

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## THE WORKER PRIESTS

By Anne Tallefer

"Man is a living paradox and the Incarnation—the Word made flesh—is the greatest paradox of all" (Henri de Lubac). Thus vocation, the call of the supernatural to the natural, the message of the Lord, when utterly pure and obediently heard is apt to surprise us shatteringly. Of all the strange vocations that of worker-priest may be among the most dispossessed.

The present Anglican bishop of Tanganyika, who was then Father Trevor Huddleston, one of the great fighters against apartheid in South-Africa, once said: "the trial of the worker-priests is that of Joan of Arc". Strangely enough his words are echoed in a letter written by an eminent ecclesiastic, years ago, to Father Godin, one of the founders of the movement: "It is doubtful if the Catholic Church, the Catholic hierarchy, by itself would have the courage to operate this reform. God will have to help or to constrain it to do so."

In another letter the same ecclesiastic who may or may not have been Cardinal Suhard says: "The rechristianization of France and above all of its workers demands, to begin with, a radical reform of our society. The form of slavery called proletariat must first be abolished totally . . . The Church of France will have to pay the necessary price for this revolution. Its output will be great, as great as was its part of responsibility in the social abuses that have led to the dechristianization of the country."

Thus spoke the Church to the Witness. The etymology of the word witness is mystery. It is in mystery that the worker-priest movement was born, lived, died apparently once, was rather obscurely reborn, seems dead once more and is being born afresh.

Though many Catholic Worker readers may be familiar with the details of the history of this movement, it is on account of this mystery that it should be brought forth again in its causes and its roots.

These are over a hundred years old. After the revolution of 1789 the French Church sided with its supporters, when monarchy was restored; these were the right-

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## Co-operation

By Rev. George J. MacLean  
(Condensed from Social Justice Review, July-Aug. 1957)

When on June 13, 1953, No. 1B Colliery ceased to operate, this action, preceded by only a short notice, threw out of employment some 1,100 workers, and caused an immediate social and economic crisis in Dominion and Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. At first, more fortunate miners, employed elsewhere and parish family welfare associations gave their help. Then, as the demand for assistance exceeded the funds, a miners' assistance committee was organized, composed of representatives of the U.M.W., Catholic clergy, the Ministerial Association and the municipalities concerned, with a bank manager as treasurer. People throughout the Maritimes and the United States, as well as the Gov-

ernment of Nova Scotia, contributed; and through a nine-man group which investigated all applications for assistance and dispensed food and clothing during the most critical period, more than \$60,000 worth of goods was distributed.

### PLIGHT OF THE MINERS

Although about two hundred families in the area migrated to Central Canada and the United States, most of the men were re-employed in other mines. But the precarious condition of the coal industry, the ever-decreasing markets, etc., compelled the miners to accept the wage level of 1952 for four successive years. During this period the miners' pay did not in-

crease, yet the cost of living mounted at an alarming rate, and their neighbors, especially the steel workers, received regular gains. For many miners their position was little better than the jobless on relief, for the average take-home pay was between thirty and thirty-five dollars a week. While nominally working, the men could find only a gloomy future.

Basically, it is claimed here in Nova Scotia that a market cannot be found for all the coal produced, due to the high cost of production. Oil is steadily displacing coal, although the introduction of the Dosco Down Draft Furnace has arrested the trend toward oil in the domestic field, at least in Cape

Breton. Also, many of the traditional markets still using coal are consuming coal imported from the United States, which they obtain more cheaply than Nova Scotia coal.

From an economic point of view, the likelihood of the coal industry expanding to any appreciable degree is doubtful. Mechanization has been introduced in an effort to reduce costs, but a past-president of the United Mine Workers of America said that even a stable and efficient coal industry could not hope to employ all the men seeking jobs.

To supplement the meagre earnings of the miners in this semi-

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## THE ROOT OF WAR

By Thomas Merton

The present war crisis is something we have made entirely for and by ourselves. There is in reality not the slightest logical reason for war, and yet the whole world is plunging headlong into frightful destruction, and doing so with the purpose of avoiding war and preserving peace! This is a true war-madness, an illness of the mind and the spirit that is spreading with a furious and subtle contagion all over the world. Of all the countries that are sick, America is perhaps the most grievously afflicted. On all sides we have people building bomb shelters where, in case of nuclear war, they will simply bake slowly instead of burning up quickly or being blown out of existence in a flash. And they are prepared to sit in these shelters with machine guns with which to prevent their neighbor from entering. This in a nation that claims to be fighting for religious truth along with freedom and other values of the spirit. Truly we have entered the "post-Christian era" with a vengeance. Whether we are destroyed or whether we survive, the future is awful to contemplate.

### The Christian

What is the place of the Christian in all this? Is he simply to fold his hands and resign himself for the worst, accepting it as the inescapable will of God and preparing himself to enter heaven with a sigh of relief? Should he open up the Apocalypse and run out into the street to give everyone his idea of what is happening? Or worse still, should he take a hard-headed and "practical" attitude about it and join in the madness

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## Freedom Riders

By Felix Singer

The State of Mississippi is acting as cop-judge-prosecutor all in one in the appeal cases. They make, interpret and enforce the law and they twist it into pretzels: their avowed purpose is to destroy the Congress of Racial Equality, chief sponsor of the rides. Almost unbelievable distortions of the letter and spirit of the law occur one after the other.

The trick that bites deepest is the upped appeal bond. After the first appeal trial in Jackson, Miss. (which is automatically lost), the bond is raised from \$500 to \$1,500, although the offense is the same, the sentence often the same, although the defendant has shown his good faith by making two trips to Jackson to appear in court. CORE has served notice, that it cannot guarantee to supply this additional bond money.

We Riders are left with two honorable alternatives. (I exclude jumping bond and pleading guilty, both of which I consider dishonorable). One can plead not guilty or one can plead nolo contendere—I do not contend—in effect, no plea.

If he lacks the extra \$1,000, the Rider who pleads not guilty faces the likelihood of beginning immediately the usual maximum sentence (4 mos. prison plus \$200 fine which can be worked out at \$3 a day). Without appeal bond cash, CORE cannot appeal the case to-

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Saint Francis



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## Appeal

The Catholic Worker  
175 Chrystie St., N.Y. 2

October 1961.

Beloved:

That is what you are to the Lord, and to us too, and since I pray every day for all who read the paper and write for the paper, for those who eat with us and for those who send us the help which enables us to feed the 6,000 or so who sit at our table each month, consider yourselves well prayed for. St. Teresa said she was so grateful a heart that she could be bought (I suppose she meant her gratitude could be bought) with a sardine. Another time she said she was so poor in her convent that they did not have the fuel to cook a sardine, if they had had a sardine. That is the state we are in now. I asked Charles Butterworth how much money we had in the bank yesterday and he said a dollar. St. Francis would say that is good to be flat broke, but the grocer in the country who has supplied us with staples all summer does not feel that way. We have been so overwhelmed with guests, ambassadors of God, as Peter Maurin used to say, that our bill there is over \$2,000 and since he is a neighborhood grocer, he cannot pay his supply house and his shelves are getting empty and he is losing customers. There is no co-operative near and we do not believe in the abolition of private property through chain stores.

No use saying I do not worry, and sometimes I think the destitute have more faith than I do. People do not stop coming, nor do they go away. One time last month we ran out of food at dinner, and Dianne called out, "We have no more, you will have to go away." But no one went. They just sat, and she raked and scraped up an impromptu soup from everything in the larder. Just to sit down and have something hot in their stomachs, even on so hot a day,—to know us in the breaking of bread, to know each other in the breaking of bread, to know Christ in the breaking of bread, that is what it meant.

When Dianne, who had been cooking all that day to give Stuart time off, said sadly, "you will have to go away," I thought of Tom Sullivan (who is teaching now) and how he said about our two useless horses at the farm at Newburgh that had sore feet and could never work,— "Let's give them a bag of oats and tell them to go away." (We managed to sell the horses.) How hard it is to always be anxiously looking over the food to see if there is enough to go around.

But of course there will always be enough, I know this when I write this semi-annual appeal to try to catch up on our bills. I picked up the Scriptures and opened up on the very page where God was giving directions to Moses about the manna. "Only take enough for the day," He told them, "and the day before the Sabbath, enough for two days." If they tried to store up more it turned to corruption in their hands.

I like writing an appeal when we literally have nothing, when we have to send it out piecemeal, borrowing money to do so, and then joyfully open the letters to see whom we are hearing from. Dianne and Stuart are so confident that they have told our landlord we will take the big store-room next day for the additional \$75 a month so we can take care of the children in our neighborhood who are running in and out all day. Young Angel, who seems like anything but an angel when he climbs on our roof and sends down bags of water (water bombs) on our heads, and young Israel and all the others who sing compline with us at night will now have more of a place with us by day. One more kind of war, that of the children and adults, will be lessened and appeased. It is all part of the work of making peace. And for all this work, we ask you again with loving gratitude, to help us.

Yours, in Christ Who is our Peace,

Dorothy Day.



## ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

As usual we are going to press late this month, on the eleventh, and when our readers will receive the paper will depend on how much help we get around the office to mail it out. There are births, marriages, and deaths among us, and sicknesses of one kind or another, and people to drive to the clinic and to wait with to bring them home. In general we are living, and it is hard to get down to writing about living and its problems. Stuart Sandberg who makes up the paper each month, and also makes up the meals each day, says that we have plenty of copy so I do not need to write much. Dianne helps with the house, with the women, with the cooking, with answering our voluminous correspondence, and of course with the children. And she is always calm.

Jim Forrest, just released from the Navy as a conscientious objector, is doing valiant work on the correspondence, too.

All this month I have written additional chapters on my new book, and it is now finished. Stanley is typing it and it will soon be in the hands of the publisher. So I can work on correspondence again.

### Speaking

Tomorrow, October 6, I will visit my daughter in Vermont for the weekend and then go on to Erie, Pennsylvania for a few talks. I will visit Jack Thornton and Mary and her ten children and then I must return quickly to New York to speak to a group at New York University. A few days later I have a talk at a Unitarian Church in Chester, Pennsylvania, and at the end of the month, at Holy Cross College and at Clark College, in Worcester, at St. Anselm's in Manchester, New Hampshire, at a Quaker school in New Hampshire and at Putney Graduate School in Vermont. These are just little trips, these comings and goings, but they take a lot of time.

Each time I set out, I try to clean up my desk, finish up unfinished business and so on. On a long trip one can relax, have a sense of travel, of sightseeing.

### End of a Season

Judith Gregory is going to be at Putney until December first, and she said she was longing to stay in New England for the "color season." As for me, I am longing to stay in the beach house on Staten Island now that the five families who have visited us during the summer are all gone, leaving mute reminders of their presence in the shape of clothes, toys, old bathing suits, a flannel strain-

er for Puerto Rican coffee and innumerable specimens of rocks, shells, and whelks' cocoons. It is all strangely silent, the beach is deserted, the gulls scream and fight over the fish that come in on the tide. Fishing boats, six of them, are out daily in the bay, trawling for menhaden, or moss bunkers, which are sailed to the factories in New Jersey to make oil for paints and the bulk for fertilizer. I tell the children the oil is used to make oleo margarine. It could be, at that, since England uses whale oil for her margarine.

Astors and goldenrod, blue sailor and second growth honey suckle are still blooming. Our pear trees are heavy with pears which Ralph and Joe have been preserving. It has been a good year for fruit.



Our neighbors have shared their grapes with us.

I think one of the sadnesses of Fall is that the children are back in school and there are long silent hours every day which you think they should be enjoying too. It is as though they were going off to work each day, shut up in school rooms.

### Retreats

Deane Mowrer has just come back from a retreat at Regina Laudis at Bethlehem, Connecticut, leaving last Sunday and returning Thursday night laden with apples, sweet smelling herbs, and a fleece from Lauren Ford's sheepfold, which we will wash, tease and make into big fat comforters like the Doukhobors do. It will be fun sitting around the long table at the farm, working at the wool.

Charles Butterworth, Walter Kerrel, Ed Forand, Jean Walsh, Janet Burwash, Ralph Madsen and I all made our five day retreat over Labor Day at Mt. Saviour, with the Charles de Foucauld secular fraternity. Stuart made a private one at the same place later. Dianne made hers at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

As for other members of our

family, whether they are included on our masthead or not,—Ammon Hennacy is busy in Salt Lake City working at his one man revolution in the shape of a house of hospitality there. Mary Lathrop is helping him, working at housework by the day to escape taxes—and to pay the rent of the house—The Joe Hill House and the St. Joseph's Refuge. We are printing excerpts from their last letters.

During the month a Carthusian from Vermont wrote to ask about Ammon, missing his name in the paper. "Is he dead?" he wished to know. "If so I will pray for him." No, he is very much alive and wants anyone passing through Salt Lake City to visit him at 72 Postoffice Place.

We have been so overset with long articles that we have not been able to continue our writing about Cuba. Dianne wrote an article this month and we will try to cover this issue further, printing letters and answers too in the next issue, God willing. Meanwhile, pray for us, and know that we are trying to see things in the light of our faith, in the light of eternity.

### Karl in Moscow

News came today that Karl Meyer, our Chicago editor, and thirty other peace marchers arrived in Moscow, distributed peace leaflets in Red Square, and talked to the students at Moscow University. Radio accounts told us that the students protested when authorities had limited the talks of the pacifists to fifteen minutes, but the pacifists won their point.

### Love Casts Our Fear

There is of course much fear in the world today and a sense of imminent disaster threatening.

When St. Ignatius was asked what he would do if he were told he would die in an hour, he said that he would go right on doing what he was doing.

So we too, if we have a sense of Divine Providence, and abandon ourselves to it, will go on doing what we are doing, "the duties of our state in life," of our vocation.

The world is very beautiful around us these days and there are glimpses of heaven here and now. Of course we love this life and the joys of music and sunlight and children's laughter. But we know too that "the ear is not satisfied with hearing, nor the eye with seeing." But we know also that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared for those who love him." All things happen only by His permissive will and "all things work together for good to those who love God." So we pray for that,—that we learn to love, that we grow in love.

## Protest in England

Dear Dorothy,

On Sunday, September 17th, at 5:00 p.m. Trafalgar Square and the surrounding area was filled with thousands of demonstrators who moved in a quiet and orderly fashion along the sidewalks and through the Square. The movement in the Square was hampered by the crowd, which shortly after five was almost completely sealed in by the police cordons at the exits. Thus we could not march to Parliament Square as planned, and there was a call by one of the monitors to sit down where we were. The monitor and any other who tried to speak was promptly arrested and the crowd was soon without leadership.

Outside the Square some demonstrators began to sit down in the road leading to Parliament Square, and I decided to join them. I was unable to get across to them until an harassed, but still courteous, policeman asked me if I wanted to get through. I said yes, and he and another officer made way for me, but as I moved across to join the demonstrators he tried to es-

cort me to the sidewalk. I insisted that I wanted to join "my friends," and finally he let me go, but he made me feel that I hadn't played it fairly when he said that he thought I had only wanted to get through. I hadn't thought of it from his point of view, but at any rate, in a matter of minutes, other police began arresting our group. When they asked me if I would move on and I refused they very politely picked me up and deposited me in the police bus. The arresting officer was required to escort me to the station, so when the bus and vans were filled there was one officer to each demonstrator. This system may have made it easier for the rest of the demonstrators to proceed. All told 1,321 were arrested in London.

At the first station I was booked and charged, but since I refused to put up any bail I was put into another bus which contained individual cells for 14. The cell was the dimension of the penitent's part of the confessional and it had a wooden bench. The walls were solid hard wood with a tiny frost-

ed window on the outside and a wire and metal shuttered window for air on the aisle side. My particular cell had the cliché, "If you can't do time, don't do crime" written on the wall. Someone else said that their cell had "Keep the Pope off the moon."

After a long ride we were taken to a jail at Leyton and assigned two to a cell, to sleep on a wooden bench and to share one blanket. Sleep was almost impossible as it was cold, and some of us were wet from the rain which had fallen all day Sunday, and the 150 watt light was kept on all night. We had exhausted the resources of police and reserves for manpower and accommodation, but incredibly to me, at least, we had not, for the most part, exhausted their courtesy.

We were taken with our arresting officer, one at a time, before the magistrate at Old Street Court. We were informed of the charge, asked if we had anything to say about it, and told that the penalty was two pounds \$5.60 or 28 days in jail. They knew that I was an

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# Our Neighbors On Chrystie Street

By EDGAR FORAND

To write of our neighbors is to write of suffering. This is always a very difficult thing to do when we do not enter into the same suffering as they. In today's Mass the Pharisees asked Jesus which is the great commandment of the Law. After telling them how to love God, He tells them to love their neighbors as themselves.

How, for instance, can we share the anxiety of one of our women at St. Joseph's House who literally lives out of a half dozen shopping bags? None of the hotels in the neighborhood will take her because of the disturbance she causes. She will not let us bring her to the N.Y. Welfare Department. This agency evidently has not been able to help her even though she is in her fifties, mentally retarded and absolutely homeless and penniless. As a result of this she is left to sleep in any abandoned apartment or, if she cannot find one, she will usually sleep on the top floor in the hallway of one of the tenements here on the East Side.

## Destitution

She is not an isolated case; she tells of her friends who do likewise. There must actually be hundreds in different pockets of this city of wealth and affluence who exist as she does. Leon Bloy tells us that the hardest thing for a soul to do is not to suffer for others but in others. This point was vividly brought home to me when I found out that this woman, who was given a dollar to try to get a room for the night, gave half of it to another woman because, as she said, the woman needed it.

When it comes to trying to share in the burdens of our neighbors who have families, our difficulties and problems are increased tenfold. No matter how well we observe poverty, even if we could in the strictest sense of the word, we wouldn't begin to know or understand the poverty of most of the Puerto Ricans down here on the Lower East Side. We of the Worker staff don't, for instance, have to worry about the necessities of life; we have sufficient food each day, clothes on our back, and a place to sleep each night. These are things which are denied many of those around us. As a result they live not in a holy poverty which is held up as an ideal by the Church, but in destitution—in a deprivation of the necessities of life which results in a battle just for existence. In our voluntary poverty we are also rich in other ways. We have our books, our music, we are free to study at times and most of us are in good health; and we don't have to worry whether our own families are going to eat tomorrow or not. We have, most of all, what the Church holds out to us in her Mass, her sacraments and her life. So we are truly rich when we compare ourselves to the poor around the Bowery and to the poor families in our neighborhood.

## Forgive us our bread

To go into the rat-infested and roach-ridden apartments where our Puerto Rican neighbors live is to be constantly in contact with the suffering poor—but it is to realize, too, that we can be a long way from knowing or understanding their misery. St. Vincent de Paul would go one step further and say that we must not only be understanding, but so love the poor that they can forgive us our charity.

Let us look into the homes of a few of the Puerto Rican families and see what it means to live in filth and squalor while their neighbors by the millions in cosmopolitan New York live, although not in wealth, at least in comfortable circumstances.

Mr. Gonzalez, his wife and four children live in what is a typical evil-smelling (there is no other expression for it) apartment with

the attendant dirt, garbage, and rubbish strewn along the hallways and stairs. Mr. Gonzalez is superintendent of his building, so that the landlord generously allows him free rent, a dilapidated five-room apartment, and pays him in addition \$30 each month. This together with the \$68 a month that he receives from Welfare makes a grand total of \$98 out of which he has to pay his utilities and clothe and feed a family of six. He cannot supplement his income at all by working a few hours each day because if he did the city would deduct the amount earned from his Welfare check. His wife is now in the hospital and they are in the process of a legal suit whereby they hope to collect a few thousand dollars. They either have the choice of taking the money, should they win the case, and dropping Welfare altogether, or else continuing to receive help from the city but handing over to it the entire amount accruing from the suit. Whatever choice he makes he is going to lose eventually—but then this is usually the way of the poor and if you belong to a minority group this is all the more likely to happen. We know that the Puerto Ricans are citizens and not immigrants but for all intents and purposes they are being treated like minority groups have always been when they arrive here in this country. This is bad enough in itself but what is tragic as far as the Church is concerned, is that thousands leave it and will never come back because of the shortsightedness on the part of those of us who call ourselves Christians.

## Why Charity?

Another family we have become friendly with is that of Mrs. Cortez, separated from her husband, and with nine girls to think of. The oldest girl is about thirteen so the mother can expect very little help from her daughters. This woman receives \$270 each month from the city, which when broken down amounts to \$27 per person. Out of this money Mrs. Cortez has to pay \$73 rent for what is another fire-trap and pest hole. The apartment consists of five rooms but two of the rooms are only big enough to get a bed

and a chair into. This is the kind of family which one would like to see partially adopted by another Christian family in better circumstances. It would mean helping them with their food and subsistence—but more than this, for a family living in or near N. Y., becoming friends with the woman who is lonely and with the children who are fatherless. This is a wonderful and a concrete way in which a Christian or a whole family can express their love and gratitude to God for all He has given them.

Father Schumacher in an article in America has this pertinent remark to make: "Loving the poor is not something optional for a Christian; it is of the very essence of his faith, and it makes sense only in the light of that faith. It is easy to love lepers in Asia when someone else changes their band-



ages; it is easy to love orphans in our own city when devoted sisters care for them day and night. But it is repulsive, it is awkward, it is sometimes embarrassing, it can make us uncomfortable to think about really and truly loving the poor in person."

## Poverty, Divine and Squalid

This might sound hard to some but anyone who has ever had anything to do with the poor will tell you that they do much more for you in a truly deep sense of the word than you can ever do for them no matter how much you try to help them materially or spiritually. Bloy would better express this in a mystical way by saying, (Continued on page 8)

# Pilgrimage to a Prison

By ANNE FREMANTLE

As I flew back to London from Athens—leaving the Parthenon, honey-colored in the morning sun, I read of Lord Russell's jailing. I have known him all my life. When he was three and my mother was five, he rescued her from his elder brother, who had tied her up by her plaits. They remained friends always. After his first spell of prison as a pacifist in World War I, Bertrand Russell came for his first meal "out" to our house in Rutland Gate. He spoke graphically of the stomach pump with which the prison authorities had forcibly fed him, and I, aged six, was fascinated. On my other side at lunch sat the then Governor of the Bank of England, Montague Norman. In my best grown-up manner I turned to him and asked "And have you just come out of prison too?" which made Russell laugh.

Now, as soon as my plane had landed, and we were through customs, I called Brixton Jail, explained I was in transit—had to catch the next plane to New York—and that I wanted to see His Lordship. "You woke me up," grumbled the voice in reply. "I've been on duty 25 hours, we all have. We don't have anyone detailed to answer the phone. But if you come in tomorrow morning at ten o'clock with your passport and air-tickets, we'll see what we can do for you."

Next morning first thing I went to Fortum and Mason and bought a bottle of brandy for a present (the British stores are not supposed to sell liquor out of licensing hours, but they all do) and picked up a cab in Piccadilly.

"Brixton Jail," I said and, as we went, he said, "Your friend on remand or sentenced?"

"Sentenced," I said. "One of them nuclear toffs, I suppose?" I agreed. He continued. "Well, everyone has a right to their opinion, that's what I say, but supposing everyone thought as they did, where would we be? That Mr. K. knows we'd never use the bomb first."

"Does he?" I interposed, and went on, "after all, we did before."

"Oh, that was on them Japs—they was unspeakable. I was working on poison gas in the last

war, and let me tell you, it was only because we had it, and Winnie told the Krauts that if they used it we would, that no one used it at all. Same thing now. If we have the bomb, and they know it, none will use it."

We had crossed the river. "Different world here," he said, "much cheaper. I have regular customers drive over to the markets here once a week and do all their shopping. And now we're coming to Brixton proper—regular Harlem here." I asked why. "There's a lot of condemned houses, and the Negroes fill them up—as many as six and eight of them to a room there is. They come into this country to die on relief—so bad with TB they can't even speak. I'm afraid to have them in my cab, I am. A lot of cabbies won't take them. Spitting and all that, you know. And many of 'em covered with sores. The smell's so bad I have to shut the partition."

We were passing some tall blocks of flats. "Council buildings—all working class," he explained, "lot of people with their own businesses who could afford not to, stay right on in these and go miles to work every morning. Very sought after."

We arrived at the jail, and he said he would wait for me. A big gate, with a side door, opened to my knock. In the waiting room, the uniformed officer, who was most considerate, said the visiting officer alone could give me access to any prisoner. So I went to a big waiting room, with several people there, mostly Negro. But it turned out that I needed a pass signed by the Governor or an officer acting for him. After I placed my telephone calls, I chatted with a second officer. 130 "nuclear chaps" had been brought in the day before. I learned that there were 30,000 people in jail in England, and the prison service had a difficulty in recruitment. In fact, staffing the jails was becoming increasingly more difficult.

Finally the senior officer put the receiver down. "Sorry. The Governor says impossible."

Back in my taxi I read Lord Russell's statement in *The Times*:

To all, in whatever country, who are still capable of sane thinking or human feeling: friends, along with valued colleagues. I am to be silenced for a time—perhaps forever, for who can tell how soon the great massacre will take place? The populations of East and West, misled by stubborn governments in search of prestige and corrupted by official experts bent on retaining their posts, tamely acquiesce in policies which are certain to end in nuclear war.

There are supposed to be two sides, each professing to stand for a great cause. This is a delusion. Kennedy and Khrushchev, Adenauer and De Gaulle, Macmillan and Gaitskill, are pursuing a common aim; the ending of human rights. You, your families, your friends and your countries are to be exterminated by the common decision of a few brutal but powerful men. To please these men, all the private affections, all the public hope, all that has been achieved in art and knowledge and thought, and all that might be achieved hereafter is to be wiped out forever. Our ruined, lifeless planet will continue for countless ages to circle aimlessly round the sun, unredeemed by the joys and loves, the occasional wisdom and the power to create beauty, which have given value to human life. It is for seeking to prevent this that we are in prison." 14 September 1961; *London Times*, p. 6.)

# Letters from Ammon and Mary

72 Postoffice Place, Salt Lake City, Utah 9-28-61 (9th anniversary of my conversion)

John and Pat Little and children just left. Mary is working today and could not be here to see them. We went to a park and they had lunch (we fast today and tomorrow). Then we drove to the University, past the Cathedral and Holy Cross Hospital. They will see Laybourn's tomorrow in Cheyenne. I gave them Terry's address too. They seem happy and it is quite an adventure for them going as missionaries to Latin America. When we got back there was a note from Professor Wormuth who had me speak at the University. He had never seen the new place, and our Basque friend who works nights let him in. He left us \$15.

We will get a phone November 1st. Don't have to wait on it long; have the \$50 to deposit to get it in, and paid the \$25 deposit on the gas—waiting for Fr. Merrill to get the stoves carted over. By phoning around to the schoolboard and going with a man for some outdoor desks, etc. we got a nice long bench where we will place 3 leather cushions we already have, and a sort of white cupboard. I scour through the alleys at dawn and got some fine boxes with which I made shelves, and Ren Maybe, the ex-seminarian, finally brought some 2x4's. Some more seminarians from Mt. Angel were in to visit.

We heard Louis Fischer speak on Russia Monday night at the

Mormon meeting on their Square. He had spoken earlier that day to 9000 students at Brigham Young University in Provo. He said that the Russian families he had visited years ago where no criticism of the government was spoken before the children were different now and they spoke right up in front of them. He thinks there will be no war. He spoke of Gandhi and ended up chastising the white world for exploiting the 3/4 colored world. This was brave for the Mormons as Jim Crow.

There are Ute Indians to the east where Fr. Doyle is at Vernal and they got 17 million from the government and spend it carousing around, the lady at the Indian Association in N.Y. told me. Some Navajos are drinking around these streets. I still don't know a Ute when I see one.

Those Episcopalian ministers did well in the South, except that they took bail quickly, but that was quite a jump for them. In the old days Bishop Jones here in Salt Lake City was a leading pacifist, and Moulton was another Episcopal bishop who was a pacifist, and they helped in the Joe Hill time.

Several Mexicans have stopped in for a cup of coffee, the water takes 15 minutes to heat on our hot plate; they say they will help us cook, etc. when we get started.

Cut onions all day Saturday and made \$3.30. Pretty hard work.

Love to all,  
Ammon

And, from Mary:

I am enjoying the class I take once a week on how to teach catechism to children. I am taking it because I like to hear these things talked about, want to learn my doctrine well, and just generally find it extremely healthy and inspiring. I only wish I could go every night for two hours instead of just one night for two hours. The first hour is on method and is given by a lovely nun—the second hour is on doctrine and is given by a priest with intelligence and charm. I am very glad to be doing this. I also audit a class at the Guadalupe Mission on Tuesday afternoons at four o'clock.

I am satisfied with my murals for the House—one of the Holy Family, walking home from Jerusalem after the feast, the other of Joe Hill—they are the biggest things I have ever done. This is the first time I have worked on this kind of extremely absorbent and nibbly wall. It eats up the paint. I am looking forward to the painting class I hope to give to the Mexican children on Saturday afternoons. They do drawings of Bible scenes, Our Lord, Our Lady—Nativity for Christmas, I hope, and so on.

Sincerely in Christ,  
Mary



(Continued from page 1)

wing aristocrats and bourgeois, the rich and socially prominent. The revolution had been liberating but also atheistic. This is Church history and is being repeated in Franco Spain. The American Catholic Church, having somewhat sided with labor, does not encounter the same problems.

But on the other hand untoward happenings burst upon the 19th century, bourgeois as it was—on one side the industrial revolution, the reign of the machine, mankind streamlined in soul and personality, the individual changed into a number, as is expressed in a masterly fashion in a great book that knew no success in the United States: "The Twenty-Fifth Hour" by Gheorgiu; on the other hand Karl Marx, the Workers International Movement had—with some poetic justice—made this seething, depersonalized mass conscious of its strength for good or for evil. A new world incorporated into the old one, slaving for it, unrecognized by it, with a special language, special conceptions and an independence of its own, in thought. For the first time the people had become intellectually conscious, instead of borrowing from Christian tradition and popular culture, from which they now found themselves completely dissociated; torn as they were from their rural roots and transplanted into big cities that had nothing to offer them except hard labor, insecurity, social contempt and ignorance. No feudal lord has ever known as little about his peasants as the industrial boss, quite unconscious that the arm that works the machine is made of flesh and blood, not part of it, helping it produce more money for his benefit.

Individual priests began to worry about this and some sporadic cases of priests working in factories can be noted, especially after the religious persecutions under the ministry of Combes at the turn of the century, entailing the Separation of Church and State. At that time the popular masses who had not seen the Church line up with them began to realize that it was not economically profitable to be seen in church and they began to abandon it. To balance this, movements grew such as that of Marc Sangnier, "Le Sillon", the most famous among them, that was to be condemned as modernistic by Pius X. Today opinions, even in the Vatican, have much changed on this subject. There were also the great encyclicals of Leo XIII, but who was applying them in a realistic way?

It really took tragedy, despair and the hideous humiliations of the Nazi occupation to work the miracle. Over Paris, once called city of light, dark with the blackout, echoing with the tramp of heavy German boots patrolling and of police-squads arresting young men for deportation to Germany, over Paris echoing with horrible cries, tearing the silent night from hidden Gestapo chambers, an old man shed tears and meditated; an old man who, in a shabby business suit, would sometimes go and sit in a deserted church or share the meal of a family of workers somewhere in the squalid suburbs. This old man who was Cardinal Suhard had one dream; and one day it came true.

Among the men who had been deported to forced labor in German plants, marked victims because they were "the doomed of the earth", the industrial workers—800,000 in all—there stood in the same ragged overalls some willing deportees. Their number amounted to around 25 at the time. They were either seminarians or priests that the French bishops, encouraged by the cardinals, had asked to volunteer, so that the Church should take its place in the sacrifices of the French workers and stand as witness for Him who had shouldered all the pain as well as all the sins. In the concentration camps, skeletons in striped rags

no longer bore the tonsure nor the cassock; they simply lived out their martyrdom after having been arrested for activities distasteful to the Nazis, for having come as priests to the workers. Strange pastors to a strange flock, with no Church edifice, no sacraments, no sodalities, only a deadly, bleeding solidarity. One of the most prominent, arrested in a factory and sent to Dachau, where he died in January 1945, was Father Dillard, a Jesuit of deep and rare culture, an eminent economist, surrounded by the greatest personalities of his time, who were his friends, sent by the French Government several times on important missions. He has left the most moving pages on the priesthood at hard labor in Germany as well as on the honor of being a workman. Having quoted his

found small Christian communities, independent of the parishes, in the midst of the proletariat.

This was an answer to the Cardinal's preoccupations. He had already founded the Seminary of the Mission de France in Lisieux for the rechristianization of rural areas and the seriousness and deep psychology of the memo impressed him deeply. This, in time, was parallel to the experiment of priests working in Germany. In July the Cardinal allowed the "Mission de Paris" to start, conceived on a rather loose plan; it allowed for the action of priests narrowly related to laymen, detached from any parish obligations and dedicated to the evangelization of the working masses. On the Cardinal's suggestion, in September, the memo was pub-

ated a favorable climate for the movement to grow. The Catholic trade-unions are organized.

However, as early as 1945 the Holy See begins to express anxiety on the faith of denunciations and of accusations of neo-protestantism and Marxism. The honeymoon with the bourgeoisie had already soured. On the other hand some imprudent attitudes among the worker-priests, some exaggerations and lack of taste, some adventures also had brought their contingency of humanity to the first enthusiasm. A new publication: "Jeunesse de l'Eglise" is issued. It is around it and its editor, Father Montclair, later to be reduced to his laity on his request, that nearly all the crisis will circle. To parry all the accusations flooding into Rome, Cardinal Suhard sends Father Hollande there;

Cardinal Suhard dies in 1949 and, in France, clashes about the Indo-Chinese war and the pacifist Henri-Martin, jailed on this account, separate more and more the conservative and middle-of-the-road from the worker-priests and the masses of workmen. A campaign against the atom bomb is started in Stockholm. A great number of radical Christians—*chretiens engages*—sign the appeal, among whom are many ecclesiastics. The right-wing Catholic papers disapprove vociferously.

In 1951, a worker-priest, Michel Favreau, is crushed to death by his machine. The workers, deeply moved, throng the church at his funeral. Moved first by his sacrifice for them; then indignant because the accident could have been averted; the contractor knew the machine was dangerously placed and had been warned several times. The dead man had taken part in a manifestation against the war in Indo-China: a war that on the secular plane proved to be morally and materially a disaster for France and that left the Christian Viet-Namese in dire straits; a war that is being repeated in Algeria with about the same results and more atrocities to face on the budget.

This same year Cardinal Gerlier visits the Pope and is warmly received by him: "the wisdom of the French bishops will be their guide," says the Pope.

But the Holy See nevertheless stops the growth of the Mission, asserting it is more dangerous than useful. Vocations are stopped. The worker-priests meet; they change their vocabulary, their sentimentalities, some affectations of being more workers than the workers themselves. At the same time they meet with the bishops in seminars trying to find and to delineate the new theology exacted by the time and circumstances. Cardinal Lienart, superior of the Mission of Paris, issues a warning: there cannot be a new type of priest. At the same time a bishop—whose name is not mentioned—protests in "Le Monde" against denunciations, shielded by anonymity, pouring into Rome whilst the worker-priests and French bishops are the target of every criticism. He adds: "The impudence of these volunteer doctors is such that the Archbishop of Paris had to denounce them in his Lenten letter."

May 1952—The Peace Movement calls for a manifestation to protest against General Ridgeway's installation as Commander of the Atlantic Pact. During the manifestation—that was generally so peaceful that I personally, who am very absent-minded, went through it without noticing it, the police beat up savagely and disfigured two worker-priests who were trying to carry away a wounded man. Archbishop Feltin's protests were answered by denegations from the Police Commissioner alleging these men had lied. The Archbishop who had seen their battered faces knew the truth. He said to them: "My poor children, what has happened? Your sacrifice will not be in vain, believe me." The coroner testifies to the truth of these happenings.

Things get worse, several Catholic laymen join the Communist Party and Catholic Action gets anxious, blaming the worker-priests for this. On the other hand, two men opposing the Indo-Chinese war are jailed; a radio and newspaper campaign would like to make the communists responsible for this. Sixty Catholics among whom are worker-priests denounce this maneuver.

16 Seminarians being refused ordination because they wish to become worker-priests meet before the bishop of Limoges. The bishop says that "It is not acceptable that you should decide on what kind of priest you want to be and not accept to be simply a priest. The priest must be at the bishop's disposal." The seminarians answer: "We are not making any conditions to the Church. We are workmen, some of us since

friend Bishop Seipel, once head of the Austrian government, as saying, "We priests live like capitalists, and in spite of ourselves we think as capitalists," he then develops his theme of the honor of being a workman. He speaks of the strict, unflinching association of body and mind, the buzzing ears and exploding head, the taut muscles, rigid as bars of metal, the pulsing life of the machine fighting with the man, till the great poetry of his imagery evokes some gigantic legendary figure, man and dragon, Perseus or even Jacob with some strange kind of angel. He describes the great solidarity of three skilled workmen, Russian, French and German, synchronized in their movements in perfect harmony, and finding there above the comprehension of language a bond in matter as great as that of thought. One is tempted here to recall the writings of another Jesuit, another prophet who suffered much through the incomprehension of his age and died in this country, Father Teilhard de Chardin. In a totally different and speculative sphere, he has shown us the conquest of matter by the noos, the spirit, and exteriorizes the message of this century.

Some of those maimed and wise pastors did come back with the feeling that there was just one way of loving man and that was to identify with him, till the sufferer feels the suffering bearable because at least someone, whose life means love, knows and understands. Their vocation was not to convert the proletariat, it was to suppress it. They were fighting a whole civilization and this is one of the reasons why their mission was so bitterly criticized. Cardinal Feltin has been reported to say: "If my parish priests were to be passed through the crucible as the worker-priests are and I were pushed to the wall, I would have to condemn many." And this goes for priests in any country. The French bourgeoisie world, seared by war, anti-right because of fascist occupation has been quite open to the worker-priest movement at the outset, out of deep sympathy in the first place, but also because they thought that priests would have a good influence on the workers and keep them in check. They still expected to side with the boss and capitalism. The contrary happened.

On March 5, 1943, two Jesuit chaplains, Father Godin and Father Daniel presented to Cardinal Suhard a "memo upon Christian onquest in the proletarian milieu." It sums up to this: there is actually no place for workman in the Church whose traditional methods (preaching, offices, good works) leave the mass indifferent but make bourgeois of those they influence. Their proposal was to

lished under the title: "France, land of Missions." It was to sell 10,000 copies and to pass the country's boundaries. Many visitors came from all parts of Europe and from America to enquire about the book's results.

From December 1943 to June 1944, the Mission grows, the Cardinal closely watches and directs it. "The direct aim of the Mission of Paris is to convert the pagans. Its indirect aim is to show the Christian community that it must adopt a new attitude." In January 1944, Father Godin dies acci-



dentally of asphyxia and the Mission de Paris is born at the same time. It had come into being through the will of some priests and the long and studied work of eminent theologians gathered around Cardinal Suhard. At the same time the priests sent to Germany as hidden chaplains hear of the movement and their sacrifice becomes a vocation made possible by what is taking place in France. Thus germinates the idea of being a workman among workman as Christ had been. And one of the first groups starts in Marseilles with Father Loew, who becomes a docker: He has described in his book his vocation to insecurity, the fate of those who work day by day without knowing if tomorrow they will still have a roof over their heads.

Then France becomes free again and a great movement unites the bourgeoisie, tempered and chastened by the underground and prison-camps, politically turned toward the left, open to brotherhood and understanding. This cre-

he is superior of the Mission de Paris. Rome appears to be very sympathetic and great hopes are raised for the success of the Mission. Rejoicing, Cardinal Suhard sends back Father Hollande once again, but another atmosphere that is tense and cold greets him. This is January 1947; in February Cardinal Suhard publishes the first of his great pastoral letters: "Growth or Decline of the Church," whose blood, one might say, is that of the worker-priests.

The Holy Office sends a questionnaire on the worker-priests' activities and life; one of them proves to be very interesting; it shows anxiety at a return of the practice of the Middle-Ages where the low clergy was subjected to work, separating it socially from the high clergy. One wonders if this is what later on prompted Bishop Ancel, coadjutor of Cardinal Gerlier of Lyons to ask to become a working-bishop; he did to a certain point and for a certain time gained satisfaction. It is said that he was asked in Rome: "Since when have the bishops shed their purple robes?" "Since the Catacombs" was his answer.

Then History speaks again: France had been recuperating from terrible ordeals and by sharing them had found a certain unity. A new movement was going to divide it. This was the peace movement, strongly promoted by the Communist Party, but deeply felt at the very heart of a country ravaged by war and humiliation and hatred who saw Germany, the eternal enemy, armed once again by Western policy. One can say that one and every worker-priest is a pacifist and that it does not take much imagination to understand why, on a government level, these men who were already dangerous for big business and capitalist economy became politically an undermining force. It has been asserted that the latest measure taken against the movement came largely from pressures applied by General de Gaulle and President Coty, two practicing Catholics. One does not know what is Pope John's personal reaction to communism but one does know that the Vatican's more conservative members are terrified by it and there is no doubt that in his later years Pope Pius could hardly hear it mentioned. For those who build the Church on its time-honored bases communism means total destruction, annihilation. But this might not appear in the same light to men who knew that to defeat communism by force would never change the great masses and that only a presence among them at their most dangerous peril that of losing God, might save them—at personal risk, no doubt. This obviously added to some individual excesses and imprudence, are the reasons that brought about the first measures of reduction.



childhood. We do not ask to be sent to the working-class; we ask to remain there." France gets more and more divided on these burning issues; many bishops protest against the general indifference to the spiritual crisis of the working-man; contrarily many Catholic business men and industrialists begin denouncing what they call progressive Christians. The worker-priests meet with six bishops near Paris. Some of the bishops fear that the mission, as conceived by Cardinal Suhard, has been changed. Others blame the Cardinal for not having set stricter lines to be followed and for having compromised other bishops in his adventure. Others say they have not always been consulted. The worker-priests suddenly feel they are not speaking the same language and that all they hear is obedience and what they are crying out is that a whole class is condemned to live without the Church. The very conservative bishop of Marseilles, Msgr. Delay, decides to suppress worker-priests in his diocese.

Cardinal Tisserant comes to Paris and intimates that the Vatican purely and simply desires the suppression of the movement. This is followed up by Cardinal Pizzardo's letter asking seminarians not to work in factories. Then by a letter from the Congregation of Religious asking superiors to recall priests working in factories or other labor milieux. Three months later the Company of Jesus recalls all its priests. The Company of Saint Dominic does not. Three of its Provincials will be demoted for this act of independence and four of its most eminent members moved from Paris to remote places.

Cardinal Pizzardo comes to Paris, officially, in September 1953, to study the problem of foreigners, but everybody knows that it is to collect the bishops' impressions on the worker-priests. A French magazine, the *Revue Administrative*, observes that such a precedent has never been seen but in the case of a mandating power to a mandated country. Shortly after, the Nuncio in Paris convenes the bishops to give orders about worker-priests who are a scandal and must be dissolved. Their collusion with communists is too dangerous. Cardinal Lienart, sad but firm, observes: "This is a catastrophe for the Church of France." Cardinal Feltin, deeply grieved, pronounces: "Rome should realize that from now on the Church will appear as definitively bound to capitalism rather than to the workmen."

Two worker-priests go to see Cardinal Feltin who tells them: "Rome asks for your suppression. We are opposed to it. We will go to Rome." He demands secrecy about all this but this proves impossible, public opinion is alarmed. The Nuncio gives the pallium to Cardinal Lienart in Lille, who declares, "I merit no honors, it is the priests working in factories that must be praised. The Church sees there a way of breaking down the barriers that separate it from the working mass."

Francois Mauriac writes: "The worker-priests are our pride. We cannot imagine that they will be no more."

At the Assembly of all bishops, the Cardinals decide to go to Rome. They go carrying with them hundreds of letters received from the faithful protesting and saying that if it too dangerous to be a worker-priest then the workers are to be left alone to their danger. The Cardinals get a cold welcome at the Vatican, where they are expected to come as supplicants. The Holy Father is anguished on account of the principle of work suppressing the function of the priest. He says that all eyes are turned toward the Church of France . . . and that she must set the pace. At the Holy Office the only fear is that of communism.

After some hesitations and many rumors the French cardinals and bishops make a declaration. They ask that priests should be specially

chosen by their bishops; that they receive a solid doctrinal formation; that they work only for a limited time of the day, that they leave temporal responsibilities to laymen and share in parish work.

This amounted to asking workmen to work only a limited time which would forever destroy skilled workers and bring them into an atmosphere where none of their feelings or reactions would be shared.

Letters of protest, from every part of the country, denounce this as the suicide of the mission.

The worker-priests are re-baptized and called Priests of the Working Mission. Seventy-three of them address a communique to the workers through the press protesting against the measures that bear upon them. The Chancery, once more, is submerged by letters of two different minds. The Cardinal of Rennes says:

acting in a different way. They are profoundly moved by this rock-like determination; they realize that in a country which lacks vocations, they are on the point of losing their best material. They transmit orders, they exhort, even blame but they do not forbid. On the contrary they have let it be said that it is impossible to leave priests cut off from the sacraments and from their sacerdoce which seems to say they will reinstitute the rebels.

What is being said here does not stem from pure research or hearsay. I have known two worker-priests and enjoyed the privilege of their friendship over long years. How many of the passengers on the *Liberte* or the *Flandre* have known that to make their business or pleasure trip easier, a Dominican Father, from a wealthy background, was a stoker and electrician,

of the Chancery and listened to all they had to say without comment. Cardinal Feltin answering a young man who wanted to be a priest and a workman said that this was impossible right now but to be patient and wait till after the Council. Observers, priests themselves, were put to live with the refractory priests and reported that these were truly men with a burning vocation that no other road would appease, and a waste of marvellous material. The whole Church of France is suffering from a gaping wound. The eldest daughter of the Church has spoken and has not been heard; two or three of its greatest cardinals, in particular Cardinal Lienart, were directly stopped in their tracks in what they considered as their immediate pastoral duty and not the realm of the Holy Office. Perhaps in their fatherly heart that bleeds, per-

ately and offered to bury him at their expense but the Arch-bishop of Rouen told the parish priest to do as he liked and the latter who was a friend of the dead man said that, the ceremony would take place in his church. This humble edifice was filled to capacity at the funeral by members of the Communist Party who had not crossed its threshold since their First Communion and the flowers offered by the poor formed a luxurious mass. A collection was taken to send the body to Saint Jean de Luz in the Basque country, where it belonged. Musing upon the report made by the parish priest, the Archbishop muttered, "I would not have drawn one of these men to my own funeral." Though unexpressed the feeling among the workmen was that this man had offered much more than his life for them.

A luxury cruise on the *Liberte* to the Caribbean for Christmas; its great number of passengers would have called for additions to the crew but no change was made. Some men, especially those at the laundry and the machines worked for 18 hours each day in a fearfully hot and humid temperature. One man, at the end of a week, asked to see the doctor. He was panting, exhausted, with blistered and bleeding feet. The doctor put some band-aids on his feet and told him not to bother him, he was swamped with passengers sick with the virus, just to take it easy. At three o'clock, this man could not go on, he lay down on his bed and died at four, leaving a widow, pregnant, and four children, and many debts. This is what had urged him to go on working though he knew he was ill. The passengers took up a collection for the family.

The story was told me by his companion, the worker-priest, who twice in the same week, had administered extreme-unction; to a dying passenger, whose fallen faith would not have accepted conventional exhortations and whose wife had heard of his unconventional presence, and to the working companion. "I ought to have known" said the worker-priest. "I ought to have taken his place, to have made a scandal with the officers but," he added sadly "they would probably not have listened to me." He had no reason for remorse; his drawn and yellow face testified that he had suffered the same fate, borne the same burden.

I hope these explanations have made things a little clearer. A worker-priest has said that he does not think that the Church in its entirety can make the effort of total dispossession that the new apostolate—not to the pagan, but to the intellectually conscious, socially different world of our times—calls for; a dispossession that makes away with many cherished and hallowed convictions, quite valid in their own time. Perhaps the only way is to recall to memory the only human model we have for this, the Mother of God and—since the Church at its best is Mary—to imitate the complete stripping that must have been hers, in the days following Pentecost. She gave up her Son and her religion, in many forms at the same time. This attitude of understanding may be our contribution to an effort that nobody who thinks at all can totally condemn because it is the synthesis of modern times.

As my friend who is a dishwasher and a priest has written, "The responsibilities of authority in the Church towards the worker-priests must be more than juridical, must be deeply spiritual, exacting and exact, so that unity may keep its true face—in their accepted night."



"The Church must always make concessions but the workmen ought to make some too."

Francois Mauriac suggests the idea of a new Concordat.

The worker-priests meet; they decide that it is impossible not to maintain a dialogue with the Hierarchy, but they refuse to compromise: either they will remain or go definitively—not work as part-time amateurs. One begins to hear that three have refused to submit and will go on working full-time without permission—they are the refractory priests whose faculties are taken away. Others go on and are allowed to do so but in a tiny number. If one could sum up something as individualistic as France is one might say that it depends upon each worker-priest and each bishop. They disappear into silence. But one remained—and then twelve for a time, a perfect number—and then they were once more a hundred when Cardinal Pizzardo's new letter came once more to behead them.

Once more they disappear and reappear again. Now we have no rebels—because the bishops are

clian, and that a poet and philosopher cleaned the halls, was a dishwasher, waiter and occasionally the chapel's sacristan, serving mass. The Dominican left the Mission of the Sea, an existing mission into which worker-priests had been incorporated, because his vocation was more on land. He never had any trouble, sheltered as he is by his order. He works full-time, teaching electronics to communists in the Red suburbs. He has a room there and spends occasional weekends at the monastery in Paris. With the other worker-priest I have lived the anguish that Father Huddleston well-termed the trial of Joan of Arc, the accusation of the Church launched against what seemed to be the message of God. I have seen him torn asunder in his two fidelities and lately ready to give up and become a hermit. Yet a powerful voice tells him he must go on, and he follows it. And the bishops have not spoken explicitly, they have passed on messages, exhorted indefinitely; they have also listened silently. Cardinal Gerlier, in Lyons, confronted the rebellious worker-priests of the first suppression with the priests,

haps in the heart of the supreme Father, they do know that to be entirely fruitful this vocation must always be crossed, always obscure, nearly unknown to itself. Never to know if the Voices have not lied, if the mission really comes from God! The worker-priests have said of themselves that they represent the times of John the Baptist and their ordeal can well be compared to that of the gaunt shepherd, avidly listening, hidden in the bullrushes, to that Voice, that great Voice that was the Word, whose Coming had made him tremble in his mother's breast, that mysterious Cousin he had baptized and yet who was so remote that, from his prison, he had to send disciples to enquire if this were truly Christ, the Son of God?

Two incidents occurred last winter that rather balance each other out. A rebellious worker-priest died in Le Havre last November. He died at his machine, killed by over-exertion, through the callousness of his employer who knew he was suffering from heart-trouble and that the work was too hard for him. The Communist Party moved in immedi-



## Cooperation

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distressed area, there is fortunately ample acreage of fertile land, capable not only of producing sufficient fruit and vegetables for family use, but in many cases an additional production sufficient to purchase groceries such as tea and sugar which must be purchased in stores. In many adjacent areas there is to be found extensive tracts of land where blueberries grow in abundance. Then too, our seashores are rich fishing grounds.

In the fall of 1954 some thoughtful men met to consider the possibility of working out a program that would enable those enterprising miners to increase their income. A survey was undertaken, and the owners of the larger uncultivated holdings were happy to co-operate by permitting their less fortunate neighbors, who lacked land, to cultivate a portion of theirs. Returns were most satisfactory.

### BLUEBERRY PROJECT

A tractor association was formed and a tractor, plows and harrows were purchased, with government assistance meeting one-third of the cost. With this aid, groups of unemployed miners and their children picked over two tons of blueberries. Such promising results lead to arranging courses in blueberry and other small fruit production with the Department of Agriculture at Truro. Over seventy-five attended the two series of courses held during 1955.

With the advent of spring, several small farms with good blueberry prospects were purchased or leased by the newly incorporated Bridgeport Co-operative Small Fruits Association, Ltd. The fields were treated, a blueberry field cleaner was purchased, a satisfactory garden program was developed. While a heavy frost in 1956 almost completely destroyed the crop in Cape Breton, the Bridgeport Co-operative harvested some fourteen tons which were picked from many distant fields and in comparatively small quantities. The plan had been to hold the fruit in cold storage since the co-operative paid organized labor rates for picking, and thus the abnormally high wages paid to pickers (\$6.50 per bushel of merchantable berries) could be recouped by selling in the winter months. However the berries were too bulky to be frozen until then and a few days after Mr. James MacNeil of the marketing division of the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture was approached, the co-operative secured an order from Montreal for a carload of frozen berries at a price of ten cents per pound in excess of the then quoted market price in Nova Scotia.

Our berries were field-cleaned; but the management decided to send only quality berries, and to reclean them again. Yet the cleaning facilities were exceedingly limited and there was a deadline of seven days when the berries were to be placed aboard the car in Sydney. It took nine men and girls on two eight-hour shifts until the final day of work, which went on continuously for twenty-four hours. The job was completed at 11:45 P.M., with only fifteen minutes to spare. The report of the consignee: "Berries arrived and are of excellent quality. We will take all you can send us next year." With the usual average crop we hope to harvest at least two cars of berries this year.

### Cold Storage

The experience of the traffic jam of berries in bulging freezers taught us that it was of fundamental importance that we erect our own cold storage plant and warehouse. Some of our fruits and vegetables were perishing for want of the necessary freezing facilities. Consequently, the Federal Government had awarded the Bridgeport Co-operative the usual loan of thirty percent of the estimated cost (\$100,000). When the

three-story freezer, 26'x70', is completed, it will have a freezing capacity of nearly two hundred tons. Provision has been made for six hundred family lockers. The plant is designed to allow for no more than one per cent shrinkage, the ultimate perfection in this respect, and a vast improvement from the loss of at least twelve per cent in our past operations. We have seven storage rooms of ranging temperatures, processing rooms for meat, poultry, etc., and washing and packaging rooms for vegetables.

Naturally we are most grateful to the governmental bodies and the members of the Department of Agriculture for their counsel and financial support, and to the Epis-



copal Corporation of the Diocese of Antigonish for the title of ownership to a building and lot of land conservatively appraised at \$30,000.

Right now we are trying to secure the services of an agricultural scientist who will combine a knowledge of fruits and vegetables with competence in processing, packaging, managing, as well as salesmanship.

Nor is the production of blueberries simply a matter of gathering and processing. Early in the spring, when the snow is barely off the ground, to avoid burning the humus in the soil and the roots of the blueberry plant, the land must be covered with straw and burned with a rapid flash fire every two years. This flash fire burns the tips of old blueberry canes and gives new life to the bush and roots, and is responsible for sending up new shoots from the roots for a radius of fifteen feet. And while tests show we have no blueberry maggots in our area, we spray nevertheless for it hardens and improves the quality of the fruit and is always a precaution against maggot infiltration in the future. So during the months of July and August, the bushes must be sprayed with arsenical dust at the rate of five pounds per acre in order to control the blueberry maggot.

Colonies of bees are also a must. Bees are a substantial aid to increased production and are responsible in the pollination program for a twenty-five to fifty per cent increase in production. In addition to this increment, the bees also store up for their owners the by-product of honey, which is not sufficiently large for marketing, but is a favorite delicacy on our tables.

### Other Small Fruits

The Bridgeport Co-operative is meeting with some success in promoting strawberries, having established upwards of 100,000 virus-free plants, 30,000 raspberry canes, 200 black currant and gooseberry bushes—all of which come from Nova Scotia nurseries. Most of these fruits have been planted this spring, as a result of a study undertaken last spring. Between fifty and a hundred men, women and high school students gathered at tables of ten each to discuss papers on various types of fruits and vegetables, prepared by the Agricultural College Staff. Since these study periods were held every

Monday night, it was possible to take advantage of the farm radio program over C. B. C. For upwards of two hours, this Monday night program sustained the students' interest in spite of competing dance and T.V. programs.

### School Program

Family vegetable gardens have been a basic part of the program since its inception three years ago. Giving impetus and direction to this practical demonstration of land use is a science program, and classroom work is supplemented with outdoor projects. Even the church has participated, having a plastic greenhouse (cutting cost of construction down 1/4ths) to the rear of the parish church, where central heating will permit very economical production of small vegetables.

### Fishing

Some twelve men interested in fishing received a three-weeks course in navigation, sets and engines. Plans are underway for the purchase of a long liner equipped with modern gadgets at a cost of \$32,000. A competent skipper who spent many years fishing and is now first mate on a draegger will invest a substantial percentage of the down payment required; the Bridgeport Family Co-operative Credit Union will supply the balance of the down payment. It is estimated that the total investment will be liquidated within three to five years.

In March a group of young men took advantage of a ten-day course in hog production. All phases were studied by a "doing and seeing" method. Presently two modern buildings are being erected with a capacity for two hundred hogs. Self-feeders and water bowls have been installed. The first bacon hogs were to be marketed the latter part of June. It is believed that this industry will grow and together with the poultry industry supply a constant demand for fresh meat in the community.

### Financial Campaign

Obviously, this ambitious program of development by the Bridgeport Co-operative Small Fruits Association calls for considerable liquid assets to meet daily expenditures of some form or another. Recently we decided to embark on a financial campaign to raise \$25,000 in the area served by the cold storage. We have no doubt that the objective will be obtained. Loan and share capital requisite for membership in the organization is being subscribed. With this financial interest on the part of an ever increasing number of members, active interest in the vital part of the program, namely production, is on the way to being assured.

How to provide other means of livelihood for men who are losing and will lose their jobs in the coal industry, as well as to supplement the insufficient take-home pay of the part-time miner, is a problem that is as urgent as it is serious.

Settlement of people on the land in Canada is a governmental policy to which a great deal of attention has been directed through the decades, and if this policy is sound and constructive in other directions, it should be equally sound to assist people now established on fertile land to yield to the full of its productive capacity. Many men who have entered the coal mines of Nova Scotia in the past have come from the land; many are the sons of members of the farming population, and many others would, it goes without saying, be happy to establish themselves on the land if they were given the measure of encouragement and assistance, financial and otherwise, which has been extended through the years to other classes of workers by both federal and provincial governments.

It may well be that the shrinking market of the coal industry will prove to be a blessing in disguise to enable our people to discover the opportunities which lie like gold bricks beneath their feet, but which, during a succulent economic period in the past, remained unnoticed and unchallenged.

## Strike for Peace

The Editors  
The Catholic Worker  
Dear Sirs:

The time has come for a general strike, world-over, as the only action people can take to make the governments believe that we want only peace and that we cannot go on existing with government policies that tolerate nuclear testing.

A general strike is a form of protest in keeping with the principles of non-violence. It consists of a work-stoppage, and of a refusal to participate in the normal functions of the community until such a time as we can pursue our normal lives without the threat of the terrible effects of fallout and the unthinkable threat of vast, perhaps total, human annihilation.

We propose setting a date for beginning the strike: Mon. Jan. 29, 1962. We call on all the people of the world, in all countries, and of all political convictions, to join us in this strike and to beseech those in power to stop testing nuclear arms and begin immediate and bold measures toward true total disarmament.

Rather than form a central committee, we suggest that individuals and groups follow their own ways and inclinations, planning individual activities to spread word to every country and to prepare for the strike according to the means available to them within the framework of non-violence.

While we recognize the hardships that this strike would entail, it may be the only way we have to save life in this world.

Julian Beck and Judith Malina  
789 West End Avenue  
New York, N.Y.

## Freedom Riders

(Continued from page 1)

ward the U.S. Supreme Court. The Rider serves the sentence, although most lawyers believe the Supreme Court would reverse all the convictions.

If the Rider pleads *nolo* he need not appear in court: he is fined \$200, which is deducted from the \$500 bond already posted.

I personally find this an extremely difficult choice. Naturally, CORE doesn't want to expend resources in the courts, their main concern is direct action. This makes a powerful argument. But the *nolo* plea tastes bad in my mouth. Honorable enough for some, but for me it would seem a big fat lie. I DO contend. I contend that I did NOT breach the peace, that conditions were NOT such as might have led to a disturbance; that the entire procedure of my arrest and conviction was a raw fraud, a carefully planned frameup. State and City governments devoted major resources to wholesale perversions of justice; to this does one say: I do not contend?

(In addition, I personally am not even guilty of disobeying a police officer's order to "move on." I was never clear until the last moment as to whether he was threatening me with arrest or had already arrested me or what.)

Raising \$1,000 cash bond is out of the question for me. I don't look forward to starting 27 weeks in a Miss. pen in mid-Dec., but, although I haven't quite decided, I lean powerfully in that direction now.

Other Riders are more optimistic than I about raising bond money through donations, loans, etc. (All bond moneys are always returnable, of course, win or lose). No doubt there are some such attempts in New York. In Chicago the Freedom Riders form a com-

mittee under the supervision of Chicago CORE (54 W. Randolph, Rm. 405).

If I'm not full of rejoicing about the recent ICC decision on bus segregation, it is for three reasons: 1) as a libertarian I am disturbed by all this dealing with State and courts, and disgusted that there is no honorable, truly workable alternative; 2) no knowing whether this ruling will really be enforced, previous ones have not been; 3) as of today, nothing has been done about train depots (also under ICC supervision) and airports (not under ICC).

But this ruling is in good part our achievement — ours and of Coolidge Kennedy's.

I've heard from several sources that Terry Sullivan is in good health in the Parchman pen. He should be released about mid-October.

## Appeal for Indian Community

Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., sends his thanks to readers who have contributed to the Sarvodaya Ashram in Kerala, India. The group of Benedictine Oblates which he is organizing are continuing to grow and co-operate in sarvodaya work in the villages. There is great need for assistance at this point and any contributions can be sent to:

Mr. R. A. B. Stook,  
Ashram Treasurer  
Marian Farm  
Shembaganur P.O.  
Madinal District  
Madras State, India

### Four Articles You Will Want to Read

1) LIFE, DEATH AND THE LAW by Wilfrid Sheed; 2) REPORT FROM VIRGINIA—desegregation in Charlottesville will take 4,000 years at the current rate, by Elizabeth Sinclair; 3) THE POPULATION EXPLOSION—the disturbing facts are discussed from a Christian viewpoint, by Norman St. John-Stevens; 4) THE STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL, by Flannery O'Connor.

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## The Root of War

(Continued from page 1)

of the warmakers, calculating how, by a "first strike," the glorious Christian West can eliminate atheistic communism for all time and usher in the millenium? . . . I am no prophet and no seer but it seems to me that this last position may very well be the most diabolical of illusions, the great and not even subtle temptation of a Christianity that has grown rich and comfortable, and is satisfied with its riches.

What are we to do? The duty of the Christian in this crisis is to strive with all his power and intelligence, with his faith, hope in Christ, and love for God and man, to do the one task which God has imposed upon us in the world today. That task is to work for the total abolition of war. There can be no question that unless war is abolished the world will remain constantly in a state of madness and desperation in which, because of the immense destructive power of modern weapons, the danger of catastrophe will be imminent and probably at every moment everywhere. Unless we set ourselves immediately to this task, both as individuals and in our political and religious groups, we lend by our very passivity and fatalism to co-operate with the destructive forces that are leading inexorably to war. It is a problem of terrifying complexity and magnitude, for which the Church herself is not fully able to see clear and decisive solutions. Yet she must lead the way on the road towards non-violent settlement of difficulties and towards the gradual abolition of war as the way of settling international or civil disputes. Christians must become active in every possible way, mobilizing all their resources for the fight against war. First of all there is much to be studied, much to be learned. Peace is to be preached, non-violence is to be explained as a practical method, and not left to be mocked as an outlet for crackpots who want to make a show of themselves. Prayer and sacrifice must be used as the most effective spiritual weapons in the war against war, and like all weapons they must be used with deliberate aim: not just with a vague aspiration for peace and security, but against violence and against war. This implies that we are also willing to sacrifice and restrain our own instinct for violence and aggressiveness in our relations with other people. We may never succeed in this campaign, but whether we succeed or not the duty is evident. It is the great Christian task of our time. Everything else is secondary, for the survival of the human race itself depends upon it. We must at least face this responsibility and do something about it. And the first job of all is to understand the psychological forces at work in ourselves and in society.

At the root of all war is fear: not so much the fear men have of one another as the fear they have of everything. It is not merely that they do not trust one another: they do not even trust themselves. If they are not sure when someone else may turn around and kill them, they are still less sure when they may turn around and kill themselves. They cannot trust anything, because they have ceased to believe in God.

### Self-Hate

It is not only our hatred of others that is dangerous but also and above all our hatred of ourselves: particularly that hatred of ourselves which is too deep and too powerful to be consciously faced. For it is this which makes us see our own evil in others and unable to see it in ourselves.

When we see crime in others, we try to correct it by destroying them or at least putting them out of sight. It is easy to identify the sin with the sinner when he is someone other than our own self. In ourselves, it is the other way round: we see the sin, but we have

great difficulty in shouldering responsibility for it. We find it very hard to identify our sin with our own will and our own malice. On the contrary, we naturally tend to interpret our immoral act as an involuntary mistake, or as the malice of a spirit in us that is other than ourselves. Yet at the same time we are fully aware that others do not make this convenient distinction for us. The acts that have been done are, in their eyes, "our" acts and they hold us fully responsible.

What is more, we tend unconsciously to ease ourselves still more of the burden of guilt that is in us, by passing it on to somebody else. When I have done



wrong, and have excused myself by attributing the wrong to "another" who is unaccountably "in me," my conscience is not yet satisfied. There is still too much left to be explained. The "other in myself" is too close to home. The temptation is, then, to account for my fault by seeing an equivalent amount of evil in someone else. Hence I minimize my own sins and compensate for doing so by exaggerating the faults of others.

As if this were not enough, we make the situation much worse by artificially intensifying our sense of evil, and by increasing our propensity to feel guilt even for things which are not in themselves wrong. In all these ways we build up such an obsession with evil, both in ourselves and in others, that we waste all our mental energy trying to account for this evil, to punish it, to exorcise it, or to get rid of it in any way we can. We drive ourselves mad with our preoccupation and in the end there is no outlet left but violence. We have to destroy something or someone. By that time, we have created for ourselves a suitable enemy, a scapegoat in whom we have invested all the evil in the world. He is the cause of every wrong. He is the fomentor of all conflict. If he can only be destroyed, conflict will cease, evil will be done with, there will be no more war.

This kind of fictional thinking is especially dangerous when it is supported by a whole elaborate pseudo-scientific structure of myths, like those which Marxists have adopted as their ersatz for religion. But it is certainly no less dangerous when it operates in the vague, fluid, confused and unprincipled opportunism which substi-

tutes in the west for religion, for philosophy and even for mature thought.

### Whose Fault

When the whole world is in moral confusion: when no one knows any longer what to think, and when in fact, everybody is running away from the responsibility of thinking, when man makes rational thought about moral issues absurd by exiling himself entirely from realities into the realm of fictions, and when he expends all his efforts in constructing more fictions with which to account for his ethical failures, then it becomes clear that the world cannot be saved from global war and global destruction by the mere efforts and good intentions of peacemakers. In actual fact, everyone is becoming more and more aware of the widening gulf between good purposes and bad results, between efforts to make peace and the growing likelihood of war. It seems that no matter how elaborate and careful the planning, all attempts at international dialogue end in more and more ludicrous failures. In the end, no one has any more faith in those who even attempt the dialogue. On the contrary, the negotiators, with all their pathetic good will, become the objects of contempt and of hatred. It is the "men of good will," the men who have made their poor efforts to do something about peace, who will in the end be the most mercilessly reviled, crushed, and destroyed as victims of the universal self-hate of man which they have unfortunately only increased by the failure of their good intentions.

Perhaps we still have a basically superstitious tendency to associate failure with dishonesty and guilt—failure being interpreted as "punishment." Even if a man starts out with good intentions, if he fails we tend to think he was somehow "at fault." If he was not guilty, he was at least "wrong." And "being wrong" is something we have not yet learned to face with equanimity and understanding. We either condemn it with god-like disdain or forgive it with god-like condescension. We do not manage to accept it with human compassion, humility and identification. Thus we never see the one truth that would help us begin to solve our ethical and political problems: that we are all more or less wrong, that we are all at fault, all limited and obstructed by our mixed motives, our self-deception, our greed, our self-righteousness and our tendency to aggressivity and hypocrisy.

### First Steps

In our refusal to accept the partially good intentions of others and work with them (of course prudently and with resignation to the inevitable imperfection of the result) we are unconsciously proclaiming our own malice, our own intolerance, our own lack of realism, our own ethical and political quackery.

Perhaps in the end the first real step toward peace would be a realistic acceptance of the fact that our political ideals are perhaps to a great extent illusions and fictions

(Continued on page 8)

## Farming Commune

By Allan Stehling

I have just returned from Mexico, more exactly, from the state of Michoacan which American tourists are currently advised to keep out of because of "Communist-instigated" hostility. I would not venture to say how real or how general this alleged communism might be today in this lovely region of lakes, once the empire of the peaceable Tarascans, but I am prepared to tell you a little something about an almost incredible commune-ist experiment in the sixteenth century which for a time transformed Michoacan into a veritable Christian Utopia.

The Spanish lawyer, humanist and ultimately Bishop, Don Vasco de Quiroga, came to Mexico in 1531 as a member of the second Audiencia and at once set about turning into a working institution what for Plato and Thomas More had been only a beautiful idealistic dream, impossible of realization. He founded his first commune near Mexico City but its success was far surpassed by those he established shortly afterwards in the State of Michoacan. They were organized as follows:

The nuclear portion of the commune was composed of a number of *familias*, extended family groups after the Moslem pattern comprising as many as twelve married men and their families. Each *familia* was presided over by the eldest male who also represented the unit in the governing council of the commune. Besides these village-dwellers, there were numerous *familias rusticas* who farmed the surrounding lands either permanently or in rotation with village *familias*. All male members of the communes were obliged to learn agriculture and to exercise it for a minimum of two years; in addition each one practiced one or more trades. The industries of guitar-making, weaving, metalcraft and pottery for which Michoacan is still famous go back to this early period. Even the children were given instruction in agriculture two days a week after their classes in catechism, reading and writing, but this was, as Don Vasco specified, "as it were recreation . . . for one or two hours . . . this also being Christian doctrine." The working day consisted of SIX HOURS and because of the frequent religious festivals on which there was no work, the working week averaged five days or less. The work was to be done "calmly, deliberately, without exertion but with much service to God our Lord." The proceeds from the work went into the common fund and, as in the first Christian community, all received according as they had need. Thus, while Don

Vasco condemned all superfluity, no one suffered the least want. When a house was to be constructed or repaired, everyone assisted in the work. In order to foster a spirit of Christian detachment, the houses were reassigned by lot every ten years. Village-dwellers and *familias rusticas* often changed places. Clothing was of undyed homespun.

Don Vasco's first care was the hospital whose material structure was to be twice the size of that of any one of the *familias* which were large enough to accommodate comfortably about forty persons. The hospital and chapel were so arranged that the sick and convalescents could assist at Mass without leaving their beds. A doctor, surgeon and apothecary were to be hired until such time as members of the commune could be trained for those functions.

In his *Ordenanzas* (from which I have taken all quotations), Don Vasco expressed his wish that the commune have an immense dining-hall where all could eat together on feast days.

"So that you will always have more than enough and never suffer want, every year you are to sow twice what you need and store it until such time as you are quite certain that you have enough to last the year and only then distribute what remains over as you deem proper." This last refers of course to the poor outside the communes.

In order to create genuine co-operation and utterly eliminate competition, each commune specialized in a distinctive industry. For example Tzintunizcan was (and still is) known for its pottery, Paracho for its musical instruments, Santa Clara for its copper pots. Many villages lived principally by fishing, trading the exquisite little white fish for products from the industrial villages. This kind of barter is still practiced here and there.

The communes were governed by a Rector, the only Spaniard and the only ecclesiastic, appointed by the Bishop, a Principal and three or four *Regidores*, elected by a council of elders, one from each *familia*. A meeting was held every three days and very prominent among its functions was the settlement of quarrels; Don Vasco repeats in his *Ordenanzas* Saint Paul's prohibition of recourse to a civil judge.

"Tata Vasco" ("Tata" is an Indian word meaning approximately "dear little father") has become for the Tarascans of Michoacan a quasi-mythical hero, a saint, a miracle-worker. Of his magnificent achievement in Christian community not a trace remains; the library in Patzcuaro does not even own a copy of the *Ordenanzas*. Santa Fe, once his most prosperous commune, is now the most wretched village I visited. Nowhere in the state did I find a Church-sponsored welfare project. The only experiment which might in any way be considered as being in the tradition of Don Vasco is CREFAL—Regional Centre for Fundamental Education in Latin America. It occupies the former residence of Lazaro Cardenas, Socialist leader and one-time president of Mexico, given by him to CREFAL. Its zone of influence are twenty-odd villages in the vicinity of Lake Patzcuaro. The workers teach reading and writing and improved agricultural and craft methods. They establish workshops for crafts where none existed and provide outlets for the things produced. CREFAL also secures low-interest government loans for Indian families who wish to start small enterprises such as chicken-raising.

So, in Michoacan, as elsewhere, the Church has allowed others to take over her social mission. The consequences may well be disastrous.

—Hans Urs von Balthasar

## Contemplative Prayer

"Many Christians do not understand that the reality of the kingdom of God is eternal, that it does not belong in time or to the future. The kingdom for whose coming we ask in our prayers is not something that does not yet exist and that we might bring into our lives, as we do for other temporal and spiritual values; it is eternal reality. The reality offered in contemplation is the eternal reality of the kingdom of God and it is by contemplation that it becomes reality within time, for mankind and for the world. On reflection it will, moreover, be seen that this is in fact the fundamental idea in Catholic Action. Contemplation must not be thought of as turned towards eternity, and action turned towards time, for then one tears in two what in the Christian is united. Unfortunately this was not seen clearly enough at the beginnings of spiritual tradition, and today, in the era of Catholic Action, it is not always sufficiently recognized. It is not we who build with our own strength (even when aided by grace) the kingdom of God on earth. At the most we shall be able in genuine prayer to make room in ourselves and in the world for the kingdom of God, in such a way that its forces and works shall be able to impose themselves there. Everything that we can, by our behavior, show our neighbor of the reality of God comes from the contemplation which is that of Christ, of the Church, and ours. But it would be impossible to show forth the contemplation of Christ and of the Church effectively without taking part in it oneself."



## The Root of War

(Continued from page 7)

to which we cling out of motives that are not always perfectly honest: that because of this we prevent ourselves from seeing any good or any practicability in the political ideals of our enemies—which may of course be in many ways even more illusory and dishonest than our own. We will never get anywhere unless we can accept the fact that politics is an inextricable tangle of good and evil motives in which, perhaps, the evil predominate but where one must continue to hope doggedly in what little good can still be found.

But someone will say: "If we once recognize that we are all equally wrong, all political action will instantly be paralyzed. We can only act when we assume that we are in the right." On the contrary, I believe the basis for valid political action can only be the recognition that the true solution to our problems is not accessible to any one isolated party or nation but that all must arrive at it by working together.

### Self Acceptance

I do not mean to encourage the guilt-ridden thinking that is always too glad to be "wrong" in everything. This too is an evasion of responsibility, because every form of oversimplification tends to make decisions ultimately meaningless. We must try to accept ourselves, whether individually or collectively, not only as perfectly good or perfectly bad, but in our mysterious, unaccountable mixture of good and evil. We have to stand by the modicum of good that is in us without exaggerating it. We have to defend our real rights, because unless we respect our own rights we will certainly not respect the rights of others. But at the same time we have to recognize that we have wilfully or otherwise trespassed on the rights of others. We must be able to admit this not only as the result of self-examination, but when it is pointed out unexpectedly, and perhaps not too gently, by somebody else.

These principles which govern personal moral conduct, which make harmony possible in small social units like the family, also apply in the wider area of the state and in the whole community of nations. It is however quite absurd, in our present situation or in any other, to expect these principles to be universally accepted as the result of moral exhortations. There is very little hope that the world will be run according to them all of a sudden, as a result of some hypothetical change of heart on the part of politicians. It is useless and even laughable to base political thought on the faint hope of a purely contingent and subjective moral illumination in the hearts of the world's leaders. But outside of political thought and action, in the religious sphere, it is not only permissible to hope for such a mysterious consummation, but it is necessary to pray for it. We can and must believe not so much that the mysterious light of God can "convert" the ones who are mostly responsible for the world's peace, but at least that they may, in spite of their ob-

stinacy and their prejudices, be guarded against fatal error.

### Learning to Trust God

It would be sentimental folly to expect men to trust one another when they obviously cannot be trusted. But at least they can learn to trust God. They can bring themselves to see that the mysterious power of God can, quite independently of human malice and error, protect men unaccountably against themselves, and that He can always turn evil into good, though perhaps not always in a sense that would be understood by the preachers of sunshine and uplift. If they can trust and love God, Who is infinitely wise and Who rules the lives of men, permitting them to use their freedom even to the point of almost incredible abuse, they can love men who are evil. They can learn to love them even in their sin, as God has loved them. If we can love the men we cannot trust (without trusting them foolishly) and if we can to some extent share the burden of their sin by identifying ourselves with them, then perhaps there is some hope of a kind of peace on earth, based not on the wisdom and the manipulations of men but on the inscrutable mercy of God.

### Getting at the Root

For only love—which means humility—can exorcise the fear which is at the root of all war.

What is the use of postmarking our mail with exhortations to "pray for peace" and then spending billions of dollars on atomic submarines, thermonuclear weapons, and ballistic missiles? This, I would think, would certainly be what the New Testament calls "mocking God"—and mocking Him far more effectively than the atheists do. The culminating horror of the joke is that we are piling up these weapons to protect ourselves against atheists who, quite frankly, believe there is no God and are convinced that one has to rely on bombs and missiles since nothing else offers any real security. Is it then because we have so much trust in the power of God that we are intent upon utterly destroying these people before they can destroy us? Even at the risk of destroying ourselves at the same time?

### Work and Pray

I do not mean to imply that prayer excludes the simultaneous use of ordinary human means to accomplish a naturally good and justifiable end. One can very well pray for a restoration of physical health and at the same time take medicine prescribed by a doctor. In fact a believer should normally do both. And there would seem to be a reasonable and right proportion between the use of these two means to the same end.

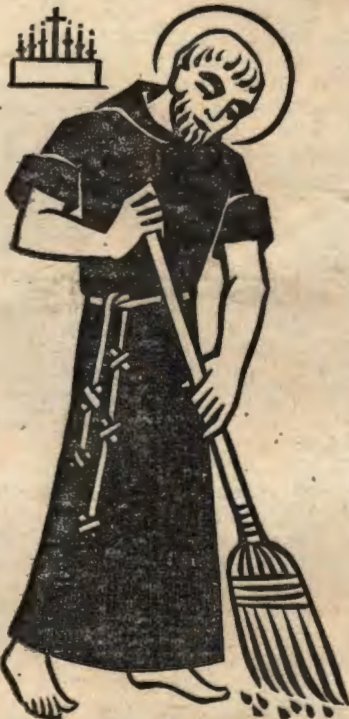
But consider the utterly fabulous amount of money, planning, energy, anxiety and care which go into the production of weapons which almost immediately become obsolete and have to be scrapped. Contrast all this with the pitiful little gesture: "pray for peace" piously cancelling our four-cent stamps! Think, too, of the dispro-

portion between our piety and the enormous act of murderous destruction which we at the same time countenance without compunction and without shame! It does not even seem to enter our minds that there might be some incongruity in praying to the God of peace, the God Who told us to love one another as He had loved us, who warned us that they who took the sword would perish by it, and at the same time planning to annihilate not thousands but millions of civilians and soldiers, men, women and children without discrimination, even with the almost infallible certainty of inviting the same annihilation for ourselves!

It may make sense for a sick man to pray for health and then take medicine, but I fail to see any sense at all in his praying for health and then drinking poison.

### Praying For Us Too

When I pray for peace I pray God to pacify not only the Rus-



SAINT FRANCIS sweeps a church

slans and the Chinese but above all my own nation and myself. When I pray for peace I pray to be protected not only from the Reds but also from the folly and blindness of my own country. When I pray for peace, I pray not only that the enemies of my country may cease to want war, but above all that my own country will cease to do the things that make war inevitable. In other words, when I pray for peace I am not just praying that the Russians will give up without a struggle and let us have our own way. I am praying that both we and the Russians may somehow be restored to sanity and learn how to work out our problems, as best we can, together, instead of preparing for global suicide.

I am fully aware that this sounds utterly sentimental, archaic and out of tune with an age of science. But I would like to submit that pseudo-scientific thinking in politics and sociology have so far less than this to offer. One thing I would like to add in all fairness is that the atomic scientists themselves are quite often the ones most concerned about the ethics of the situation, and that they are among the few who dare to open their mouths from time to time and say something about it. But who on earth listens?

### Desire For Peace

If men really wanted peace they would sincerely ask God for it and He would give it to them. But why should He give the world a peace which it does not really desire? The peace the world pretends to desire is really no peace at all.

To some men peace merely means the liberty to exploit other

## Protest in England

(Continued from page 2)

American, but I was not lectured, nor recommended for deportation as was David Price, a 26-year-old American who was promptly jailed for 28 days in another court. I refused to pay the fine and even though I asked to start serving the time I was told to return in 14 days. Two extra weeks in London would be very expensive (I was due to fly back the 27th of September), but I was fortunate to be offered a bed in the home of the Gleisners, who were in jail with me. He is a Quaker and they are both medical students who rent a large house in the East End on Commercial Road and share it on a cooperative basis with eight other students and workers. It is a happy, stimulating atmosphere and it gives me a real opportunity to learn more about the problems and opportunities of young people in England.

The news coverage here has been complete and without the usual charges of "communist inspired, etc." that we get at home. There has been almost no distortion of the demonstration. There was a complaint of some violence, but when a person goes limp and the police are exhausted I guess he has to expect to be dragged. There was no clubbing or punching.

You have heard, undoubtedly, of all the "big names" who took part in the demonstration. It indicates that the demonstration was much more than a jamboree for extremists and crack pots and college kids, and it cheers me personally to see intellectuals assuming their share of personal responsibility for action in a civilization that might be further advanced if they had done so earlier.

I am reminded, however, that there is no real freedom in any country which denies the right of the voice of the people to be heard. It is a pity that everyone was not in a position to refuse to pay the fine. The old system of law should be broken down when the best it can answer to a plea for the survival of mankind is to imprison and fine us. It means that as believers in life we still have far to go. We should use the techniques of labor in the early days and boycott government everywhere by refusing to pay our taxes and by filling the prisons. It would mean a great material sacrifice but

certainly it is better to have our lives interrupted than ended.

Love and prayers,

Carol Gorgon

[Carol, a friend of the CW, has just completed a 2,200 mile bicycle trip through Europe. She does housekeeping work, thus avoids paying taxes.]

## Neighbors On Chrystie St.

(Continued from page 3)

"Poverty is divine because it plays this part for other, because in appealing to charity—not good works, or almsgiving, but charity, which is the love of God in his creatures—it bestows charity. It is the poor who give, by receiving, by asking, and who thus bring God to life, for a moment, in hearts which listen to them."

Another Puerto Rican family we know, which while not typical is not at all unusual, is that of a father and mother with six children. Because of the father's poor health and lack of education, he can get, as most Puerto Ricans for that matter, only the most menial of jobs. The income of this family amounts to about \$45 a week, generally, but at other times may go up to around \$80. This family has to pay \$57 a month for what is another three-room pest hole. I have seen roaches in this place better than an inch long crawling up and down the walls of what is a combination kitchen and bathroom. Many of these flats have the bathtub in the kitchen and to save space a plank is put over the tub in order to serve as a table. Again this is another family that could well be "adopted" by other families who have the means to do so.

We come in contact with dozens of families like these, badly in need of help, who are just eking out an existence, whose children are growing up in almost indescribable squalor; and around them is the great mass of middle-class waste and selfishness. Many of us, who as Catholics and Christians wonder if our love for God is realistic, could well take to heart the words of St. Gregory: "Where great love is, it works great works, and if it does not work these, it is no divine love at all."

people without fear of retaliation or interference. To others peace means the freedom to rob others without interruption. To still others it means the leisure to devour the goods of the earth without being compelled to interrupt their pleasures to feed those whom their greed is starving. And to practically everybody peace simply means the absence of any physical violence that might cast a shadow over lives devoted to the satisfaction of their animal appetites for comfort and pleasure.

Many men like these have asked God for what they thought was "peace" and wondered why their prayer was not answered. They could not understand that it actually was answered. God left them

with what they desired, for their idea of peace was only another form of war. The "cold war" is simply the normal consequence of our corruption of a peace based on a policy of "every man for himself" in ethics, economics and political life. It is absurd to hope for a solid peace based on fictions and illusions!

So instead of loving what you think is peace, love other men and love God above all. And instead of hating the people you think are warmongers, hate the appetites and the disorder in your own soul, which are the causes of war. If you love peace, then hate injustice, hate tyranny, hate greed—but hate these things in yourself, not in another.

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