

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXXIII No. 9

JULY-AUGUST, 1967

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

TRIALS IN TEXAS

By DOUG ADAIR

With the end of the melon season, the main battleground for the farm workers' strike in Texas shifted from the picket line to the courtroom during the last week in June. In the Federal Court in Brownsville, the United Farm Workers Union and the Texas Council of Churches have filed separate injunction actions against the Texas Rangers, demanding an end to illegal arrests and denial of rights by the Rangers. And a hundred miles up-river, in the old ramshackle Starr County Courthouse, a series of actions focused national attention on the problems facing the Union in Texas, and offered at least one solution.

It was probably the busiest week the old courthouse ever had. On the first floor, an official National Labor Relations Board hearing pondered various questions raised by the first NLRB election in Starr County history. The election had been held last April at Starr Produce to determine if its workers wanted to be represented by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. (Starr Produce is the only packing shed in the county covered by the National Labor Relations Act. Field workers are specifically excluded from the Act.) The result was a 14-14 tie, with three challenged ballots. Part of the hearings dealt with the election itself, which the Union claims was prejudiced because of the presence of a Company supervisor and Starr County Sheriff's deputies (notoriously anti-union) at the polling place. The rest of the hearing dealt with the cases of Eugenio Pena and Gilberto Rodriguez, who claim that they were fired because of their pro-union sympathies. Final decisions on the cases may not be known for a month or more.

Upstairs, the County Courtroom was the scene of a two-day "trial" of the Union, as La Casita Farms, the largest grower in the area (twenty-seven hundred acres under cultivation) demanded a permanent injunction outlawing all picketing at their farms and packing sheds. This was followed by a one-day hearing of the United States Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor, led by Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey and starring Sen. Edward (Ted) Kennedy of Massachusetts. Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas also sat in on the hearings. The Senate hearings followed the injunction hearings by only 14 hours, but the atmosphere of the two scenes seemed to be decades, even centuries apart.

Judge Woodrow Laughlin of Alice, Texas, presided over the injunction hearing. Judge Laughlin is one of the king-pins in the so-called "New Party" (everyone

(Continued on page 6)

"May I speak only as a Christian and humbly ask the President to announce: 'In the name of God Who bade us love our neighbor with our whole heart and soul and mind, for the sake of reconciliation, I shall withdraw our forces immediately from Southern Vietnam.'"

FULTON J. SHEEN
Bishop of Rochester
July 30, 1967

Vatican II on Conscience

IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS CONSCIENCE MAN DETECTS A LAW WHICH HE DOES NOT IMPOSE ON HIMSELF BUT WHICH HOLDS HIM TO OBEDIENCE... FOR MAN HAS IN HIS HEART A LAW WRITTEN BY GOD. TO OBEY IT IS THE VERY DIGNITY OF MAN. ACCORDING TO IT HE WILL BE JUDGED... CONSCIENCE IS THE MOST SECRET CORE AND SANCTUARY OF MAN. THERE HE IS ALONE WITH GOD WHOSE VOICE ECHOES IN HIS DEPTHS. IN A WONDERFUL MANNER CONSCIENCE REVEALS THAT LAW WHICH IS FULFILLED BY LOVE OF GOD AND NEIGHBOR...

Rita Corbin

The Powerless Blacks on Long Island

By JACK COOK

"Hunger allows no choice"
W. H. Auden

The hungry have no choice. The migrants, young and old, waiting for work in the potato-processing sheds of Long Island's eastern Suffolk County, were hungry to begin with; then they were deceived by, or abjectly resigned to, the crew leader's cry of "Twelve hours' work a day, six days a week. Good pay!" Now, prisoners of squalid labor camps (on remote sideroads of the attractive, tourist-ridden island) they are idle but increasingly in debt.

The bulk of their earnings will go back to the crew leader for debts incurred for transportation, meals, a bunk (called a "bull pen"), liquor, cigarettes, etc. Rain, which is not in their contract, and a low potato market, which they do not understand, prevent them from working steadily. Their "work" and the conditions in which they live and labor represent the most modern, the most systematized, and the most degrading form of human slavery yet developed in this country.

Unlike the farm workers in Texas and California, these men have no union to fight for them (although a thousand of them are represented by what is generally regarded as a "company" union). Nor have they a cohesive culture like the Mexican-Americans or the religious energy and political awareness of the angry young men of Rio Grande City. They lack even a sense of the land. They are Negroes; but neither their color nor their common heritage of misery unites them. They are enemies one to another. The "system" makes them so.

To understand the daily state of mind of the typical migrant worker in the labor camps of Long Island and elsewhere, Whitey need only reflect upon his own state of mind as riots rage through the Negro portions of his city, and National Guard or Federal troops, their power grasped tightly in their hands, march down once quiet streets. Violence, lawlessness, brutality, ever-present physical danger is the "way of life" in labor camps and in ghettos. Whitey, well-off and comfortable, has never understood this fact; "they like it that way," he explains.

Walter—he never told me his last name—a middle-aged (in appearance much older) Negro mi-

grant in the infamous Cutchogue Labor Camp, told me that he didn't like it at all; he made it quite clear, drunk though he was (he had been idle yet confined like an animal to the fenced-in camp for five weeks with no other diversion), that he hated it: that he lived in fear of the crew leader, the processor, the white community outside, and the migrants he worked with. As if trapped in the basement of a burning building, he cried for help: "Tell 'em. Let 'em know what goes on. Tell it so they listen!"

An estimated sixty-one thousand migrants are on the move on the East Coast alone; of that number some sixteen-thousand eventually find their way to Long Island, the last stop on the trek. They come from Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, North and South Carolina, Arkansas and Virginia. Others, obtained to fill labor-camp quotas, come from Skid Row in Philadelphia or the Bowery in New York City. The Bowery men are shanghaied, transported to the Island, usually found useless, and abandoned. The Migrant Division of the New York Employment Service, part of the state's "system perpetuity" program, also recruits workers: "Mr. S. of the New York State Department of Labor's Farm Placement Office reported that the quality of crews of farm and grading house workers will be better this year." (Suffolk County Farm News).

Machines now do the harvesting on Long Island farms. Migrants are needed, however, in the large wooden sheds where potatoes are processed and packaged. The sheds are neither heated in the winter nor air-conditioned in summer. The worst labor camps are those close to these sheds; but at least in those places lunch or dinner can be taken at the camp, rather than in the dust-filled and filthy shed. All work is done standing up; no sitting facilities are provided. No toilets.

According to Dan Rubenstein, until recently executive director of Seasonal Employees in Agriculture (S.E.A.), a random survey of the income of fifty-four migrants revealed the average annual income per migrant to be \$639.95.

When the crew leader collects his crew in those Southern states, they are not only hungry but broke. Before they even begin to

work, they owe the crew leader anywhere from thirty to sixty dollars in transportation fees and the cost of meals on the way; once in camp they owe rent (four to six dollars a week) for a "bull pen"; meals (breakfast \$1.50; lunch \$2; dinner \$3.50); cheap wine by the pint sells for \$1.25 on Sundays, \$1 on Weekdays: payday for the migrants is late Saturday night—after wine stores in town close down and all "escape" must be purchased from the crew leader. All other items, such as cigarettes, toothpaste, beer, etc. are similarly priced. If the migrant wants to leave camp (and to do so he must ask permission), he must wait until a group so desires; then the crew leader provides transportation—a dollar a head. Tabs are kept solely by the crew leader, who deducts debts at a weekly rate once the men are working.

Walter did not know how much he owed the crew leader after five weeks in that camp with nothing to do but drink and survive. When the heavy potato harvest comes in late August and September, he may be able to pay that debt, plus the accumulated debts—and if he is lucky, he will have a little left over to send to his wife and kids in Arkansas, whose rent and food bills he hopes vainly to pay.

Bossman

The migrants have two bosses: the processor (owner or corporation representative) who owns the shed in which the potatoes are graded and processed, and the crew leader, who owns neither potatoes nor machines but migrants. The processor, like his industrial counterpart of thirty years ago, views the migrants as lazy, suspicious, and sub-human. Consequently, he avoids contact with them and is dependent on the crew leader, who functions as employer, landlord, food concessionaire, general supervisor and guardian. Each role entails its own profit; conversely, the migrant is exploited everywhere he turns.

The crew leader transports them from the camp to the work site, supervises their tasks, until the potatoes are packaged, loaded, and ready to leave the shed. He is paid by pounds of potatoes processed, but the laborer is paid by the hour. That is, the hour (sometimes only two or three hours a day) in which the grader or

(Continued on page 6)

Editor Writes From Jail

Karl Meyer #35287
House of Correction
2800 S. California
Chicago, Illinois
July 28, 1967

Dear Dorothy & Marty:

I am on retreat here, one of those retreats at which one can experience again in his own person a little of the bitter humiliation and degradation which are the lot of so much of mankind in this sad world. I cannot tell you much about it, but you know the essentials from your own experience. Of course this is still America, and therefore we realize that these trials are, in general, nothing more than an intimation of the sufferings of Vietnam, or of numerous other countries equally afflicted with tyranny, poverty, and suffering. The intimation is however sharp enough to stimulate a continual meditation on the terrible question, "What is it that persuades men that it can be right to so afflict and torture one another?"

"It appears that we have here a case of a sincere hatred of law and order," said the judge, as he imposed on me sentences totalling \$500 in fines, perhaps thinking to hit the peace movement where it hurts, in the pocketbook. But my hatred for a certain conception of "law and order" was in fact so sincere that I absolutely refused to consent to any payment of the fines, in order not to contribute even a little toward the support of such institutions. Therefore I am here serving out the fines at \$5 a

(Continued on page 7)

FATHER MILANI R. I. P.

Don Lorenzo Milani is dead—in his early forties, of leukemia, and we mourn his passing.

His was a mountain parish, in Barbiana, Italy. When he arrived there, there was only one elementary school of five grades to serve the community, five classes in one schoolroom. He made up his mind to teach the boys of the village who "grew up shy and despised." For the last twelve years of his life he devoted himself to a group of boys who lived with him. "We receive guests in common. We read together, books, papers, the mail. We write together."

One day a friend dropped in to bring Don Lorenzo a newspaper clipping, entitled, "A communique by the retired military chaplains of the region of Tuscany," which asserted that the action of the thirty-one Italian boys, in jail because they were conscientious objectors to war, was "foreign to the Christian commandment to love, and an expression of cowardice." It was afterwards learned that only twenty out of the hundred and twenty members of that organization were present when the communique was read.

Fr. Milani responded with an open letter in reply to the military chaplains which was sent to a thousand people—priests, bishops and political leaders. The letter was published in several Italian papers including a communist paper, and when it appeared Fr.

(Continued on page 5)

Vol. XXXHI No. 9

July-August, 1967

CATHOLIC WORKER

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

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher
MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor
Associate Editors

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JACK COOK, RITA CORBIN (Art), NICOLE
CHETREMENT, EDGAR FORAND, ROBERT GILLMAN, JUDITH GREGORY,
THOMAS S. HOEY, WILLIAM HORVATH, MARJORIE C. HUGHES,
CHRISTOPHER S. KEARNS, WALTER KERELL, PHIL MALONEY, KARL MEYER,
DEANLE FOWER, HELEN C. RILEY, PAT RUSK, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ANNE
TALLEFER, EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEVSKI, JAMES E. WILSON.

New subscriptions and change of address:
175 Chrystie St., New York, N.Y. 10002
Telephone OR 4-9812

Editorial communications to: Box 33 Tivoli, N.Y. 12583

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

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

120

Into the Lions' Den

By KARL MEYER

"Mr. Rusk, Mr. Rusk, please hear the last words of one who loved Vietnam!" These were the words I called out from the floor of the Lions International Convention at Chicago Stadium, the morning of July 6th, as Richard Morison, Renee Schwartz and I unfurled two banners to bring a message from the people of Vietnam to Secretary of State Dean Rusk. One banner read:

My fellowmen, listen to me
Because I love my people
Because I love my country
I want to be a light
even a dim one
in this dark night
in order to prove
the presence of man.

The words were taken from the last messages of Phan Thi Mai, a young Buddhist girl who burned herself to death on May 16th to appeal for an end to the Vietnam War and to place her urgent message before the people of the world.

The second banner, in Vietnamese and English, read:

Men are not our enemies,
If we kill men, with whom shall we live?

It was a duplicate of a banner made by Buddhist students for our Committee for Non-Violent Action team, led by A. J. Muste, when we demonstrated against the war outside the American Embassy in Saigon in April 1966. The words are taken from a beautiful poem by Thich Nhat Hanh, monk, poet, scholar, and director of the School of Youth for Social Service of the Buddhist University in Saigon. He and his students painted the banners and printed the leaflets for our Saigon action, so that we could carry their message to the world. On July 6th we tried to bring it to Dean Rusk and the Lions.

The theme of the Lions International Convention was "The Search for Peace." On the day of the Convention, the United States Post Office issued a commemorative stamp, featuring dove and laurel branch, to honor the fiftieth anniversary of Lions International and their "Search for Peace" theme. Though it might seem to us incomprehensibly ironic, it was evidently in support of this theme that the Lions had selected the Honorable Dean Rusk to be featured speaker at their convention.

It is certain, however, that fifteen thousand Lions were in no peaceable frame of mind on the morning of July 6th. An ominous roar arose from the multitude when we unfurled our banners, as Dean Rusk stepped to the lectern. We were located about fifty feet from him, at a site in the stands just below the Alabama delegation; and in a matter of moments the Alabama Lions were swarming over the railings between, pounding Rich-

ard from behind and tearing the banners from our hands. We would have been badly mauled for our peaceful message, if police officers had not quickly appeared to arrest us and hustle us out.

I kept my eyes on the face of Dean Rusk. He half turned to look at us, a benign smile fixed on his face. According to press reports, he subsequently departed from his prepared text to align himself with us in the search for peace, by saying, "I do not mind signs about peace in Vietnam . . . On the instructions of President Johnson, I have carried the sign of peace for Vietnam into every capital of the world over and over again." We have to let him know that we don't believe that line.

It was the same message of Phan Thi Mai and Thich Nhat Hanh (which we received through the Overseas Vietnamese Buddhist Association 8 Rue Guy de la Brosse, Paris 5, France) which led the Chicago Catholic Worker group, in cooperation with Northside Women for Peace and Chicago Area Draft Resisters, to sponsor a Vietnam Forum, in memory of Phan Thi Mai, every Friday and Saturday night, at Wells and Evergreen Streets in the heart of Old Town, the busiest center of night life in Chicago. It is an open-air forum and open to everyone who wishes to speak. We started it on June 30th. Already hundreds of people have stopped to listen to a wide variety of speakers, on Vietnam and related subjects. The School of Empty has refused the use of an empty school yard at the site, but the sidewalk along the yard has proved wide enough for several simultaneous meeting clusters. The police have not stopped us, and for four sessions we have been bringing a message from Vietnam directly to the people on the street. We have been kept there talking from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. We hope Chicago readers will come down to help with individual discussions and distribution of leaflets at the Forum.

Closing In

Meanwhile, the Internal Revenue Service and the United States Attorney's office have been closing in on me, reacting to my consistent refusal to contribute toward the military budget. On May 12th, United States Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan demanded payment of a \$500 fine, outstanding since 1959 when I was convicted for a trespass demonstration at an Atlas missile base near Omaha, Nebraska. "Should you fail to make the necessary arrangements for payment, further legal action will be taken." On June 16, an IRS agent requested a conference to discuss tax returns which I did not file for 1964, 1965 and 1966. On June 30th, the District Director of IRS sent me a statement for the years 1962, 1963 and 1965. The

(Continued on page 6)

Randolph Bourne and the Two Wars

By MICHAEL D. TRUE

"Is it not a little curious to find the men who thought the war inevitable . . . still confident they can control its terrible force for beneficent purposes? Having accepted the inevitability of war, one can more easily accept other inevitables."

As with so many of the disagreeable truths that Randolph Bourne preached fifty years ago, these words seem, in the present season, terribly pertinent. Anyone concerned about the continuing failure of American foreign policy and especially about what Robert Hutchins has called "one of the most miserable and degrading hot wars of modern times," will find Bourne's writings especially interesting. They have been recently collected in two anthologies, both with useful introductions (War and the Intellectuals: Essays by Randolph S. Bourne, 1915-1919, edited by Carl Rezek, Harper and Row, 1964; The World of Randolph Bourne, edited by Elizabeth Schussel; E. P. Dutton and Co., 1965) and discussed, with lengthy quotations, in a biography (John Adam Moreau, Randolph Bourne: Legend and Reality, Public Affairs Press, 1966).

Bourne, in 1917, had to deal with those who prided themselves on being "practical" in advocating American military involvement in the European war; his adversary in the quotation above, from "Conscience and Intelligence in War," was John Dewey, whose pragmatist disciple he had been four years before, but whose advocacy of a

pushes out more boldly than even to strengthen his case against it—not just by wringing his hands "among the debris," but by looking always toward workable proposals for peace. At a time when citizens and intellectuals are speaking out and actively protesting the present war in Vietnam, one wonders if Bourne's caution might not need repeating. For all the teach-ins, preach-ins, and screech-ins, the war goes on, the casualties rise, and government business as usual shows little sign of paying any attention to the criticism, however vocal, however "intellectual." The sizeable body of persons against the war remains almost totally ineffectual, in the final analysis, in bringing about any change. This lack of success may well be related to the lack of formulation of values and ideals in contemporary education that Bourne found in the university-trained persons in 1917, those young men and women whose "education has not given them a coherent system of large ideas, or a feeling for democratic goals. They have, in short, no clear philosophy of life except that of intelligent service; the admirable adaptation of means to ends. They are vague as to what kind of society they want, or what kind of society America needs, but they are equipped with all the administrative attitudes and talents necessary to attain it."

Perhaps we are only relearning what Bourne said in the fall of 1917—several months after the United States' armies sailed for France—"Our war is teaching us that patriotism is really a superfluous quality in war. The government of a modern organized plutocracy does not have to ask whether the people want to fight or understand what they are fighting for, but only whether they will tolerate fighting. America does not cooperate with the President's designs. She rather feebly acquiesces. But that feeble acquiescence is the all-important factor. We are learning that war doesn't need enthusiasm, doesn't need conviction, doesn't need hope to sustain it. Once maneuvered, it takes care of itself." "The American people might be much more indifferent to the war even than they are," Bourne said, "and yet the results would not be materially different. A majority of them might even be feebly or at least unconcernedly hostile to the war, and yet it would go gaily on."

These "realists," who insisted upon the inevitability of the war, Bourne argued, paid a heavy penalty, especially as he watched "disappear one by one the justifications for accepting it." Soon the "realist" "becomes satisfied with tacitly ratifying whatever happens, or at least straining to find the grain of unpleasant hope that may be latent in the situation"; evading disillusionment, he moves "in a twilight zone of halfhearted criticism, and hopes for the best, where he does not become a tacit fatalist." Better than a quiet acceptance of war, which he later charged merely insured the health of "the repressive powers of the State," Bourne called for active protest against it for one's own and the nation's sake. "For many of us," he said, "resentment against the war has meant a vivid consciousness of what we are seeking in American life."

"We are in the war," Bourne wrote, when continued argument against American involvement demanded special courage, "because an American government practiced a philosophy of adjustment, and an instrumentalism for minor ends, instead of creating new values and setting at once a large standard to which the nations might repair. An intellectual attitude of mere adjustment, of mere use of the creative intelligence to make your progress, must end in caution, regression, and a virtual failure to effect even that change which you so clear-sightedly and desirously see. This is the root of our dissatisfac-

tion with much of the current political and social realism that is preached to us. It has everything good and wise except the obstreperous vision that would drive and draw all men into it."

For such an obstreperous vision to develop, he suggested earlier, "there must be some irreconcilables left who will not even accept the war with wailing tears. There must be some to call unceasingly for peace, and some to insist that the terms of settlement shall be not only liberal but democratic," opposed to any world order founded on military coalitions. "If the American intellectual class rivets itself to a liberal philosophy that perpetuates the old errors, there will then be need for 'democrats'—whose task will be to divide, confuse, disturb, keep the intellectual waters constantly in motion to prevent any ice from ever forming." Bourne's dedication to this task throughout his career as a social and literary critic won him much praise, particularly after his tragic death during the flu epidemic of December 1918. Although his writing career lasted only about five years, it retains a special significance in the tradition of American radicalism.

Among his admirers, those who have paid tribute to his personal example and to his insights on education, literature, and politics are Van Wyck Brooks, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Lewis Mumford, Ammon Hennacy, Horace Gregory, Dwight Macdonald, and Stanley Edgar Hyman. But perhaps the most emphatic and telling endorsement, emphasizing Bourne's relevance to the present time, came recently from the novelist and essayist Edward Dahlberg: "We are today confronted with sundry dilemmas . . . and the perplexing questions answered in [Bourne's] *Untimely Papers*. He understood with that wonderful prescience of his that though the state should win the war abroad, the people would be defeated at home. What he required was that the American be vigilant with all his nature, lest the state, like that fabled culture that tormented Prometheus, win the war and eat the nation's organs."

Writing in the midst of one war, Bourne speaks to us, living in the midst of another, fifty years later. One is led, after reading his reflections on the effect of the war, toward further skepticism and, probably, even greater awareness of the pain caused by Vietnam. The need for immediate action that might stop the tragic death of young men, the destruction of villages and country side, the misery of yet another generation of sons without fathers and wives without husbands, is evident. No wonder the literature of the past fifty years is filled with such terrifying prophecy: the world like a lost ship, captained by a madman; a once aristocratic family driven to squalor, drink, suicide; a microcosm of pathetic creatures living on pipe dreams and cheap booze. The warning of significant critics such as Randolph Bourne, as well as our most distinguished writers, Shaw, Faulkner, and O'Neill, among others, have been both eloquent and frequent. It is time that we heeded them.

Ed. note: Mr. True is assistant professor of English at Assumption College, in Worcester, Massachusetts and an active peace worker.

We know the figures of hunger and the statistics of misery: we have seen the photos of children with their swollen bellies, their hollow eyes and their prominent knees between thighbones as thin as shingles. On the other hand, the hungry and the wretched have seen the affluence of our installations, our way of life, our luxuries, our tanks and our guns.

YVES CONGAR, O.P.



more belligerent policy toward Germany had provoked Bourne's attack: "In wartime," Bourne said, "one's pragmatic conscience moves in a vacuum. There is no leverage to clutch. To a philosopher of the creative intelligence, the fact that war blots out the choice of ends and even of means should be the final argument against its use as a technique for any purpose whatever."

In calling Dewey's judgment into question, Bourne ridiculed other American intellectuals who threw their support "to the use of war-technique in the crisis in which America found herself. The American intellectuals, in their preoccupation with reality, seem to have forgotten that the real enemy is War . . . that all the revolutionary by-products will not justify the war, or make war anything else than the most noxious complex of all the evils that afflict men." Having toured Europe on the eve of the war, Bourne brought considerable experience to his discussion of the complexities of the situation there, enough evidence for him to refuse to believe that the dilemma could be resolved by armed intervention of the United States on either side. Throughout 1917 and until his death at thirty-two in the late fall of 1918, Bourne continued his campaign, and insisting "that the terms of settlement be not only liberal but democratic."

Both in his personal example and in his writings on war, Bourne provided a model for the "irreconcilable," as he called himself, who retains his animus against war and

A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The hot sultry August dog day wanes into evening towards on-coming night. The last of the swimmers, whose rollicking splashing merriment has fountained up from our swimming pool through most of the day, have taken a noisy departure. The last of the twittering chimney swifts have tired of aerial circling and plummeted into their chimney tenement in the old mansion. From the lawn children's voices—at present writing we have four visiting families with numerous children—rise to that crescendo of shouts, shrieks, cries, and wild laughter which mark the climax of a summer evening's play. In the living room, about the tables in the dining room, here and there on the lawn, groups of adults sit talking, talking. Then as night comes on, hordes of mosquitoes come on in battle array; the groups on the lawn retreat. Soon the voices of mothers are heard calling their children. In the ensuing lull of din, I hear the high thin song of crickets, the shrill of cicadas, and that insistent prophet of summer's end and Autumn's frost—the katydid.

After the frenetic hubbub of our summer, the constant clamor of voices, the cacophonous malodor-



ous traffic of arriving and departing cars, the trains roaring by on the tracks between us and the river, the boats and dredging machinery on the river, the planes overhead, our own power mower spluttering away at the never-ending task of keeping the grounds neat and trim—this pleasant interlude of insect music seemed but a sweet accompaniment of silence. Some lines from one of Andrew Marvell's great poems, which Marty Corbin had recently re-read to me, came to my mind; and I savored nostalgically the antique charm of that seventeenth-century garden—"Fair Quiet have I found thee here..." Drowsily I walked in that garden until my mind, like the poet's, had annihilated "all that's made to a green thought in a green shade."

Now it is Sunday, the great feast of the Transfiguration, August sixth, the anniversary of that terrible day in 1945 when the United States dropped the atom bomb over Hiroshima. Remembering this horrible war crime—surely one of the worst in history—we prayed at Mass (which our good friend, Father Jude Mill, said so beautifully for us in our own chapel) for all those who have suffered from the terrible crimes of war and violence, for peace in the world and in our hearts, and finally for hope that all our fine talk of peace may result in those positive actions of good will toward men which will help disseminate peace in us and about us.

The Pax Study Weekend has come to be regarded by many as the high point of our summer-conference season. This year Pax, which continues to be directed by Howard Everngam, with the capable assistance of Eileen Egan, did not disappoint us. Some hundred and fifty attended, and they came concerned, questioning, ready for

lively participation. Speakers included: Father James Megivern, head of the Theology Department at St. John's University, Jamaica, Queens, who spoke of the development of the Hebrew word for peace, *shalom*, from the Old Testament emphasis on material well-being to the New Testament concept of peace as the gift of God through Christ's sacrifice, the peace of forgiveness and reconciliation. Mother Brendan, president of Marymount College in Tarrytown, New York, spoke on Christian non-violence. Robert Miller spoke on Pax-men in Vietnam, a Mennonite organization which arranges for young men opposed to war to go to Vietnam and serve as civilians in non-military hospitals or other such services for the people of Vietnam. Howard Everngam, Eileen Egan, and Marty Corbin spoke in a panel discussion with Professor Gordon Zahn as moderator, on non-violence as related to society, work, and prophecy. Dorothy Day gave a moving account of her visit to the migrant workers of Steuben County, New York, which showed clearly the close connection between poverty and peace. So long as man is oppressed and exploited, there will be violence.

As before, one evening was devoted to arts for peace. Eugene O'Sullivan, teacher of dramatic art and play director, gave dramatic readings from the Stallings and Anderson play, *What Price Glory*, the Bernard Shaw play, *Man and Superman*, the Giraudoux play, *Tiger at the Gates*, and the Sean O'Casey play, *Juneteenth*. Then that grim and realistic film, *The War Game*, was shown. Finally, Dr. Karl Stern, who is not only an eminent psychiatrist and writer (author of *Pillar of Fire*, *The Third Revolution* and *The Flight from Woman*) but also a fine concert pianist, played for us from Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, Bach and some of the other great ones who composed what I like to think of as the music of peace. Then Dr. Stern accompanied Attilio Cantori, who played the flute for us most mellifluously with the kind of technique one would expect from a flautist who has given concerts at Town Hall. A number of nuns, priests, and seminarians attended the Pax weekend; and the Masses, some of which were concelebrated, provided us with Eucharistic nourishment and with liturgical expression of our need, our prayer for peace.

Pattern for Peace

Peace was, of course, never really remote from the many subjects discussed during our own Summer School, which was held here at the farm, July ninth through fifteenth. Although we did not have our usual June retreat this year, Father Marion Casey was with us throughout our Summer School, gave us a wonderful series of religious conferences, said most beautiful Masses—for Father Casey is an ardent liturgist—and took part in all discussions.

Father Casey not only illuminated the post-Vatican Council ecumenical and liturgical developments, and discussed some of the provocative theories of the new theologians; but also brought into more relevant focus with all these contemporary developments that traditional retreat of the Catholic Worker, which finds the true Pattern of Christian living in the Beatitudes and the ascetical teaching of St. John of the Cross.

Other Catholic Worker Summer School speakers included: Anne-Marie Stokes, who is not only an associate editor of the *Catholic Worker* but has worked for many years with the Rev. Michael Scott at the United Nations on behalf of the terribly oppressed Negroes of Southwest Africa and the little known but much oppressed Naga people of India. Tom Cornell, one of the founders and leaders of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, who is

(Continued on page 7)



Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Darrell Poulsen's appeal to the Board of Pardons was again denied on July 26th, and he is to be shot on September 5th. Since July 11th I have been picketing the State Capitol for an hour at noon and I will continue until the fatal day. During the hearing at the prison Poulsen's lawyer, William Fowler, gave a powerful resume of the case. The Attorney General of Utah and the head of the National Council of Churches in Salt Lake City spoke in Poulsen's behalf, as did the Episcopalian priest in Provo who is his pastor. I pointed out that Cain, the first murderer, was let go and that he who killed him was to be seven times damned. I added that when they had killed Poulsen I would continue picketing for the other men in death row.

Fifty years ago, in the days of Joe Hill, the Board of Pardons consisted of the Governor and the Supreme Court. Now the Governor appoints the Board of Corrections, who in turn appoint the Board of Pardons; the Governor cannot act without the latter's approval. Letters addressed to both Governor Calvin Rampton and the Board of Pardons, State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah, may help to break down the prejudice. But Utah will probably be one of the last states to abolish capital punishment. Attorney Fowler is preparing a writ of *habeas corpus* and will try to get a decision setting aside the execution as "cruel and unusual punishment" in terms of the Eighth Amendment.

Leigh Shack, a young conscientious objector, helps me picket each day at the State Capitol. And I am picketing the tax office daily from 10:30 to 11:30 a.m. for twenty-two days, to mark the twenty-two years since the dropping of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima. I am fasting during this period and have lost only thirteen pounds in the first eleven days. Shouting by teen-agers and meetings with some returned soldiers enliven the picketing. A few townspeople are friendly.

About the House

Years ago the present Joe Hill House was a dog pound; so people still come by to drop off dogs and cats. One puppy, part Labrador, we call Prince, was here when we came. He greets every tramp kindly, but barks wildly when a well-dressed person approaches. Truly a tramp dog.

A young priest whom I had known when he was a seminarian in California came here for a week. He and a young non-registrant from the same state painted the outside of Joe Hill House a light cream color with some paint that was donated.

Although most of the men who come to us are not thieves, enough of them are so that anything that can be peddled for booze is eventually stolen. Somehow we still have a washing machine, an iron and ironing-board left. But people whom we have never seen before stop by and leave items which generally replace those that have disappeared.

For those who wish to visit us the address is: 3462 S. 4 W., Salt Lake City, Utah (two blocks south of the huge Vitro smoke stack).

CHRYSTIE STREET

By JACK COOK

Dennis the Menace slapped him out the front door. He staggered back and ended up in the gutter. Mustering what was left of his faculties, the Bowery Man came back in a parody of a boxer's stance and gesture. He was slapped again. Then he offered his hand to Dennis to shake and, with the mute movement of his fingers to his mouth, bummed the cigarette which had not left Dennis' lips all the while. Receiving it, he turned and stumbled off.

Though a white man, his face and what of his body was exposed by his "ragged and windowed nakedness" were all but black with the dirt and filth of his long drunk. Always ready to fight, and increasingly violent as the days went by, he would give Mary Gahagan and others a hard time as they sat near the front door of our Chrystie Street house. If a staff member was present, he could usually be "talked" away; but on this occasion Dennis, who recently returned to us, took the matter into his own hands.

Such is violence on the Bowery: short-lived, thoughtless, and followed by its opposite, a strange and ephemeral comradeship. The man who punched Hugh Madden outside the Worker one day did not realize it a moment later, apologized, and received Hugh's "God bless" gratefully.

It is amid rumors of riot—a violence of a different sort—that we write now. Rumor's wagging tongue and the sight of more and more cops, patrolling the Puerto Rican neighborhood, give spirit and body to the news media's grim image.

Loss—not the result of violence, however—besets us here. Bob Gilliam has returned to Minnesota, where he is to be sentenced on August 14th for draft refusal. British Broadcasting Company television followed him out for the story. In our society a man who refuses to kill is news. Phil Maloney, his wife and child have left for the University of Toronto, where he is going to continue his Russian studies and eventually teach that subject. They recently visited Felix and Maureen McGowan in Puerto Rico and hope to be, along with Raona Wilson, with Bob in Minnesota when he is sentenced.

Tom Hoey and Dan Kelly are still away in the West. The bed-bugs, however, are feasting on the two remaining summer volunteers, Jonathan Bell and John Donohue. Other summer people—Pat Vaught, Charlie Corso, Arlene Schmidt have left also. They helped Cathy Grant in the kitchen, gave out clothes, and waited on the soup line. We are grateful for their help.

Tony, our cook, is due for a three-week leave of absence, and Charlie Keefe, lately returned from the farm, will, we hope, once again make his famous soups.

If it isn't jail, it's marriage that takes the young away and leaves the old behind. Vince Maefsky and Christine Bove, soon to be married, will leave shortly for Oklahoma, where Vince will do graduate work at the University. Vince, with the backing of his department head and the American Civil Liberties Union, already plans to challenge the loyalty oath.

Those Who Remain

As established as the soupline, as unchanging as the weakness they hope to combat, the A.A. meetings go on every Thursday night, under the direction of a member of the CW family who has offered encouragement and hope for several years now.

Mike Herniak, who recently endured a mugging and robbery ("I let 'em take what they wanted") has left for Camp La Guardia, where he has a job as night watchman. Arthur Sullivan is there also.

John Pohl is still in the hospital undergoing multiple operations, and young Larry, who could not be persuaded to enter the hospital, later felt so bad that he had the clerk of his flophouse call the cops for an ambulance; but he was sent back the next day, having had his head pointlessly X-rayed and some pills dropped in his hand.

Joe Monroe and his wife came down from Tivoli and stayed for supper. The visit excited Smokey Joe, for Joe Monroe brought back many memories of old times and old faces.

There has been little for the second-floor crew to do of late, for we've not had a July issue of the paper. Frenchie has everything ready for this issue, however; and awaits Tom Hoey's return. Gordon McCarthy and Preston will now have Phil's chore of running off the many-thousand stenciled addresses on that crazy machine. The old timers, Walter Kerell and Ed Forand, continue to do the paper work that others find distasteful.

Cats

The cat problem had reached such dimensions that some feared



the Board of Health might shut us down were the cats permitted to remain. Unbeknownst to Paul, the S.P.C.A. was called and nine of the cats removed. That left only four. Then a lady, cat-box in hand, came and insisted that her cat take refuge here a few days. Three weeks later the cat is still with us. Paul's wrath remains unassuaged.

Nicole d'Entremont, whose storefront children's center has been in operation all summer on First Street, Raona Wilson and Nathan, were going to visit Nicole's parents in Feasterville, Pennsylvania, this past weekend; but rumors of riot kept them in town; for, if one did occur, they were going to take as many of the kids as possible away with them.

Summer in its heat goes on, stirring some to violence and others to sack out in the sun on the sidewalks of the Bowery. The petunia plants in our window (a gift from an old Chinese, who also repaired the crucifix in the hand of our emaciated and soaring statue of St. Francis in the front window) alternately blossom and wither.

"When one considers the chastity of their morals, the simplicity of their manners, their habits of work and the religious and settled spirit which prevails in the U.S., one is tempted to believe that Americans are a virtuous people; but when one considers the commercial fervor which seems to devour the whole society, the thirst for gain, the respect for money and the bad faith in business which appears on every side, one is soon led to think that the pretended virtue is only the absence of certain vices, and if the number of human passions seem restricted here, it is because they have all been absorbed in just one: the love of wealth."

Democracy in America (1835-40)

+ HUNGER AND THIRST +

By JAMES HANINK

A poem coming from a freedom worker in Mississippi begins:

Waiting
for rain
and for freedom
and for something to do
to take away
the way it is.¹

This is the simple, urgent speech of the revolutionary who doubts his revolution. The insistent title of a thousand pamphlets of the revolutionary genre has been: "What is to be done?" Perhaps the majority (the non-revolutionaries) say: "Nothing." Others say: "Almost anything, but gradually and educationally, if you please." How many understand Peter Maurin's elementary wisdom: "The future will be different if we make the present different?"²

We Christians are embarrassed to find ourselves revolutionaries. Is now really the acceptable time? Only our prophets have already defined the stance and ambience of the World as intolerable. Their voice teaches us that Christian morality transcends reason and nature. Yet we, too, doubt our revolution against the way it is—our fundamental alienation—and the direction it must take. Still, we are profoundly richer than all the rest, if only because we know that it is we who must repent, must go back again and again into the desert, and must accept the invitation to come and die with hilarity.

Our deepest poverty centers in our paralyzing inability to take seriously the revolution of God's Christ. We hunger and thirst—most of all for each other, then for bread. All this while the Banquet is being given. Simone Weil was acutely aware of this hungering and built her extraordinary ethics for a new France upon its immediacy. The Sicilian revolutionary Danilo Dolci offered his voluntary hunger to free a feudal society and to battle a decadent one. Both of these contemporary saints have seen that in the Day of the System it would be a simple thing to blunder in embracing an ideology but full of hope to choose simply the poor. But how choose the poor? Who are the poor? Father John L. McKenzie, the Jesuit biblical scholar, recognizes them as: "those who have not much spirit, the helpless of the world who have no power to resist."³ And that is all of us. We must choose one another. This is the very beginning of community. From this core of radical need I wish to develop the thesis, both as a Christian and an anarchist, that the Christian and anarchist visions of community converge. Their unity, if realized, will bring a sharper idea of what to do to take away the way it is and where to build the road leading from what is to what must become.

The first step is to recognize that a community can be built only on need. Karl Meyer, of the Chicago Catholic Worker, says something like this and adds that his anarchist home is a shipwreck. There is nothing of Rousseau here. Meyer's ship has sailed the rough seas. The bourgeois Catholic is the one basking in the harbor. The practicing anarchist soon experiences a despair destroying emotional naivete for a deeper hope. To explore the usual list of negatives: anarchism, like democracy, is only as good as its anarchists (or democrats). Anarchism has a closet full of skeletons, one of them Marx's. Anarchism is not committed to violence, chaos, nihilism, the dim past, Pelagianism, or insane asylums!

Essentially, anarchism is a libertarian relationship between persons. It has always existed germinally within the growing democratic spirit and as such keeps growing. It is not the invention of anything new but awakening to

something actually present. It is outside, without the State, alongside the State.

True Personalism

To develop the definition means fixing it to its finest historical expressions and etching its most hopeful lines of development. The personalist democrats Jacques Maritain and Emmanuel Mounier labored for "an organic democracy, a pluralist democracy . . . consisting in pluralist and personalist structures fully evolved; where authority would be exercised by popular elites; where parties . . . will serve to assure the political formation of the masses, and where money would be entirely subordinated to man—not by enslavement of both man and money to collective man or to the State, but by the real guarantee that accession of work to property should offer to human persons and their freedom."⁴

The wealth of a society, a product of man's creative work and

PERSONALIST GOALS

The abolition of the proletarian condition; the supersession of the anarchic economy of profit by an economy directed to the fulfillment of the totality of personal needs; the socialization, without state monopoly, of those sectors of industry which otherwise foster economic alienation; the development of co-operative life; the rehabilitation of labor; the promotion, in rejection of all paternalist compromises, of the worker to full personality; the priority of labor over capital; the abolition of classes founded upon the division of labor and wealth; the priority of personal responsibility over the anonymous organization.

EMMANUEL MOUNIER

God's gift of the natural wealth of the earth, will be equally distributed only if the men who would create with the raw materials of the earth, who would build up the earth, are allowed access to the tools of industry, agriculture, and education. Both Maritain and Mounier reject Proudhon's materialism, Marx's centralism, Lenin's proletarian violence, and liberal capitalism. These aberrations are as wholly incompatible with anarchism as they are with Christianity.

The classic anarchist theorists—Saint-Simon, Owen, Proudhon, Kropotkin, in fact all except Tolstoy—were anti-theists for man's sake. They were stoutly materialistic. But somehow the historical development of anarchism, with its implacable, impossible demands and its temporary resort to sacramental terrorism and consequent soul-searching, has been astonishingly purifying. We have come to see that we are utopian in the sense that no material chance of success is possible. The Christian anarchist goal is, ultimately, a world community of liberated persons, free in truth, bound by love. We may never accept a lesser end. To do so would be to turn away from the future to which God's saving grace is leading us. To say that we have attained our goal is to say that the pilgrimage of grace has ended. It has only just begun. From the historical recognition of its own core inadequacy, the anarchist mind has been led to a psychological break with the materialism of individualism and collectivism. This has been an excruciating, negative preparation for the Christ, a sacred atheism that demands God while there are yet only gods, a baffling insistence upon alienation to keep alive the truth that no other condition is possible. This non-faith is the highest degree of the secular merging with the lowest degree of the sacred.

Aside from the bogus Marxist theism of Economy, anarchists

have rejected Marxism primarily because of its centralism. This was the chief bone of contention between Proudhon, representing decentralist, French socialism, and Marx, the exponent of German centralist socialism. Marx conceived in a foggy way an acceptable anarchist goal: "Only when man has recognized and organized his 'forces propres' as social forces (it is therefore not necessary, as Rousseau thinks, to change man's nature, to deprive him of his 'forces propres' and give him new ones of a social character) and, consequently, no longer cuts off his social power from himself in the form of political power (i.e. no longer establishes the State as the sphere of organized rule) only then will the emancipation of mankind be achieved." Marx commits himself to the primacy of the social as a goal. The suffocating centralism of the contemporary Marxist state begins in Marx's making his revolution the last political action instead of the first social action. Lenin compounded this blunder. Instead of the de-centralist element of social re-structure alongside of the State, the authoritarian centralist element of revolutionary realpolitik has burgeoned. Centralism enshrines the abstract, the compromised, the procedural over the human and the spontaneous. Standing in clear contrast to centralism is the papal principle of subsidiarity. It is no surprise that popes and anarchists should find themselves in agreement here. Subsidiarity safeguards the person's spiritual mission of conquering his freedom through participating in the constant reforming of freeing communities in every sphere of man's action.

Once upon a time, anarchists searched for the great revolutionary deed to awaken the world, a quixotic aberration now seen for the futilitarian gesture it is. Only the Christ event could smash the weary circle of Time and Fate. The early terrorism had reflected infection of the bourgeois and Marxist thinking which would wage one last war to make the world safe for x, y or z. The passion for pure means leads to something approaching paralysis in the eyes of men. The impossible anarchist vision can only be reached; the Gospel would tell us, through the redemptive suffering of non-violent resistance. The historical self-purification of anarchist means has opened the way to a natural, if painful, embrace of Christian non-violence.

Historical Intransigence

Before presenting the Christian anarchist attack on the political-economic system under which we Americans live, a point of preface should be made. Much has been implied about the unique fruit of anarchist intransigence. I have no wish to obscure the historical anarchist intolerance sometimes masquerading under this purity. Christians are painfully aware of this phenomenon in their own past

and the greater and lesser inquisitions to which it leads. A similar point could be made about the curious ghetto-life we have both made for ourselves. Only the discredited Manichean holds for a self-sufficient evil. So it is the principle of materialism, violence, centralism, capitalism, and the Political that is inimical to the personalist community. Only the gentle personalism of a Francis, the ideal anarchist and Christian, can be of use to the authentic healer. Father McKenzie compares the spirit of the Political, the spirit of the modern state, to a cornered rat baring its fangs. The self-destructive political ethic of defense and security is to be seen, switching to the clear biblical image, as the poisonous fruit of a tree that gives birth only to that which makes for death. But how many of us know any other way in our own lives? How many can live in a freedom maintained only by a selfless seeking of the truth and a unilateral declaration of brotherhood? How many of us

THE CHOICE OF POVERTY

When we choose the poor, we can always be sure of not going wrong. When we choose an ideology, we can never be sure of not being at least partly wrong.

When we have complied with an ideology, we can never be sure of having taken the right course. When we choose the poor, we are always sure, doubly sure, of having made a good choice. We have chosen like Jesus. And we have chosen Jesus.

HENRI DE LUBAC, S.J.

can stomach this ripping self-exposure? It is precisely because we wish to make the hopes of all men our own hopes, because the islands of loving community now at work everywhere draw us nearer every day, that we must become convicting judges of the principles of disunity.

With this in mind, we must spotlight the snarling rat of our own political-economic structure, the great managerial bureaucracy greased and oiled by legions of technocrats and professional politicians. Perhaps this description will be dismissed as a facile caricature of Mother America and treason against the Great Society. Do we not have our super-highways? Our butter and guns? Our duly impressed foreign clients? This mess of pottage cannot hide the truth. The foreign policy of ourselves and the people next door is based on an ideological whore tagged enlightened self-interest. This year we spend upwards of seventy billion dollars on arms while millions of children starve to death. We buy our Saran Wrap from the same Dow Chemical Company that manufactures napalm. Instead of Baal we worship the bunny. We send her to "our boys," and the generals applaud in public. But this is trivial. Erich Fromm is more right than our exquisite national righteousness will allow us to admit in judging that "love is by necessity a marginal phenomenon in present-day Western Society. Not so much because many occupations would not permit of a loving attitude, but because the spirit of a production-centered, commodity-greedy society is such that only a non-conformist can defend himself successfully against it."

Labor as Commodity

What has happened? Basically, violence has become institutionalized. We have come to need the violence and can hardly imagine another way of living. Neo-capitalism has systematized the violence of cupiditas. We have taken our work, the incarnational expression of ourselves, and treated it as

something to be bartered. We cannot "buy" the labor of one another, for it is of infinite value. Humanization of production depends on the birth of a community of labor and a deepening industrial democracy in which owners and workers participate to the fullness of their ability and share in the distribution of profit to the quantity and quality of their contribution.

The Christian anarchist community cannot be satisfied with even this. The moral-historical challenge of rescuing the Third World from the equivalent of the century of inhumanities upon which Western industrialism was built or the shorter but equally terrible Russian brutality must be answered with our own voluntary poverty. This brand of leadership would mean the first difficult miles of the road that must be taken from the way things are to the way they ought to be. And the rest of the way?

Imperial Rome had a visceral reaction to the very word democracy—an equivalent to mob rule. Should not anarchy bow to personalism-communitarianism or decentralized, voluntary socialism? This is a question of temperament and a game for academicians. Christian anarchy, as I have seen it, is the hard way of people who believe that today, as one-man revolutionaries if need be, they can move among the poorest, open their homes to the weakest, slough off privilege, and explore the paths leading away from habitual coercion and economic competition. Communities form and seeds are planted. There is no notion of separatism or gnosticism at work here. The ideal (ideology) is to anticipate what A. J. Muste called: "the beloved community: a human community based on love, where the problems of existence are solved not by superior force but by co-operation and mutual aid; where freedom and human dignity no longer need debating because they are lived; where peace is the wide communication and trust among all people, and not merely the quietude of fear."⁵

This indeed is Utopia. No anarchist, no Christian can settle for less. Here the visions meet. And they meet in him, Jesus of Nazareth—poorly dressed, said to be a carpenter, afflicted with visionary ideas, associate of the masses and the alienated, professional agitator, crucified for conspiring to overthrow the established order and not worshipping the god of the hour.

There exists only one Hero and one Kingdom. Politics, the art of the practical, is irrevocably impractical. Nations and States are brute gropings serving some sort of custodial purpose and as the Lord's scourge. They are ladders to be climbed but never to be lingered upon. Anarchy alone is committed to the complete reconciliation of the Person and the Community. It alone craves the eschatological. In its unredeemed condition—as proposed by Proudhon, Kropotkin, Paul Goodman and the Dutch provos—it is yet unable to live in its own blinding light. It would surpass itself. When its soul is infused through the incarnation of Christians, often unnamed, a vital center is born. Its Baptism is the knowing of its own Center and speaking His name in the purest language.

Charles Peguy once remarked that: "Everything begins in mysticism and ends in politics.—The interest, the question, the essential is that in each order, in each system, mysticism be not devoured by the politics to which it gave birth." Politics is the struggle for domination which righteously employs several species of capital punishment. Mysticism, mystery as a principle of life, is the realism (Continued on page 6)



WATER CRESS

New House In Milwaukee

By MICHAEL CULLEN

In late April, we were told to conform with certain requirements or leave our old house on South Third street. We felt that if we were to spend money on remodeling and limit the number of people we could take in we would be conforming for the sake of the system, not for the individual. And so, as the person who had been largely carrying the load of the house from the beginning, I felt that I could not continue in those circumstances, since I was primarily concerned with the individual.

So we came to the new house, a big old house at 1131 North Twenty-first Street, a three-story building with many rooms, but needing a lot of repairs. Three or four of us in the community have just painted the entire outside of the house. We have decided to decentralize some of the activities that took place at the old house: the job-finding, house-finding, and dispensing of clothing to the needy. These functions will be carried out at two centers on State Street seven or eight blocks away from Casa Maria. I think that this is important, because it enables us to make contact with the people on the streets. One center is going to be called Saint Dismas Refuge. We hope that it will remain open twenty-four hours a day so that men and women who are on the streets at night can find a place of refuge. The other is the Roger La Porte Center, already in operation, where we sell clothing to the needy at a minimal cost, hoping to take the sting away from the giving, the almsgiving.

This is basically where we are, but a strange thing has happened over the last few months. In the beginning there was only Netty and myself and a few friends—and some would spend more time than others. But now, of late, we've begun to become a community, which makes things very, very interesting. It's beautiful, because we are no longer the only family doing it; some have joined us. We certainly have become a community, and we're certainly following into the real dream of what I've always wanted, and that is the Catholic Worker Community. We've even hung a sign on our new house: CASA MARIA, Catholic Worker Community.

I see things happening already. We worship together. We are finally able to delegate work to one another, to each one a responsibility. We are not what we were made out to be on the South Side, social workers or a social agency; and we're not going to be that here because we are beginning to realize that the needy are, our salvation. We must work among the poor, we must live among them, we must begin to suffer with them; and we are beginning to do that. Now it's not just my wife sharing with those around us but all of our friends sharing with one another and with us: their books, their clothing, their money, their treasured goods—a very wonderful and beautiful thing, something that's very close to the whole history of Christianity, a kind of Christian communism, a thing that we must have in order to give some kind of hope to a world in such great need.

And perhaps we're beginning to realize—Netty and myself—that it does say something to the people,

"In former times it was impossible to ignore the Church. If you rejected or hated her you were bound to criticize her. Today it is perfectly easy to ignore her. You can easily leave her to one side and simply go about your daily business. So any 'born' Catholic who criticizes things in the Church today is someone who loves the Church or still has some concern for her. The clergy ought, then, to listen to such criticisms."

Father KARL RAHNER, S.J.

to the Christians, if we begin to share. But first we must have hope, and we must start to share ourselves and other people will begin to share and perhaps the needy of the world will begin to be helped. And if we stop leaving the needs of the poor to the impersonal State and start realizing that it is our responsibility as Christians, as individuals, to take care of those who are hungry and thirsty, to give shelter to the homeless, then we will begin to realize what the Catholic Worker has realized for thirty-four years now, what is expressed in the famous words in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew: "I was hungry and you gave me food. I was thirsty and you gave me a drink. I was lonely and you made me welcome. I was naked and you clothed me. I was ill and you came and looked after me. I was in prison and you came to see me there."

That is what I would like to see at our new Casa Maria house, not what the old one was or tended to be, what people were making it out to be. They wanted to give people shelter, but also to send them back as soon as possible to "society" on the production line, so that they could earn their daily bread and make money. Yes, we're concerned about their being able to earn their daily bread, but we're equally concerned about meeting them as persons, and doing everything in our power to help them as persons and as friends, as brothers of one family, of our family. I hope we will continue to do this. With God's help, and the help of our friends, I am sure that we will.

FATHER MILANI

(Continued from page 1)

Milani was brought into court, together with the editor of the Communist paper. For the first hearing of the case, Fr. Milani wrote a long letter of defense, since he was too sick to appear at the hearing. The letter was printed in the January, 1966 issue of the *Catholic Worker*, and also in full in pamphlet form by the War Resisters League (in which a historical outline of Italy's wars was included.) Even in its abbreviated form it took twelve columns of that issue, which also included Jim Wilson's statement on the works of war and the works of mercy, illustrated by Rita Corbin's five-column picture. We hope that the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York, still has a supply of this pamphlet which so movingly shows us Don Milani's great-hearted efforts not only to defend conscientious objectors but also to teach the youth around him how to work for a better world.

We must pray for more humble parish priests, the like of Don Lorenzo Milani. God grant him a place of refreshment, light and peace.

Dorothy Day

PRAYER OF ABANDONMENT

Father,
I abandon myself into your hands;
do with me what you will.
Whatever you may do, I shall always thank you.
I am ready for all, I accept all;
let only your will be done in me
and in all your creatures;
no more do I wish than this,
O Lord.
Into your hands I commend my soul;
I offer it to you with all the love of my heart,
for I love you, Lord, and so need to give myself,
To surrender myself into your hands without reserve,
and with boundless confidence,
for you are my Father.
Brother Charles of Jesus



Welfare vs War

In preparation for Congressional reconsideration of the Federal poverty program, the staff on the Senate Subcommittee on Poverty and Manpower made a study of those groups in the population which showed an absolute increase in poverty since the 1960 Census. They found that only two poverty groups showed an absolute increase in number: large families headed by women and the elderly.

The reason for poverty among the elderly is clear. Less than ten per cent of retired persons have any private pensions and social security is totally inadequate to allow retired persons to live in any dignity. Several million older persons receive the bare minimum Social Security payments—\$44 a month. That comes less than \$11 a week to pay for food, clothing, rent, medical bills, transportation, recreation, etc. The average social security payment is only \$78 per month. It is no wonder that persons over sixty-five are entering poverty at a greater rate than any other group in the population.

A year ago, President Johnson announced that he was seeking a 15% increase in Social Security payments. Under this proposal, the minimum payments would have gone to \$75 a month. Hardly adequate, but at least a start.

However, even this inadequate level of payment was rejected by the House of Representatives Ways and Means Committee, which approved a bill providing only a 12½% increase in payments and a minimum payment of \$50 per month—an increase for those now receiving the minimum payment of exactly \$2.50 per week.

How did President Johnson react to this decision of the Committee? Did he appoint a national commission to study and highlight the problem? Did he go to the nation on television and denounce the Committee as he did to denounce the Negro "rioters"? He made no such public or private fight for justice for older persons.

And the answer may be simple. Johnson's own Social Security bill would have required a significant increase in Social Security taxes effective July 1, 1967. But that would have interfered with another Johnson plan which was announced the same week that the Ways and Means Committee reported out its cutback of the proposed Social Security increases. On August 3rd, the President announced that he wanted a 10% tax increase to pay for a further escalation of the war in Viet Nam. A large increase in Social Security taxes at the same time might interfere with the war tax. The choice was easy for the President of the warfare state.

"Either the State will be destroyed and a new life will begin in thousands of centers, on the principle of an energetic initiative of the individual, of groups, and of free agreement, or else the State must crush individual and local life. It must become the master of all the domains of human activity, must bring with it wars and international struggles for the possession of power, its surface revolutions which only change one tyrant for another, and inevitably, at the end of this evolution—death."

PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

Cardinal Ritter's Worry About Atomic Armaments

The serious problem of peace throughout the world was much on the late Cardinal Ritter's mind during the Second Vatican Council. The St. Louis prelate made "at least four" written interventions on the passages on peace and war in the Pastoral Constitution on The Church in the Modern World while the constitution was being prepared, according to Msgr. Joseph W. Baker, who served as one of the Cardinal's two periti at the council.

Reprinted here is the last private, written intervention made by Cardinal Ritter on the subject of war and peace during the fourth and final session of the council. The Constitution on the Church in the Modern World was promulgated on December 7, 1965.

Copyright 1967, St. Louis Review
From the very beginning of this council we have been conscious of a responsibility deriving from present-day world problems—a responsibility before Christ the King, "to whom the nations are given as an inheritance," and the human race for whom "the church is constituted as a universal sacrament of salvation." Throughout this time we have eagerly awaited the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the World as a principal instrument in fulfilling this responsibility. Last year, unhappily, we were given an altogether inadequate draft-schema; now, more unhappily, we have been given another which is more extensive but at least in some parts is not much better.

In paragraph 98 and the following, the draft-schema treats of many things which are a source of fear and anxiety for men throughout the world. Quite rightly the document proceeds to condemn total war both in execution and intention—and it does so absolutely, making no distinction between atomic warfare and conventional warfare. For every action which is aimed at or accomplishes the destruction of whole cities with their inhabitants "is of itself objectively a crime before God and man himself which must be condemned forthrightly and without delay" (n. 98). This condemnation must be pronounced so clearly and distinctly that no one will be able to hide or twist its meaning!

In paragraph 99 and the following, which treats of the "balance of terror," the document, it seems to me, almost deliberately rejects such clarity. In the 31st and following lines of page 79, we read: "As long as international institutions are not able sufficiently to guarantee peace, the possession of such arms aimed solely at deterring an adversary, and the production of such arms is not able to be described as wrong in itself." This proposition as prepared is true, only because it prescinds from the reality of the situation: by treating only of the simple possession of arms, in excluding every intention of using them, and in denying that the very possession of such arms already constitutes the threat of total war. This statement will do nothing but obscure the condemnation already pronounced.

My dear brothers! The possession of those arms which actually constitute the "balance of terror," even those which are aimed exclusively at deterring an adversary already involve the intention—conditional perhaps but effective—of using those arms: for possession without any intention of use would deter no one, would effect nothing. From the very nature of these arms, their enormous quantity and distribution, it can be seen what kind and how great a destruction is already projected. How then are we able to condemn every intention of destroying cities and at the same time at least in

part approve the balance of terror?

What therefore should be done? First: it is impossible to be silent in this matter. We have already promised the world the result of our deliberation.

Second: We must genuinely deliberate in order to produce some result. But we must deliberate, we must debate about actual situations and conditions. What must be said about the morality of possession of those arms which actually exist, which constitute the very problem of the balance of terror, and what do we believe about those weapons which are already prepared for use?

We must admit that the present situation involves some elements which are good in themselves. Nations have accumulated arms with a primary intention not of waging but of avoiding war; at the same time national leaders are examining various plans for eliminating arms; and finally as long as international institutions are not able to guarantee peace satisfactorily and mutual trust among nations is lacking, other means of defense must seem inadequate. Nevertheless, in my judgment, the possession of arms which we must now consider should be condemned as wrong because it already includes the intention of total war and apart from that intention constitutes its very danger.

I believe, therefore that there should be an absolute condemnation of the possession of arms which involve the intention or the grave peril of total war. After a careful consideration of the concrete situation, I believe there should be a clear and distinct declaration that the moral law requires that all urgently and without delay collaborate in the elimination of the possession of such armaments, no matter how great the difficulties are which are feared and must be overcome.

As is evident, I propose this almost unwillingly. I would willingly listen to and consider contrary arguments. But the demands of sincerity urge that we struggle with reality. We have already said much about the renewal of the Church, about manifesting Christ more clearly to men and rendering the witness of our faith. "Now is the acceptable time" as it seems to me, "now is the day of salvation." Setting other considerations aside, we must become "true preachers of the faith of things to be hoped for—unhesitatingly joining our profession of faith to a life springing from faith" (Constitution on the Church, n. 35).

JOSEPH CARDINAL RITTER
Title of the Holy Redeemer
and St. Alphonsus
Archbishop of St. Louis.

Ed. note: Cardinal Ritter's intervention was published posthumously in the June 23rd issue of the diocesan weekly, the St. Louis Review, and is reprinted with the Review's permission.

For a detailed analysis of the final conciliar text on the problem of war and a discussion of its achievements and limitations, cf. "The Council and Nuclear War" by Herve Chaigne, O.F.M., in the July-August 1966 Catholic Worker.

"If you were caught in the web of poor education, lack of economic opportunity, the last hired and the first fired even for menial jobs, poor housing and degraded neighborhoods, shamed a dozen times a day because whatever your quality as a person you could not eat or rest or sleep where others can, if this were your lot, would you cry 'freedom now'? And would you consider this impatience if your cry came a hundred years after you had been declared free?"
—Rev. THEODORE HESBURGH, C.S.C.

The Powerless Blacks

(Continued from page 1)

tractor moves: when the machine stops, pay stops (called "down time"). Even though the worker is ready at 7:30 A.M. and present until 10:00 P.M., he is paid only when the machine is purring, and it seems to purr best when the market is up. When the machines are running, all is secondary: lunch or dinner hours are forgotten; to go to the toilet involves a 50c fine. Other non-machine work goes on, but the workers are not paid for it. The migrants work until the potatoes are exhausted; daytime or nighttime, no pay differential is employed. The migrants are non-mechanized (albeit flesh and blood) parts of a machine.

When the machine finally does stop, and they are permitted to return to their cages, with nothing to show for their labor but weariness, crazed by the notion that the harder they work the deeper their debts: lost and afraid, hated and hating, they drink their minds away, and with knives and razors try to hurt their own fear, where it hides in other men's faces.

The company's union contract speaks for itself: Section 7-1 reads: "The management of business and the direction of the working force, including but not limited to the right to promote, transfer or discharge for proper cause, and the right to legitimate reasons is vested exclusively in the employer. The determination and establishment or modification of performances, standards for all operations is reserved in the management. In the event of change in equipment, management shall have the right to reduce the working force, if in the sole judgment of management, such reduction of force is fairly required and nothing in this agreement shall be construed to limit or in any way restrict the right of management to adopt, install or operate new or improved equipment or methods of operation."

"Nothing herein contained shall be intended or shall be considered as a waiver of any of the usual inherent, and fundamental rights of management, whether the same were exercised heretofore and the same are hereby expressly reserved to the employer." (Emphasis added.)

Walter, the Negro migrant from

where its professional and ex-migrant staff is addressing itself to the immediate, practical needs (of every sort from clothing and homes to recreation) of workers coming out of the camps to find jobs elsewhere. As Mr. Rubenstein told the Rural Development Subcommittee of the Agriculture Committee of the House of Representatives: "The system contains no singular element of positive strength for the amelioration or alleviation of the ills and destruction it causes. The system must be changed radically."

Unfortunately, Mr. Rubenstein has left S.E.A. for a post at Brandeis University. He has left behind however, a competent and dedicated staff, who are meeting the needs of an impressive number of migrants. Unlike the county or state agencies, to which the worker looks in vain for help, the S.E.A. regards the whole person and is dedicated to serve him and him only. "We have no conflict of interests," says Mr. Rubenstein.

But after all, the number of workers escaping from migrancy is negligible. The camps are filled with Walters: prisoners and slaves of a system. They are illiterate, alienated, forgotten even by members of their own race, who seek power in the cities and find corruption in their hands. They are exploited by white processors and Negro crew leaders: when their unsteady, unguaranteed work suddenly ends, they find themselves at the mercy of an indifferent, if not hostile, white community and agencies not geared for their immediate needs. The hungry, again, have no choice.

But the sheds are packaging potatoes at a tremendous rate as the potato market rises. Money is being made. The economy of Long Island receives its annual boost.

Hunger and Thirst

(Continued from page 4)

of the spirit. Christians and anarchists know that the Statute relationship is based on politics, the compromised, the gasps of the dying. And still we are ruled by the dead.

What is to be done to take away the way it is? The one Community must come to know itself. To say anything else would be a hopeless oversimplification. Knowledge comes with communication, communication with peace. Thus the Utopian Martin Buber wrote: "We must begin, obviously, with the establishment of a vital peace which will deprive the political principle of its supremacy over the social principle. And this primary objective cannot in its turn be reached by any devices of political organization, but only by the resolute will of all peoples to cultivate the territories and raw materials of our planet and govern its inhabitants together."

This peace is the fruit of love, going beyond what justice can provide, given not as the World gives.

NOTES

1. Liz Fusco, "Poems from the Delta" (mimeo), p. 1.
2. Peter Maurin, *The Green Revolution*, (Fresno, Calif., Academy Guild Press, 1961), p. 61.
3. John L. McKenzie, S. J., *The Power and the Wisdom* (Milwaukee, Bruce Publishing Co. 1965) (p. 225).
4. Jacques Maritain, *Scholasticism and Politics* (Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1960) pps. 114-5.
5. Karl Marx, from *On the Jewish Question*, quoted in Martin Buber, *Paths in Utopia* (Boston, Beacon Press, 1966) p. 82. (The bracketed interpolations are Buber's.)
6. Erich Fromm, *The Art of Loving* (New York, Harper & Row, 1956) p. 111 (Bantam edition).
7. A. J. Muste, quoted in *The Christian Century*.
8. Charles Peguy, *Basic Verities* (Chicago, Henry Regnery, 1965) p. 72 (Logos edition).
9. Martin Buber, *Paths in Utopia*, p. 132.

Ed. note: James Hanink is attending Assumption Seminary in San Antonio. "Hunger and Thirst" was first printed in the Spring issue of *Silence*, the philosophical-literary journal of St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore.



Lions' Den

(Continued from page 2)

fraud penalty previously proposed has been dropped from this statement, presumably because of my letter (May CW), but the District Director now gives me 90 days to appeal to the Tax Court of the United States, or face collection of \$958.36 in taxes and delinquency penalties. I don't plan any legal appeal. My final appeal is to my own determination that they shall never collect.

On July 7th IRS gave my employers notice of levy, to collect from my wages \$4.05 in telephone excise taxes and penalties, which I had refused to pay.

None of these actions bother me much. These Federal agencies are closing the ring around a man determined to be free, and the net return from all their actions will probably be to force me out of salaried employment and into radical, full-time efforts for peace and social justice. When that time comes I may have to turn to other Catholic Workers for help in sustaining my family and Chicago house of hospitality, but that is something I probably should have done many years ago. I feel this most strongly whenever I talk with Mike Cullen of Casa Maria House of Hospitality in Milwaukee. I visited this house in February. They are caring for families with children and for destitute individuals, collecting food for the neighborhood, helping to find jobs and social services of all kinds for those in need, listening and providing consolation in the most open and fraternal way.

Mike devotes full time to these concerns and keeps the house going financially from day to day, by faith. That is why every time I talk to him, as I did last night, I feel, by comparison, like the servant of the parable, who has taken my talent and buried it in the ground for the last nine years. And if this is true of me, how much more so of many others. The time has come to dig it up and send it to: Mike Cullen, Casa Maria, 1131 North 21st St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who has children in his house and must find a way to feed them from day to day.

And for those who wish to support some real action against the war, I will also mention Chicago Area Draft Resisters (CADRE), 333 W. North Ave., Chicago. They also live by faith, a fraternity of over a dozen full-time activists, and many more part-time workers, who visit induction centers and draft-board headquarters and every place where young men congregate, reaching hundreds of men with radical education and the message of noncooperation with conscription. It is an organization founded by Chicago men who burned their draft cards on April 15th in New York and are putting their lives on the line to resist the war now. I have seen them in action and been with them in action. All that they need is a few dollars so that they can eat, buy paper for their press, and pay a little rent from time to time. For Chicagoans who want to do something, this is the best group I know.

Ed. note: Karl Meyer is an associate editor of the *Catholic Worker* and director of St. Stephen's House of Hospitality, 1339 North Mohawk, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

TRIALS IN TEXAS

(Continued from page 1)

is a "Democrat" in South Texas, which rules Starr County and is allied with other political machines in the surrounding counties. So it was a foregone conclusion that the Judge would grant La Casita's request for an injunction. In effect, the Judge ruled that there was no strike at La Casita, that none of its workers had ever gone on strike or supported the Union, and that therefore all picketing by the Union was illegal. Texas law already limits picketing to two pickets, separated by at least 50 feet, and at least 50 feet from the entrance to the company property. Judge Laughlin ruled that even this would not be allowed at La Casita.

But La Casita's able lawyer, Morris Atlas, did much more than merely go through the motions to win the injunction. As Judge Laughlin dozed and gazed out the window, Atlas did everything in his power to discredit the Union. He pictured La Casita's millionaire California owners, Hardin Farms Inc., of Salinas, California, as poor struggling farmers, who had pioneered agriculture in Starr County because of their desire to bring more jobs and higher wages to the residents of the area. La Casita, Atlas alleged, was the victim of a terrible campaign of violence and extortion by "outsiders" who were trying to destroy it. The Judge was not disturbed by the fact that not one act of violence has ever been proved against any union member since the strike began. In fact, none of the hundred or more charges against Union members (some over a year old, with no trial date set) arising from the strike involve violence on the part of the strikers. There are several charges of "resisting arrest," but, as in the case of Magdaleno Dimas which Jack Cook described in the last issue of the CW, the charge of "resisting" seems to be used sometimes to justify violence on the part of the arresting officers.

The final witnesses in the injunction trial were three Texas Rangers, led off by Captain A. Y. Allee. A detachment of Rangers sat in the jury box watching the proceedings. Dressed in their fancy cowboy boots, their badges freshly shined, their big hats in their laps, most of them smoking their big cigars, and their six-shooters at their sides, they added to the 19th Century feeling that pervaded the courtroom. As each Ranger testified, he would ceremoniously unfasten his holster and cartridge belt and leave it in his seat before taking the oath. Captain Allee, his cigar clenched between his teeth, assured his friend the Judge that he had never pushed, hit, kicked, or beaten anyone unnecessarily. He allowed as how he might have given Magdaleno Dimas a light whack with his gun (Dimas suffered a concussion), but suggested that the numerous other wounds that Dimas and Benito Rodriguez suffered while being arrested in their home by the Rangers one night, must have been caused when they tripped and fell over a chair.

The old fans drifted lazily around from the ceiling, sometimes muttering and coughing, sometimes silent, but never having any perceptible effect on the 100+ heat. The paint peeling off the walls led one to forget that this is a rich county, with a big oil and cattle industry and a six-million-dollar melon harvest in addition to its peppers, cabbage, carrots, and other crops. Only the workers—and the government—are poor. It seems that the county could not afford a clock for the courtroom, so Coca-Cola had provided one, with appropriate advertising. During some long-forgotten trial, the clock had stopped at 8:52 and never moved since. The room, the Rangers, the Judge, all seemed unreal, an anachronism in the 20th Century. But they are real, and a very harsh reality for the workers who are

trying to build a union in the face of their opposition. All union members know that the County Jail cells are upstairs, directly above this very same courtroom.

Back to the Present

On Thursday, June 29th, the scene was changed. It was the same room, with the same fans. The Coca-Cola clock still said 8:52. But the TV cameras and microphones and flash bulbs assured one that this was 1967. Gone were the boots and pistols. (Senator Williams asked that everyone please leave his guns outside the courtroom.)

There were still heavy political overtones. The object of the "New Party" during the injunction hearings was to prove to La Casita and the other big growers that they were still in control, that they could still deliver, and that therefore the growers should continue to finance them. The three Democratic Senators were appealing to a much larger audience, to affluent, urban, "liberal" America. The Senators expressed indignation at wages in Texas, which range from a high of \$1.15 an hour (for the peak of the six-week harvest, and up 35 cents from the pre-strike level) down to fifty cents or less an hour. And milk costs 35 cents or 37 cents a quart here, a can of beans is a penny more or less than in New York or Seattle. Most things do not cost less in Texas.

The Senators were shocked when Balademar Diaz told of working barefoot in the water, planting celery in November. Then came the testimony from victims of Ranger brutality. The hearings ended with Church leaders and Texas liberals lamenting the plight of the farm workers; and big growers complaining that their problems were worse than those of the workers, that they couldn't afford to pay their workers more, or treat their workers any differently; and the county officials protesting that all they wanted was "law and order," and that that was why they arrested only workers, and also why there were no trials.

The hearings were specifically on Senate Bill No. 8, to extend the National Labor Relations Act to include farm workers. Simple justice and common sense demand that farm workers be covered like other workers, that they be al-



lowed to vote on whether or not they want a union. For thirty years we have been denied this right, and it has crippled the cause. Hopefully the hearings brought coverage under the law just a little bit closer. Hopefully the sham injunction trial will cause revulsion among liberals, and they will help us get laws so that we can defend ourselves. But whether we get N.L.R.A. coverage this year, or next year, or never, we must go on organizing, go on with the building of a democratic farm workers' union. And some day we will achieve a society where the farm worker in large degree controls his own destiny, is dependent on neither the stingy mercy of the grower nor the well-meaning but unpredictable whims of outside liberals.

La Huega goes on.
Ed. note: Doug Adair edits the Texas edition of *El Malcriado* (Box 1091, McAllen, Texas 78501), the voice of the farm workers.

STING NETTLE



Arkansas, did not belong to the union. He had no clear idea of what a union was. These migrants whom he knew to be union members did not know their representatives and were no better off than he was. The union collects \$1.25 per week from its members. Cesar Chavez recently expressed his concern over the migrant situation on Long Island; he found the poverty and squalor worse than in California. Mention of Chavez' name or the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee's attempts to alleviate the suffering and oppression of farm workers causes the white power structure—from politician to crew leader—to wince and hastily explain that the situation is far different in the East than in the West.

The S.E.A.

Originally conceived as an educative program in skills for workers leaving migrancy, this federally funded program, under the directorship of Dan Rubenstein, has expanded to the point

A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

under sentence for burning his draft card, spoke on pacifism as a concept. Bill Horvath, who has studied and worked with cooperatives in Europe, and Ruth Collins, who attended real-estate school and took a job in a real-estate office in order to learn the practical details of housing, spoke on cooperative housing. Gene Bailey, a young seminarian, spoke on civil rights and his experiences in the Louisville demonstrations. Jim Hanink, another young seminarian, gave a well-thought-out and well-written paper on Christian anarchism, (see page 4 of this issue) which provoked much discussion. Marty Cobin, managing editor of the *Catholic Worker* and one of our principal spokesmen, spoke on the Christian and contemporary society. Jack Cook, associate editor of the *Catholic Worker*, spoke on conditions among the migrant workers in Texas and Long Island; Jack had visited both areas and spent some time with these terribly exploited workers. Helene Iswolsky gave a report of the seminar on Eastern spirituality which was held early this summer at Fordham, a report which was illuminated and made more interesting by Helene's rich background and experience. Dorothy Day did not give a formal talk, but attended every meeting and made many valuable contributions.

As with Pax, those who attended the Summer School came not just to listen but to participate. These included several nuns, priests, and seminarians, a remarkably fine group of young people, and some family groups, two of which—the Brickeys from California and the Murrys from Reba Place Community, Evanston—are trying to carry out Catholic Worker ideas in their own areas. Young Alan De Loach, from Detroit, who made himself so popular with the young people at the farm last summer because of his fine singing voice and guitar, returned for a repeat performance this summer. Caroline Gordon Tate, our good friend and distinguished novelist, not only delighted us by coming and remaining for most of the week, but also by bringing with her Cynthia Gooding and her two charming daughters. Cynthia, whose records will be known to many connoisseurs of fine folk singing, gave us two concerts, singing in her rich and beautiful voice those moving ballads which the peoples of many countries have been singing in many languages, for many centuries.

New Liturgy

Other groups which have come for shorter conferences here at our farm with a view include: the Christian Family Movement from the Wappingers Fall area, who held a day of conferences here, at which Father Jude celebrated a most beautiful Mass, in which we were happily invited to participate. Father Mcenan, who sang Peter Maurin's Requiem Mass many years ago, brought over some twenty or more seminarians to learn about the work here. With the accompaniment of trombone and harmonium, they sang an arrangement for the Mass which had been composed, in part at least, by one of the seminarians. It was one of the most beautiful Masses making use of the new liturgy which I have heard. On another occasion, two Assumptionist priests brought a group of novices and postulants to listen to Dorothy Day tell about our work, and to sing their own folk-song Mass for us.

Our conference season, however, is by no means ended. Within a few days the National Confederation of Catholic College Students will arrive to hold a week of conferences here. The day after their departure the Peacemakers will begin assembling for their two weeks' discussion period. In mid-September the War Resisters League will come for a weekend of conferences.

As for our visitors in general

this summer, we have had far too many to mention more than a few. The accent, however, has been on youth and families. The young people who have come to us this summer seem to me particularly splendid. They are intelligent, informed, concerned; yet not embittered or alienated. They relate well to people of all ages; they are ready and willing to help with all manner of work, and they have done so. We owe them a debt of gratitude not only for their help, but also for the hope they give us of a better world. For surely such young people will be able to bring some fruitful meaning out of this chaotic present.

Among the families with several children spending some time with us are: Joe and Mabel Gil and seven of their nine; Tamar Hennessy with five of her nine. Joe and Mabel and Tamar are old friends from the early days of the *Catholic Worker*. The Gils left yesterday, but Professor William Miller with his wife and five children are here, or rather the Millers, the Corbins, and the Hennessys are in the Catskills picnicking together. With all the comings and goings of children, our farm has been a kind of children's paradise.

So many visitors, so many conferences, have meant much work for many people. For this special work, and for all the work of farm, maintenance, swimming pool, kitchen and dining room, housekeeping, mail, sacristy, office, shopping, errand-running, meeting trains and buses, etc., we have to thank: John Filligar, Hans Tunnesen, Mike Sullivan, Fred Lindsey, Placid Decker, George Burke, Bob Stewart, Jim Canavan, Alice Lawrence, Kay Lynch, Marty and Rita Corbin, Arthur Lacey, Stanley Vishniewski, Marge Hughes, Ron Gessner, Mike Boyle, Dom Crawford, Gene Bailey, Peter Boffey, Judy and Joan, and a number of anonymous helpers. As for the important job of meeting and talking with visitors, many of us have helped, though Dorothy Day herself has carried the heaviest responsibility.

John's garden, late this year because of the cold wet spring, has begun to produce some most delicious vegetables for our table. My own little herb and flower garden, which Reginald Highhill has made so beautiful, is producing parsley, dill, and sage, which Alice, Ron, and Mike like to gather and use in some of their delectable dishes. Even our woods produced food for us this summer, thanks largely to Reggie, who picked enough raspberries and mulberries to serve our large summertime family dessert and breakfast on a number of occasions. Not far from the house, in the hives Reggie built and lured the bees into, there are three beehives where the bees, we hope, are busily engaged in making honey for themselves and for us. Thunder, rain, and the tropical heat of the sun have made for us a green and fruitful summer.

For all the rain, we have sometimes echoed Coleridge's familiar lines this summer: Water, water everywhere/Nor any drop to drink. Our ancient pump—it dates back to 1914—has functioned so badly in recent weeks that we have frequently had to have the water shut off altogether. It is not a hope of repair, the pumpman said; and so we are in the process of having a new pump installed. It is a very expensive process, and may involve digging a new well. It takes a great deal of water to keep a large community like ours going, and we should prefer to provide those who come to our conferences with as much water as they want. If anyone cares to make a contribution to our new pump, his help will be greatly appreciated.

Another crisis which has saddened us all is the accident which occurred to Tommy Hughes, Marge's son, who worked as a transit policeman in New York. As the result of a motorcycle acci-

dent Tommy had to have his leg amputated just below the knee. Marge has spent much time at the hospital with him. He is making a good recovery and, we hope, will come to the farm soon for a convalescent period.

Death in the Family

On the twenty-eighth of June—at almost the same time as the death of Larry Doyle two years ago and Joe Cotter this last year—Agnes Sidney died. She was eighty-seven years old; and for the past two years had suffered much. Most of those who visited us at Peter Maurin Farm will remember Agnes. She was a part of that family from the beginning; indeed, she did a great deal to make it a family. She took care of the dining room, the halls, the stairs, the bathrooms, the linens. She mended old sheets as well as clothes for needy fellow workers. She collected all sorts of things which she thought might be useful for someone. Whenever buttons, needles, thread, nightwear for an unprovided guest, etc. was needed, Agnes was called upon and usually could supply the need. Children liked to visit her, too, for they knew she kept candy and other treats for them. When she had finished her many chores she would sit by the window of her room and read or sew; but she always kept a sharp eye out for anything happening outside. Here her room looked out on the river, and she enjoyed watching the river boats. She had been married to a barge captain, and we have all enjoyed her stories of her life on the barge.

Agnes had come to America from Ireland as a young girl and worked as a servant in the homes of the rich. She was strong and vital and often laughed about dancing all night after a hard day's work. But she was devout. She kept the faith. Some time after her husband's death, she came to live at the Catholic Worker. Monsignor Kane said a beautiful Mass, with all of us, her family, participating. Surely she is now, as the song from the Requiem Mass promises, with the angels in Paradise.

Again in the August night I hear the song of katydids and crickets. I think of Agnes, of her death, and of all she did for so many of us. I think too of all the babies that have been with us this summer—babies Agnes would have loved so much, and of all the fine young people. I am glad that I showed my solidarity with these young people by going picketing with them on the Fourth of July. On that great anniversary of the birth of our freedom, some of us walked round and round before the Kingston jail, where two college students were being held for taking part in a pacifist demonstration. Some years ago I too was arrested and jailed for taking part in pacifist demonstrations. Now I am glad to picket for young people who will, I hope, make a world in which the crimes of Hiroshima and Vietnam will never again occur.

The song of the crickets is sweet. The children have returned from their picnic tired and sleepy. The night is quiet. My mind drifts sleepily with Marvell. Remembering my garden of herbs and flowers and Reggie's bees, I murmur the last lines: And as it works, the industrious bee/Computes its time as well as we. How could such sweet and wholesome hours/Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

Deo gratias.

Flight From Reality

Instead of accepting the challenge of transforming the concrete reality of human existence in history, people who think of themselves as religious can take refuge in apocalyptic expectations of another life: that is somehow divorced from present reality. In such cases, religion becomes a flight from reality, an absolution from those very human responsibilities to which genuine religious thought directs man.

—Bernard Cooke, S.J.

PEACEMAKER PLANS

Plans for the 1967 Peacemakers' Orientation Program in Non-violence are almost complete. The enrollment is higher at this stage than in any previous year. One feature of this year's program is a study of migrant farmers, one of the most exploited groups in our society. Time will be spent investigating the living and working conditions of the migrants, some of whom are located in the area surrounding Tivoli. In addition, we hope to have as a resource person someone who works with the migrant farmers for the American Friends Service Committee. Hopefully he will be accompanied by some of the migrants. The purpose of our concern is to seek to apply nonviolence in whatever attempts are proposed or made in the meeting of these problems.

Attention all persons interested in attending all or part of these sessions: You would be well advised to make application for attending, if this hasn't been done. There is a limit to the number of participants that can be handled and those who can bring tents or sleeping bags are urged to do so. **NO ONE SHOULD COME WITHOUT PRIOR NOTICE OR WITHOUT A CONFIRMATION OF HIS ACCEPTANCE, EXCEPT FOR THE OPEN HOUSE WEEKEND, AUGUST 26 & 27.** Prior notice of your intention to attend for these two days would be helpful in planning, but isn't necessary.

To remind readers—the program for those two days will be as follows:

Saturday, August 26—"Noncooperation with Conscription." (The activities for this day are being planned by young men who are taking this stand. Some are just out of prison after serving terms for noncooperation with the draft.)

Sunday, August 27—"Economics for a Nonviolent Society." (Members of a new sharing plan initiated at last summer's Orientation Program will have a reunion and share their thoughts, coming out of a year in operation. Discussion on other phases of economics will be held, including sharing with families of men sent to prison for their refusal to be conscripted to kill.)

Wally Nelson
3310 Hamilton St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

Jailed Editor

(Continued from page 1)

day. I felt very deeply, "If anyone has \$500 to spare, it must be given to purposes which are pure and good and necessary, and not sacrificed to institutions such as these."

The first fine of \$200 on a charge of disorderly conduct was imposed for the crime of unfolding the message of Vietnam in the presence of Dean Rusk and the Lions International at Chicago Stadium on July 6th (See "Into the Lion's Den," elsewhere in this issue.)

The second fine of \$300 on charges of disorderly conduct and obstructing a police officer was imposed for the crime of refusing to disperse our Vietnam Forum at Wells and Evergreen on the evening of July 14th. We may appeal this second conviction; because the arrest was almost certainly a violation of our First Amendment rights of peaceful public assembly. If it is appealed, I will have to serve only 40 days for the present.

We had held successful forums and had talked with hundreds of people on four evenings prior to the evening on which we were ordered to disperse. Most of the crowd left, but Dennis Riordan and I decided to remain in order to emphasize our firm intention to continue with the forum throughout the summer. There had been an incident of violence when hostile young hecklers tore down our banner and burned several leaflets and threatened to set fire to me, but they had calmed down and departed and peace had been restored, when the police came and ordered everyone to disperse. Since my arrest and confinement the forum has been continued according to schedule, each Friday and Saturday night, by other people from St. Stephen's House, Northside Women for Peace, and Chicago Area Draft Resisters. Seeing our determination to continue, the police have apparently decided on a strategy of protection, instead of dispersal and arrest. As always, we would prefer just to be let alone to cope with the hecklers in our own non-coercive way; but, if the police must be involved, it is better that they should exercise themselves in calming the hecklers than in arresting the speakers and peacemakers.

The right of free speech and peaceful public assembly can be

won and has been won many times in the highest courts, but it remains effective only if these legal victories are continually ratified by the determined exercise of free-speech rights, even in the face of local harassment. I am grateful to the American Civil Liberties Union attorneys who defend and preserve our rights under Constitutional law; our specific contribution, however, has been in the determination to be free and to act justly, even if the law and the Constitution are not on our side, and even if we must pass through prisons in order to remain free. The Constitution remains today a pro-war document, as it was once a pro-slavery document. We may win in the courts the right to speak freely against the war, but the right to remain human, the right to refuse to kill or to pay for killing, will still have to be won in our conscience through an appeal to transcendent laws. And this is the hard message I have tried to illustrate to any who would listen.

Love,
Karl



"There is no touchstone, except the treatment of childhood, which reveals the true character of a social philosophy more clearly than the spirit in which it regards the misfortune of those of its members who fall by the wayside."

R. H. TAWNEY

LETTERS

Michael Gold

Amenia, New York

Dear Dorothy Day:

I came back from two months in Europe, last week, to find The Catholic Worker, with its news of Michael Gold's death, and your vivid account of his life. We were friends as far back as 1915; but though our ways parted I still had an old affection for the young man you so well described; and when I was in Berkeley in 1961 I tried in vain to look him up—but not finding him in the SF phone book. I never thought of looking for him in Oakland. He was at heart an anarchist; and I am sure that the Communist straitjacket must have been harder for him to wear than a hairshirt. (The first public lecture I ever gave, indeed, was at the Ferrer Society, under Mike's sponsorship—on Kropotkin and Regionalism!) You have done justice to his brave, passionate spirit; and I am grateful for your account—not least for what it tells, too, about yourself.

With profound admiration for both yourself and your many good works.

Faithfully yours,
Lewis Mumford

P.S.

Your Chrystie Street address reminds me of course of the Granichs' nearby flat—and Mike's understanding portrait of his mother.

Warped into Glory

General Delivery
Shelburne, Nova Scotia
Canada

Dear Marty:

Congratulations are in order for the June issue of the paper, but specifically for Thomas Merton's colossal job of reviewing *The Shoshoneans*—a book that I must get without fail.

Father Merton's unrivalled penetration of the horrible alienation of Indians, and his unexcelled barbs of irony and incisiveness, are qualities I have not discovered after a decade of study of Indian life, nor in my own meandering life as a teacher with Indians for some eight years in our North country.

I left Indian Affairs Branch, because I, too felt with Clyde Warrior—the perceptive Indian sage, whom Merton quotes in his review—that the hideously sick and destructive power structure of Great White Fatherism, and the cult of greed practiced by white conquistadores and earth gougers, is something that makes amelioration of the Indians' condition next to impossible. As long as our society is structured with such monstrously destructive ideologies that wink at raping the earth and stealing land, and interlarding it all with religious and patriotic sentiments, I can see little progress for the Indians' developing a control of their destiny.

These resourceful, intrepid and communitarian peoples have been reduced to a sub-human existence on soul-deadening Reserves. Many of the young Indian men have turned 100% sour on government programs, and who can blame them? The arrogance of the civil servant is only sufferable because it is mainly the result of ignorance, lies, stereotypes and the folklore of insipid history books. Many of the youth with whom I worked face a bleak future, trapped as they are in a "no Indians-man land." After one has rejected the system—as I had—what was left to offer them, except empty encouragement that some day things would be better, when more Indian leaders come to the fore?

Last year, during a summer session in the Black Hills, I had a Sioux lady teacher from the Reserve in my ethnic stratification class. I talked at length with her about the bugle-charging Custer debacle. She told me the U.S. Government has not reimbursed a red cent to the Sioux Nation for

the theft of the glorious Black Hills. But, en route to Rapid City, South Dakota, from Spearfish, one encounters a well-landscaped military graveyard, honoring the "heroes" of the American cavalry who are immortalized on TV and film as the "protectors" of the white settlers. Their crimes have become warped into glory.

Yours sincerely,
Jim Milord

Peruvian Project

Emaus de Peru
Argentina 251
Chorrillos
Lima, Peru

Dear Dorothy:

On a recent Saturday Paul Mann's voice was coming out loud and strong on our recently arrived tape recorder, singing: "We won't go this time, we won't fight any more." In the patio of our day-nursery living-quarters, a former chicken house rebuilt with adobe, bricks and woven mats, a half-dozen teenaged boys were having a work fiesta. Two Swiss girls from an Emaus day nursery in a very bad *barriada* in Lima were visiting us, as were three Peruvian Negro girls, one of whom taught kindergarten in another Emaus nursery on the coast south of Lima. Our young Swedish volunteer was going about her eternal cleaning, while her French boy friend was outside in the town plaza with a Peruvian and an Italian *trapero* (ragpicker) of Emaus, in their bi-monthly visit to sell used clothes from their big truck.

Pat was in the kitchen preparing food for all and Blaise (who is almost two) was running around "helping." Had it been a weekday he would have been in the nursery enclosure, along with thirty other children aged from one to three, or escaping into the kindergarten, where there are thirty more children from three to six. Most of the children are in bad health, and all of them have working mothers who pay four cents a day so that their little ones can be fed, washed, napped, taught music, acrobatics, writing and much of the Montessori method, and in general cared for. The nursery is open for ten or eleven hours a day and is run by ourselves and eight Peruvian women who work here for sixteen dollars a month, plus breakfast, lunch and the care and feeding of their own children.

Cuna Esperanza in Nana (fifteen miles from Lima) was founded five years ago by a North American woman and developed with the help of Swedish volunteers working through the Emaus Association of Peru, an independent group with ties to Abbe Pierre's Emmaus (Ragpickers) movement in Europe. We are the first volunteers from the United States to work within the Association, which now has over twenty-five volunteers from seven countries working in ten projects in and around Lima.

Sixty per cent of the support for our nursery comes from contributions made by ninety women, the majority of them Americans living in Peru, and the balance (two hundred dollars a month) from a grant begun this year by the National Council of Minors of the Peruvian government. But the grant will not last more than a year or two, and the Emaus junkyard has only recently reached the stage where it can begin to think of supporting a small project; so we are thinking, along CW and Emaus lines, of projects the nursery can carry out to sustain itself in part. These range from a small garden and compost heap and two ducks to plans for a cooperative laundromat, arts and crafts, barber shop, etc. To turn the nursery into a cooperative we've started a council of the women workers here

that meets with us volunteers once a week, and is giving them more managing responsibilities every day. Also, we're slowly turning the place into a local community and cultural center. A fight is shaping up with a nearby paper factory, over drinking water, and we'll be in the midst of it.

Naturally, all this will take more money than we have. Contributions can be sent via international money order to Emaus at the above address, or in any form to 807 W. North Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan for forwarding.

Feelings here very strongly anti-United States in Vietnam. Thank God we can tell them what our CW friends are doing. We ask your prayers and letters.

Saludas to all,
Barney & Pat McCaffrey

Local Action

1453 Oxford St.,
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada
Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ:

I am enclosing a small donation to cover the cost of my subscription to the *Catholic Worker*. I also want to take this opportunity to say how much I appreciate it. With the support I get from the CW I have been able to involve myself a bit in social action on a local level.

About three months ago a few of us got together and discussed the possibility of forming a local peace group. We decided to form rather a committee called "The Oshawa Committee to End the



War in Vietnam." A rather ambitious title perhaps, but we hope that we have been able to help a little to arouse public awareness of the situation. We have protested to our Prime Minister through our Local Union (United Automobile Workers) the position, or should I say lack of position, he has taken on behalf of Canada. Our local Labour Council, of which I am a vice-president, has also passed a resolution calling for more positive action on the part of Canada.

We held a meeting in the Public Library to protest the war in Vietnam and to inform the public. About seventy-five persons came out to hear Mrs. McPherson, president of the Toronto Chapter of The Voice Of Women, and Mr. Frank Dignam, who had just returned from a medical mission in the Orient on behalf of the Canadian Service Committee. Among those attending were Unitarians, Communists, and at least one other Catholic. A couple of days later someone sent me a copy of the CW in the mail. I suppose the sender intended to introduce me to CW since it is not too well known around here. I can't tell you what a tremendous lift this

BOOK REVIEW

ZEN IN JAPANESE ART: A Way of Spiritual Experience, by Toshimitsu Hasumi, translated from the German by John Petrie, London, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1962. Reviewed by THOMAS MERTON.

Japanese art has traditionally been a most intimate expression of Japanese, Shinto, Confucian and Buddhist spirituality. In particular, the most contemplative paintings, ink drawings, calligraphies, and the famous "art of tea" have all been deeply impregnated with the spirit of Zen, and flourished above all in the Zen monasteries. A study of Zen in Japanese Art such as that given us by Toshimitsu Hasumi will therefore concentrate not only on the religious implications of the subject, but especially on art as a "way of spiritual experience" in Japan.

In other words, the most contemplative art forms of Japan are traditionally considered to be not simply manifestations or symbolic representations of religious belief, appropriate for use in communal worship. They are above all intimately associated with the contemplative intuition of a fundamental truth in an experience that is basically religious and even in a certain sense "mystical."

But this book of Toshimitsu Hasumi is especially interesting in that it gives us some of the fundamental aesthetic ideas of the philosopher Nishida Kitaro, whose works on aesthetics are not yet available in Western languages.

There are some differences between the disciple and the master, however. Hasumi does not, for example, accept Nishida's idea of a personal God. But his view of God as the basic ground of all being and all experience, a basic ground which is apophatically termed "Nothing" or "Emptiness," is identical with that of Nishida and indeed of the Buddhist tradition. This "Nothing" is well explained by the author.

He makes clear that this manner of speaking is in no sense negativistic or pessimistic, in other words it has no relation with the *neant* of Sartre. It is the "exact opposite of the world denying pessimistic nihilism" and is "absolutely life-affirming since Zen and Zen art regard being as the self-unfolding of the unformed Nothing."

In particular, it is the function of the beautiful to be, so to speak, an epiphany of the Absolute and formless Void which is God. It is an embodiment of the Absolute mediated through the personality of the artist, or perhaps better his "spirit" and his contemplative experience.

The contribution of Zen to art is then a profound spiritual dimension and transforms art into an essentially contemplative experience in which it awakens "the primal consciousness hidden

gave me. I had been asked to chair the meeting, and I did, but I had almost chickened out (for the wrong reasons, I regret to say) since I hold an elected local municipal office. How glad I was later that I had not given in for fear of adverse criticism hurting my reputation.

If you could help me get in touch with any local CW readers who might be interested in getting together occasionally for mutual support and discussion for "clarification of thought", I would be very thankful.

I am sorry that I cannot afford to make a larger donation but I am only a factory worker and have a family of 10 children and one foster child.

Oh, yes, would you also please send me about a dozen copies of the pamphlet "Sick Of The War? Say So" if you have these available.

Thanking you again for the *Catholic Worker*, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Terry O'Connor

within us and which makes possible any spiritual activity."

In this traditional Japanese concept of art, we find no divorce between art and life or art and spirituality. On the contrary, under the unifying power of the Zen discipline and intuition, art, life and spiritual experience are all brought together and inseparably fused. Nowhere is this more clearly and more beautifully shown than in the "art of tea." The pages devoted to this by the author are of superlative interest for monks everywhere, for they depict a monastic and contemplative style of life in which art, spiritual experience and communal, personal relationships enter together into an expression of God in His world. Far from being a stilted social formality, as some Western observers may have imagined, the "tea ceremony" is in reality a deeply spiritual, one might be tempted to say "liturgical," expression of art and faith. In the tea ceremony everything is important, everything is guided by traditional rules, yet within this traditional framework there is also room for originality, spontaneity and spiritual freedom. The spirit of the tea ceremony is found in the basic norms which govern it: Harmony, Respect, Purity (of heart) and Stillness (in the sense of *quies* and *hesychia*). But to make this spirit more evident we can say that it is the same sort of spirit manifested in the simplicity of Twelfth Century Cistercian architecture at Fontenay or Le Thoronet: an inward joy in poverty and simplicity, for which the untranslatable Japanese term is *wabi*. Hasumi describes it in an arresting phrase as "an inwardly echoing aesthetic poverty." Surely this is a most important concept for those of us who are struggling to recover something of the contemplative and spiritual concept of simplicity and poverty which are essential to the Cistercian way of life. The "Stillness" and the "listening" in which "we reverence the poverty of man, the harmony of the world, and the incompleteness of nature" opens into a deep awareness "of the eternal present in which all ideals flow together in the 'Nothing'." This expression of the contemplative experience may perhaps disconcert the Christian reader who is not familiar with the apophatic tradition in his own spiritual heritage. It is not by any means mere quietistic and inert vacuity. Nor is it a negation, a blacking out of human reality. On the contrary, "The souls of the guest and host surrender their personal selves and become united with each other. In the reality of this sphere the antinomy between soul and body is abolished and grows into harmonious unity. Man himself has now become a soul in the form of art. The separateness of existence and being no longer exists, the soul is freed from the body and man feels himself a solitary being full of meaning and closing to the essence of things." This description, which is impressionistic and poetic rather than scientifically exact, should serve to give some idea of the "art of tea" as a deeply influential spiritual force in Japanese tradition.

In conclusion, we may remark that the author is conscious of similarities and contrasts between the Buddhist and Christian traditions, and he makes a statement which could be enlightening to those who are beginning to be interested in a possible dialogue between the two religions.

"Christianity is a manifestation of the Incarnation of God, whereas Zen is intensive, inward enlightening of the divine being which the Japanese has apprehended as Nothing, and which must be supplemented, uplifted and completed by means of the manifestation of the Incarnation." Surely this is a very generous and perceptive statement of what the Buddhist might expect from his Christian brethren.