



Bombing At Koinonia Farm Americus, Ga.

On Monday night, July 2, Koinonia Farm's roadside market was dynamited. About 10:15 p. m. a car evidently came into the driveway, tossed 10 to 15 sticks of dynamite toward the building, and sped away. No one was in the building at the time, and there were no eye-witnesses.

The charge exploded about three feet from the front of the building, making a hole in the ground about a foot deep and two or three feet across. The explosion was heard for miles around, and many people quickly gathered. The sheriff and a local Ga. Bureau of Investigation agent came to the scene immediately.

The front of the building was severely damaged and part of the roof was blown off. A large refrigerated meat display case, a deep freezer and other fixtures were wrecked and the whole place showered with splintered glass. The total damage was estimated at \$3,000. There was insurance on the property, but the insurance agents just informed us that losses from such causes were not covered by the policy. Despite this, we hope to repair the damage as quickly as possible and continue business.

Today our mail was stacked with notices of cancellation of insurance on our other buildings and equipment. The following companies cancelled: Great American Insurance Co. (two policies); American Aviation & General; Progressive Fire Insurance Co. (two policies), and Pacific National Fire Insurance Co. There had been previous cancellations by Cotton States Mutual and others. This leaves us without any insurance whatsoever. Unless we can get some, it will be impossible for us to maintain or secure credit with the bank and others.

An editorial in the American Times-Recorder reflects what seems to be a typical reaction to the dynamiting. Captioned "Force and Coercion Not Condoned," it stated: "The dynamiting of Koinonia Farm's roadside store on U. S. 19 south of Americus Monday night was a cowardly and regrettable affair. This community is not in sympathy with the program and policies of Koinonia Farms Inc., but we cannot and we don't believe a vast majority of our people can sanction the use of force and coercion, the very things that our Southland is being subjected to by the U. S. Supreme Court and various leaders and groups throughout the country today. There are other means that are more laudable and just as effective as coercion and force, in combating what one believes to be wrong."

No doubt cancellation of insurance is one of the "more laudable and effective means." Court injunctions are another.

Many incidents have happened over the past few weeks, about which we want you to know. A little later we'll try to get a detailed report to you, and will try to keep you informed about future events as they happen—from all of us at Koinonia.



Know that there is in each man a deep will, potentially committed to freedom or captivity, ready to consent to life, born consenting to death, turned inside out, swallowed by its own self, prisoner of itself like Jonas in the whale. Many of the men baptized in

JONAH

Christ have risen from the depths without troubling to find out the difference between Jonas and the whale. Many have gone into hell crying out that they had expected

the resurrection of the dead. It is the whale we cherish. Jonas swims abandoned in the heart of the sea. But it is the whale that must die. Jonas is immortal.

(From THE SIGN OF JONAS by Thomas Merton, Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

Kenya Prison Camps

The following excerpt from an article in the June 16 issue of *Freedom*, British anarchist weekly founded by Kropotkin deals with prison camps:

Take the case of Captain Gardiner, an army quartermaster who was put in charge of one of the work camps for Mau Mau detainees in Kenya. The nature of these camps, and the condition of the 46,000 Kenya Africans in detention, has been described lately by Miss Eileen Fletcher, a former rehabilitation officer, whose articles in *Peace News* gave rise to the allegations in parliament last week of Mr. Creech Jones and Mr. Fenner Brockway, who, when the Minister of State appeared to deny the allegation that girls of twelve were being detained, waved their prison documents at him. Miss Fletcher mentioned a camp at Nairobi of 75 male juveniles under 17 years of age.

"The Commissioner for Community Development and Rehabilitation came with us and said to me, 'It will break your heart to see them, shackled, nothing to do, in a very small dormitory and with a very small space for exercise. They have been there a year and are just rotting.' Later they were moved to Kamiti prison where they were given longer shackles and put to work in the quarry . . ."

Now Captain Gardiner was given charge of a similar camp for "male juveniles ranging from 12 to 16." This is what, according to Mr. R. T. Paget, Captain Gardiner did:

"He had taken his camp and converted it into a public school. The boys were in houses. He had dug up craft instructors, and each boy was learning a craft. He had got himself teachers from other detention camps and built his own classrooms. He had built fourteen football pitches and had 'organized' the requisite sports equipment. It was quite obvious that the boys were keen as mustard and enjoying it. Indeed, the District Commissioner told me that he was having trouble from the loyalists, who were complaining that their sons were not allowed to go. This, I understand, is being corrected in the autumn and what began as a security detention camp is now looking to a permanent future as a voluntary boarding school on British lines."

Is this not literally building houses for free men out of materials designed for prisons? You may not think much of the British public school system, but in the context of Kenya today Captain Gardiner's act must shine like a green leaf on a dead tree. One of the first things done by the Kenya government in the Mau Mau emergency was to close the independent schools associated with Jomo Kenyatta. (Some people think that the real reason for Jomo Kenyatta's imprisonment was his founding of these schools which taught neither the Christian religion nor the supremacy of the white man.) No steps were taken to replace the independent schools, and according to Dr. Gregory of the "Save the Children Fund," there are today in Kenya 870,000 children without education.

I don't know what Captain Gardiner's view of life is, but he has applied to his unpromising job

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CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

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223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-9180

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

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

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Making History

It makes us very happy to print the following letter from a young Fordham student who is married and whose wife has just recently had her first child. At this moment in his life, when his responsibilities are increasing, he has sent letters to the Selective Service System and to the New York Regional office of the Veteran's administration asking for the status of conscientious objector, and refusing any longer to claim benefits from the G. I. Bill of Rights, to which he is legally entitled for the next two years, to finish his education. His letter, it seems to me, is a great and truthful expression of the mind of many young people today, who would like to make their contribution to the cause of peace.

We are wondering if the Catholic press will give the same coverage to this as they have given recently to the one-sided answer of Father Cronin to the query as to the Church's position on pacifism. His answer was limited indeed, so limited as to give an incomplete picture, and a wrong impression. The debate of the Dominican theologians in England of recent date, and the condemnation of the means used in modern war by the French bishops were given little attention.

As Fr. Gustave Weigel, S.J., writes in his introduction to the latest Mentor book, *The Papal Encyclicals*, "We are in a time of crisis. A new period of history is aborning. Such a moment carries with it high responsibility for the men who live in it. Much which we know or knew will go, and new things will come. The new structure of things, in order to be highly satisfactory, should retain the solid values we have gained." And also, "The development of doctrine is the growth in awareness of the total content carried by ancient formulas . . . the development of doctrine is a question of growth, the growth of the whole Church. The magisterium does not alone produce this development; it only formalizes it in due time. The episcopate with its center in Rome rejects invalid development and incorporates genuine reality into its teachings. The development, like all growth, is slow, almost imperceptible in short periods of time. The whole Church is involved in its process, for it is in the whole Church that the Spirit works."

We feel that Bob Molineaux is certainly working under the influence of the Spirit, and that he is playing his part in this development of doctrine, in this evolution of peace which is taking place in the Church today. The letter follows.

Robert J. Molineaux
No. 43 13 32 199
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New York 58, New York
Selective Service System

Gentlemen:

I am writing this letter to seek re-classification as a conscientious objector. I realize this is rather late, in as much as I have already served two years in the army. However, a more mature consideration of the morality of modern war has forced me to the conclusion that with a right conscience I can never again serve in the armed forces of the United States.

As a Roman Catholic I am not required by the Church's authority in matters of faith and morals to serve in the armed forces, nor am I required not to serve. This question is one of many in the field of morality upon which the Church has not officially bound its members to one course of action or another. Therefore the individual must decide for himself whether or not to serve in modern war is consistent with the teachings of Christ and His Church. I sincerely believe that participation in modern war is inconsistent with the teachings of Christ and His Church.

In Christian moral tradition, if there is one principle about which there is no doubt, it is that the end does not justify the means. Even a presumably good

end, like the defeat of Nazism or Communism (assuming they can ever be defeated by force of arms) would not justify the slaughter of innocent non-combatants, nor even of combatants when so doing will not advance the supposedly good end. This principle was flagrantly violated by the armed forces of the United States in World War II when it practiced the obliteration bombing of German cities, and leveled two Japanese cities without giving their innocent inhabitants time to whisper a prayer.

If there could ever be a just war, the Korean war might have been an example. We were coming to the defense of a helpless country against an obvious aggressor, and had the sanction of an international peace-keeping organization. And yet even this worthy end was nullified by the use of immoral means such as "carpet bombing," the "scorched earth" policy, and "operation killer." These instances alone would give me sufficient justification as a Catholic to refuse to serve in the armed forces of the United States.

I believe the Gospels make very obvious to the reader that Christ intended non-violence to be one of the most important ingredients of Christian perfection — that perfection toward which every sincere Christian must strive. Many passages

Mattresses Needed At St. Joseph's House

If any of our readers in the N. Y. C. area have single mattresses which they are ready to discard, and which we could probably use, please call us at GRamercy 5-9180 and we will be happy to have our station wagon pick them up.

could be shown to prove this. Among them the most obvious is Matthew, chapter 5, verses 38-48. I would be hypocritical to claim to be leading a life of perfect non-violence now. But I do consider it an ideal to strive toward. Only when many people strive toward a Christian perfection which includes non-violence will true peace come. For that reason I believe it is a great evil for a government to compel young people to do the reverse. The only thing that saves compulsory conscription from being completely contrary to a Christian way of life is its provision for conscientious objectors.

Many people ask me: "Don't you believe in defending your country?" or "Suppose the Russians attack us?" My answer is that, although it would be a terrible thing for the United States to be subjected to Communist domination, that still would not justify the wholesale slaughter of non-combatants which would accompany atomic warfare. Moreover, this argument assumes that we have no choice but to accept either all-out atomic war or Communist domination. There is a third course—a waging of peace—an all-out effort to correct those injustices and inequities that Communism feeds on. But that will require us to sacrifice a material standard of living which compared to that of the rest of the world is very luxurious. We can't have our cake and eat it. Meanwhile I will refuse to participate in modern war, and gladly perform any service assigned to me as a conscientious objector in the event of such a terrible holocaust.

In order to disassociate myself from any benefits which might come to me as a result of the mistake I made in serving two years in the army, and to prove my sincerity in this matter, I will not apply for any further educational training allowance under the Korean GI Bill to which I am entitled, and will immediately cancel my National Service Life Insurance policy. This will make it very difficult for me to finish my last two years of college, but I will feel more at home with my conscience.

Sincerely yours,
Robert J. Molineaux

Veterans Administration

Gentlemen:

Please discontinue immediately my claim for a training allowance under the Korean GI Bill. My reasons are contained in the enclosed letter to my draft board requesting re-classification as a conscientious objector. I also wish to forfeit any other claim I might make for benefits to which I am entitled under the Korean GI Bill.

Sincerely yours
Robert J. Molineaux.

BACK ISSUES

There are a number of issues of the "Catholic Worker" that are missing from our files. If any of our readers have these copies we hope they will send them to Robt. Steed, c/o "The Catholic Worker."

May 1933, June-July 1933, Sept. 1933, Dec. 1933, March 1934, April 1934, May 1934, Aug. 1936, June 1938, Oct. 1939, Dec. 1939, Feb. 1941, Sept. 1941, Oct. 1941, April 1942, June 1943, July-Aug. 1945, June 1947, April 1948, Sept. 1949, Jan. 1950, April 1952.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By AMMON HENNACY

This is the first picketing of more than one day that I have done since I began it in 1948 in Phoenix where I have not either been arrested or surrounded by mobs. The eleven days from August 6 through 16 passed pleasantly enough in the cool breezes of Battery Park as I did my annual stint before the Custom House. The Friday before my fast a new Irish tax man came to the CW to collect my taxes and have me fill out more forms. He called me in his office on the seventh floor the first day I picketed asking about my hidden assets. After a time he seemed persuaded that he was not going to get any money from me and said that he would pass my case up to his superiors. Later a tax man from last year met me on the line and in a friendly manner inquired about my fasting.

The first day of my picketing it rained but we went with a score of other pacifists to the Empire State Building on 34 street where we use this time from 4 to 5:30 p.m. each year on Hiroshima day to send our message to the Japanese Embassy telling them that we were sorry that our country had destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Dorothy, A. J. Muste from the Fellowship of Reconciliation and Bayard Rustin of the War Resisters League took the letter up while we all picketed in the rain and gave out CW's and pacifist literature.

A good natured Irish policeman whom I had met last year came from the Number One Precinct and asked how I was doing the first day. He said if I had any trouble with crowds to call them for protection. I told him as before that he knew I didn't believe in or rely upon cops. One traffic cop asked questions for half an hour. While on the subject of police I will mention the fact that a young man who sells hot dogs each year here was given a ticket for \$5 for selling his wares. Another man got two such tickets in one day. I spoke to a cop who said that such peddlers were not allowed to have a license; that some cops pinched them often and others paid little attention. Seems that real estate taxes would be higher if these poor vendors were not preyed upon by the police. No "law and order" to this procedure.

Each day Bob Steed manfully accompanied me, suffering, he said, more than I did at the steady pace. I rested five minutes every hour in the nearby park and insisted that he rest some also and get something more than a hot-dog to eat. A Catholic whose folks knew Sacco in an anarchist club in the old days came for his noon hour and helped hand out papers. Dorothy, Mrs. Stokes, Dean Mowrer, Stanley Borowski and Mary Roberts were on hand at times, and Al Gullion took us down in the morning and brought us back at night. An M.I.T. student from Boston walked along at noon as did a Catholic convert from Northwestern U. who had recently read his first CW. A Quaker and a Unitarian from Seattle stopped to buy my book. A Catholic from Australia thought we were Communists and demanded that we repeat the Rosary to him as proof that we were Catholics. I told him not to be foolish and to call the Chancery Office or go to the two Catholic Churches nearby and ask about us if he doubted our sincerity. A few obscene remarks were made by the more ignorant. Sightseeing buses passed several times a day and I turned the sign so they could read our message which was a statement that I had paid no taxes for twelve years and a quote from the Boston Pilot about banning the bomb.

One man seriously thought that I was advertising a service whereby people could learn how to get out of paying taxes. Another wanted to know why we did not picket the Russian Embassy for the Russians had the bomb too. I told him he and his friends ought to go there

if they were so disturbed about it; that the Russians were not asking me to pay taxes for their bomb. I was picketing the tax office here because this was where I was asked to pay taxes. Virginia Gardner of the "Daily Worker" wrote articles each day telling of the progress of my fast and came down at times while I was picketing. Her understanding of the idea of penance and atonement for our sin of the bomb was reflected in her coverage of the fast, which also appeared on the front page of the "People's World," the Communist daily in San Francisco with pictures of Hiroshima before and after that fatal day with the headline: "Hiroshima—a tragic anniversary noted. In New York, a Catholic will fast and picket. In Hiroshima Japanese advocates of peace will confer with their friends from other lands."

"Don't Owe Anything"

This is the common remark made by on-lookers premised I suppose that if I really did owe an income tax they would have to face the fact that I refused to pay it. I did work as a migrant worker near Denver, Albuquerque and Phoenix for eleven years, turning in a true report of my income each year and telling the tax officials that I would refuse to pay any tax. I also made enough lecturing in 1954 to pay a small tax which I refused to pay. Last year as I have been living at the CW I have not earned enough to pay a tax by my occasional lectures, but as there is no statute of limitations on taxes I still owe for the twelve years from 1943 to 1954. If I did not report my income or lied about it I could be prosecuted. I choose to make the issue a moral one by frankly refusing to pay the tax I owe.

Fasting

Several well meaning friends thought that if I would take some watermelon, which is 99% water, it would be better than drinking just plain water. Also some fruit juices. The fact is that if I took a little my stomach would call for more. As it is I lost my appetite before my fast started for I gave my stomach notice that it was not to expect anything for eleven days. I was never hungry and did not have any headache or any pain whatever, only of course I was lightheaded and weak. One of the guards at the Custom House told me of Harry Wills the prizefighter who had won every fight, but Jack Dempsey at that time would not fight with him because he was a Negro. Wills tended to be overweight and fasted thirty days each year to keep in condition. There was also Freddie Steele who lost the welter weight championship and regained it after he became a vegetarian. Scores of conscientious objectors fasted in solitary from 10 to thirty days in World War II and then were forcibly fed for weeks. MacSwiney and Gandhi fasted to awaken people to a realization of ethical principles. In fasting and picketing there is of course a double strain upon the body. I know enough to rest if I feel extremely weak and to get enough rest when I come home at night. I lost 8½ pounds the first two days and 18½ altogether.

Sunday I went to St. Michaels, the Russian Uniate Church nearby, as I did last year while fasting. Here you stand for over an hour while the priest and choir sing the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. This Sunday being the one nearest the Feast of the Assumption was the time for the blessing of fruit. So right in front of me was a tray with peaches, plums and grapes. I did not know if this was part of the Communion service or not and to tell the truth I had my eye on an especially nice peach. But the fruit was removed after it was blessed and before Communion time. Later upstairs I watched my friends eat the fruit but my stomach was trained not to expect anything. Now four days after my

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Dying and Yet We Live

By DR. KARL STERN

Text of an address delivered on August 11, 1956, at the annual Communion Breakfast of the Edith Stein Guild, New York City.

It is a platitude to say that Edith Stein was a saint. She was not only a saint but in many ways one of the most remarkable women of the century. This proud Jewess who accepted Christ, and, towards the end of her life, came to accept willingly, intentionally and quite consciously the Cross, symbolizes somehow the great Christian-Jewish tragedy which occurred in Germany.

When I was asked to lecture on her, various possibilities occurred to me. In my work as a psychiatrist, for example, various borderline problems occur from time to time which touch on the philosophical work of Edith Stein. The so-called phenomenological school in Philosophy which was mainly founded by Husserl, the teacher of Edith Stein, had a tremendous influence on modern-day psychiatry, particularly in German-speaking countries. In fact there is a phenomenological school in psychiatry which is directly derived from it. The fact that Edith Stein wrote her doctor's thesis in philosophy on the phenomenon of empathy indicates that the entire trend of the school would be of great interest to a psychiatrist. It would have been easy for me to choose a subject from a borderline area of her work and my work.

As another possibility someone asked me to talk about my conversion. I must say that I would feel rather foolish at an Edith Stein memorial meeting about things concerning my own life.

However, one subject occurred to me which, I am absolutely certain, Edith Stein would have been happiest to have discussed on this memorial day of hers. I can almost feel her reaction to it. A talk about the Christian German martyrs under Hitler.

As you know, Edith Stein would not have been able to escape her martyrdom even if she had wanted to. Something many people forget about Germany under Hitler is that only race counted and not religion. Baptized Jews were killed just as non-baptized Jews. What makes the death of Edith Stein true martyrdom in the Christian sense of the word is the fact that she consciously offered it up for the Mystical Body and for the salvation of her own people. However, if she were with us today, she would most likely humbly say: "My death was not different from that of millions of other Jews with whom I went to the gas chambers. I had no choice." She would probably add that there were Christian martyrs in Germany who did have the choice, who could have refused the martyr's death . . . the so-called Aryan (whatever that means) Christians. These people are not enough remembered today, and I am certain that if she were here Edith Stein would welcome a memorial lecture in their honour.

Most people do not realize that many Germans risked their lives and even died in a stand against Hitler taken out of purely Christian motives. The fact that they are almost entirely forgotten intrigues me. When I was in Germany for the first time since Hitler, in 1951, and met some of my old friends, I was surprised to learn how much hidden work had been done underground in helping the Jews. In spite of this hiddenness a certain amount of documentation has come to the surface after the War in books here and there, in biographical studies etc. The latest, perhaps the most powerful, document is a book *Dying We Live* (Pantheon).

This is a collection of diary fragments, last letters, etc. of Christians who had been condemned to death in Germany. There are priests, nuns, Protestant ministers and Catholic and Protestant lay people among them. It is a most overwhelming witness and as I shall draw on it a good deal I have to ask pardon of those among you who have read it.

Mention of hiddenness recalls one characteristic sign of our times. When I knew that *Dying We Live* was going to appear, I wrote one of the most prominent secular daily papers in this country that I should like to review it. The reply was that although they would like to give it to me, their Spring list was already so overcrowded that they had no space for this particular book. This has for me a deep symbolic meaning. When you consider what kind of literature is being reviewed all the time in our magazines and in the book sections of our daily newspapers it is really stunning to realize that the only testimony we have of the heroic death of hundreds of people is just one book too many for a book review column.

I should like to start my narrative with one of the most hidden and unknown cases: that of the one-time Editor-in-Chief of the biggest Munich daily paper. The paper was a rather narrow-minded, reactionary and quite nationalistic daily. I remember very well the name of the Editor-in-Chief and how unpleasant we found the editorials he wrote. His name was Dr. Fritz Gerlich. He was a Protestant or at any rate a free-thinker.

During the War, I believe, a Hungarian journalist who had been imprisoned in Dachau concentration camp wrote his memoirs and described his atrocious experiences in that concentration camp. He was a Communist and was freed because at that time there was protection by the Hungarian authorities for a Hungarian citizen. He told about a man in the cell next to him by the name of Fritz Gerlich who was extremely tortured and at the end literally trampled to death by storm troopers. I do not remember correctly whether the journalist who wrote this knew himself that Gerlich was killed because of his attitude as a stout Catholic or whether this came out only after. It was naturally amazing for us to hear that this nationalistic skeptic and free-thinker had been killed in such a terrible way because of his devout Catholicism.

Now here is the story as I have been able to reconstruct

it. Some of it I owe to Dr. George Shuster, President of Hunter College. I remember myself when the case of Theresa Neumann was very much under discussion. This is the famous stigmatized peasant girl in Bavaria, not far from my own home. As you know, a great many people feel very skeptical about her and the entire controversy over her was rather sensational. Dr. Gerlich went to Konnersreuth to write her up from a first-hand impression. He went there rather skeptically, probably hoping to get a scoop for his paper, something sensational or funny or bizarre. However, in contact with this stigmatized girl he was, one might almost say miraculously, converted. He became, under her influence, a Catholic. The first consequence of his newly-found Catholicism was that he saw the danger of Hitler much earlier than any other bourgeois journalist in Germany. These were the times when the bourgeoisie in Germany was still much more afraid of Communism than of National Socialism. But the newly-converted Catholic Gerlich had a profound intuition that the true source of nihilism, destruction and the diabolical in Germany was Hitler.

Gerlich left his high-salaried job at the great daily newspaper and started a small paper of his own which



ST. APOLLONIA

devoted itself entirely to the danger of the rise of Hitlerism. This paper had a non-descript appearance. I remember it myself quite well as one of those journalistic things everybody looks upon as an oddity and I did not even know that it was being edited by that man.

It is obvious why he was immediately arrested when the Nazis came to power and we just told you about his death under the boots of the S.S. The person who told me this story suggested that one should erect actually a chapel with his name on the place in which he was martyred.

If you ever go to Munich, visit the crypt of a church called Burgersaal. There you will find the tomb of Father Rupert Mayer S. J. I remember the name of Father Mayer from when I was a student in Munich a long time before I was interested in Catholicism. He was one of the most popular preachers and as I know today, also one of the most popular confessors and spiritual directors in the city. He was a man of lean, ascetic, striking features, and also conspicuous because one leg had been amputated following a gunshot wound in the First War. He became very conspicuous under the Nazis because he refused to go underground and in spite of several warnings spoke up in his sermons without fear.

As early as June 1937, he was held under arrest in the Gestapo prison in the Wittelsbach Palace in Munich. From there he was transferred to the Stadelheim prison. About this he says in a letter to Himmler: "That, it is said, was the pronouncement of the political police in regard to my case. I was very much incensed at this talk, because it is not true. I have never wanted to have better treatment than other prisoners, poor devils that they are. In the several prisons I have had only prisoner rations. Whatever kind people sent me in the way of food, liquor, or tobacco I gave to the doctor and the head jailor to be distributed to needy sick persons, keeping a few apples for my own consumption daily. How, then, could I have fared so well? The only privilege I had was that, as a great exception, I was permitted, in the period preceding my sentences, to have a light later in the evening. Otherwise I shared the lot of the others in everything, for all that sometimes it meant great hardship." In the same letter he also says: "The ancients in their time used to say that it is sweet to die, likewise to suffer, for one's native land. I have been granted this latter experience in bounteous measure, and I should not wish to have lacked it in my life. But it is even sweeter to suffer for the holy faith, and also to die for it. It is this that fills me with happiness here in prison, and that in turn is fortifying so many thousands of young people in Germany in their Catholic faith." He was transferred from Stadelheim to Landsberg and later he was in the concentration camp of

Sachsenhausen near Oranienburg. These were terrible places, like Buchenwald.

In 1940 it was feared that he might die in the concentration camp and since he was very popular among the Catholic population, Himmler or Hitler ordered him to be transferred into solitary confinement in the monastery of Ettal. Curiously enough the solitary confinement in that place was harder on him than his time in the concentration camp. In Ettal he wrote: "Since then I exist in a living death; indeed, this death is for me, who am still full of life, much worse than actual death. I could not have done the Gestapo and the whole movement a greater favor—and still cannot—than quietly to wither away to death here . . . If I have not in all this time packed up and left—they could then quietly lock me up or shorten me by a head—the thing that holds me bound here is consideration for the monastery, which is responsible for me, and, further, consideration for my order, for which I might have created considerable trouble by disappearing from Ettal. Consideration for a number of good, dear people to whom I would have brought great affliction had I again been handed over to a prison or a concentration camp or perhaps met death as a result of something like that. Regard for God, to Whom I have come decidedly closer than I have ever been in my life, thanks to the Way of the Cross that I have been walking for years and my gradual liberation thereby from everything earthly and temporal. Should I now, through an arbitrary act, forcibly interrupt this straight line which, by the grace of God, I have held to all the days of my life? Looking at it from the standpoint of faith, I believe that the question must be answered with a flat no. So I intend to go on carrying my cross and to do penance and atone for my own mistakes and weaknesses, until such time as the dear Lord will intercede to lift this cross from me again. And likewise for the time to come, my watchword shall be: 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'."

With the entry of the American troops into Germany in May, 1945, he was liberated and reinstated in Munich. On All Saints Day 1945, he was preaching in front of the Cross of the altar of St. Michael's church in Munich. He had started the Mass with the Introit: "Gaudeamus omnes in Domino." As he reached the end of his sermon he was trying to say one more sentence which began with the words "The Lord," and with these words, in the middle of the sentence he dropped and was dead. When Father Rupert Mayer had been in prison at Landsberg the chaplain wrote: "Father Rupert lived like a saint during his imprisonment in the penal institution of Landsberg. May the hour come when it will be permitted us to hang his picture in the cells in which he lived and when we may hail him as the patron saint of prisoners."

We cannot imagine the popularity of Father Mayer today among Catholics of Munich. I have been in Munich about four or five times since the War and never failed to go to his tomb. Day and night there is a huge crowd of people, a heap of flowers on his tomb, little pamphlets with his picture being sold and many people talking of miracles he has worked.

I would like to tell you now about the case of Pastor Paul Schneider. My attention was first drawn to this great man by Father Wasner, whom many of you here know through the Trapp family. Father Wasner knew about this case through Father Steinwender, an Austrian Benedictine who has written *Christ in the Concentration Camp* describing the facts about this Lutheran pastor in detail. Pastor Schneider was arrested early in the National Socialist regime because of his completely fearless preaching of the Gospel against Hitler's diabolical plans. He was arrested and released several times and finally in the fall of 1937 he was transported to Buchenwald. There he testified to the end, whenever it was possible. Father Steinwender describes, for example, how once the prisoners were assembled on an Easter Sunday in the courtyard of the concentration camp, and from a window behind the bars, very much like the voice of St. John the Baptist, came the voice of Pastor Schneider: "I preach to you the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ." After this he was pulled back and beaten again by the guards. He openly accused the officers and guards of being murderers. When a man had disappeared in the dungeons he spoke up and accused the killers of that prisoner. He was beaten so much that in the end the prison doctor killed him with an injection of strophanthine. Before he was arrested one of his friends warned him that he would put not only himself but also his family into danger. He replied: "Do you think that God gave me children only that I might provide for their material welfare? Were they not entrusted to me in order that I might safeguard them for eternity?"

Occasionally he was able to write a letter from the concentration camp through the kindness of a jailkeeper and here is an excerpt of one of his letters: "Let us continue to put our trust as we have done until now, in God alone; let us continue in humility and patience to expect all good to come from Him alone and to love, fear, and honor Him wholeheartedly. Thus God will be with us, and we shall not be disappointed in our hopes. Be comforted and faithful; fear not. I hold you close in my heart. In God we are not separated. Once more, my heartfelt thanks to you for all the love you have shown me while I was here. Let us be thankful for this beautiful period of preparation for harder trials. New sorrows should bring us new experiences of our God and a new glory. Christ says: 'I am with you all your days.' With love, your Paul."

(Continued next issue.)

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

In a book intitled "The Magic Mountain" Thomas Mann has a character who has become a Jesuit after having been a Marxist. As a Jesuit he could understand Communism much better than he could understand it as a Marxist. In Paraguay the Jesuits established a Communist society. Part of the land was held individually. The other part, known as God's land, was cultivated in common. The produce was used for the maintenance of the aged, the infirm and the young.

PROUDHON AND MARX

"Communism is a society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs." Such a definition does not come from Marx; it comes from Proudhon. Proudhon wrote two volumes on "The Philosophy of Poverty" which Karl Marx read in two days. Karl Marx wrote a volume on "The Poverty of Philosophy." Karl Marx was too much of a materialist to understand the philosophical and therefore social value of voluntary poverty.

BOLSHEVIK SOCIALISTS

I am criticized for saying that there is nothing wrong with Communism but that there is something wrong with Communists. The wrong thing with Communists is that they are not Communists; they are State Socialists. "Communism," according to the definition of the Communist Manifesto, "is a state of society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs." According to this definition there is no Communism in Soviet Russia. Communists do not deserve the name "Communists." They should be called "Bolshevik Socialists."

IN BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA

The State withers away in a Communist society, but the State has not withered away in Bolshevik Russia. There is no wage system in a Communist society, but there is a wage system in Bolshevik Russia. There is no dictatorship in a Communist society, but there is a dictatorship in Bolshevik Russia. There is no investing class in a Communist Society, but they sell Government bonds in a Bolshevik Russia.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

Bolshevik Socialists stand for economic determinism. According to the theory of economic determinism, bourgeois capitalism creates bourgeois ideology. According to the same theory, Bolshevik ideology can never be the product of bourgeois capitalism. But Marx and Lenin expressed Bolshevik ideology while living under bourgeois capitalism. Marx and Lenin must be a mystery to Bolshevik Socialists.

CLASS STRUGGLE

Bolshevik Socialists credit bourgeois capitalism with an historical mission. If bourgeois capitalism fulfills an historical mission, it should not be interfered with in the fulfilling of that historical mission. When Bolshevik Socialists foster the class-struggle, they delay the fulfilling of the historical mission which they credit to bourgeois capitalism. There is no sense in delaying the fulfilling of the historical mission of bourgeois capitalism by throwing the monkey-wrench into the economic machinery.

PROLETARIAN DICTATORSHIP

Bolshevik Socialists stand for proletarian dictatorship. A bourgeois without money may be as bourgeois as a bourgeois with money. The bourgeois-minded proletarian and the bourgeois-minded capitalist are spiritually related. The bourgeois-minded proletarian is a chip off the old block—the bourgeois-minded capitalist. All the sins of the father—the bourgeois-minded capitalist—are found in the son—the bourgeois-minded proletarian. The bourgeois-minded proletarian is no more fit to rule than the bourgeois-minded capitalist. Proletarian dictatorship, as well as capitalist dictatorship, is no substitute for personalist leadership.

PERSONALIST LEADERSHIP

A Leader is a fellow who follows a cause. A Follower is a fellow who follows the Leader, because he sponsors the cause that the Leader follows. Thought must be expressed in words and deeds, and deeds speak louder than words. To be a Leader requires thought as well as technique. The thought must appeal to reason, and the technique must be related to the thought.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

The Catholic Worker does not credit bourgeois capitalism with an historical mission. It condemns it on the general principle that labor is a gift, not a commodity. The Catholic Worker does not throw the monkey-wrench of class-struggle into the economic machinery. It aims to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new. The Catholic Worker does not stand for proletarian dictatorship. It stands for personalist leadership.

Man Or Machine

THE SHADOW OF MY HAND by Holger Cahill, Harcourt, Brace Co., New York, 1956. \$4.95. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

"In the old days a man could depend upon his team, man and horse working together. That way they could keep the furrows straight and still have time for a little quiet thinking. With the tractor the machine did the thinking and a man had to follow it. Would the farmer's mind withstand the pressure of machine thinking the way the glacial rocks had withstood the pressure of the ice sheet?"

"Man has to learn the land like he's got to learn his woman if he's going to hold either one."

With this conflict of the man with the machine and with the land, and with Cam the hero, one of the three men in love with Millie, the book abounds in fist fights between Cam and Muggins, and the dreadful struggle in the dark barn between Cam and Durham. Cam and Millie are not sure of themselves and of each other. The book does end with each of them free to work out their salvation with honor—and love. Over all this there is the love for the land which they both have and the whole pull of machinery to keep them working at loose ends. This is really worse than the pioneers fighting the sod with poverty and few tools, for they were united.

In this powerful book Cahill knows farm life at first hand. His description of milking time brings more vividly to my mind the atmosphere of the dairy barn than anything I have read. The bull, the cows, calves, cats and dog each a part of the rhythm. Likewise Cam plowing, and running the combine. Of the 15,000 new tractors that came into the county one year and of the 16,000 workers who left. Throughout the book there is the argument between Doc McCloud, the veterinarian who loved horses and hated the machine and Durham the big boss who grabbed more and more land. Durham's wife withdrew into her garden and grandfather Durham poured envy and hatred over all. Only those ever lost in a snow storm could appreciate Cam's plight with his load of grain. Only those who have been at the mercy of a runaway team could understand the cool headed courage with which Cam stopped the team and opened his way to Millie's heart. The author knows also the life of the "bo" in the jungle and the life of the small town tavern.

Cam had studied scientific agriculture but he felt that "some of their answers had turned 'sour.' They got rid of rust and now along comes a new race of black stem rust, the worst wheat killer yet. 'Maybe these weed killers and bug killers only brought out something worse, like when they sent a boy to reform school they reformed him into a yegg. They couldn't control nature any more than they could control man or the weather.'

The contrast between the "coyote loneliness" of the machine mad farmer and the working together of the Hutterite farmers and the Mexican stoop laboring families provides one of the deep lessons of this interesting book. I saw this in Arizona in the carrot fields where the communal Mexicans were a jolly oasis among the quarreling white migrants. "They worked in crowds, crawling and stooping among the rows, the young children like woodchucks, pulling at the weeds, the men and women on their knees in service

CULT :: CULTI

to the green plants, as if it were church or love. There would be talk and now and then a flash of joking laughter to ease the back-breaking work. With the big machine work was inarticulate as the prairie rocks. Riding the steel seats you had to give your whole attention to the shaking mechanism and the explosive power ripping through the wheels and turning parts. Once committed to the machine, a jealous god that tolerates no other, there could be nothing for the farmer beyond constant and alert obedience to its every command, with no thought of laughter or the bright cymbals of the mind."

The author comes from the daring Icelandic stock so he quotes with knowledge the Irish saying that the three finest things in the world were, "a woman just before her time, a ship belled out with sail, a field of wheat." He speaks of the culture the Sioux had before the white man corrupted the prairie into a dust bowl, and of the culture of "the tin can and the mail order catalogue." For the Sioux had, "A magical connection between created things. But to understand it the way the Indian did you had to come to it with the heart of those who had heard the thunder, with the wild innocence of the prairie wind free to wander in other realms, the realm of the spotted eagle that carries the spirit to the place of souls when the sun dies, of thunder dreamers, of bear and buffalo and wolf dreamers, and for those who listen for the voice of the Great Unknown in stones to learn the secrets of hidden things."

The criticism of government engineers whose learning was entirely theoretical and did not apply to the prairie is true, for I found that on the Hopi reservation a dirt dam would be made in entirely the wrong place, and I remember the Old Pioneer in Phoenix chuckling when the dirt dam made by the engineer from Washington broke in the exact spot he had predicted. "Government winning the land back? Win back slough and sand and alkali like them crazy army engineers drowning out the finest Missouri River bottoms so's they can irrigate salt lands wouldn't grow sagebrush."

And I remember my father on our Ohio farm speaking about "The deducts got me." "They had a deduct for testing, a deduct for loading, deduct for weighing, deduct for downgrading, deduct for insurance, then the buyer's commission and the deduct for rail haulage. When the farmer got through he was in the hole to the elevator company."

Jessie Colquhoun was the only Catholic in the book other than Father Gillies who, together with Doc McCloud, was a kind of St. Francis to the cattle huddled together freezing or thirsting in stalled cattle cars on the way to slaughter.

In trying to understand each other Millie said to Cam that it only drove them apart to confess to each other, saying, "The Catholics are wiser. They confess in secret to someone who has the authority to forgive and set the penance that brings atonement. Then the sinner is at one with God." Then according to the old saying, "Those at peace sit happily in narrow places."

Another novel could be written about Cam and Millie working on a small farm with horses instead of tractors, getting comfort from the Hutterite way of life, and weaving

into their lives the sense of community, the love of animals and of the land. This would be something to offset a storm worse than the one that nearly froze Cam: the storm of fear and hatred and war; of subsidies and "soil-banks," that now engulfs the farmer. This would be a story of winning without government aid, bringing back the real pioneer spirit, making brothers of the Sioux and the Mexican laborers, doing creative penance for the sins of their forefathers.

Workers' Village

Aug. 10, 1955.

Dear Ammon,

I had two experiences this week which I think will interest you. One—I visited a workers' syndicate village, where I saw the most modern school, hospital, library and recreation facilities I have ever seen. I don't know all the details of the social setup, as it is difficult to carry on too thorough an inquiry into political and social affairs in Spanish when you speak no better than I do. I had understood from the director of the school and also from the hospital director that the town itself and all the facilities were a workers' syndicate without the support of either government or private capital. A thrilling example of self-initiative and a real element of "the new society within the shell of the old." The workers are from five cotton mills in the area of Metepec. I believe the mills are privately owned however. The library is full of both radical works and classics. Catholic symbols are quite in appearance throughout both the school and the hospital. When I find out all the details I would like to write an article for the C.W. on it along with other aspects of the Mexican Revolution. It is a subject which I have been interested in for some time and in which I think many of your readers would also be interested. There are many aspects of the revolution which are quite in effect here at the present time, such as rural education and land reforms. It has been said that the Mexican Revolution of 1910 was the first successful proletarian revolution in history and it is still going on.

Secondly, I met a Mr. Cook, an American Catholic layman who is looking into the possibilities of Catholic workcamps here in Mexico. He has received the permission of the Bishop of Mexico. I gave him a copy of the Catholic Worker, which he said he had read and was interested in. He will be returning to the States soon and I think will look you up. There is a great need for workcamps by Mexicans for Mexicans such as the initiative in the Bhodan movement in India by Indians. I am helping Bob Luftweiler set up his Servas' host program here in Mexico.

For the One Man Revolution,
Dick (Downham)

Whatever attempts there may have been in the past to justify war, or at least to recognize a certain spiritual value in war, we ought to proclaim as loudly as possible that war with the face it wears today is sin itself.

—Gabriel Marcel,
MAN AGAINST MASS SOCIETY.

CULTURE VATION ::

Community Journey

By GEORGE INESON,

Sheed and Ward, London, Reviewed by Frank Goodridge

This book tells the story of the Taena Community, a community of Catholic layfolk, some married and some single, living on a farm adjoining Prinknash Abbey, a Benedictine Monastery near Gloucester in England. All its members are Benedictine Oblates, and they live by a Rule of their own in which the Benedictine way of life is adapted to the needs of lay men and women. They hold all their property in common, and the lives of the separate families and individuals is perfectly fused with that of a religious community. In the same way, a life of prayer and contemplation goes hand in hand with the farmwork, pottery-making and various other tasks by which the Community lives. They have their own Chapel, where one of the monks says Mass, and they say the Divine Office every day, using the English translation made by the monks of St. John's Abbey, Minnesota.

George Ineson tells the story from his own point of view, and his book is really an autobiography, large parts of which consist of extracts from his diary in the early days of the community. But other members contribute their own stories in the appropriate places, and tell how by various means they were all converted to Catholicism. Although the Community would never have existed but for George's long persistence, over many years, in searching for the right way of life, this is not the story of anything that he alone has done. More and more as the book proceeds, one can see how God's providence miraculously pointed the way, gradually bringing them out of the most terrible darkness and confusion into the light of His Spirit, and creating a new community even when the members themselves could not see where they were going. This is reflected even in the style of the book, which in places is obscure and baffling, but becomes clearer, and begins to show light, as the story moves on to its conclusion.

George is the son of a Methodist Minister, and as a young man before the war he turned against religion, and became an ardent Socialist and Pacifist, bent on humanitarian ideas of progress from which he slowly moved away as the problems of forming a community became more perplexed. The Community began as a group of pacifists living together in Cornwall during the War, and as it struggled to remain intact, and moved about from place to place with different members coming and going—so that at times only George and his wife, Connie, were left—they clung on, almost blindly, to the idea of finding a way of life more 'real' than that of the mechanized world of cities. "There was a genuine seeking for freedom of the spirit, a generosity which assumed that you took anyone into your home if they were in difficulties, a despising of material possessions and power over others; on the other hand an adolescent immaturity led us into the fundamental errors of believing that life could grow to fulfillment without sacrifice and through sensible experience by itself. The ideal was to follow our deepest instinctual

nature, freely and without subterfuge; to let life happen."

It was at the Taena Farm, remotely situated in a wooded valley overlooking the Severn estuary, that some of the present members first joined George and Connie, and that the strange progress which eventually brought them to the Church began—"The curious progression from politics and economics to Krishnamusti, Gerald Heard and Jung; to the *Cloud of Unknowing* and the unfolding of mystery—all apparently accidental." At this point we reach the confusing chapters entitled "Dark Waters: 1944-46" and "Psychology and the East, 1946-47," when the conflicts and problems of Community life became most intense, and George was apparently immersed in mysticism, Yoga, and the tortured inner world of his dreams, which led him to see the importance of symbols. The idea of the Community was to "contain" and live through its difficulties, in order that its members insight be transformed, and learn to cast off the absorption in self alone. "Once the community divides into two or more separate organisms, the heat escapes and the meal is uncooked—leaving only partial surface solutions instead of a radical transformation. Living in a town or city offers so many possibilities of escape that it is hardly possible to contain a problem in this way except in the limited sphere of the family; this is one reason why so many of us today never pass beyond adolescence, the spirit imprisoned in a surface adaptation to a particular external context."

It is impossible to describe in the space of a review, how, through mysticism and psychology, the Community passed through the 'Dark Waters' and found its Promised Land; how by visiting a Benedictine Abbey George fell in love with the Psalms, and discovered that the saying of Office could bind a community together; how first he, and then all the others, were led to the Catholic Church by separate roads; and finally, how the Rule and Community life rapidly developed and became stabilized almost of its own accord. At the moment when they had to leave the Taena farm an unexpected gift of money made it possible for them to buy the farm next to Prinknash Abbey, from which they had already learnt so much about the religious life. As one reaches the end of the book, one understands how all the strands that went to make the final pattern were there long before, waiting for the hand of God to weave them into a single web—till at last "the circle of peace and people had been completed."

We are a motley and curiously assorted offering to God; marked with years of blind ignorance, we are weak and lacking in virtue of the commonest sort. The difficulties and problems are still with us, but instead of dividing they are the means of remaking; we have been given the freedom which comes from commitment and the joy of knowing that we are in God's hands.

Only a few years ago all but two of us were without faith in any supernatural reality; it was only the waters of life "flowing from the right side of the temple" that saved us, and it is only the continued inspiration of the Spirit that holds us together."

Francis And Ignatius

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Photographs by Leonard von Matt, Text by Walter Hauser. Henry Regnery Company, 21 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. \$6.50.

ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA. Photographs by Leonard von Matt, Text by Hugo Rahner. \$6.50. Reviewed by Dorothy Day.

These are the most beautiful books, it seems to us, that have come to us for review. These pictorial lives, with magnificent photographs by Leonard von Matt, are moving as was that collection in *The Story of Man* which appeared last year, and are more attractively published, though of course more expensive. But they are worth the money. These books will go into the Peter Maurin Farm library for us to pore over during the long evenings when we sit around the library table and talk, and engage ourselves in one or another of the handicrafts.

The St. Francis book shows us Assisi, its streets St. Francis trod, its churches, some of which he rebuilt. Strange that a merchant



prince's son, a troubadour, a warrior, should also have known stone work. Yet all the citizens evidently were called upon to build walls, churches, roads, as well as monasteries and homes. One wonders, seeing these pictures, how all this got done, without modern machinery, for hoisting, for instance. There are reproductions of paintings, crucifixes, statues before which St. Francis prayed; of the script even of his rule, two autographs of St. Francis, the early shelter of cave and thatched hut. It is a precious book, unutterably beautiful, and the text fits the pictures. "Assisi has but one song to sing, and that song is Francis. The world cannot have enough of it, and the name of Francis is the only echo that the traveller brings away. Since the dying saint from the plain turned his eyes, now so dim, towards the holy city and blessed it, Franciscan song has never ceased to raise its voice to bless that holy place."

Jesuit Founder

The origins of the Basques are shrouded in mystery, and Ignatius belonged to the family of Loyola, "one of the most disastrous families our country had to endure," a Basque historian writes, "one of those Basque families that bore a coat of arms over its main doorway, the better to justify the misdeeds that were the tissue and pattern of its life." Ignatius was like his family at first, a wild soldier. "Those who were afterwards his close friends said tactfully but with complete truth, he was 'reckless at games, in adventures with women, in brawls

MID-AUGUST

By JOHN STANLEY

The sun is amber at noon,
brooding on the fore-knowledge
of its inevitable retreat;
only by habit
does it invest the cement court
for another day.

Iris blades go yellow at the tip,
and melt
in the incubus of the chaotic slab-scape,
spawned by that insatiable crone,
the grandmother of the chief devil.

Even the stink trees,
with their pseudo-tropical show,
give the game away
in a litter of dissolving brown
sifting into the soot
in a powdery mortar
in the corners of the concrete steps
that lead to the cellar.

Dramatically enough,
the radios are pressed down almost flat;
their benedictions, *urbi et orbi*,
given through the open windows
of the greed-wrought cliff of rooms
inhabited by stevedores
whose blue-eyed scions
dive off garbage barges
into the tepid olive soup called the North River,
and live it up on Greenwich Street
where they pitch pennies to the brown wall
while waiting for their pap—
the benedictions almost pass you by.

Someone in the house hangs all his blankets on the line;
but they don't muffle the disintegrating whine of the
sanitation truck
devouring garbage for blocks around;
and they don't muffle the pleck-pleck of two sparrows
still left to us for our hope.

and deeds of arms. He was assailed and overcome by temptations of the flesh." But he also "cultivated a romantic affection for a high-born lady, just as his hero, Amadis of Gaul, had done for the lady Oriana . . . the infanta Catherine . . . who had passed her gloomy youth at Tordesillas in the palace where her mad mother was imprisoned."

Ignatius' life was changed, as was St. Francis, after he was wounded in war. Shot through the leg, in an engagement with the French at Pamplona in 1521, treated with "courtesy and kindness by his French captors, his wounds were cared for and he was transported by litter, a fortnight's journey, home to the castle in Anzuola where his sister-in-law Magdalena and her two daughters cared for him. There he all but died, and there he went through painful operations to restore him to the health he craved to get back to the world and the battlefield. It was when he was beginning to convalesce and his health was assured, that he began to pass the time away waiting for strength, by reading. There were no romances around the castle, so he settled for the four books his sister-in-law brought him, the lives of the saints, and the story of the life of Jesus by a Carthusian. These were the works that changed his whole life and brought about his transformation of soul. "My heart is aflame and my spirit leaps upwards when I leave the pleasures of the world and give myself with all my strength to God." Now he began to long for poverty, and to walk unknown like a pilgrim through the world.

At Manresa he went to a hospice for the poor and the few days of repose, became ten months of "consolation, of spiritual anguish and mystical transformation." Inspired by Franciscans, instructed by Benedictines, and now given hospitality by Dominicans, he called himself a Pilgrim and begged his food from door to door, doing penance for the elegance of his former life. Over and over again he climbed up into the clefts of Montserrat over Manresa and spent hours in prayer. The monks called him the pilgrim who had become a fool for Christ. It was at this time that he discovered what through his life became his favorite book, *The Imitation of Christ*. He made friends with the sick in the hospital and the children in the streets and became known

through the town as the holy man. It was during this year spent wandering from shrine to shrine, spending days of meditation and reading in his cave, and nights at the hospice that he went through agonies of temptation and doubts and suffering of body as well as of soul. But it was as the result of this year that we have the famous Exercises of St. Ignatius.

It is impossible to tell all the story here, but the text is as good as the pictures, and that is saying a lot. It is a fresh and moving account of the making of a saint, and it is fitting that it should be published this year, the five hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Eichel

Seymour Eichel, whose father Julius was in jail in World War I as a conscientious objector and who was one of the seven who refused to register in World War II, is being tried in the Brooklyn Federal Court July 30 for refusing to register for the draft. He was picked up two days before his 26th birthday. He had been a part of many demonstrations in his college days and had given notice then that he was of a group who did not believe in registering for the draft, although he gave no direct notice to this effect to his local board. The judge who is trying the case is the one who put Julius Eichel under the excessive \$25,000 bond, although another judge dismissed the case. Seymour is a graduate of Columbia, and along with the Doty brothers and the Marquardt brothers is one of the few sons who have followed in the footsteps of their pacifist fathers.

URGENT APPEAL

Rev. Mother Celestine, superior of the Carmelite Convent, Giridih P.O., Hazaribagh District, S. Bihar, N. India, is in desperate need of funds to enlarge her orphanage. Besides funds to pay for the enlarging of the orphanage they need woolen clothing for the children this winter, religious articles, Catholic literature for the adults who come to them, and, of course, your prayers.

The Editors.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

There is a huge truck entrance to the Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia, and the visiting hours from 1:30 to 3:00 had begun when I arrived there a few weeks ago to see the Prisoner. He has been condemned to die, and we at the Catholic Worker got acquainted with him when he wrote to us offering us his library, his furniture, and even his eyes, when his sentence should have been carried out. His case was on appeal, and that appeal has been denied, and now it goes to another court, and as long as he has money to pay a lawyer, his case can go on. There is another convicted murderer in one of the Pennsylvania jails who has been appealing his case for the last eight years.

It is terrible to visit a jail. Men are not made to be confined like animals behind bars. Once a man escaped from this particular jail buried in a truck full of hot ashes, and another time some men escaped through the sewer. But they were all caught.

Once inside the huge entrance, there are show cases to the left where dolls and animals and boats and other things carved out of wood by the prisoners are on display. There is another gate going inside, and here I caught a glimpse of green, a privet hedge, which seems to grow everywhere even in our own stony back yard. "Is there any green," I asked the Prisoner later when he told me about his two hours exercise a day. "The men have stuck watermelon seeds in the cracks of the wall, but when they grow they are pulled out," he said.

To get to the visitors' room you go through a vaulted passageway, into a long low room, also vaulted, passing wash rooms, a few cells, and there was a room, divided by iron bars, with room for the prisoners on one side, and fourteen stools for visitors on the other. One could lean on a counter, up against a wire netting which covered the bars. The stools were low and the counter was low. There was one very young guard standing at the door where the prisoners came out to take their seats, facing their visitors and others sat waiting, young colored girls in crinoline, with bare arms, ballet shoes, impassive faces; others wide mouthed, rouged, laughing, full-bodied. There was a mother and child, white, there was a gay blonde with a striped blouse and riding breeches and no stockings and bedroom slippers. Many of the women found it easier to stand than to sit, and they bent over like horses in stalls, to get as close to the wire and the bars as possible. They presented a variety of haunches, pink, blue, flowered, striped, black and white, looking like the hind quarters of a zebra, or of horses, or even of some apes. In what grotesque positions people find themselves.

The place had filled up so when the Prisoner I had come to see was brought out, one of the others who had three visitors had to confine himself to one, and I squeezed in and sat on the stool between the woman with the two-year-old child perched on the counter in front of her, and the blonde with the horse's tail hair-do. There we were, elbow to elbow, each one seeing only the one ahead of him, those on my right communicating by silences, and those on my left by ardent sighs and kisses. The woman with the child was a plain woman with tightly-dressed brown hair and the child clapped his hands and called Daddy over and over. When the father looked at his child his face was warm and alive and when he turned to his wife there was a grim bitter look distorting it.

The Prisoner I came to see was a tall, well-built man, intelligent looking, blue-eyed, fair skin down which little drops of moisture trailed. It was a stifling day and

as we talked a storm came up. Then one could hear the deluge through the three barred windows in back of the room. Thunder roared every now and then through the vaults.

We talked about Ammon's previous visit, the books of poetry I had sent, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Raymond R. F. Larssen, and his copying the works of the latter.

It was hard to talk. "How the time must drag," "No, it goes very fast. You do not know where the days go." And then you remember the sentence of death, and you know the time slips by inexorably.

What men get used to. "Stringing them up by their thumbs for instance, they get used to that." I caught his talk only in snatches. "Get so they don't mind it. I was never normal. No one liked me. I antagonized. I teased, never knew when to stop . . . made enemies. Yes, I am legally sane. I know right from wrong. But the psychiatrists have me listed as all sorts of things . . . a monster . . . There is an arson case here, a young fellow back from Korea. He'd seen plenty of blazing houses over there. He was convicted of burning down some houses out Chester way, and given fifty years. No one died in the fires. He burnt barns and empty houses. There was great property damage. Judge refused to put him in a mental hospital because he might burn that down with the people in it. Jails are made of steel and stone. He gets no treatment here. If they do let him out in fifty years he may go out and do it all over again. Men are trained to destruction and then jailed for it.

"There are men of all ages here, boys to old men. It is no place for a boy to be. I am reading, studying, seeing how much I can learn. Languages, science. There is so much to know and so little time."

Living by the exterior and interior senses, I thought, and not by faith, but how talk about faith? It is so hard. "Have you been away from it long," I asked him. Only a few years. "Religion, it comes and goes. I only gave it up a short time ago." And now he had fallen into an abyss.

Oh, my God, I remember the cruelties in my own life, my own angers and hatreds, and then the words of Jesus, "But I say unto you, that he who says, Thou fool is in danger of everlasting fire." I remember seeing some boys stoning a cat, hung up by its tail. I remember a movie I saw years ago, of Pancho Villa, and how he had one of his enemies buried up to his neck, and his face and head smeared with honey near an ant hill, and an old fat woman sitting next to me screamed with mirth to match the victim's cries. And I saw Shorty once, and some of the others at table, laughing at a man with epileptic seizures, as his arms jerked and he could not get his food to his mouth. And so often on Friday nights there is loud and raucous laughter when someone distracted in mind asks involved questions.

Where does cruelty begin and end? We fall by little and by little. If we do not correspond to the grace God gives us He will withdraw it. Judge no man lest you yourself be judged. There but for the grace of God, I go. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. We must forgive seventy times seven.

On the one hand a murder committed through lust. On the other hand, "He who looks at a woman to lust after her, has already committed adultery in his heart." Our contact with sin should only cause us to see it as the reflection of what is in ourselves. This is not to condone, nor to pity. Last month we saw "The Ice Man Cometh" and if anything it is a lesson, showing us the corroding effects of pity. Only God can have compassion on the multitude, one thinks, in such cases as these. This visit

was to respond, to answer a call, to communicate with a brother, to be obedient to the duty of the moment, to stand by and to pray. To pray that the Prisoner will again pray himself that anguished prayer, "I believe, help thou my unbelief." And the Jesus prayer, "O my Lord Jesus, have mercy on me a sinner."

Outside, in the fresh air, speeding along the highway in a Trailways bus, I counted the wild flowers along the gullies and the hills, Queen Anne's lace, blue sailor, Bouncing Betsy, orange field lilies, milkweed blossoms, butter and eggs, purple and white clover, wild carrot and wild parsley, black eyed susans, mullein and elderberry. How good God is that He should give us such beauty.



"The world is too much with us." When I am in New York, after peace at Peter Maurin Farm, suddenly we are surrounded by violence. This last month there were two bodies found wrapped up in burlap and stuffed into the trunk of a car, across the street. A few days later a crazed old man of seventy killed the woman janitor of his building, and the owner of it who had come to collect the rent. He had been infatuated with this young mother of a family, who worked so hard in the building, and was jealous and suspicious of the owner who came to see her regularly.

Then this morning a man was found dead on a park bench, just opposite our front windows. Chrystie Street runs north and south, along the west side of the parkway which was made when the city planners tore down all the old tenements from Houston to Manhattan bridge. This park has playgrounds for the children of the area, and the benches surrounding the playgrounds are always filled with the homeless. Just opposite the house, just south of Houston, we always see the benches filled. This man who died must have just come from our Coffee Line at six thirty, gone over to the park bench, put this head down on his folded arm along the back of the bench, and then quietly died of heart failure. His posture was peaceful. He had been dead several hours when we returned from morning Mass and saw the ambulance from Bellevue Hospital taking him away.

I talked to the policeman standing there and asked him whether he had called a priest when he found the body. "No use," he said. "He had been dead about two hours."

"But I had been told by priests that when one died in his sleep or

very suddenly as this man did, one should always call the priest to give conditional absolution."

"Well, the priests at the mission told me that if the man had been dead some time, we did not need to call them."

May God have mercy on his soul. May this poor man and all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Another incident. Some teenagers got rough down on the lower east side, with two plain clothesmen and one fourteen-year-old hit one of the detectives with a bat. Flinging his bat to one side, the youth fled, and the detective shot after him. The second bullet struck him in the chest.

And here is the most horrifying story of all. And where to lay the blame?

A Puerto Rican woman, very poor and dishevelled, went into a tavern to make a telephone call, and having difficulty in getting her number, began to make a disturbance. She could not speak English, and when she objected to being evicted from the tavern, clung to the door and resisted. The bartender called the police, who in turn called the Bellevue ambulance from the psychiatric ward where she was taken. She continued to make a disturbance there about her children, but none could understand what she was talking about, and after a few days she calmed down and told another Puerto Rican woman that they were being very well cared for. Ten days is the usual stay for observation at Bellevue Psychiatric ward. In about ten days a social worker from the department of welfare went to the tenement where the woman lived, to make a routine visit—she usually went there every two weeks. She knocked on the door and no one answered. Trying the door knob she found it open and went in. As soon as she opened the door a dreadful smell affronted her. Entering the three little rooms she found there two dead babies, lying in bed, dead from starvation. They had been dead some days. The house was one of those rabbit warrens, a huge tenement, filled with little apartments, so crammed, so filled with people with problems, with the desperate struggle to make ends meet, so filled with noise, that if the babies had cried, who was there to hear them? Radio and television, the noises of the street, the noises of other children, all these sounds drowned out the weak cries of those starving children who lay there mute and failing until death took them. O God, you have to make up to those little ones, what they have suffered here on this earth! O God, how to understand this mystery of suffering. How to forgive the heartlessness of men who grind the faces of the poor, who trample on their hearts.

Whose fault is it? Where to lay the blame? Was it the fault of the impatient tavern keeper or bartender who called the police in the first place instead of patiently trying to find out what the woman wanted, why she was having a hard time in getting her telephone message across. She had been trying to call the camp up in Nanuet where her two older children were being cared for. She had been deserted by her husband, she could not work, she could not speak English. Was it the fault of the welfare people? They are usually overworked, exhausted with the suffering they see around them. They are doing people a favor by not calling on them more than once every two weeks. Was it the fault

of the authorities at the Bellevue Psychiatric hospital? They should have had people there who understood Spanish and could find out the situation of the woman as soon as she was brought in, of course. I should say that the fault was there more than anywhere else. I know that several of our friends who could not assert themselves had been made to wait all day long at the clinics, and on two occasions have actually been forgotten, left sitting on the benches until after five o'clock after a long day seeking help. So much money is spent on buildings and so little on people, on social workers, on attendants, on doctors. Even the resident doctors get little or nothing for their services. The laborer is worthy of his hire. People always fall back on the phrase, "It is the system." We need to change the system. We need to overthrow, not the government, as the authorities are always accusing the Communists "of conspiring to teach to do," but this rotten, decadent, putrid industrial capitalist system which breeds such suffering in the whitened sepulcher of New York.

* * *

On the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, I always remember how it is the voice of the people which first makes the feast. Down the ages, the people held the view that just as Christ rose from the dead, just as we recited in the creed that we believed in the resurrection of the body, so also we believed that that dear flesh which bore the Son of God did not suffer corruption in the grave but was borne up into Heaven. "Much weight must be given to the common sentiment of the faithful," the parish bulletin says, from old St. Patrick's Church. "Paulinus of Nola, an author of great weight bids us adhere to the common voice of the faithful, since the spirit of God breathes upon them all."

This demands much thought and study, considering the common man's addiction to all the bread and circuses that are presented to him today. But Guardini in "The Church and the Catholic" has written beautifully about the people, and Pope Pius XII in one of his

(Continued on page 7)

SEGRETERIA DI STATO DI SUA SANTITA

Vatican City, June 5, 1956

Dear Mr. Eichenberg.

I have the honour to acknowledge, in the name of the Holy Father, the prints which you so kindly forwarded and which had previously appeared in the "Catholic Worker."

This evidence of your kind consideration is sincerely appreciated and His Holiness would have me communicate that. In pledge of his gratitude, he invokes upon you and your dear ones abundant divine blessing.

With sentiments of personal esteem, I am,

Sincerely Yours

G. Dell Acqua

Mr. Fritz Eichenberg
c/o The Catholic Worker
220 Christy Street
New York City, N.Y.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST

By AMMON HENNACY
Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

For those who need a quantity supply of Christmas cards, we offer two special assortments at pre-season prices:

BOX SA: 50 (small) — \$2.75
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(All with white vellum envelopes)

ST. LEO SHOP

118 Washington Street

Newport, Rhode Island

Georgia Chain Gang

"I could stand on my head three days" said a Negro prisoner when the Deputy Warden in Atlanta gave him that much time in the hole. "Do thirty days then and see how you like it" the Deputy replied. This was Deputy Girardeau, who had been head of the Georgia Chain Gang for many years before he was promoted to the Federal Prison. He it was who had Dmitar Popoff chained by his thumbs to the bars of the solitary cell next to me for over 8 months until he went insane. This was in 1918. When I speak of these things many people say that prisons have been reformed and things like that don't happen now. They do happen now. Just recently 12 colored and 29 white prisoners in the stone quarry at Buford, Ga. took the sledge hammers with which they worked and broke their legs rather than continue another day under harsh and brutal keepers in the miserable heat of their weary stretch of years. It was a few years ago that prisoners in Georgia cut the tendons of their ankles rather than endure their misery. There was an outcry about it and an investigation which whitewashed the whole thing. Now whatever Gov. Griffin may promise will only be another whitewash and the Georgia Blues will be sung as usual in the prison camps:

Rather be in Texas,
Lord, in a Lion's den,
Than to be in Georgia,
L-o-r-d, in the fix I'm in.

In 1919 I celled with Joe Webb in Atlanta County Tower. He was sent to life on the chain gang and later when I worked in Gainesville, near Buford, I met Joe's folks and they told me of the brutalities most of which could not be put in public print. In 1933 I saw

the movie I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang and went home and cried all night. I couldn't take it. How then can Christian men and women live in the midst of this brutality and consider this is the way to treat prisoners? The Girardeau whom I knew was a singing and praying Christian. Must prisoners all commit suicide before the public is awakened to the fact that Jesus said that he without sin was to first cast a stone? Bigger prisons and deeper and hotter rock quarries will not deter criminals. On Tolstoy's first visit to Paris he saw a public execution and when he saw the head fall in the basket as the guillotine did its work he decided that there was no such thing as Progress. Now with five times as many prisons as we had at that time and with our super bombs and murder in the skies we continue to tempt God. Our whole prison system is a part of our exploitative social system. It was Warden Osborne of Sing Sing who said once that when he raised his hand as a signal for the executioner, or when the executioner did his gruesome work, or the jury and judge pronounced the verdict, and the Governor confirmed the death penalty, not only they were guilty of legal murder, but everyone in the state of New York who did not publicly oppose capital punishment. So it is with the people of Georgia especially who are a part of their terrible system of punishment. And it is with all of us who vote for officials who make laws of punishment, who vote for judges who send men to jails and quarries, to those who pay the taxes for all this. We are guilty if we are a part of this system which causes men to mutilate themselves rather than to continue to lead lives of hopeless terror.

A. H.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

Christmas messages, has differentiated beautifully between the terms "the people" and "the masses."

Thinking on these things, one realizes how important it is to go to the people, to be one of the poor, one of the workers, to be one with the man on the street, and there to discuss with him, to bring him "the good news," the gospel, the peace on earth that can begin here and now. That's why Ammon Hennacy's picketing is important, that is why we go out on the street with placards, and with copies of *The Catholic Worker*. We have a chance to come face to face with objections, with correction, and to begin again and again with simplicity, to state in ever simpler terms what we believe is our "talent" to bring to the world today, invested and multiplied until the people themselves renounce war and say that no property rights, no Suez Canal, no oil wells, no balance of power are sufficient reasons for going to even a "localized war"; that we do not believe in "our country, right or wrong," although we love our own native land and would not choose to live anywhere else.

We are happy to see the peoples of Iceland and others objecting to our air bases and we hope that the people will awaken to the fact that our occupation of islands like Formosa for defense of our coasts is just as fantastic as if the Russians occupied Vancouver and Newfoundland as air bases to defend themselves.

The principles we stand for in the moral order, in the natural order and, of course, in the supernatural order cannot be defended by force of arms.

* * *

We enjoy reading our parish bulletins. One time there was an article of Dr. John J. Hugo reprinted, and there are always quotations from spiritual writers and instruction. It is an old familiar thing this parish bulletin, but there is a new syndicated one in some churches whose teaching I find

most objectionable. In the last few issues there are detailed articles on how to make money grow, treating money as though it were something alive, instead of a means of exchange, quite worthless in itself. There are elaborate examples of a Mr. C. and a Mr. D. who made gifts to the church of \$2500 a year for ten years which amounts up to \$25,000. And yet it costs him only \$12,500. What miracle is this? You figure it out this way. You get out of paying federal income taxes on that amount and that is a great saving. The money is reinvested by the financial wizards of the church and the dividend on that is reinvested, and all added together, and counting on increasing prosperity and employment for the next ten years, it is all very simply put down on paper like an example in arithmetic.

Even more interesting is the fact that if you make an initial investment of \$250, the true cost at the end of ten years is \$7,350, and if you make an initial investment of \$2,500, your true cost at the end of ten years is only \$8,700.

I must say that when I think of a dollar I think of beans for the soup line, or lodging for some one sleeping on the sidewalk, or a growing farming commune, and the increase I love to think of is the growth of life in the soul and the soil, and the seed falling into the ground and dying and bringing forth much fruit. You should see the bushel baskets of tomatoes and cucumbers being brought into the House of Hospitality in town, and the shelves of jars filling up in the barn for winter. This is real wealth.

Peter Maurin would give forth right now with an essay on money, lending at interest, and the evils of the capitalist acquisitive society and how it is immoral to use money to make money.

We need to study more how to build up credit unions, producers' cooperatives, maternity guilds, and other forms of mutual aid, building these new institutions within the shell of the old.

Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

fast I feel fine and am back at my regular work.

Johnson Grass

While resting in the park each hour I noticed great shoots of Johnson grass disfiguring the scenery as they appeared between the neat evergreen border. Ordinarily I would exercise my anarchist prerogative and uproot them but I was too tired to lift a hand. On the last day as I was again resting, along comes the park attendant and asked the occupants of each bench to move in order that he might sweep a few dead leaves from behind the benches. Then he proceeded to sweep this refuse along the hedge, pushing it along with his broom indifferently so that some remained along the hedge to blow around again. It was not his job to beautify the park by getting rid of the unsightly Johnson grass. It was nobody's job it seemed, so my last act in the park was to pull up the unsightly Johnson grass.

Two Things

When I commenced my fast I had thought I would have time to take the exercises for relaxation which are the basis of the Bates treatment for the eyes. I did the first few days but found I was



too weak to continue them. There is no more sense in my wearing glasses than there is in smoking, drinking or taking medicine, which I have given up years ago. I know better but don't do better. So sometime I want to take a month or two off and get away where I will not need to read and take these exercises until I have discarded my glasses. Something that I have wanted to do since my childhood on the farm was to watch a bird build her nest from the first twig and feather to the last. A robin built one nest on top of another for seven years in an old shed but I was too busy then to see how it was done.

While fasting I had a good letter from Lewis Mumford who lives in a quiet place upstate and keeps away from the cities as much as he can. We had corresponded since 1943 when I wondered how such a fine man as he is could be for the war; and he had read my Autobiography. Maybe he has a thicket there where one could watch the nest being built. Quietness and patience would be needed. Then perhaps someday I may visit my Mormon forester friend near Flagstaff and do without glasses and watch a bird build her nest. Meanwhile the battle out in the world against the forces of the oppressive state continues.

Communities

Dear Ammon:

I have recently spent 3 days at a Hungarian Bruderhof where these wonderful souls live in simplicity and prayer, in voluntary poverty, no one owning anything; where they told me "The I must die." They are supporting themselves mainly through raising and selling honey, vegetables, pillows (made from geese down), noodles, etc., on Saturdays in Kitchner, Ontario. I told them of the CW and how many things they believed were much the same. They were quite surprised. Many of them were Catholics in Hungary. Would you put them on your mailing list: The Brethern Community, Bright, Ontario, Canada.

Your friend in Christ,
Daniel O'Hagen, Winterbrook
Colony, R. I.,
Hornby, Ont.

The Prophet of Change

KARL MARX: Selected writings in Sociology and Social Philosophy. Edited with an Introduction by T. B. Bottoman and Maximilien Rubel. Watts 21.

Reviewed by J. F. T. Prince
(Author of "Creative Revolution" and "A Christian in Revolt.")

When Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev visited us this year, it will be recalled that undergraduates greeted them with "Poor Old Joe" to the accompaniment of thunderclashes, an exhibition acclaimed by one newspaper as "a stroke of British genius which a Russian could scarcely be expected to appreciate." Still less likely to be appreciated might have been the whimsical reaction of many English Catholics. For a quarter of a century the latter have prayed after Mass for a change of heart in the Russian Communist. Yet when there are serious signs of it (born out by relaxed internal controls and the toleration of renewed spiritual vigour—or by the establishment of a Russian Patriarchate and the chaplaining of the army) the devout have declared that such a change of heart could not possibly be genuine. Possibly this somewhat frail conviction of the efficacy of prayer may be strengthened by considerations of the changeability inherent in Marxism. Karl Marx, it will be remembered, set out with Hegel's conception of the Civil Society, taking 'the juridical and political order to be an economic superstructure. This was a semi-truth which led him into a confusion of ideas in which the whole of reality became part of an economic structure. By the end of the 18th century the so-called Age of Reason had come into its own: a mathematical "science of nature" had been established. Of this school of natural law in its extreme form Jean Jacques Rousseau had emerged as the major prophet. Marx upset that school by going one further; I mean, by his attempt to boil everything down to economic development in history. For

he taught quite simply that humanity "consciously or unconsciously derives its moral ideas in the last resort from the practical relations in which it carries on production and exchange." The rights of Man and the entire moral order could not (thus Marx and Engels) be exalted to a higher plane than the economic structure of society. And Marx dealt not with cause, but with, solely, effect. That is to say: he could not "get back." Nor did he attempt to find anything more than a conflict between the classes of society, or interest himself in anything beyond a game. His so-called philosophy consisted merely in discussing the next moves. It was, then, a system of forecasting upon precedent. A useful collection (containing incidentally hitherto untranslated work of Marx) clearly and intelligently edited and introduced, has just been published. But a reader not well acquainted with the subject will find little to enlighten him as to the process adverted to in the foregoing lines. It is important also to remember that anomaly which conditions the subsequent development of Marxist Communism: I mean, the recurrent change even in its own ideology. Of this we get no idea in the "selected writings." Bolshevik philosophy is derived by way of Lenin-Marx-Hegel, ultimately from Heraclitus. And the Weeping Philosopher held that nothing remains the same, but all things are in a constant state of flux and their permanence only illusory. That is to say that nothing is but only becomes. The essence of Marxist "philosophy" lies in the notion of activity and movement. So that light is the same as darkness and is invisible until it has passed into darkness whence it returns to itself and taking on color becomes visible. Nothing can come into existence unless it has its opposite or contradictory. Thus the Marxist in debate must, and indeed I have heard him, admit that his present ideology may be turned at least in to a Christian ethic.

Appeals

August 1956.

Dear Friends and benefactors,

Due to your past generous help I was able to do a lot of good work at Chetpet. God really loves and blesses those who work for the poor and suffering.

In the first week of July I opened a mission which I called "The Little Flower New Mission" after St. Theresa of the Child Jesus. I have 2,277 people in the village. They are utterly poor and depend on casual labor for their livelihood. Due to the grinding poverty they are unable to feel, clothe, house or educate their children. They want me to start a school for their children. There are 277 children in the Little Flower New Mission and the surrounding villages. They are undernourished and ill clad.

We are naturally moved to work for such poor and ignorant people. Dear friends and benefactors, in order to do some permanent good to the children, there should be a residence in their midst for the parish priest to stay. There is no such place there at present. Since it is a new mission I have to start with everything. At present I am camping at Wandiwash as I have no where else to go.

A residence for a missionary costs \$1,500. A kitchen, \$500. To dig a well, \$290. A school and an orphanage, \$2,700.

Dear friends, I wish you could act as an agent to collect some

money for my mission. The harvest is ripe. Here you have a golden opportunity to help the poor. Your donations will be converted into immortal buildings that would stand for years to serve the poor and the suffering humanity. They in their turn will bless and pray for their benefactors.

Kindly approach your friends to do some charity for my newly erected mission.

With deep gratitude, kind regards and best wishes, yours gratefully,

Rev. Fr. Kurvilla
Little Flower New Mission
Camp and P.O. Wandiwash
N. Ascot Dt, S. India

The destruction of War II, of the Island of Malta and Gozo, has brought a terrific need to organize an orphanage for orphan Boys. Since 1944, an orphanage was built and a number of orphan boys are being taken care of. Now beside primary education, they are working to have a trade school that will give a start to these boys, I humbly appeal to you to help us, and our grateful heartfelt prayers will always go with you, and God bless you all.

Yours in Christ

Rev. Joseph Galea,
Asst. Director, St. Joseph's
Institute Ghajnsielem
Gozo-Malta (Europe)

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

4th Annual PACIFIST CONFERENCE

Labor Day Week-End
Sept. 1-2-3

PETER MAURIN FARM
469 Bloomingdale Rd.
Staten Island, N.Y.C.

Conscientious Objection—A Disputed Question

(from L'Actualite Religieuse dans le Monde)

At the beginning of 1955, as far as could be determined, there were 52 officially recognized conscientious objectors in France. (Besides these, there were two reported cases of Catholic priests returning their draft cards to the authorities, but reliable or detailed information about them was lacking.) Of this number, 50 were Jehovah's Witnesses, one a Catholic seminarian and one a Protestant seminarian.

There is no provision whatsoever for conscientious objection in French law. Normally, a C.O. is liable to serve two years in prison, then two more years if he still refuses service, and so on, until he has passed the maximum age for military service, i.e., 50. Actually, there has not been an example yet of such perseverance. Actually, after up to six or seven years in a French prison, depending on his capacity for physical and mental resistance, the objector is ready for discharge. No longer fit for military service, he no longer poses a problem. A few years ago, these prison sentences could be considerably shortened by the use of brutality, connived at by certain prison officials. One C.O. managed within a year to lose 70 pounds and the use of his reason. In January, 1952, they were able to discharge him from prison. He is now in a mental institution. A vigorous press campaign appears to have ended the worst of such abuses.

Nowadays the C.O. can rejoice at being treated no worse than a petty criminal. There are two important differences: it is rare for the petty criminal to spend more than a year in prison for one offense or to have only a few months of freedom between sentences.

Most objectors are not deserters, since they neither hide nor leave the country to evade arrest. Nor are they generally refractory, considering that they wait for the police to find them and lock them up. The usual material charge is refusal to put on the uniform. They are tried by military tribunals covering the district in which they live. The tribunal at Paris ordinarily imposes the maximum sentence. Others, like the one at Metz, are less severe.

Military justice, of course, makes no attempt to distinguish between the man who refuses to put on a uniform because of the implacable compulsion of his conscience and the one who refuses because of egoism, irresponsibility or a grudge against society.

Believing such identification to be unjust, both fundamentally and in its consequences, a number of deputies drew up a bill and presented it to the French legislature in 1949. The proposed law would legally define as a conscientious objector "anyone who, because of his religious or philosophical con-

victions, declares himself opposed to the personal use of violence under any circumstances, who consequently refuses, on grounds of conscience, to perform military duties, and who is prepared to engage in civilian service work as long, arduous and dangerous as the equivalent military service would be." Under the proposed law, C.O.'s would be assigned to civilian service work for a period of time greater by half than the regular period of military service. They would receive the same benefits, pensions, etc. as veterans of the armed forces. This bill has been submitted to the legislature every year since then, but has not been debated yet. In 1950 a Committee for Legal Recognition of Conscientious Objectors was formed to press for such legislation. Among the most articulate supporters of the bill have been Abbe Pierre, Albert Camus and Jean Giono.

A Legal Proposal

The proposed legislation is designed to cover the "real" objector, who refuses to kill under any circumstances, and in any foreseeable war, rather than the partial objector who, usually for political reasons, rejects some wars but not others. How does the absolute objector formulate his position? Here is one example:

Jean van Lierde, militant Catholic pacifist, appearing for the second time before a military tribunal at Brussels in 1951, made a public declaration, "Why I Refuse to Become a Soldier." He said, in part:

"Only free men can arrest the infernal descent that is leading us to robotism and collective stagnation. Bernanos says: 'The State fears only one rival—man'. I say it fears the free man, the man who is neither logician nor brute, the man who gives himself or withholds himself, but never surrenders himself. In the tradition of Socrates, Proudhon, Bakunin, Bloy, Tolstoy, Romain Rolland and Huxley, he will say: 'I would rather see mankind risk its soul than forswear it.' These admirable words sum up the wager of the spirit contained in non-violence, the basis of militant pacifism. I am a Catholic, a son of the universal (supernational) Church and a member of the War Resisters International, whose statement of principles I resolutely endorse: 'War is a crime against humanity. We therefore resolve not to support any war and to struggle for the removal of all the causes of war . . . For us revolutionary pacifists, there is no question of romanticism, for 'non-violence no more resembles cowardice than chastity does impotence'. (Gustave Thibon).

"The 'heights' of which Nietzsche speaks is for us the fire of Divine Love, which involves throwing away the sword and taking up the cross. That is the meaning of the Gospel of the Beatitudes, of that Faith against which all the violence of empires shatters. To take up

arms and participate in mass slaughter is to vomit out Christ and descend to the level of the 'enemy', contracting the very disease that is corroding his soul.

"To the madness of collective homicide I oppose my moral and social veto. War is the tomb of liberty, the enemy of socialist revolution, the negation of the Spirit and of life, treason against the catholicity of the Church and the greatest insult to the Cross of Love. That is why I answer: NO.

"The atomic idol, the litanies of napalm are among the means approved today to overcome error and establish peace! Only revolutionary non-violence can prevent the collective suicide of humanity."

Diverse Motives

Father Pierre Lorson, S.J., has analyzed the motives inspiring Catholic, Quaker, humanist, socialist and libertarian objectors. He concludes that the "real" objectors are those who reject war itself because all war is either: a sin of disobedience to the commandments of God (Protestants); a sin against the catholicity of the Church and Christian brotherhood (Catholics); a sin against Love, which has conquered the world (Quakers); a sin



A. de Bethune

against humanity because of the evils it produces and intensifies (humanists), or a denial of human liberty (libertarians). Of course, any C.O. may hold some or all of these positions.

The most numerous objectors are those whose conscience receives its imperatives from principles derived from Christian morality. Aside from Jehovah's Witnesses, who generally stick to the "Thou shalt not kill" of the Decalogue, objectors frequently rely on the teaching of the Gospels. In his book, "Refus de la Guerre," Daniel Parker devotes ten pages to texts cited from the New Testament. He quotes them and groups them under various headings.

There are today many more objectors than a statute could cover. And these "neo-objectors" are as interesting as the "real" objectors and unquestionably more numerous. Who and what are they?

First of all, there are people who are objectors today, but were not yesterday. They do not reject war itself, but only a certain form of war—the war of the future. If they object, it is because they are conscientiously convinced that the next war, which they are called on to prepare for in military service, cannot assume any form other than the one they reject.

Their objection can be stated in this way: "There can no longer be any just war. One does not have the moral right to collaborate in an unjust action. I am therefore bound to abstain, no matter what price I may have to pay."

The first chapter of "Refus de la Guerre" is entitled "The Problem of War Now Presents Itself in a New Way." How is that? Mr. Parker says that "the era of national sovereignty is now finished. Every threat of international war carries the additional threat of

civil war. Is it any longer possible to speak of a Third World War 'defending women and children' or even of 'dying for Danzig'? Is it not rather a matter of youths of all nations dying for opposed ideologies or for secret interests? At the present time it is hard to know where the legitimate government is; it is hard to know whether one is informed or the victim of a propaganda campaign; phenomena are so complex that one no longer knows how to recognize justice and right, especially since very often no side is 100 percent right. Can Christians consent to the defense of their country's cause, even when it is just from the human viewpoint, with the means used in modern warfare, which is to say, any and every means? Today the use of terroristic methods and collective massacres in themselves suffice to vitiate the just cause irremediably."

Needless to say, all these arguments are not of equal force. The conclusions can be debated, but there is no doubt that the questions raised by Mr. Parker are troubling the consciences of a great many young people today, especially Catholics.

Latent Objection

There is still another form of objection which is a result of the quantitative and qualitative leap that the phenomenon of "war" has made. Just look around you and listen. How many people are reasoning this way: "Whether a war can be just any longer, we don't know. What we do know is that there are unjust wars. We have resolved not to take part in such wars. We know further that right now immoral and unjust weapons and methods of warfare exist. We have decided to reject those weapons and those methods."

When they say "now" they refer not so much to a historical experience (which may or may not exist) as to a development of the moral consciousness. The activities since the end of the war by the pacifist movements, by the "Movement for Peace" and by the Pax Christi group, have had the result, among others, of making people realize that war and the things it involves are neither sac-

rosanct, nor from Divine Law, nor independent of the human will—they are to be judged in the light of morality.

Those who think this way do not refuse military service. They are not conscientious objectors. But they are prepared to object; they are potential C.O.'s. Their number and their influence in their respective communities explains that climate of "latent" objection, which is widely reflected in French public opinion and doubtless in other countries in which public opinion exists.

Of the two new forms of conscientious objection we have briefly outlined, the more important, the more significant, the one that has shown the greater development is undoubtedly the second. It is the second that gives the problem of conscientious objection its modern dimensions, and these dimensions may even be surpassed in the future. In any event, it is clear that adoption of a statute legally recognizing conscientious objection would solve only a part of the problem presented by conscientious objectors today.

(Translated by Martin J. Corbin).

Tr. note: Last Spring over 200 people, most of them young, assembled at the Catholic Institute of Paris for a symposium on "Non-Violence and the Christian Conscience," sponsored by the French section of the Pax Christi movement. I have translated above some extracts from a ten-page article prepared by the editors of L'Actualite as background material for the conference.

In all fairness, it must be pointed out that the authors of the article and most of the theologians they cite are far from sharing the revolutionary pacifist approach of The Catholic Worker. While not unsympathetic to conscientious objectors and strongly supporting legal recognition for them, L'Actualite seems to accept the familiar argument that "systematic non-violence" is anti-natural. However, the article stresses the fact that theologians have not arrived at any formulation of doctrine in this whole area. "We now find diverse theological positions, not always in agreement, but always in search of an answer."

Kenya Prison Camps

(Continued from page 1)

an energy, humanity and commonsense which against the background of contempt, indifference and brutality become both creative and subversive. Turning his prison into a school, he has made the policy of detention ridiculous. A prison is no longer a prison, nor even a reformatory, when people on the outside clamor to come in. Getting his teachers out of other detention camps, he has made, probably unconsciously, a gesture against the government's school-closing policy. I don't suppose he looks at it in that light. Faced with

a choice as to how to deal with the detained boys put in his charge, he has simply chosen the libertarian solution, whereas most people in Kenya have chosen the authoritarian one.

The lives of men and communities are a series of such choices. All through history, as Kropotkin says, two traditions face one another, that of power, the state, authority, and that of community, society and mutual aid. The ascendancy of one or the other of these traditions is the degree of freedom or servitude in a nation.

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