

CATHOLIC WORKER



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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

It is the third Sunday in Lent as I write, and I have just come from a glorious celebration, the eleven o'clock Mass at St. Thomas the Apostle Church, St. Nicholas Avenue and West 118th Street. St. Nicholas Avenue is just one block west of Seventh Avenue in New York.

It was a special Lenten Mass composed by Mary Lou Williams and is being sung every Sunday during Lent by the entire congregation, led by the young people's singing group, with Mr. Ed Bonnemere directing. One came away feeling as though one had truly celebrated Mass, offering worship, adoration, glory to God, not to speak of penitence.

The prayers sung and recited are very much to the point. At the Kyrie Eleison the choir sings, "For my lack of hope," and the congregation answers, "Lord have mercy." And the petitions are repeated, "For my lack of faith, for our failure to care, for letting ourselves be paralyzed with fear, for our divisions, for our jealousies, for our hatred, for not being peacemakers, for our lies—Lord have mercy on my soul."

There is a climax of beauty at the singing of the choir, after the Sanctus—"Dying, you destroyed our death; Rising you restore our life. We will sing of you until you are seen by all the world." As for the Great Amen, which is still more or less ignored in all our local churches, it is hard to describe the ecstatic "Glory to God, to Jesus Christ," and the half dozen repeated Amens followed by a final strong one sung by the entire congregation.

This was a musical event, and I do not think there has been anything to compare with it in any of the so-called folk masses being sung in colleges and churches around the country. The setting of devotional words to swinging, popular tunes may make an appeal to many but there can be no comparison with the music we heard today.

Another Liturgical Note

I am reminded that either in the newspaper printed by the Progressive Labor Party or the Trotskyites, there is a news note that Fidel Castro had been seen at one of the swing Masses in Havana recently. Were they trying to insinuate the idea, the suspicion, in the minds of his opponents of the left, that he is truly a Catholic at heart, and cannot stay away from the Mass?

It is to be hoped that such religious music as Mary Lou Williams' whose profile was published in the New Yorker some years ago after her conversion to Catholicism, will be recorded and reach those in Latin American countries who have already brought out some remarkable Masses.

Taena

It is a very rainy Sunday as I write, a good day to be thinking of England again and remembering my visit to Taena community, which I should have written about a few months ago when I returned from England. But the Catholic Worker is timeless, as one of our priest friends writes us from the heart of Paraguay whose copy of the CW takes three months by ground mail to reach him. Not to speak of our always being late in coming out. (We are trying to

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Sister Meinrad, O.S.B.

The Vietnam War: An Overwhelming Atrocity

By THOMAS MERTON

"No country may unjustly oppress others or unduly meddle in their affairs."

(Pacem In Terris, n. 120)

"As men in their private enterprises cannot pursue their own interests to detriment of others, so too states cannot lawfully seek that development of their own resources which brings harm to other states and unjustly oppresses them."

(Pacem In Terris, n. 92)

In 1967 several young members of International Voluntary Services in Vietnam resigned and returned to America, in protest against the way the war was, in their opinion, needlessly and hopelessly ravaging the country. International Voluntary Services is a non-profit organization meant to help American youth to contribute to international goodwill by person-to-person contacts and service programs in other countries. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge had called it "one of the success stories of American assistance," and

obviously the men serving in Vietnam were in very close touch with the people, knew the language, and were perhaps better able to judge the state of affairs than most other Americans. As they said, they "dealt with people, not statistics," and they were in a position to know that the story of the Vietnam war is a very different one when it is learned from women and children whose flesh has been burned by napalm than it is when those same women and children appear in statistics as "enemy" casualties.

At this point, in case the reader is not fully aware of what napalm is, we might quote from a report of four American physicians on "Medical Problems of South Vietnam":

Napalm is a highly sticky inflammable jelly which clings to anything it touches and burns with such heat that all oxygen in the area is exhausted within moments. Death is either by roasting or suffoca-

tion. Napalm wounds are often fatal (estimates are 90%). Those who survive face a living death. The victims are frequently children.

Another American physician wrote (Dr. R. E. Perry, Redbook, Jan. 1967):

I have been an orthopedic surgeon for a good number of years with rather a wide range of medical experience. But nothing could have prepared me for my encounters with Vietnamese women and children burned by napalm. It was shocking and sickening even for a physician to see and smell the blackened and burned flesh.

By their resignation and by the statement they issued in an open letter to President Johnson, these men attempted to get through to the American public with a true idea of what the war really means to the Vietnamese—our allies, the ones we are supposedly "saving"

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A Nonviolent Union

At the monthly meeting of Pax on March 1, Joe Serda, a Mexican from Delano, California, who is one of a group of farm workers visiting New York in behalf of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, told his story to an enthralled audience. His union, headed by Cesar Chavez, is the first labor union in the United States to declare itself dedicated to nonviolence and to opposing all use of force, whether at home or abroad. These are his words as exactly as I could take them down while listening to him. D. D.

Our story began, in Delano, California, in September 1965. It was not just a question of low wages: It was the right to be somebody for those of darker skin, and there is no justice for the Negro, for the Mexican. We have never mixed with the Great Society. We stand aside and hurt inside. Our clothes are different from others. When we go to the county hospital we are not wanted there. We do not qualify. We have not lived in the state long enough because when we have finished harvesting crops in one state we go to another, like Arizona or Texas. When an organizer's wife went to the hospital she was not helped. The baby died within the mother. She herself almost died. We have no representation. No one to speak for us. When a man is short on funds and goes to the boss, when he tries to get an advance, he is told to go to work on the next ranch. These are not isolated cases. Yes, the state has laws to protect the worker, but they are never enforced.

Since 1952 Cesar Chavez, the president of our union, and Dolores Huerta, the vice-president, had been working in Saul Alinsky's Community Service Organization but they wanted to help farm workers. The C.S.O. was interested in social things, the community, but it was more in the city. So Chavez gave up working for it and started with no money, traveling from ranch to ranch and visiting the workers at night. He met Fred Ross, who is now head organizer, and Fred taught him about organizing. Together they did the impossible; they brought their dreams together. Now we have nine union contracts and two other negotiations are going on.

Cesar went to court recently for using bull horns to call the workers out of the vineyards, for having too many pickets along the road. Eight hundred farm workers showed up in town looking for the building where he was to be tried. Next day there were eighteen hundred, and the judge put off the hearing. He will be tried on April 22nd.

What do you want? they ask us. Not vacations to Europe, not swimming pools or big houses. We are not against the growers. They work hard too. We simply want enough to support our families, to buy shoes for our children, to go to the movies. We always will have bills. We will always have debts, but our life is shameful, and before the union nobody cared. We waited over sixty years for a union. The government failed us in 1935. When the National Labor Relations Act was passed we were excluded.

Now we are on strike against Joseph Giumarra, two corporations and a partnership controlled by one family into a farm, nineteen

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Beloved (a warm word and I like to use it):

Here I am again begging at the doors of our readers, as I have every March and October for many years. With the regularity of Spring and Fall, the larder is empty. I should not say that when Arthur Sullivan has just baked seventeen loaves of whole wheat bread, seven of them with soy bean flour, to add protein to our diet. Also this evening before supper someone brought in some apple pies and fresh tomatoes, worth their weight in gold this time of the year. And I keep remembering the little man who comes into the office with some shopping bags of bones which he begs from the butchers in our slums. The soup at noon is good, full of beans and vegetables, and one never tires of it. It is not food which is a problem so much as housing and heat and light. But if the larder is not really empty, the bank account is, and when we tried to obtain a short-term loan, we were rebuffed by our bank, which has been handling the CW money those thirty-five years. The trouble is that we are not a business, and not profit-making, and no one has a salary to attach; in other words, we just get by. The wolf is at the door daily but we are so used to him that we'd miss him if he were not there. We just settled back and realized, comforting ourselves, that like all the poor we have to worry about bills, and payments to meet, and sudden repairs of the furnace and water heater. Identifying ourselves in this way, we stop worrying—as we should. Simone Weil has a message for us here. (I am reading her essays as part of my Lenten reading.) She says that we "must experience every day, both in the spirit and the flesh, the pains and humiliations of poverty . . . and further we must do something which is harder than enduring in poverty, we must renounce all compensations: in our contacts with the people around us we must sincerely practice the humility of a naturalized citizen in the country which has received us." I keep reminding the young people who come to work with us that they are not naturalized citizens. They cannot get away from their privileged background. They are not really poor. We are always foreigners to the poor. So we have to make up for it by "renouncing all compensations." Simone Weil does not talk of penance, she does not cry out against self-indulgence. She says, "Renounce." In the face of the war in which we are all implicated today, one cannot say less.

This summer we have three projects for the Catholic Worker farm. There is the day-care center for migrants' children; the teen-age campers from Harlem whom Joe and Audrey Monroe will bring; and Mary Lou Williams' young choir singers and other children, also from Harlem. Mary Lou is the famous jazz musician who has played with symphony orchestras and composed Masses and other religious music and who played for us at two of the summer PAX weekends at the farm.

There is joy in the work in the country. In the city there is a grimmer task. But we have faithful fellow workers, men from the Bowery who are veterans of the Second World War, who have long lived in the atmosphere of war, and they are faithful indeed in the works of peace. Many young people come to help us, themselves needing much help too. We are truly a center for mutual aid. Many who are so deeply disturbed by the war and violence in the world that they feel tortured by "the terror that stalks in the night and the pestilence that haunts the noon day" find their healing by throwing in their lot with ours. Living in voluntary poverty and manual labor, they are giving their love to those around them. "Where there is no love, put love and you will find love," St. John of the Cross tells us. We can only pray daily to God, "Give me your love, so that I will have love to give, unjudging and unquestioning love." Once one of our friends who had grievously offended the community by stealing the clothes of others to buy drink, followed me down the street calling, "Seventy times seven, please remember, seventy times seven." Of course we remembered and had to act on that word of the Lord, to forgive seventy times seven. It is love which grows in these little ways, that casts out fear. So whatever the summer brings, there is always work, healing work. We are thanking you already for the help you always give us.

Dorothy Day

start a new style, printing at the end of the month instead of six weeks early as most magazines in the great world do.)

In the confusion of living in two places, New York and Tivoli, I had misplaced my note book and only now found it. I wanted it not only because my memory is poor as to names, but because I wanted the vital statistics the pages contained.

To get to Taena you take a bus at Victoria Station and you arrive at Cheltenham a few hours later. I was met there by Mrs. Winifred Hislam who, since her husband's tragic death in France a little over a year ago, has been teaching school and living in the town away from the house that her husband, a true craftsman, had built. Her house in town is opposite a park which was still green, and out in front were birch trees and evergreens. The table was set for a luncheon feast with Laurie's pottery and all six daughters were there and two families besides, so that there were seventeen children in all. Mrs. Mary Swann, mother of Mrs. David Miller, who had been helping us in Tivoli when she met David, was also there. We no sooner got up from the table when we set out for a supper meeting at Taena. We drove there, to be divided up between the Ineson and the Seex families though we united later for a meeting, one of the weekly ones they hold in the community, this one on Prayer. The Lowry's who are silversmiths and earn their living by making jewelry and wedding rings, among other things, and the potter of the community was there. But other members of the community did not come, and we omitted compline in the chapel, I think because it had turned quite cold. Anyway, attendance at meetings or at prayer are not compulsory any more than they are at the Catholic Worker community. (All community has its ups and downs. For instance now that we are having two Masses, morning and evening at the farm, we are omitting rosary and compline. And in town, for one reason or another, the noon day rosary has been omitted for some time and we are no longer singing compline as we did for some year while Tom Cornell was managing editor. Let us hope that we begin again as we have kept beginning again all through the years. This parenthesis is supposed to be confession, penitence and promise of future amendment!)

The meeting was held in the living room half of what was the squire's house, which is a huge rambling affair, of forty rooms or more. It was warm, there in the room, what with the open fire, but the halls of the house were draughty of course and closing doors after one in fall and winter is a necessity to conserve heat.

The subject of the evening was not the kind that led to any openness or self revelation, what with the usual Anglo Saxon reserve. People give themselves away much more in discussions over labor, race or politics. But it was an enjoyable evening. Before she left us Winifred gave me copies of C. S. Lewis's children stories, which Martin Corbin had read to his children at Tivoli and recommended highly. It is a series of six books boxed, and before I left England I had already read three of them!

It was the second birthday I had spent in England and I was most happy to receive two other gifts. Hilary and Ron Seex gave me Benjamin Britten's *Abraham and Isaac* record, and a copy of the *Jerusalem New Testament*.

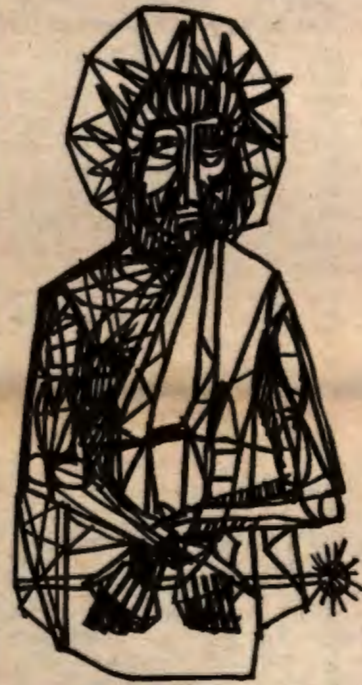
I slept that night in a vast room (we would have four beds in it at a house of hospitality) which was warm because it was above the old fashioned country kitchen where we all breakfasted and dined the

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next day. The long table stretched from end to end of the big room.

Was it Sarah Elizabeth, 12, or Rebecca Jane, 14, who gave me all the vital statistics? And which one was it that I taught knitting to, and who was it I promised picture post cards of Indiana, and a copy of Ammon Hennacy's book? (I have not forgotten my promise but someone in the west will have to send the picture post cards because we do not have any around New York. Maybe some of my friends in Tucson or Winslow or Albuquerque will send a few to me, to admire first before I send them on. I am an ardent collector of post cards myself, liking most especially those which have to do with men's toil, their work and their housing.) Anyway, here are the names of the Seex children, offspring of Hilary and Ron. Hilary is the mother. There is Imogen Ann, 3, John Sebastian, 5, Peter Hilary, 7, Rachel Margaret, 9, Joseph Francis Martin, 11, Sarah Elizabeth, 12, Rebecca Jane, 14, Robert Paul, 15, and Benjamin Mark, 17. I was happy to hear that the two oldest work on the farm. They also possessed motor cycles. As to the animals, there are 43



cows, 22 calves, 48 sheep, 20 chickens, 2 dogs, 12 cats, and 2 hamsters.

In the Ineson family there are John Gabriel, 9, David Paul, 14, Jamela Jane, 18, Janet Francesca, 20, Peter Malcolm 23 and Ruth, 26. The Casserly's have Kieron, 7, Brendan, 12, Sean, 17, Mickie, 22 and Sheila, 26.

In the Lowry family there is Daniel Peter, 8 months, Owen, 2, Ruth, 4, and Dominic Quentin, 6.

We all went to Mass that morning at Prinknash Abbey (pronounced Prinnish), and it was too wet to walk across the fields and through the beautiful green countryside, so everyone went by car to the nine o'clock Mass which was crowded with many families.

I loved my visit to the Taena families and feel very close to them and wish they would continue to get out their bulletin as they used to. But with all the children and all the work, and the earning of a living outside the community as well as in it, one can undersand its omission. But there is an increasing interest in community and we are hoping to be printing more material on community in general and to learn more about communities past, (like that of the Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay which lasted for one hundred and fifty years, and the kibbutzim of the present day in Israel about which the late Martin Buber has written so beautifully in *Paths in Utopia*. We hasten to add, these are not Utopian dreams but bear in them the ideas and the beginnings of the solution of our problems today, of agriculture, of city slums, of unemployment

and many others, as Peter Maurin our founder has always said.)

I left the Taena community of families that cold Fall afternoon, to go on to another type of community, Stanford Abbey, to which we also feel close, since both last month and this month we are using the wood cuts of one of the Sisters, Sister Meinrad, who has given us some of her beautiful work.

R.I.P.

Elsewhere in this issue we have Helene Iswolsky's good strong article on the work of Father H. A. Reinhold, but I must add my remembrances to her account.

My memory may be at fault chronologically, but it seems to me that we first met in 1934, when there was a Catholic Charities Convention in New York. (I know that the *Catholic Worker* was only a year or two old at the time, because I had taken a publicity job with Catholic Charities and had to write feature articles in the way of interviews with Senator Robert Wagner, Postmaster-General James Farley and others. For which I got \$25 a week! Every penny counted with this new venture in journalism.) Father Reinhold was there, in his capacity as port chaplain of Hamburg, and it seemed to me there was a suspicious attitude toward him. "Who is this man who travels across oceans to discuss the spiritual welfare of seafarers?" We were pretty isolationist in those days and the church in America had not yet begun to be disturbed by the rising power of Hitler. Father Reinhold's interests were as broad as the world. He had become interested in the *Catholic Worker* when he was still in Germany and become one of our earliest subscribers, because we had dealt with the longshoremen's strike on the West Coast and the work of port chaplain Fr. Kelley, who had backed Harry Bridges in his fight against the shipowners. When he came to see us in our first headquarters on East Fifteenth Street I told him about the Communist-inspired Hunger March on Washington in December, 1932, which many seamen and longshoremen had joined.

When Father Reinhold returned to Germany he wrote an article about the *Catholic Worker* for *Blackfriars*. Later he had to flee Hitler and after living in Switzerland for a short time, he came to New York, where he worked in a parish, in Jamaica, as I remember. In May 1936 there was a seaman's strike which led to a seizure of sixty thousand East Coast seamen in the winter of 1936-37. The *Catholic Worker*, which by that time had settled on Mott Street, started another headquarters on Tenth Avenue, where we fed seamen sandwiches and coffee from morning till midnight. The place was always jammed—there was reading matter and a good radio—and Father Reinhold, who continued to be interested in seamen, visited us there.

I remember the night very well and how he began to talk to the men. It was not a formal meeting; all the men stood around with coffee cups in their hands, and Father Reinhold talked to them about the Church and social justice. It was a brief talk, but it had repercussions: he was called to the Chancery office and told that if this happened again he would be asked to leave the diocese. He was told that no priest made a speech in the New York diocese without first asking permission, and that the Church did not enter into politics and labor.

Father George Barry Ford gave him hospitality for a time and I think it was not long after that he went to the West Coast to live in the Cathedral rectory in Seattle, where he soon had a group of young people around him inter-

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By JACK COOK

The Bowery Man was asleep at the soup table. His forehead rested on its edge. Like some sack carelessly tossed away, his body, covered by an old overcoat, sagged formlessly in the chair. Under the table was the shopping bag into which he earlier put his empty soupbowl. His partner, after berating him for always being drunk, handed me the bowl without comment and left. The pot was empty, the soupline over, but still he slept on. He grumbled as I shook him awake. But he came up smiling and full of wonderment.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"The Worker, man, the Worker."

"I dreamed I was at home. At home, man in Florida. It was real. I coulda sworn I was at home."

And, laughing all the while, he told me about his house, family, Florida, and how the weather was.

Such are the inhabitants of the Bowery: homeless and utterly uprooted. The past, a dream; the future, a nightmare; the present, a long wait—between meals, drinks, flops.

Yet there is a real need for origins and many of us are called by names reflecting that: Italian Mike, whose wit is as sharp as his crippled body is slow; Russian Mike, just returned from yet another trip to the hospital; Missouri Marie, who looks with scorn on hospitals and doctors, preferring home remedies and time as cures. One night I suggested that she see a doctor and she responded with such an animated and insightful interpretation of the Book of Job that I will not be so quick to offer advice again. Frenchy is now in the hospital, where he will undergo an eye operation; the work on the appeal, currently being done by Barbara, Johnny Wood, Brother John, Italian Mike, and others, suffers from his absence. Joe Glosemeyer, an ex-seminarian, and California Paul, our most recent volunteer, are helping on the second floor also. Mary Hamill from Oklahoma is cooking the evening meals while Mary Kae Josh is away, and Roger DuBois has taken over much of the morning soup-making chores. Whiskers wears many hats—night-watchman, waiter, clothesman—and wears all of them well. Paul's cats have littered again.

Were all of our community to speak in their native tongues, such a sound would rival Babel: Italian, Russian, German, Spanish, French, Polish, Scottish, English, American, and perhaps Scotty, who's really Irish, could put his brogue around some Gaelic. There are few native New Yorkers: Dennis the Menace and Tom Likely, who is slowly recovering in Bellevue, are among them. Ed "Horizontal" Brown is back with us from Atlantic City: rich in rhetoric, tales, and well-turned metaphors. Earl Oviatt was released from the hospital, and shortly afterwards disappeared. He wasn't in any of the hospitals or morgues, and the 5th Precinct detectives maintained he would not qualify as a missing person, being over 21, not senile or insane. He showed up a few days ago; he had been to Graymoor, for there he could recover more easily from his 3rd-degree burns. He and Chuck Bassenette are in the process of moving all of the unclaimed furniture and possessions of "Mama" from her apartment. She was put in the senile ward of Central Islip, Long Island's own insane asylum.

There has been another Worker wedding and another reception. Elizabeth Duran and Ron Gessner were wed on Saturday, March 16th and the reception-dinner was held here at Chrystie Street. Under festoons of brightly colored paper, still enlivening our first floor, guests of the bride and groom, some fifty in number, mingled with our own dinner-time crowd. A good, lively time was

had. In typical CW fashion, the walls were fairly bristling with colored signs: "Resist," "Peace," "Friendship All," "Huelga," "Love," and many another word of welcome and concern. Ron and Elizabeth plan eventually to settle on a farm.

The rhythms of Spring are already in the air. In the early evening, as I write, bongo drums from the group of Puerto Ricans clustered in the park across the way vie with the shouts and screams of the smaller children, who (not an hour ago) broke into the women's clothing room from a rear window and, with great delight, ransacked it while we ate downstairs.

Noncooperation

Bob Gilliam and Jim Wilson continue their witness in prison. Both are well, strong, and enduring. Neither would agree, I think, with Jean-Paul Sartre's (see his "Preface" to *The Wretched of the Earth* by Franz Fanon) argument that the nonviolent response, and its consequence, jail, amounts to choosing "to pull your irons out of the fire." Sartre is correct, but for the wrong reasons, in stating that we are not able to pull them out; they will have to stay there till the end. One does not "pull out" of an oppressive society by being "put into" such a society's overtly oppressive institutions. In this "quiet battle" (to use Mulford Sibley's phrase) one is at the front. And he is wrong in maintaining that our "passivity" serves only to place us in the ranks of the oppressors. Pacifism or nonviolent resistance is incorrectly understood when it is equated with passivism. Nonviolence is a way of confronting violence, not avoiding it, and, as Jim and Bob or anyone living this life can testify, more energy—psychological, moral, and physical—is expended nonviolently than violently. It is, after all, a relief to be violent. No longer need one think.

Dan Kelly and Chris Kearns are both due to appear in court next week. They have faced, as many before and many to follow, the questions put to all who would change our society: Can murder be justified by the state or by those who seek to undermine the state? Their answer is no to both questions, thereby affirming, as Sartre and Fanon do not, the humanity of both oppressors and oppressed, of every man's right to live, of the sacred character of life itself.

It is fitting, then, that those who choose to be nationless, stateless, and members of the human race, rather than racists, nationalists, and patriots, should live among the homeless and the uprooted. It is to the community of man that we are responsible; it is in the face of its obvious and constant denial that we affirm it.

Intensified progress seems to be bound up with intensified unfreedom. Throughout the world of industrial civilization the domination of man by man is growing in scope and efficiency. Nor does this trend appear as an incidental, transitory regression on the road to progress. Concentration camps, mass extermination, world wars and atom bombs are no relapse into barbarism but the unrepressed implementation of the achievements of modern science, technology and domination. And the most effective subjugation and destruction of man by man takes place at the height of civilization when the material and intellectual attainments of mankind seem to allow the creation of a truly free world.

HERBERT MARCUSE

We live in almost overwhelming danger, at a peak of our apparent control. We react to the danger by attempting to take control, yet we still have to unlearn, as the price of survival, the inherent dominative mode.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

Chicago House

By KARL MEYER

The F.B.I. is looking for Mike Cullen of Casa Maria House in Milwaukee, but they came to the wrong guy to find out where to find him. Mike is not trying to hide from them, but I wasn't going to help them locate him. We have to let them do their own thing.

Mike had traveled down to Chicago on January 28th and turned in his draft cards to Steve Rose, Daniel Berrigan, et al., at a service of support for draft resisters. He is an immigrant from Ireland and took a clear risk of deportation by breaking his cooperation with the Selective Service System.

His action was a response to the sin of war, to the redeeming example of Philip Berrigan, and to the words of hope and challenge which Daniel Berrigan spoke to us, quoting Paul, "Where sin abounded, life did more abound," a challenge to affirm our allegiance to life through a great manifestation of resistance to death.

In this goodly company, we are struggling to lead our Church onto the side of life for Vietnam. With the help of Dick Cusack, we invited Daniel Berrigan to Chicago for several meetings in January. Our next project is to take the message to the parishes, during the Easter season. We are preparing a team of informed and articulate Catholics who will especially devote the six weeks from March 18-April 27 to an intensive pilgrimage of parish education and dialogue about war and peace in Vietnam.

We will begin with one week of special reading and study to strengthen and develop our knowledge as a basis for informed dialogue with parish groups and schools of our archdiocese. We will spend the following five weeks as pilgrims, going each day to a new parish or school to talk with people there about the Gospels and peace for Vietnam.

If you want to arrange for us to come to your parish during this period, or later on in the year, you can find out more about it by getting in touch with us at the address below.

New House

"Karl Meyer! Are you that kook that goes around showing off to get attention?" asked the wife of one neighborhood real estate dealer, when I called and gave my name.

"Yes, that's me," I replied.

"Well, we don't have anything for you," she snapped.

Nevertheless, her husband is now helping us to find a second house in our area for an expanding Catholic Worker community. We will have a core of wage-earners to provide the basic support for the house. Other members of the community will devote themselves to the works of hospitality and of peace, and there will be more room for guests in the new house of hospitality.

There are lots of places for sale. The old residents have moved, but they haven't been able to sell the homes they left behind. Ours is one of the best locations in the city, a half mile from the "Gold Coast" and the Lake, and only a mile from the Loop, a lively diverse area with a great potential for the future. But much to the dismay of the former residents, some bad people started moving in a few years back. Kooks like us followed and so the good people threw up their hands, offered their homes at a sacrifice, and took off

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Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Early on a Friday morning a great, gusty, leonine roar awakened me, announcing the arrival of March. Windy roars surrounded, battered our house. Windows rattled; the thin-walled, onetime-summer hotel shook; and—as I learned later—trees fell before this blast. Not long afterwards the voice on my radio telling of power failures in other areas suddenly stopped, and I knew that we too had experienced a power failure. I thought of our furnace, hot water heater, pump for the water system, lights, freezer, refrigerators—all of which operate with electricity. I realized that with so many power failures in the area, our chances for immediate repairs were not good.

When I went downstairs to go to Father Charles English's morning Mass, I learned that Mike Sullivan and John Filligar had been out looking for breaks in the wires and had found our telephone wire also down. Mike had driven into Tivoli to make the necessary calls and ask for help. The power company agreed to cut off the current, but refused to do the repair work on our property. Since we pay regular rates and in consequence of being a rather large community must contribute sizeable sums to the coffers of this particular public-utilities company, we felt that we were entitled to a little service. The prospects for warmth in our house did not seem good.

When I entered the long unheated, uninsulated annex which leads to our chapel, I felt that I was crossing an arctic waste. The small gas stove in the chapel burned bravely, though with little effect on the surrounding temperature. But we were dressed warmly; Father Charles said Mass beautifully as always; his sermon was good; and the food that God gave us was nourishment enough for whatever the day might bring.

The smell of the good food, which Marge Hughes (who always cooks Friday dinner) was preparing as I passed through the kitchen on my way back from Mass, assured me that our bodies would also be well nourished. Well fed and arrayed in layers of sweaters and coats, we were cheerful enough through that cold and windy March afternoon, though our rambling, none too well constructed house grew cooler and cooler. In the late afternoon Marge Hughes and Mike Sullivan drove up to Tivoli and put in more calls to the power company. The response, however, was still negative. Finally Mike called a private electrician, who said that he would not be able to come until nine the following morning.

The sun set, but the wind did not subside. Arthur Lacey, our sacristan, brought out vigil lights and candles and placed them at strategic points in our large living room and dining room. Much garmented, we ate the warm, satisfying supper Joan Welch had prepared for us by the romantic light of candles. Later when we went to Father Leandre Plante's evening Mass, the long bleak stretch of the annex seemed more arctic than ever and the icy leonine roar of the wind made the small gas flame in the chapel even more ineffectual. By candlelight—as our ancestors must have done for many centuries—we participated in Father Plante's beautiful and reverent Mass, and heard from his lips once again the luminous word of God.

With the wind still roaring, the house growing colder, no one was in a hurry to retire to a cold bed. Most of our community congregated in the large living room and dining room, some to warm themselves with cups of tea, others to try to warm themselves at the more intellectual fire of conversation. Our scholarly friend, Michael Minihan, who teaches Russian at

Bard College, had come to spend the evening; and he, Helene Iswolsky, Father Plante, and Father Charles did manage to give an intellectual tone to our talk. But—whether my imagination was affected by the wild sounds of the wind or the strange restlessness which seemed to pervade the house, I hardly know—I heard from time to time disconnected fragments of talk which might have been lifted from a conversation between the Mad Hatter and the March Hare or the sinister prognostications of the weird sisters meeting on a wild and windy heath. This latter impression was undoubtedly stimulated in part by Sally Corbin, who—like her sisters Dorothy and Maggie—was delighted with the mysterious interplay of flickering candlelight and shadow and—after arraying herself in her most gypsyesque costume—sought us out in our most cavernous corner to tell fortunes, often more direful than fortunate.

The next evening, Saturday, we sat in a warm and well lighted living room and talked with our guests, Caroline Gordon Tate and Cary Peebles, who had driven up from Princeton to spend the weekend with us and to take me home with them. Our telephone was once again ringing too often and though our electric current had not been restored until mid-Saturday-afternoon (that it was restored at all was due largely to the efforts of John Filligar and Mike Sullivan), the day of the March lion was already put away in the deep freeze of memory. I realized that our experience had been a small foretaste of what so many people undergo in times of great calamity, whether natural or man-made. I reflected how ironic it is that the more power man possesses, the more dependent he becomes. Then I remembered our always and ultimate dependence on God, and I recalled Father Charles' half joking remark that, after all, our discomfort as a result of the March lion's rampage was a better Lenten penance than any we could have chosen for ourselves.

Ash Wednesday, which begins the preparatory period for Lent, arrived two days before the March lion. Arthur Lacey, our sacristan, altar boy, and mailman, collected the palms we had saved from last year's Palm Sunday and burned them. Before Mass on Ash Wednesday, Father Charles gave the blessing of the ashes. Then after Mass, he placed on our foreheads the ancient mark of the penitent, the memento mori, the reminder that we are but dust. Then in the evening Father Plante, said Mass and distributed ashes to those who had not received in the morning. Liturgically we have been fortunate, indeed, this winter, with Father Plante spending his vacation with us, Father Marion Casey, Father John Hugo, Father Jude Mili and other priests visiting, and now Father Charles—who will be remembered by many old friends as Jack English—come to live with us and be our chaplain. With so much help, we ought to be able to keep a good Lent.

Happy Families

February, though cold, was by no means a penitential month with us. Our many visitors, particularly the numerous children who descended upon us, added much liveliness and a little excitement to our winter lives. Tamar Hennesy brought her children for a visit of several days during their mid-winter vacation. Becky, who is now married, and Ronda Foley, a young neighbor, also came. We were all glad that Dorothy Day could come up from the city—where she has had many things to attend to this winter—during the

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Teilhard's Vision

By JEROME PERLINSKI

The surety and confidence with which Teilhard de Chardin expresses himself in face of the problems of war seem maddeningly and simplistically naive. While we revolt in horror against the cruelties and barbarisms of twentieth-century warfare, he proclaims in the midst of the First World War: And even now, in my bad moments, however awful the future that menaces our country, I still retain this triumphant joy, based on a conviction of the transcendence of God. Yes, even if, contrary to all expectations, the war should end badly not only for us but for the real progress of the world . . . even then, I would feel like repeating over all those seeming victories of evil, the ancient cry of the Greek festivals, "Io triumphe."

While we anguish and despair in our attempts and failures at achieving a lasting peace, he assures us that peace is not only possible, but assured, as assured as the fact that the earth itself turns. And as we founder about in doubts concerning the future and our abilities to build a world free from war and the menace of war, he calmly remarks during one of the lowest points of the Second World War:

Taken as a whole, the phenomenon of the present war . . . is "positively signed." Whatever you may tell me, then, however it may seem to me, whatever happens, in virtue of the fact of an order superior to all other facts, I can only reply: after five hundred million years of Life and five hundred thousand years of Humanity, the earth continues to organize itself; its psychic temperature mounts. Thus it always advances. *Eppur si muove!*

Even bogged down in the mud-filled trenches of 1917, he was writing about the spirit of "adventure," the "passion for the unknown and the new," and the "immense liberty" he felt. He bemoaned the monotony and mechanisms which came with the post-war peace. And then, as if overhearing our inner protests against what seems to be an almost childish oversimplification and optimism, he turns on us with a scathing reply:

Following many setbacks a wave of troubled scepticism (adorned with the name of "realism") is sweeping through the world . . . This is an attitude of doubt that will prove fatal if we do not take care, because in destroying the love of life it also destroys the life-force of Mankind.

Perhaps if the man knew nothing first-hand of the terrors of modern war, we might tend to excuse. It is certainly easy enough to write about the human condition seated in a comfortable laboratory, far from the hurly-burly of the market place. Yet Teilhard knew enough personally about war to have been decorated twice for his participation as a stretcher bearer from December 1914 until Armistice Day. He knew enough to pen these lines:

The plain of Ypres in April 1915, when the air of Flanders reeked of chlorine, and the shells were cutting down the poplars all along the Yperle . . . the vast, silent expanse of Flanders fields, where opposing armies seem to sleep along the still waters, . . . the dismal slag-heaps rearing up amid the ruined mining villages.

He knew enough to write: "I am ashamed, as you may imagine, to think that I stayed in the communications trenches while my friends went out to their death. So many of them never came back . . ." In the Second World

War, he was too old to take active part. But he shared in the anxieties and pains of the whole world during those years. He did know. He knew so well that he himself once attributed his own growth to the war years:

These seven years have made me quite gray, but they have toughened me—not hardened me, I hope.—interiorly. The first war started me on the ladder. This one has cut clean across my life, but I have a better grasp of certain distinct central points, and to those I wish to devote all that is left to me of life.

It is not because Teilhard knew little of war or had not experienced its rigors that he is able to retain a tone so joyous and so triumphant in a century whose greatest thinkers discuss, predict, and even assume the impossibility of breaking once for all the eternal cycle of war and peace. His confidence and optimism are born of new perspectives, nourished by the exigencies of modern science and by a fidelity to a mystic vision of final convergence. Thus freed from the terror of inevitable war poisoning the air, he can move in a world purged of immobilism, confident that peace is only a matter of time. What then is war: catastrophe? regression? Or is it progress? advance?

The Janus-Face of War

Rather simply said, Teilhard sees wars as having a double-face so that at first reading, his texts seem paradoxical. For example, in 1916 he writes to his cousin: "Evidently . . . the war is an extreme and abnormal case of renouncing the individual's rights and hopes." And again, "At these times when the war's vast burden of wickedness weighs us down, menacing and implacable, even the warmest human expressions of sympathy may seem very fragile and empty . . ." At war's end, he was writing: "V Day Relief, but not 'joy'; for, in itself, at least here and now, this brutal victory of Man over Man is not a victory on the part of humanity." What to make of these sad reports in contrast with this paean of optimism:

During these six years, despite the unleashing of so much hatred, the human block has not disintegrated. On the contrary, in its most rigid organic depths, it has further increased its vice-like grip upon us all. First 1914-1918, then 1939-1945 — two successive turns of the screw. Every new war, embarked upon by the nations for the purpose of detaching themselves from one another, merely results in their being bound and mingled together in a more inextricable knot.

While war seems to take away human rights, it achieves new heights in human cooperation, makes men more coherent, helps humanity to a new stage better even than the one before it; humanity fighting humanity is humanity on the road to solidification.

War's Janus-face stems from the simple, yet mostly overlooked fact that the moral and social development of humanity is the natural consequence and prolongation of biological organic evolution. This fact, scientifically stated by Teilhard in the "Law of Complexity/Consciousness," explains the evolutionary development of the Universe, from pre-Life to Man himself. If we look at this development from too close range, it is ugly. We see the errors caused by life's gropings; we see weakness, egoism, decay, failure. We see at close hand the "particular and alluring forms of corruption" of man's free will. Yet if we stand further off and view the moral and social evolution of humanity from

a distance, it is noble and silent; majestic in its grandeur; awesome in its harmony and simplicity. As flying shrapnel, bursting from an airplane, seems a display of fireworks; or as the Earth must appear to an onlooker of a distant planet; not blue from its waters or green from its forests, but phosphorescent because of its thought, so too War takes on a different appearance. War, a part of the very development of man, presents us with every spectacle of inhumanity and baseness. But at the same time it has concentrated more human and mechanical energy into a single great effort. While on the one side, it can cause the debasement of the individual, the loss of value, the destruction of the physical and mental terrain; on the other, it can manifest collective possibility, revalorization of the meaning of cooperation and trust, and a purge of selfish interest. From twentieth century wars, as every good historian knows, has emerged a scientific civilization whose rate of expansion, range of knowledge, and capacity for growth is unmatched since the dawn of man. Just as truly as there is no denying the destructive effects of war, we ought not fail to capture its constructive possibilities.

If, as Teilhard claims, the socialization of man is a prolongation on the human level of the same



energies operating throughout the universe, what place does war occupy on the new level of complexity/consciousness? War is nothing other than the application of Force by man. Force, the key and symbol of greater being (plus-etre). War is the application of this "most primitive and most savage" Force, without change to a new situation, that is to the human situation. World history awaits the outcome of the laws of successive selections: war is thus the law of the survival of the fittest played out in human terms. Without the corrective of the human phenomenon; without the realization that "reflection to the second power," that "evolution become conscious of itself" (Huxley) means a whole new stage in cosmogenesis; without placing man within the context of the Universe rather than guarding him on the fringes as an epi-phenomenon — Force continues to operate at a pre-socialized, brute level: the level of War. Instead of applying the corrective of human reflection to the use of Force for communal construction, we can only harness its dreadful powers for individual destruction.

Perhaps, notes Teilhard, the engines of battle and machines of war are still necessary for us, so that we might yet experience the valuable and vital sense of attack and victory.

But may the time come (and it will come) when the mass realizes that the true human successes are those which triumph over the mysteries of Matter and of Life. May the moment come when the man in the street understands that there is more poetry in a powerful instrument destined to break the atoms than in a cannon. Then will sound for Man the

decisive hour: when the Spirit of Discovery will absorb all the living force contained in the Spirit of War.

Thus it is useless to pretend that the Spirit of War does not represent a positive effort on the part of man. All moral perversions are found in embryo in the most natural of activities, therein to be tamed, "not by-passed nor surmounted, nor overcome."

What attitude then ought we to adopt in the face of war? Teilhard insists that we must establish a scientific optimism. For to be an optimist by temperament or by sentiment, without any other reason than a priori conviction, is surely not difficult. Nevertheless, emotionalism is not enough when we are confronted by what history has shown us: ever greater wars, increasing horrors, peace efforts wasted and concluding in greater devastation. Simply personal conviction cannot withstand the historical record. Looking, however, at the world as a whole, a world in movement, a world on the way to convergence, it is possible to be scientifically optimistic. While not denying the evil face of war, cosmogenesis (the progressive development of the universe toward convergence) gives us solid grounds to concentrate on the healthy side, to channel brute Force toward a force bent on building a converging, yet differentiating, union. It is only in default of such universalism, of the rigorous application to our will to converge of what we know and believe to be true, that wars begin. If the whole history of the cosmos teaches us that with man a new threshold is reached and that we stand well within its portals, we have gained a new right to be optimistic, a new basis for faith in the future, as well as an added responsibility to sublimate and to "hominize" naked force for greater being.

Inevitable Peace

Such an optimism and confidence in the future is supremely possible and eminently practical only when directed toward concrete fulfillment. Thus, to plead for a redirection of human forces, or better, for a sublimation or transformation of human forces, is not to say enough. There ought to be a goal for the movement. This goal, the desired ideal, goes by the name of peace.

In a remarkable article written in 1947, entitled "Faith in Peace," Teilhard outlines the possibilities for a human peace. Nothing appears more dangerous to him for the future of the world than the affected resignation and the false realism which seems to pervade contemporary thought. A belief in inevitable war, the scorn of the "myth" of peace, shows that men must be taught again that peace is possible in human terms. Of course, there is much evidence against the possibility of peace. Historically, each generation has seen its own greater or lesser war, sapping the powers of youth and stealing its ideals. Morally, there scarcely seems to be any more reason for improvement. The evil in man grows along with his increased civilization. And even scientifically speaking, how can we mere human beings dare to think we can escape the laws of the struggle for life? Yet all of these arguments are effective only as long as one fails to consider the special condition of man: the human phenomenon. It is only man whose species shows, instead of the divergence common to life below him, rather a convergence into races, peoples, nations, and perhaps even greater organisms. Thus, the whole nature of the problem is changed and, again, we dare no longer simply project animal history into human history without applying the correctives made necessary by the appearance of the specifically human form. Where formerly biological success came through the elimination of opposi-

tion, on the human level it can come only through the convergence and union of dualities. So that on the human level, whatever formerly worked for war can now work for peace.

Teilhard dares to go even further. Not only is peace possible, but, he ventures, it is inevitable. Inevitable, that is, for the collective unity: Mankind. For individually we are free. Each may decide for himself to resist the trends and demands of life. But collectively, we cannot think ourselves capable of escaping the tide:

When I consider the inexorable nature of the universal impulse which for more than six hundred million years has ceaselessly promoted the global rise of consciousness on the earth's surface, driving on through an endlessly multiplying network of opposing hazards; when I reflect upon the irresistible forces (geographical, ethnic, economic and psychic) whose combined effort is to thrust the human mass ever more tightly in upon itself; when, finally, on the occasion of some great act of human collaboration or devotion, I perceive as though in a lightning-flash the prodigious, still-slumbering affinity which draws the "thinking molecules" of the world together—when I look I am forced to the same conclusion; that the earth is more likely to stop turning than is Mankind, as a whole, likely to stop organizing and unifying itself.

Peace for humanity is thus certain, inescapable. But as if to make our search for peace even more painful and complicated, as if to weaken even further a movement already delicate and feeble in its very onset, peace (like war) exhibits two complementary faces: "a steep slope, only to be climbed by constant effort in the face of many setbacks; and ultimately the point of balance to which the whole system must inevitably come."

The question is, what kind of peace are we seeking? What is it by which we desire to replace war? We ought first to cast off our traditional ideas of peace: the hope of bourgeois tranquility, millenarianism, repose, unending felicity, a perfectly ordered society. This has nothing to do with the facts of the universe. Such dreams perhaps were allowable in a world yet unaware of its own dynamism, in a universe where the future would see us bereft once for all of our human insecurity and sharing the immobilism (and hence the joy) of our immobile sun. But in a universe seen as moving, converging power, as surging energies striving to be released and directed, peace is "the sensation of unity"; the realization of convergence. Such is the ideal face of peace.

But if some sort of concord will prevail, if convergence is to come, it will have to take the form of a "tense cohesion" of those same harmonious energies which previously were spent in war and wasted on the battlefield. This same energy is channelled now in unanimity toward search and conquest: "a universal resolve to raise ourselves upwards, all straining shoulder to shoulder, towards ever greater heights of consciousness and freedom. In short, true peace, the only kind that is biologically possible, betokens neither the ending nor the reverse of warfare, but is a naturally sublimated form." And such is the dynamic face of peace—the only face consonant with our actual knowledge of the universe, the only face which represents a true ascension toward the convergent ideal.

War, with its double image of

of Peace & War

horror and progress; peace with its double image of strain and convergence—both but two facets of what is in reality the universal law of the cosmos: convergence toward unity.

Building the Peace

A theory worthy of the man, we say, and are doubtless impressed. But what does it have to do with the day-to-day life of every man, with the complex diplomatic exchanges about which we read but perhaps a tenth part in our newspapers and journals? What does it have to do with racialism, the armaments race, the defoliated jungles of Vietnam, nationalism, and the lust for national power? And what does this biologically-based peace have in common with the peace-parading placard bearers, with "love-not-war" buttons, with pacifist objectors? It has everything to do with all of this, for Teilhard's theory is eminently directed toward action, toward building, toward the construction of a viable peace. This construction is indeed the *raison d'être* of his thoughts on peace. For he had noted a disturbing fact, apparent also to every intelligent observer today:

You see, the more I think of it . . . the more I feel the necessity of defining and organizing the total natural human effort. Individual lives carry on from day to day; political foresight never goes beyond short-term and economic or territorial ambitions . . . Everyone, every life, proceeds at random.

In short, he was appalled by waste. Seeing the munificence with which man is endowed and the immense possibilities open to a world on the way of progress, he failed to appreciate careless, random, energy-sapping action. The time for groping is at an end; progress can come only when we begin to see the harmony in the universe.

Cosmic harmony is Teilhard's initial fact; the first stepping-stone: whether we like it or not we are materially, organically and psychically bound up with all that surrounds us. Here perhaps, Teilhard is far ahead of most of us who still conceive of ourselves as living, isolated unities, lost in the over-arching complexity and confusion of a dynamic and threatening universe. However that may be, it is evident to Teilhard that if progress is to come, if peace is to be built and to last permanently, it must be based on this initial understanding. The existence of cosmic harmony is an appeal to the unification of mankind, to a harmonization of human energies and powers toward a common goal, toward human unification. For Teilhard, man has a special sense by which he can apprehend the "wholeness" of the world. This "cosmic sense," this "earth-sense," this "faith in the world" is what can liberate man from the dread and fear of unifying action. The awareness of our "oneness" with the "All" is the only apprehension powerful enough to overcome the initial revulsion we have for one another, and dynamic enough to stifle the fear of the loss of our person by union with another. Not satisfied with being simply a social being, the human must be a cosmic being, that is, living as one together with the entire Universe:

In truth, each of us is called to respond to a harmony pure and incommunicable, to the Universal Note. When, by the progress in our hearts of the Love of the All, we feel we have heard, under the diversity of our efforts and our desires, the exuberant simplicity of a movement which mingles and exalts without being lost, the innumerable nuances of passion and of action, it is then that in the heart of the mass formed by Human Energy, we approach, each of us,

the plenitude of our efficiency and our personality.

Yes, men have a special sense for response to the All. But we speak not of men, but of Humanity. How is humanity to be united? How are we collectively to answer this call of the Universal Note? By threat of an enemy? Everyone knows how effective the clarion call to battle can be in uniting even the most divided people. Is it by fear and by the need to conserve what we already possess that we will be united one with another? The answer is, of course, in the negative: for even history shows us that despite the progress made as a result of wars, the greater advances are made by the ambition to live and to live more profoundly. Only the positively-signed face of war (that is, directed effort) counts toward progress. It was a greater sense of being, not fear, which nourished the hearts of the great explorers and adventurers, the scientists, aviators, the conquerors of the sea and of science. Is it then by economic means which seem to bind men closer and closer even despite themselves? No, answers Teilhard; it is not economic energy which man needs:

Upon the tons of wheat, upon the mountains of uranium and coal, on oceans of petroleum, Man will cease to unify himself. He will perish if he does not keep a close watch and does not nourish first the source of psychic energy which keeps alive in him the unifying passion of acting and knowing, that is, of growing and of evolving.

The means for building a peace upon a unified harmony are to be found neither in existentialism nor in modern economic theories. The construction of peace may move forward only by the use of man's psychic powers.

Teilhard provides the objective and subjective conditions for the unification of humanity. So that man may have the taste for unifying himself—for he will never move a step in this direction unless he wants to, unless he has a certain taste for it—it seems absolutely necessary that he see the Universe as open and as centered. Open because if there is no way out, if man is stifled and suffocating in a closed or cyclic universe, he will leave off all effort to get out, to free himself. Life can have no barrier, no obstacle. As soon as it perceives even the possibility of non-success, it loses its impetus; it must escape total death. And secondly, a centered universe, because if an independent human particle is to join with many others without losing its independence and individuality, it must know that there is a point of convergence farther on ahead, a convergence which is at once personal, unifying, and differentiating. In this kind of universe, centered and open, human unification is possible.

Thus, collectively, humanity nourishes itself and grows toward unification, its true adulthood, by its taste for fulfillment: ahead, centered, open, irresistible. Individually, it is for each to exercise his earth-sense, answering personally the appeal of the Universal Note. This response takes its concrete form in the personal interest in and desire for the permanence of one's works: the individual human vocation to add something to the irreversible flow of the evolutionary tide. To speak of a centered universe is merely the objective side of the subjective desire for union with the All, for entrance into the foyer of Totality. In short, the mystic flame which burns, no matter how feebly, in every man, has a reason for being, is not doomed to stupid frustration. Cramped in a universe too narrow and fixed to enable the flicker of recognition to burst forth into a flame capable of real union,

the ancient mystic desire for Totality, for expanding and personalizing Union, was fed and grew in the souls of but a few. But released into a super-enriched noosphere which understands the centering, differentiating powers of an open, moving cosmos, what was hitherto but perhaps a wistful spark of hope and desire, now becomes not merely a realizable possibility, but an absolute necessity for the very preservation of the forward movement itself. The earth-sense, the desire for Union, is man's subjective instrument in creating human unification, and with it, a human, lasting peace: it is the steering-wheel of the moving raft of evolution.

That the moment has come for just such a unification is one of Teilhard's special points of emphasis. This insistence on a special moment for us, the accent on a *kairos* for the twentieth century, even a new threshold, may strike us as curiously millenarist, perhaps utopian, and at worst even somewhat egotistically promethean in a century which after so many decades seems hardly qualified for such admirable thoughts. Nonetheless, again and again, Teilhard repeats, "At the root of the great troubles in which the nations find themselves engaged, I think I can see the signs of a new age for Humanity." "I am convinced that we are taking part in one of the most revolutionary movements in man's history." Again, "despite their military dress, the recent explosions at Bikini herald the birth into the world of a Mankind both



inwardly and outwardly pacified." "What is this great change? "Whether we wish it or not, the age of tepid pluralism is definitely passed. Either a single people will succeed in destroying and absorbing all the others. Or all peoples will join together, in a common soul, so as to be more human." The Bikini experiments "announced the arrival of the Spirit of the Earth." "Humanity is suddenly invaded by the sense of all that yet remains for it to do at the term of its power and its possibilities." The moment has indeed arrived when we must make a choice:

I insist, it is a question of our taking a position and of putting ourselves to work immediately. . . . To succeed biologically, the totalization of the Noosphere could not know how to be simply instinctive and passive. But it waits from us an active and immediate collaboration, a vigorous force, with a base of conviction and hope. For Evolution does not wait.

And yet we hesitate, perhaps unconvinced of the universe's movement, perhaps afraid to take the first step. But for Teilhard the greatest preventative against man's recognition and thus the achievement of his union is neither lack of conviction, nor fear, but boredom.

Boredom! Again we are thrown into confusion. After describing the earth throbbing with energy, energy channelled into the wrong directions and into paths more productive of progress, after envisioning the earth as incandescent from psychic energy, Teilhard tells us our greatest malady is boredom, the *taedium vitae*.

Thanks to mechanical devices which are increasingly charged with the burden not only of production but also of calculation, the quantity of un-

used human energy is growing at a disturbing rate both within us and around us; and this phenomenon will reach its climax in the near future, when nuclear forces have been harnessed to useful work. I repeat: despite all appearances, Mankind is bored. Perhaps this is the underlying cause of all our troubles. We no longer know what to do with ourselves.

There would be few intelligent men today who would deny the problem of leisure, or more precisely, lost and wasted energy. In a world seething with unanswered questions, burdened with a population it cannot feed, let alone cultivate and educate, longing to be freed to expand in new directions but not at the expense of its own being, men can twiddle their thumbs, fritter away priceless hours being bored and hypnotized by what even the poorly educated recognize as cheap, ersatz entertainment. Clearly, this waste must be remedied and the regained and re-invigorated energies galvanized into what Teilhard liked to call the human front. Such is the true meaning of Teilhard's "Nostalgia for the Front." At the battlefield, "the power freed from matter, the spiritual grandeur of tamed conflict, the triumphant domination of disengaged moral energies, uniting their appeals to noble pride and the need to live and pouring their passionate mixture into the heart." This same victorious mood transferred to the time of peace, when "the great work of creation and sanctification of a Humanity which is born especially in the hours of crisis, but which can only be achieved in peace."

The problem is grave if we have not seen the meaning of peace as

the sublimation of our energies of force and if we have found no ready outlet for these energies; the specter of war arises inevitably and surely before us. The only way to avoid such a disaster, made infinitely more dangerous and threatening today because of nuclear power, is to harness human energy into a kind of gigantic cyclotron. Rather than boredom, waste, and simple curiosity, "a sort of spiritual tornado," a true "maelstrom, sucking all it envelopes towards its inner axis." Rather than stagnation and lack of divergence, "a paroxysm of power" which will allow organization and consciousness to rise. And the spirit of war will be killed at its roots in our hearts "because compared to the possibilities of conquest which science discovers for us, battles and warlike heroism will soon seem to us as tedious and outmoded."

The "colossal reality" of a true peace built on human unification provides both tranquility and a profound joy. A calm because this faith in man rests on the vastness of the Universe itself. Only by viewing at long-range does the Universe change from its fearful greyness to an incandescent glow. And joy because the negatively-signed face of the Universe—war, evil, ultimate death—is seen as vastly inferior to that pole which alone can satisfy our inmost needs: irreversibility and total union.

The choice is really one between faith or non-faith in the collective spiritual progress of humanity. Faith in peace rests on faith in man and in his progress.

Here we have the modern version of the heroic temptation of all time, that of the Titans,

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NOTES

- ¹Letter to Marguerite Teilhard-Chambon, 9 April 1916, *The Making of a Mind* (Collins: London, 1965), 98.
- ²"Faith in Peace," January 1947, *The Future of Man* (Harper: New York, 1964), 152.
- ³"Universalisation et Union," Peking, 20 mars 1942, *Oeuvres*, VII, 97-98.
- ⁴"La Nostalgie du Front," septembre 1917, *Ecrits du Temps de la Guerre* (Grasset: Paris, 1965), 203-14.
- ⁵"Reflections on Progress," Peking, 20 March 1941, *Future*, 61.
- ⁶Cuenot, Claude, *Teilhard de Chardin* (Burns and Oates: London, 1965), 22-29.
- ⁷*Ibid.*, 23.
- ⁸Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 7 October 1915, *Making*, 72. "In the line, I am afraid of the shells, like the others. I count the days and am on the lookout for signs of relief, like the others. When we 'go down' I am as happy as anyone."
- ⁹"La Nostalgie . . ." 203.
- ¹⁰"I am no longer the age to be a corporal-stretcher-bearer, nor to render any active service; so it is perhaps better to work and to gather my strength so as to better move forward in the post-war period, which will be another form of war, in minds and hearts. The danger in staying here is that I risk disengaging myself from the true human movement, as those who did not know the front in 1914-18." Letter to Joseph Teilhard de Chardin, Peking, 11 December 1939. *Letters from a Traveller* (Harper: New York,), 251. Cf. also: Letters to M. Teilhard-Chambon, Peking, 24 September 1939; LT, 246; to J. Teilhard de Chardin, Peking, same date, LT, 246-47; to Abbe Breuil, Peking, 4 November 1939, LT, 247; to M. Teilhard-Chambon, Tientsin, 3 December 1939, LT, 249; to Abbe Breuil, Peking, 16 December 1939, LT, 254: "I feel a bit frightened when I think I read between the lines of the allied prose the objective of a dismembered Germany or of a certain return to a pre-Napoleonic Europe."
- ¹¹Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 5 April 1946, LT, 291. And the two war periods were among the most prolific for Teilhard. The first important essays: "La Vie Cosmique" (1916), "Le Milieu Mystique" (1917), "La Grande Monade" (1918), "Mon Univers" (1918), "La Foi qui opere" (1918)—appeared during the first war, along with at least seven other essays. The second war saw the great *Phenomenon of Man* completed, "Reflexions sur le bonheur" (1943), "Introduction à la vie chrétienne" (1944), "La Centologie" (1944), with some thirty-five other scientific and philosophic-theological essays.
- ¹²Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 5 April 1946, LT, 291.
- ¹³Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 29 June 1916, LT, 108.
- ¹⁴Quoted in Cuenot, *op. cit.*, 248; 8 May 1945.
- ¹⁵"Human Planetization," *Future*, 127, 25 December 1945.
- ¹⁶"Les Unites humaines naturelles," 5 juillet 1939, *Oeuvres*, III, 292-96.
- ¹⁷"Universal History shows us: after each revolution, after each war, Humanity always appears more coherent . . ." "La Grande Monade," 1948, *Ecrits*, 239.
- ¹⁸"La Terre Promise," 1919, *Ecrits du*, 393.
- ¹⁹"La Grande Monade," *Ecrits*, 238.
- ²⁰"Spiritual perfection (or conscious 'centrality') and material synthesis (or complexity) are but the two aspects or
- connected parts of one and the same phenomenon." *The Phenomenon of Man* (Harper: New York, 1958) 60-61.
- ²¹Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 10 July 1916, *Making*, 110.
- ²²*Ibid.*
- ²³"Phenomenon, 183 "From the obscure, the red, and the green where it once was, the Biosphere will become incandescent." "Universalisation," 92.
- ²⁴"L'Energie humaine," Peking, 23 octobre 1937, *Oeuvres*, VI, 169-70.
- ²⁵"Mon Univers," 1924, *Ecrits*, 111.
- ²⁶"L'Energie humaine," *Oeuvres* VI, 169-70.
- ²⁷Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 10 July 1916, *Making*, 110.
- ²⁸"Faith in Peace," 1942, *Future*, 149-54.
- ²⁹*Future*, 152.
- ³⁰*Ibid.*
- ³¹"La Lutte contre la multitude," 22 mars 1917, *Ecrits*, 128.
- ³²*Future*, 152.
- ³³Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 8 February 1917, *Making*, 181.
- ³⁴"Pantheisme et Christianisme," 17 janvier 1923 (unpublished).
- ³⁵"La vie cosmique," *Ecrits*, 5-61.
- ³⁶"Pantheisme et Christianisme," "Le Sens Humaine," "L'Esprit de la Terre," "Comment je crois," etc.
- ³⁷"Cf. 'L'Esprit de la terre.'"
- ³⁸"The liberating word is this: that it is not enough for man, rejecting his own egoism, to live socially. He has a need to live, with his whole heart, in union with all the world which bears him, cosmically." "La vie cosmique," *Ecrits*, 18.
- ³⁹"L'Energie humaine," 8 septembre 1937, *Oeuvres*, VI, 186.
- ⁴⁰"Sauvons l'Humanite," 11 novembre 1936, *Oeuvres*, IX, 186. Cf. also: "Reflexions sur le Bonheur," 28 December 1943, *Cahiers de Teilhard de Chardin*, 53-70. "La Nostalgie du Front," etc.
- ⁴¹"Les Conditions psychologiques de l'Unification humaine," 6 janvier 1949, *Oeuvres*, VII, 179.
- ⁴²*Ibid.*
- ⁴³"Turmoil or Genesis," *Future*, 214-226.
- ⁴⁴"L'heure de choisir," 1939, *Oeuvres*, VII, 21. Cf. also, Letter of 7 April 1939, quoted in Cuenot, 220-221.
- ⁴⁵Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 22 August 1915, *Making*, 65. Letter to M. Teilhard-Chambon, 3 December 1939, LT, 249-50. Letter to M. Teilhard de Chardin, Peking, 11 December 1939, LT, 251.
- ⁴⁶*Future*, 147. "Some Reflections on the spiritual repercussions of the atomic bomb," September 1946.
- ⁴⁷*Oeuvres*, VII, 17-26.
- ⁴⁸*Future*, 147.
- ⁴⁹"Faith in Man," *Future*, 185-192.
- ⁵⁰"La Convergence de l'Univers," 1951, *Oeuvres*, VII, 305. "Life does not wait and we are in an unstable position. Who knows if there will still be time tomorrow?" *Oeuvres*, V, 333.
- ⁵¹*Future*, 145-47.
- ⁵²*Oeuvres*, V, 186. Cf. especially "Sauvons l'Humanite," Peking, 11 novembre 1936, *Oeuvres*, IX, 167-91.
- ⁵³"La Nostalgie . . ." 208.
- ⁵⁴*Ibid.*, 213.
- ⁵⁵"En regardant un cyclotron," avril 1953, *Oeuvres*, VII, 365-72.
- ⁵⁶*Oeuvres*, V, 186.
- ⁵⁷*Future*, 188.
- ⁵⁸"Essai d'integration de l'homme dans l'univers," 10 decembre 1930 (unpublished).
- ⁵⁹"Le sens humain," 12 fevrier 1929 (unpublished).
- ⁶⁰Letter to Max and Simone Begouen, Peking, 20 September 1940, LT, 267-8.

An Overwhelming Atrocity

(Continued from page 1)

from Communism. The attitude and feelings of the Vietnamese people (as distinct from the government) are too little known in the United States. They have been systematically ignored. Pictures of GIs bestowing candy bars upon half naked "native" children are supposed to give us all the information we need in this regard. These are happy people who love our boys because we are saving them from the Reds and teaching them "democracy." It is of course important, psychologically and politically, for the public to believe this because otherwise the war itself would be questioned, and as a matter of fact it is questioned. Never was there a war in American history that was so much questioned! The official claim that such questioning is "betrayal" is a transparently gross and authoritarian attack on democratic liberty.

According to these Americans in the International Voluntary Services, men who cannot be considered leftists, still less traitors, the American policy of victory at any price is simply destroying Vietnam. It is possible that the United States may eventually "win," but the price may be so high that there will be few left around to enjoy the fruits of victory and democracy in a country which we will, of course, obligingly reconstruct according to ideas of our own.

The people of South Vietnam have already had some experience of this kind of resettlement and reconstruction. Having seen their own homes burned or bulldozed out of existence, their fields and crops blasted with defoliants and herbicides, their livelihood and culture destroyed, they have been forcibly transplanted into places where they cannot live as they would like or as they know how, and forced into a society where, to adapt and be "at home" one has to be a hustler, a prostitute, or some kind of operator who knows how to get where the dollars are.

The people we are "liberating" in Vietnam are caught between two different kinds of terrorism and the future presents them with nothing but a more and more bleak and hopeless prospect of unnatural and alienated existence. From their point of view, it doesn't matter much who wins. Either way it is going to be awful: but at least if the war can stop before everything is destroyed, and if they can somehow manage their own destiny, they will settle for that.

Fruits of "Liberation"

This, however, does not fit in with our ideas. We intend to go on bombing, burning, killing, bulldozing and moving people around while the numbers of plague victims begin to mount sharply and while the "civilization" we have brought becomes more and more rotten. The people of South Vietnam believe that we are supporting a government of wealthy parasites they do not and cannot trust. They believe that the 1967 election was rigged, and they know that the two newspapers which protested about it were immediately silenced and closed down by the "democratic" government which we are supporting at such cost.

To put it plainly, according to the men who resigned from the International Voluntary Services the people of South Vietnam are hardly grateful for "democracy" on such terms, and while they are quite willing to accept our dollars when they have a chance, they do not respect us or trust us. In point of fact, they have begun to hate us.

Far from weakening communism in Asia by our war policy, we are only strengthening it. The Vietnamese are no lovers of China, but by the ruthlessness of our war for "total victory" we are driving them into the arms of the Red Chinese. "The war as it is now being waged" say the I.V.S. members, "is self-defeating." They support their contentions by quoting people they have known in

Vietnam. For example, one youth leader said: "When the Americans learn to respect the true aspirations in Vietnam, true nationalism will come to power. Only true nationalists can bring peace to the South, talk to the North and bring reunification."

While a Catholic Bishop in the United States was soothing President Johnson with the assurance that the war in Vietnam is "a sad and heavy obligation imposed by the mandate of love," a Buddhist nun in Vietnam said: "You Americans come to help the Vietnamese people, but have brought only death and destruction. Most of us Vietnamese hate from the bottom of our hearts the Americans who have brought the suffering of this war." After which she burned herself to death. That, too, was a drastic act of violence. Whether or not we may agree with it, we must admit that it lends a certain air of seriousness to her denunciation! Unfortunately, such seriousness does not seem to get through to those Americans who most need to hear and understand it.

Meanwhile Billy Graham declared that the war in Vietnam was a "spiritual war between good and evil." A plausible statement, certainly, but not in the way in which he meant it. At the same time a Saigon Catholic Youth Leader gave another view of the picture: "We are caught in a struggle between two power blocs . . . Many people told me you cannot trust Americans, but I never accepted it. Now I am beginning to believe it. You come to help my people, but they will hate you for it."

The tragic thing about Vietnam is that, after all, the "realism" of our program there is so unrealistic, so rooted in myth, so completely out of touch with the needs of the people whom we know only as statistics and to whom we never manage to listen, except where they fit in with our own psychopathic delusions. Our external violence in Vietnam is rooted in an inner violence which simply ignores the human reality of those we claim to be helping. The result of this at home has been an ever mounting desperation on the part of those who see the uselessness and inhumanity of the war, together with an increasing stubbornness and truculence on the part of those who insist that they want to win, regardless of what victory may mean.

What can we look forward to? Will the 1968 Presidential election force the issue one way or another? Will the candidates have to make sense out of this in spite of everything? We are getting to the point where American "victory" in Vietnam is becoming a word without any possible human meaning. What matters is the ability and willingness to arrive at some kind of workable solution that will save the identity of the nation that still wants to survive in spite of us, in spite of communism, in spite of the international balance of power. This cannot be arrived at unless the United States is willing to deescalate, stop bombing the North, stop destroying crops, and recognize the National Liberation Front as one of the groups with whom we have to deal if we want to make peace. Obviously a perfect solution is impossible, but some solution can be realized and lives can be saved.

It is still possible to learn something from Vietnam: and above all we should recognize that the United States has received from no one the mission to police every country in the world or to decide for them how they are to live. No single nation has the right to try to run the world according to its own ideas. One thing is certain, the Vietnam war is a tragic error and, in the words of the resigned volunteers, "an overwhelming atrocity."

How do we explain such atroci-

ties? Obviously, they are well-meant and the Americans who support the war are, for the most part, convinced that it is an inescapable moral necessity. Why? For one thing, as the more sophisticated reader is well aware, the picture of the war given by the mass media and the official version of what is happening are both extremely one-sided and oversimplified, to say the least. Some claim that the public has been deliberately misinformed. In any case, Americans do not seem to realize what effect the war is really having. The hatred of America which it is causing everywhere (analogous to the hatred of Russia after the violent suppression of the Hungarian revolt in 1956) is not just the result of Red propaganda. On the contrary, the Communists could never do such a fine job of blackening us as we are doing all by ourselves.

Human Aggressivity

There is another, deeper source of delusion in the popular mythology of our time. It is the myth that all biological species in their struggle for survival must follow a law of aggression in which the stronger earns the right to exist



by violently exterminating all his competitors. This pseudo-scientific myth is simply another version of the cliché that "might makes right" and of course it was explicitly used and developed by the ideologists of Nazism. This canonization of violence by pseudo-science has come to be so much taken for granted, that when Konrad Lorenz, in his carefully thought out study *On Aggression* sought to qualify it in very important ways, his book has simply been lumped with others, like Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative* as one more rationalization of the aggression theory. Thus in the *New York Times Book Review* (Christmas issue, 1967) the paper-back edition of *On Aggression* is summarized with approval in this one line: "Like all other animals man is instinctively aggressive." True, of course, up to a point. But this contains the same implicit false conclusion (therefore he has to beat up and destroy members of his own kind) and explicitly ignores the real point of Lorenz's book. The point is that man is the only species, besides the rat, who wantonly and cruelly turns on his own kind in unprovoked and murderous hostility. Man is the only one who deliberately seeks to destroy his own kind (as opposed to merely resisting encroachment).

To quote a prominent Dutch psychoanalyst who, among other things, has studied the mentality of Nazi war criminals:

What we usually call hatred or hostility is different from normal self-assertive aggression. The former are hypercharged fantasy products, mixed with reactions to frustrations. They form an aura of intense anticipation of revenge and greater discharge in the future . . . This finds its most paradoxical action in the hatred of those who want to break out into history. They destroy because they want to be remembered. NO OTHER ANIMAL AVAILS HIMSELF OF PLANS FOR

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A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

visit of daughter and grandchildren; and that Marge Hughes' children, who are old friends of the Hennessys', could also come. Shortly after Tamar's departure, Ruth Collins and her son David and Rita Davis, with five of her children, arrived for a long weekend. Although Rita and her family live in Harlem, they have visited us several times and really enjoy the country. This time the children, with David Collins and the Corbin children, spent most of their time sliding downhill or skating on the little pond John Filligar and George Burke made for that purpose. For Rita it was a vacation to be able to sit down to meals she had not cooked, to have time for reading, and for occasional walks. As for Ruth, she and I enjoyed daily walks along the snowy, icy paths of our woods and fields. Ruth and Rita have been working very hard for many months on a cooperative housing project for a group of Harlem families. They really needed a vacation, and, we hope, went back to the city refreshed and ready to bring their efforts to a successful conclusion. Joe and Audrey Monroe, who also live in Harlem, have brought us much pleasure several times this winter by their guitar-playing, laughter-filled visits.

One day during February a group of Fordham students arrived to talk with us about community and learn something of the way our community operates. These intelligent, idealistic young students had come to the conclusion that the only way to stand out against the kind of 1984 nightmare that seems to be descending so rapidly upon us is to band together in community. I hope they will persevere, and that many other young people will follow their lead. For, though there are great difficulties in community living, the rewards and satisfactions are greater.

We have, of course, had many other visitors during recent weeks, more than I can mention. The greatest number of visitors will be found listed in our guest book on the third Sunday of February, the day of our regular discussion meeting. Between thirty and forty visitors came out to discuss with us the moral implications of the war in Vietnam. The discussion was serious and probing. Once again I felt depressed with the guilt and futility of this dreadful war.

With Gene Bailey at the farm to help with the driving, those who try to keep abreast of important intellectual events at neighboring colleges have found it easier at least to arrive at the scene of the lecture. There is, of course, much other driving to be done, with Mike Sullivan and Bob Stewart sharing the chauffeur role. Kay Lynch continues her regular trips to the laundromat, and is almost always called upon for the longer driving duties, such as meeting Dorothy at the airport, accompanying me to the dental laboratory in New York City, or meeting someone at the train in Albany.

In a community like the Catholic Worker, there are many kinds of work, and many people to do the work. Hans Tunnesen, Alice Lawrence, Fred Lindsey, Marge Hughes, Rita Corbin, and Jean Welch take turns with the cooking and do a splendid job. Arthur Sullivan helps keep us well nourished by baking delicious bread, and for special occasions, a truly delectable banana bread. Henry Nielson and Placid Decker always seem to find work in the kitchen and dining-room area. Fred Lindsey, who sometimes describes himself as "the meanest man in the world," is nevertheless the kindest in his care of the sick. Fred is presently engaged in cleaning, painting, and making ready the downstairs room which Dorothy Day plans to move into, in accordance with her doctor's advice to avoid unnecessary steps. Peggy Conklin studies seed catalogues and plans flower gardens for

Spring planting and Summer flowering. Stanley Vishnewski, Marge Hughes, and Kay Lynch help with correspondence. Marty Corbin looks after the many details of the paper and what might be called the intellectual aspects of our apostolate. Rita Corbin does most of the shopping and handles many details of house management, not to mention the responsibility of her own family and her art. Although several persons share in the job (for it is a job, an important job) of talking to guests and explaining our Catholic Worker apostolate, Helene Iswolsky is certainly outstanding in this role.

Now in Princeton, in the Red House where I write of my Catholic Worker farm family, my room is filled with the evocative and classical fragrance of hyacinth. Downstairs on the goatskin rug, which Caroline brought from Greece, Melusine and Xenophon (Caroline's cats) repose royally and meditate on the dying embers in the fire-place. Cary has gone out to a meeting to help plan local strategy for the Presidential campaign of Senator Gene McCarthy. But Caroline is glad to stay home and rest after a day of hard work on her novel.

Yesterday, when I walked in the garden with Caroline, who was gathering budded sprays of forsythia and swamp dogwood to bring into the living room for blooming, I heard the clear musical whistling of the cardinal, the battlecry of the militant blue jay, and the dulcet twitterings of anonymous small birds. Caroline said that the willows were bright with their pre-Springtime gold. Yet it is not yet Spring. It is Lent, Remember man, that thou art dust. Out of such dust shall not the hyacinth bloom, and the lily of Easter morning?

Chicago House

(Continued from Page 3)

for remote suburbs where they would pay two or three times as much for homes no better than those they owned right here.

We showed unusual confidence in wishing to buy. In 1962 we bought our present eight-room house of hospitality for only seven thousand dollars. Now we are looking for a three-flat building for others who are joining with us in plans for a community.

The opportunities are good and some of the buildings are very sound, but we haven't the kind of cash to get started properly. The owners want to take cash and go, but the banks are following the herd and won't write mortgages in this area. It would help us a lot if we could borrow from individuals the cash for a substantial down payment. This would encourage the owners to deal with us directly, to give us a good price, and to accept the mortgage themselves. This is how we swung it in 1962, when we borrowed \$1600 for our down payment and the owner accepted our mortgage. We repaid the loans within a year and paid off the mortgage in three years. The schedule for a larger building would be somewhat longer than that, how much longer it is not possible to say yet. Anyone who would be willing to lend us some cash could write to us and tell us how much it would be; and then, once we have found the right building and closed the deal we will write to them for the money.

Discussion meetings for our group are held each Sunday afternoon, 2:30 p.m., at:

St. Stephen's House
1339 N. Mohawk St.
Chicago, Illinois 60610
Phone 664-7877

Unless you strive after the impossible, the possible you achieve will be scarcely worth the effort.
MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

CESAR CHAVEZ' STATEMENT

We are gathered here today not so much to observe the end of the Fast but because we are a family bound together in a common struggle for justice. We are a Union family celebrating our unity and the non-violent nature of our movement. Perhaps in the future we will come together at other times and places to break bread and to renew our courage to celebrate important victories.

The Fast has had different meanings for different people. Some of you may still wonder about its meaning and importance. It was not intended as a pressure against any growers. For that reason we have suspended negotiations and arbitration proceedings and relaxed the militant picketing and boycotting of the strike during this period. I undertook this Fast because my heart was filled with grief and pain for the sufferings of farm workers. The Fast was first for me and then for all of us in this Union. It was a Fast for non-violence and a call to sacrifice.

Our struggle is not easy. Those who oppose our cause are rich and powerful and they have many allies in high places. We are poor. Our allies are few. But we have something the rich do not own. We have our own bodies and spirits and the justice of our cause as our weapons.

When we are really honest with ourselves we must admit that our lives are all that really belong to us. So, it is how we use our lives that determines what kind of men we are. It is my deepest belief that only by giving our lives do we find life. I am convinced that the truest act of courage, the strongest act of manliness is to sacrifice ourselves for others in a totally non-violent struggle for justice.

To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us be men!

A Nonviolent Union

(Continued from page 1)

square miles of land spread along seventy-five miles in the San Joaquin valley. The vineyard is as big as the state of Rhode Island. Their net profit last year was twelve and a half million dollars. At first we were asking for elections but now we are asking for a contract, for \$1.90 an hour, for a fifteen-minute rest period, for a toilet in the fields, for cold water, not a can of tepid water.

"Huelga!"

I am proud to be a farm worker. We feed the nation. Our work is hard. We are not trying to get away from work; we all have to work in this life. The grower doesn't have to listen to us. He can go down to the Mexican border and recruit. It's against the law, but he represents power and money. When he brings up truckloads of wetbacks and green-card Mexicans we can only go out on our picket lines and call out to the workers in the vineyards, using the bull horns so they can hear us telling them there is a strike on. Once in a while they come out but sometimes they say, "Let us work a few days to earn our fare home."

So here we are now come to the city to talk and ask support from the people who eat the grapes. I myself was a DiGiorgio foreman, I worked for him for eleven years. His is one of the corporations with which we have a contract. I worked in the Sierra Vista ranch, where there were twelve hundred people. There were Japanese and Mexicans there, and the bosses worked to pit crew against crew. But we are children of God. There is no reason why we cannot share and enjoy together. We have learned to work together side by side with other nationalities. We work together and pray together.

We are promoting a boycott in New York. There is an agent in New York responsible for buying grapes. New York is the greatest consumer of table grapes. This last season the grapes were all sold. We are preparing the ground so that the next crop will not be sold.

We are nonviolent. Cesar Chavez is against all violence, even of speech. He has been fasting for the last sixteen days. We have been attacked, shot at, run down by cars. But I am not supposed to raise my hand even to defend my wife by my side. The grower comes up to us and strikes us with his elbow in the pit of his stomach. He stamps on the feet of the picket. He uses foul language, but we must stand and take it. We are against violence in cities, and we are, also against violence in Vietnam.

Every morning, while Cesar

fasts, a priest comes to say Mass in the cooperative center where he is staying. Last Sunday there were two thousand people there. Bishop Manning, of Fresno, went to visit him. Cardinal McIntyre gave him an award for his outstanding contribution to labor organizing. Robert Kennedy sent him a telegram. We are on the road to justice. Fasting is Cesar's way of doing penance for the violence in the world, in the cities and on the land, on the part of growers and on the part of unions. The union is not worth the life of one grower or one union member. We have raised the hopes; we have responsibility for all these people. We must never even raise our voice in violence.

I gave up my job to work for five dollars a week for the union, to help my fellow man, and I have a leave of absence from DiGiorgio to come and help. I used to get \$1.90 an hour. We pick 93% of the grapes that are raised in the country and when we have finished in this area we will go to others; Texas and Los Angeles. Other agricultural workers, other unions are helping us: the New York longshoremen and the teamsters' rank and file, although not officially.

Dolores Huerta is a mother of seven children, and she was a teacher, and she worked in Los Angeles. She was active in voter registration and lobbying in Washington and Sacramento. Now she is a contract negotiator. She goes before the best lawyers in the country, and she won't stop talking. They have to listen to her.

There are thirty-three of us here, and we are staying at the Seafarers Union headquarters in Brooklyn. They have put us up in their hospice, they have given us meals in their cafeteria, they have given us use of two cars. They have been true brothers to us. We go out to fourteen meetings a day, and we are speaking in churches, schools, union halls, wherever we are invited. And every morning we have classes because there are some of us who can neither read nor write English, so we study too.

My companion who came with me tonight is Eliseus Medina. He is going to be in Chicago and Milwaukee with a group of eight to do as we are doing here in New York. We also have a group in Boston, but New York is the biggest consumer of table grapes in the country so we ask you all to write to Joseph Giumarra, c/o Giumarra Vineyards, Edison, California. Send him a postal card and tell him you will not buy his products until he signs a contract with the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. Also try to contact your grocery stores and

tell them about the boycott and tell them you want the farm workers to have social justice on the farms. Also write to the agent for New York, Don Victor, 476 Silvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. Tell him too that you will no longer buy California grapes.

Vietnam

(Continued from page 6)

MOBILIZATION AND FUTURE ATTACK. However, man gets caught in his own trap, and what he once dreamed up in a fatal hour often takes possession of him so that he is finally compelled to act it out. (*)

Now this develops the point made by Lorenz in *On Aggression*. Lorenz distinguishes the destructive hostility of men and of rats from the natural self-assertive aggression common to all species, and indicates that far from pointing to the "survival of the fittest" this drive toward intraspecific aggression may perhaps lead to the self-destruction of the human race. That is the thesis developed in detail by Dr. Meerloo. Ardrey's book, like so much other popular mythology on the subject, serves to contribute to these "hypercharged fantasies" by which modern man at once excuses and foments his inner hostilities until he is compelled to discharge them, as we are now doing, with immense cost for innocent and harmless people on the other side of the globe. (**)

It is because of these obsessions and fantasies that we continue to



draft our young men into the army when, in fact, a professional army of enlisted men would suffice, along with our fabulous nuclear arsenal, to meet any conceivable need for national defense. The Vietnam war has called the legality and justice of the draft law into question, and rightly. Our young men feel that they are simply being imposed upon and that their lives are being stupidly sacrificed, not to defend the country but to act out the manias of politicians and manufacturers who think they have a mission to police the world and run the affairs of smaller countries in the interests of American business. The draft law ought to be abolished. That would somewhat lessen the temptation to get involved in any more "overwhelming atrocities" like the one in Vietnam.

ED. NOTE: This article will be included in Father Merton's next book, "Faith and Violence," which will be published in July by the University of Notre Dame Press.

(*) I am grateful to my friend Dr. Joost A. M. Meerloo for permission to quote from his unpublished ms. of the English version of *Home Mifflins*.

(**) I have examined elsewhere the psychological connection between the Indian wars of extermination in the last century, and the Vietnam war. See: "Ischi: A Meditation," in the *Catholic Worker*, March-April 1967.

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

A liberal Mormon who teaches law at the University recently invited me to speak to some members of the local American Civil Liberties Union at the home of one of them. Since the report of the commission to investigate race riots in the cities had just been published, the question of the relevance of pacifist anarchism to this type of violence naturally came up. I was asked at this meeting what was the basis of my ideas. I answered that it is the Sermon on the Mount and that nothing less is worthwhile. But of course nearly all groups depend on everything else but the Sermon on the Mount.

We are accused of being utopians who live in a dream world, people who have high ideals and therefore expect the whole world to go our way. It is true that before World War I all radicals dreamed of the "revolution." Alexander Berkman and I, and others who were in Atlanta prison in 1917, expected a lot from the Russian Revolution. We soon learned that one tyrant had been exchanged for another. By now we ought to have learned to face the fact that most pacifists are not anarchists, and vice versa, and to realize that we constitute a very small group; if we were multiplied a thousand times we would still amount to very little numerically. We are not running the world and will not be running it any conceivable future.

Very few whites are pacifists, so why should we expect Negroes to follow this ideal? Last summer the right wing claimed that the riots were caused by Communists. The commission report denies this and concludes that they were spontaneous outbreaks by people who saw no other way of bettering themselves. More cops and more tear gas this summer will only aggravate matters.

Those of us who have had long experience in the radical and labor movements know that with few exceptions our leaders tend to move "up" into bourgeois society and become pie cards and at the most mouth a watered-down version of their once high ideals. How then can we expect the leaders of our black brothers not to succumb to this temptation to advance themselves economically and forget the rank and file? In a symposium on "revolution" in the February 28th issue of the *National Catholic Reporter* John Leo suggested that the blacks infiltrate the police force and seek to become leaders in the big corporations. This Uncle Tom attitude is not the material of which revolutions are made.

There was one man who dealt with violence during his lifetime in the most successful way. That man was Gandhi. His words and actions should be the basis of our thinking. He said that it was better to kill a tyrant than to knuckle under and obey him, but that it was much better to make him your friend. He also said that "more harm is done by the weakness of the good man than through the wickedness of the bad man." If we are uncompromising anarchists and pacifists we should sympathize with those who cannot see our point of view and who fight "Whitey" and his war system in a violent manner. In time many of these comrades will eventually realize that the leaders they have put in power have betrayed them and it will be time enough then to listen to our message. By our uncompromising action in refusing to register for the draft, work in war industry, pay taxes or accept help from the welfare state we will have raised the ante of what can be done.

With automation eliminating jobs for workers of all races, racial problems cannot be solved by building homes for the lower middle class and pushing the lowest classes into even worse slums. Our

economic system is a dog-eat-dog affair, and no amount of talk in Congress, appropriations of money, or increase in police will solve these problems.

What then should we radicals do? We can work, on an ad hoc basis, with men like Father James Groppi in Milwaukee. We can leave our bourgeois friends and environments and seek to understand those at the bottom, not by slumming but by living and enduring with them. One of the Mormon bishops told his University audience here that if Christ came to this city, they would not know it, for he would come to the other side of the tracks and they, to their shame, never go across the tracks. It was that greatest of Americans, Eugene V. Debs, who said: "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a criminal element I am of it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

There is not one man in public life today to whom we could give our confidence that he would act for peace if elected. Four years ago many people were fooled into voting for Johnson in order to keep Goldwater out. We can stand fast by refusing to vote this November, thus advertising the fact that by our actions we are really voting every day—for our pacifist and anarchist ideals.

For friends coming and going the address of the Joe Hill House is: 3462 S.W. (two blocks south of the Vitro smokestack). Mailing address: P.O. Box 653, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84101.

Food Co-op

Boston, Mass.

Dear Miss Day:

There are almost twelve hundred families at Columbia Point housing project here. My job is to give consumer aid. Just now I am working as chairman of the educational committee of the credit union.

I would like to set up a food-buying cooperative in an empty apartment in the project and stock it with a thousand dollars worth of food and another thousand dollars worth of furniture. Stock would be a dollar a share and membership a dollar a year. We would then invite small groups who are friendly to one another to package food for their own group. In order to keep overhead to a minimum this voluntary packaging service would have to be free. Hopefully, if there were a friendly, club-like atmosphere, people could use the center as their own warehouse and packaging plant. Young boys could deliver the packages for a few cents. In the morning we could sell eggs and milk to anyone, like a normal shop. I can buy food at 5% over wholesale and 1½% for delivery. If we go ahead to explain how furniture can be purchased at up to 50% less than the normal retail price, with credit-union loans to overcome high credit charges, we will be showing people how to help themselves.

The buying club would be the beginning of a Rochdale-type co-operative. By selecting the kinds and qualities of food we could tactfully tell our members how they can make their dollar go far and still obtain a healthful diet.

The pioneers would be a small membership group within the co-op. They would have to agree to give five hours a week for six months to set up the buying club and invite new members. Non-profit associations willing to lend money at little or no interest could have one representative each on the governing committee. But the members could buy them out later to make it a completely consumer-owned company.

Yours sincerely,
William Horvath

Farewell to Father Reinhold Friend and Teacher

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

The articles and speeches devoted to Father Hans Ansgar Reinhold on the occasion of his death, January 30th, all bring out the fact that he was not only a great liturgist and champion of social justice, but also an exceptionally true and warm friend. This was the intimate, human note that this profound scholar and bold pioneer lent to his contacts with his fellow-priests, lay apostles, ecumenists and students. For he gave them not only a fair share of his knowledge and experience, but also his love, thus establishing with them that true communication which is so often sought in our days, and so rarely found.

Father Reinhold was, as we all know, the initiator of all the main changes in the structure of the mass and other liturgical services, as well as one of the first leaders of the Vernacular Society, whose recommendations have now been fully implemented. But this is not all. His story as an intrepid priest, engaged in Catholic social action, started in the thirties, in Germany, where he was a seamen's chaplain before coming to the United States. He was also at that time already a resolute opponent of Hitler and the Nazis, at a time when many of his compatriots and some Americans still failed to recognize the handwriting on the wall.

It was for this reason that he left his native land and came to America, where he was to serve in the forties as a seamen's chaplain in Seattle. He had observed the longshoremen's strike in San Francisco. He was deeply concerned with the Apostolate of the Sea, and had come to the Catholic Worker on earlier visits to America to discuss these problems with Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. He was to be the friend of the CW during many years and up to his death; the older members of the Catholic Worker were particularly grieved to learn that he had passed away.

As a matter of fact, Father Reinhold never ceased, in the midst of his strenuous liturgical search and long and painful illness, to be concerned with the poor, the underprivileged and oppressed. This rare combination of a strict, sophisticated scholar and an extraordinarily sensitive humanist, did not represent two parallel, but essentially different spheres. It was made possible because the two spheres were inspired by a common love: the love of truth. For in Father Reinhold's mind, the liturgy, properly interpreted and understood, was the reflection of Divine Truth expressed in symbols. And the defense of man's dignity and rights is nothing else but this Truth put into action. The liturgy could be beautiful only if it was genuine and if it told the story of the Incarnation and of Salvation. "Beauty," wrote Dostoevsky, "will save the world." This sentence puzzles the reader who seeks in it a merely esthetic value. For Dostoevsky, the religious philosopher, just as for Father Reinhold, the "liturgical philosopher" as he has been called, the words meant infinitely more. It was the absolute beauty of the New Jerusalem which could be reflected here upon earth, but would be clearly seen at the end of times: the Parousia.

To grasp this other meaning it was necessary to understand the Eucharistic meal as it was instituted by Christ; it was necessary to remove the superfluous and the irrelevant, while preserving the sacred symbolism which really mattered. And in the social sphere as well, it was urgent to uncover the pharisee, the merciless and covetous bourgeois, who piled up the bricks for the ever rising wall of injustice.

To pursue this dual goal, and to do it unceasingly, was obviously a hard task for one man to

perform. Perhaps only a few people knew of the scope of this dedicated life. It passed most of the time unnoticed, because Father Reinhold was an extremely quiet and reserved man. This natural restraint grew even greater during the last years of his life, due to his fatal sickness, Parkinson's disease, which gradually spread over his frail body. His speech, which had been clear and charming, was reduced to a whisper. The friendly smile froze on his lips. He withdrew from our midst, and we could do nothing to bring him back. The last time I saw him was at his anniversary mass, marking the fortieth year of his priesthood, celebrated at the Church of the Holy Family in New York. He offered the Holy Sacrifice himself and gave us communion. All his friends were there, Catholics and non-Catholics, and there was a party for him afterwards. But he was exhausted and did not speak again.

However, this increasing disability did not prevent Father Reinhold from pursuing his work as a writer. He dictated his articles and books with great difficulty, or somehow managed to operate an electric typewriter. After the anniversary mass, he published two books: *Liturgy and Art* and his autobiography entitled *H.A.R.* This last book appeared almost on the day of his death. We hope to publish a review in a future issue of the CW. Meanwhile, I shall merely speak of my own reminiscences.

My first encounter with H.A.R., as he liked to call himself, took place at the home of my friend Arthur Lourie and his wife Elizabeth. Lourie was, like myself, a Russian Catholic and a friend of Jacques Maritain, who considered him the finest composer of modern religious music. H.A.R. had planned to commission Lourie to compose a mass according to an entirely new yet strictly liturgical pattern. Unfortunately this plan never materialized, due to the many difficulties that assailed both the priest and the composer. But at least I had the opportunity to discover a new friend.

At that first meeting, I was happy to learn that Father Reinhold was interested in the Byzantine rite and in icon-painting and Eastern religious architecture. He knew a great deal about Russia and had studied my native language, as well as Church Slavonic. This formed a lasting link between us. When he wrote to me, he enjoyed signing his letters "Ivan," and I called him Father Hans.

When I, along with Lourie and a few other friends, started the small ecumenical group called the Third Hour, Father Reinhold attended our meetings and contributed an article to our yearbook. This article, entitled "Hypapante Jesus and Mary," dealt specifically with one feast: The Purification of the Blessed Mary or Candlemas; rereading it today, in the light of H.A.R.'s entire teaching, I realize how clearly he stated the problem of reinterpreting liturgical forms.

As early as the fifties, Father Reinhold had, I believe, completed the blueprint of the liturgical reforms which were implemented by Vatican Two, including of course the introduction of the vernacular, only recently admitted. When he spoke to us about these changes and told us that they would inevitably come, it seemed to us quite incredible. He had the joy of living long enough to see this happen. He had worked and suffered much, for he had been misunderstood and harshly criticized until Bishop John Wright invited him to Pittsburgh, where he could continue his teaching and writing as

long as his failing health permitted.

I saw him often in the years 1960-65 when I taught at Seton Hill College, in the Pittsburgh area. He was very eager to hear about my two trips to Russia, for he had a great love of the Russian people and faith in their deep spirituality.

At that time, Dr. Leonard Swidler, of Duquesne University, founded a very dynamic ecumenical seminar, the first of its kind in America, and began publishing the *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, in which both Father Hans and I participated. He also lectured at the Seminar, as did the theologian Hans Kung. This was the golden age of this ecumenical group. It has been since transferred to Temple University, Philadelphia, and is extremely active. But we shall always miss Father Reinhold and his unique, infinitely inspiring work with us.

What was H.A.R.'s "liturgical philosophy"? It is hard to define, because it was extremely complex and at times paradoxical. To understand it, his books, all his books, should be attentively studied. He would take various elements of the liturgy apart, carefully examine them, discard all that he considered non-essential and non-liturgical, then put all the relevant parts together. He did not care whether the irrelevant parts were old and obsolete, or modernistic, or merely of bad taste. They had to go. His sole concern was whether the new liturgy expressed the Eucharistic sacrifice. He wrote: "The Church claims that the first meal eaten in the upper room in Jerusalem was as liturgical as it is today in the mass." Everything, old and new, prayers, hymns, music, art itself, must gravitate around the central theme, or else it has no value.

For the rest, Father Reinhold was ever open to change, and more change. He said that we live in an age in which all are "shaken up"; everything is changing, from the interpreters of the scriptures to the astronauts who step out of their capsule into space. He used this metaphor to show that we are entering a new dimension, and he was unafraid of it. All that he demanded was, as he put it, that "the liturgical man should be one of great veracity and insight." And such was our dear friend and teacher, to whom we say a sorrowful farewell.

Teilhard

(Continued from page 5)

of Prometheus, of Babel and of Faust; that of Christ on the mountain; a temptation as old as Earth itself; as old as the first reflective awakening of Life to the awareness of its powers. But it is a temptation which is only now entering its critical phase, now that Man has raised himself to the point of being able to measure both the immensity of the Time that lies before him and the almost limitless powers made available to him by his concerted efforts to seize hold of the material springs of the world.

Is the dilemma insoluble...? No; if we believe that man can move, that real progress is possible, then half the battle for human unification, and thus for human peace is won.

We are the ones to make the discovery of one humanity with one task. "I think," writes Teilhard, "that this event surpasses all others in grandeur and profundity." If this is true, then what we need above all is an "optimism, collective, realist, and courageous, which ought to be substituted for pessimism and individualism."

The epoch of this war has gone for good, like that of peace conceived as a repose. Peace is not the opposite of war. It is war carried down and beyond itself in the conquest of the trans-human. Al-

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

ested not, only in the liturgy but also in labor. Practically every one was a member of the local Teamsters' Union but the labor movement did not give them much scope for activity. They soon decided, with Father Reinhold's encouragement, to start a house of hospitality and when I arrived on a speaking trip I found half a dozen young men lined up on the station platform holding *Catholic Workers* like banners in front of them to identify themselves. Father's life at the Cathedral was an active one but he helped our group to say Compline each night and to have Friday evening discussions. He certainly broadened and deepened their outlook and the intellectual life of the group was enriched.

On occasion Father Reinhold visited friends in the East and filled speaking engagements throughout the country, and in New York he resumed contact with his friend Don Luigi Sturzo, that great Christian sociologist who stood so firmly against Mussolini that he was exiled to England, where he started the Peace and Freedom group. During the blitz, Don Sturzo managed to get to the United States, and the two friends, both exiles from their own land, met again. Somehow I never thought of them as exiles, both were of such international stature. This friendship reflected another of Father Reinhold's interests, in addition to liturgy and labor: politics.

Mysticism was another of his interests. I have one of his books, a compilation of spiritual writings called *The Soul Afire*, which, along with his monthly columns in the Benedictine monthly *Orate Fratres* (now called *Worship*), published by the Liturgical Press at Collegeville, Minnesota, are treasured parts of our library here at Tivoli.

Ammon Hennacy

And now for another decidedly different, and most American, personality. Up to the time when Ammon began visiting the Catholic Worker house of hospitality in Milwaukee, I doubt that he ever met any Catholics. Back in 1938 the Spanish civil war caused great dissension among Catholics, and some of those who visited and engaged in the discussions at the Friday night meetings in Milwaukee were veterans of that war. The first time I met Ammon I had been invited by the Bishop of Milwaukee to speak at a Catholic social-justice meeting held in the largest auditorium in the city. Nina Polcyn had a group coming to her house later and Ammon piled into the car with me, beginning his conversation, to the amazement of the other ladies with us, by asking me what jails I had been in. Before I had a chance to reply he launched into the story of his life. This became for us a familiar pattern. Ammon had been a reader of the *Catholic Worker* and as soon as the house was started he began to frequent its meetings, becoming a goad to the group there. He sold the paper in front of churches, getting rid of hundreds each month, and his person-to-person contacts led to much discussion and clarification of thought. With the coming of the Second World War, his refusal to register for the draft or to pay taxes led to his going west and beginning a "Life at Hard Labor," which was the name we gave to the series of articles he wrote for the *Catholic Worker*, which are included in his autobiography, *The Book of Ammon*.

A new edition of this book has

ways the same solution, so simple, so radically dependent on synthesis, for the problems that ravage us.

ED. NOTE: Jerome Perilinski studied at the Teilhard de Chardin Institute in Paris and is now at Webster College, St. Louis.

just appeared, paper bound, with a green and yellow cover, good paper and clear type, printed by a Salt Lake City printer under Ammon's direction, and including an additional chapter explaining why he no longer considers himself a Catholic. His real conversion, he writes, took place in Atlanta Federal Prison during World War One, when he read the Bible from cover to cover and found himself a believer, and compelled by the force of the Sermon on the Mount to love his enemies. In this case his enemy was the warden of the prison, who had ordered a crazy prisoner to be strung up by chains to the bars of his cell eight hours a day as an added punishment for felling a guard with a blow which resulted in his death.

He read the Bible through four times and the New Testament many times more and learned the Sermon on the Mount by heart. The Word of God had such a profound effect on him that the rector of a midwest seminary who read his writings in the *Catholic Worker* and knew that he was not then a Catholic, said, "He received so great a light that it blinded him," meaning, I suppose, that it blinded him to some aspects of the truth. It did, however transform him so that he has always transcended his surroundings, and has had the strength to endure a life of hard labor, for a score of years pretty much alone, doing all kinds of agricultural work in Arizona, subsisting on a diet which did not include meat or fish, walking great distances, picketing, fasting and praying.

I have on my shelf both Thoreau's *Journals*, borrowed from a young hermit here at Tivoli, and Ammon's book. For me, Ammon's is the greater book, dealing as it does with the greatest problem of modern times: was—international and class war, and what one man can do to take a stand against it and make the beginnings of another way of life. I cannot pick it up without becoming engrossed in it, and have just finished reading some paragraphs about Ammon's work in a date orchard and his conversations with his fellow workers. Thoreau was a naturalist, of course, but Ammon too is a keen observer of nature and of what has been done to increase the yield in this land flowing with milk and honey.

What I want to criticize, however, is his attitude towards Scripture. He quite obviously no longer reads the Bible, and his attitude to St. Paul—"that he spoiled the message of Christ" is childish in the extreme. "As for the Bible," he sums up, "there may be some word of God in it, but most of it is folk lore." I think that if he read such books as Father Bruce Vawter's *Path Through Genesis*, and Father John McKenzie's *Two-Edged Sword and The Power and the Glory*, he would be both enriched and enabled.

Anyway, I was glad to get a present of this new copy of his book, which he sells for \$3.00. (See "Joe Hill House" for mailing address.) Please, send him more for mailing, and to help run his House of Hospitality in Salt Lake City, because by last accounts he was earning only fifty cents an hour, cleaning brick.

"I am done with great things and big things, great institutions and big success, and I am for those tiny invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, creeping through the crannies of the world like so many rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, yet which, if you give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of man's pride."

WILLIAM JAMES