



CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE IN FRANCE

Priests & Intellectuals
Among Those Arrested

By JEAN-MARIE DOMENACH

A thousand men and women sitting on the street, right in Paris. Who were they? Why were they there? Jean-Marie Domenach—a reporter for L'Express—was one of them. In this article he tells about his first experience with non-violence and discusses its future in France.

No one had ever seen such a thing in Paris before: a thousand men and women sitting in rows, without moving, without saying a word, and being dragged off, one after the other, to be thrown into waiting police vans.

At the beginning about thirty well-known personalities, followed by their silent cohorts, set off for Vincennes Castle. They were marching, as is done in England these days, marching on the Vincennes Camp where hundreds of North Africans have been interned by an "administrative decision" that was taken under the Government's present special powers. Three weeks ago the "volunteers for internment," coming from the non-violent Communauté de l'Arche, ran up against the gendarmes who barred their entry into the Thol Camp. For 8 days preceding the Vincennes demonstration these volunteers fasted and held silent manifestations in front of the Ministry of the Interior. This time several hundred neophytes accompanied them, and one could really say that this was the initiation of non-violence in France.

As soon as we arrived at Vincennes a veritable dam of policemen halted us and took away our signs and banners. An officer told us to disperse. It was then that, after a brief exhortation, Pastor Roser invited us to sit down and the police really went to work. They worked "correctly," however, as they had certainly been warned that "nice" people would be there—priests, university professors, officers of the Legion d'Honneur, and so on. And really, how does one go about arresting demonstrators who don't shout or run and only resist with inertia? The policemen were obviously embarrassed. "Come on, Father," said one of them to a Dominican sitting in the dust, "come on now,

don't act like a kid." Father Regamey was dragged off like the others, like Laurent Schwartz, like Germaine Tillon, like Lanza del Vasto whose flowing white beard and bleeding forehead stuck out of the window of the police van. "You, Jesus," shouted one of the cops, "you're gonna see how we'll treat you!"

But neither Jesus nor his companions were beaten. One intelligent officer, believing it more modern to use a psychological weapon, took them off to the grave of a policeman killed by the FLN at Bagnole Cemetery. (I remember that at the time of Robert Lacoste's Governorship in Algeria people who decried tortures received by return mail pictures of bodies that had been chopped up by the FLN.)

This macabre little joke of going to the Cemetery was spared to the rest of us. We, instead, were thrown into the police vans and it took two hours to get us all in. Forgotten volunteers followed on motorbikes and, every time we stopped, asked to be taken along with the rest of us.

In The Cellar

We were ushered into the cellar of the Town Hall in the 3rd Arrondissement after a brief interrogation. Non-violent to the end, I gave up my pen-knife to the forces of order. These vaulted rooms were just the catacombs we needed and in the half-light there was a peaceful, almost joyful atmosphere. We talked about conscientious objection (which is not allowed by law in France), Algeria and other subjects while students read Kant and St. Augustine, and some people even found long-lost friends (it's so hard to get together in Paris!). From time to time one of the bearded and soft-eyed leaders of the demonstration asked for five minutes of silence and in the suddenly quiet dark we thought about those who have been locked up for years. Even the policemen were silent.

The Saturday Crowd

What use was all this? Well, it was a manifestation in the full sense of the word: make seen. First of all, we wanted to point out this administrative prison that no one ever goes near. People don't know, or don't want to know, which is the same thing. The first job is to open their eyes, to make the happy Saturday afternoon crowd remember the war and its horrible consequences.

Then, of course, we wanted to "make seen" several people who are resolved to stand up to the "public force" and ridicule, which is more disagreeable than blows. Untie those tongues, free human conscience everywhere. If an hon-

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THE BLACK JETS

Japanese Irate
Over U2s

By ROBERT CASEY

The revelation that three American U2 planes, of the same type as the one shot down by the Russians inside of their country, have been stationed in Japan for sometime now and have been making flights from U. S. Bases here without any due report to the Japanese air controlling authorities, has triggered off a mass reaction against the U. S. that might well unseat the Kishi Government.

During a bitter Diet session on this subject Socialist Party member, Kazuo Asukada, grilled the Government's Foreign Minister, Aichihiro Fujiyama, severely and in the cross examination (called "interpellations" in Japanese parliamentary language) established that: there are now three U2 jet planes at the Atsugi Air Base; that these planes do not bear identification markings of any type; that they are painted a certain kind of black to prevent radar detection; that they are making flights without any due report to the Japanese air controlling authorities which is in direct violation of the existing Japan-U. S. Administrative Agreement; that they are with another organization and not with the U. S. Air Force; and in closing his interpellations the Socialist Dietman directly charged that these "black jets" were engaged in espionage activities against China and Russia from Japanese bases.

Previous to the present mounting feeling against the ratification of the Japan-U. S. Security Treaty there occurred the now famous Fujisawa Incident. This was occasioned by the emergency landing of a U2 at Fujisawa airport in Kanagawa Prefecture. People gathered about the grounded plane but the U2 pilot drove the Japanese spectators away at pistol point. Not however before specimens of the black paint used on the plane had been obtained. These specimens were then examined by Professor Kazuhide Yamada and his scientific colleagues at the Defense University. These specimens were then found to be of a material designed to prevent radar detection.

Kyodo's reporters questioned

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500 Defy Civil Defense Drill In N.Y.C.

By AMMON HENNACY

Seems that Dorothy, Deane Karl and I these last years were like the Dutch boy holding the break in the dike with his hand until help came—and this time it came 500 strong as mothers with children, students, and hundreds of others from the Village and all over town packed the park. When the sirens blew we were with signs in the middle of the crowd. Officer O'Hearn who arrests us each year ordered all to seek shelter and when no one responded he declared us all under arrest. We were just as surprised as he was to see this solidarity. The crowd commenced to sing "Civil Defense is No Defense: We Shall Not Be Moved." And right behind me Kay Boyle, the author, joined us in singing "John Brown's Body." The frustrated police asked us if we were Americans or not and they were greeted with boos. The police picked off demonstrators along the edge of the crowd, being careful, it seemed, not to arrest any of the leaders. Dwight MacDonald and Norman Mailer were there. One girl thought she was being rushed to a shelter and resisted the police who grabbed her, but when she found that she was being arrested she went quietly to the paddy wagon. Zita Ferron, an artist, Diane Lewis, a proofreader and Thomas Franz, a student, were the three Catholics among the 26 arrested.

When the drill was over Dave McReynolds got up and said to the crowd: "This law is dead." I was asked on television if I would be back again next year to disobey the law and I replied that I would, and the narrator suggested that I lead the crowd in a song of victory, which was "John Brown's Body!" On Friday they all pled guilty in court when they appeared before Judge Calazzo and heard him talk about this being a free country, but those in the courtroom laughed. Later they were given a lecture on law observance and 5 days in jail. Roberts Blossom, an off-Broadway actor, pled not guilty but was given the same time. In court I asked officer O'Hearn why he had not arrested Dorothy and me as in other years. "Why didn't you ask me?" he replied. My answer was that he knew where we were by our signs, and that next year there would be a thousand of us and he had better get more police. That night I picketed the Tombs for 14 hours, some students coming to help me from time to time. Bob Steed picketed one night and I picketed two nights at the Women's House of Detention. Some police knew me from other years. All of the 11 women said that they would do it again next year.

Radio and television gave us good coverage. The Village Voice had pictures of the demonstration on the front page, and the Nation and Commonwealth had editorials favoring our staunchness of purpose. The conservative New York World Telegram had an editorial entitled Exercise in Futility: "Yesterday's test can be called meaningful and successful only if a potential enemy's plan is to drop marshmallow puffs on New York City—and to advertise in advance what time they are coming." However the best comment was by Murray Kempton in his column in the N. Y. Post entitled Laughter in the Park. Hundreds of high school students also refused to take part in the drills but they were only scolded and nothing further was done as punishment. Five students at Drew University where I had spoken also refused to take shelter and were arrested.

We had a party on a Saturday night at Debs Hall where A. J. Muste, Paul Goodman and others spoke and where A. J. gave diplomas to the jail graduates. On the 26th a meeting was held at the Community Church addressed by James Weschler, editor of the New York Post, Kay Boyle and others, and plans were made for a continual protest during the year on the matter of the folly of civil defense.

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Letter from Karl Meyer

Du Page County Jail

Wheaton, Illinois

5th Sunday after Easter, 1960

On Thursday, Rose Robinson was released from prison by order of Judge Robson, having served 90 days of her sentence and having fasted 115 days since her arrest, having defended principle against a grave and continuous pressure.

Her success has brought to a close our simple work of seconding; Terry Sullivan was released Wednesday; I have only to serve out my last 20 days.

Although it is over now, I want to tell you how the Government tried to challenge my mental competency, because it is a characteristic story about a contemporary danger to the rights of political and religious dissenters.

At my hearing on April 19 the following motion was made by the U. S. Attorney, Mr. Silets (who was prosecutor for Rose Robinson also): "Motion for Determination of Mental Competency. The United States . . . moves the Court pursuant to the provisions of Section 4244, Title 18, U. S. Code, as follows:

"(1) On April 18, 1960 the defendant, Karl Meyer, was arrested for a violation of Sections 100.5 and 100.2, Title 44, Code of Federal Regulations, to wit, unwarranted loitering and disorderly conduct, and is now in the custody of the U. S. Marshal . . . in lieu of \$100 bail.

"(2) The facts in this case are such as to give rise to a reasonable belief that he may be so mentally incompetent as to be unable to understand the proceedings against him or properly assist in his own defense.

"(3) The grounds for this belief on prior conviction record of this defendant for the same offense having been committed on March 23, 1960 and March 28, 1960; and that this defendant has been repeatedly warned by guards of the U.S. Court House to cease this activity as it is in violation of law, (distributed leaflets on Federal property) and has been advised both by U. S. Commissioner C. S. Bentley Pike and by Honorable Walter J. La Buy that this conduct was in violation

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European Readers

Robert Steed, one of the associate editors of "The Catholic Worker," is starting out on a pilgrimage through Europe this coming month. In October he will attend the annual conference on Peace at Spode House, Dominican Retreat Center, where "Life of the Spirit" is published. Since he sets out with little more than his tourist fare and a bicycle we urge any of our friends in Europe who can offer him hospitality, to get in touch with us. We are glad one on our number has the initiative to set out on this journey to send us back first hand accounts of the growing peace movement in England and on the continent.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

To make a brief resume of this month of May, before I resume my travel report.

The day we went to press, Chessman was put to death in the gas chamber at San Quentin. God have mercy on him and on us, and on all those who are our "victims." "We are all murderers," that is the name of a French film against capital punishment. The work against capital punishment goes on with the vigil kept at the entrance to Sing Sing each day a man is executed. There were two electrocutions during the month. The Glen Gardner group and others picketing at Trenton, New Jersey, won a respite for some young Negroes and their case will be reviewed. To visit the prisoner, to save life rather than to take it, to show our gratitude for life, for having been created—we consider this part of our duty as creatures, in relation to our Creator.

The annual air raid drill took place the day after we went to press, May 3. One never knows how many are going to show up. But thanks to the example of Janice Smith and her two little ones who sat it out last year in City Hall Park, hundreds of young mothers and their babies brought their lunches and spent some sunny hours in the park, adding their numbers to the hundreds of young students. Perhaps all had not intended civil disobedience, but the park was so packed that it would have been hard to clear out without pushing people out of the way, and so the majority stayed. The New York Times said 150; the Herald Tribune estimated 1,000. Dwight MacDonald and Norman Mailer who were participants this year, rebuked the Times in the letter column and stated, "We are convinced that those 1,000 people gathered, fully aware of the possibility of arrest, in order to demonstrate their belief that there is no possible defense against an atomic attack other than peace."

The Easter Ban the Bomb rally in Trafalgar Square London, brought out 75,000 people, according to the Times, calling for unilateral disarmament by Britain, the end of U.S. and British nuclear bases in Britain and withdrawal from alliances such as North Atlantic Treaty Organization, that are based on nuclear weapons. In Bonn, Germany there were more rallies.

Ammon, Deane and I were not arrested this year, thank God, but Zita Fearon, Diane Lewis and Tom Franz of Baltimore were all arrested and given five days in jail together with 23 others. The drill was on Tuesday, the trial on Friday (no ball was set), they entered jail Friday afternoon and were released Tuesday morning. There were mass picket lines around the jail.

Visiting Tamar and David

During the month I spent four days with my daughter and her family in Vermont and had the usual joyful time. The boys spent all their time fishing after school

and Saturday. Up to May 15 (the season opens May first) Eric caught thirty-one trout and Nickle thirty-three. Until they explained to me, I could not imagine what Tamar was talking about when she told them to go feed their worms. They dig a supply of night crawlers which sell for two cents apiece, and when they have a few hundred ahead, they have to feed them a hand full of grain and bread crumbs.

"When I am not fishing," Eric says, "I clean out the barn, help my father with the cows and the bull and help carry water to the barn in winter, and to the fields when there is a drought in summer. I can help feed the stock, chop and carry wood, feed the chickens and so on. But we are all the time fishing now." There is no homework in the country school because the children have chores.

Six children are in school and at home there are Hilaire and Martha, three and five years old this summer. There will be a new baby in July.

Hilaire is a do-er, not a talker, but Martha enjoys conversation. "The reason the children" (the six older brothers and sisters) "have to go to catechism is because they swear," she told me gravely. "Me, I never swear . . . God sees everything," she added, "but I can't see Him because He's in back of me. I know my prayers and I tell them to Hilaire too." Hilaire, red curly hair, blue eyes, broad red face, was leaning against my other knee most seriously. "When mama says prayers with us at night, the children laugh. I don't like the way Daddy says prayers. He prays too loud and long."

Probably she does not like them because Daddy's prayers usually end in a roar for quiet. Tamar goes down stairs, leaving them to their usual riotous play before the great silence drops all at once over the house. Suddenly you realize there is quiet, blessed quiet.

How good it is to get away from the city, from radio and news every hour on the hour, and demonstrations and crises. I'm all in favor of communities of desert fathers, or desert families, "the building of a new society within the shell of the old." Not that any place is safe. Up in Vermont there are missile bases all around Lake Champlain, and Swanton, they say, is a booming town. We need to get to that state of mind where we reject prosperity and embrace poverty, to find the freedom St. Francis sang about. How far we all are from it! But we can keep talking about it, reminding people of it, and striving a little way to attain it. A lot of the college students I talked to on my trip had never thought in terms of voluntary poverty as a great and powerful means towards peace. My friend Alice Kathryn says she is going to be a cheer leader for the saints even though she cannot get very far in

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Cooperative

By WILLIAM HORVATH

Our freedom is an illusion without land or capital rights. There are two direct ways to balance the scale and make, for those without those rights, a more just arrangement of things. One is the labor union. The other is the system of cooperation pioneered in 1844 in Rochdale, England by twenty-eight working men. Under its simple guidance we can invite households to join and associate for serving themselves. It is voluntary; it is democratic. In this message I should like to quote some of the outstanding ideas of cooperative philosophy.

The very first lesson is that every member has one vote and together they elect, by a parliamentary method, the officers who serve them. Then this most vital of all rules binds capital to their needs as a servant: cash paid into the fund to set up their holding in any business or possession of land, shall never be paid more than a set rate, so that it is hired and not made master. This means that all that is left over from operating a food store, a credit union, or a housing co-op, is given back to each member in proportion to the amount of the service used. The profits thus are really nonexistent, for we simply exchange goods or services at cost price to each other. The heart of the cooperative system is service.

Let me quote from a book that supplies the very fundamentals of the Rochdale Cooperative method. (Principles of Cooperation, by Emory Bogardus, The Cooperative League of the USA, 343 Dearborn St., Chicago 4, 60c): "Cooperative democracy means the control of all the types of association is distributed to every member. Control, economic, social, all kinds, is kept decentralized just as far as individuals will accept the responsibility. As little government in business as is consistent with loyalty to the larger community is the practical means of co-op democracy. No regimentation, no bureaucratic statism, no crushing of the human individual by Big Government, Big Business, Big Labor or other concentrations of power—these are some of the aims of cooperative democracy. The establishment of these aims makes necessary an appropriate educational procedure." (p. 13).

On the method of self-education it has this to say: "At its best however, a co-op association is a sense of comradeship, friendliness, brotherhood, among members. Hence in it men and women may learn to know and understand one another. Many a cooperative needs to function both as a large unit and several small subgroups at the same time. Discussion circles,

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On The Road

By AMMON HENNACY

This is my fourth visit to the Doukhobors in nineteen years. Dorothy has told in the last issue something of their background. I visited with Pete and Lucy Maloff in Thrums for a few hours and met their beautiful grandchildren. There was a chance that night to meet some members of the Argenta Community to the northwest so I went with Helen Demoskoff and her son Cyril to their home in Sloan Park, but through some mixup I did not meet the colonists. Later though we went to Nelson, seeing on both sides of the river Doukhobor houses and small holdings of land. Here we visited with Hugh Herbison and charming family, a Quaker who had been on the government commission to study the problem of those Sons of Freedom, as the more radical Doukhobors are called, who refused to send their children to public schools. The U.S. Quakers in all good well-meaning faith had sent Emmet Gulley to solve this problem some years ago and he had ended up practically as an agent for the government to smoke out those children hiding away from school. In fact the Vancouver Sun had a cartoon of a Quaker carrying a squirming Doukhobor child to the police. Finally the Quakers became aware of the facts and dismissed Gulley. Mr. Herbison had resigned from this Commission in protest. The present situation is that the children have been released from the New Denver Sanatorium and the Doukhobor parents have promised to send their children to the public schools. Recently a teacher asked some of these children who had been brainwashed by the government for five years what they wanted to be when they grew up and two boys said that they wanted to be policemen. The new Social Credit Government seems to have little imagination: to enforce the law is all they aim to do. How much can parents take? They see their children crying and lonesome and perverted into patriotic conformists. Why not have them at home and maybe they can counteract some of this miseducation?

The Doukhobors are divided into four main factions. Not counting those in Saskatchewan who live on big farms and have for the most part succumbed to Canadian ways except that they do not go to war, we have the Orthodox led by Johnny Verigin in Brilliant and others around Grand Forks to the west who are still pacifists and live fairly simply but who have finished with any opposition to the government. They meet in prayer and singing and keep up many traditions and for the most part accept old age pensions. The great majority are in this group. Then there are some who follow the prophet Sorokin, who some years ago had some migrate to South America. He went and did not come back. Then there is the Reformed Spiritual Community of Christ some of whose members may also follow Sorokin, and who in the past burned down school houses, went naked in court and refused to send their children to school. Some of them live in a sort of communal group in Krestova. They have not promised to cease their violent tactics, and as we drove from Maloff's the other night the police were stopping all cars to see if any Doukhobor was up to mischief; and a guard is at certain bridges and schoolhouses all night. A smaller group is the Lebedeff faction to which Helen belongs. They have formerly burnt houses and gone naked in court and they feel that they have already established this witness and the time is now ripe to emphasize more positive aspects of Doukhobor tradition such as communal living as in the old time and a refusal to accept old age pensions. Recently when the Queen

visited Canada five of this group were asked to stand in line and see her, and publicity of this was made in the papers. Helen humbled herself to do this although she had no personal wish to see any ruler. There was also a very small group under the leadership of Michael Verigin, now deceased, where communal living and communal marriage was practiced at Hillyers, B. C. near Vancouver. One child was born there and was given the name of the mother as it was impossible to tell who was the father. Helen's brother Joe Podvinikoff was one of their leaders. This group has now disbanded. There is much animosity between all of these groups, much high sounding intellectual hairsplitting, each accusing the other of not being a good Doukhobor, when in fact there are some in each group who do not smoke, drink, eat meat or vote, and there are some in each group who fall away in one or more of these Doukhobor ideals.

I had a good visit with Helen's brother Pete and her husband Pete, who had both done time in prison. Her brother Philip nearby has a flour mill where wheat is stone ground. Unlike the Hutterites whom I visited in Montana and members of some other primitive groups, the Doukhobors whom I have met here have not succumbed to white bread. Helen made some wonderful pancakes, and her husband warmed up a steam bath where you sit on a table with feet on a bench midst steam made from dashing hot water on hot stones, and wash yourself with hot and cold water and finish off with a rub of tree branches tied into a switch. They have now fixed a pump whereby they pump water from the nearby river right into the kitchen and for irrigating. Helen never sent her children to public schools. I tell Dorothy that Helen is the best radical holy woman I know next to her, and Dorothy says, "She is better than I am for she has been in jail longer: eleven years."

My last evening with the Doukhobors was spent in hearing about thirty of their youth practice songs at Pete Maloff Jr.'s house. I was asked to speak to them and told them that if I would ever feel downhearted in my fight against Caesar I would need only a few days with the good Hopi or with the radical Doukhobors to gain courage. The song which they sang to their children outside their school prison will be recorded and sent to us at the CW. I also had a good visit with Tony, the Zen follower, in his cottage by the river, and with the Maloff young folks whom I had known before.

After fifty Doukhobors, including Helen, have signed away their Canadian citizenship, but do not intend to go to Russia, feeling that their witness here has not yet been fulfilled. Most of the others have signed away their Canadian citizenship to take effect when they are on the boat going to Russia. Their removal seems to be at a standstill. Whether there is a place for them in Russia, or whether the stingy administration in BC wants to spend the money now or not I do not know. In Nelson, Helen and I were interviewed by the editor of the daily paper who seemed interested in finding a man from the States who was friendly to the notorious Doukhobors. When I come west again I hope to visit the tame Doukhobors around Saskatoon and all of the groups in British Columbia, as well as the colony at Argenta, B.C.

Archbishop Roberts

Coming back from the Doukhobors I had an appointment with Archbishop Roberts who is now lecturing at Gonzaga University. He was genial and said that he had read my book some years ago and was pleased to receive the copy which I brought for him. He thought I was foolish to make my

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Crusade To Brotherhood

CATHOLIC WORKER readers will remember the author of the following narrative, Richard Fichter, as the writer of an article from Bellevue Psychiatric Ward after an attempt to reach a national audience on a Sunday night radio broadcast. He took the studio by surprise, "stole" some valuable time from some big sponsor to appeal for disarmament, and was punished for this "insane" desire for peace by being confined in a psychiatric ward for examination. His parents and brother obtained his release and his story reached hundreds of thousands of readers if one considers the C.W. circulation and the reprints of his story.

The following account of some of his travels in Europe, and his visit to the Catholic community started by Lanza del Vasto in France is a chapter of a book he is writing.

By RICHARD FICHTER

"Why did you come to Europe to make your revolution? Why didn't you stay in America to do it?" That is the question I am asked so often by Europeans. Why, because WORLD CITIZENS FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM is an international revolution seeking to tear down national barriers and replace them with brotherhood and freedom. Europe, the melting pot of nations and languages, where nationalism has fomented one war after another is an international continent, the logical place to start an international revolution.

With my family, wife and three children ages 7, 8, and 3, and our 1953 Chevrolet Carryall we left Montreal October 10 on a German freighter and landed twelve days later at Hamburg. Our first task was to find a home for our Caravan so we set out visiting a few communities of sharing hoping that one of them might accept us along with my World Citizens program. We visited Friendship House at Buckeburg, Germany, Society of Brothers at Bad-Bruckena, Germany, Sisters of Mary at Darmstadt, and the Essertines at Role, Switzerland but none of them had room for my program although some of them would have accepted us without a program. My last and best hope was at Bollene in Southern France where a primitive community of radical action calls itself the Ark. It took us a day to travel from Geneva to Vallence, France in the Rhone Valley and we slept the night in our Carryall as we had done several nights before. We were close to Bollene arriving at the town which is further down the Rhone by late morning. I had a difficult time trying to make a gas station attendant understand that I wanted the directions to Communauté de l'Arche. Knowing that the men of the Ark have beards I pretended to stroke a beard and immediately the attendant caught on and with a laugh gave me the directions.

Group of Workers

We came to a high cement wall and upon a large gate post were the words, "La Chesnaie" (I think it means, the Oaks) and I knew this to be the estate name of the community. The lane passed through a spacious yard of tall pines and under an archway into a court yard which measures some 50 by 50 feet. In the court yard is a large olive tree, a blue cart with wooden-spoked wheels six feet high, and plank tables formed into a square U. The main building, on the north side of the court yard is an old, three-storyed Spanish mansion. The whole environment has an appearance of days long gone past. The tall black-bearded man who came to greet us did not detract from this appearance. He introduced himself as Jean but immediately excused himself to call Pierre and Pierre finding that we spoke English hurried off for Micheline, a pretty blond in a plain, full-length dress. Speaking good English she invited us to the weaving room to see their three looms. The largest one was seven feet in length and Micheline had learned to operate it while studying weaving in Norway. We were conducted to the spinning room where five girls were busy cleaning and spinning wool. Their braided hair, long blue dresses and bare feet made a very quaint picture along with the spinning wheels and wool. One of these girls spoke good English and introduced herself as Carmen Yanez from Chile, South America. Elena, my wife, was happy to find a sister Latin American and to speak Spanish with her. Petrel and Micheline joined in the conversation as they understood Spanish. Carmen said that she was not a full member of the community but a novice. She had first learned of the philosophy of non-violence by reading Lanza Del Vasto's book, "Pilgrimage to the Sources," the story of Lanza's two years with Gandhi. She was so impressed by this new philosophy that she inquired further and learned of Lanza's Catholic order, the Ark, and she decided to go to France to learn first hand.

Suddenly, as we were conversing a bell rang and all became silent in prayer. A minute later they resumed their work and conversation and explained to us that every hour during the day they stop a minute for prayer.

First Impressions

At noon we were invited to lunch which was served in the open court yard as the day was very warm. The meals taken in common are very simple, vegetarian, composed mostly of their own products. No white flour, no sugar, no wine, no coffee, and no cigarettes. Could it be, I asked myself, that all this perfection exists in one community? For many years I have been searching for a radical, tolerant, pure community with an independent economy and now it seemed my dream was coming true. This community wants to be independent of the mad "self-empire" world. It tries to produce all its material needs. They do not use petroleum-powered machines nor electricity except for an electric buzz saw which helps them to keep up on their fuel needs. Their need for light at night forces them to buy candles which are more expensive than electricity. I broke the rule by using a flashlight and I hope they will forgive me. No radios nor television. They have their own school of 5 pupils. The oldest child in the community is only ten so they don't have to face the problem now of where they will educate their youth.

Never had I come across a community with so many of my ideals. Some communities, I have visited in America have their own grade school but not an independent economy nor a radical action program. Others have neither their own school nor an independent economy. Here was a community with all these ideals combined. What a utopia. Was it real?

The basic philosophy of the Ark is that civilization is again heading toward the great deluge as in the days of Noah only this time with fire instead of water. The Ark of France is therefore to the modern world what Noah's Ark was to that ancient civilization. The Ark of France is a refuge from the disastrous path of a wicked and perverse generation, mad with power and the machine. Only a return to the way of the Ark of France, to simplicity, purity, service, non-violence, can save civilization from the deluge of fire.

After lunch I asked Micheline and Petrel if we could stay awhile

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COME FOLLOW ME

Karl Marx and the Holy Family

By Irwin St. John Tucker

What is Marxism?

Its basic principle is that there is a law by which his story moves—a law which provides the key to the rise and fall of empires, explaining the struggles, victories and defeats which make up the world's shifting panorama. That law is called Economic Determinism. The philosophy based on it is known as "Economic Interpretation of History."

Marx is often called an atheist on the ground that this doctrine of a law governing history "de-thrones God." Yet let us consider.

A family is stricken with a deadly disease. It is traced to bad water. A plumber is called in. He discovers that sewage leaks into the drinking water.

Is he an atheist because, instead of burning candles and invoking saints to intercede for the family—he stops the leak?

That plumber proceeds by knowledge that disease is caused by violation of sanitary laws. Is it atheism to assert that the dreadful diseases called poverty, unemployment, class struggle and war are caused by violation of economic laws?

That plumber applied laws of hydraulics to save lives. Marx said the laws of economics also can be learned and applied to avert recurrent death—dealing disasters. Surely it is only fair to ask what this law is, and to study it on Marx' own terms, not in a caricature put up to discredit it without an attempt at comprehension!

This law is sometimes called "materialistic determinism." By that is meant that the course of history is governed primarily by prevailing methods of production and exchange of material means of life.

Let us examine this. History records the actions of living people. In order to live these people must have the means of life. They must acquire food, clothing, shelter, by some means of production or exchange.

Few countries produce within their own borders all that is necessary and desirable for life. Whatever one locality does not provide it must obtain from some other locality. This can be done by exchange, as in trade, or by seizure, as in conquest.

Does that make sense? Reduce it to a single family—the Holy Family. To maintain his home at Nazareth, Joseph had to have a job. He was a carpenter. He made benches, chairs and tables, exchanging these for food, clothing, medicine and whatever else was needed for himself, for Mary and for the boy Jesus. If he had not been able to make a living in Nazareth he would have had to move, get another job, beg, steal what

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Picketing Sing Sing

By Anne Taillefer

It is natural for man to expect the color of the day to blend with his state of mind: the temple's veil is constantly torn in our hearts. Thus the radiant spring day that greeted us on May 19th as our minute group met in Grand Central Station, on our way to Sing Sing seemed perfectly alien. Edmund Leites, a student from Columbia, Robert Steed, who had just completed a 46-days fast and picketing for Chessman, and myself were going to picket Sing Sing prison all day to protest the execution of Flakes and Green, two Negroes who had killed the proprietor of a liquor store. The original idea was Edmund's and once before he and Bob had together taken this long walk of 12 hours.

The train ran along the magnificent Hudson River. This was my first trip to Sing Sing. As a child I had read a rather terrifying report about it. A few years ago, staying at Helen Iswolsky's in Rockland Lake, I had been led to a strange wood alleged to be haunted; the Indian trail made its way through it, it was said. A huge red cliff rose figuring rather clearly in the carving of time a warlike formation of Indians. All around a queer atmosphere of tortured suspense seemed to ooze breathlessly from under each leaf and branch. It was said that human sacrifices had been offered there. The most sensitive were gripped with a compelling fear and turned away. But a much more realistic legend in the village told of the escape of prisoners from Sing Sing jail just across the river and of their hiding there and frightening intruders away. The wood seemed to rock with the beating of terrified hearts.

The Law Watches

My companions had warned me that we might be greeted by an important police force at Ossining station; they also urged me to jump quickly from the train as the conductor, seeing their signs, had proved most uncooperative and the train had barely stopped. In my eagerness to comply I nearly jumped off one station ahead, but we arrived normally and inconspicuously at Ossining. That is expecting for a mysterious woman in a car who picked us up and drove us to the prison, as she had done last time it appears, without disclosing her identity or asking any questions. She seemed to be performing an urgent duty.

The twenty or so policemen of the preceding time had been reduced to two and we were allowed to approach the prison entrance which had not been possible previously. Doubtless the non-violence of the pickets had proved reassuring. A quiet street of frame houses inhabited by Negro families, with little children playing on the side-walk led us to our goal. Shady at first our route was later exposed to the blazing sun against which the prudent policemen protected themselves by sitting under one of the trees in the jail yard, some distance from us; only bounding up once to adjure me not to rest one minute—these were his orders—the picket was to march ceaselessly; but at least it was possible to relax within the time it took him to rush upon us.

Life Goes On

Youth is irrepressible, even in heroic circumstances and undertakings and my companions maintained a steady conversation on the most various subjects. I was struck by the strange joy that is given when performing a task a little above human level, on account of love; a joy I had rarely met these last years in America; it would seem that young people are over-childish or over middle-aged. Youth is something apart full of bliss and anguish, intent upon the discovery of what message life holds for it and how it can be accomplished. Eternally Antigone aims the sword against the bourgeois within herself. The quiet Negro people went about

their business, cutting grass, sweeping porches, lending us little or no attention, as we thought. The guards muttered something about these jerks being there again. But as fatigue drove me further away to seek an instant's rest and I discovered some wooden steps under a roof of trees, slanting down to the village, a light-colored Negro passed near me and said in gentle tones: "you sure have found the right spot to rest and you need it. Keep it up, oh please keep it up!"

The children at play grew quite interested after a while and asked to carry the signs; this seemed to them an exciting new game. A little girl was most urgent and for some time walked with us holding Edmund's hand. But the guard bounded again, we were doubtless corrupting innocence.

Negro Friends

At one we decided to go to lunch and found a clean little restaurant, down the hill, near the station with delicious, simple home-cooking. The warm, comely Negro woman who ran the place knew of our mission though we had left the signs uphill. Later on, in the evening when we came back for some soup she engaged in conversation with us. I wish I could reproduce her tone and her compassionate, simple and wise pronouncements. Her establishment was strategically placed between the station and the prison and the relatives of condemned people usually stopped there. The day before she had seen the young and beautiful wife of Green, a girl of 25. She talked simply of humanity, the inability to judge one's fellow-men's motives, of restoring life once taken; of poverty and all it entails.

More Pickets

The long, hot afternoon unwound itself, the hours passing slowly and swiftly at the same time and a certain element of wonder filling us, myself at least, at the power of the body to bear this fatigue so easily as if vanquished by the will's mastery. As evening fell we were joined by other picketers from various groups, War-Resisters, Society against Capital Punishment etc. . . . nineteen in all. The Rev. Chnlund who, with Elaine de Koninck, had organized a march of protest for Chessman on April 27 was there. Around 7 o'clock we decided to change our picketing place to another more obvious to the citizens of Ossining and notified the police. Another policeman came down in a car where he sat watching us and we found a big, beefy man in his shirt-sleeves giving him directions, literally spluttering with rage. The word rapist was constantly on his lips, nobody knew why since the crime about to be paid for had nothing to do with it. As he drove away swerving violently I noticed with a sinking feeling that a plastic Sacred Heart wobbled on the bonnet of his car. What deep and murky depths lie in the heart of man, what obsessions. Perhaps capital punishment is nothing else after all than punishing one's own self.

The Time Comes

Night fell silently, deeply velvety, nailed with stars. Our serpentine file meandered back to the prison entrance where we tried to keep a silent vigil but were forbidden by the guards to stay immobile. We walked and walked but whispered to each other that we would pray at the time of the execution. At a quarter to ten somebody began reading the Beatitudes. At ten, wordlessly, Father Chnlund who is a young Episcopal clergyman, very young and dignified-looking sank wordlessly to his knees and all but four or five imitated him. The witnesses, the twelve who had the courage to assist to the murder flashed by our kneeling figures, shielded by our signs. The great night stretched itself out more void, more im-

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Karl Marx and the Holy Family

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was required or see his family starve.

Thus the Holy Family at Nazareth was subject to the laws of economics, like every other family. All Marx said was that every nation is an extended family. Its history, like that of any other family, is determined by the way its members get their living.

This word "economics" describes what is some times called the "dismal science." But it is translated into English as "stewardship." In the New Testament much is said about stewards, both faithful and unfaithful. A steward is "economics." Economics is the science of housekeeping.

There is no doubt the Blessed Virgin Mary was steward of the Holy Family. She took money earned by Joseph at his trade of carpentering, purchasing with it household necessities. She must have known the price of food in the Nazareth market. Doubtless she kept books for Joseph, keeping track what he took in, what was owing them, and how much they owed. There is nothing in the Gospels to indicate that she ignored all this work of accounting and purchase, trusting to the child Jesus to supply all they needed by miracles.

She is still the Housekeeper of God. The Church is an extension of the Holy Family. It is still her obligation and her joy to see that all her children are well-fed, well-clothed, well-sheltered.

Well—are they?

Millions of them are not. This is her concern now as always. Stewards left in charge of this, her household, must render an account.

Jesus gives a stern picture of stewards found unfaithful. There is nothing atheistic about housekeeping—but there is a great deal atheistic about bad housekeeping. Extreme judgment is pronounced on stewards who do not feed the hungry, clothe the naked, care for the sick and needy. "These, set on the Judge's left hand, are doomed to eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels, not for what they have done, but for what they have left undone—their neglect of economics. Bad housekeeping left many of the children in that family without the means of life such unfaithful stewards are classed with 'the devil and his angels!'"

Judgment does not always wait for the end of the world. Time after time the prophets thundered against injustice committed or continued by the rulers of their people, including the chief priests—and time after time judgment was effected by the hands of bitter and hasty foes, like the Assyrians, Isaiah calls that cruel nation the rod of God's anger. Sins he denounced in "The Great Arraignment"—his opening chapter—are remarkably like those we catalogue today, even in nations called Christian.

Most bitterly resented of the utterances of Marx is: "Religion is the opium of the people."

At the time he wrote, this stated an obvious fact. Established national churches in England, Germany, Sweden and Russia, in Germany and even in France, opposed every effort on the part of workers caught in the cataclysm of the industrial revolution to gain a living from the fruits of their toil.

In England, while Marx was writing *Das Kapital*, bishops in the House of Lords fought every attempt to end child labor, introduce unions, abolish slavery, wipe out sweatshops and slums.

It was partly in response to the challenge issued by Marx and his International Workingmen's Association that Leo XIII issued his encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, which even today has not thoroughly awakened Catholic world conscience. Far in the future, when Marx wrote, were the labor encyclicals of Pius XI and Pius XII.

"But Marx preached the class struggle!"

Marx stated an obvious fact—that a struggle exists between Haves and Have-Nots. The Have-Nots he called the Proletariat, whose sole wealth is their labor-power, which vanishes if not used and cannot be stored away. By capitalists he meant those who live by ownership of the means of production, whose wealth, if not used today, can be kept and expended tomorrow. They, he said, live without toil by the labor of others through owning the socially necessary means of production. To end this struggle, Marx proposed the end of classes, in a classless society where all men should be born equal. His proposal was a quotation from our own Declaration of Independence.

Abraham Lincoln exchanged letters with Karl Marx. In his *Life and Letters*, published by Nicolai and Hay, is a remarkable exchange of communications between the American War President and the International Workingmen's Association in which Lincoln praises them in magnificent words for preventing England from declaring war on the North.

Lincoln preached the same doctrine of the class struggle. In his "Life and Letters" he is quoted thus:

"The habits of our whole species fall into three classes; useful labor, useless labor, and idleness. Of these, the first only is meritorious, and to it all the products of labor rightfully belong. But the two latter, while they exist, are heavy pensioners upon the first, robbing it of a large proportion of its just rights. This is wrong, and should not continue. The only remedy for this, is, so far as possible, to drive useless labor and idleness out of existence!" This "driving" is the Class Struggle.

Is this un-Christian? If so, the Apostle Paul shares in that condemnation, for he said:

"He that will not work, neither let him eat!"

"Marx condemned private property!"

Marx condemned private property in slaves. So did Lincoln. So do we. Marx pointed out that in addition to chattel slavery (direct ownership of one person by another) there is also economic or industrial slavery, whereby one man, by owning the means of life whereon others depend for their existence directly owns them.

For instance; if one man owns a well without which other persons will die of thirst, he thereby owns them. This well, being a socially necessary means of production of water, must therefore be expropriated for the common good. That is the argument of Marx.

St. Thomas Aquinas maintains the same thing!

Why is it right when Aquinas says it, but wrong when Marx says it? Possibly it is because Aquinas advances it as a theory, while Marx organized those who were dying of thirst to seize the well.

Opposition of religion to economics is like opposition of life to bones. In studying a skeleton, an anatomist must necessarily leave out everything but the bones. Without bones, life would be that of a jellyfish. Without life, the bones are dead.

There is, of course, more to the body than the skeleton. There is more to society than economics, as there is more to a family than groceries. Home, love, gaiety and mutual protection are included in the life of a family. But without groceries, these are swallowed up by hunger.

From bishops and cardinals all over the world comes stern warning—The Church must concern herself with living conditions of the workers.

"Living conditions" is another way of saying "economics." The Catholic Church must master the science of economics.

No man can study the Bible as it is written without realizing vi-

THE POEMS OF THOMAS MERTON

A Reader Comments on a Review

Carissimi,

Your March review of the *Selected Poems of Thomas Merton* was developed in a very logical manner, but it was unintentionally based on a false premise. The entire review flows from the innocent assumption that these poems come from "a world of pure attention and insistent sweetness." This may well be the heaven in every novice's dreams, however, closer observation will reveal the truth. Your reviewer takes his stand by declaring

I speak of the world I know, the world I think the poet must know, the world of divided attentions, of the present bitter rush of time, of the forced and solitary pursuit of the vision.

Please consider that the author of these poems is responsible for more than his own solitary pursuit of the vision. His position as novice-master requires that he remain accessible to all the unscheduled trials and confusions which victimize novices in searching for their eyes, not to mention the vision. Without becoming less monastic himself he must facilitate the transition of his charges from the Christian life outside of the monastery to the Christian life within a monastery. He alone is responsible for the spiritual direction and instruction which will encourage the mystery of each person to flower and bear fruit according to a particular vocation—whatever and wherever it may be. The scheduled ringing of bells may manifest external order. But he is bound to communicate that bells also signal an obedient shift of attention and demand the conscious acts which prevent mechanical responses from becoming habitual.

These few observations cannot pretend to serve as an exhaustive analysis. However, they suggest that these poems reflect the successful attempt to face the demands of everyday life without allowing an heroic type of misguided submersion to take place. Living above with the things that are above as a person risen with Christ—this is the key. Once the door has been opened to this understanding, active mystics of such stature as Bernard of Clairvaux and Theresa of Avila will no longer appear to be contradictions. Their worlds of divided attentions, of the bitter rush of time, and of the forced and solitary pursuit of the vision were the occasions of their

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vidly that economics is among its chief concerns. All the prophets denounce economic wrongs as treason against God. Bitterest of their condemnations is against "usurers"—because in those days loans were made only on the security of the borrower, who was sold into slavery if the debt was unpaid.

Worship of God, say all the prophets from Moses through Amos and Elijah and Isaiah, means deliverance of his people from bondage. The Psalms extol God as the Redeemer who shall

"defend the cause of the poor, give deliverance to the needy, crush the oppressor..."

Sacrifice and elaborate ceremonies are declared offenses against God when those who celebrate them do not defend the fatherless and plead for the widow. Isaiah says:

"The Lord enters into judgment with the elders and princes of his people; the spoil of the poor is in your houses; what mean ye by crushing my people, by grinding the face of the poor?" says the Lord-God of hosts."

Jesus depicts the rich man condemned to hell, not for anything he had done, but for his neglect of Lazarus, the starving man at his own door step.

Divine judgment is based, not on a formula, but on a fact!

Love Winter When the Plant Says Nothing

O little forests, meekly cry alone
Striking the snow.

O broken stones
Hide that house of growth.

Secret
Vegetal words
Unlettered water,
Daily zero.

Pray undistracted
Curled tree
Carved in steel—
Buried zenith!

Fire, turn inward
To your weak fort,
To a burly infant spot,
A house of nothing.

O peace, bless this mad place:
Silence, love this wet growth.

O silence, golden zero
Unsetting sun
Love winter when the plant says nothing.

Thomas Merton

500 Defy Civil Defense Drill In N.Y.C.

(Continued from page 1)

Speaking of judges, courtrooms and the practice of law, the day before the drill the *New York Times* had an article headed, "Judges Rumored Paying for Posts." "Prof. Wallace S. Sayre of Columbia University and Prof. Herbert Kaufman of Yale asserted that 'it is rumored among lawyers that there is a going rate for judgeships, currently the equivalent of two years salary for that office. In a new book, *Governing New York City*, published by the Russell Sage Foundation they wrote: 'for elective office, the amount is frequently set on the basis of a fixed sum, from \$50 to \$1,000 for each election district in the judicial area'... The study said most jobs over which judges have discretion are filled to pay 'political debts'... The same was held true of appointments of referees in foreclosures, special guardians, commissioners in incompetency proceedings and referees to hold hearings... Party leaders, the study said, 'do not appear able to influence very many judicial decisions,' but intervene 'largely for information about procedures, timing and the probable range of the pending decision.'"

Hunter College

On the day after the air raid drill I spoke at Hyde Park Day to the students at Hunter College, as I did last year. Herbert Apteker spoke for the Communist Party and the man for the Republican Party did not show up. As usual I gave the difference between the pacifism as to method and anarchism as the goal of the CW, and the use of force and emphasis upon the State which Communism, along with capitalism and Fascism employs. Current booklets and articles in Catholic circles about Communism are about as clear and true as would be articles on Christian Science by the medical profession. Or of Paul Blanshard on the Catholic Church. May 4th is Cardinal Spellman's birthday and May 5th is that of Karl Marx. One girl knew that we had been excommunicated from the Church two years ago. I told her to phone the Chancery Office and the answer would be, "They are Catholics. We are not for them. We are not against them." She came back later laughing and saying, "That is just the answer I got." One girl had refused to take part in the air raid drill the day before and had been suspended for 4 days, but she did not have many previous cuts in her classes and this did not prevent her graduation.

Students in San Francisco

I hear from San Francisco that my friend Jerry Kamestra who runs the Cloven Hoof bookstore where I spoke was beaten up by the cops in the recent demonstration at the Un-American hearings. "What made the students and other demonstrators so angry was that the hearing was packed by friends of the committee and there was no room for the opposition. Seats with the exception of a handful were made available by invitations sent out by the committee. What touched off the riot was that a policeman who was on the wrong side of the barricade was knocked down by the police themselves and then some demonstrator hit him with his own club. The police turned on the fire hoses and started beating everyone. The support and sympathy here is with the students, even the mayor is for the kids." Here and there I have found friendly cops, but I did not realize the terrible hatred prisoners have for the police until I saw the movie *Vertigo* in Sandstone prison. At the beginning the police are chasing a fellow over the roof tops and a cop falls down many stories to death. The prisoners cheered. It was awful to hear. I did not feel that way, but as I listened in there and see on the outside where human beings take money to pull the switch or release the gas pellets, and take bribes to frame some and to release others I can understand the feeling against the police.

On the Beach

Janet Burwash and I saw this movie about atomic radiation finally reaching the last hold-out in Australia. The Salvation Army with the sign, "There is still time Brother" at their meeting while they are playing "Onward Christian Soldiers Marching As to War." And another meeting when few are left, but they as well as nearly all religious organizations never seem to realize that in the name of Christ who said "Thou Shalt Not Kill" they deny Christ when they support atomic war.

In the Market Place

I am glad to be back again on Tuesday noons at Pine and Nassau and Tuesday night from 9:45 to 10:30 at New School; Wednesday noon until 4 p.m. at uptown Fordham; Thursday 6 to 8 p.m. at 14th and Broadway; Friday 11:30 to 1:30 at 43rd and Lexington. Saturdays I will picket at Woolworth's with others. Sunday 8 to 10 at St. Patrick's, where last Sunday I had to educate a cop as to my rights.

Crusade to Brotherhood

(Continued from page 3)

at the Ark and they shocked me by saying we could only stay three days as this is the rule the community has for visitors. I was greatly upset to hear about this unfriendly law for I was so sure that the Ark was a tolerant community. "We had to make this law," Micheline said, "because so many curious visitors were distracting to our program of spiritual growth." How, I asked them, did they ever get new members if new people can stay no longer than three days. When they are really serious, said Micheline, they come back, and the second time they stay longer. Usually at first, a visitor is more curious than serious and if he desires a second visit it proves that he is seriously contemplating leaving the world.

I was disillusioned. I had expected this community to welcome me as their brother in the Revolution of Love but instead they considered me as an outsider and man of the world. Since our arrival in Europe two weeks before, we had been trying to find a stopping off place where we could get our directions and receive our mail but no community had room for us. I was so confident that this community would be our refuge from the weary world of travel.

That evening the members, or companions as they are called, had a meeting and decided that we could stay a week.

Lanza del Vasto

Lanza del Vasto, the patriarch and founder of this community, was not here but on an extended speaking engagement seeking support for the Order of the Ark and for an action project at Easter time against French concentration camps for Algerians. The plan of the action is to go to one of the concentration camps in France and remain there till the authorities permit the demonstrators to be fellow prisoners with the Algerians. The demonstrators are guided by the philosophy that the best way to combat injustice and violence is to take suffering upon one's self. If these demonstrators are allowed to become prisoners along with the Algerians they will do much suffering if reports are true, for it is reported that the Algerians are living like pigs in these camps, starving to death from malnutrition, suffering many diseases because of unsanitary conditions, and suffering deliberate tortures at the hands of the French police.

There are 26 people living at the Ark Community at Bollene and all are Catholic except Companion Daurence, a Protestant from Switzerland, and a novice, Hamdami, a Moslem from Algeria. The Ark has another community near Bordeaux with 20 persons.

Rigorous Diet

Life at the Ark is very simple. Breakfast is always the same; milk for children, unleavened barley bread, and a malt drink. Each person must get a bowl or plate and a spoon from the cabinet. This is the extent of the eating utensils and if you desire to drink at the meal you must use a bowl. Other than breakfast they do not drink at meals. The dining room has no furniture except for a small stove. Everyone sits on the floor in a circle and the food is brought in large serving bowls. Two persons do the serving. A Gregorian chant is sung for grace before and after meals. In the warmer months meals are eaten outside. Everyone washes his dish and spoon in a common wash basin. Lunch may be lettuce with delicious sun flower seed oil made from their own plants, a vegetable soup, home made whole wheat bread, home made cheese, and Couscous which is an Algerian dish and the Ark's favorite, made by cooking wheat bran. There are no deserts, no sugar, and fruit is rarely served. The food philosophy of the Ark is that one should live off the natural whole grains as have civilizations down through the ages. Sickness today, explains the Ark, is due to modern man's relinquishing of the whole grain diet for a processed and refined diet. Fruit, they say, is a product of modern society and is not healthy, especially citrus fruit. They have about 10 acres of grapes but they sell the yearly crop. The evening meal may include the left-overs from lunch with another dish like beans or rice added. Occasionally a squash pie is made for the evening meal.

The Day's Work

The day at the Ark begins at 6:30. The bell at 7 means time for prayer with those of your own faith, and 7:15 is the time of prayer for all faiths. Breakfast is served at 7:30. The bell at 8 signifies work. The women begin to clean house, cook, or spin and weave. The men specialize in certain tasks. Nicodem and Hamdami work in the furniture shop. Jean is the gardener. George is the farmer in charge of the fields and animals which include a horse, a mule, two cows, one calf, and a goat. The women care for the flock of chickens but since I never saw an egg at the Ark I don't know the purpose of the chickens. Pierre, assistant patriarch, is a doctor, and usually helps George in the fields when not occupied with administration duties. Novice Arnaud fills in where he is needed. Chantrell, wife of Del Vasto is the music teacher and correspondence secretary. Roland and his wife are the school teachers and live in the school house a half mile from the mansion. Roland is also in charge of the non-violent action program. Companion Marie Faugeron is now in Paris serving as secretary of the French Federation Against Atomic Armaments, 253 rue St. Denis, Paris 2. Jo Pyronnet, the field man for social action, father of four children at the Ark, was travelling with Lanza Del Vasto during our visit at the Ark.

Work stops at 12 for lunch and is resumed at 2 and continues until 6. At 6:30 there may be a music class to learn the Gregorian chants as the ritual of the Ark requires a lot of singing and members of the Ark form the choir at the village church. Or there may be an instruction class in yoga, non-violence, or other subject connected with the Order of the Ark. At 7:15 the evening meal is served and at 7:45 the evening prayer begins. The prayer of St. Francis, "Make Me An Instrument of Thy Peace" comes after the opening prayer and its simplicity is its beauty.

Rule of Life

Following the opening prayers the companions ask God to never let them forget that they have taken a vow to advance in the direction of the Seven Accomplishments, which are:

1. To work with our hands in order to find a way to lead modern man out of the miserable life he has made for himself. To work for self-control and self-knowledge. To work for the maintenance and growth of the order.
2. To obey the rules and discipline of the Ark and also those in charge.
3. To be responsible for our acts. To repair our faults and make amends for them. To assume the co-responsibility for justice within the order and to punish ourselves for our companion when he refuses to acknowledge his fault or correct himself.
4. To purify ourselves from our attachments, destructions, pretensions, prejudice, resentments, anger, indifference, desires, laziness,

(Continued on column 4)



THE POEMS OF THOMAS MERTON

(Continued from page 4)

marvelous sanctity. It was not a "world of constant attention and insistent sweetness" which brought this about, but the renewed efforts from moment to moment to live in the presence of God.

This brings us to another aspect of this review which is probably more significant than the criticism of the poetry itself. The attitude expressed in approaching the poems appears to contradict an established theological tradition:

There is all the passion and fantasy here but none of the crude core of experience since the monk dwells at the heart of the liturgy, in the narrows of the gospels where the world keeps its force and meddlings at a distance.

Now whether we consider Christ's "The truth shall make you free" or St. Augustine's "Love God and do what will," or St. Theresa's predilection for the psalm verse "I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou enlargest my understanding" — the theme persists that there is greater freedom in living and loving when one is closer to God. Then again Christ chose to express his own crude core of experience by means of the psalms which monks still chant. And as the Messiah He was in Himself the fulfillment of the scriptures which constitute the heart of the liturgy. And so far as the "narrows of the gospels" are concerned, what confinement is there to dwelling in the "good news?" That even the poor were enjoying this good news was Christ's crowning testimony of Himself to the holiest man born of woman.

Can this be "where the world keeps its force and meddlings at a distance," or is it where the force and meddlings of the world can receive gyroscopic balance and direction?

It is not possible to turn language into poetry simply by adjusting it to the Mysterium.

"Adjustments" to the Mysterium like conscious "acts of" love are distinctions which are seen and practiced by those who are outside of the Mysterium or out of love. If the poet elects to stay outside of the Mysterium or outside of love what is to be said of him? Martin Buber describes this type as the prime example of a person who has chosen to live in the world of IT. Buber readily admits that we must all live in the world of IT, but he also makes it clear that those who live in the world of IT alone are not men.

Wishing you the joy of Easter always,

Candido de Leon
509 W. 140th Street
New York 31, N.Y.

weakness, by means of prayer and fasting, penitence and the quickening of the conscience.

5. To live simply, soberly, and properly, and to cherish poverty, in order to progress towards detachment and perfect charity.

6. To speak truth with courage and never to use fraud, intrigue, slander, or artifice.

7. Strive to harm no human being or living creature for pleasure, profit, or service. To resolve conflicts, stop evil, rectify the wrong, by means of non-violence which is the strength of truth.

Help us Lord to bear our cross to the end, to know Thee, to Love and serve Thee, that we might Be. Amen.

Vow or Promise?

The vow of the companions must be renewed every year at a special ceremony. At the same ceremony those novices who have been declared prepared, take the Vow of the Companion for the first time.

There is also a ritual for those who have dedicated themselves to being Friends of the Ark, persons who are not in a position to live in the Ark but who want to live as closely as possible according to the Ark philosophy. Most large French cities have a group of these Friends of the Ark. The ritual which they perform is a pledge to keep the Five Promises. This ritual was never recited while I was at the Ark but perhaps Friends of the Ark recite it each evening in their own homes. It is as follows: We promise you, Shantidas, Servant of Peace (Lanza Del Vasto), who teaches us to serve, to keep the solemn Promises for one year.

1. To work to maintain and increase the order. To work for self-control, self-knowledge and our own true self. To preach the return to simplicity and manual work. To encourage the artisan, and to learn ourselves, some simple manual skill.

2. We promise to obey the Chief of the Order and do all that he commands us in order to spread the doctrine. We do not belong to any sect or party and we do not serve another master (except the Church and one's confessor).

3. We promise to simplify our lives, to rid ourselves of artificial needs, of vain obligations, of excess and luxury. We promise to work towards detachment, to reduce our needs, and to reserve a part of our income each month for sharing within the order and for charity.

4. We promise to speak truth with courage. To banish fraud, intrigue, slander, and deceit.

5. We promise to harm no human being or living creature, as far as possible, for pleasure, profit, or service. We promise to practice non-violence in our disputes with our neighbors, in the conflicts which involve us; to renounce revenge, to ask rather than command; to reconcile those who hate rather than taking sides; to elude discussions, to avoid the courts, to prefer the joy of understanding over the satisfaction of triumph. Not to injure any class, nation, religion, or race. To never do anything to incite revolt, war, repression, or persecution.

While we were there I never saw a social get-together, a discussion, or group recreation. These people read very little and have no library of current peace journals. There is a dusty closet in the dining room with some back issues of "Sarvodaya," "Bhooan," and the "Catholic Worker" but this is all. I especially missed discussion and conversation. The Ark doesn't think that reading and discussing are important, in fact they think it is bad for the soul. Modern man reads and discusses too much, they say. It is better to feel than to think. One person is in charge of reading current publications and if he sees anything important he reads it to the rest of the group. Other than letters nothing was read to the group during the 2 1/2 weeks I was at the Ark.

Biography of Del Vasto

It is easy to see that the companions have been trained in obedience rather than thinking. They have a conformist mind within a non-conformist community. Their chief, Lanza Del Vasto, is a non-conformist but he demands obedience and conformity from his followers. I did not meet Lanza while I was at the Ark but one does not have to meet him to know that he is a non-conformist and a powerful leader. He was born some 60 years ago in Sicily of wealthy parents of noble rank. His mother was living at the community while we were there but she died a month after we left. While in his teens, Lanza went to France to study and developed a remarkable ability for writing in the French language. Between the two world wars he made a journey by foot to Palestine. A prolific reader he soon came across writings by Gandhi and his conversion to non-violence followed. He was so intrigued by the life of Gandhi that he set off for India and spent two years with the great Mahatma. Gandhi gave him the name Shantidas, Peace Servant, and within the Ark, Lanza goes by this Sanskrit name. Lanza gives names to companions when they take their vow for the first time.

Lanza returned from India inspired with the idea of the Ark and proceeded to write his most famous book, "Pilgrimage to the Sources." The book became so popular in France that Lanza soon found himself a famous man and surrounded by many hero worshippers. Two or three of the followers were serious enough to begin the first Ark community with Lanza about 10 years ago near Nice. Apparently they were not serious enough for the community did not last long and Lanza found himself wandering back to India, this time to walk for a few months with Vinoba Bhave, India's spiritual and revolutionary leader since the death of Gandhi. Out of this second trip to India came Lanza's book, "Vinoba, or The New Pilgrimage." Returning to France Lanza gathered together a few of the faithful and began the community which now flourishing at Bollene along with its sister community near Bordeaux.

Many Visitors

Almost everyday visitors come to the community at Bollene. Some of these have come for their first time to be novices for two weeks. If you write in advance your intention to be a novice you may stay longer than the three days allotted for regular visitors. Most novices have been attracted by Lanza's book "Pilgrimage to the Sources." Some have just read the book while others have read it 10 years ago and just now feel ready to think seriously about a life "out of this world." One young man I met, an oil engineer, was handed the book on an oasis in Africa. Most of these novices know nothing about the pacifist movement other than what they have read in Lanza's book.

The philosophy of the Ark may teach that friendly greetings each day and easy conversation are not becoming to the spirit of a religious order. They seem to be very intent on what they are doing and unless you speak to them they don't notice you. Perhaps they see so many visitors that they are tired of speaking. Perhaps they felt it was useless to try to speak to me because I don't speak their language. I sometimes think that Europeans generally are less inclined to be friendly to the stranger than Americans are. Maybe the devil of nationalism makes them suspicious of strangers. Perhaps they see so many foreigners that the novelty has worn off whereas in America a foreigner is still a novel-

(Continued on page 8)

Letter from Karl Meyer

(Continued from page 1)

of law, but by this defendant's continued actions he appears to be in total disregard of these admonitions so that he has conducted himself in such a manner which indicates to the U. S. Attorney that his mental competency may be doubtful.

"Wherefore, the U. S. Attorney respectfully suggests that there is reasonable ground that the defendant may not be mentally competent to answer to the charge against him and moves the Court to cause said defendant to be examined as to his mental condition by at least one qualified psychiatrist, who shall report his findings to this Court and the U. S. Attorney."

In Paragraphs 2 and 3, the U. S. Attorney neglected to mention that he had discussed the case of Rose Robinson and the nonviolent rationale of my actions with me at length on three occasions since January 26th, that I had written him a letter explaining my proposed action, that I had discussed the reasons for my action at some length with the Court House guards, C. S. Bentley Pike and Judge La Buy, and that on two previous occasions I had consulted about my rights and defense with an attorney whom he had directed to me.

At the hearing at which this motion was made, I was not offered an opportunity to have counsel and the motion was not read or shown to me but was only referred to by its heading. I spoke up and protested against any motion to determine my mental competency, pointing out that I had given reasonable grounds for my actions and that such proceeding was a danger to the rights of dissent. Nevertheless, Judge La Buy entered the following order:

"It is ordered that Dr. Carl Miller . . . be and is hereby appointed to conduct a psychiatric examination of the defendant, Karl Meyer, to determine the said defendant's mental ability to comprehend intelligently the nature of the proceedings against him and rationally to advise with counsel as to his defense, and further to determine whether in his opinion the defendant is suffering from any mental disease or disorder whatsoever and the duration and effects thereof, if known."

This order was not read or shown to me until I wrote and asked for a copy of it. In fact the Marshal dragged me away while it was being entered.

Subsequently I advised with three attorneys who offered to represent me and to take legal action in my behalf. I did not, however, accept the assistance offered. The only defense I made was to Judge La Buy expressing my hope that the next hearing would be more careful and thorough than this last and stating that because of the circumstances under which it was ordered I could not consent to the psychiatric examination. I believed that this letter would be sufficient to win a fair hearing from the Judge the next time I came before him.

When I was taken to see the psychiatrist, I explained that I could not consent to his examination. I explained that the grounds for entering the order were inadequate and the circumstances of the hearing were an affront to established civil rights. I pointed out that the final clause of the order, which required him to "determine whether in his opinion the defendant is suffering from any mental disease or disorder whatsoever and the duration and effects thereof, if known" authorized a "fishing expedition" which would seek to uncover ex post facto justification for the order itself. I stated my belief that such a "fishing expedition" had a very doubtful legal basis and might be used without discrimination as a weapon against any kind of radical dissent. And finally I said I hoped he might report at least that it was

obvious that I was competent to understand the nature of the proceedings against me. He took an unsympathetic attitude; he said I could not be judge of what constituted a mental examination; he insisted on trying to question me.

The first line of questioning he attempted concerned how my parents got along with each other; when I would not go into this he tried to question me about my prison record and then my educational background. When I would not answer he gave up and I was taken back to jail.

While I was waiting for the psychiatric examination, there were a number of protests to Judge La Buy, among them resolutions from the National Council of the FOR and the Peace Steering Committee of Chicago AFSC.

On Monday, May 16, after 29 days in jail, I was brought to Court for another hearing. Miss Coonrod, an attorney frequently appointed for the defense of those unable to get counsel and one of the attorneys who had written to me offering to represent me, came to me and told me that Judge La Buy had asked her to advise me and stand up with me for my defense. She said that she had not seen the psychiatrist's report, and she said that the U. S. Attorney, Mr. Silets, wanted the Judge to send me to Springfield, Missouri, Medical Center for Federal Prisoners for a period of psychiatric observation because I had frustrated the Court order by refusing to consent to Dr. Miller's examination, but that the Judge had decided that there was no good reason for committing me, and that he was ready to arraign me and try me that day. Meanwhile a number of friends and acquaintances including Walter Gormly, were coming into the Court room, and the Judge was disposing of other cases. Shortly before my case was called Francis Heisler strode into Court, directly to the front of the room near the bar. There he turned around and for a moment surveyed the whole Courtroom with a piercing gaze. Then he turned to the bar again, sat down in the front seat and nodded to me as though he would say, "I am here; let all enemies of civil liberties take care."

When my case was called, not a word was said about my competency, everything was procedurally correct, I was arraigned, I pleaded guilty, and the Judge sentenced me to 20 days, but only after ascertaining that I might repeat the offense if he released me with no sentence.

So the competency move was dropped as quietly as it had been lightly taken up 29 days before. We can guess that it turned out this way because of my own comparative sanity, because there were no great pressure groups out to get me, and because some big guns of the peace movement came to my aid, for which I am grateful. While I was waiting in the Federal tier of Cook County Jail, two less fortunate defendants took the trail to Springfield.

Now that we are free with summer approaching, our first project will be finding land in the country near Chicago for a communitarian experiment in the green revolution. We would like to establish a small anarchist colony in the countryside, with a form of organization similar to what we read of the Carthusians. More of this next month.

In Christ,
Karl

P.S. The current issue of Peace-maker may carry a new series of easy essays on the Peace Movement & the Huckster Press. We can reprint them if you like them.

May 23, 1960—Addenda

Today I was brought to Court on the Motion of Miss Coonrod for a reduction of sentence. She argued that since Rose Robinson's

AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS

The Libertarian Press, St. Francis Acres, a worker's Community at Glen Gardner, N.J., has suffered the loss of a building by fire, a winterized cabin which housed one of the single men living in the community. It is now necessary for him to squeeze in with one of the other families in the community until other living quarters can be built for him.

One of the biggest problems the community has is the building of suitable houses for its members. Another single man lives in a nearby town and commutes to work. Another family has been waiting a long time to join, but has been held up by the lack of housing. The community has already borrowed beyond its capacity to make regular payments in the near future.

Needless to say the loss of any building by the community is counted as a tragedy. They therefore appeal to the readers of the Worker for funds to replace the cabin.

St. Francis Acres
Libertarian Press
Box A
Glen Gardner, N. J.



SENECA INDIANS THREATENED

Joint Resolution No. H. J. 703, introduced by Representative James A. Haley of Florida, Chairman of the Indian Affairs Subcommittee of the House Committee on Internal and Insular Affairs, to determine if the construction of the Kinross Dam near Salamanca, N.Y. is a violation of the Seneca Treaty, is necessary. Senator James A. Murray of Montana is the Chairman of the Senate Committee. Readers interested in justice to the Seneca Indians should write in favor of this bill.

release there was no longer any reason to hold me. Judge La Buy asked me whether her release was the only reason why I was through with distributing leaflets in the Federal Building. I said, yes. Then he asked whether I would have gone on passing leaflets if she had not been released, and I said, yes, again. Then he rephrased the question for a third time, and again I said, yes. "Miss Coonrod," he said, "this defendant shows no evidence of having repented. I don't think he deserves a reduction of sentence." But he released me anyway.

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 and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

Civil Disobedience In France

(Continued from page 1)

ary professor from the College de France, five Sorbonne professors, six priests, some veterans of the Nazi concentration camps and a few old ladies allow themselves to be dragged away by the heels and tossed into a paddy-wagon, what will keep the local priest from preaching against torture or the teacher from talking about the rights of man? And with them thousands of Frenchmen who procrastinate without doing anything will dare at last, perhaps, to lie down in front of and thus block the machine.

Non-violence is not only a new (actually a very old) technique of protest. It's a joining-up, a stubbornness. "We'll carry on to the end"—that's what it means—"and we'll get the upper hand because we are stronger than those who oppose us." If tomorrow in Paris 10,000 people take up where a thousand have started, if, all over France, protesters marched on the places of torture, threw rings of pickets round the places of arbitrary detention, marked the direct and indirect torturers themselves with a manifestation that could vary according to methods that a little imagination can multiply to infinity, then the French people would begin to awake from its torpor. We might as well try it because the political parties and the unions haven't been able to do anything, and because the meetings and the petitions seem to be chugging around a closed circuit. We must, of course, be less ready to accuse others of inertia than ourselves of weakness.

The Unexplored Way

Non-violence was the instrument that liberated India. Negroes in South Africa and the United States are using it now in an attempt to push back the racism. Face to face with the refined methods of modern violence poor ways can be the most disconcerting, the most impressive, the most successful. Can they be adapted to the French situation? Not entirely. Non-violence is the best weapon of slaves and we really need a weapon to deal with accomplices for it's not the French people who are being crushed by a war waged in their name.

That is why I fear that non-violence cannot yet shake the masses in this country. But, even limited to a small minority of protesters, non-violence could give the signal to awake: unions and parties could follow as they see fit—after all, the strike is the first form of non-violence. The solution to this war is a political act which must be achieved through political channels. But today, in the horrible silence of our public life, non-violence and civil disobedience seem to be the only ways open to those who refuse to continue to be silent. When those who should speak are silent, our duty is to overwhelm them with the silent protest of thousands of men ready to sacrifice something in order to stop this dishonor.

It is not true that all we can do now is to take the plunge into clandestine insurrection. We have not yet explored the way of non-violent protest, of public disobedience of each and every illegal act of the powers that be.

(Translated by
Arthur Gillette)

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L'Express of Paris

"I always think that the best way to know God is to love many things. Love a friend, a wife, something, whatever you like, but one must love with a lofty and serious intimate sympathy, with strength, with intelligence, and one must always try to know deeper, better, and more. That leads to God: that leads to unwavering faith."

VINCENT VAN GOGH

The Black Jets

(Continued from page 1)

five Japanese spectators, who had declined to testify before the Special Diet Committee holding hearings on the Japan-U. S. Security Treaty. These five, plus about 30 other members of a Japanese Glider Club, were present when the American U2 plane made its emergency landing on the Fujisawa air strip. They told the Kyodo reporters that the pilot wore a plain suit without identification markings of any sort. That he emerged limping from the plane and in response to an enquiry from them he said he was all right.

A minute later a helicopter came in, then 14 minutes later a U. S. L20 Beaver plane and a U. S. Navy helicopter arrived on the scene, carrying about 20 Americans attired in various fashion: some in military uniforms, some in civilian clothes, and some informally in aloha shirts. But all carried pistols.

These Americans then chased away some 100 Japanese who had gathered about the plane. They also forbid the Fujisawa police force from going near the grounded U2.

Through an interpreter the Japanese present were now asked to become "witnesses," and then they were called individually into a room. Inside they were interrogated by the Americans, who seemed especially interested in the actions of the U2 pilot upon emerging from the plane and his contacts with the Japanese present.

Masahiko Akabane, 24, and four others were then ordered to write down their names and addresses. Two or three others who had taken pictures of the U2 were made to surrender their cameras.

A survey of people residing near or working at Yokota and Atsugi Air Bases confirm reports that these black jets do not bear identification markings of any sort.

The upshot of it all was that the Socialist Party officially demanded the immediate withdrawal of the U.S. U2 type planes from Japan, and the holding of a general election now to ascertain the feelings of the Japanese people today on the question of ratification of the Security Treaty; which was pushed through the Diet at a special midnight session after the police had come into the Diet itself and badly removed the Opposition members. The Socialist Party calls this entire plenary session, and its ratification of the Treaty, invalid. Mass demonstrations have occurred throughout the country against the Kishi Government and its ratification of the Treaty. One days demonstrations were estimated to have involved two million people. Against this background the Eisenhower visit must be judged. It could well be the spark needed to set off the powder keg.

PAX BULLETIN

Sponsors of PAX include DONALD ATTWATER, MICHAEL DE LA BEYOERE, PAMELA FRANKAU, BEN REDE GRIFFITHS, O.S.B., CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, COMPTON MACKENZIE, ARCHBISHOP ROBERTS, S.J., Very Rev. HENRY ST. JOHN, OP.

Current Issue:

THE DEBATE ON FUTURE WAR

—Fr. Franziskus Strahmann, O.P.

THE HYDROGEN BOMB

—Canon John McCarthy, D.D., D.C.I.

ALTERNATIVE TO WAR

—Fr. Basil Wighton, M.A.

ALDERMASTON AFTERMATH

—Seamus P. Murphy

NOTES AND NEWS, ETC.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

practicing what she so admires. One thinks of the psalms, "Draw me, and I will run to the odor of thine ointments! Enlarge thou my heart, that thou mayest enter in." It will have to be the Lord's doing, not mine.

Whitby School

But of course we can do and begin to do, and study to do. We have free will. Up at Whitby school, the only Montessori school in the country, at Greenwich, Connecticut, they are making a start in teaching children the great natural virtues, of silence, concentration, love of work, perseverance, dignity, and so on—that will make a good foundation for the work of grace. Nancy Rambusch has written several articles for *Jubilee* and perhaps you can get reprints by writing to RP *Jubilee*, 377 Park Avenue South, New York 18. Anyway you ought to subscribe to this most stimulating magazine. I heard Nancy Rambusch talk to a group of teachers, and she speaks so well and is so inspiring that one wonders she is allowed to stay home to work. Gertrude Mueller is one of the teachers there and we had a very good visit. We have known her family for many years.

Other News

Fr. Joseph Becker, S.J. visited the Peter Maurin Farm for a week end. Irene Mary Naughton, one of our former editors who is now working with the lay apostolate in Yucatan, was here on a visit and we went to Mass one morning together and had a long breakfast talk afterward. Now she is gone again for a few years. Twice I spoke this month, at the New School for Social Research, and at the Catholic Worker Friday night meeting. Also I had a brief retreat over one week-end, at the convent of Mary Reparatrix on 28th street. Gail Malley, working in Egypt as Irene is in Yucatan, spoke on a Friday night, a magnificent talk.

The Summer Ahead

Beth Rogers is leaving for a short vacation at her home in Atlanta, Georgia and Judith Gregory and Ralph Madsen will take her place at the Peter Maurin Farm temporarily. There is a good staff at Spring street, with Ammon and Charles Butterworth and Bob Steed and Deane Mowrer. As for me I am writing a new foreword for a new edition of Peter Maurin's *Green Revolution*, a collection of his easy essays to be published by the Academy Guild Press in September; articles for *Dissent* and *Jubilee*; proof to be revised on my *Theresa* book which is being published by Fides Press in the Fall; and the new book, *The Last Eleven Years* which Harper will print, to follow up *The Long Loneliness*. The beach house is a good place to work even though there is much company there and more to come during the summer. But Marge Hughes has a genius for hospitality and is always ready with the coffee pot and spaghetti, baked beans, fried rice, boiled potatoes and all the other delicious starchy fillers that take care of the unexpected guest. (They should all bring fruit, never candy.)

West Coast Continued

Next winter when I return to the west coast, I shall arrange my trip in another way. For one thing, I will not accept so many speaking engagements and so become too tired to write. One or two a week will be enough. This three a day business, besides lunch and dinner and so on, takes it out of one. What I hope to do is rent a little hut in Starvation Flats, near Kay Brickley, on the outskirts of Tracy. She is the wife of a railroad man, mother of a family of boys and her little house is right next to Christo Rey center which is like the Guadalupe Center, with Holy Spirit Center, etc., with Chapel, Recreation Hall, kitchen, basketball, stations of the Cross, and a center for fiestas.

Fr. Duggan whom we first met when he was at St. Mary's as a newly ordained priest, near our Maurin House of Hospitality in Oakland, (now no more) has been working with the poor Mexicans for the last eight years. He met me at Kay's and drove me around the section, pointing to a group of huts as his "cooperative housing" and a toolshed, barn, pig-pen and tiny garden as his "farming commune."

We visited homes where little girls were busily engaged in making the supper of tortillas, in this case made not of cornmeal but of white flour, and beans. It is their staple diet. The mothers and fathers were out in the asparagus fields and the packing sheds these days and often work begins for them at four in the morning.

A.W.O.C.

But there are many unemployed. With the importation of "the bracero," the local farm laborers are not hired.

For the last year the CIO-AFL has started organizing farm labor in the area and we visited their headquarters in the Labor Temple, in Stockton.

Fr. McCullough and I visited Norman Smith and had lunch with him next day. He is an old auto-worker organizer and has been on the job for the past year. Henry Anderson, their research worker, was in Washington, but Norman Smith gave me a series of reports compiled by Anderson, which are comprehensive, brilliantly written and cover the situation better than any writing I have seen on the problems of farm labor on the west coast. Anyone who wishes to go into this study more thoroughly should write for the research papers which the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee are putting out.

Labor Pools

The growers have encouraged the immigration of Japanese, Hindus, Filipinos, Arabs, American dust bowl refugees, Mexican wetbacks and Mexican contract workers. "In each case the imported group has been poverty stricken, disadvantaged, inarticulate, and undefended," one report reads.

"In their cropping practices, California growers have never had to be concerned with normal problems of labor supply and utilization. They have chosen to plant those crops which tended to yield maximum profit, which have been,

for the most part, those requiring a large amount of hand labor."

Mr. Anderson has compiled a great amount of data as to the kind of crops, the peaks and troughs of employment in the various counties, and has reached conclusions with a vision which is rare in such studies.

If agriculture were for the common good, and for the service of men and to supply their needs for work as well as for food, there could be worked out more diversified farming practices so that there could be work for all the year around.

"No Wanderlust"

"The AWOC rejects categorically the rationalizations of growers who claim Mexican-Americans have wanderlust in their souls, and the like. A survey recently conducted among migrants by the Oregon Bureau of Labor revealed that the overwhelming majority were migrants because they could not survive any other way.

"The human costs of such an enforced state of impermanence are beyond calculation, and among other costs must be reckoned the damage this condition works upon the collective conscience of our civilization."

"By and large, the abilities latent in this sizable population group are forever lost to the society at large. . . . Everyone who has examined conditions as they actually are, agrees that the hardest working migrants are burdened by extended periods in which they are travelling, looking for work, or unable to work due to inclement weather, sickness, or some other reason."

Anderson goes on to point out that although migrants have received a great amount of attention from popular writers and religious groups, they still make up only a small portion of people who work on the land. On the average the largest number of migrants employed at the peak of the harvest in one year was 16.7% of the total labor force. Local workers accounted for 21%. The bulk of the farm labor is performed by braceros, imported Mexican workers.

Mr. Anderson makes a detailed analysis in this paper, "Human Resources and California Agriculture," to point out that "California has nearly enough residents to fill her season farm labor needs, if seasonal demand curves are smoothed out by staggered plant-

ings, crop diversification and the like.

"In the absence of such developments, the reservoir of potential resident workers is unemployed much of the time. Or more accurately, under-employed. The peculiar labor practices of agriculture permit available work to be 'spread around' almost without limit. It makes little difference to the farmer with 25 acres of apricots whether ten men or 50 men pick his fruit. Under the piece rate system his labor costs are exactly the same in both cases. In fact, there at work within the farm labor market powerful influences toward the employment of more workers than are objectively needed. Most farmers turn over their harvesting operations to labor contractors. The temptation is very great for these contractors to use labor inefficiently. They customarily receive from the grower a fixed profit per box or crate, and in addition, they are permitted whatever they are able to pry from the workers for services rendered. The more workers in their crew, the more they are able to realize from the sale of sandwiches, cold drinks, cigarettes and so forth."

Contractors who operate out of Oakland charge their workers \$1.50 a day for transportation, 25¢ for the use of a sack, and a dollar a day for lunch. Soft drinks are 15¢ and charges for other incidentals are proportional. The minimum cost to the worker for the contractors services is \$2.75 a day."

According to government figures, the average cotton picker earns about fifty cents an hour and cannot pick more than 250 lbs. of cotton a day. They leave as early as 2:30 a.m. and return as late as 9:30 p.m.

Measure of Hope

The fact that such research is being done; that organizing has gotten under way for the first time by the CIO-AFL, and lastly the presence of a grower such as Frederick S. Van Dyke of the Van Dyke Ranch Stockton, California, who has gone over, one might say, to the cause of the poor and the worker—these are the things that give one hope. Not to speak of the presence of such priests as Fr. McDonnell, Fr. McCullough, Fr. Duggan and Fr. Garcia who are working with farm labor in this section of California.

When one remembers Gandhi and his association with industrialists, and his overcoming class hatreds; and of Vinoba Bhave and his land-gift movement, one has reason to hope that with prayer and work, changes will eventually come about in the savage picture which has not changed in California, nor any where else in the country since Steinbeck wrote *Grapes of Wrath* and *Of Mice and Men*.

Van Dyke

Frederick Van Dyke is a fifth generation farmer in the San Joaquin County, and at a conference in Chicago last October he read a paper about the Agricultural Employer's responsibility for the Stabilization of Farm Labor. He owns about nine hundred acres of fruitful land and grows grapes, tomatoes, asparagus, cucumbers, sugar beets, plums, walnuts, cherries and most of the other crops common to his section of California. For many years, he said, his thinking about farm labor problems was no different from that of his friends and neighbors. "Then," he wrote,

"Last year between the months of June and November, something happened. I became involved in political activity in the county and in the course of this activity I went from door to door in many neighborhoods where farm workers and former farm workers were concentrated. I talked, hour after hour, day after day, with these people, Anglos, Negroes, Mexican-Americans, Filipino-Americans and others.

"I talked with literally thousands of persons who were engaged in farm labor at the present time. I learned a number of things which as an agricultural employer I should have known all along. I found hundreds of families living in shacks in the midst of the richest farming area in the world. We have a type of soil in the San Joaquin County called peat dirt—it is so rich in organic matter that the soil itself is combustible. Our delta country is posted with signs warning people about this fire hazard. . . .

"I found I could not shrug off the poverty of these people as something of their own making. They were not loafers; they were not alcoholics; they were not dull-witted. Most of them were responsible, hard-working folks, trying to make a living in a trade which they happened to have particular skill; agricultural work."

What surprised Mr. Van Dyke was the lack of bitterness, the absence of hatred. "These people were not whiners and moaners," he pointed out. They gave him a welcome that he knew he did not deserve. He began to examine his conscience as to his responsibility and since then he has been working with the organizing committee. He is also a friend of the priests who are working with the bracero and Mexican local labor. He himself is a Presbyterian.

One-man Revolution

This in itself, this awakening of conscience, together with the presence of such men as Anderson and the priests and lay workers who are helping them, gives me for the first time a sense of hope in relation to the farm labor and migrant problem. Just as I have had faith in the fundamental importance of "the one-man revolution," and personalism, as a prelude and an absolute prerequisite to communitarianism, so I have faith in the feasibility of peaceful change, non-violent resistance and "rebuilding society within the shell of the old."

There is no use trying to complete the account of my travels in this issue, but we trust that with the next issue, I shall have covered the entire trip. It is hard not to go into details about these matters that interest me so much, and even, then I cannot feel that I have covered anything adequately.

But even to give a picture, to give a suggestion of the great work there is to be done in the world and to tell in some small way of the people who are working, not from self-interest, but from a desire for the common good, this is about all one can do in such limited space.

Letter of Love

On August 6, 1945, Major Claude Eatherly commanded an American plane which dropped the world's first atomic bomb—on Hiroshima—killing more than 100,000 men, women, and children. Major Eatherly is today a patient in an American mental institution—the victim of a corroding sense of guilt and the fear that the Japanese are "after him" seeking revenge.

On August 6 last year, 14 years afterwards, a group of Japanese citizens wrote a letter to Major Eatherly which might do more than psychiatric treatment to restore him to mental health. Said the Japanese in their letter:

"We wish you to know that we regard you as a victim of war in much the same way as those who were injured in the war, and are praying for your complete recovery and that the day shall come when you will join the forces of good will, forgiving any wrong for establishing a peaceful world, a world of reconciliation and love. May God bless you, hasten your recovery, and help you so that you may decide to devote your life to the cause of peace."

The Progressive



Mary Whalen

Crusade To Brotherhood Cooperative

(Continued from page 5)

ty in most communities. Anyhow, the five school children here made no attempt to speak or play with my children and I thought it strange that the community accepted this. I think the Ark passed up a big opportunity to teach brotherhood to their children and mine but they may be more interested in teaching "peace of soul" like so many communities are.

I have the impression that the Ark worships austerity. Perhaps it is their dark gruesome mansion of high ceilings that impresses me so. But I still think that they try to avoid color, comfort, beauty and joy. Carmen informed me that whistling is forbidden at the Ark because it is very distracting. It was not distracting to me for I was not even conscious that I had been whistling. The humming of extracted tunes from songs is also forbidden as well as singing of popular songs. If one sings he must sing the whole song from beginning to end, which seems rather severe on people like me with bad memories.

Sicknesses

We had not stayed our allotted time of one week at the Ark when our smallest child, Estrella, age three, came down with what we thought was tonsillitis. Pierre, the doctor, prescribed an oral antibiotic and in three days she was recovering, while Elena, my wife, was in misery with the same thing. Elena was beginning to recover when Jose began to swell on one side of his throat. Just as he felt like getting up and living again, his other side became infected, reminding me of the mumps my children had contacted while at Friendship House in Germany. By this time, due to illness, we had overstayed our permitted time by a week and the Ark was anxious that we leave and we were anxious to leave. The Ark doesn't like unconvinced visitors sticking around because it is disturbing to those first novices who have come away from the world to seek reality in quiet at the Ark. I was frustrated because I don't know how to accept charity. I was embarrassed to eat their food because family and correspondence duties did not permit me to work a full 8 hour day at the Ark. This exerted a pressure upon me which was almost unbearable and it makes me wonder if I will ever be able to adjust to community life. My family was sick and I had to take care of them including running to town to buy medicine. I also had to write letters to find a place for my family to go to for the Ark was not worrying about it. We wished we had a place of our own to rent so we could feel free from the awful pressure but we couldn't move with sick children.

Nevertheless I spoke with some companions about my desire to live in a community while organizing a walking crusade of World Citizens for Peace and Freedom. They said we could stay for awhile with them if I devoted full time to the Ark and gave up my program just as two previous communities had told me. I asked if we could stay if I paid room and board because I would rather have my rent money going to them than to some capitalist but that also brought a negative answer. You must have the vocation of the Ark if you want to stay, I was told. I tried to explain to Chantrell, wife of Lanza, that my philosophy of poverty and simplicity was almost identical with that of the Ark. I thought of renting a house in Bollene in order to live close to people of my own mind but Chantrell said the closeness of the Ark would encourage me to go out on peace projects and the Ark doesn't think that married men should go out on projects. I reminded her that Lanza, her husband, and Pyronnet, father of four children, were away from the community on a two months project, but she said that this was different.

Other Guests

All kinds of people from all nations come to the Ark. At one of the meals a letter was read from a disciple of Vinoba Bhave and the disciple said he was travelling in Europe and would like to spend a few days at the Ark. Last spring, Jayaprakash Narayan, who gave up the leadership of India's Socialist Party to work with the Land Gift Movement of Vinoba Bhave, visited the Ark. The stranger I met at the Ark one day was not so distinguished. He is a 21-year-old German who is travelling in Europe by foot with little or no money. He came walking into the Ark with a goat and a dog. Before this he was walking with three goats but misfortune forced him to let go of two goats. He says he can go for days without money by living off wild foods along the road and the milk of his goat. He has a book on wild plants to identify edible wild foods. His future plan is to buy a donkey in order to carry a tent and do more camping. He wants to demonstrate, as did Henry David Thoreau in the last century, a natural and better way of living than modern processed and artificial living.

Rheinhold, the name of this nature boy, had spent his permitted three days at the Ark and was ready to start walking to the Riviera to spend the winter in that warmer climate. The Riviera is protected by the Alps and doesn't get the high, cold "Mistral" wind of the Rhone Valley. I told Rheinhold that we were also heading that way as soon as my boy was well enough to travel and that we could give him a lift but without the dog and the goat. The idea sounded good to him so he got permission to hang around the Ark a couple more days waiting on us to leave. There was the job of finding a home for dog and goat and we went around to some farms trying to sell them.

On Friday, November 20, we decided that Jose was well enough to travel. Elena asked me if I was going to shave off the beard I had grown while at the Ark to be in style. I replied that I would leave it on awhile as I hate shaving. Rheinhold was leaving his goat at the Ark but the dog we were taking with us.

I tried to make a donation to the Ark for our long stay but they would not accept it, saying that we need it where we were going and how well they knew. We had traveled from the North Sea down through Europe in search of a home with my brothers in non-violence but if my brothers would not accept us then we would go to the warmer Mediterranean Sea and make a home with God.

Next Stop

On Sunday, Nov. 22, we came to Roquebrunne-Cap-Martin, which lies half way between Monaco and Italy on the French Riviera. At the Ark I had been given an address of a pacifist family here at Roquebrunne, Paul and Janine Andre. Paul, we learned, is a noncombatant in the French Army at Marseilles. He had a famous trial in 1959 at Marseilles for he is the first conscientious-objector in French history to be given a non-combatant rating through court procedure. Many French pacifists think this concession by the government is a sign that C.O.s. will soon be legally recognized in France. The court which was a military one warned Paul while making the sentence that if he did not behave he could expect severe punishment. We were lucky to see Paul because he only gets home every other week end. He found us the apartment we are now occupying, only a block from the school in which they live and Janine is a teacher. Maria, my daughter, attends this school.

I guess I will give up on looking for a community on the continent that will accept us. Looks like we will have to make our own com-

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being small units, give every member an opportunity to keep up to date on cooperation as a way of life. Also, this helps keep active the ideal to put cooperation into practice in one's own community. Next to the individual, the **small group** is the most vital means right at hand whereby cooperatives can arouse and maintain a dynamic zest for cooperative action." (p. 17). When ordering this book it is advisable to ask for the book list on co-op subjects. Films can be rented.

One of the most exciting publications of the last two years is the **Review of the International Catholic Cooperative Centre** (30 rue des Champs, Ciney, Belgium—a quarterly in English, French or German, \$2 a year). This is from an article by Nora Herlihy of Ireland in the March, 1960 issue: "It seems logical that if organized workers are to protect the higher wages they get by collective bargaining techniques, they must organize at the point of consumption as well as at the point of production; or else all their gain may be lost in their ignorance of or unwillingness to participate in consumer cooperation. Lower prices achieved by any other method except the consumer co-op method will not solve the economic and social problem of our time, the class problem created by the mercantile economy." (p. 160).

However, many of the members of co-ops are enjoying the benefits of this system so sincerely dedicated to their cause without really understanding its economic and social philosophy. However much I like to see small informal group discussions I plead for a bit of old fashioned discipline and ask that reading be cultivated as a first serious introduction.

Our own study on how to help the poor obtain control of their present housing started a year ago at Friendship House and now meets regularly twice a month. I suspect it is the longest continuous educational session on Rochdale cooperation in New York. We very much hope to have four or seven members who would volunteer to be teachers, and offer to help any group as counsel. We have created a meeting place where in a short time a member can weigh his idea or plan with wiser and also critical friends. In time we shall hire ourselves out to those who need us and work with all our might to give a group the ability to work on its own.

Finally, for those who would like to see how seriously co-op education is taken as a means of enabling groups to develop their own capacity, I should like to suggest writing the Extension Dept. of St. Francis Xavier Univ. in Antigonish, N. S., Canada. A dollar can bring a packet of co-op pamphlets. The dignity of man is emphasized continually in the co-op movement in Nova Scotia. My own encouragement is that so much has been done there by a few persistent people, for I fear large organizations that have a tendency to get mixed up with their own arms and legs.

munity if we are going to live in one. Perhaps it is impossible for a community to be tolerant of me and endure. There is a community in England that has invited us to stay with them for two months and that is the newly formed Garthnewydd Community at Merthyr Tydfil, England. They have a very liberal and progressive constitution and if they were on the continent I would accept their offer but if World Citizens for Peace and Freedom is going to be an international movement it must stay on the continent in the middle of the nations where we can learn some of these many languages.

I still dream of the wonderful ideals of the Ark, their love of poverty and simplicity and their desire for economic independence. If I were to join them I would have to obey their commands without a voice for two years until as a companion I could have a voice. But by that time I'm afraid that I'll be so brainwashed that I would not know what a voice was for anymore. If newcomers at a community can't be given a vote I think they should at least be allowed to attend all meetings and to feel free to express opinions in such meetings. Otherwise one forgets to be a personality and instead of obeying his conscience and God he begins to obey the chiefs. But as usual I am talking again without any experience. I hope it shall not be too long before I can have some longer experiences in community.

"When poverty is linked with a life without sky or hope — such as I saw as a young man in the terrible slums of our cities — then the ultimate and most revolting injustice is consummated: everything must be done so that man may escape the double humiliation of destitution and ugliness. Even though born a poor man in a poor quarter of the city, I did not know what true tragedy was until I saw our cold slums in factory towns. Not even the most abject Arab destitution can match it, beneath such a different sky. When you have experienced these industrialized neighborhoods, you feel soiled once and for all, and, I believe, responsible for their existence."

ALBERT-CAMUS

Picketing Sing Sing

(Continued from page 3)

mense. In terrible unison a despairing shriek, a night-owl doubtless, pierced the opaque silence.

Official Murder

A great dance of death began to whirl in one's mind, to bob and to fall. The young and the old, the innocent and the guilty, since Abel, joined hands. One thought of Algeria and of Nuremberg, of the Rosenbergs. Of the terrible music in the Dialogue of Carmelites, the whacking sound of every head falling off. And the night owl screeched again to the dreadful understatement of the radio car announcing: "O.K." "Let's go." The guards it must be said left us alone and were silent.

And then as the concrete bit more sharply into our knees, the twelve cars flashed out again, some very slowly, reading our signs maybe. And there was nothing left but to go home.

A friend who had followed all this in her heart, being unable to come said to me two days later: "Your prayers were heard perhaps. These poor men chose to see the Catholic chaplain and kissed his hand just before death. And their death lasted but a few minutes."

Sometimes the Lord does give an answer to our terrible bewilderment. And thus from the third chair came a faint whisper: "Tonight you will be with me. . . ." A voice heard by the separated brethren, reunited in love, the one protesting outside, the other healing inside. The French film "We Are All Murderers," gave a picture of two priests arguing on the role of the Church: "Brother, we cannot countenance capital punishment" "But Brother, if they ask for the sacraments we must be there." Over the butchery flapped the bright wings of Charity itself.

"People are generally unaware that governments often deliberately violate their own laws. In case of emergency there is no time for undertaking fresh legislation. Governments therefore break the laws and do what they please. Afterwards they either enact new laws or else make the people forget their breach of the law."

GANDHI

On The Road

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task more difficult by using the name anarchist, considering "Catholic anarchist" to be something like a "white blackbird." We went to a meeting of some Quakers and liberals mostly on the level of the UN and World Government. I met the Secretary General of the Congress Party in India and his wife and they were glad to know of my civil disobedience. They had to give the Christian point of morality among the Christian politicians gathered. Archbishop Roberts spoke to them about the immorality of dropping nuclear bombs and I told them of Father Casey and other priests who tore up their draft cards. The role of the Archbishop he feels is to present to his fellow clergy the fact that they must revise their ideas on war and not muddle around in old rules that have lost their meaning in this atomic age. I treasure this visit with Archbishop Roberts and his prayers as I pursue my pacifistic way. My contact with these Hindus made me remember the passage from the Twelfth book of the Gita to the effect that "one must not be concerned with the fruits of action." All this organizing for effect is superfluous.

Brother Martin

I had met Brother Martin, a convert who is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, when he had just opened up his House of Charity a year and a half ago. It is still in the midst of transformation from a condemned hotel over the bridge from the Great Northern station to a modern hostel for 60 men. Nearly all of the material has been donated from people of all denominations, even from those of the Missouri Synod of the Lutherans. And the labor is given by the men who are helped. There is a small chapel and often Bishop Topel comes down and serves Mass. Brother Martin does nearly all of the supervision himself. He comes from Alabama and knows Father Casey in Minnesota. He is a veteran and a pacifist but not an anarchist. He drove me to the home of the Carmody's where I met with young Catholic couples to explain the CW ideas. The food is donated and the trucks pick it up daily something like the St. Vincent de Paul Charity Kitchen in Phoenix run by Mabel Wherries and her husband that I visited recently. That group has also helped Brother Martin. The cook here is an old time I.W.W. organizer. I spoke to the men here. This is the only hostel of its kind in the country and is run efficiently without being commercialized. (As I am writing this a jack-Mormon gave Brother Martin \$1.10, his tithe of earnings for the day, and there was a knock at the door and a man said "here is some Lutheran coffee left over from a party," coffee pot and all.) Brother Martin deserves the help of all who have the wish to help their brothers in need. Send any contributions to Brother Martin Gaines, House of Charity of Spokane, N. 526 Washington St., Spokane 1, Wash. In order to get home in time for the air raid refusal I took the plane Sunday morning and arrived at midnight in N.Y. City.

Growing Revolt In Dominican Republic

Because of the growing opposition of the hierarchy and clergy in the Dominican Republic to the regime of the murderous Trujillo, most infamous of the dictators of our time, the government has asked for the recall of the papal nuncio. Heads of State always try to pacify public opposition by an appeal to religious authority, long misused to keep the people quiet. We are happy to see that they are having difficulty in the Dominican Republic to cloak any longer their malice with deceit.