action for many years.

Wally and Juanita have both refused to pay income tax for many years, and it is of them particularly I wish to write, with the most heartfelt sympathy for their suffering and the greatest admiration for their dedication. It is their vocation to realize and to lead others to realize the horror of the times through which we are passing. Wally has explained that his fasting during the jail sentences he has undergone was the result not of wilful refusal but of a total inability to swallow food while imprisoned. Simone Weil, the French woman whose brilliant writings on man and the state, work and war, were widely published after her death, suffered during the second world war in the same way. She was literally unable to swallow enough food to keep her alive, in the face of world starvation.

In the stories of the saints, one reads of such sensitivity, such penances undergone, such fastings endured and they are little understood by the secular world. I am convinced that this vocation, this calling, to give oneself to one's brother, in loving communion, in loving understanding of the heinous crimes that are being committed today was at the root of Roger La Porte's immolation in front of the United Nations two years ago. It is as though such men said, "We will suffer with you, since we have no way of stopping the bombing, the burning, the napalm, the defoliation, the destruction of homes and an entire countryside. There is no act of ours extreme enough, no protest strong enough, to deal with this horror."

Wally Nelson was in prison for thirty-three months during World War Two and fasted for a hundred and eight days (with forced feeding by tube) as a protest against racial segregation of prisoners. He had had time to think out his position while in Civilian Public Service camp, as forced labor camps which were set up for conscientious objectors were called. These very camps were a concession to pacifists, who had been imprisoned and brutally treated during World War One. But Wally decided to walk out and did so and was arrested and jailed. His example and that of other absolutists led to further concessions. In this present undeclared war in Vietnam, to which ten thousand more men were shipped off yesterday, the conscientious objector position is recognized, and paid employment is offered in home hospitals as "alternative service." To accept this is still to submit to the draft,—hence the continued protests against war, and the drafting of youth to wage this hideous struggle.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

My sister and I used to call them the January doldrums. I'm having them now, faced as I am with a lot of work on the typewriter that I do not want to do. There are piles of mail to answer on each desk up here at Tivoli. Marge Hughes has a heap of letters. Stanley has a heap, I have a heap. Marge's Johnny has had flu and I've had a recurring cold. But do not think we are depressed. Interesting visitors arrive, there is interesting news in newspapers or magazines to be discussed, some good books come in from the publishers, and we are filled with vim. When we return to our desks, we are in the doldrums again.

Was it Dr. Abraham Low or Father John J. Higgins, S.J. (may they both rest in peace) who gave such simple and good advice in the group-therapy sessions known as Recovery meetings? To the woman who complained that she could not face the huge basket of laundry to be ironed—men's shirts and children's school clothes—the answer was: "Put the basket behind you, reach back and take out one shirt and iron it. Go on from there." It sounds idiotic, but I start my On Pilgrimage article in this spirit. Just to sit down and put one word after another. I write this for your comfort. We are all alike, in that we are in the doldrums or the deserts or in a state of acedia at one time or another.

URGENT NOTICE

It appears to be the policy of officials at the Cincinnati Workhouse not to provide intravenous feeding for those engaged in hunger strikes. De Courcy Squire was not force fed throughout her long imprisonment (see editorial) and emerged from prison drastically weakened. Since Wally Nelson is not being fed either, his health may be seriously jeapordized. We urged our readers to protest vigorously to the warden of Cincinnati workhouse, the Mayor of Cincinnati and the Governor of Ohio.

Delano Pickets

I am at Tivoli as I begin to write this. My room faces the river and I get up every now and then to see a ship pass by—freighters from Finland, tankers, cement barges, tugs, Coast Guard boats breaking through the ice. The freight train that just passed distracted me. As I used to do as a child, I counted the cars, ninety-seven of them, many of them marked Pacific Fruit. They made me think of our friends, Julian Balidoy, Fernando Garcia, Severino Manglio, Juan Berbo, Nickolas Valenzuelo, and others who stayed with us last year, in a cold three-room apartment on Kenmare Street. They would rise at dawn or earlier to set out on their daily job of approaching wholesalers and retailers, asking them not to handle the grapes coming from California, where so many of the workers in the vineyards are on strike. They are trying to build up a union of agricultural workers, and have succeeded in winning contracts with the growers, each success won after the daily work of setting out on such visits as these and conducting continuing picket lines, which are in a way "supplicatory processions," prayers, to the good God that He will keep them from bitterness and hopelessness and class war. The world is full enough of war as it is and daily there are the threats of more wars. There are realignments of allies, a strange shuffling of forces. Weren't Russia and China our allies in the Second World War? And weren't Germany and Japan our enemies?

The alternative is to educate for nonviolence, love of brother (and all men are brothers) while being always on the side of the poor, a predilection shared by Almighty God and His son Jesus Christ, Who, in Matthew 25, told us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the haborless, visit the prisoner (or even better, ransom him), visit the sick, and bury the dead—decently, with respect for that silenced body which has served for this all too brief life on earth.

God is on the side even of the unworthy poor, as we know from the story Jesus told of His father and the prodigal son. Charles Peguy, in **God Speaks**, has explained it perfectly. Readers may object that the prodigal son returned penitent to his father's house. But who knows, he might have gone out and squandered money on the next Saturday night, he might have refused to help with the farm work, and asked to be sent to finish his education instead, thereby further incurring his brother's righteous wrath, and the war between the worker and the intellectual, or the conservative and the radical, would be on. Jesus has another answer to that one: to forgive one's brother seventy times seven. There are always answers, although they are not always calculated to soothe.

I can sympathize with the instinct of righteous wrath which leads people to take to arms in a revolution, when I see the forgotten aged in mental hospitals, and men sleeping in doorways on the Bowery, or fishing in garbage cans for food, and families in the slums, often with no heat in such weather as we have been having, and migrants in their shanty towns. We have heated the apartments at Kenmare St. with the gas oven day and night while the temperature was down to five below zero. We were more comfortable than the people in the better apartments across the street, where the boiler burst or froze up. Our cold-water pipes were frozen in half of our house but we were able to fetch water from one another's apartments. There are two toilets to a floor and one on each floor was frozen and had to be padlocked.

The pickets from Delano have arrived, forty-five of them. They came by rented bus. The heating system failed on the trip. Now they are being given hospitality by the Seafarers International Union at 675 Fourth Avenue, in Brooklyn. I have spoken at communion breakfasts in the dining room of their hall, so I know how comfortable and well fitted out it is, an indication of the gains the union movement has made over the past thirty years.

Earthquake in Sicily

It is less than three months ago that I was visiting Danilo Dolci and travelling around western Sicily, which has since been stricken by earthquake and bitter rain and cold. Our most heartfelt sympathy goes out to Dolci and to his fellow workers, and we hope that some of our readers will send him checks that will help them in the additional work which such a disaster has forced upon them. No matter how much governments and the Red Cross do, there is always more to be done. And donations, however small, are a reminder of sympathy. "Love is an exchange of gifts," St. Ignatius once said. Two of Dolci's books, **A New World in the Making** and **Waste** can be obtained from the Monthly Review Press, 116 West 14th St., New York, for $7.50 and $6.75 respectively. We highly recommend the **Monthly Review**, to which we turn for information about Latin American affairs. Subscription: $6.00 a year.

I did not mention in my last account of my pilgrimage to Italy and England (December 1967) that, although I went by ship, I returned by air. In my many trips around the country over the years, I have usually gone by bus, partly on the grounds of economy and also because it was convenient from the standpoint of the visits I made to various houses of hospitality. I would use a visit to a Texas school, where I received perhaps two hundred and fifty dollars, plus expenses, as an excuse to make a tour of Catholic Worker groups. Usually, by the time I got to San Francisco I was exhausted. But I can no longer use economy as an excuse. A trip to Minneapolis, for instance, is about seventy dollars by non-stop flight, and you can arrive as fresh as when you started out. When one has reached three score and ten years, traveling can be exhausting. It was this exhaustion after my Italian trip that made me overcome my fear of flight, which I think most of the older generation shares. Certainly it is just as easy for a huge plane to stay in the air as it is for a ship the size of the Waldorf Astoria to remain afloat. I can only marvel at men's accomplishment in this technological era and meditate again on the lack of development of our spiritual resources. I like to think of St. Paul's words: "Though this outer man of ours may be falling into decay, the inner man is renewed day by day." In the modern world is seems just the opposite: the outer man's youth is renewed by science and comfort and the inner man is corrupted by materialism. Anyway, I am partaking with joy of the beauty and comfort of flying now, and will try to pay for it with harder work and better use of my time.

THE COVER

this month is by Sister Meinrad, O.S.B. of Stanbrooke Abbey in England.

In Rome I had met a Father Galli, who runs a center for young boys. He entertained a group of us at dinner one night on a roof garden just above the center where movies are shown and lectures and instruction given. He regaled us with stories of his visits to Staten Island and, on the morning of my departure, met Eileen Egan and me at the airport with a huge bunch of roses, and a relic of St. Helena for Eileen and a relic of the Holy House of Loretto for me. "This also has flown," he said to me, referring to the fact that the Holy House was supposed to have been miraculously flown from Palestine to Italy. (Pope John XXIII once made a pilgrimage to the Holy House). I am sure that many of our modern iconoclasts would like to bomb it out of existence.

But it was my rosary that I clutched in my hand as I made the plane a minute before we took off. Wedged between a priest and a brother on their way to London, I was reminded of the crowded buses of Mexico, where people (and sometimes sheep and chickens) were packed so close that I used to think that in the accident which always seemed imminent one would be well cushioned. The plane started off with an increasing roar of the engines, which, rising to a crescendo, made me think of a recurrent nightmare of my early childhood, a dream of a great roaring, beginning quietly and increasing to unbearable noise, which I somehow associated with my idea of God. What this noise conveyed to me now was a sense of enormous power, lifting us with a great thrust into the air. I did not realize that my eyes had been closed until I opened them to notice that we were already above the clouds and our heavenly conveyance was quite smooth, that is, until we began to feel that we were driving over rough roads. One of my seat mates said, "bit of wind, probably," and none seemed concerned. It was a small, one-class plane and it took the stewardesses the two or three hours of the flight just to serve the luncheon. I ate heartily, although I don't remember what I ate.

Feeling that I was now an ex-

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Tivoli
A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a cold Sunday in February Septuagesima came, and turned our thoughts towards Lent. Now it is Lincoln's birthday, a cold and penitential day. Thinking of Lincoln and the winter cold, I wonder if lilacs will ever bloom in the dooryard again. Then amid the reedy twitterings of anonymous small birds and the strident cries of the jay, I hear that friendliest bird of all, the chickadee and I recall Mark Van Doren's lines: "A Chickadee has three short songs to love the world with, spring and fall and winter; for he loves them all." Thinking of the poem and listening to the bird, I know that I too should love winter a little, that lilacs most certainly will bloom again, and that even now under earth's icy sheath the hardy skunk cabbage is beginning to stir from the deep sleep of winter, though as yet the heraldic moment of snow-defying awakening seems but a dream of the long winter night.

It is not, of course, merely the ice-bound conditions of a more than usually severe winter which make it difficult for me—and many others—to keep cheerful. It is the growing nightmarishness of the war in Vietnam and all the terrible inequities and injustices which afflict mankind in our day. This war, which has made victims of so many innocent women, children, and old men, and which has even inflicted a kind of death on the very land itself, seems to me not only utterly inhumane and cruel, but equally and utterly insane.

Is it not insanity to think that we can save a people by killing them off by the thousands, by making their very homeland unliveable? It is difficult to understand how anything worse could happen to the Vietnamese than what we have already done to them. I feel that we all share in the guilt, but there is little we can do—or so it seems—to stop the madness. Yet we can pray, we must pray; and Mass—I thank God for Father Leandre Plante, who has given us daily Mass throughout this cold winter—is a powerful prayer for peace.

One should also do whatever else one can. Marty Corbin participated this year—as last—in the deliberations and demonstrations of the Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam, a meeting which was held in Washington, D.C. Dorothy Day continues her writing, speaking, living for peace. Many Catholic Workers, particularly our young people, take part in demonstrations against the war. Many of our young men are conscientious objectors and non-cooperators with the military. Some are in jail; others waiting to be sentenced. These young men are our true heroes. As for me, I pray for them, and try to keep my sanity.

For me, as for many others, I think, one of the best ways to maintain one's sanity is to read a good book. I thank God, therefore, for the wonderful Talking Books program, which makes available to the blind a selection from the innumerable books which are available through public libraries to sighted readers. The Talking Books program, which is sponsored by the Library of Congress, the American Foundation for the Blind, and the American Printing Press for the Blind, is an attempt to extend the public-library service to the blind. Books are recorded on record or on tape, and are distributed through regional centers, often branches of local public libraries. It is a great program, but, like so many other public-service and anti-poverty programs, would be much better if some of the money now being spent on a destructive and horrible war were used to expand and improve it. Many blind people, including myself, would have, I think, a much more difficult time holding on to sanity without the program.

Among the books which I have read by listening this winter, and which have helped lift my spirits and restore my hope, are Yevgeny Yevtushenko's **Precocious Autobiography** and his **Selected Poems** in the translation of Robert Milnar Goland and Peter Levi, S. J. Helene Iswolsky, who heard Yevtushenko read his poems during his visit to New York City last year, has often told us of this young Soviet poet, and has played for us a recording of Yevtushenko reading his great poem Babi Yar, which is a moving and powerful indictment of anti-Semitism, not only in Russians but in all of us. Poetry, of course, to be fully appreciated, must be read in the original, and my Russian is as yet much too limited for that. But even in translation I can understand that here is a poet of honesty and integrity and of a remarkably fresh, spontaneous response to nature and to experience. Born in 1933, Yevtushenko is a true child of the revolution. Communism is his faith, his religion. He writes out of love, out of a sense of reverence for man, and a feeling for the sacredness and mystery of all living things. As a boy Yevtushenko lived in a small Siberian town where his great grandfather had been exiled for taking part in a peasant uprising. He regards the great Siberian wilderness, the Tiga, as his first poetry teacher, and writes in his **Precocious Autobiography** that he considered it a terrible sacrilege to hurt the Tiga in any way, even by breaking off the smallest twig or destroying the wild creatures which had their home in this almost impenetrable wilderness. Combined with such sensitivity to plant life and animal life, Yevtushenko shows also a true love for his fellow human beings, a true joy in living. And so, though he would not call himself a Christian, Yevtushenko, the young Communist poet, has lifted my heart to God.

Our Russian studies continue, and thanks largely to Helene Iswolsky, have helped to keep us stimulated and alert On a night in January—a Russian kind of night with icy cold and snow—we took our Russian studies with us to the Rosenbergs. Vivian Rosenberg had asked a few teacher friends from nearby schools to come and hear Helene talk about Russian literature, and had asked Kay and me, that we too might profit from the discussion. We profited first from one of Vivian's good dinners. After dinner Helene talked, as she always does, with the ease and insight which come from a truly vital experience of Russian literature.

On a Sunday afternoon even more reminiscent of a Russian winter scene, we held our January discussion meeting. Although our previous meetings had been well attended, we were not sure that anyone would make it through the cold wind and driving sleet of this particular day. Five brave men—two from the Redemptorists at Esopus and three from the Christian Brothers in Barrytown—did so. The discussion, which was based on the **Commonweal** special issue on Jesus, became so warm that we thought there might be some thawing of the ice on nearby roads. Unfortunately, this did not prove true Three of the Christian Brothers proceeded so far along the icy road, and then could neither proceed nor retreat. Finally they abandoned the car, and returned on foot to the farm, through wind and sleet and drifted snow. They arrived in time for supper; and enjoyed, we hope, a relaxing evening of talk and chess with Kay Lynch,

(Continued on page 6)

The U.F.W.O.C. is relying heavily on a write-in campaign, and urges anyone interested to write to Joseph Giumarra, Edison, California; and Don Joseph of Victor Joseph & Son, 467 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. Letters should state refusal to buy grapes until a contract is signed.

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

A member of the United Steel Workers told me that when a collection was taken up for the copper strikers at the recent A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Florida and the men began to sing "Joe Hill," which includes the words, "In Salt Lake . . . the copper bosses killed you, Joe," the officials in charge stopped the singing.

The copper strike has been going on for six months now. Although the companies are getting a better price for copper and their profits are proportionately higher than those of the automobile manufacturers, who settled on a nation-wide basis, they continue to cry that nation-wide bargaining would bankrupt them. (When William Z. Foster was organizing the steel workers in 1919, the employers insisted that if the working day was reduced from twelve hours to eight, they would go broke.) Just before Christmas the six thousand striking employees of the Kennecott Copper Company received a letter telling them that if they didn't like the company they should resign. This insult did not produce any resignations. Although the hierarchy of the Mormon Church is generally anti-union and favors the right-to-work law, each bishop in the more than 225 wards here can determine what goes on in his own ward. Some of these bishops are on strike, and they see to it that the strikers in their wards receive relief from the general bishop's warehouse.

The National Lead Company wants to build a fifty-three-million-dollar manganese plant on the west shores of Salt Lake. The local power company and its friends in business here are opposing its construction, because National Lead plans to buy electricity from the Raft River Cooperative, in Idaho.

The New York Review of Books, Peace News and Freedom published the text of Paul Goodman's address in Washington during the week of anti-war demonstrations last October. He was speaking to more than three hundred members of the National Security Industrial Association, founded in 1944 by James Forrestal "to maintain and enhance the beautiful wartime communication between the armament industries and the government," as Goodman put it. He boldly told them, in part:

"You are the military industrial of the United States, the most dangerous body of men at present in the world, for you not only implement our disastrous policies but are an overwhelming lobby for them, and you expand and rigidify the wrong use of brains, resources, and labor so that change becomes difficult . . . You have involved these people (inhabitants of the Third World) in a wildly inflationary economy, have driven them into instant urbanization, and increased the amount of disease and destitution. You have disrupted ancient social patterns, debauched their cultures, fomented tribal and other wars, and in Vietnam yourselves engaged in genocide. You have systematically entangled them in Great Power struggles. It is not in your interest, and you do not have the minds or the methods, to take these peoples seriously as people.

"You tried, unsuccessfully, to saddle us with the scientifically ludicrous Civil Defense Program. You have sabotaged the technology of inspection for disarmament. Now you are saddling us with the anti-missile missiles and the multi-warhead missiles (MIRV). You

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Bread and Justice

By ELIZABETH DURAN

"This is a war of fear, of nerves —we have determination; we will bust the growers." Manuel Velasquez speaks with excitement, motioning to the other members of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee grouped about him. Manuel is one of the two picket captains who returned east in January from Delano, California, with forty-five other striking grape-pickers. The group, which this time includes women and one six-year-old boy, is lodged in the Brooklyn shelter of the Seafarers International Union. The union has provided comfortable dormitories, office space, meals and six cars to help the farm workers in their campaign to boycott all California grapes. Members of the U.F.W.O.C. were in New York and several other cities last fall, attempting to organize a boycott of grapes from the vineyards of Joseph Giumarra, whose employees are non-union laborers hired in defiance of the United Farm Workers' strike. Giumarra, the world's largest table-grape grower, escaped the effects of the boycott by selling his products under the labels of other growers. Since it became impossible to determine which grapes were from Giumarra vineyards, the union was forced to declare a boycott of all California grapes.

The decision to concentrate U.F.W.O.C. activities in New York was made this December in California. Groups had been sent from Delano to Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities across the country to start local boycotts of Giumarra products. Twenty per cent of Giumarra's grapes, however, are distributed in New York, through Victor Joseph & Son, a New Jersey fruit handler. The U.F.W.O.C. felt that a concentrated attack on New York markets, closing Giumarra's largest single outlet, would be more effective than smaller, scattered actions. The union hopes to bring about a total boycott in New York by April. After this, strikers will be sent out again to other cities; if Giumarra has not signed a union contract by August, when the grapes are picked, he may find that there is no market for his product.

The union is making good progress in New York, although there are still problems. On Saturday, February 3rd, twenty-two pickets (including the six-year old and his mother) were arrested on the complaint of a produce distributor at the Hunt's Point Market. The U.F.W.O.C. has been sending pickets to the market at 4 A.M., when wholesale business is done, urging handlers to sign a statement of refusal to distribute California grapes. There had been little disturbance until the time of the arrest although the union and the police had disagreed over the number of pickets permitted in the line. The police had attempted to limit the number of pickets to six, which would have weakened considerably the show of union strength necessary to gain the produce handlers' cooperation. Charges of disorderly conduct were brought, and the pickets spent most of the day in jail until lawyers from the U.F.W.O.C. and the Seafarer's International were able to secure their release. At the hearing of the case on February 8, market officials dropped the charges and agreed to negotiate with the union.

Popular support has been great. A demonstration on the day of the hearing brought over two hundred people to the Bronx Criminal Court. The union has delegated a representative to go to each of the major ethnic and religious groups in New York City, and the schedule on the wall of U.F.W.O.C. headquarters is well filled with speaking engagements. The greatest effort is spent in persuading the individual consumers to boycott California grapes. The union also urges organizations and individuals to write to Giumarra informing him of their refusal to buy grapes "this year, next year, or any year unless a contract is signed." (See box.)

The U.F.W.O.C. has also received much help from other unions. The school bus that brought the strikers across the country was donated by Denver unions and civic groups, and the workers were housed on the trip by various unions. Thirteen thousand dollars was collected and sent to Delano in December by the Central Labor Council, AFL-CIO, and U.F.W.O.C. representatives have been meeting with labor leaders in the east to discuss the possibility of organizing Eastern farm workers.

Most of the strikers now in New York are California field hands who have been with the union since the beginning of the Giumarra strike last August or even since the beginning of the union itself three years ago. They are a very close, well-disciplined group, including Mexican-Americans, Filipinos, Negroes, Anglos, and a number of Portuguese workers. Their dedication is very impressive. Julian Beladoy, one of the two picket captains, was also captain of the six strikers who stayed at the Catholic Worker house in New York last fall. Despite a personal tragedy, the loss of his son in December, Julian works with great energy and maintains a high standard of discipline in his group. The strikers themselves are generally enthusiastic about their cause, and classes in English are being held to enable them to communicate this enthusiasm with greater confidence and ease. The campaign is planned and coordinated at group meetings, directed by Dolores Huerta, vice president of the union, and Fred Ross, director of organizing. They are assisted by several young volunteers, among them some ex-Peace Corps members who have worked in Latin America.

The life of the strikers in New York is not entirely one of speaking and demonstrating. Although they found it hard to adjust to the winter cold, they have begun to enjoy New York. The women, whose dormitory is kept tidy and home-like, have even found some time to shop for **"baratas"** (bargains) in Manhattan stores. They have seen much of New York, but not as most tourists do; their sight-seeing has generally been done on the way to picket areas. And, one woman said, "we have seen the inside of the jail. They say if you have seen the jail, you have seen the city."

The enthusiasm of the strikers, then, is not caused only by the excitement of a new place or by the warm reception given them. It comes rather from the certainty that they are right and that they will win. On their school bus are pictures of the U.F.W. thunderbird and Our Lady of Guadelupe, two symbols that have been with them throughout their fight. And taped on a wall in union headquarters is the slogan **"pan y justitia,"** (bread and justice). One senses that the justice meant is more than a purely legal or financial justice. It is the fundamental respect for each man as a unique and valuable person, the justice whose source is the individual conscience. Manuel, speaking of the uncooperative produce handlers, expresses the feelings of most of his co-workers. "If a man makes a profit on exploitation," he says, "he is not a human being. He may have two legs like a man, he may look like a man, but inside he is not a human being—I don't know, he is some other kind of animal."

+ + FROM THE

The Godmothers

c/o Emaus, Argentina 251
Chorrillos, Lima, Peru

Dear Dorothy:

Our last letter (July-Aug. CW) perhaps seemed a bit idyllic: the volunteer scene with that international Emaus flavor, a beautiful nursery kindergarten project in a rural slum outside of Lima, with fiestas, etc. However, not long after the letter was written, we suddenly found ourselves in our biggest fight (in Peru of all places) against the American Establishment—for our home, which is also the project, and for the principles we thought most American overseas personnel had accepted.

The roots of our problems were mentioned in that letter: the North American "godmothers" who were supporting more than half the project; our plans to put things on an independent economic basis by projects which would supply needed services (public shower, with running water won from local paper factory, town newspaper) or be educational (modern chicken-raising) and also bring in money; the start we had made on a communitarian-type administrative set-up among the women workers in the project and ourselves.

Then, Pat two weeks in the hospital, and the original president of the "godmothers," who had praised our programs and practices for four months, having to leave the country for good. Confusion and fear among some of the more active women of the group, and within a week's time, the outgoing president doing an about face and telling Pat and me we would have to do our volunteer work in some other town or the "godmothers" would withdraw their money. Receiving little support from the Emaus executive committee, but with the strong backing of the majority of the volunteers, the women we worked with, and the youth of our town, we drew on CW experiences, and began thinking in terms of ultimates—such as how we would carry out a "live-in" if somehow the police should be sent to carry us off, etc.

Some of the reasons for the "godmothers'" fears were personal (we were "dirty beatniks," "irresponsible," etc.; the fact that we had a child seemed to make some feel a little too guilty, toppling the old excuse "well, they live there, but we have children"), to many it was the fear of seeing their theoretical "We'll turn it over to the Peruvians someday," actually being put into practice— ("What—you're giving those women the key to our cashbox?") To keep the discussion in terms of ideas we drew up a concise program, enlarging the functions of the project and spelling out how it would be possible to put it on an economically independent basis, and presented it at the last meeting of 'the godmothers' with the outgoing president in August. The general reaction was one of outraged paternalism, but the program was strong enough that they let things be until the new president— at the time on vacation— would return at the end of September. During that time we worked like fiends to get the program off the ground, and had quite an impressive progress report to show. She took everything objectively, and there were no outward negative reactions from the group. But we were not receiving any strong support from anybody except the poor we were working with (and even there we still keep running into the desire of some to return to the less demanding life of the serf) and the other volunteers, so we kept up a practically sleepless schedule right until the end of October. At this time we were visited by Abbe Pierre, who backed our program completely, and said it could mean a revolution in Peru if it succeeded.

We then went on a two-week vacation, and on our return the next to impossible had happened: the new "godmother's" president also had to leave the country for good within a short time. Again— confusion, unsureness among the executive group, with the upshot that we won't be receiving any more money from them as of January.

Their contribution was $200 a month. From various sources, including the comparatively scarce funds of the Emaus Association and the Ragpickers themselves, our own independence projects (which are now beginning to earn money), a group of Colombian women, and the continuing of some of the "godmothers" who did not agree with their executive, we've come up with $85 a month. We're still looking for the rest, and believe, if we find it, that within a year we can put the project at least partly on its own two economic feet.

The volunteers—we and a local eighteen-year-old boy — and of course the salaried women who are now our fellow communitarians—all earn our living out of the project, so in a way we are very much at home in a situation like our gypsy trip around the States—making our way by our strength and wits (this time with sixty children instead of one to feed, but also the fantastic ideas and help of the poor around us), the grace of God and the charity of CW readers. We think we can make of our nursery-kindergarten-community center a model of communitarian administration and economic independence which can serve for this type of project in Peru and perhaps the rest of South America. Many of our friends have contributed already—to a great degree this has kept us going through the sicknesses and depressions. If you can possibly help, send contributions to us **c/o 807 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Michigan**, where Pat's sister will forward them and send you a thank-you note.

Pat is pregnant, Blaise is growing and Barney maturing. A Happy New Year to all, with much love.

Barney & Pat McCaffrey

Casa Maria

Catholic Worker Community
1131 North 21st St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Dorothy:

Greetings from all of the Casa Maria Community. Our community is prospering and the work goes on in the spirit of Peter Maurin and yourself. The house meets the needs of numbers of people daily who need food and clothing. This has been a strange past two years, my entry into the Catholic Worker.

I love and cherish this vocation, for it has brought us so much peace, and joy, and a new spirit of faith.

We have our Friday night meetings and have become well known throughout the city of Milwaukee. This has been a series of discussions centered around the theme of nonviolence as a way of life. The discussions are based on the Scriptures and writings of both the secular and religious.

Two weeks ago we had a wonderful experience. We had a Catholic Worker retreat which included four families involved in this type of work: my family, Phil and Kathy Bredine, Karl Meyer and his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Pat Murray from Reba Place in Evanston, Illinois. We shared our ideas about running houses of hospitality and the problems we face in this type of work. We also became more aware of the needs of one another. Karl and I plan to work closer together. We had a new look at the liturgy in regard to family life and we had a new look at the layman's role in the Church. Father Quesnell, who heads the New Testament Department of Theology at Marquette University, concluded our retreat by leading a discussion on voluntary poverty and the Scriptures.

We sell the **Catholic Worker** on the civil-rights marches, and the papers go like hotcakes. I sell them on Wisconsin Avenue outside churches, and there is no problem getting rid of them. Many people have become interested out here because of our own publication, the **Casa Maria Cry** and the distribution of the **CW.**

I would also like to mention that we have received many letters and contributions as a result of my article in the **Catholic Worker** (July-August 1967). Many contributions have come to us anonymously and therefore it was impossible for us to send a personal thank you to them.

If you are ever in this area, it certainly would be a joy for us to have you visit us here at the Casa. We would like to know more of your spirit. The more I read about Peter Maurin, the more I wish I had been able to know him in the flesh. You both have changed my life—I must say that.

We wish to extend our love and greetings to you and assure you of our continued prayers along with a few dollars.

Love, peace, and joy,
Mike Cullen

Reverse Strike

P.O. Box 1173
Berkeley
California

Dear Dorothy:

Congratulations on your December issue. Somehow, it spoke to me with particular directness and relevance.

Your discussion of Dolci and the

"reverse strike" brought to my mind a story which, so far as I know, has never been told before. In 1958, our two wonderful **"bracero** priests," Fathers Thomas McCullough and Donald McDonnell, grew weary of trying to persuade organized labor to fulfill its rightful responsibilities towards agricultural workers, and took it upon themselves to begin organizing the farm laborers of the Stockton and San Jose areas. They called these groups Agricultural Workers Associations. By the end of the year, several hundred farm workers—Filipinos, Negroes, Anglos, and Mexican-Americans—were meeting together regularly, selecting their own leaders, making policy decisions of various sorts, becoming involved in the sinews of the organization far more intimately than is customary with labor unions.

Now, as you will recall, in 1958, through an unholy alliance between growers and government agencies, California was inundated by approximately a hundred thousand braceros, on the pretext that something peculiar in the anatomy of local workers, or in their psychology, or both, rendered them unable and unwilling to perform agricultural labor. The A.W.A. lacked the resources to attack this absurd fabrication in the orthodox ways: by writing letters and telegrams to Congressmen and the Secretary of Labor, by sending lobbyists to Washington, etc. And, if the truth be known, I don't think A.W.A. would have spent its resources in these ways in any case, because it felt that there were more effective, unorthodox techniques available.

Fathers McDonnell and McCullough proposed to the A.W.A. membership the following plan: When **braceros** started being imported for the spring crops, in March 1959, A.W.A. members would present themselves to the asparagus growers and other **bracero**-users and ask for jobs. They would be turned down, since employers, given the option, would naturally continue to prefer captive labor. At this point, instead of drifting away, mutely and invisibly, the local workers would begin demonstrating to the whole community, state, and nation, in highly visible ways, that they were **not** unable or unwilling to do hard work, of the very same type found in agriculture.

Under the McDonnell-McCullough plan, A.W.A. brigades would go out every day, rain or shine, cut weeds alongside public roads, repair drainage ditches, etc. They would announce to the news media what they were doing, and why. Even assuming a news blackout (a very unlikely event, given the drama of the story), they could not be ignored, for they would be seen by thousands of people driving the highways every day.

How would they live, since they wouldn't be paid for the work? A.W.A.'s answer: they had no jobs anyway, so they couldn't possibly be any worse off than before. (And, in my judgment, this kind of demonstration would have been met with an outpouring of contributions from urban sympathizers, of the kind Cesar Chavez began to tap some seven years later.)

The story has an unhappy ending. Before the plan could be put into effect, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. created an Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee and sent "professional organizers" into the very areas where A.W.A. was operating. Rather than be accused of "dual unionism," and in the hope and expectation that the momentum they had begun would be built upon by the new organizing drive, A.W.A. members voted to merge with A.W.O.C. Nothing more was ever heard of A.W.A.'s creative ideas.

Who knows what might have been? A Dolci-type movement in the United States? It is fascinating to conjecture upon.

To the best of my knowledge—and I had almost daily contact with them at the time—neither Father McCullough nor Father McDonnell heard or read anything about Danilo Dolci until later. Whatever similarities there may have been in their ideas must be ascribed, I think, to a certain greatness which touches some men, indiscriminately, across time and space. California's **"bracero** priests" were removed some years ago from the farm-labor movement, but their prophecies should never be forgotten.

Peace and love,
Henry Anderson

Catholic Continent?

Chivay
Arequipa
Peru

Dear Dorothy and all at the CW:

For a long time I've intended to write you, but your June issue finally convinced me. It's loaded with articles of interest to me.

Last year when I was on vacation I spent an afternoon with some of you sitting on the sidewalk in front of the U.N., protesting the war in Vietnam, and this issue has plenty on peace. In fact, recently we took up a collection in several of our churches here for the victims in Vietnam and sent it on to Caritas International. It wasn't much, because our people are poor. I'm sure most of our families live on less than two hundred dollars a year, and their cash income would be no more than fifty dollars. All of which makes the war so incredible. You don't have to live in Peru or any other part of the Third World very long to realize that communism is not overcome by bombs. The money wasted on the war in one week would be enough to irrigate the whole coast of Peru and stop the starvation and hunger here.

Thomas Merton's review of **The Shoshoneans** was interesting personally, because some thirty-five thousand of our parishioners and the two priests I work with are Indians in whole or in part. At the moment I write this I'm being warmly received in the tiny village of Cascca, high in the Andes — higher than U.S. planes are permitted to fly without oxygen. The first act of the day will be the blessing of the new chapel—rustic, poor but authentic, built by the people without any campaign or even consultation with the pastor or diocesan building commission. It's a three-day journey to the parish and this is the first visit of a priest in two years. I just came from a village that hadn't been visited in five years and am going to one where it's been twenty years. All would be small parishes in priest-rich countries such as the U.S. We have three priests for over sixty villages.

About five or six years ago you printed part of a pastoral letter from Archbishop Rodriguez Ballon of Arequipa calling for social justice, land reform, etc. Unfortunately, action didn't follow the ideas. A good share of our time is being consumed in putting into practice a land reform with church lands in this province. When we finish some three hundred families will have the use of land which has been selfishly held by the upper class (clerical and lay). We are meeting with obstinate opposition from a *few selfish individuals*, have been denounced in the press, and our transfer requested at the chancery, but the poor are with us. Two of our most loyal supporters are a local Communist lawyer, who does the legal work free; and another Communist, a truck driver, who keeps our ailing truck running—also free. The truck driver is giving up his family lands also to be divided among the poor, even though he is only a poor working man.

Our apostolate here is limited only by our numbers and our finances. But within a couple of weeks we are being joined by a former Peace Corps worker, who will take up her former work in the area as a homemaking instructor, working closely with the local doctor, and also by a French volunteer who worked for the past four years in Chicligo diocese in the north of Peru. She will be involved in catechetics and weaving. Two volunteers from India should arrive early in 1968. One is a layman who has been highly recommended to us as an untiring worker in many fields: music, dispensary work, etc. The other is a young priest who says he would like to work in South America, "the Catholic continent of the future."

Love to all of you, keep up the good work. Glad to see about the house opening in Washington and that my friends Phil and Dan Berrigan were among the first visitors.

Sincerely in Him,
Paul M. Hagan

West Coast

7535 Cedar Drive
Citrus Heights
California

Dear Friends & Readers of the CW.

Let us come together for a pot luck dinner on Palm Sunday, April 7th at 3 p.m. Please write to me at the above address or telephone 725-6565 for further information.

Sincerely,
Bea Brickey

MAIL BAG + +

Building the Earth

Universitat Wien
Neuer Markt 1
Vienna
Austria

Dear Dorothy:

I have been reading through back issues of the **Catholic Worker**, which Hildegard Goss-Mayr has asked me to scan for pertinent articles. Actually, that develops into a rather difficult task, since the majority of the articles presented are relevant to our present human situation, whether they be of intellectual persuasion or the more important deeply personal experiences that are often related. The corporal encounter is the most profound impact the Catholic Worker establishes, the deeply personal sphere of people dedicated to a belief in the progress of man, dedicated to the task of building the earth as Teilhard de Chardin suggests: **"The age of Nations is past. The task before us now, if we would not perish, is to shake off our ancient prejudices, and to build the earth."**

I was reading your "On Pilgrimage" article in the March-April 1967 issue, and it recalls memories when I was in the Christian Brothers of Ireland novitiate in West Park, New York. I spent two years before I realized how ineffectual they were to what I really wanted to do. But they gave me a necessary basis for future ideals, and the debt I owe them for that can never really be repaid. From the Irish Christian Brothers I moved on to St. John's University, in Collegeville, Minnesota, the truly liturgical center of the United States, where last year I continued theological studies. I am now finishing my undergraduate credits at the University of Vienna. I try also to take advantage of working with Hildegard and her husband Jean, whom I have found to be deeply concerned partners in the work of peace and reconcilation.

I applied last week for the form for conscientious objectors, and will be busy organizing my thoughts on paper before it arrives. I understand that it is a rather long and complicated process, and I am sure that my presence in Austria will complicate matters considerably, but I no longer feel that it is something that can be put off for another day, for a more propitious moment. I, like many others I know, have long placed my consience below the "more important" matters of comfort and security, which are so easily supplied by student and other deferments or by just following the crowd and getting it over with. I no longer feel that this is possible.

At the present time I believe that I can voice my objection to war within the system; perhaps that will change as time progresses. I will apply for my rightful classification as a C.O., and I hope that the government can understand my position. I certainly would not look forward to prison life, but I will accept it gladly rather than submit to induction into a machine which produces the artocities that our government engages in under the guise of peace. Perhaps it is a sincere engagement, but it is an atrocity and transgression of the basic law of existence, the law of love.

I only have a short time left before I graduate and receive my B.A. in Theology. Following that I hope to be able to work here in Europe on reconcilation or theological research connected with that problem. I wish to stay here a short time, enough to learn German thoroughly, and then I want to return to the States and there I would like to work with your movement, to be able to accomplish something practical and meaningful for myself and others. Theology for the most part is too theoretical, it is not a useful subject in practice. Myself I would like to work on developing the theory of non-violence and the Christian conscience, but it is also important to me to be able to accomplish something significant, that which so many of your members accomplish, in often quiet and seemingly insignificant ways, but which are pregnant in relevance to the task lying before us, the task of building the earth. Whatever I can do from here, be assured I will be pleased to help in any way possible.

Please forward the **Catholic Worker.** I can enclose a dollar, but more than that is impossible for me. I can only give support and prayers now, hopefully more later.

Jean and Hildegard Goss-Mayr send their love, as I also.

Yours in Christ,
William Michael Barkley

Peace Information

P.O. Box 2357
Little Rock
Arkansas

Dear Marty:

I thought I would write a little bit about the Arkansas Peace Information Center, where I am recuperating after my hospitalization. Three or four fellows come in every day, and Mike Vogler is always here to discuss his own convictions and all other phases of the draft. Wally Nelson, who had come to Little Rock to visit his sister in the hospital, was here for much of the weekend. He and John Kimball, who owns the house and was a conscientious objector in World War II, had a fine time recalling old friends. On Friday evening, Wally accompanied Mike to a student hangout called the Exist, and an impromptu discussion of noncooperation ensued.

One day I went with Mike to the student center at Little Rock University, and spent the entire day typing and mimeographing. Students dropped in and more discussions took place. While we were away, a couple of girls who visit frequently, Kathleen and Carol, cleaned the house, which was a big job because there is so much funiture, and you know what chaos five fellows can cause. What is more, Kathleen stayed and cooked fried chicken. A local Methodist minister, Harold Wells, with his wife and their eighteen-month-old son came over to share our meal. When the girls are not around Mike cooks all the meals. Although he has become a vegetarian, he cooks meat for the others.

As for the other residents here, Paul Williams recently became a Quaker, has resigned from the Naval Reserve and is intensely interested in community. Danny is a hospital orderly and sometimes works a double shift, sixteen hours straight. Hamilton Lemmer, who received a medical discharge from the Marines, is a tax refuser and refuses to carry a draft card, is looking for a job. Reggie Johnson is trying to organize Arkansas students against Selective Service.

Mike originally registered as a conscientious objector and was assigned to perform his alternative service by working in a local tuberculosis hospital. However, after talking to some of his friends at the University and learning of their agonizing turmoil in trying to come to a decision about the draft, he came to the conclusion that being a conscientious objector wes not enough, that he must be a "non-collaborator" and reject the entire system, even if that means going to prison for ten or fifteen years. He recently refused his work order and now spends his whole time counselling other young men who are angry about all the killing that is taking place but don't know what to do about the draft.

From another point of view, this confrontation is causing them to dig deep into themselves to find out what life is all about. They feel that those who are not directly confronted with the draft should examine the kind of work they are doing and ask themselves why they are **paying** for armies, courts, and prisons. They do not want to go to prison and therefore do not want anyone else to go because of them. Their idea is that everyone should change his way of life to accord with the principles of a peaceful existence, and if his own personal convictions lead him to prison then that is how it must be.

In a way the Vietnam war is a silent once; the weeping, the pain and the killing are ten thousand miles away, and we remain unaffected. Our lives are complacent and easy, unmarred by the cost of war that the Vietnamese must pay in defense of their homeland, which we have invaded. When it becomes engraved on everyone's heart that killing can never be justified and can never be the means to peace, then and then only can the peace we all long for be achieved. In the meantime we have placed the entire burden for this achievement upon the men of draft age.

This letter is already too long. I just wanted you to know that here in Arkansas there is a dedicated group for peacemaking, there is total opposition to war, and this peace house is a small beginning.

With love,
Pat Rusk

Prison Visit

414 Main S.,
Elk River, Minn. 55330

Dear Friends:

I was interested in Jack Cook's "Chrystie House" article in the January issue and its reference to Bob Gilliam in Sandstone. You will be glad to know that I was appointed official prison visitor for Sandstone by the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors office in Philadelphia about six months ago and that I see Bob once a month.

We visited the prison last Sunday, February 4th and saw Bob for a few minutes out in the hall. As he had other visitors that day, I spent most of my time with the other draft refusers who are imprisoned there. He is looking good and is in fine spirits. He has many friends, both inside and outside, and has a lot of visitors. It has been my experience with these boys that those who have clear support from their homes, churches, and many friends get along very well in prison life. Just knowing that they have this support and letters and visits to prove it makes all the difference in the world to them. The life there is hard, but it is not unbearable.

Bob has a wonderful philosophy of life. It is carrying him through now as it has carried him through other problems and will continue all his life. He is convinced of the rightness of his cause. All he and the others there need now is our support on the outside and the assurance that we are working every day to eradicate this injustice from our society.

I have been agreeably surprised at the informality of the prison and the relaxed attitude of the officials there. Visitors are treated with the utmost courtesy and urged to visit as often as the rules permit. The boys, even in private conversation with me, never complain of their treatment. Only the confinement and the monotony of the prison routine get them down. The only comfort I can bring them is to assure them that nothing ever lasts and they will some day be free. And when that day comes, we will find in them the leaders of tomorrow.

Peace,
Beryl M. Sederberg

Six Poems by John Fandel

REQUEST

I write this strict iambic line for you—
You asked me to.
Yet, if you had not asked,
I would have written one—one to fourteen—
And you know what I mean.
But here is a figure that shall say it plain,
What I had seen,
And asked you about, unasked,
Lest it should so remain:
"What are those little flowers, yellow, low,
Something like crocuses, one-third the size,
Tulips in miniature?" Like that, I asked.
You told me, and I knew.
So, this, for you,
The figure of your making in a word.
For what I heard
Named part of the world for me, and named the world,
After I took attention from the book
You read in silence while I chanced to look
Out at the spring and saw the flowers curled
Sun into petals easier on the eyes—
Although the spring sun burned with easy grace—
To make the universe less stark a place
Because it came to a flower
You knew, as our
Being at one through what you knew to say
Of flowers, today.

LATE MORNING

The next door lawnmower purrs, squeaks, rattles.
A hammer beats a nail's scales into pine.
Panting, blocks over, a saw wheezes, faint.
A plain bird in the sycamore whistles, whistles.
Neighborhood dogs yap, yelp, whine.
The wind sighs, hushes its own complaint.
A jet bores bluesky down to seconds, battles.
Noon goes off in bells, siren, shine.
My watch tickticks over my pulse, quaint.

EPISTEMOLOGICAL

After "dust to dust,"
What of heart to heart?

Theologians have queried "Trust";
Others have questioned Art.

I think as a muser must—
Or might, or means—to start.

Iron is iron . . . and rust.
The whole is all, and part.

SERMON

No mind is great
Not of whole heart,
Thought without weight
Of love, its heat.

Great minds speak clear
As water, air;
The hearthrob hear,
To speak love fair.

The feeling mind,
The thinking heart,
Is great, and kind
Its speaking, Art.

DURATION

I knew, as I had known
As long as stone,
More than the thought alone
Of flesh and bone.

Not to be monotone,
This thought, though won,
Came, I into my own,
One.

WORLDS

The snow silently stopped.
The world, still as a flake
Fallen where no one stepped,
No animal awake,
Lay at the brink of sound—
But held its own white ground . . .
Until, alone, I stepped
Into the quiet—break
Of quiet; quiet stopped.
I heard worlds sleep, and wake.

Violence and the Gospel: a Theological Approach

By JEAN-MARIE MULLER

In every part of the world, contemporary men find themselves confronted with situations of violence. The world as a whole is in a state of violence and its very existence is thereby threatened. What ought we do in such a situation. What can we do? Above all, how can we situate ourselves in regard to a world replete with violence while remaining faithful to the Gospel, with its Beatitudes? If peace can be defined as the state of grace for civilization, violence characterizes a civilization in a state of sin, and today we can go so far as to say, a state of mortal sin.

Since the problems that arise in this area are essentially of the political order, it would seem at first sight that we, as Christians, have no specific solutions to offer. For it is still widely believed that politics and religion constitute two clearly distinct domains, each without an influence on the other. Those who would question the validity of this separation are often accused of doing a disservice to both religion and politics. We have always tended to assume that the Gospel message could provide little assistance in dealing with political problems. Our life was somehow divided into two spheres: the private, in which we did our best to conform to the spirit of the Gospels, and the public, in which such an attempt was assumed to be impossible. Specifically, we have been convinced that we could not fulfill our political responsibilities in any effective way unless we were ready to resort to violent and murderous methods.

To put it another way, we believed that the Christian Redemption could save us **from** the world; we did not believe that it could save the world. But is not this to overlook, and even deny, an essential aspect of the Redemption? As Paul Ricoeur has written: "If Redemption does not include the actual history of men, which is, in part, political, does it not become abstract and unreal? . . . We are reluctant to speak of Redemption at the level of the political development of mankind, because we have lost one of the fundamental meanings of the Redemption, namely, the growth of humanity, its coming to maturity, its state of adulthood."

We have thus projected the salvation obtained for us by Jesus beyond human history, in the belief that this history was given over to the evil forces of sin. That is why Camus was able to write: "Historical Christianity postpones to a point beyond the span of history the cure of evil and murder, which are nevertheless experienced within the span of history."

Now, the Christian Redemption is an incarnation, which means that God came to bring salvation into the very heart of human history, that we have been saved in the totality of our nature and in all the grossness of our earthly existence, and that it is precisely in history that Christianity has the power to cure the evil and murder that are experienced in history.

It follows that there is a properly temporal aspect of the Kingdom of God, yes, even a properly political aspect, that we have all too often neglected. The Kingdom of God is not a kingdom of souls but a kingdom of **men**. The peace that Jesus came to bring to the world is not just the peace of consciences and hearts; it is also the peace of peoples and nations, peace in the political order. Since one of the consequences of sin has been the corruption of social and political realities, the Redemption must, of necessity, extend to these realities. That is why the Gospel applies also to the political dimensions of our lives, and why we must be careful to conform to the demands of the Sermon on the Mount when we make strictly political choices. In **Pacem in Terris**, Pope John XXIII declared that relationships **between** political communities "must be harmonized in truth, in justice, in a working solidarity, in liberty. For the same natural law, which governs relations between individual human beings, must also regulate the relations of political communities with one another."

Misreading the Gospel

We have taken the words of Christ, "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's," and used them to set up a dichotomy that Christ certainly did not have in mind when he uttered them. For, in fact, everything belongs to God; consequently, politics too belongs to God, and we are obliged to render to God the politics that is due Him.

We cannot therefore maintain on the one hand that Christ rose from the dead, that He overcame the world and recapitulated all history and on the other that it is both legitimate and necessary to have recourse to murderous violence, in order to act effectively within history. Nor can we proclaim the Lordship of Jesus over the history of this world and in the same breath insist that the effective application of His precepts would only cause injustice to triumph and deliver the world over to chaos. To believe that Christ has risen, that He has overcome the world, and that He remains the Lord of history until the end of time—is not this to believe in the possibility of a non-violent history?

Certainly we cannot afford to ignore the reality of sin or to underestimate the resistance to the forces of love and truth that continue to be offered by the forces of evil in this world. But do we not void Christian hope and faith of all content when we claim, on the grounds of reason and efficacy, that violence can only be countered with more violence? Is not this to hold for naught the power of the Redemption, to treat the creative forces of love and sacrifice as if they were imaginary, and to regard as totally ineffective the weapons of light of which the Apostle speaks?

If violence is one of the most deadly fruits of sin, the same Redemption that destroys sin must also destroy violence. Which is what the Council affirmed: "Insofar as men are sinful, the threat of war hangs over them, and hang over them it will until the return of Christ. But to the extent that men vanquish sin by a union of love, they will vanquish violence as well, and make those words come true: 'They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; one nation shall not raise the sword against another, nor shall they train for war again'." So we can never resign ourselves to violence or put our trust in it. It is always the expression of sin, it is always sin itself.

There is a certain realism that can never be Christian, because it rejects the very possibility of transcending the **actual** and preaches resignation to the inevitable. It is the very type of pagan fatalism. "However realistic our view of things, we can never forget that Christ overcame the world," Pastor Emilio Castro pointed out at the Conference on Church and Society held by the World Council of Churches. And he added: "Humbly, but with all the temerity of our faith, we can defy the power structures of the world, confident that God himself is at work, helping to hasten the dawn of a life that will be fuller, freer, and more responsible." To the inertia of matter, Christian realism will always oppose the Force of the redemptive Word, while the other kind of realism will oppose the weight of matter to the Force of the redemptive Word. It will always object that the mountain **cannot** be moved, that it is a sin to try to tempt God!

The Meaning of History

In reality, the **exercise** of Christ's Royal and Sacerdotal Power over this world and over history was to subvert and destroy the old perspectives of the pagan world, which had been constructed in accordance with a creation that was fallen and as yet unredeemed. Henceforth, the freedom of grace and the spirit was to stand against the necessity of law. If it is indeed God who now guides history and brings it to fulfillment and completion, then it is only by acting according to the spirit of gentleness and non-violence revealed to us by God himself in the Sermon on the Mount that we can fight the good fight in behalf of justice and peace among men. If the meaning of history is wholly contained in the person of Jesus Christ, it is only through the effective application of his precepts that history can be brought to fulfillment; all recourse to injurious violence must then constitute an obstacle to the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth. And if is to the poor, the gentle, the pure of heart, the merciful and the peacemakers that **the earth** has been promised as an inheritance, then the rich, the powerful, and the violent are really the disinherited, even in this life.

Thus Jesus sends his disciples into the world "like sheep among wolves" and demands that they be "gentle as doves." (Matt. X. 16). But we can proceed with confidence, for He has overcome the world. And "with God on our side, who can be against us?" as the Apostle asks. (Rom. VIII, 31). And "no one can hurt you if you are determined to do only what is right." (Peter III, 13). From the vantage-point of the new covenant, sacred history is a non-violent history. "With the reign of Christ," writes Abbe Comblin, "a state of non-violence originates, not only on the individual plane but on the social as well."

This means that as Christians we cannot absent ourselves from history, nor are we to moralize about history in the name of the Gospel. What is required is that we commit ourselves to history and become involved in it so that the Gospel may become incarnate. "What the world expects of Christians," Camus once wrote, "is that they should get away from abstractions and confront the blood-stained face history has taken on today."

It is a matter then of being present to the history of this world while bearing witness to the love of God. When we say that God is present in history and that He acts in history, we are not appealing to some kind of **deus ex machina**; we are appealing to the witness borne by those who are striving to remain faithful to God's willingness to love all men. In order to witness to the love of God we must love men as God loves them. To be a Christian according to the Gospel is not so much a matter of loving God as of loving like God.

Now, to love like God means first of all to trust in the other and believe in him. We have to believe in man because we believe in a God Who believes in man. Of course we may not be able to believe that man is good, but we must believe that he is capable of being good. Our witness in this world must be one of hope.

To love like God means also to respect the other person's freedom. "Essentially," writes Father Regamey, "the Gospel is non-violence. Why is this? Because it is the expansion of love, and the whole tendency of infinite love is to proceed only by the ways of love and freedom."

To love like God means to respect the freedom of the other even when he may have chosen to do evil. It means being prepared to suffer and endure evil patiently rather than return evil for evil.

That is what Saint Peter tells us so explicitly in his first epistle: "There is nothing meritorious in taking a beating patiently if you have done something wrong to deserve it. The merit, in the sight of God, is in bearing it patiently when you are punished after doing your duty. This, in fact, is what you were called to do, because Christ suffered for you and left an example for you to follow the way he took. He had not done anything wrong . . . He was insulted and did not retaliate with insults; when he was tortured he made no threats." (I Peter II, 20-23).

Charity indeed "takes no account of evil," it does not render evil for evil, but blesses those who do evil. "Bless those who persecute you," St. Paul tells the Romans, "never curse them, bless them . . . Never repay evil with evil but let everyone see that you are interested in only the highest ideals. Do all you can to live at peace with everyone . . . But there is more: If your enemy is hungry, you should give him food, and if he is thirsty, let him drink. Thus you heap red-hot coals on his head. Resist evil and conquer it with good." (Rom. Xii, 14-21).

That is why the Christian must strive to renounce the use of weapons of violence, which can only bring about death and destruction. "We live in the flesh," St. Paul writes in another place, "but the muscles that we fight with are not flesh. Our war is not fought with weapons of flesh, yet they are strong enough, in God's cause, to demolish fortresses." (II Cor. X, 3-4).

The real struggle that pits us against the forces of evil is a spiritual struggle, which requires us to put on the armor of God: "For it is not against human enemies that we have to struggle, but against the Sovereignties and the Powers who originate the darkness in this world, the spiritual army of evil in the heavens." And St. Paul's exhortation to Christians includes a detailed description of the panoply of the soldier of Christ: "So stand your ground, with truth buckled round your waist, and integrity for a breastplate, wearing for shoes on your feet the eagerness to spread the gospel of peace and always carrying the shield of faith so that you can use it to put out the burning arrows of the evil one. And then you must accept salvation from God to be your helmet and receive the word of God from the spirit to use as a sword." (Eph. VI, 10).

Resisting Evil

We can see that there are two ways of denouncing and resisting injustice. The first is to resort to violence and persecute others in the name of justice, and the second is to renounce violence and be persecuted for justice. We are always tempted to choose the first course, while the charity of Christ impels us to behave according to the second: "Happy those who are persecuted in the cause of right; theirs is the kingdom of heaven." As Christians we may have enemies; nevertheless, we cannot be enemies.

Yet it is precisely by accepting the suffering that our enemies inflict on us that we can persuade them to listen to reason and free them from the evil that holds them in thrall. "To our most bitter opponent," Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. has written, "we say, 'We shall match your capacity to inflict suffering by our capacity to endure suffering. We shall meet your physical force with soul force. Do to us what you will and we shall continue to love you. We cannot in all good conscience obey your unjust laws, because noncooperation with evil is as much a moral obligation as is co-operation with good. Throw us in jail, and we shall still love you. Send your hooded perpetrators of violence into our community at the midnight hour and beat us and leave us half dead, and we shall still love you. But be yet assured that we will wear you down by our capacity to suffer. One day we shall win freedom, but not only for ourselves. We shall so appeal to your heart and conscience that we shall win **you** in the process, and our victory will be a double victory."

All this is, of course, foolishness in the eyes of the world. But "it was to shame the wise that God chose what is foolish by human reckoning, and to shame what is strong that he chose what is weak by human reckoning." (I Cor. I, 27).

Non-violence is therefore the supreme expression of love. And that is why it is misleading and ultimately deceptive to base non-violence exclusively on the commandment "Thou shalt not kill"; for it essentially derives from the twofold commandment that sums up the whole New Testament: "You must love the Lord your God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself," for it is from this commandment that it receives all its content. If we are really intent on remaining faithful to the demands of the Gospel, then it is by way of non-violence that we must proceed. This idea has been forcefully expressed by Father Coste in his latest book **Dynamique de la Paix**: "It is an incontestable fact," he writes, "that Christ preached the ideal of non-violence as both a precondition and a consequence of that total love that He taught us."

We are always tempted to go as far as possible in directions not indicated by the Gospel teaching. In this matter the temptation is to ask ourselves: "How far can I go in the use of violence and still remain a Christian?" But to pose the question in this way is already to place oneself in a false position **vis-a-vis** the Gospel. As a matter of fact, the question has already been answered in the Gospel, in this way: "To the man who slaps you on one cheek, present the other one too." What we ought to be asking ourselves is: "How far can we go along the path pointed out to us by the Gospel, the path of non-violence?"

With our first question we turned our back on the Gospel, and the Gospel restrained us to some extent from excessive violence; now we look at the Gospel and the Gospel urges us to become non-violent. The Church then must insist on the absolute character of the precept of evangelical love, which commands us to turn the other cheek and never to render evil for evil but instead to vanquish evil by the power of good. For this precept contains essentially the entire teaching of Jesus. Everything else the pagans can do as well; it is precisely by striving to fulfill this precept, in all the actions of our lives and in every dimension of our existence, that we shall become perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect.

"Legitimate" Defense

We must overcome the perennial temptation to take refuge behind the principle of legitimate defense in order to justify our violent actions. This principle, according to which we have the right to return evil for evil and, specifically, violence for violence, is more closely related to the old law of the Talion than to the evangelical precept that commands us to turn the other cheek. There can be no question, of course, of setting up non-violence as an absolute rule for every Christian. But it ought to be made an absolute ideal for every Christian. We must endeavor to become, in Simone Weil's words, the kind of people who are capable of being non-violent.

But this ideal cannot be contained in some external rules that would lay down in advance, for all people and all circumstances, the most practical method of realizing this ideal. "What is of first im-

(Continued on page 8)

THEIR STRUGGLE IS OURS TOO

OPERATION FREEDOM, the organization which began early in 1961 to help evicted families in west Tennessee, almost immediately had to expand its help. Where the wrath of the west Tennessee white power structure in 1961 had taken the form of evicting families of those who had dared register to vote, the wrath of that power structure in Grenada, Mississippi, Selma, Alabama (and other places) soon began to react to the expanding freedom movement with a vast variety of reprisals—including murder.

Today, these reprisals stretch across the entire South; and OPERATION FREEDOM, because it is the only group solely devoted to aiding the victims, has also had to stretch. Local committees of OPERATION FREEDOM now exist in several southern states. The hope is that this organization can continue to give the necessary assistance, and can expand when it becomes necessary to do so.

"While others are in the living room getting glory, OPERATION FREEDOM is in the kitchen cooking soup. You don't see much about this dedicated organization in the headlines, because its concern is not publicity but people—people in desperate need and whose needs can't wait. It is an emergency operation, set up to aid people while their tears are still wet and their minds and hearts are still seething with anxiety. It is the Red Cross of the civil-rights movement, going immediately to the scene when the tornado of racial turbulence has unleashed its fury. I have witnessed time and again its selfless devotion and service, and am proud to be on its governing board. This is the organization through which people who want 100% of their dollar to get through to the recipient channel their funds. I honestly don't believe that any other group can make your dollar go further or count more effectively than OPERATION FREEDOM."

CLARENCE JORDAN

"OPERATION FREEDOM has meant the difference between the darkness and the daylight for many struggling and oppressed people in Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. OPERATION FREEDOM is a Twentieth Century Good Samaritan, lifting wounded victims from their Jericho road to more hopeful stations of survival and security."

MARTIN LUTHER KING

OPERATION FREEDOM is now nation-wide, incorporated under the State of Ohio, "to promote brotherhood, especially by helping to secure the economic conditions conducive to the free exercise of civil rights." All contributions go directly to the people you are trying to help, none to defray administrative costs. Contributions to OPERATION FREEDOM are tax deductible. Make checks payable to:

OPERATION FREEDOM
c/o Rev. Maurice McCrackin
932 Dayton Street
Cincinnati, Ohio 45214

Poverty and Mental Health

By JEAN FOREST

"We shall probably discover that the poor are even less ready to part with their neuroses than the rich because the hard life that awaits them when they recover has no attraction."

SIGMUND FREUD

In our society mental health is usually equated with adaptation to middle-class values. The poor are still capable of suspecting and resisting this adaptation; this refusal works to their advantage, in that it enhances their freedom to create themselves and be spontaneous, but also to their disadvantage, in that it insures their continued status as economic, social and political outcasts.

In poor communities, mental health is not even regarded as a problem until a crisis situation occurs. E.g., Carlos saw a man break into his apartment demanding the rent money and threatening his parents with an ice pick. His father was stabbed while defending his mother from rape. Carlos was referred to the clinic after he had severely bitten his teacher and several of his fellow pupils.

The child's home, which is supposed to provide a secure base structure, is as insecure as the street. The whole world, without exception, is seen as brutal and chaotic. The child is unequipped for the transition from this atmosphere to one of academic discipline, which is one reason why the children of the poor are unable to learn in the present educational system. The mental-health therapeutic programs are an attempt to provide intermediaries between the brutalized child or adult and his environment. The techniques include individual therapy and various forms of group treatment, with heavy reliance on tranquilizing medication. As an experiment, non-professional case aides are being hired from the community to assist the professional workers. The aides learn social-work techniques and the social workers learn more realistic approaches to the community.

"If one accepts the premise that the family is a primary socializing institution of society then its disorganization must produce a range of social, economic and emotional ills. The poverty family and its members make their own adaptations to a pathological environment and in turn these adaptations add to the disorganization and pathology of the environment."

Dr. LEONTYNE YOUNG

Apathy and violence are the primary attitudes of adaptation by the poor to the pathological environment.

The poor are not easily deceived—especially the children. They recognize a half-assed job, lack of enthusiasm, phoniness immediately, because this is what they are accustomed to: the fact that nobody really cares. Their salvation will come only from learning to care about themselves. The poor must create themselves and their traditions. They do not have access to the heritage of the middle class:

" . . . the educational system, lay or clerical, the structure of moral reflexes handed down from father to son, the extreme honesty of workers who are given a medal after fifty years of good and loyal service, the affection which springs from harmonious relations and good behavior—all these esthetic expressions of respect for the established order create the atmosphere of submission and inhibition inherent in the middle class."

FRANTZ FANON

Every agency that works with the poor should strive towards equipping them for self-help and decision-making through social, political and academic education and concrete assistance. At the same time, the agency workers should not deceive themselves. No middleman can sustain a concerned attitude. The most he can do is continue to offer tangible assistance. Concerned attitudes are notably limited in duration when tested. You've got to know this about yourself, when you are forcing yourself to respond, and the clients know it too. They know you rarely give less than a damn.

I don't know any exceptions to this. There may be enthusiasm at the beginning, but it wanes; it becomes a job, a chore. Social workers are relieved when clients don't show up—and this is human.

We middle-class people cannot help but automatically cringe from parasites. We cannot accept their apathy, their unattractiveness, their amorality. They are mirrors of a part of ourselves we do not wish to admit. The poor have to learn to fight us too, press their demands, insist upon recognition, wear down our snobbish resistance, command our respect. Basically, we cannot really believe they are entitled to what they get. If they are on the dole, they are less than human. Their case histories tire us—all pretty much the same, with a few variations. Their recitations and our listening are dull. They are tired of telling the same old tale and we are tired of listening and it all leads to the same question: do they or do they not get what they came for?

The poor will never trust the agency and the people in it (and rightly so) until the agency and the people in it cross the lines and share the struggles of the poor. When we are able to see them as

human rather than apart. This will not happen until we are willing to give up some of what we have, which seems highly unlikely. Unless we do, there will be no real communication or trust. We remain paternalistic institutions distributing de-personalized handouts.

Specifically, in regard to mental-health programs, we may be able to assist in preventing certain disasters: murders, suicides, physical brutalization of children, some forms of psychosis, etc. We can at least listen. We can offer children a semblance of concern and affection, limited to an hour a week (and they're lucky if they get that). We can give pills to induce a temporary, artificial calm so that a child can sit through a class or an adult refrain from destroying himself or those around him.

But the sense of fundamental self-worth that these people need cannot come from palliatives. The poor require an equitable share of the enormous wealth surrounding them, since, unfortunately, in the eyes of themselves and others around them, it is their economic status that determines their self-respect.

ED. NOTE: Jean Forest has been working for the past year in the mental-hygiene clinic of the Henry Street Settlement, on the Lower East Side of New York.

You can hold yourself back from the sufferings of the world, this is something you are free to do and is in accord with your nature, but perhaps precisely this holding back is the only suffering that you might be able to avoid.

FRANZ KAFKA

Bowery Incident

By MARY KAE JOSH

The Bowery below Houston Street is always a depressing area at night, when one must pass men dressed in rags sleeping in doorways or in the middle of the sidewalk, men waiting for red lights so that they can polish car windshields and just possibly get tips, men who stop you and ask for a nickel or a dime, which you give them in the hope that it will help pay their way to a flophouse for the night, although you know that it will more probably go towards another glass of synthetic wine. It is difficult to walk through the area without feeling terribly cruel and hard and responsible for such conditions. It's especially difficult in winter.

Late one Friday night recently, a friend named Janice Rademaker and I were walking home through the Bowery in the bitter cold. For a change, the sidewalk was nearly deserted, except for four cops huddled together. Then, a little beyond them, we saw an obviously intoxicated, bewildered man sitting on a large suitcase and holding a hatbox and a pair of rubbers. With enough practice, it is relatively easy to walk past a sleeping alcoholic, but one who is awake and in need of assistance—well, that somehow is different. We stopped and asked the fellow if he had any place to spend the night. He said that he could go to his brother's and produced a small notebook with his brother's name, address and phone number. Janice took the suitcase and I took Mr. Tucker (as he introduced himself) and we headed for the subway station a block away, Mr. Tucker protesting that he could carry his own gear and warning us about the icy patches on the pavement. As we passed the four cops, still in a huddle, one remarked that he was "glad someone [was] finally getting the guy out of here; he's been making too much noise."

When we arrived at the station, we decided to call Mr. Tucker's brother to let him know that he could expect company. When I dialed the number written in the notebook I woke up a woman who had never heard of anyone named Tucker but was remarkably tolererant for someone just aroused from sleep. After profuse apologies I hung up and reported my findings to Mr. Tucker and Janice, who suggested that I call the lady back, since she was already awake, and see if the address in the notebook was hers. It wasn't, but the lady went to the trouble of searching the Bronx directory for a Tucker at the address we had. When this proved futile, she advised me to ask a policeman for assistance.

This advice proved unnecessary, as a young officer was already helping Janice. Having ascertained that we, and not Mr. Tucker, had initiated the trip to the subway station (which he seemed to consider his main and ultimate concern), he began to recite the familiar litany by which so many of us try to absolve ourselves from any obligation to people like our drunken acquaintance: they've got so much liquor in them they don't feel the cold; they want to live that way; they wouldn't have to if they didn't want to; they're drinking themselves to death; there's nothing anyone can do to help; you're only putting yourselves to a lot of unnecessary trouble . . .

At first Janice answered him, but as his rhetoric became less rational and more righteous, she fell silent, which only seemed to increase his irritation at not being able to convince her that she wasn't being very "sensible." Then Mr. Tucker committed the unpardonable crime: he urinated in a corner of the subway station. (Before making a judgment about this act, ask yourself if there have not been moments when serving your bladder seemed to be the supreme consideration in life.) For the frustrated young cop, this was the last straw, the culmination of a series of disagreeable events that were disturbing his otherwise quiet domain. He began prodding Mr. Tucker, who could hardly walk unassisted, with his nightstick, pushing him towards the subway exit. Having received a few pokes myself in a recent anti-war demonstration, I felt instant empathy for Mr. Tucker and stood in front of the cop to tell him that he couldn't push people around like that.

"We ain't got hearts, lady; you know that," was his reply. "You could be arrested for harassing an officer. I'm doing him a favor be not arresting him, 'cause he couldn't afford it. Now take him out of here." Janice and I were trying to decide whether we should attempt to find the brother in the Bronx or just get a bed in a Bowery flophouse for Mr. Tucker, when the cop solved our dilemma by whipping out his Transit Authority manual and quoting a section which forbids intoxicated persons to ride the subway. Having thus struck a blow in behalf of cleanliness and sobriety in subway stations, he ushered us to the stairs and watched as Janice dragged up the suitcase and I followed with Mr. Tucker.

Once back on the street we knew that we'd have to find someplace in the area where Mr. Tucker could sleep. It was a depressing thought, for it meant that he would wake up to the same world that had reduced him to his present state. But we seemed to have no other choice, and it was very late, and we were exhausted, so we began looking for a comparatively safe lodging for our charge. At the suggestion of a man who offered to carry the suitcase, although he was himself quite inebriated, we all went to the Clover Hotel, where Janice and I paid in both men and went home.

Were we heroines? Hardly. There's nothing very heroic about debating with a cop the seriousness of such an offense as urinating in a Subway Station at midnight. Are apparently unsympathetic cops villains? No, because a young kid who claims that he is heartless does so only because he realizes the terrible burden of responsibility someone in his position would have if he ever began to admit his humanity—and he's afraid. Mr. Tucker, too, is neither exclusively saint nor sinner. He, and others in his predicament, are men with complex problems that impel them to seek relief in drink.

The Bowery, and what it stands for, will exist as long as people with problems can be convinced by others who would exploit them that alcohol is an answer. And such exploitation will contine until all of us begin to realize that we are indeed our brother's keepers.

"There is reason to hope that, by meeting and negotiating, men may come to discover better the bonds that unite them, deriving from the human nature which they have in common. They may also come to discover that one of the most profound requirements of their common nature is this: That between them and their respective peoples it is not fear which should reign but love."

Pope John XXIII, Pacem in Terris, April 11, 1963.

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

Violence and the Gospel

(Continued from page 6)

portance," writes Father Regamey, "is not the obligation to observe a law but the vital necessity of an unlimited development along the lines indicated in the Gospel. We have to be continually devising new measures, as our resources and the circumstances in each case permit." He adds that we must rediscover this evangelical obligation in its aspects of dynamism, orientation and efficacy, and that the orientation will always be towards the possible re-absorption of violence. Beyond that it is up to each person to determine what actions he is obliged to perform, to the extent that he can judge the meaning of these actions and their consequences. Mounier wrote to the same effect: "It is unquestionable that violence is always impurity and that a practical ideal of non-violence is the limit that we must continually strive to approach."

There can be no question then of trying to attain the impossible. But what is impossible today may not be so tomorrow, and our task consists precisely in continually pushing back the limits of the possible. We must remember above all that it is only by meditating on this ideal, which is still impossible for most of us today, that we can set ourselves on the right path and correctly perceive what is possible to us here and now. "The impossible," says the poet, "we do not attain, but it serves us as a lantern." This seems to me excellent theology.

The Council, after having stressed the scandalous character of the arms race, "which injures the poor to an intolerable degree," and which, far from eliminating the causes of war, threatens to aggravate them, affirms the necessity that: "New approaches initiated by reformed attitudes must be adopted to remove this trap and to restore genuine peace by emancipating the world from its crushing anxiety." How will we be able to discover these "new approaches" which will enable men to resolve their differences without violence or the threat of violence unless we have faith in the nonviolent power of truth and love? Indeed we cannot doubt that the Holy Spirit is operating in the world and Church today and impelling us to reform our attitudes and re-examine our political commitments according to new perspectives. Have not Christians in the past been persistently tempted to conform to the world and act like everyone else? Have they not continually been tempted to bring peace to men just as the world gives it, that is, by violent and barbarous methods?

However that may be, our task does not consist in putting past ages on trial but in building a better future by determining, in so far as we are able, to fulfill our responsibilities both in regard to the world and to the Gospel. It seems to us very significant in this regard that on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Verdun, the Bishop of that city, Monsignor Boillon, made a point of praising, in his Pastoral letter, those who devote themselves to non-violence as a means of resisting war and injustice, and specifically, "conscientious objectors who refuse to bear arms and demand to perform instead an equivalent but more arduous period of social service."

"We fail to give the supernatural its due," Bernanos wrote, and his remark is extremely significant in this context. For if we did give the supernatural its due we would clearly recognize that the only way to act according to the movement of history is to bear witness to the Gospel and to live according to the absolute Love that Jesus came to teach to men. For this world was created by Him and for Him, and He is and will continue to be, until the end of time, the Way that leads to life. As Pope Paul VI said, in his address to the United Nations in October 1965: "It is toward that new history, a peaceful, truly human history, as promised by God to men of good will, that we must resolutely march." Or, as Jean Goss has often put it: "Mankind bears in its womb an infinite love that God has placed there. It will either bring this love to birth or it will perish."

ED. NOTE: Jean-Marie Muller is a French Catholic layman who is writing a book on the Gospel and nonviolence. This article is the text of a talk he gave at an ecumenical conference on peace sponsored by the Bishop of Orleans. The conference was held at the Carmelite house in New Orleans on October 10, 1966. Translated by Martin J. Corbin.

A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

Stanley Vishnewski, and other communitarians. After a good night's rest and breakfast, they set out once again across the icy waste. This time—after much effort and some failures—they finally reached the Christian Brothers' novitiate, car and all.

On another January day, a group of students and teachers from the Friends World Institute, a new Quaker experimental college, arrived to have dinner and discussion with us. Students of this Friends' college are privileged to study in many parts of the world. The idea seems to be to educate young people for peaceful creative living. Students learn how to relate to the peoples of other lands not only through language study but also through actual living contact wih them. One of the teachers of the group was from India, and as a young man had worked with Gandhi. He talked to us of Gandhi and of present-day India with its many problems. Gandhi is, of course, one of those great men of peace to whom the Catholic Worker movement is much indebted. It was good to hear of Gandhi from someone who had actually known him. It was even better to learn of new experiments in education, experiments which are intended to help bring about world peace.

The cold weather, record-breaking though it has been, has not deprived us of our weekend guests. Many still come to spend the afternoon or evening, or take a meal with us. Guests during recent weeks include: Joe Glosemeyer, Michael Minihan, Mrs. Rachel Willis, Joe and Audrey Monroe, Maxine Shaw and son Wamwega, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Turner and son Tommy, Tommy Hughes, Mary Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. David Miller and daughter Juanita Clare, Mr and Mrs. Fred Welch and family, Nick Heile, Mrs. Kieran Dugan with her four daughters, and finally, Gene Bailey, who worked with us last summer and has returned for another working visit.

There have also been some departures from our midst. Stanley Vishnewski, after answering some three thousand letters, set off for a visit to his family. After a holiday season visit with Tamar and the grandchildren, Dorothy Day spent awhile with us. While she was here she spoke to a group of Episcopalian ministers meeting at Bard College. She then flew to Minnesota and returned in time to speak at the Pax meeting in Manhattan.—Father Plante spent a weekend in New York City visiting friends. George Burke, one of our most faithful workers and builder of shrines, has gone to visit his sister on Staten Island. Reginald Highhill is also away visiting. During the Unity Octave, Helene Iswolsky went into New York City to conduct the annual meeting of the Third Hour, of which she is founder. Marty Corbin also went to the city to speak at the meeting, which was held at Emmaus House.

Community work continues to get done with the help of many, including: John Filligar, Mike Sullivan, Hans Tunnesen, Fred Lindsay, Alice Lawrence, Tom Moore, Placid Decker, Arthur Sullivan, Bob Stewart, Arthur Lacey, Henry Neilsen, Marge Hughes, Kay Lynch, Joan Welch, Marty and Rita Corbin. Our numerous cooks continue to do a superb job, and Arthur Sullivan's bread is becoming so very edible that some people complain of gaining too much weight from eating too many slices.

Two members of our community —Alice Lawrence and George Collins—spent some time in the hospital, but are back at the farm now and improving. As for the rest of us, we have our bouts with cold, arthritis, etc.

Winter is a time, too, when confinement seems to make community living more difficult. There are more tensions, more escapes into alcoholism, more arguments, more tempests in a teapot. Yet for all these incidents, these bad moments, the overall effect is, I think, one of peace.

In Yevtushenko's **Precocious Autobiography**, he tells of a meeting with the great poet and novelist, Boris Pasternak, and of how Pasternak said to him: "I think a poet is just a tree. It stands still and rustles its leaves. It doesn't expect to lead anyone anywhere." Perhaps we all need to learn how to stand still—for a time at least —and rustle our leaves.

Meanwhile we move towards Lent. But out of the woods the other day, a cardinal flew, whistling like spring.

Joe Hill House

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have corrupted the human adventure of space with programs for armed platforms in orbit. Although we are the most heavily armed and the most naturally protected of the Great Powers, you have seen to it that we spend a vastly greater amount and perhaps a higher proportion of our wealth on armaments than any other nation . . ."

After his lecture, a number of those in the audience told him that their own sons and daughters in college were picketing against the War and the system that thrives on wars.

Last night I spoke to a group of in-residency psychiatrists at the University . . . Some of the men here are skillful at fixing the plumbing in this old house. A Navajo came in recently and makes himself handy washing the dishes . . . Transients and friends of the CW coming this way should know that our address is: 3462 S. 4 W. The mailing address is: P.O. Box 655, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101 . . . The fourth printing of my **Book of Ammon** will be ready in March. (Advance orders will be appreciated.) It is in paperback and costs three dollars. I will include recent news about Joe Hill House and a new last chapter, "I Leave the Catholic Church," which gives my ideas on religion. I am not joining any other church, and will always be friendly to the CW.

Read PEACEMAKER to learn about tax refusal. One quarter of the income tax is going for the slaughter in Vietnam (see editorial). Have you the beginnings of a vocation to resist?

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

perienced air traveller, I left England on a Pan Am two-class plane a few weeks later. It cost 75 pounds to fly and 95 to take the ship, and that did not include tax or tips to the omnipresent stewards, two for each table, two for each cabin, one for library, one for deck, etc. When they have cafeteria style and dormitory on ships, I will revert to sea voyage, but until then, for the aforementioned reasons, I plan to take future long trips by plane.

We arrived at the airport in good time for our flight but had to wait about three hours — a slowdown, one of the other travellers said, after we heard that half a dozen other flights had been delayed. The waiting room was so commodious and it was so interesting to see all the families, whose children crawled happily about under foot, that I quite enjoyed the delay. And the flight itself was unbelievably beautiful, sailing as we were above the clouds, looking down over another world, of hills and mountains and deep valleys and even craters, all tinted rose and golden and deep purple, inspiring a great awe and thankfulness in the beholder, to the Creator of heaven and earth. "The world will be saved by beauty," Dostoievsky says in **The Idiot.** And certainly beauty lifts the mind and heart to God. Coming down to refuel over Gander, in Newfoundland, the dark wild tundra laid out below us was broken up by sky-reflecting streams and lakes. All around the horizon were the remains of the sunset, a rainbow band as far as the eye could see, that faded quickly into the dark of night.

To get back to England—The first meeting in England was at a Friends Hall, and was the Pax annual meeting, where Archbishop Thomas J. Roberts, S.J. was to speak. He arrived late and left early, being on his way to a dinner meeting. He was full of energy when he arrived, having just left a peace vigil in front of St. Martin in the Fields, across from Hyde Park, where the peace groups, including a number from the Pax Society, had been standing in the rain a good part of the afternoon. Prayer goes with a vigil, and the Archbishop told us delightedly that the nuclear-armed submarine, the blessing of which was being protested by the group, had stuck in the mud after being launched and had to poise there in ingominy until the tide came in and floated it off. The tides had not obeyed King Canute!

The Archbishop told of a delightful assignment he had received: to act as chaplain on a former troop ship which used to carry thirty thousand men. Troops are now transported by air, he explained, and with the breakup of the British Empire, a new use has been found for the ships. They are turned into floating schools, with dormitories for school children. The trip he is taking will be along the west coast of Africa, with a chance to stop at all the countries along the way. Amidships, in what used to be officers' quarters, instructors and their families can be accommodated.

David Cohen

It was on a bitterly cold Sunday afternoon that David Cohen came to the Gresham Hotel, near the British Museum, to pick up: Eileen and me to take us to tea in the East End, where he lives. Here was an entirely contrasting section of London. We took the bus through the quiet Sunday afternoon streets, and during our subsequent walk David was most anxious that we see some of the ancient synagogues in the East End. David is a Jewish scholar, and in addition to working for a living, spends nights at meetings and searching scripture to find all the parts of the Old Testament that foretell the coming of the Messiah and the evolution of the rites of the Catholic Church from Jewish tradition. He brought out page after page of manuscript as we sat at the kitchen table in his little three-room flat on Thrawl Street, eating sandwiches and drinking hot tea to keep warm. There was not a bit of heat in this old housing, which had been considered most comfortable when it was put up by the Rothschilds perhaps a century ago. That afternoon we saw Petticoat Lane, where there are push carts and an open air market every Sunday morning. We passed Toynbee Hall, named after Arnold Toynbee, "who died in the prime of youth in 1883 while engaged in lecturing on political economy to the working men of London."

Commonweal Library

While on my way to Taena Community, my bus took me to Cheltenham, Gloucester, where I was invited to meet David Hoggett, a young man who was paralyzed from injuries received in a fall while he was working with the International Voluntary Service groups of students. He has been flat on his back ever since, and has the use of only one hand and arm, but he can type, and he runs a free rental library which is kept down to room size by being very selective. The books deal with non-violence, community, the common good, peacemaking and social change. You can get a catalogue by writing to the Commonweal Collection, 112 Winchcombe Street, Cheltenham, Glos., England. "Normally the library pays the cost of dispatch, and the borrower, that of returning the book . . . But no one should be hindered for financial reasons from borrowing, and if necessary stamps for return postage will be sent with the book." We have contributed a few books to his library and I have borrowed a few of Danilo Dolci's which I could not afford to buy here.

Such valiant service warms the heart. I know of another bedridden person who carries on an apostolate by using her arms for working, and her crippled hands for writing, not only letters but articles.

And here I have exhausted my space for this month, have still not reached the Taena community, and will have to end, **to be continued.** Perhaps I can persuade the Taena people to supplement my brief account next month, with a communication of their own.

Archbishop Roberts

We had a delightful visit with the Archbishop later, at the Jesuit church of the Immaculate Conception, at Farm Street. This is a hundred-year-old parish, and the church reminded me of St. Francis Xavier's on Sixteenth Street, in New York. The parish house of the Farm St. church is large, with meeting rooms for lectures, and rooms for consultation with the fathers. Archbishop Roberts meets people from morning till night while he is in residence, and I take it that he is treated just like any other member of the staff, despite his ecclesiastical rank. The American Embassy was nearby, but we did not stop to demonstrate our feelings about the Vietnam war.

"Mankind has to find the way into a radically new world—to become a 'new humanity' or perish. If we are true to that light of faith which neither inner nor outer storms have put out, then we shall be loose and experimental. We shall set less and less store by the world's gifts of money, success, respectability, comfort. Most of all, we shall then truly live in the fellowship of love, shall truly believe that the divine-human society is real, is the future. We shall be aware that we stand at the end of an era, but much more basically that we stand before a new beginning."

A. J. MUSTE