

# CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXX No. 9

APRIL, 1964

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c



R. O. Hodgell



# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, THOMAS CORNELL, EDGAR FORAND,  
JUDITH GREGORY, WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE  
MOWRER, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ROBERT STEED, ANNE TAILLEFER,  
EDWARD TURNER, MARTIN CORBIN, HELEN C. RILEY

Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY  
175 Chrystie St., New York City-2  
Telephone GR 3-5850

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

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



## Our Spring Appeal

# MYSTERY OF THE POOR

By DOROTHY DAY

On Holy Thursday, truly a joyful day, I was sitting at the supper table at St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street and looking around at all the fellow workers and thinking how hopeless it was for us to try to keep up appearances. The walls are painted a warm yellow, and the ceiling has been done by generous volunteers, and there are some large brightly colored ikon-like paintings on wood and some colorful banners with texts (now fading out) and the great crucifix brought in by some anonymous friend with the request that we hang it in the room where the breadline eats. Some well meaning guest tried to improve on the black iron by gilding it and I always intend to do something about it and restore its former grim glory. Better still would be to have the glorified Christ, robed and crowned and colorful, which we have hanging in the diningroom at Peter Maurin Farm. Nina Polcyn of St. Benet's bookshop in Chicago, long associated with Milwaukee, Chicago and New York houses, promised crucifixes for every room in the new place we will move to in a few months.

I looked around and the general appearance of the place was as usual, homelike, informal, noisy and comfortably warm on a cold evening. A close observer would however, notice that many of our guests had a habit of hiding shoes, a coat, a pair of socks in the most unlikely places, something in reserve to take back to their rooms at night. If they did not forget them. In the cat's box under one cupboard there was a pair of shoes as well as our pet cat, a good ratter.

"Don't touch it," Ed Forand warned, "the shoes are someone's and the cat is guarding them!" He was cheerfully ladling out a most delicious stew, with much gravy over plentiful mashed potatoes. He likes to cook, he says, and takes the job twice a week. Clare Bee, our English volunteer, has it two nights, and Chris two, and Monica one. Another aspect of our work which distinguishes our editors from all other editors. They cook a community meal each night for as many as seventy-five people.

The atmosphere at Chrystie Street is a cheerful one, and Ed Forand has a great deal to do with that. He is unfailingly energetic and happy. When he is sick he has the good common sense to take time off, and his work is varied enough to relieve tension. Early morning after Mass and communion he is at the market collecting vegetables and fruits, all of which are free. Mondays he takes off for rest or recreation. He visits Church during the day to renew his spiritual energy. He makes a monthly day of recollection when we are fortunate enough to get a priest, at Peter Maurin farm. This month we had Father Berrigan and next month we will have Father Janer. Baron von Hugel says that we should live our good lives on three levels, the spiritual, mental and physical to be healthy and equalize the stress.

But enough of Ed. This that I am writing is an appeal and I wanted to start with a most cheerful note. Because when I looked around Good Friday and saw the marks of the Cross on all around me, my heart tightened with compassion. Our old friends who have been with us fifteen or more years, are getting older, and the marks of pain are on their faces, and in their movements. It is a miracle that some have survived the truly fearful operations they have had to have. How can Bill, sick as he has always been, continue with the dishwashing every noon? And one of our waiters who was all but dying a few years ago, has managed to survive and keeps on helping us. There are many of course who cannot work, who have not the physical ability or facility for work. How to start now to give a philosophy of work, which



(Continued on page 8)

# THE RELIGIOUS DOLLAR

By JAMES MILORD

The savage and brutal death of President Kennedy has demonstrated that the climate of violence and hate has reached the summit of blood sacrifice. The President's trip to Dallas was ostensibly a political one. It was also to be part of his speech to slap the wrists of the Texas gold diggers of the right-wing, bomb-brandishing set. He wished to proclaim that their brand of capitalism was not as palatable as they hoped it was. He planned to say:

"... today other voices are heard in the land — voices preaching doctrines which apparently assume that words will suffice without weapons, that vituperation is as good as victory, and that peace is a sign of weakness."

This message was never delivered in the city where the new Fascists spat upon the then Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson, and his wife, cursing him as a "smiling Judas," and where the much vilified Adlai Stevenson was booed and struck by a picket sign.

It has been said that whenever a social revolution is ready to blow the lid, and for some reason or another, does not come off, that the only alternative is in reactionary lunacy. That particular brand of sickness has sprouted from the tree of Reaction into a many-headed, multi-poisonous plant that now poses a peril unlike anything the political scene in the U.S. has ever seen. It threatens to put a bit on basic civil rights, to silence dissenters, to muffle by force any critics of the government, of the Big Business establishment, and of the military. It is a force of retaliation which would regiment the U.S. under a plutocracy-military rule. It employs the ancient technique of invoking flag and religion as a cloak to their own devious designs. Justice Brandeis describes this dodge:

"Despotism, be it financial or political, is vulnerable unless it is believed to rest upon moral sanction. The longing for freedom is ineradicable. It will express itself in protest against servitude and inaction unless the striving for freedom be made to seem immoral. Long ago monarchs invented, as a prerogative for absolutism, the fiction of 'the divine right of Kings'." (Other People's Money).

What are the earmarks of the New Fascists?

Any Fascist movement that has succeeded in its superpatriotic mission has drawn heavily from a constant source of dollar support from the country's big money men. They have tied up invariably with the military lunatics in their condemnation of democracy which they claim is 'mobocracy.' They have not as yet coalesced into one Party, with a messianic savior. But the day is not long coming when some genteel fuhrer will arrive on the scene who will capitalize on the atmosphere necessary to stay a power rule. That atmosphere has been provided for by the evolution of forces: seething racial turmoil, anti-labor sentiment, Hamiltonian republicanism.

Heading up these assorted variations of the same rightist theme, are the John Birch society, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, Moral Rearmament and others of similar aims. Behind these societies is a staggering amount of money, TV sponsorship, publication backing. Legion are the numbers of the top dollar clique, and their sycophantic imitators in the managerial cadre, who are ready to take a fascist plunge with such redeemers as Robert Welch, and Charles Fred Schwartz.

In his astute study, *The Ultras—Aims, Affections and Finances of the Radical Right*, appearing in *The Nation* last year, Fred J. Cook tells us that the Rightists' success in 1964 "... depends not on the bold and unscrupulous moves of

a lone opportunist like (the late Senator) McCarthy; it represents not just the individual, multi-million dollar effort of an H. L. Hunt; on the contrary, it stands as the symbol of the wedding of fanatics with some of the largest corporations and the most powerful business men in the nation. This is its meaning and its significance. The Respectables have turned the Radicals from freaks into a force." The "Respectables" being the industrials like Schick Safety Razor Co., Richfield Oil, Carnation Milk, Papermate Pen, General Electric, Southern California Edison Co. and an exhausting list of businesses that have contributed millions of their religious dollars to the cause.

Speaking in Hartford in 1860, Abraham Lincoln said that "Public opinion is founded to a great extent, on a property basis. What lessens the value of property is opposed; what enhances its value is favored." Later he remarked, "With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor."

The burning question before the House of Industrial Capitalism is



M. Riggs

this: Does your system, based as it is on waste-making, consumptive spree-financed-spending, best use human energies and distribute labor's massive social production when it is held by a fraction of the country's population?

Jonathan Edwards, the American theologian, said "Despotism in economics naturally leads to despotism in politics." Certainly the grisly statement of policy as enunciated by Mr. G. C. Saltarelli, the vice-president of Houdaille Industries, quoted in the Buffalo Evening News, would approximate much of U.S. industrial attitude. He said: "... And so, business in order to make right and sound decisions must, in fact, be authoritarian in character. They are corporate dictatorships or oligarchies and must be so ... Business institutions are not primarily interested in preserving the freedom of individuals. In fact, they cannot tolerate this concept ..."

Is it any wonder then, that the lawyer for the House of Morgan, rather than any member of Congress set the standards for the guidance of the House Committee on Un-American Activities? That committee's disgraceful past is part of one of America's saddest chapters, and has well served as a step up the Fascist ladder. Of all committees, this was the most Un-American in construction ever created, spreading its doctrine of "guilt by association," and inferring that any criticism of the government (and the dollar system) was genuinely Leninist-inspired utterance.

What would the Dallas audiences have said to Lincoln's words:

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is superior to capital ... A few men own capital, and

that few avoid labor themselves, and, with their capital, hire or buy another few to labor for them."

Would he not be accused of being a "traitor," "communist," an advocate of "mob" rule, a "smiling Judas"?

Another outstanding feature is the Hamiltonian ideology behind which the Ultras hide so ignorantly, without subtlety. Regarding peace as weakness, negotiation or co-existence as appeasement, and disarmament as disloyalty Rightists find expression in the Foreign Policy Research Institute, and the Institute for American Strategy, both heavily financed by the Richardson Foundation, which derives its money from Vick Chemical Co. These two organizations indoctrinate military officers with their loot-holding doctrines through seminars at the National War College under the auspices of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The military elite has blossomed under an annual guns budget that exceeds the net income of all U.S. corporations. This permanent war economy, urged by such men as Charles E. Wilson, former president of General Motors, would have a liaison man from every large corporation holding an Armed Forces commission as a colonel. This marriage has already been attained by swollen budgets, and the liaison isn't necessary. Commenting on the need of the military to get into the policy-making act, Senator Barry Goldwater said:

"It is high time now we recognize that our military forces are vital organs of the body politic as well as essential organs of defense. As such, they should be nourished and encouraged, rather than attacked and intimidated." (Look 9/11/62).

Mr. Goldwater seems to have forgotten entirely, in his claim to Americanism, that anti-militarism is an old American tradition. No less than James Madison, the father of the Constitution, said, "The means of defense against foreign danger have always been the instruments of tyranny at home." And Woodrow Wilson declared: "We never have had, and while we retain our present principles and ideals we never shall have, a large standing army ... we shall not turn America into a military camp. We will not ask our young men to spend the best years of their lives making soldiers of themselves. ... And especially when half the world is on fire we shall be careful to make our moral insurance against the spread of the conflagration very definite and certain and adequate indeed." And Senator George W. Norris, who fought the conscription bill, echoed Wilson's sentiment, and said, "I am afraid of building up a society based on compulsory military training in time of peace, for that leads to dictatorship and ultimately to the downfall of such a government as ours."

What would the Ultras have to say to Jefferson's appraisal:

"This corporeal globe, and everything upon it, belongs to its present corporeal inhabitants, during their generation. They alone have a right to direct what is the concern of themselves alone, and to declare the law of that direction, and this declaration can only be made by their majority. ... If this avenue be shut to the call of suffering, it will make itself heard through that of force, and we shall go on, as other nations are doing, in the endless circle of oppression, rebellion, reformation; and oppression, rebellion, reformation, again; and so on forever."

In truth the religious dollar men fear the people now as never before, as the stark indictment of their profit madness—Automation—stares them in the face, making a mockery of their ideology. Robert

(Continued on page 6)



## The Passing of

## MARCOS ANA

"For eighteen years I dreamed of life on the outside, and now I dream of nothing but prison."

When Marcos Ana, aided by an interpreter, held a press conference in London, he tried to explain what it was like to spend twenty-two years in a prison in Franco's Spain.

Marcos Ana was imprisoned at the age of eighteen, immediately after the civil war. His crime? Distributing leaflets. He was released on the occasion of the amnesty which marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Franco regime, though his case had not been foreseen in connection with this amnesty. The real reason for his release was certainly the pressure of international opinion. In prison Marcos Ana began to write poetry which was smuggled out of the prison and published abroad. Soon afterward he began to receive mail from some of the world's most noted literary figures.

The youngest son of poor peasants, Marcos Ana hawked pottery at the age of thirteen. Two years afterward the civil war began and he was thrown into the melee, becoming secretary of the Socialist youth movement. In 1941, after spending two years in prison he was tried and sentenced to death; the sentence was annulled because of his age. In 1943 another military court condemned him to death again, but nine months later his sentence was commuted to thirty years imprisonment.

He received a third sentence a year later when the prison was startled by the circulation of a clandestine publication. After a number of prisoners had been tortured in an effort to extort confessions, Marcos confessed.

The death sentence was again commuted to thirty years imprisonment. His mother died, overcome by the terrible news. (His father had been killed by a bomb during the civil war).

At the beginning of the war Marcos had been semi-illiterate but in prison he studied and from Burgos he wrote to the father of Anne Frank: "Reading the diary of your daughter has had a profound effect on me. I have kept it hidden under my straw mattress during the day; it was as if a living heart shared my cell with me."

Marcos escaped from Spain in order to defend the cause of Spanish political prisoners. He spent two weeks in England where he took his story to Manchester at the invitation of the Trade Union Council. He visited France, Italy, Switzerland and Latin America. When he left the Burgos prison last November there were four hundred and sixty-five political prisoners still there.

After years spent in a prison cell he found it difficult to adapt himself to the ordinary world, for example to the speed of traffic through the streets. He suffered from vertigo and nausea. His nervous system still functioned as it did in prison. "Even today," he confided to Helen Turner, secretary of the Appeal for Amnesty in Spain, "at the hour when the bells at Burgos sound for work, meals, sleep, my ears still hear them and I am with my comrades, marching with them. Up to a certain point, their world is still more real for me than yours."

In 1960 those poor men fought for the amelioration of their condition. They complained about the water that was given them which was contaminated; they succeeded in having water brought to them from the city. They complained of the cold and covered their heads and shoulders with blankets (there was no heat in winter). But for most of them the hardest thing to bear was the way their visitors were treated. Their mothers and wives saved for a whole year in order to pay for the trip to Burgos. They were left some-

times to wait outside all day. There was no shelter to protect them from bad weather. No wonder some of them felt ill while waiting and had to be taken to the hospital.

When the visitors were allowed to see their "prisoner" they were not allowed to stay more than ten or fifteen minutes, separated from him by a system of two iron grilles, reinforced by a lattice-work so that they were able only with great difficulty to see and hear.

The prisoners worried continually about their families. This was their main preoccupation; they suffered more from it than anything else and it was bad news from home that brought on suicide and despair.

When the amnesty campaigns began in other countries and when packages and money started arriving the morale of the prisoners went sky high.

"I want to make you a part of this experience," said Marcos. "In prison there is a tremendous solidarity among the prisoners. The contents of the packages are not equally distributed but according to need. I said goodbye to thousands of my comrades. I left some who died of hunger. I ask nothing for myself but amnesty for all of them."

When he spent three months in the prison infirmary, bandaged from head to foot, unable to move, after being tortured by the police, it was thanks to rations from the other prisoners that Marcos survived.

At the time of his press confer-

ence, he stressed the fact that there is no desire for revenge among Spanish political prisoners.

"They simply hope to live in peace in Spain and believe that the people can do this under democracy. All my poems were written in prison. Not one of them exalts hatred. All of them were conceived in sorrow, with hope, with love of justice and of humanity—and I would have an excuse to hate. I spent all of my youth in prison. Half of my life!"

From "Carrefours de la Paix," translated by Robert Steil.

LET IT STAND THIS YEAR TOO  
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO  
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT  
PERHAPS IT  
MAY BEAR  
FRUIT



## Stanley Vishnewski Solves

## Problems of Unemployment

An unemployed person is a person who has no gainful job, work or employment. However, he is not considered unemployed if he receives cash, money, rent, dividends for whatever activity he may be engaged in at any given moment. A man cutting coupons for his dividends is not considered as unemployed even though he does not work. But a hobo walking the roads counting railroad ties is listed among the unemployed.

To paraphrase Marx it seems that there is a spectre of unemployment stalking the land. Many unemployed sociologists, economists, statisticians, politicians have found employment (thereby reducing unemployment) in making known to us that vast pockets of poverty and misery (caused by unemployment) exist in this country.

Some of these researchers have come up with the novel theory that we in America enjoy the highest level of poverty and unemployment in the world. They state that many a gainfully employed person in some countries would gladly give up his wage job in order to come to the United States where he could enjoy the higher standard of living of our unemployed.

An unemployed person therefore is a person who does not receive cash, money, dividends or financial support in exchange for whatever type of energy, work or activity in which he may be engaged: i.e. day-dreaming, walking, talking, smoking, loafing, etc.

From this it is obvious that money is the criterion by which we judge who among us is employed or who is unemployed. It seems that in our economy lack of money creates an unemployable person while lack of absolute money creates paupers.

The problem today is to find stewards of wealth; that is millionaires, bankers, who will use their cash to provide meaningful work in an effort to sop up the unemployed. (An estimated one and

a half million young people must find jobs every year).

The obvious solution would be for people to "fire the bosses" and to set up mutual self aid centers, cooperatives, farming communes. Within this framework they could pioneer in setting up societies in which there would be no exploitation and no unemployment.

A society which is run for service and not for profit would be a society where all would be gainfully employed. But to "fire the boss" and to employ oneself is so simple and obvious a solution that it is a stumbling block to those who love complicated schemes.

To help find meaningful jobs for the unemployed and the great number of persons that the machines that think will replace in the next decade, I suggest that every state, city, municipality, county in this country immediately hire a group of men and women whose sole duty it would be to sit for eight hours a day thinking up work for people to do.

As an example of some ideas that came up during the course of an independent investigation I came up with the following solution to help reduce the ranks of the unemployed.

Our economy is based on consumption of goods—we are consumers. Karl Marx was wrong. Man is not a producing animal; he is a consuming animal. My first solution is for all of us to abandon the archaic custom of eating three meals a day (I do not consider snacks in this category). We must educate people to eat an additional meal every day.

This additional fourth meal to be eaten in the evening is, to be called The Unemployment Reduction Meal. Imagine the amount of people that would be required to service this fourth meal. Hundreds of thousands of farm lands would be reclaimed. Transportation would boom. There would actually be a

shortage of workers for a long period to come.

The Unemployment Reduction Meal would have to be compulsory at first. But I am sure that public opinion would force all dieting and skinny persons to give a better account of themselves.

In the course of my peregrinations through New York City I was amazed at how many jobs there were just crying for people to fill them.

The ferry ride is a treat—but where are the strolling musicians who used to entertain the passengers? Why not rehire the musicians to play for the public on ferries, terminals and other public places?

A thousand artists employed full time would not be adequate to go about the city painting murals on the many ugly expanses that torture the eyes.

The meal at the restaurant was a doleful affair. No one talking to his neighbor and all engaged in what appeared to be painful ritual of opening and closing the mouth. It reminded me of fish in a bowl. It would be a good idea if every restaurant would hire readers to read to their patrons. A quiet room could be reserved for those who resent any type of reading.

In our schools we have teachers who can no longer teach because they have to fill out papers, dress children and do everything but teach. Why not hire teacher-helpers who will relieve the teachers of these tasks and leave them free to teach?

The same with hospitals. I overheard a nurse complaining of the fact that the hospital would be a good place to work if they didn't have sick people. Why not hire people to take over all the desk work so that the nurses who enter nursing will truly nurse people and not books and charts?

The approaches to our major cities are an eyesore. The fields are strewn with abandoned cars, gar-

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The event of the month on my travels was visiting with Karl and Jean Meyer in Chicago. Karl had his first pass from the t.b. hospital and from now on he will be able to come home on 24 hour leave once a week. He hopes to be out in a few months. One doctor even said at the end of April. We certainly must admire Jean, who stayed at St. Stephen's house of hospitality and kept it going during Karl's absence in the hospital. And bore their first child too—the valiant woman! Of course she has the help of La Mont who has been with the work since the beginning.

March first I had a visit with my daughter and the grandchildren and was able this year to be with her on her birthday. It has been a mild winter which is a godsend when it comes to heating bills, and driving, though their car has been acting up, burning too much oil, with a leak in the radiator and various other troubles too numerous to mention. With the old car she had to put some of the children in the trunk to get to Mass and catechism and CYO and school games and library and so on, but of course they were not all going at once, so that really did not have to happen too often. Now with an old station wagon, 1955, it is trouble, trouble. One can get a fourteen room house in the country for \$6,000 but it is cheap because it is so far from work and school that it necessitates a car.

From Vermont, I proceeded to Montreal where I was to speak at McGill Newman club, and met Fr. Breen who was in charge and whose sermons made me hope for a retreat from him this coming

summer. The Mass was offered at an altar facing the people and was most fully participated in by the students. On one occasion, Fr. Michaelides preached, another good sermon. Students flock to his courses which include studies of Sartre and Camus, Jack Birmingham, head of the Brower's bookshop, who will tell in our next issue of things happening in Montreal and his plans for cooperative ownership of the shop, took me around Montreal and was most helpful in getting me to meetings. There was an interesting press conference in the home of Therese Casgrain who heads the Voice of Women and is most active in politics in Canada. She was one of the women of the Mothers for Peace pilgrimage to Rome last year. Sunday afternoon we had a very good meeting in both French and English in the basement of the Lebanese Church. During my visit in Montreal I was the guest of Karl and Liselotte Stern, and on Sunday evening we had music! Wednesday evening is their usual meeting for a gathering of friends to make music but I had missed it, arriving around eleven that night. Karl had just finished a new book, and Weibe has been happily busy not only with some of her grandchildren, but also with her shop where she repairs Shakespeare folios and rare books. It was good to meet again many old friends in Montreal, Dixie MacMaster and her mother, Madeleine Sheridan, Pat Ling, Dr. Magnus Seng and wife. Monday I awoke to a snow covered scene (it had been completely clear during the rest of my visit) and I got to the bus station early and set out in the midst of a steady snow fall.

By the time I reached Burlington, however, the snow had not arrived and the ground was all clear. I stayed with Bob Spencer and his wife, and spoke at Winooski Park, St. Michael's College, where Becky, my oldest grandchild, had worked as a waitress during the summer course three years ago. She is now a freshman at University of Vermont and I had the joy of seeing her in the Newman club at the university and at the students union where I spoke the next afternoon. By that time the snow had caught up with us and we were ploughing through a foot of it. The Spencers took us to their home in Jericho after the meeting, and a trip which usually takes less than an hour took three hours that night. Cars were stalled on the hills, and jeeps were employed by the city to push the cars up the hills to clear the traffic. It was a novel experience. Becky had to get off to school the next morning and I to the bus station where I set out again for the day-long trip to New York. I often think how much pleasanter these bus trips are through the beautiful New England countryside, than the stage coach trips so vividly described by Dickens!

For the next week I was home in New York. We have three apartments for girls in a tenement near the office, and now that Clare Bee is with us it has the semblance of a house of hospitality for women once again. Not having anyone really in charge who can firmly send late visitors home, and set a limit as to how many visiting college girls can sleep in our limited space made chaos for a time.

My next engagement was in Chicago, an afternoon meeting at Mundelein college, and a meeting the next night of the Monsignor John A. Ryan Forum at McCormack Place, on the lake front. The snow which began for me in Montreal, and followed me to Burlington now caught up with me in Chicago and it was so bad we could not use a car but had to go to the Loop by the elevated from Evanston, where I was staying with Nina Polcyn who always makes my visits so comfortable. But friends picked us up at her shop and we were able to proceed through the then

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued on page 6)



# CHRYSTIE STREET

By CHRISTOPHER KEARNS

The weather here in New York has been very beautiful the past few days, and for the first time since last fall, we have been able to leave our top-coats in the closet. During this time of year it is quite possible to have sixty degree weather one day and snow the next. But we are all very thankful for the break in the cold, regardless of its duration. It is especially appreciated by the men on the Bowery who are forced to sleep out when they can't make their flop.

## The Fold Increases

We are very happy with the arrival of Clare Bee to St. Joseph's House. Miss Bee has been helping to take care of things at the farm for everyone. She cooks, straightens things out in the clothing room, and does a very competent job on the typewriter in the office. Also, the girls' apartment on Kenmare Street has never looked so clean and neat, since Miss Bee has come to shape things up.

Jim Dugan has also come to join us during the past month. Jim is a Mormon from Utah, but somehow we got together. Jim has made work much easier around the kitchen since he has come to help us, however we all hope he doesn't do too much. Back in 1959 he was mugged and knifed by two men while on his way home in the Bronx. His ankle was broken, he was stabbed in the stomach and he received a knife wound all the way down his left leg. His leg has still not healed and he must wear a large dressing. But in spite of all his troubles, he works harder than most of us.

## Some Leave

Kathy has left our CW girls' apartment on Kenmare Street for a place all her own on Spring Street. I'm sure she appreciates the extra room. Before she and the baby left Kenmare Street there was hardly room in the apartment for an extra cockroach.

Ann Albright, who had been with us for about two months, also left for her own apartment. Ann was quite a good helper while she was with us, so we are very glad she has chosen to stay in the neighborhood.

## The Sick and Deceased

Josephine holds an overwhelming edge in hospital seniority, almost six months now, and we hope and pray she won't be there much longer. Ed Lynch is also still in the hospital, partially paralyzed from a stroke. And Indian Pete started drinking again and had another heart attack. We hope he keeps away from "fire-water" after they let him out.

Austin Hughes, who had been around the CW for many years, died suddenly the first week in March. Austin would come to visit us on Chrystie Street about twice a week, on Sunday afternoons and in the evening on a week-day. Smokey Joe always saved toys and things for him, and he would in turn give them away to poor children he knew in Brooklyn. And he would bring us little gifts; cigarettes for Smokey, oranges and candy or change for the rest of us. Sunday afternoons won't seem the same.

## The Expressway

The City Council of New York has passed the items on the budget calling for the construction of a ramp from the Manhattan Bridge and condemnation of the area to be used for the Lower Manhattan Expressway. The majority leader in the Council claimed that the city should pass these budget items so as to tie up federal money, \$90 million. He insisted that keeping these items in the budget did not mean that the Expressway would or would not be constructed. The money could be used for some other need in the arterial system. We found it difficult to work up the trust needed to believe this line, and we felt a little unclean listening to the glib, even virtuous speech of the majority leader, glorying in all that fed-

eral money that the city could tie up, even if they don't have a plan for its use.

We were happy to see that the Joint Committee to Stop the Lower Manhattan Expressway is resuscitated. Almost all the groups that worked so well together two years ago are together again. It is cruel of the City to keep this sword over the heads of the area's residents, for twenty-two years now!

## Good Friday Vigil

When we found that there was no scheduled peace vigil for Times Square over the Easter week-end, as there had been for several years, we took it upon our shoulders. We didn't expect to have more than half a dozen people at a time, at the recruiting station right in the center of the Square. But our ranks swelled to twenty-two at a time, and most of the time we had about fifteen. It was a very good looking group with placards reading, *Refuse to pay taxes for war, Refuse to serve in the armed forces, and on one Grapes from Thorns? Figs from Thistles? Peace from Armaments?* We passed out a leaflet, reading:

"We are standing in silent vigil this Good Friday from Noon to Midnight. We invite you to join us.

"Good Friday marks the Crucifixion and Death of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. Today we wish to call attention to the continuing Crucifixion of Christ in the suffering bodies and souls of His brothers throughout the world.

"While two-thirds of the human family is always hungry and lacks adequate shelter, our U.S. Government pours \$51 billion yearly into war production and the maintenance of the war machine. Our military posture not only threatens world peace but the burden it puts upon our nation makes it impossible for us to help the disadvantaged peoples to attain their legitimate aspirations.

"We call upon our fellow men to renounce militarism, to refuse to serve in the Armed Forces or to pay war taxes. We ask each of you to take personal responsibility for the suffering people around you, and personal responsibility for the sickness of violence in our world. Wars will cease when men refuse to fight.

"Good Friday is followed by Easter, the Defeat of Death, now and forever."

We were very pleased with the results of our vigil. It is very satisfying not to have to justify capitulation with more conservative peace organizations.

## New York Peace March

The most pleasing aspect of the New York Peace Walk on Holy Saturday was the large number, over five thousand, who walked from

(Continued on page 7)



## TAX REFUSAL

The War Tax Protest Committee was formed February 15 to bring together West Coast conscientious objectors to income taxes for war and war preparations. The aim of the committee is to heighten public awareness of uses to which tax monies are put and to suggest alternatives to the submissive payment of such taxes. A range of activities around the April 15 tax deadline is being planned, including an all-day picket of IRS regional headquarters in San Francisco, a press conference, and a public meeting.

Founders of the War Tax Protest Committee include Ammon Hennacy, Roy Kepler, Mark Morris, Britt Peter, Ira Sandperl, Barton Stone, Sam Tyson, and Ida and Denny Wilcher.

The War Tax Protest Committee welcomes all persons involved in war tax protest—from total refusers to those who include a letter of protest with their return.

Creation of this new committee took place at the Committee for Nonviolent Action-West weekend seminar on Conscientious Objection to Income Taxes for War Preparations at Forest Farm in Marin County, February 14 to 16. The new committee, however, will have no organizational tie with CNVA-West, which is furnishing it with office space.

c/o CNVA-West P.O. Box 5983, San Francisco 1, Calif.

## THE NEAP TIDE

Listen, I think things will be all right. I mean, I think we've won (listen to this quartet of Mozart's.)—What victory?

Oh, a curious one, the very smallest, gentlest, ultimate: A heart-beat gained that time we made the bloody-minded Pause, in the fight against nuclear weapons long ago. Yes, that was a loaf brought from the oven just in time, A mercy fallen still smelling of God's hands.

—I would love to hear this music once again. And so you shall, Elizabeth, because God loves it so, And loves you too. God cannot help it Any more than child can help itself from dashing Tight body in hot sun against the sea; Or a man consider destiny before he breaks His own body against the beauty of his darling love For ever, ever.

Listen again, because I think we've won Children are asking questions over the world, And out beyond the ribb'd mud-flats Listen, the water has turned. The dry shells wait. This morning, in the new weather, the low neap-tide Has broken against the moon, And along the beach in racing love returns.

DENIS KNIGHT

# Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

Alleluia, sings the first brown thrasher down by the little brook. Alleluia, nightly chorus the peepers from pond and swamp. Alleluia, crows the bantam rooster. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, the white geese sing, rejoicingly though somewhat off key. The willow trees are in leaf; the maple tree beside the barn is in flower; and the petals of a yellow daffodil are just about to unfold. Now is Easter. Christ is risen. Now is Spring. Alleluia.

Although Holy Week came so early this year—in raw and gusty March, it opened most auspiciously for us here at the farm with a Day of Recollection given us on Palm Sunday by Fr. Philip Berrigan. Fr. Berrigan is now teaching at Epiphany College in Newburgh, the college of the Josephite Fathers, who once were our neighbors, and Fr. Sheehan—God rest his soul—and Fr. Hogan came over weekly to hear confessions at Maryfarm. Fr. Berrigan opened the Day of Recollection with a beautiful dialogue Mass, in which the server, who had come with Fr. Berrigan, not only read the Epistle and Gospel in English while the priest read the Latin, but certain other parts of the Mass as well. I was particularly impressed when the prayer setting forth certain intentions for which the Mass was being offered, was read. The Mass took on a profounder meaning when I heard the unmistakable English words asking God to bless not only the Church and our own leaders but also the leaders of the Protestant and Orthodox churches, all those engaged in the great struggle for integration and civil rights, those working to help the poor, and those helping those who help the poor. My heart lifted with this prayer and I wondered again how long it would be before the changes recommended by the great Ecumenical Council would actually be put into effect. In the afternoon Fr. Berrigan gave four conferences. As one would expect, Fr. Berrigan's talks centered about the Passion and the great liturgical drama of Holy Week. There was a difference, however. Short, simple, vivid, divested of pretentious verbiage, Fr. Berrigan's talks made the actors who took part in the great drama of Our Lord's Passion as real as ourselves, with similar faults and weaknesses, with the same need to be reminded frequently and most forcefully that the great truths of Christianity have no real validity unless translated into the simple terms of everyday living—in sympathy and understanding, in kindness and patience in all our relationships, one with another. Fr. Berrigan spoke, too, of the need to seek Christ not only in one way, but in all true routes to Him. Not only in our brother; not only in our work; not only in prayer and the Eucharist; not only in ourselves; but in all these ways. It was also most heartening to hear Fr. Berrigan speak of the real need for the Catholic Worker apostolate, and of his own conviction that people are more ready to listen now than they have ever been since Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day first started the Catholic Worker movement in May, 1933. Fr. Berrigan concluded the Day of Recollection by giving us the Papal blessing. I thought that we were blessed indeed; and that evening at Compline I thanked God that when we moved to Beata Maria, Fr. Berrigan would be nearer us and able to come over for more frequent visits, as he had promised to do.

In the Spring a farmer's fancy turns as certainly to thoughts of planting as a young man's to love. So it is with John Filliger. But this year there is a difference. Instead of thinking of all the things he must do to make a garden here at Peter Maurin Farm, John is thinking of the garden he will have at Beata Maria. Although the new garden can hardly be made before we move, John is before-handed as

usual. In the greenhouse he has tomato plants some three inches high, which he plans to transport to the new place in bushel baskets when time, plans, and occasion are right. Hans Tunnesen, too, is thinking not so much of repairing Winter's ravages here at the farm and making things ready for summer but rather of the repairs he will probably have to make at Beata Maria before he and Dorothy Day can really enjoy that front porch and the view of the beautiful Hudson River. Joe Cotter is probably wondering about a new cannery. Larry Doyle has undoubtedly given some thought to kitchen accommodations. Joe Dimenski, our hermit-sacristan, may be dreaming about secluded meditation nooks in the wooded area at the new place. Al Larnard, however, is still very much concerned about how many packing boxes he will have to beg from grocery and liquor stores to enable us to get our packing done. Ed McLaughlin is perhaps beginning to wonder about how many trips he will have to make back and forth between here and Tivoli when the moving finally gets underway. All of us have visions of packing, and will be glad indeed when we are fully moved and settled in our new home, Beata Maria. As for me, I wonder how long it will take me to learn my way about a place I have never seen and must learn to know without the use of sight. It seems to me it will be a real challenge, that every day will provide a new adventure, a new exploring project—enough to provide variety and keep me interested for many months to come.

Meanwhile, though we may dream of Beata Maria, we are still living at Peter Maurin Farm. Dorothy Day is still trying to cope with the legal red tape which makes it difficult to complete the sale of the farm and so provide sufficient money to make a large enough payment on the new place so that we can move in and take possession. God willing, these details will soon be resolved. John, Hans, the two Joes, Larry, Jim, Shorty, George, Slim, Agnes, Marietta, Alice make their contributions to the routine and the not-so-routine work, with Alice and Peggy making a most successful effort to keep the cooking from becoming purely routine. Clare Bee, who in her short time at the farm did so much to give our heterogeneous, disparate, and sometimes at-odds-with-one-another community a kind of warm familial center, has gone into Manhattan to help in the work at Chrystie street. We miss her, but know that no one's Catholic Worker education is really complete until he has spent some time in the work at Chrystie Street. We know, too, that Clare will prove as invaluable a helper at Chrystie Street as she has at the farm, and we are compensated in part by her weekly visits. Jean Walsh has also had to be away much of late as the result of the illness of a close friend in New Jersey. As always, when she can be here, her presence is a great source of comfort and help to the farm family. Finally Al Larnard, who is now in charge, and Ed McLaughlin run the innumerable errands for farm and beach house, with side trips into Manhattan for Dorothy sometimes, and in general look after each person and situation cheerfully and capably.

We have also had other comings and goings and visitors. Andy Spillane has gone back to Ireland to spend a few months. We have added a new member to our family, Mrs. Lorraine Freeman, whose lively mind and talk are much enjoyed by all. Stanley Vishnewski is resting from producing his great opus, the collector's item—NON POEMUS—by spending the Easter vacation with his family. Visitors during recent weeks include: Anne Remiche, a charming young exchange student

(Continued on page 7)



# Letters from Cuba

To the Peacemakers:

One reason the Guantanamo walkers may be well received in Cuba is that recently the Cuban press has published various items about Gandhi, India's pacifism, Satyagraha etc., without any overt hostility. There may not be freedom of the press or assembly for Cuban Anarchists, Trotskyites and other leftists if they do not follow the Government orientations and this was explained to the last bunch of American students who came to Cuba disobeying orders from Washington D.C. When they had an interview with Ernesto Guevara they learned about the concept of freedom in a dictatorship of the proletariat and this must be common knowledge among peacemakers.

Nevertheless there is a surprising element of flexibility and elasticity in matters of form and style. Gradually the loud chauvinist and the narrow-minded emasculator of culture is disappearing, especially after Fidel Castro became furious because someone had tried to distort history by taking out the word "God" from a public reading of a speech made by Echevarria, a martyr killed during the Batista tyranny. Catholics continue to publish their liturgical columns with some light but not too frivolous questions of doctrine. It is true that sometimes a practical joker places an ad of the Public Health Dept. about garbage cans just below this column but this may also be accidental and not really intentional. Cubans have a comic sense of life which was developed through the many years of dependency and subservience to a plutocratic tyranny, authoritarian habits and patriarchal repressions. There is little sense of self-discipline, so rootlessness and emptiness often invade the soul with fears of nothingness such as only laughter or humor can avert. But this vice has some virtue as it promotes gregarious needs and extroversion which are useful to social cohesion, and the weak one thus becomes strong in the crowd. This situation makes the moral coercion of spontaneity quite easy. It also allows strong-willed personalities to assert themselves with daring experiments and innovations.

Cuba is the first country in the world to make an urban reform which abolished rent and allows all tenants to buy their dwellings in installments. Cuba is also the first country to stamp out illiteracy in one year and it is also the craziest socialist country with all its abstract paintings, Menotti's Operas, even devotees of Proust, Joyce and Kafka, Absurdist Theater, Jazz Bands, Surrealism, Dodecaphonism, and sexy carnivals. With all this libertarian tolerance that seems at times to open the way to anarchism—and probably would if the U.S.A. left all these crazy Socialists alone if only to see what happens, Cuba is still a test-tube and a laboratory of ideas.

Hence, a question arises, would the Guantanamo walkers (with their proved courage in defying the American authorities) perhaps influence Fidel to develop some kind of Marxist Fidelism to astonish the entire Socialist Camp and the world? It is true that Cuba is more tense than the USSR and cannot afford the serenity that Russians showed to the San Francisco to Moscow walkers when these picketed before Russian military installations, but there is a special factor in the Guantanamo walkers that make them morally superior and stronger. They plan to walk through Cuba and then picket at the Guantanamo base where the Americans continue to resist like intruding gangsters in an unwelcoming house. This situation is psychologically challenging. It must give thought to the whole world. It is not too fantastic to say that it should make Fidel listen and use his indisputable intelligence and skill to consider the possibilities of teaching non-violence in Cuba as the most explosive of all moral weapons.

Mario Gonzales.

II

Cuba is still a huge laboratory where many ideas are rehearsed in a spirit of logical empiricism and without dogmatic or scholastic impediments. Cuba is still the country which abolished illiteracy in one year and has embarked on an educational program of considerable dimension, publications, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, health campaigns and many other kinds of information multiply themselves. In agriculture a series of experiments and research activities are going on in the field of cattle feeding and breeding, organic fertilizers, better utilization of the soil and natural resources, mechanization of harvest and replacement of old formulas and foreign techniques by new and more adequate methods to fit into native conditions. The program of reforestation continues, although there is some neglect on the conservation of trees and the old programs of planting gardens in the city has been abandoned, there is more concern to develop agriculture now than in previous years when much attention was given to industrialization. This has not stopped and new factories continue to be brought from Eastern Europe but present preoccupation with milk, eggs, sugar cane and fish seem to top others. Recently when Cuban fishing ships were captured by U.S. authorities near Florida, Cuban anger created a stronger determination to develop the fishing industry. Small farmers continue to hold on to their private farms undisturbed. All large and medium size farms have been socialized with few exceptions of honest owners who work the land by themselves. The newspapers publish notice of payments to be made as indemnizations. Trade with France, England and other nations in Eastern Europe is being negotiated in spite of American blackmail and threats. English representatives of Shell are coming to be paid for nationalized property. The U.S.A. could also make arrangements if their government had more sense and less false pride.

There is no enmity against the American people. And this platitude is only stated here with other well known facts to refresh memory. Recently an American fisherman sought asylum in Cuba. He was interviewed by Fidel who was surprised to see an American ship enter Havana Bay. The fisherman had stolen the boat and Fidel said it would be returned because Cuba is no thief, but the fisherman can stay if he proves to be honest and a good worker.

One point that may interest the Guantanamo walkers is that Fidel said he was more revolutionary than legal and he was a human being first and then a leader. If the fisherman thought that he was doing right in breaking the American laws that do not respect the sovereignty of Cuba and allows invasions, boycotts, sabotage and other aggressions, Cuban laws can accept an American who breaks such immoral laws. These are not the exact words of Fidel but they express his thoughts as they appeared in the papers. All this seems to create possibilities for the walkers, though nothing has been said officially even if a short notice of David Dellinger's arrest appeared in El Mundo in connection with his protest for the illegal imprisonment of walkers in Georgia.

Cuba is tense but there are reasons to believe that they can demonstrate in Cuba without being disturbed as they march on to Guantanamo where they may find horror and possibly death.

Mario.

"It is a great grace of God to practice self-examination, but too much is as bad as too little, as they say: believe me, by God's help, we shall accomplish more by contemplating the Divinity than by keeping our eyes fixed on ourselves."

Saint Teresa

# BOOK REVIEWS

SPRING OF THE THIEF—By John Logan, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1963. \$4.00. Reviewed by HAROLD ISBELL.

A man is many men; when he sets out to save himself he finds his salvation constantly won and lost by the individual eccentricities of this multitude of faces. I am tempted to read the epigraph to *Spring of the Thief* and let my review examine the ideas suggested in these four lines. But if such a method were pursued it would, I fear, constitute the subtle insult of reading this third book of poems by John Logan as dialectic rather than poetic in form.

Poems do and are many things. The opening sequence of five—"Monologues of the Son of Saul"—is strikingly successful in its blurring of temporal and spatial distinctions. The Son of Saul is not the unity which experiences only one life and one sensation.



The resources of human history—the matter of Troy, of Thebes, of Corinth, of Rome—all flow together, forming the juices of youthful vitality and that beauty which is the blindness of tragedy. The Son of Saul is the mighty David and the ineffectual Jonathan. Encompassing the songs of all men, these five poems achieve a curious wholeness in which the speaker with many tongues utters, at last, only that single paradoxical word which names a son and defines himself as Sisyphus. The breadth of this sequence is great. Its greatness announces the strength and boldness so characteristic of Logan's art.

It is risky to draw conclusions about what is typical of a writer. But with certainty it can be said that Logan's verse—as the title

sacrifice of himself, the poet indeed becomes a priest who deals in that sacrament which is the fruit of his self-imposed pain. A man who permits this is either a fool or a hero. The distinction is to be found in his results.

John Logan has succeeded in the herosim of poetry if only for the rather negative reason that he has now published three books which give evidence of an always more mature conception and birth of that significance which follows from his ability to see beneath the surfaces of things. It is in this world of the sub-surface that men find the beauty and terror which is the silent experience of the soul and its particular reality.

In the second of "A Suite of Six Pieces for Siskind," we can see something of the stylistic strength which Logan captures in epigrammatic statement.

The tip of a leaf is the wing of a bird pinned (stretched) to a board. The lines evoke. Their sensual content is high and their appeal strong because they diagram as discrete the elements of a continuous experience.

By comparing this quatrain to the opening line of "To a Young Poet Who Fleed," one can see the range of style which is subject to his art. "So you said you'd go home to work on your father's farm." The rhythmic caesura after the word "home" is used boldly and with all the accuracy dictated by tradition. After marking the fall of this caesura, it quickly becomes evident that the movement of the line permits another (secondary) break after the word, "work." This rhythmic division not only supplements what the line itself says, but introduces and foreshadows the poem which follows—a tender poem about poets and song and love and the work characteristic of all three.

From photographs of leaves and feet to the eight gothic arches around a baptismal font and back again to the poet's birth and beginning death, the poems sweep through the combined love and fear which characterize the states of the being of man.

A THOMAS MERTON READER: Edited by Thomas P. McDonnell. Published by Harcourt Brace and World, 554 pg. \$5.75. Reviewed by JEAN FOREST.

The Thomas Merton Reader depicts the evolution and revolution within the life of one man: evolution in thought and personality from the self-absorption of *Seven Storey Mountain* to the detachment and universality of the essays he

power and meaning in each piece. I read it over many months, even then feeling I had gone too fast. The book never stagnates—it reaches into everything and is always changing and growing with its author. Merton succeeds in sharing the searching, growing and meaning with us. In fact, the book is specifically dedicated to this end—"In the hope that we may meet in the One Light."

Many of the essays concern themselves with "contemplation"—a condition of spirit which most modern men can only regard as remarkable in that it still exists at all since everything in most of our lives is geared to divert us from even the thought of such a course. His treatment of the potential conflict between art and contemplation in his essay "Art and Spirituality" offers much needed understanding and hope to the creative spirit struggling for survival and truth. The realities of the contemplative life which seem so alien in their implications become humanized through the touches and imagery of Merton's poetry.

"Waiting for the monks to come, I see the red cheeses, and bowls, All smile with milk in ranks upon their tables. And the monks come down the cloister With robes as voluble as water I do not see them but I hear their waves."

Merton feels strongly that the life and world of the monk has a significant effect upon the life and world outside the cloister and vice versa. We all share in the innocence and guilt of all men. "I would say rather that all men's acts and thoughts are social forces—nothing is wasted. It is important to remember always that the least thought or act on behalf of good or ill casts into the world its likeness. So may we labor quietly. And so do we gain no innocence by silence." Merton is wise enough to know that monasticism is not necessarily the "salvation" and "solution" to modern man's corrupt institutions. He rather appraises monasticism as "another institution" which offers different values and a special way of life. "The social 'norms' of a monastic family are also apt to be conventional, and to live by them does not involve a leap into the void—only a radical change of customs and standards. The words and examples of the Desert Fathers have been so much a part of monastic tradition that time has turned them into stereotypes for us, and we are no longer able to notice their fabulous originality. We have buried them, so to speak, in our own routines, and thus securely insulated ourselves against any form of spiritual shock from their lack of conventionality."

Many intellectuals, artists, clergymen, etc. try to remain safely on the fringes of the real issues in our society, unwilling to commit themselves. This book eloquently reasserts Merton's commitment to all the struggles of mankind for personal, social and political salvation. Catholic Worker readers are well aware of his dedication to nonviolent solutions to the problems of humanity. One of the things that convinces a man to become a pacifist is his awareness of the sufferings of the innocent in the times of violence. How I remembered the lines from his poem, "The Bombarded City," after the murder of the Birmingham children.

"Oh you who can a living shadow show Grieving in the broken street, Fear, fear, the downers, Fear the dead! But if you swagger like the warring leader Fear far more What curse rides down the starlit air, Curse of the little children killed! Curse of the little children killed!"

Merton shows a very sympathetic understanding of the Spanish civil war. (Continued on page 6)

## HELP US ATTAIN 100,000 CIRCULATION

The CATHOLIC WORKER costs but 25c per year, or whatever you wish to contribute. It makes an unusual gift and offers great intellectual stimulation, particularly for those looking for a fresh Christian approach to social and religious problems.

Our circulation is now 74,000; we now must work for a nice round 100,000. All of you readers must know at least two or three people, especially students and recent graduates, who would enjoy THE CATHOLIC WORKER.

Address all new subscriptions to: New Subscriptions, THE CATHOLIC WORKER, 175 Chrystie St., New York 2, N. Y.

of his second collection of poems (*Ghosts of the Heart*) suggests—is poetry of men. I do not mean that he traffics in the niceties of polite abstraction, far from it. In these poems the hard and often unpleasant facts of life become—not pleasant and soft—but agents of that meaning usually found only in the arenas of dim awareness. It is this reduction to awareness that is the poet's essential responsibility. And because awareness can be gained only by the

writes now; revolution in the sense that Merton has returned to the roots of Christianity as all Christians must in order to survive. He is a spokesman for the radical Christian revolution which transcends denominations and tries to reach the hearts of all men. It is the revolution of Pope John XXIII, Abbe Pierre, Teilhard de Chardin and, hopefully, the Ecumenical Council.

One must take the Reader in small doses to fully absorb the



# The Religious Dollar

(Continued from page 2)

Cubbedge, Newsweek editor, tells us:

"... business by and large, still considers its employees little more than chattels; it still builds its new plants where it pleases. It does little to care for its own jobless, nor does it attack the problems of general unemployment, only in rare instances does it pay its workers by the year." (WHO NEEDS PEOPLE?)

Industrialists boldly admit their unconcern. Ponder the utter ruthlessness of this policy of J. J. Brown of the Aluminum Co. before a Fortune magazine Round Table:

"My point is this; that if we could take some of the money that we are spending in trying to ease the pain of our assembly-line personnel and apply that money for some research to get the men out of there entirely we would be far better off in the long run."

Walter Reuther delivers incontestable, but indigestible logic to the dollar cult, when he poses, "When you have the tools of abundance you can have full employment only as you relate these tools to the needs of the many. When you gear them to the selfish interests of the few you get into trouble." The "trouble" that Reuther was talking about are America's nineteen million families who live on less than \$4999.00 per annum, and the spiraling of some 40,000 de-jobbed every week of the year. George Meany says that "If we're to wind up with 7 or 8 million unemployed, then the purpose of the machine is to destroy the American way of life..."

"The economy," C. Wright Mills sagely remarks, "once a great scatter of small productive units in autonomous balance—has become dominated by two or three hundred giant corporations, administratively and politically interrelated, which together hold the keys to the economic decisions." And holding these keys, they hold the power of bread by toil, or half a loaf by handout. These power-holders constitute the nine hundred managers (Fortune magazine's number), the governors of the fifty states, the Congress, the joint chiefs of staff of the services, and the small handful of the massive Foundations. These merged few, can, and do close plants, and automate without workers' consent, uproot thousands of people, transfer personnel, rig production deals on obsolescent war game tomfoolery, and traffic in human beings. They control American thought, keep the squirrel cage spinning, maximize sales for the religious dollars of "American" and "Freedom," and equate these with business, industry, finance, collectivizing it all into one grand aegis of super-patriotism. And so the swindle goes.

Few Americans realize that America is the only industrial nation, on either side of the Iron Curtain, where management can decide unilaterally to close a plant or to eliminate men. Other countries must "provide 80-90% of the annual base wages, plus relocating pay to its workers. Imagine the welfare headaches, and the despair that could be avoided if the U.S. put such a policy into effect. No doubt advocates of this type of advanced thinking would also be branded as "communist."

Rightists love to champion "individualism," harkening back to the rugged liberalism of the 1800's. They sound off about the evils of government, but certainly cannot be serious about them. No group in America is more inextricably linked to government than businessmen. "... given political expectations and military commitments," C. Wright Mills points out, "can they (government) allow key units of

the private corporate economy to break down in slump? Increasingly, they do intervene in economic affairs, and as they do so, the controlling decisions in each order are inspected by agents of the other two, and economic, military, and political structures are interlocked." (The Power Elite)

Thirty years ago, Professor Commons at Wisconsin University declared that "We are fast approaching the time when business must solve the unemployment problem if it wishes to endure. Unemployment has been the chief attacker of the capitalistic system, and it will overthrow that system unless its problems are remedied." The government has failed, as Senator Joseph Clark of the Senate Committee on Manpower readily admits, to solve the problem of unemployment. He says, "... The most obvious theme is that we don't know the answer to continuing and, I'm afraid massive unemployment in our country." With 7.5 million High School dropouts flooding the labor fields in the next seven years, our Fascists have strong reasons to fear for their wallets.

Prophetically, Lincoln said of our times, "It is the quality of revolutions not to go by old lines or old laws; but to break up both, and make new ones." Could John I. Snyder Jr., executive president of U.S. Industries, a manufacturer of automation equipment, be an immediate prophet in much the same vein? He recently told a startled AFL-CIO convention:

"... I am convinced that because the problem is so enormous, we have entered into an era in which we must court totally new ideas and totally new ways of approaching our problems—ideas and techniques that will be very far removed from any approaches we have known before. All such ideas should get fair hearings, no matter how outlandish they may seem. Our very salvation, in my opinion, depends on innovation—innovation and the cooperative will of us all."

Could Peter Maurin's program be brought to the floor, for a return to the land? Where else will the multi-millions of de-jobbed go, if not back to the earth that alone can nurture them? Will social production be eventually recognized as being capable of transforming society and the world by its tremendous power to provide for almost unlimited needs? Under its present control by the few, it is impossible. Obsessed as the Rightists are with profit, the New Fascist look down on the poor, and the farther they move away from them into their vacuous, conformist suburbs, they lose touch with reality. The old refrain echoes from the upmanship parlours: "Oh, the unemployed really could get jobs, you know, if they really wanted them. There's lots of jobs." This amazing belief in the built-in, self-regulating miracle of displacement, that jobs will automatically appear as old ones are destroyed, doesn't make sense. There would be no point in automating, says John Snyder, if there was a balance automatically created. "The hard truth," he says, "is that modern automated equipment requires very little maintenance. If it did not, it would not pay to operate it..."

To pay or not to pay. There's the rub in the religion of angelism the dollar men profess—he prays give us this daily bread, but refuses to pass it over to the vast army of unemployed whose condition he has created.

Does the New Fascist take the Sermon on the Mount seriously, for all his ranting over his "Christian" saviourship? Does his faith inspire any calmness as he gambols around on his platform, filling the air with noise, or does

he seem driven by a compulsive, Faustian restlessness?

Does he really love nature and humanity or does he try to subdue it? His weapons and gadgets, which he loves more than anything else, are what Sun Yat Sen called "a special form of barbarism." Yet he touts this as Western culture. His brand of "industry" has been to fill the air with poisons to pollute streams, to sear the earth by erecting filthy cities and grimy factories. Tagore, the Indian poet, says of our smoke-industry spiderwebs, "The mere fact of their ugliness shows that they are out of tune with the whole of creation. Beauty is the seal set by the Creator on his creation when he is satisfied with it."

Does the right-winger believe in the truth of Our Lord's teaching that a man's life does not consist in the number of shares of stock he owns, or on his six-figure salary, or the other puny trappings of the dollar religious? Does the Ultra recognize what Maritain said was indispensable for social



change: "You can only transform the social order of the modern world by effecting at the same time and first of all within your own soul a renewal of moral and spiritual life." Will Western "culture," the same Mammon-worship that spawned Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Salazar, Franco and lesser deluges, give birth to the new American Fuehrer of the religious dollar-men?

## INDECISION

"An epoch which is as deeply narcissistic as our own, even at its highest levels, needs to emphasize the importance of the values of decision and engagement as against the primacy of scruple and integrity. May I be forgiven for quoting Hitler on the subject. He wrote in Mein Kampf 'Given a certain problem, any decision, even an incorrect decision, is better than no decision at all.' This is a fundamental rule for individual behavior as well as for collective action. The spiritual are far too often absent on grounds of conscience when the battle is at its height. There is a way of defending the concern for witness against the concern for efficacy, of diverting the too immaculate sons of God from militancy to the catacombs, which is due more to a weakness of calibre and a morbid liking for defeat, than to the noble motives adumbrated. A tree that is afraid to bear fruit is a sick tree."

—Emmanuel Mounier, Be Not Afraid (Sheed and Associates)

## Notre Dame Auxiliatrice

By PAUL CLAUDEL

The troubled child who knows he is the pride of no one,  
and who is not much loved,  
When, by chance, is looked at gently,  
Becomes confused and quickly smiles... or he would cry...  
So the world's orphans, the disinherited, those without money,  
without power, without spirit,  
Living deprived of all things, live also without friends.  
They open little to us, but there is a way to their hearts;  
Take my glance, Poor One, take my hand, but do not trust me!  
Soon I shall be with my own, and hardly know you.  
For there is no sure friend of the poor who is not poorer still.  
Because of this come, my oppressed sister, and look at Mary!  
Poor woman whose husband is lame, and whose children are ill.  
When there is no money, when you are really too unhappy...  
Come to the church, be quiet, and look at the Mother of God!  
Whatever the injustice, whatever the pain,  
When the children suffer and it is worse to be the mother,  
Look at Her, without complaint as she is without hope,  
As when one poor has found another poorer than himself,  
And they look at each other in silence.

Translated by Arthur Polonsky

## Book Reviews

(Continued from page 5)

ture, particularly Latin American. He writes about things that we are beginning to discover too late, I'm afraid. "So the tourist drinks, tequila, and thinks it is no good, and waits for the fiesta he has been told to wait for. How should he realize that the Indian who walks down the street with half a house on his head and a hole in his pants, is Christ? All the tourist thinks is that it is odd for so many Indians to be called Jesus." Merton goes along with many others in perceiving a decline of the West. He makes very sound comments on the nature of work, particularly what goes on in modern industrial society. "Unnatural, frantic, anxious work, work done under pressure of greed or fear or any other inordinate passion, cannot properly speaking be dedicated to God, because God never willed such work directly. He may permit that through no fault of our own we may have to work madly and distractedly, due to our sins, and to the sins of the society in which we live. In that case we must tolerate it and make the best of what we cannot avoid. But let us not be blind to the distinction between sound, healthy work and unnatural toil." Included in the Reader are many of his essays concerning Christianity and the Bomb which are familiar to us.

Merton has the ability to make his "mentors" our "mentors" by using their lives and works as commentaries on our times: for instance, his essay on William Blake in which he describes how the formalities and conventions of a faith are meaningless without its living spirit. Blake's problems are the problems of all radical Christians. "It was Blake's problem to try and adjust himself to a society that understood neither love nor his kind of faith and love. More than once, smug and inferior minds conceived it to be their duty to take this man Blake in hand and direct and form him, to try and canalize what they recognized as 'talent' in some kind of a conventional channel. And always this meant the cold and heartless disparagement of all that was vital and real to him in art and in faith. There were years of all kinds of petty persecution, from many different quarters, until finally Blake parted from his would-be patrons, and gave up all hope of an alliance with a world that thought he was crazy, and went his own way." Merton succeeds equally well in his other essays on such diverse personalities as Herakleitos the Obscure, St. John of the Cross, Dylan Thomas, etc. in bringing them significantly close to our experience.

It was good to read so much of Thomas Merton again, to sort of gather in one's mind as one goes through so much of his life's work the reasons he has become so many different things to different people—a revolutionary, a spiritual director, a poet, a critic, a unique commentator on the times, etc. He

has caught the paradox of our lives—"What can we gain by sailing to the moon if we are not able to cross the abyss that separates us from ourselves?"

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

cleared streets out to the south side and the great hall. I am always in a state of great dread at these big meetings, and feel that the delectable dinner which usually precedes such a meeting is quite wasted on me, quaking as I am. But Monsignor Quakwell, an old and dear friend, was reassuringly at my side and the conversation was good, especially since Fr. Dugan, another old friend from Tracy, California—one of the bracero priests, was there, and telling us about his visit to Brazil and other South American countries. No use trying to list all who were there, and all the old friends at the meeting itself. For a large meeting—they estimated a thousand were present—it went off most comfortably, and I had the feeling that a great many old readers of the Catholic Worker were there, people who had been engaged in helping us distribute the paper in the early days, and their children besides! The question period lasted a long time indeed, and as the questions were written out on cards and sent up to the data, I was able to bring a great number of them home to study at my leisure. Mr. Hilliard, head of the Welfare services of all Cook County, was the chairman of the meeting and I was happy to hear that he was also the head of the Catholic Interracial Council and gave much personal attention in all the work in which he was engaged.

I think the atmosphere of the meeting was an unusual one, for so large an audience to be so intimate, and to have so much exchange of thought over so many controversial subjects, including the relations of clergy and laity.

I was able to visit Mary Wildman and her helpers, Margaret and Elizabeth and Paul and Marita and to have a delightful visit too with Fr. Chrysostom Tarasovich and his nephew Fr. Vladimir. The liturgy at Holy Redeemer Church is unutterably beautiful, in English, and sung by all the congregation, and always afterward coffee and rolls and good talk.

Sunday afternoon I took the train back to New York to spend Holy Week in the midst of the Catholic Worker family.

Next issue is our May Day issue, our 31st anniversary? I am never quite sure, but our first number came out May first, 1933. May God grant us many more May Days, feast of St. Joseph, carpenter, our patron, the patron of the universal Church, and our most dear householder, May he watch over us again this coming year.



# LETTERS

St. Thomas More House  
2674 Fifteenth Street  
Detroit 16, Michigan  
March, 1964

Dear Tom:

St. Thomas More House of Hospitality is six weeks old today. Ever since I first came into contact with the Detroit Catholic Worker in November, 1959, I have dreamed of having a place of my own, and the dream has finally come true. Our house is small, a frame house with two small bedrooms, a back yard and a garage.

We are located in a residential neighborhood in St. Boniface parish, near the Detroit Tigers Stadium. People from the suburbs consider it a slum, and the Fischer Expressway will be coming through here within two years. Much of the property is already condemned, although ours is not as yet. Many of the houses here are in good condition, particularly the large, older brick homes.

Two boys from St. Boniface grade school located it for me, just after Christmas, and I moved in on January 26, with the help of Fr. Paul Hons, an Anglican priest from Philadelphia, and Charlie List, an ex-seminarian who is active in the Young Christian Workers.

I was here a week before the first guest came to stay. He was twenty-two years old, and Fr. Van Antwerp from Most Holy Trinity parish sent him over to stay until he got on his feet again. Fr. Van Antwerp is my contact man although over half the men here have come through other people. We went up to six men within the first three weeks, then four men got jobs, three of them have come so we are up to six again. A full house would be seven men, and we could sleep a few more men on the floor for a night or so. There are no imposed rules here. Everyone is free to come and go as he pleases. But we do encourage a man to make his own bed and to do his own dishes. We have our evening meal together, by candlelight, and usually there are a couple of guests.

We had an open house on February 23, and about two hundred and twenty people came. And we are still living on the left over food. One man brought his banjo, another an accordion, and a third an electric guitar. We have a six week old ram, and a five week old nanny goat, and they ran in and out through people's legs all through the house. It was really lots of fun.

Quite often we will have twenty visitors in one day, from the Grail, Young Christian Workers, the Christian Family Movement, high school catechism classes, the Freedom Now Party, Cursillo, seminars, relatives, neighbors and friends. On other evenings God allows us enough peace, quiet and privacy, to read and become meditative, which is so beautiful and precious a gift. The Little Brothers of Jesus are only about seven blocks from us, so when things really get hectic, I run over there and kneel in their chapel for a while, and have coffee and conversation with them.

A former YCW girl who is our neighbor, does our washing free and buys our milk for us each day. People have given us clothing, food, books and magazines, furniture and dishes. We take everything and if we can't use it we give it to people who can. We had a young man living with us for a month who was the head of the Holy Trinity St. Vincent de Paul Society. He also acquainted us with the Freedom Now Party, the Black Muslims, and he visited two hospitals regularly, giving out magazines and tobacco.

We have four wonderful priests in our parish, and during Lent I have been fortunate enough to have been asked to read the Epistle and the Gospel at the Tuesday and the Friday night Masses, at 7:30 p.m. I also have been leading the singing

of hymns at these Masses. The response is growing and the spirit of friendship here fills us with joy.

We have been going to the five thirty a.m. Mass each Saturday in Ann Arbor, so this means that we get up at 3:30 a.m., borrow a car or station wagon, pick up friends and sing country and folk songs all the way there. About one hundred people have been coming to this Mass each week, a few nuns and students and a lot of us who have made the Cursillo. The Mass is facing the people with the offertory procession, the kiss of peace, and each person holding a lighted candle. All the men crowd around the priest inside the altar rail. We sing hymns during the entire Mass. Communion is given across the altar, with communicants lining up single file and standing. After-

(Continued on page 8)

## Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 4)

from Belgium, whom Abbe Pierre told to visit the CW; Bob Steed who is back from Utah and job hunting again; Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner; Ernest Lundgren; George Johnson; Arthur Lacey; Mike Domanski; Joe Galleo; Emma Greiner; Mary Belton; Ed Forand; Marge Hughes and little Johnny; and finally Mrs. Harold Green, my youngest sister who lives in Kansas City, and Dennis Schwering, a high school student from Missouri, who took time out from a students' seminar at the UN to come and visit the farm.

For me, one of the most important events in March was the March on Albany, a demonstration intended to persuade State legislative and administrative authorities to do something about housing, education, jobs, job training, etc. so that integration can become a fact and not merely a lip-service slogan. Jean Forest had asked me to go with her and others from the Staten Island CORE group; I was glad to since I always enjoy Jean's company and am always sure I shall be well looked after. Ed McLaughlin and Al Leonard also went from the farm, and we were all in the same bus when it took off from the Theresa Hotel in Harlem. It was a day of rugged weather. Rain, freezing rain, wind-driven sleet, and heavy snow. But there were, I think, more than four thousand people who made the trip in spite of the weather. Perhaps the weather symbolized the kind of reception we received in Albany, the kind of reception the Civil Rights struggle is meeting in many places. Not that there was trouble or violence. But the answers from the powers that be were coldly negative. It is many months since the great March on Washington with all its high hopes and promises; and the truth is, nothing much has been done. We are now in the period of plodding effort and perseverance in spite of all discouragements. Great leaders like Bayard Rustin and A. Phillip Randolph cannot work alone. They must have followers. Whatever the weather, whatever the obstacles and discouragements, let us who believe in justice continue to do what we can, even though all that we do seems merely a gesture, the taking part in a demonstration.

Breed lilacs in the dull earth, O cruellest April. Stir life in dried tubers. Let your showers fall on the gnarled old tree of justice till its ancient roots are moistened and the saps flow and buds form, and blossoms make of the old tree a thing of beauty, and every blossom shall bear the sweet fruit of love, where all men may eat as brothers; and justice and love are one. And the brown thrasher shall build among the blossoms, and sing, in blossom time and harvest time—Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

## Friday Night Meetings

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

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

## Unemployment

(Continued from page 3)

bage, etc. A corps of men (modelled after the CCC) should be set up whose sole job would be to restore the beauties of nature.

We could use an army of men in reforestation and the conservation of natural resources. Future generations of Americans will bless us for this type of activity.

The transit authorities in every major city should hire hostesses for the buses and subways. These hostesses would act as mother's helpers and would assist elderly persons. They would see that there



were flowers in every car. They could also assist the driver by the collecting of fares and the answering of questions. This would leave the driver free to drive.

The Post Office should restore three and four mail deliveries a day. An additional one hundred thousand men and women should be hired for this task.

The problem some might say is where to find the money. But the money is no problem at all. It is there! We must remember that in the early days of the big depression government was unable to find money to help combat unemployment, but when war was declared suddenly had unlimited resources.

It is therefore wise psychology to call the present means to eliminate unemployment as a war against poverty. We have no money for peace but if it is a war we will gladly spend the money and count it no loss.

As for economy—I would suggest cutting down the missile program and the Race to the Moon. Let the Russians emigrate to the moon if they are so minded. It will reduce the population and solve the danger of Communism.

It would be more soul satisfying if instead of spending the money on rockets that explode in the air (and not even on July 4th) we used the same amount of money to hire the same people to spend their time blowing up toy balloons to which we attach dollar bills. These we would send, with a favorable wind, in the direction of all under-privileged nations.

And on Christmas and other feast days we would send balloons that would release over poverty-stricken countries showers of food, candy, clothing and toys.

If we did but some of the above, we would quickly solve the problem of unemployment. In fact, we might even be forced to stop the Russians from sending their population to the moon, because we would need every man, woman and child to work under what would be full employment.

# Thoughts on Housing

By WILLIAM HORVATH  
(Follow-up to February Article)

The City wanted to sell the few apartment houses it held and had improved. The Auction was set for this month. Was called off at last minute. I think this was because of pressure from Tenant's Union, especially 'Metropolitan Tenants' Council.'

A tenant group with a Parish in E. Harlem, near 100th Street, bought an apartment house at auction. Intends to make it into non-profit of co-op. Tenants helped to save some of the cash to invest. I think \$1,200 was put up and \$7,000 for whole property. Has five-room apartments and a store. East Harlem Protestant Group, Rev. Calvert.

Rev. Eddy and Metro North is trying to form tenants into a formal union first, to help one another on a mutual aid system. They help organize buildings. Dues \$1 a month. Meetings once a month. Asked Ed Forand and Tom Cornell to visit a meeting. Whenever you can make it please be welcome. Lexington Avenue train on 103 Street Station is near to it. Store front Church is meeting hall. 8 p.m.

People are beginning to phone me to ask about co-ops and the land plan.

City will not easily take over buildings. It may cost as much to repair as to make new, and if funds were available, they would build public housing. It becomes a serious problem for them. Also, they do not know how to improve temporarily, and let tenants manage such old housing. To later take them over for public housing while they now serve this emergency help to the poor.

I continue to believe that it is possible for a tenants' group, as their union, to make a proposition instead of having offers always from others. Here is the way it might be made and this is what I am wondering how to work out and explain.

1. It may cost more to buy an old building five years from now from a speculator landlord than to take over in receivership, improve enough to live in, and be able to have it without paying a capital gains to another landlord.

2. A non-profit society can be incorporated in which tenants' union, and tenants in a house mutually own the property. To hold it and have tenants in house as a co-op company assume management. Then to offer it back for developers at paid for cost price.

1.—public housing.  
2.—non-profit housing (Churches, local society).  
3.—a tenants' own cooperative.

That is to say, a new kind of non-profit holding can be set up which receives through its own company sufficient loans, subsidy, management service, to allow tenants in building to remain till new building is put up. This places the community organized into a tenants union, and the tenants in the buildings bought, into a strong bargaining position to invite new housing in area, and for this reason it may be opposed. One should be careful not to get tenants over a barrel and set up their own housing which they cannot pay for when it is improved. So subsidy, or rent bonus to the poor must be first had, and put in contract before going ahead with a co-op here.

Harlem is a beautiful location for any housing and the contest will be to get richer tenants in it. They come thru middle-income co-ops too, so the nice political factor is how to bargain for low income housing of some kind? Also, the City wants higher taxes for its own income, and does not know how to do this. It does not know what to do with the poor. Of course the poor, the low paid worker, supplies cheap labor to factories, commerce and now one counts this as

their own tax payment. And this low paid labor not only helps this or that business make profits, but gives everyone in the City lower cost goods from this exploitation. Then when the time comes to make up this defect in income by subsidy in housing to poor and so on—they refuse. I'd love to see a parade up Fifth Avenue by every family whose head gets not more than \$1.50 an hour.

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 4)

Tompkins Square to Union Square to Washington Square, to hear representatives of a cross section of the peace movement. The best talks were given by Leon Davis of Local 1199, of the Druggists and Hospital Workers Union, and Dave McReynolds of the War Resisters League. Davis was evidently sincere, and fiery, in the old spirit of a union leader (a dying breed). His speech was appreciated by almost everyone there. McReynolds spoke for the radicals, and gave a very good plea for conscience.

### Friday Night Meetings

We have had the usual fine bevy of speakers during the month of March. It was the first month I can remember when they were all Catholics. Fr. Joseph Ceparik, S.J., who has been at St. Joseph's Church in Greenwich Village during Lent, spoke very eloquently on the positions of the Protestant and orthodox churches in relation to the positions of the Protestant and orthodox churches in relation to the Church of Rome. He stressed the need for the Church to explore the assets of both the Protestants and the Orthodox with the eventuality of incorporating some of these things into Catholic liturgy and tradition.

John Grady came to speak on a Montessori project which he is heading in Harlem. Mr. Grady, a sociologist, told how he and several other interested persons had gotten together to send ten Negro children from Harlem to a Montessori nursery school in Mount Vernon, N.Y. He told of the children's reactions to the school and stressed the facility with which this average group of Harlem children adjusted to the Westchester County surroundings.

George Esainko, who has been at and around the CW for a number of years, spoke one Friday on his trip out to Salt Lake City to see his god-father, Ammon Hennacy. (Miss Day is his god-mother). And he spoke of his fast of forty days and forty nights in the deserts of Southern Utah and California. George visited many people on his trek west, first the Gauchats outside Cleveland, then the Lou Murphys in Detroit and Karl Meyer in Chicago. When George got to Ammon's in Salt Lake City he joined Bob Steed who was also there. The three of them together in Mormon country must have been quite an experience for the native populace: three non-violent conquistadores.

After staying at Ammon's, George went south to the desert and began his fast. He told of the cold night, even though he had a sleeping bag. He told that as the fast progressed and he lost his body fat the cold penetrated even more deeply than before. With about ten days remaining in the fast, he left for California, stopping off wherever he found himself. One of his last stops was the CW house in Oakland. He stayed there only a short time, and just managed to make it home to Brooklyn on the fortieth day of his fast. He had lost about 45 pounds, but has gained most of it back since returning to his mother's cooking.

George said that the spiritual benefits which he experienced are the greatest he had ever had, and that he thinks it has given him the grace to never again fear death.



# Peter Maurin House

Oakland, California  
March, 1964.

Dear Friends,

As a group we ask the President not to sign the extension of P.L. 78 (Bracero Bill). His special assistant replied to Mr. Maurinhouse, an indication of the care given this matter when Mr. Whitehouse signed up. AND thus allowed all working Americans to share in subsidizing free-enterprise farmers by importing slave labor. And one out of ten of this generous class of slavers is actually unemployed.

Last month we provided to those who came, 4,270 meals, and shelter 1,779 times, etc. The most heated discussion was concerned with the individual needs and blessings vs. the individual outrage and insult to be found in efforts toward "the right to compete for work equally." A solution in the situation, but no solution to the situation.

## The Country

We will soon celebrate our first anniversary. And what has happened is that there are more regulars in the group now than just those who help operate it from the outside. Our family of insiders and outsiders has grown and we could handle some land. Eventually, there will be a reader who (?) can put us in contact with the owner of a couple or more acres within one or two hours from Oakland, who would give or rent or loan it to the least of these.

## The City

Daily, we rise at 5 and clean up. Breakfast at 8, reopen at 9, coffee break. Lunch at 12, reopen at 1, coffee break. Dinner at 6, reopen at 7. Lights out at 9, except Fridays. At the Ne-Cent, Monday at 10—Literacy Class. Tuesday at 10—coffee and distribution of dairy products. Wednesday PM—Arts & Crafts. Thursday AM & PM Clothing Exchange. Friday PM—Primary Arts & Crafts; at 7:45 to 8 PM—Arts & Crafts. We have an ad in the KPFA Folio for help in making use of this house for the neighborhood. WELFARE RIGHTS EDUCATION is about to begin.

## Report

Now is the time to admit that, for a few weeks in December, we did somewhat slacken its pace: our truly great and indispensable Hugh Madden was making his annual pilgrimage to Guadalupe. At a Friday night meeting, he said: To tell you something about Guadalupe... there must have been about 60,000 people, at an open-air Mass. There were dancing by the Indians and other people, some of them dressed up in Spanish costumes the same as people wore 3 or 400 years ago; singing and dancing of all types.

It is something that you never see in any other country that I have ever been in. That is the only place on this continent that Our Lady has appeared in person. Scientists from all over the world have examined the cloak on which is imprinted Our Lady's image, and they say that no human hand can do it. The picture is over the altar at the basilica. A few years back someone tried to dynamite the picture. The blast wrecked the altar but the picture was not damaged... So it clearly showed the hand of God protecting it.

I left Oakland Monday pm on a Greyhound. Got Holy Communion in LA, was late for Mass. Crossing the border, they weren't going to let me into Mexico without citizenship papers. Said prayers, and thought of old Army discharge: the guard said OK. Train fare—178 pesos, second class, rough and ready, good people to travel with.

About 11, Friday, I got down to Mexico City. Got to Mass, no Communion. Found the Hotel Montezuma, about four bits a night, American money; not too fancy but you can make out with it.

I got to Mass and Communion every day, with Benediction Sunday at the parish church. Visiting the graveyard, I got caught taking a piece of rock; they took me up to the boss. At first I didn't make out too well with him but he saw I was only taking a sample and let me go.

I went down to Chapultepec. I climbed a hill but couldn't see any lake. There are parks in a sunken garden but only a little bit of a lake that I could see. I climbed a small mountain back of Guadalupe. "La Villa" is a pretty handy town to get around in—street cars and buses only cost 35 centavos (3-5 cents) to get across town.

Thursday, Dec. 12, was the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe. I got there a little before 5. The only way you can get in is to get down on your knees. I managed to make it to the first Mass but couldn't get Communion because of the crowd.

A copy of La Prensa had a picture showing the huge crowd. At the church of Our Lady they now have regular soldiers with batons; and the smart guys that thought

they were going to push in would get the baton. You could see the light in their eyes: they enjoyed cracking someone. At the consecration of the Mass they sounded off with bugles.

I started off to see some friends but decided to tackle the church again. I crawled on all fours up to the center entrance. Then I went over to the side door and managed to get into the church, but there were so many there that I got out again.

I found these friends at Tlapan, about thirty miles on the outskirts of Mexico City. At a local church for evening Mass, the priest talked so long that it was dark when I started back. Got lost, then finally found my way; but the boys were three sheets in the wind and I had to sleep in the front room.

## To be concluded.

(Note: This Letter was handset and printed by Art. Johnston on the press here at Peter Maurin House. We call it THE GREEN REVOLUTION PRESS in honor of the third plank of Peter Maurin, regarding the land; his other visions were Houses of Hospitality and Round Table Discussions. Your ideas on worthy uses of this press will be welcomed.)

# LETTERS

(Continued from page 7)

wards we go in procession singing De Colores into the school social hall for breakfast; song, discussion music and talks by three or four people on their particular apostolic projects.

We sing Compline at our house each night in English, as I learned to sing it this past summer when I was with you on Chrystie Street. The time for Compline varies from 9 p.m. to about 3 a.m., because of our varied schedules. Neighbors and friends often sing it with us, so that sometimes ten or twelve people sing it, while at other times there are only two or three of us, or just myself. And on occasion I am too tired myself to say it.

We have been giving lots of food and clothing to our neighbors, and twice now we have had neighbors' boys stay over for the weekend. We are working on having a flower and vegetable garden this summer.

Bob Kaye came over two weeks ago and left us a stack of CW's which we are giving out to friends and visitors. I still haven't gotten out in the street to sell them, but that is the idea.

The Little girls gave us a beautiful little loom, and we all hope to become loom-a-tics. There is so much to do here, reading, phone calls, writing, discussion, projects, cleaning up, manual as well as mental labor. We are trying to see Christ in each person we meet. We want to practice the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. We read Peter Maurin's Easy Essays and make them the basis for discussion.

It's so nice to have lots of girls coming over also. Life would be a little drab without them. Thank God for them!

We hope to start a girls' house next door in two weeks if our present plans develop. It would only be big enough for two or three girls in the beginning, but at least it would be a start. Some girls from Grosse Pointe plan to come down here for the summer, and teach a six week course in Bible, painting, or whatever the parents and our pastor feel is needed for the smaller children.

Our major projects at present are a birthday party here on March nineteenth for three friends; getting our garden ready; slaughtering our ram for the Holy Thursday Paschal meal to which we will invite our neighbors, particularly our teenage neighbors. On April fifth we will show the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walk, a film which we are borrowing from our Quaker friends in Ohio. Around May Day Ammon Hennacy will be here for a few days, and will give one of his talks here.

We are taking Jesus at His word when he said,

"Do not fret, then, asking, What are we to eat? or What are we to drink? or How shall we find clothing? It is for the heathen to busy themselves over such things;

you have a Father in heaven who knows that you need them all. Make it your first care to find the kingdom of God and his approval, and all these things shall be yours without the asking. Do not fret, then, over tomorrow; leave tomorrow to fret over its own needs; for today today's troubles are enough."

We thank our Good God for his daily miracles among us, and we thank you, the Catholic Workers, Dorothy, Ammon, Karl Meyer, everyone, and in particular, Peter Maurin, for the guidance and love which you have shown me personally, in Detroit, Chicago and New York. There are so many countless people to thank. All of you have planted the seed which enables us to reap such a bountiful harvest for the coming of the New Jerusalem, the Kingdom where there will be perfect joy and peace, happiness and fulfillment. Where we will all be as free as the birds, and where those who hunger and thirst after justice will be satisfied.

De Colores,

Dan Shay

R. I, Bernardsville,  
New Jersey  
March 18, 1964

Dear Dorothy:

You, and possibly your readers, may be interested in the results of the February '64 Catholic Worker's "Rhythm Beads" article, for which I am most grateful.

Twenty two people so far have written for the beads and directions and requests are still coming in! Four people have wanted the beads in quantity. Several have sent encouraging words and contributions. Many of those writing have been priests or seminary students; one the mother of a priest, who has many requests for help with the family limitation problem.

Since several have written for information about starting a Catholic Rhythm Clinic in their area, you may want to print the address of the person to write to about how a Catholic Rhythm Clinic was started in Buffalo:

Dr. Joseph Ricotta  
Family Life Planning Bureau  
One Agassiz Circle  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Yours most gratefully,  
Betty Kindleberger Stone

# SPRING APPEAL

(Continued from page 2)

Peter Maurin always used to talk about. And how to judge another's crippling pain? Looked at with the eyes of a visitor many of whom are our readers who get the 74,000 copies of the paper which are mailed out each month, our place must look dingy indeed, filled as it always is with men and women, and some children too, all of whom bear the unmistakable marks of destitution and misery. Aren't we deceiving ourselves, I am sure many of them think, in the work we are doing? What are we accomplishing anyway for them, or for the world or for the common good? Are these people being "rehabilitated," is the question we get almost daily, from visitors or our readers who seem to be great letter writers. One priest had his catechism classes write us questions as to our work after they had the assignment in religion class to read my paper back book, *The Long Loneliness*. The majority of them asked the same question, "How can you see Christ in people?" And we only say: It is an act of faith, constantly repeated. It is an act of love, resulting from an act of faith. It is an act of hope, that we can awaken these same acts in their hearts too, with the help of God, and the works of mercy, which you our readers, help us to do, day in and day out over the years.

On Easter Day, on awakening late after the long midnight services in our parish church, I read over the last chapters of the four Gospels and felt that I received great light and understanding with the reading of them. "They have taken the Lord out of His tomb and we do not know where they have laid Him," Mary Magdalene said, and we can say this with her in times of doubt and questioning. How do we know we believe? How do we know we indeed have faith? Because we have seen His hands and His feet in the poor around us. He has shown himself to us in them. We start by loving them for Him, and we soon love them for themselves, each one a unique person, most special!

In that last glorious chapter of St. Luke, Jesus told his followers, "Why are you so perturbed? Why do questions arise in your minds. Look at my hands and my feet. It is I myself. Touch me and see. No ghost has flesh and bones as you can see I have." They were still unconvinced, for it seemed too good to be true. "So He asked them, 'Have you anything to eat?' They offered Him a piece of fish they had cooked which he took and ate before their eyes."

How can I help but think of these things every time I sit down at Chrystie Street or Peter Maurin farm and look around at the tables filled with the unutterably poor who are going through their long continuing crucifixion. It is most surely an exercise of faith for us to see Christ in each other. But it is through such exercise that we grow and the joy of our vocation assures us we are on the right path.

It is easier most certainly to believe now that the sun warms us and we know that buds will appear on the sycamore trees in the wasteland across from the Catholic Worker office, that life will spring out of the dull clods of that littered park across the way. There are wars and rumors of war, poverty and plague, hunger and pain. Still, the sap is rising, again there is the resurrection of spring, God's continuing promise to us that He is with us always, with His comfort and joy, if we will only ask. "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find," He said. And Pascal adds to His words, "You would not seek me if you had not already found me."

You must excuse me if I seem to be writing an Easter sermon, out of place for a woman to do, but I must keep trying to explain what we do, year in and year out, and to ask your help again. We are not mailing out an appeal this spring because sooner or later, when the long delays are over, and the lawyers and real estate men and the surveyors get through to our sale (and there is tremendous volume of buying and selling now that the Verrazano bridge over the Narrows is nearing completion) we expect we will have enough money to get our new place up the Hudson, and enough to carry us through the summer besides. We have never yet sent out an appeal when we had money and I am afraid we were having delusions of grandeur this last month when we did not send out our usual March appeal. Actually, when we pay our rents, almost a thousand a month, for our apartments in the neighborhood and for the furnished rooms and apartments for Millie and Julie and Katherine and so on; and when we pay the gas and electric, and the bread and meat bills, and Tony the grocer, and all the daily odds and ends of medicines, carfares, stamps—we would not have had enough for the envelopes, paper, mailing and so on for that usual semi-annual appeal which takes up the slack and keeps us running. So I am writing this appeal instead, and trust that our readers, before all their money dribbles away, will send some off to the poor. "Let your abundance supply their want," St. Paul said. "Bear ye one another's burdens." "Love one another," St. John pleaded. And "love is an exchange of gifts," St. Ignatius said. So please, will you make this gesture of love? Where is is no love, will you put love, and so make this increase in the sum total of good in the world? It is about the most peace-making thing you can do—the most radical thing, since it gets at the roots of the trouble.

The mystery of the poor is this, that they are Jesus, and what you do for them, you do for Him. It is the only way we have of knowing and believing in our love. The mystery of poverty is that by sharing in it, making ourselves poorer by giving to others, we increase our knowledge of and belief in love.

A grateful heart for your help, which has always been forthcoming, is just one more thing to thank you for.