

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXVI No. 1

August, 1959

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

When one is overwhelmed with problems, when we have every variety of trouble during the month, when all variety of sins and sicknesses crop up and plague us—then it is impossible to write about them in this column. It would be offensive to air people's troubles in public, and would only complicate them.

And yet we believe that writing personally of our problems is of great help to all our readers who have in one form or another these same problems themselves. It helps to write about them, it clarifies the issues very often—so write about them I do—but for future publication, when the people involved are no longer involved, or the problems are settled, and besides, very often people do not recognize themselves when you do write about them.

We have to write about real problems. It is the quality in the Catholic Worker which "makes it dynamic" Peter Maurin used to say. It is not just a paper, it is a movement, it is a revolution.

Sundays

Right now, here on Staten Island, we have Sunday afternoon meetings sometimes with as many as fifty guests for supper which is served buffet style. We also often have a group of boys camping with Pat Maloney, who is a genius when it comes to taking care of boys. When the meeting started out in the grove last Sunday, the boys quietly packed up their tents and equipment and went to another part of the farm for the duration of the meeting.

We have a couple of teen age homeless boys brought us by one

(Continued on page 6)

Benedict Labre House, Montreal

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

This has been my first visit to Canada. Miss Day, Beth, and I went to the Charles de Foucauld retreat in Montreal. After the retreat I landed at Labre House in the middle of supper asking to stay about five days. Tony had been warned by phone only a few hours before. All I knew about the house was what Miss Day had said, "Tony will be glad to have you there." Was Benedict Labre a kind of mission, a home for the poor, a family? Words, words; for me there is only one way really to learn and that is to "come and see."

On Thursday afternoon five men came for dinner. About eight had been expected. There is a set number of men who come regularly. We set the table and poured the tea, but no dinner was cooking in the kitchen. This seemed strange to me but Tony explained that crews of women cook the meals at their homes and bring them in a taxi. Then the phone rang. The lady with that day's duty had some troubles and the meal would be late. She would send it in a taxi but couldn't come herself. So we waited, the men around their tea and Tony and I in the kitchen. No one was a bit worried except me.

What variety there has been in the life of Tony Walsh. He was born in France and was taken to

(Continued on page 2)

The Duty of Civil Disobedience

By HENRY DAVID THOREAU

(The following excerpts are from Thoreau's famous essay first published in 1849. It was for a long time the practice in public schools, especially in New England, to acquaint students with this essay but unfortunately the practice is dying out. It is a rallying cry for those who cherish individual freedom just as the Communist Manifesto of 1848 is for those who put their trust in the State. Thoreau has influenced those free spirits in every generation who have come across his life and writings; Mahatma Gandhi, Thomas Merton and Ammon Hennacy are three men well known to our readers whose lives have felt the impact of Thoreau's personality and mind. Those for whom integrity and sincerity are paramount virtues will find in Thoreau a kindred spirit.)

I heartily accept the motto, "That government is best which governs least"; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe — "That government is best which governs not at all"; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and

all governments are sometimes, inexpedient. The objections which have been brought against a standing army, and they are many and weighty, and deserve to prevail, may also at last be brought against a standing government. The government itself, which is only the mode which the people have chosen to execute their will, is equally liable to be abused and perverted before the people can act through it. Witness the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for, in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure.

This American government — what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent, we must all allow. Yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with

which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way. For government is an expedient by which men would fain succeed in letting one another alone; and, as has been said, when it is most expedient, the governed are most let alone by it . . .

After all the practical reason why, when the power is once in the hands of the people, a majority are permitted, and for a long period continue, to rule is not because they are most likely to be in the right, nor because this seems fairest to the minority, but because they are physically the strongest. But a government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as far as men understand it. Can there not be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience? — in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable? Must the citizen even for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not

(Continued on page 6)

I Don't Pay Taxes

By Ammon Hennacy

I openly refused to pay my income tax for twelve years during which time I worked as a migrant worker in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. There was no withholding tax and at the end of each year I turned in a statement of my earnings to the tax office saying in effect, "This is my name, here is where I live, this is what I made, try and get it." I did not have any possessions for the government to take. I have picketed the tax office since 1949 and have been arrested many times and threatened with the penalty due for wilful non-payment of taxes.

I am picketing the tax office in NYC for 14 days from August 6 to 20 as it is 14 years since we dropped the bomb at Hiroshima, August 6, 1945. As 83% of our income tax goes for war and the bomb I am openly saying that I refuse to pay any income taxes that I owe for more bombs and for war and I call upon all Christians to consider if they are following Christ when they prepare for war, for He told Peter to put up his sword for they that took the sword would perish by the sword. I am fasting for this time also as a penance for our sin in dropping the bomb without warning and for continuing our testing and war activities in a futile attempt to continue our exploitation of subject peoples in the world and our support of tyrants, not to mention our loan to France which enables her to continue the Algerian war.

"I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard." This statement by William Lloyd Garrison, the first Christian Anarchist of note in this country in his magazine, *The Liberator*, Jan. 1, 1831, foretold the doom of slavery which he opposed. The efforts of Gandhi, Tolstoy and of pacifists in this country who oppose war and will not equivocate likewise marks the doom of our exploitative capitalist system and the war which is needed to keep away a depression. On September 21, 1838, Garrison declared at the Peace Convention in Boston the anarchist position that as a Christian he could not support courts, prison or war. In 1843 he said that because the Constitution upheld slavery it was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." It is in this tradition that as an anarchist I refuse to pay income taxes for war. It is in the tradition of St. Peter who twice refused to obey Caesar and said to obey God rather than man that as a Catholic I refuse to cooperate with a war making government.

At the conclusion of my picketing on August 20 I will leave for Omaha, Nebraska, and will openly offer civil disobedience at the missile base by going over the fence to distribute literature to the workers in an effort to bring to their consciences the fact that they are not defending their country with missiles for there is no defense against atomic attack. Each country should disarm and cease exploiting other countries and we should all live together as brothers. We started this bombing business so we should be the first to stop it. Karl Meyer of the CW in Chicago is in prison in Springfield, Missouri, with Quakers and others for civil disobedience in Omaha. If my time will be 6 months like the others I will take it cheerfully.



—Fritz Eichenberg

Vol. XXVI No. 1

August, 1959

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder
Associate Editors:

AMMON HENNACY ELIZABETH ROGERS
ROBERT STEED STANLEY VISHNEWSKI
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH ARTHUR SHEEHAN
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
39 Spring St., New York City—12
Telephone Canal 6-9504

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

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



RETREAT

By DOROTHY DAY

Although we have had retreats at the Peter Maurin Farm, it is hard for those in charge of them to make them. So this year, Beth Rogers, Charles Butterworth and I set out on Friday, June 26, to make an eighth day retreat given by Father Brennan who teaches Scripture at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, New York and Fr. Jacques Leclerc, chaplain of Maisonneuve Hospital in Montreal. The retreat was given at St. Jean Marie Vianney Seminary at Ville des Prairies, north of Montreal in a barracks-like E-shaped building set almost on the banks of the river at the end of the long island in the St. Lawrence which is Montreal.

It was blisteringly hot weather and continued so for some days after our arrival but then the air freshened and we finished the week pleasantly. What a wonderful way to spend a vacation.

About 28 attended the first four days of the retreat, from Friday night until Tuesday night, and then until Saturday the Jesus Caritas fraternity continued it.

The retreat was sponsored by the Secular Fraternity of Charles de Jous (Charles de Foucauld) and there were very many participants from the United States, one woman coming all the way from Portland, Oregon, and a couple from Chicago, ten from New York City, four from Boston, one from Maine, one from Philadelphia. Ottawa and Montreal accounted for the rest.

The day started with the Angelus, Prime and meditation, reading at breakfast, a morning conference and Holy Mass, followed by lunch, adoration, rosary, conference and supper. There were two hours of discussion in three groups in the evening, and after compline, bed. The silence kept was absolute except for the limited amount of talking during the discussion, which was kept to such subjects as prayer, adoration, poverty, manual labor etc. as applied to our own lives in the world.

It was the longest retreat that I ever made. The retreats we had at Pittsburgh and at Maryfarm began on Sunday night and continued until Friday night and they were intensive indeed.

There were many points of similarity in the two retreats, one of them the nocturnal adoration on Thursday night, and the emphasis on silence and the work of the Holy Spirit in the retreat. There was the same teaching on prayer that Fr. Louis Farina always gave us, that hour in the desert which each of us ought to spend each day, worshipping the Father in spirit and in truth, with no time spent in reading, saying ones beads, making the stations and so on. It is an hour in the presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, adoring in naked faith. Some days there were two hours of adoration, in addition to the other exercises. Fr. Leseur of Saint Subice had flown over from Paris to give a

(Continued on page 7)

15 Arrested, 6 Jailed in Omaha

In the course of the non-violent demonstrations against the production and testing of guided missiles at the Mead Missile Base near Omaha, which we wrote about last month, the total of arrests has risen to fifteen and four of the participants are now serving six month sentences and have been fined \$500 each, which they probably won't pay, and this means another 30 days or so and two other participants are serving twenty-eight day sentences.

The four serving six month sentences for unlawfully entering the missile site are Karl Meyer, 22, of the Chicago Catholic Worker (a letter from Karl appears on page 3), Don Fortenberry, who lives in the pacifist community at Celso, N.C., Ed Lazar, 24, of New York City, Brad Lytle, and who is on the staff of the Chicago American Friends Service Committee; they are in the Federal prison at Springfield, Mo.

John White, 21, and Erica Enzer, of Chicago, are serving twenty-eight days in the Wahoo, Nebraska County jail for blocking the entrance of the base to a truck.

The other nine fall into two groups: some were given suspended sentences and put on a year's probation and others pleaded not guilty to test the law and are awaiting trial in the fall.

Marjorie Swann, Arthur Harvey and Wilmer Young returned to the missile site on July 29th of their probation and were not molested. After their trial they had gone to see Judge Robinson in his chambers and he told them that he had no choice but to enforce the law as long as it was on the books or resign. He seemed deeply disturbed by the situation.

After his annual fast and picketing of the Internal Revenue Office from the 6th to the 20th, Ammon Hennacy will go to Omaha where he will be joined by Arthur Harvey. He will climb over the fence at the base on Monday morning, August 24th.

A Penitence

I know how the charm of a song blunts the thorn of a wrong, yet can not equal this: the pardon of a kiss. So, although I sing this song for your forgiving whatever I have done that makes us one and one instead of one, a two, and any wrong I do under whatever sky, (we all are too much I); I wish, without a word, my heart instead were heard, that I might kiss you, brace you with my arms, our grace of unity restore for now and evermore.

—John Fandel.

Benedict Labre House

(Continued from page 1)

England when only a few months old. Like Ammon he has worked with the Indians in the western part of the United States and Canada. He did rehabilitation work in the service and has taught acting in several schools. And there is much more. About 1950 he came to Montreal and has been the center person in starting the Benedict Labre House.

It was about an hour and then the taxi came. There was a meat-potato casserole still hot, tomatoes, cucumbers, and two pies for dessert. The men talked freely and cheerfully at the table, they had come out of the dead silence stage. Each came to the kitchen with a personal thank you after the meal. On Saturdays about 32 men are served. Then a team of three women come and cook the meal right at Labre House.

Later in the afternoon a real crowd of men came for clothing. Three items were allowed to each. Pants always seem to be the scarce item. It's the same at Spring St. Lots of suit coats and no pants. There weren't enough shoes either. One particular gentleman made me climb the stairs three times trying to get shoes that fit, and I felt some inner rebellion. But when I get pants or shoes for myself I want them to fit. We should want for others at least as much as we expect for ourselves, that's what justice means. Charity should include justice and go still further.

Tony took care of the men downstairs and Lucille wrapped the clothing upstairs. Lucille is French Canadian and the wife of Dennis Hadley. Dennis is leading her into a life of active service of the poor which is different from her prior traditional Catholic life. But she is open to it. She bakes good cake and will soon try bread. If someone near Montreal will be generous and give Tony a farm, Dennis and Lucille might settle there so the Benedict Labre family could have a home on the land.

On Sunday, Norman, who is in Jesuit training, and I visited Mrs. Connors at Patricia House. She has a clothes room and serves meals for women in her tiny kitchen. Sandwiches are given to men at the door. Her time is not her own. Once she put a big sign on the door that she was out, no sandwiches. She thought she could take a bath in peace, but the men pounded on the door anyway. Finally she answered and pointed to the sign. "We just thought we'd take a chance," they said, and stood there till they got the sandwiches.

When it was known that Miss Day and Beth were going to visit the House, Sunday afternoon, about 40 people arrived. No talk was planned but so many people were hoping for it that Tony just got up and asked Miss Day to speak. Short notice but it went beautifully. She wandered over many topics including the war between parents and children and between priests and laity. Tony told me afterwards that he knew every person there and she had giving something special to each one of them.

Having visited the House I shall read their newspaper now with much more interest and understanding. It is called Unity and is published from Labre House, 308 Young St., Montreal.

Tony has been having a check up at a hospital. We pray he will soon be able to return fully to his place at the House. Our Lord needs Tony and many more people dedicated like him so the rich can become poor and the poor holy.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"I'm hanging on since I saw you last year," said Jimmy to me at 43rd and Lexington as I was selling CW's around a Friday noon. He had asked me a year ago to pray for him daily at Mass because I had "such a kind face." That was the same day as a super-market manager accused me of stealing from his market because "I looked like a thief."

We did have a letter from a young man who cancelled his subscription and called us Communists and wanted to perform his Christian duty by running us through with a sword. I told him that certain Cardinals and Bishops and priests had praised us; that we had spoken again and again in Catholic colleges and schools and churches giving our full pacifist and anarchist

in the absolutist direction and shun compromisers. It was Malatesta, the Italian anarchist, who said that it did not matter if we achieved anarchism today, tomorrow, or ever, but it did matter if each day we lived our lives in an anarchist manner true to the ideal.

Meetings

A pacifist teacher at Columbia brought a score of students who were Protestant leaders from the South to the office to have me explain our radical ideas. Some of them were pacifists and asked me to come to their campuses when I plan to speak in the South next year after whatever jail term I may get in Omaha, Aug. 24 when I offer civil disobedience at the missile base there. They did not seem to have much hope in capitalism, but they did have a fear of Communism. Guns don't kill ideas I told them, and I quoted an old poem that said "Naught can kill a thought but another thought." I will speak in Louisiana also.

A young couple in Baltimore whose reading of the CW caused the husband to quit a good job with Dupont's wanted me to spread the CW challenge to capitalism to intellectual friends of theirs. I did so on July 24th, my 66th birthday, and was surprised to be presented with a cake in the shape of a lamb of peace. Again and again I find it necessary to say that we do not advocate or expect the disappearance of the police, the army, or the government. We do not find them necessary in our lives but we know that few people will agree with us, whether because they want pensions, subsidies or social security forever, or because they fear Russia and believe that bombs and missiles will defend rather than destroy us. We believe that the only revolution is that one-man-revolution within the heart of each of us, "the only revolution that is ever coming," as Robert Frost, the poet has told us. We believe that we will have a better world when we have better people and that this will not come by shooting or voting but by the change of each individual. George Fox, the Quaker, said that if a man does evil to you and you do evil to him there are two people doing evil; if you return good for evil then there is only one man doing evil and it isn't you. The person you have the most power over is yourself.

From Baltimore I went to Washington to visit my friends from Tucson, Dick and Byrd Switzer. Dick is secretary to the Mormon Congressman from Tucson, Stewart Udall, whom I know in Arizona. The Switzers are friends of the Hopi, and are a breath of fresh air in this muggy East. I attended Mass again at the octagonal Church in McLean, Va. with Bob Hoyt of the Knight newspapers who has written of my picketing all these years. I talked on the phone with Arnold Zander, the head of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees whom I knew in Milwaukee 20 years ago. He is the one union leader I know who is a Christian Scientist. I spent a hour with Congressman William Meyer of Vermont, the father of Karl Meyer, who runs our Chicago house and has been in jail with us on the air raid drill three times and presently is doing 6 months in Springfield, Mo., prison for civil disobedience at Omaha. Congressman Meyer is a liberal who has pacifist leanings and appreciates the individualism of many Vermonters which is a basis for much of my anarchist thought. He appreciates the fight which Karl is making against war, but prefers more legal methods for himself. I also met Karl's mother. (Father Berrigan from upstate New York, is Karl's spiritual adviser, and when he visited us last week he was glad to hear of Karl's companionship with us.)

ST. TIMOTHY'S ST. PAUL



ist ideas. I asked the young patriot to consider that he as well as St. Peter was disarmed when Christ told Peter to put up his sword for they that took the sword would perish by the sword, and to come unarmed and get acquainted with us.

A young seminarian from the University Seminary in Ottawa, Canada spent a week with us recently. He had heard me speak there two years ago and felt that he wanted to be able to understand our pacifist and anarchist ideas fully by the time he became a priest next year. He asked questions and listened as I spoke to students who came asking advice about being conscientious objectors, especially those who did not belong to the historic peace churches. Much depends upon how strict the draft board is in enforcing the letter of the law and how much they would consider the spirit of the conscientious objector. While other peace organizations have room for all grades of conscientious objectors from those who load the gun but will not shoot it to those who refuse to register for the draft, the CW favors absolute non-cooperation with the draft. Anything less is a compromise. This does not mean that those who compromise are wrong, but that there is a norm which we hold. J. F. Powers, the writer, and George Collins, are the only ones who are Catholic who have taken this stand that I know of. (I refused to register in both wars before I became a Catholic.)

A young Jew who is a non-Church Christian came in and said that his study of the Bible brought him first to us because we were anarchists. I explained our view that dependence upon laws, courts, prisons and war was contrary to the belief and practice of the early Christians, but unless he was sure that he believed this he should not take the whole step openly. He had plenty of time. If he wanted to grow he should keep close to those who were going

+ + FROM THE MAIL BAG + +

Karl Meyer Writes From Prison

Karl Meyer, Number 6043-PC,
Box PMB, Springfield, Mo.
July 29, 1959

Dear Dorothy and Friends:

Here is an essay:

Taking us to Spring Federal Prison
Marshall Raab taught us this maxim:
If you can't do time
don't commit crime.
Some pacifists say,
"If we do time
we won't have time
to start a revolution."
Catholic Workers say,
"If you can't do time
don't start a revolution."
In "The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc"
Charles Peguy
says that
we must return to God together.
We cannot abandon our brothers
and then return to God alone.
We must live together
or we will die together.
In our time
to live will be a revolution.

My Missal has been sent in to me. Morning after morning, I am refreshed with some new feast of our companions in other countries who suffered imprisonment and death: "Let the sighing of the prisoners come in before thee, O Lord." The Epistle of the Common of Many Martyrs is so exultant as almost to laugh at the persecutors. And in the Gospel Jesus speaks, "they will lay their hands on you and persecute you, delivering you up to synagogues and into prisons, dragging you before kings and governors for My name's sake . . . I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to resist and gainsay . . . In your patience you shall possess your souls."

Morning after morning, the cause in which we have acted goes to school to these saints as well as to the imprisoned churches of our day, where they have suffered in the spirit of love.

You and Ammon are now on my approved list and can write to me anytime. Other people can communicate with me briefly by the good offices of my sister, Kristin Meyer, Camp Treetops, Lake Placid, N.Y. I thank Charlie and Claire Bishop for their letters which Kris told me about. I was delighted to hear about Ammon's plans. Tell him to write and let me know what he is up to. Several copies of the CW come to the Chapel here and appear on the literature table. The Chaplain is a good Benedictine.

In Christ, Karl

Narcotics Anonymous

Miss Dorothy Day
Editor
Catholic Worker
39 Spring Street
N.Y.C., N.Y.

Dear Miss Day:

Narcotics Anonymous is a program for the Drug Addicts much the same as Alcoholics Anonymous is for the Alcoholics. I wish I had the words to describe how desperate N.A. is needed here in New York City. We have been meeting for some time in a room offered to us by the McBurney Branch, Y.M.C.A. at 215 W. 23rd Street but it is not enough merely to meet formally twice a week. Addicts need a place to come any time of day and to have a telephone number where to call. With out some sort of a refuge in a time of personal emergency, even the best will in the world to kick the habit is hopelessly lost.

In answer to this sad reality we have dared to rent one room for our Head-Quarter on 219 7th Ave. Room 22, between 22nd and 23rd St. Just to establish a place where our fellow addicts can seek our help, it is not much but it is something.

We are appealing to your readers knowing they are already burdened with a hundred and one other charities, with the hope they will still find heart to help us over our present hurdle.

We have enough to carry us for a month rent, the insecurity about what happens after that, weighs heavily upon us, something which we share in common with the C.W. We are ever grateful for any consideration however small, and we shall remember you and your readers prayerfully as we try to reconstruct our lives.

With sincere thanks,
Rae Lopez
Chairman

Maritain on Satyagraha

I think that (Gandhi's) means of spiritual warfare would be especially appropriate in three kinds of struggle: first, in the struggle of a nation dominated by another to gain its own freedom (that was the case with Gandhi himself); second, in the struggle of the people to maintain or gain control over the State . . . ; third in the struggle of Christians to transform civilization by making it actually Christian, actually inspired by the Gospel.

—Jacques Maritain, in
Man and the State, p. 76.

London Peace Walk

July 1, 1959

Dear Friends:

Will you please send me the Catholic Worker? I have no idea how to send money from here, so will ask someone in New York to give you something for the subscription.

The Catholic Worker is very well known over here. On Sunday (June 29) I participated in a "March for Life" from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square. It was a very enthusiastic demonstration in which an estimated 30,000 people took part. Whenever I told anyone I was from New York, their first question was "Do you know the people at the Catholic Worker?" When I said I did, they were full of questions about all of you and what you were doing. Since I have been in Rome for the past three months, I was hardly a good source of information, however, I gave them general descriptions of St. Joseph's Hospice and Peter Maurin Farm and said that I imagined many of you would have gone to jail again by this time—which I found to be true when I managed to borrow a copy of the June issue later.

I don't believe that New York has had a Peace Walk that included as many people, nor one that was so widely representative. There were a large number of trade union branches, district committees and shop stewards committees and the marchers' banners indicated that not only all parts of England, Scotland and Wales, but also various parts of the Commonwealth were participating.

I was walking directly behind two priests carrying a large banner supported on two poles. They came in for a heavy share of abuse from those people along the way who disagreed with our aims. We walked down the street and traffic had been stopped or redirected for us and one woman unable to disembark at a bus stop because of this turned her wrath on one of the priests terming him "the devil's disciple." A bit later they were greeted with a cry from a group of bystanders, "You ought to be ashamed of your collars."

I hope by the time you receive this, you will have come to some solution of your housing difficulties.

Sincerely,
Betsey Hines
49 Edith Grove
London SW 10 England

Form Catholic Disarm Group In Britain

LONDON—A Catholic Nuclear Disarmament Group has been organized in Britain.

The organization, which does not have the approval of the Hierarchy, has declared itself "under unserved submission to the authority of the Church." Organizer of the group is Mr. E. Linden of London.

Two of Britain's national Catholic newspapers have reported growing anxiety about the morality of any sort of nuclear armament.

The Catholic Herald, in a front-page interview with Father Henry St. John, O.P., suggested that all Catholics serving in Britain's armed forces may have to become conscientious objectors if any major war breaks out.

The Catholic Times said nuclear weapons "have nothing whatever to do with defense. They are concerned not with defense but with mass retaliation or revenge. They do not preserve, but simply destroy."

Like the national nuclear disarmament movement, the Catholic group has called on the British government to work for worldwide nuclear disarmament. It, too, wants the government to renounce the use of nuclear weapons in war, to stop their manufacture and testing and to destroy existing stock piles.

FAMILY FARMER

Dear Dorothy and Friends:

I am sorry to read of your troubles with the government in your last issue of the Catholic Worker but we want you to know you have our sympathies as well as our prayers in your struggle to bring our leaders to their senses, but I'm afraid it isn't for this life.

I want to contribute my mite to you folks to help you feed those less fortunate than ourselves.

I sure admire you people for the things you do and the way you live in order to be able to spread your many kindnesses over so many more victims of our capitalistic society.

We are small family farmers and are having a hard time as we are being squeezed out by large corporate specialized farming. The type of farming that made this country great; the type where you raise a little of everything, and have cows, pigs, and chickens, is going out the window. We have

managed to keep our heads above water by my taking a job school bus driving and my wife clerks in a grocery store in town. The right place for her though is with the children as we still have five at home of school age and they miss their mother when they are home and she is gone. We also have a married daughter with two grandchildren, a boy and baby girl.

I enjoy reading your paper very much so keep it coming. Your type of teaching Christ's love for his fellow man is so much more impressive than the other Catholic papers we get. Please send the CW to a friend.

In Christ,
Durward Wernette,
Remus, Mich.

Celo Community

Dear Friends:

When Bob Stowell and family visited Celo Community, he suggested some news of Celo would be of interest to Worker readers.

In the South Toe Valley, about two miles south of Celo on Rt. 80, some 65 persons in 16 families make up Celo Community. Nearly all the adults in this settlement, covering 1200 acres, have come from outside Yancey County.

The families represent a variety of educational, occupational and religious backgrounds. The purpose which brought them here is much the same as that of many people elsewhere: a healthful, satisfying and useful life for themselves and their children. They consider a small rural community a better bet than a city for realizing such a life. They felt that their children would be missing a valuable part of their education if they grew up without ever tending a garden, milking a cow or seeing a tree felled; without helping a neighbor or being helped by one. They believed this location in the wooded mountains of Western North Carolina was promising because of its natural beauty, mild climate and hospitable neighborliness.

In addition to deliberately choosing to become a very small rural settlement, another feature of Celo Community is its landholding arrangement. Legal title for the 1200 acres remains with the community, which is organized as a corporation. But the individual families own their own homes and hold most of the rights of ownership, with certain zoning restrictions and a provision that a member who leaves must sell back to the community. The purpose of this landholding system, members explain, is to keep the community land area intact for future development and to safeguard the community against disfigurement of the landscape, health hazards or other undesirable uses of the land.

Three of the community members teach in public schools. One is a librarian for three counties. Another is the doctor at Celo Health Center. Two others operate a small pharmaceutical company. Each summer one family turns its farm home into a camp for city children, assisted by a staff drawn from within and without the community. Another family plans a junior high school with children sharing work responsibility. Some members earn full or part-time incomes from handicrafts, one woman doing lovely "wood pretties" jewelry, another having a pottery, and a man operating a wood-working shop.

One family has a dairy. Nearly all have gardens, most of which contribute a substantial share of the families' food. Some have poultry, dairy and other animals on their homesteads.

Procedure for membership includes a trial membership period of six months.

Sincerely,
Martlyn Neuhauser
Rt. 5, Burnsville, N.C.



FROM "The Southern Heritage"

By JAMES DABBS

What is the industrial ideal? It has never been stated. Sheer production? Industrialism is one of those really dangerous ISMS whose danger lies chiefly in the fact that it so fascinates us—indeed, charms us—with the means of production that we fail to inquire as to the ends. We produce machines so cunning that, staring at them, we are hypnotized and begin to imitate their actions.

One doesn't do wrong for centuries and not pay for it. We have paid, and the Negroes, though relatively innocent, have paid, too, since the evil coil began. . . . There are plenty of charges, some already collected, some still to be paid, without our assuming that the Negroes, if given an equal status with ourselves, would add arbitrarily to them. If that's all we're keeping segregation for, we might as well let it go.

It has been with us a pleas-

ant task . . . to hide from ourselves the fact that we were denying to the Negro the basic, general obligations of justice, while proffering him the personal gift of love. It is insulting to offer gifts while refusing obligations. Love can never be offered in place of justice; it may be offered in addition to justice.

If Southerners could rise to the level of loving passionately, not only their hills and valleys, as they do, but also the rich and varied configuration of people, black and white, who dwell therein, with the untold possibilities for achievement which lie in such association, we should not only solve our greatest problem, one of the two major problems of the world today, but our age would become a challenge to generations as yet unborn. . . . We have never been afraid of a fight; we hardly admit yet that we lost the Civil War. Let us accept now such a challenge as will astonish the world.

TRUMBULL PARK, by Frank London Brown, Regnery, 432 pp. Reviewed by Edward Morin.

Louis "Buggy" Martin is a wavering hero who tells a story awkwardly in the first person about the abuse a few Negro families suffered in a now infamous Chicago housing project. The actual circumstances of a "solid" white neighborhood snubbing the new families, breaking windows, gathering in huge mobs to protest and threaten, and keeping up a barrage of large firecracker "bombs" month after month are well-known facts which the author experienced as a resident in Trumbull Park.

The Martins are one of seven families who must depend on police escort to go to work, shopping, or to church. Police action against the mob's violence is a mixture of helplessness and indifference. After all, the police insist, they cannot jail all the good white "citizens" disturbing the peace; there are too many of them and they have rights too.

Negroes are required to sign tally sheets whenever they leave their homes, and they must ride police cars in and out of the neighborhood. The resentment and slow justice of white policemen (Negro police are kept away from the trouble area) make it evident that the "citizens" are being protected from the Negroes, not vice versa. This regimentation, along with mob hostility, goes on for months, prolonging a conflict which is to be settled solely in terms of the Negroes' endurance of continued gross indignities.

The Negroes' morale is low and they are unprepared to organize for action, but they realize they must if they are to survive. Some of the people are a convenient range of commonly accepted Negro attitudes: Terry the "Uncle Tom" is afraid to say or do anything, Kevin is cowardly or simply long suffering—an "Uncle Tom"—but he talks bravely; Carl the war veteran would fight his cause to the death except that he justifiably fears he may go to jail for killing someone and so leave his own family destitute; Arthur Davis, the most courageous and therefore the most admired man within his group, has a way of going to pieces under stress, and he scandalizes outsiders with his drunkenness.

Bricks rumble across living room floors and pregnant women are made targets for bombs as the group tries insistently to gain its right to live among whites and walk the streets unchallenged. First, four of the men leave a meet-

ing, two of them armed with concealed weapons, and they wait for a gang they meet to start trouble. Nothing happens except the arrest of the Negroes and acquittal over a legal technicality; they have lost the first round by being made fools of. Next they refuse to sign in and out of their homes—to the chagrin of police and with much inconvenience to themselves. Finally, the two bravest are forced to move away with their families; frightened Buggy Martin and Harry, a new colored tenant, choose to walk instead of ride the patrol wagon from the bus stop to their homes. They win a psychological victory over themselves and the opposition.

An extremely static situation—whether in real life or in a long novel. What dilutes climax in the major plot elements—exciting enough in themselves—are the excessive dialogues at group meetings which talk the suspense out of coming action. Lacking development and tight construction these often repetitious displays of attitude comprise over half the book. The unrelieved tension of more or less unproductive argument against a background of bomb explosions is amazingly powerful at times, but it gives an uncomfortable numb sameness to all the action. Here is misery made explicit without the mechanics of good fiction. Overlaying the heavy argument with live talk or small talk, or making its relationship to the author's view ambiguous does not cure an essential failure in technique.

At times Mr. Brown seems too emotionally involved with his subject to keep a consistent relationship of communication with his audience. Buggy, whom the author tries to make a kind of litmus paper for a dozen other characters, is such a transparent compound of conflicting attitudes that all the characters and all the attitudes are equivocally part of the author—attitudes he might very well want ascribed to a whole people. A consistent weakness in character portrayal is felt: along with the quasi-epical intention, common in much Negro fiction, to clothe the experience of a people in the armor of a social cause.

Needless to say, harping on a social problem has become a very difficult form of entertainment. And the conscientious way readers and critics have picked at Mr. Brown's faults as a craftsman gives added reason why the novel may be popular only with those who for one reason or another are specialists. The author's strong emotions, which reinforce con-

ceptions and some bias as well, also make his book one of the strongest comments on racial discrimination to appear in a long time. It is fresh and alive for the insights it brings into modern racial conflict.

* * *

First, Mr. Brown "goes for" a definition of prejudice which adds very little to the ones in sociology books, but his arrests certain aspects which are known best through existential situations:

"I mean, suppose someone had been feeding you a lot of stuff for as long as you could remember, about how much better you were than—say the Chinese. Do you think you could get that stuff out of your mind just by being friendly with one of them? . . . You couldn't help yourselves, gentlemen. And it's the same way with these white folks. Even when they mean well, that old poison pops up in their minds. And when it does, there you are—sitting high and dry with a thirty-day notice in your hands! Goodness, gentlemen, don't you know that?"

If one dares read symbolism into a novel so obviously simple



on the surface as this one is, then the skeleton in Buggy's closet—his misbehaving father who dies of cancer—seems to be a "thrown in" character, a kind of type ancestry Negroes must live down and whites must overlook if the truths of individual character are to mean anything. Punishments and crimes bear little intelligible relationship in this life, least of all in terms of the "crime" one's race has become in the popular mind.

Secondly, technique is an important word in modern racial tensions. Psychological warfare has pretty much replaced the old time riot. The bombs in particular represent all the thoroughly up-to-date means of upsetting mental equilibrium:

"Selective perception, Buggy, is that tendency . . . to pay attention to one particular thing even though there may be many other things competing for his attention . . ."

"We are being trained by those bombs to attach a significance then—to select the noise of the explosion as a noise especially directed at us. It's almost as if the rest of the neighborhood—the whites in the neighborhood—are being taught that the bombs are friendly noises, and we are being taught that they are enemy noises. Don't you get it, Buggy?" "Selective perception" has always been a part of racial conflicts, but its cold war techniques are being refined.

Mr. Brown's way of solving tensions signals a wider change of

view. He is more painstaking and rational than, say, Richard Wright's observation about the ethics of Jim Crow practiced in the South: "Ef it wuzn't fer them policies 'n' them ol' lynch mobs, there wouldn't be nothin' but up-roar down here!" This primitive spirit comes out often in the people of Trumbull Park, but the resolution of the whole novel is quite different: "I felt no hatred for them—nor pity. Just anger—the kind that one feels when you see somebody blocking the way between you and home. Anger but no hate." (pp. 430-1) The novel stands firmly on the non-violent, anarchistic resistance Martin Luther King has used when the whole social environment, including law enforcement, has been against him.

The last striking thing about the novel is its distrust of the bourgeois spirit in its various manifestations among white and colored. The principal values of the bourgeois spirit are comfort, property, and protection of rights (even non-existent ones). Certainly, the whites wanted the ultimate guarantee of security for themselves and their property and, therefore, they are willing to bring extreme misery to an innocent minority. The old argument that "a few change the whole neighborhood" is just another indication of how whimsically devoted to comfort those "white pilgrims" are who pay heavily for their segregation by flying to the suburbs.

The symbol of the bourgeois spirit is its guardian, the police force, and Mr. Brown characterizes it well. The police are legitimately the arm of justice, but they consistently line up for property and respectability—for the "citizens" right to persecute less powerful second-class citizens. The author has actually tried to make the police force a main character in his novel, and he succeeds near the end in Buggy's brother, Officer Ricky Martin, whose eye for right has been jaundiced by his acceptance into the "citizens" class of money and power. Mr. Brown has little use for those Black Bourgeoisie who, once they arrive, become indifferent to the plight of lower-class Negroes. Unless the Negroes in the upper social strata work for the acceptance of others in the group, and unless the white middle class liberalizes, the savagery hate breeds in the ignorant will worsen: the picture is self-evident to any observer and Trumbull Park illustrates this conclusion without ever verbalizing it.

The neighborhood which gave the materials for this story was predominantly Catholic. On a radio interview the author said he did not exaggerate the incidents—they were bizarre enough in reality. Some of them not in the novel included a parish priest hanging up when a Negro phoned asking that the neighborhood people be reasoned with from the pulpit; a Negro brought his wife to church one Sunday, but he had to carry a gun. A fastidious reader would have called these things bad taste if they had been brought into the book. Or is it simply that they leave a bad taste. Either way, the brand of heroism in Trumbull Park will provoke those who dislike melodrama, sentimentality, and class consciousness. The best example is an analogy between Arthur Davis and Christ Who suffered:

"They were dead, Buggy, dead. Those people died for us, just as surely as they say Christ did."

"I hope we get better results."

"Buggy!"

"I mean it, Helen. I hope if they died we have more to show by their death than we have for Christ's . . . These aren't our battles alone! Hell, other folks profit from our struggle—not just us! I just said I hope we get better results from Arthur and Mona's

death than we got from Christ's. Look what we got now—Trumbull Park."

PILOT PROJECT, INDIA, by Albert Mayer & Associates, University of California Press, 1958 & A PICTURE OF SARVODAYA SOCIAL ORDER, by Jayaprakash Narayan, Sarvodaya Prachuralaya, Tanjore, India, 1957. Reviewed by Judith Gregory.

PILOT PROJECT, INDIA, is a collection of documents, with comments. Most of the documents and comments are by Albert Mayer, a New York architect and city planner who worked for the Government of India after the war. These documents are dated from 1946 to 1956 and they relate to the pilot project in rural (village) development that Mayer helped plan and direct. This was an experimental project designed to try out ideas, methods and tools and to be duplicated as soon as possible in other parts of India.

Mr. Mayer appears as a most intelligent and sensitive man, with a strong desire to serve village India, and great respect for tradition and religious practice, and also for the Gandhian constructive workers and others who had struggled with these same problems before him. In fact Gandhi met him, knew of his plan, and gave it his "benevolent encouragement." Mayer also had no desire whatsoever to flood India's villages with American gadgets, or even many improved tools. He speaks of "how little one can happily get along with" as a technician in India. The following is his summary of the purpose of the pilot project:

"To see what degree of productive and social improvement, as well as of initiative, self-confidence, and cooperation, can be achieved in the villages of a district not the beneficiary of any set of special circumstances and resources, such as hydro-electric development. The problem is also to ascertain how quickly those results may be attainable, consistent with their remaining permanently part of the people's mental, spiritual, and technical equipment and outlook after the special pressure is lifted. In the context of India's urgent need, we must not take too long. But we cannot afford to be superficial, nor, if results are to be permanent and self-renewing, must we use high-pressure methods."

The documents tell of the organization of the project, and efforts to keep it democratic so that all involved, from planners and top level administrators to the Village Level Workers, would have an understanding of the work and a chance to help give direction to it. This in itself was a tremendous undertaking, for free India has inherited its administrative system from the British and it is far from democratic. Then there are chapters on how the work was done in the villages, with many examples, and also discussion of theory. A tremendous emphasis was placed on "village participation." This meant constantly getting the reactions of the people, working on adult literacy and many related social and cultural activities, and developing local leadership, especially through the cooperatives and the village panchayat or council (a somewhat artificial revival by the central government of an ancient institution).

Then the results are discussed, and also problems of the future—research and expansion. The latter is proving to be filled with danger to the quality of the work, for the political pressure is so great and the trained men so scarce that the newer projects tend to be spread too thin, and slipshod, done for quick effect. This is just what the pilot project tried most to avoid. The result of it is that there is no

REVIEWS

+ + + + +

"village participation" and the work is quickly undone.

It is hard to believe that a more thorough and imaginative program could have been conceived and put into practice in so short a time and under such pressure to show material results. Given a sympathetic government, it is possible to do such work, as it would not have been in India before 1947. It is good to know that governments can work quickly, imaginatively and democratically, though already, apparently, much of what was imaginative and democratic has been diluted out of the national program, and mostly just what is quick is left. It is not a matter of money. In fact, Mayer says that the later projects have been on an average more expensive. Such deterioration is common in undertakings that require enthusiasm, devotion and imagination.

Jayaprakash Narayan, the author of *SARVODAYA SOCIAL ORDER*, is a former leader in the Socialist Party who left politics to join Vinoba Bhave in the Bhoodan (land gift) movement. The book is made up of some of his articles and speeches, and a long letter to a friend explaining his withdrawal from politics. The articles are descriptive of the Sarvodaya (the good of all) society and of Gandhian aims and techniques. I assume that Catholic Worker readers are familiar with these in a general way. The letter is a compressed autobiography of the author's political life, from youthful revolutionary ambition and enthusiasm for Gandhi's early movement, through Communism learned as a student in the U.S., through democratic socialism in and out of the Congress Party to, finally, Bhoodan and Sarvodaya. It is a most interesting document.

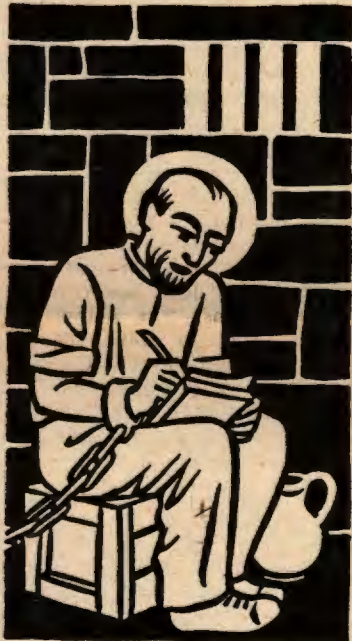
These two books are comparable because they both express a deep belief in the importance of the villages. However, their differences are striking. The first concerns the place of government; the second concerns the goal—the desired society.

The pilot project was, of course, a government undertaking. One quotation will indicate Mr. Mayer's attitude toward working with government: "Independence from routine administration has value. It can allow a freedom for experimentation which the country needs, and which governmental programs themselves need. But in a country where government is pervasive, and where as yet for many items of credit and supply there are few sure channels but those of government, effective rural development work seemed to demand close mutual operational acquaintance and friendliness with government." He emphasizes the constant tendency for the old rigid administrative methods to creep back into the pilot project and into later projects, and its crippling effect, but in spite of this he apparently believes that only the government can do the job. He believed in much that the Gandhian workers did, but found that "there was the absence of targeting, time-scheduling, back-checking, or measuring by the constructive workers . . . I felt that emphasis on spiritual quality and method, and emphasis on results could be combined." He admits that since then the "bhoodan movement has indeed adopted rigorous targets and timetables for land gifts."

Jayaprakash Narayan speaks quite differently: "We often feel the necessity of taking the help of legislation to build our ideal villages and for this we often agitate and our minds are also diverted towards that direction. Our friends have formed the Government but we are unable to get any support. It is, therefore, natural to be disappointed. This angle of vision should be changed. We can get support from the Government, but to wait for such support will be something like placing the cart before the horse, and by this we become

weak. Before our voice reaches the Government it should reach the people." "Decentralization cannot be effected by handing down power from above to people who have been politically emasculated and whose capacity for self-rule has been thwarted, if not destroyed, by the party system and concentration of power at the top. Today village panchayats are being established according to laws . . . These are not true panchayats, not what Gandhiji understood by gram raj (village rule). In Gandhiji's pregnant words the panchayat 'can function only under a law of its own making.' This capacity to self-regulate the life of the community must be created and not bestowed from above in the name of decentralization. The process must be started from the bottom."

As far as the goal is concerned, it is impossible to say much in so short a space. Briefly, Mr. Mayer admits that "The biggest and most mysterious question is: Where are we going anyway?" The pilot project simply tried to combine the old and the new in a sensitive but rather utilitarian spirit. The coming of the Sarvodaya society, on the other hand, requires a radical change. It is the non-violent society, and must come through change of heart. Gandhian tech-



SAINT PAUL

niques will be used to bring it into being.

There are differences with respect to industry and land reform. Mr. Narayan says, "This is a non-violent revolution with main emphasis on cottage industries, to be brought about through Bhoodan." Bhoodan implies a complete change to communal ownership of land. The pilot project was not much concerned with problems of land ownership, but Narayan believes that "In the absence of land reforms even the little devolution of power from above to the Gram Panchayats has been nullified on account of the operation of the vested interests." The difference with respect to industry is not so great, and one might only say that for the pilot project the emphasis was not so exclusively on cottage industry. Both believe strongly in decentralization.

Finally, there is the matter of emphasis on material progress. The problem is brought out at once by a quotation from Mr. Mayer: "I found no reason to question the constructive workers' belief that there are certain permanently desirable fundamental aspects of village life . . . But there were questions of degree: To what extent can the village remain self-contained, or go back to being so, without excessive material loss? To what extent, for example, can the village enjoy the greater efficiency of accepting products from other centers closer to raw materials or to cheap power without losing the moral and human benefits of its

integral existence? Insisting on a high degree of self-containment would mean imposing a very low ceiling on material adequacy and welfare. I began to see that such a ceiling was too low for balanced living." The question is, what is "balanced living?"

Later on, in a document on "An Ethical Disputation of Green Manure," one of Mayer's Indian colleagues relates how a village leader resisted the introduction of green manure to increase production. He said to the Village Level Worker: "Young man, whatever you say is right, but our culture teaches us not to be too greedy or anxious for more economic production. Remember that Kabir, the saint poet, prayed to God, 'Give me only so much wealth that my family may meet its average needs, that I may not remain hungry, and that the saints or mendicants may not go away from my door hungry.'" The Village Level Worker was put out, but finally persuaded the villagers by convincing them that they had not even enough to fulfill these obligations. "If you grow more, you will be able to serve better. Piety is possible in prosperity and thence happiness."

It would be too much to say that the pilot project overemphasized material progress, and ignored spiritual values. Far from it. But Mayer admits that later development work has done just that, to a great extent. The pilot project "alone has not been bedeviled by the need for over-speedy tangible immediate annual showing in terms of miles of roads, numbers of new buildings, thousands of yards of paved drains."

In the Sarvodaya society voluntary limitation of wants is essential. "Balanced living," in it, means mastery of the desire for a constant increase in production and in kinds of material goods. The balanced life is the life of religion, including sharing whatever one does have, not of a certain minimum of prosperity. The Bhoodan movement is far from ignoring the need to raise the standard of living of many of India's people, but the means are always to be consistent with the end, the Sarvodaya society.

The difference between the two approaches can be summed up by saying that the pilot project was action admittedly uncertain of its end, while the Sarvodaya-Bhoodan movement is quite clear as to both its end and its means. Mr. Mayer wonders if a "luminous chart" can be found to guide the men of action like himself. The Sarvodaya-Bhoodan way is certainly that, but it does not seem to suit Mr. Mayer. But if you want to learn the course from the chart, you must follow its marks. P.-R. Regamey says in *POVERTY*, "Needless to say, a hunger and thirst for earthly goods is not Christian either. It leads to the communism-or-capitalism alternative, which, owing to human covetousness, we cannot see any way round without Christ, that is to say, without a spirit of poverty." I feel sure that the Bhoodan movement would welcome Christ in this sense. I doubt if Mr. Mayer would, and I feel sure that the Government of India would not.

THE PARISH — FROM THEOLOGY TO PRACTICE. Ed. by Hugo Rahner, S. J. Trans. by Robert Kress. Westminster, Md.: The Newman Press, 1958. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

This short work—less than 150 pages—is a compilation of lectures delivered to seminarians of the Canisianum in Innsbruck, Austria, dealing with aspects of the parish. They were fortunate seminarians. It is a superior work, though this reviewer wished from time to time for a longer exposition of some topics. But, being lectures, the fragmentary and partial nature of some of the contents is natural. In any event, there is much material

The Poor Child

By JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The poor child in a city,
lucky in summertime,
is doled a week in the country;
but too soon he must climb
up old broken stairways;
down, down the dark hall;
up, less than a moment,
whenever stars fall.

The poor child in a city,
taken downtown an hour,
chooses but never touches
the window's sweet and flower.
Wish and hope lead outward
with his dream, high and wide;
but cramped he is, and sleepless,
when hunger gnaws inside.

here for rumination, meditation,
and further exploration.

The outlook of the book is extremely broad, centering on the doctrine of the Mystical Body, the growing role (at least ideally) of the layman in the work of the Church, a new centering on Christ, scripture, and the liturgy. While centering on the geographical parish as the ordinary locale of Catholic life, the book considers, especially in the light of the complexity of modern life, both supraparochial and supradioecesan concerns.

The opening chapters lay in a solid background. First, there is a discussion of some of the directives given by Pius XII on the parish in a number of discourses. There is a brief history of the rise of the parish, the deterioration by the time of the late Middle Ages,



and the reforms urged by the Council of Trent. Fr. Karl Rahner is responsible for the chapter on the theology of the parish; what he has to say is difficult of evaluation by someone (e.g. this reviewer) untrained in theology, but it sounds logical, at any rate.

There is a chapter on community life in the New Testament, ending with a description, based on the indications found in scripture, of the model for the life of the parish.

In a very fine contribution on "Liturgy in the Parish," Fr. J. A. Jungmann presents the Sunday Mass as the center, culmination, and ordering principle of parish activity. All sacramental life, as St. Thomas Aquinas pointed out, is ordered in some way to the Eucharist, the celebration in which the people of God are gathered around the common table, and one of the chief tragedies in Catholic life has been the loss of this sense of the community of the faithful. With the renewed emphasis on the doctrine of the Mystical Body, we are recovering the sense that "first comes the visible community of the saved here on earth and only then, and in it, the individual Christian who is reborn from the maternal womb of the Church and thereby becomes a member of God's family . . . And, as a living stone, he is built into the spiritual edifice of the Church and incorporated into the priestly people of God."

The chapter on the missionary parish (i.e., the parish considered as including not merely the Catholics but all the people within its boundaries) urges that the first concern of the parish should be those who are not in the Church. "Today," Fr. Gutzwiller says, "too many are busy taking care of the one sheep that remains safely in the stable while the ninety-nine lost are left to their own fate. The command of Christ is unequivocal." Indeed, he says, the man "who truly loves the Lord . . . will experience that inner unrest, that impulse of the caritas urget." The chapter includes a section of practical suggestions on how the parish may fulfill its missionary role. It is everyone's apostolate; "everyone is called, though in a different way."

Dr. I. Zangerle is responsible for an excellent chapter on the laity and the parish, pleading for full lay responsibility in "the world of work and secular vocations . . . ; there truly are vocational (career) charisms. Society, economics, technology, culture, and politics . . . constitute the last outer circle of the creation whose Christianization has been entrusted to the laity (and) the responsibility is wholly the laity's. The priest's role here is that of spiritual director. A cleric as professor of modern history at a secular university, or as politician, is the exception in the present era of the economy of salvation." He considers also the question of spiritual formation of the layman so that he may perform adequately the task of rechristianizing society.

We recommend this small book unhesitatingly to priests and laymen alike. It is a splendid and provocative introduction to the situation and problems of the parish today.

TRAIL OF TEARS, by Williams Forrest. New York: Crown Publishers, 1959. \$3.95. Reviewed by Barbara Graymont.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Cherokee Nation was one of the most powerful groups of Indians in North America. They lived in the Southern highlands, their nation comprising 53,000 square miles situated within the states of Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, and Alabama. The Cherokees had become "civilized." They were successful farmers, lived in log or stone houses, and some of the wealthier among them held a considerable number of Negro slaves. They had their own alphabet, developed by Sequoyah, and a newspaper published at the nation's capital of New Echota. Missionaries had labored peacefully among the Cherokees for years and had converted many to Christianity. One bit of the white man's civilization that the nation felt it could do without, however, was the intoxicating liquor which had caused such depredation among the Indians. The Cherokee Council accordingly passed stringent laws prohibiting the importation of intoxicants into the nation.

When Tecumseh was rousing the Indians to join in his vast Confederacy and throw the whites back into the sea, the Cherokees elected

(Continued on page 8)

The Duty of Civil Disobedience

(Continued from page 1)

desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think is right. . . . Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice. . . .

The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailers, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. . . . Others—as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office-holders—serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the devil, without intending it, as God. A very few—as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and men—serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it. . . .

He who gives himself entirely to his fellow men appears to them useless and selfish; but he who gives himself partially to them is pronounced a benefactor and philanthropist.

How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as my government which is the slave's government also.

We are accustomed to say, that the mass of men are unprepared; but improvement is slow, because the few are not materially wiser or better than the many. It is not so important that many should be as good as you, as that there be some absolute goodness somewhere; for that will leaven the whole lump. There are thousands who are in opinion opposed to slavery and to the war, who yet in effect do nothing to put an end to them; who, esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets, and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing; who even postpone the question of freedom to the question of free trade, and quietly read the prices-current along with the latest advices from Mexico, after dinner, and, it may be, fall asleep over them both. What is the price-current of an honest man and patriot today? They hesitate, and they regret, and sometimes they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed, for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret. At most, they give only a cheap vote, and a feeble countenance and Godspeed, to the right, as it goes by them. There are nine hundred and ninety-nine patrons of virtue to one virtuous man. But it is easier to deal with the real possessor of a thing than with the temporary guardian of it.

All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers or backgammon, with a slight moral tinge to it, a playing with right and wrong, with moral questions; and betting naturally accompanies it. The character of the voters is not staked. I cast my vote, perchance, as I think right; but I am not vitally concerned that it should prevail. I am willing to leave it to the majority. Its obligation, therefore, never exceeds that of expediency. Even voting for the right is doing nothing for it. It is only expressing to men feebly your desire that it should prevail. A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish

it to prevail through the power of the majority. There is but little virtue in the action of masses of men. When the majority shall at length vote for the abolition of slavery, it will be because they are indifferent to slavery, or because there is but little slavery left to be abolished by their vote. They will then be the only slaves. Only his vote can hasten the abolition of slavery who asserts his own freedom by his vote.

It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous, wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support. If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too. See what gross inconsistency is tolerated. I have heard some of my townsmen say, "I should like to have them order me out to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, or to march to Mexico—see if I would go"; and yet these very men have each, directly by their allegiance, and so indirectly, at least, by their money, furnished a substitute. The soldier is applauded who refuses to serve in an unjust war by those who do not refuse to sustain the unjust government which makes the war; is applauded by those whose own act and authority he disregards and sets at naught; as if the state were penitent to that degree that it hired one to scourge it while it sinned, but not to that degree that it left off sinning for a moment. . . . Those who, while they disapprove of the character and measures of a government, yield to it their allegiance and support are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters; and so frequently the most serious obstacles to reform. Some are petitioning the State to dissolve the Union; to disregard the requisitions of the President. Why do they not dissolve it themselves—the union between themselves and the State—and refuse to pay their quota into its treasury? Do not they stand in the same relation to the State that the State does to the Union? And have not the same reasons prevented the State from resisting the Union which have prevented them from resisting the State?

Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once? Men generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them. They think that, if they should resist, the remedy would be worse than the evil. But it is the fault of the government itself that the remedy is worse than the evil. It makes it worse. Why is it not more apt to anticipate and provide for reform? Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt? Why does it not encourage its citizens to be on the alert to point out its faults, and do better than it would have them? . . .

If the injustice is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government, let it go, let it go: per chance it will wear smooth;—certainly the machine will wear out. If the injustice has a spring, or a pulley, or a rope, or a crank, exclusively for itself, then perhaps you may consider whether the remedy will not be worse than the evil; but if it is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine. What I have to do is to see, at any rate, that I do not lend

myself to the wrong which I condemn.

As for adopting the ways which the State has provided for remedying the evil, I know not of such ways. They take too much time, and a man's life will be gone. I have other affairs to attend to. I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad. A man has not everything to do, but something; and because he cannot do everything, it is not necessary that he should do something wrong. It is not my business to be petitioning the Governor or the Legislature any more than it is theirs to petition me; and if they should not hear my petition, what should I do then? But in this case the State has provided no way: its very Constitution is the evil. This may seem to be harsh and stubborn and unbecomingly, but it is to treat with the utmost kindness and consideration the only spirit that can appreciate or deserves it. So is all change for the better, like birth and death, which convulse the body.

I do not hesitate to say, that those who call themselves Abolitionists should at once effectually withdraw their support, both in



person and property, from the government of Massachusetts, and not wait till they constitute a majority of one, before they suffer the right to prevail through them. I think that it is enough if they have God on their side, without waiting for that other one. Moreover, any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already.

I meet this American government, or its representative, the State government, directly, and face to face, once a year—no more—in the person of its tax-gatherer; this is the only mode in which a man situated as I am necessarily meets it; and it then says distinctly, Recognize me; and the simplest, the most effectual, and, in the present posture of affairs, the indispensable mode of treating with it on this head, of expressing your little satisfaction with and love for it, is to deny it then. My civil neighbor, the tax-gatherer, is the very man I have to deal with—for it is, after all, with men and not with parchment that I quarrel—and he has voluntarily chosen to be an agent of the government. Now shall he ever know well what he is and does as an officer of the government, or as a man, until he is obliged to consider whether he shall treat me, his neighbor, for whom he has respect, as a neighbor and well-disposed man, or as a maniac and

(Continued on page 7)

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

of the parish priests in the neighborhood. We have two mothers and their babies. We have the older ones. We have the problems of the "shook up generation," and of geriatrics. They have a fancy name for the aging.

Molly said, "No one will give you a job when you're old." We told her, "You have a job, you earn your living what with clearing tables, wiping dishes, tidying up the dining room." And Agnes goes serenely on, helping all the house.

John Filliger, our farmer, is doing a double job this month, besides raising a wonderful crop of vegetables, he is suffering. Suffering is a spiritual work but work just the same. He's helping bear the world's afflictions, by patiently accepting his own, a broken ankle. Ernest Lundgren has visited us several times this month and he too is suffering. It's extra hard on active workers. Joe Cotter and Hugh the rancher, are canning and the shelves in the bottom of the barn are already starting to fill up with two quart jars. Hank has taken out and repaired and put back in the stove in the chapel. Joe Roche keeps busy in the kitchen and laundry. Hank helps in cooking three days a week. Hans and Deane baked bread. Bill Keane gives a hand in many things, answering letters, washing pots, praying in the chapel. Sounds funny to put these works together, the spiritual and material, but "they all go together." Sometimes these humid days, you sweat more over praying than you do over the dish pan.

Visiting priests this last month have been Fr. Koch of North Carolina, Fr. Hoyda, formerly of Berlin, North Dakota and now of Caldwell Hall, Catholic University, and Fr. Becker, S.J. of the Social Order, St. Louis University and Fr. Zamborsky of Columbus, Ohio.

Last Year

We were still at Chrystie street and St. Joseph's house was still standing, last year at this time. Now it is razed to the ground and there is not standing a stone on a stone, as the saying is. We may think we have problems now but the problems of last summer were far worse, uncertain as we were as to where we should go, what we should do next. Everyone suffered greatly from the impending change, and though there is still some suffering over the change, we are in general settled down and at work, and no change will be made unless we are pushed by the Lord into it. I often feel that if you truly want to do the will of God He will see to it that you do it, even if He has to take you by the hair of the head like Habbakuk and put you where He wants you.

No House

It is true we have no house, as such. But we have St. Joseph's Loft, and four apartments and another shaping up, and the overflow on the Bowery in little cubicles at the Salvation Army, clean, outside rooms, with clean linen, shower baths, hot water, and all for ninety cents a night, if you pay by the week. Francis Thompson said once that the Salvation Army was doing the work that the Third Order Franciscans should be doing. Certainly we can have only words of praise for the hotels for the poor which they run all over the country. If there were only such Catholic hospices! Breadlines prevail, convent, school, hospital, wherever possible, feed the hungry. There is still a breadline at St. Francis of Assisi on 32nd street. Alms are distributed but "the needy are not taken into your house." And what are surely needed are Houses of Hospitality, in many poor parishes, near many skid rows.

We never intended to start breadlines at our houses, but the men came and those who could

not get in, to sit down with us, formed in lines outside the door. This started with us in 1936 at the time of the seamen's strike and has continued to this spring. Then our greatly enlarged quarters—a loft is much bigger than a dining room such as we had at Chrystie street—meant that the men came into the house and so early, so long before the meal was ready to serve that twice a day there were 250 men crammed in at the end of the loft, waiting for their meal. They had to climb two steep flights of steps with only a little landing in between, to reach us, and it was frightening to contemplate a man falling down those stairs, or a panic or a fire. Situated as we are now, high above the street, in an old loft building, we can no longer have the line, as such. But we still serve meals to the family, and to a number of women who stay at the Salvation Army nights but with us during the day. Larry is still cooking faithfully, and Mike is still fetching bread and fish. Bob is looking for a store near the Bowery where the neighbors will not feel that we are bringing all the residents from skid row to offend the eye, not to speak of the nostril.

Hard as it is to write about such things, offensive as it may be to some delicate souls, the fact remains that the men do offend, and one of the reasons is that doorways and hallways are used as toilets, and unoccupied houses are broken into for such use. Our great and comfortable city provides very few comfort stations. In Paris there is quite frank recognition of such needs. But not in New York. I did not realize this so keenly until I mentioned this at Peter Maurin farm in front of one of our roving visitors who said the reason he came to the CW was just that—he could find no comfort station anywhere else and he was dressed too poorly to go to a restaurant or bar. Having arrived, he stayed!

Reasons for coming to The Catholic Worker? A volunteer who was coming for the summer and did not, was deterred by one of her teachers who informed her that her desire to help the destitute was a "death wish."

Decentralized

The fact remains that there is at present no House of Hospitality nor breadline, and when I am visiting other cities the first question is, when are you going to get a house? We do not know. We do know this however: we are closer to reality, closer to living with the poor, more able to do something for those who get in touch with us, very personally, than we were before. We provide shelter in an institution run by others who are trained for it and who keep order and cleanliness. We pay for it with whatever money we can beg. We pay rents on apartments and people are cared for there, who can be trusted in a small set up such as the Catholic Worker: trusted that is, not to fall asleep in bed with a lighted cigaret, trusted not to come in drunk and stupefied. We are scattered like seeds throughout the neighborhood, in closer touch with people, with families, with the slums. We cannot be accused of romantic illusions about poverty, about the poor, about the "worker." We live in no ivory tower. And we see constantly in ourselves, the faults we see in others. Whatever we see to blame in them, is a recognition of what is in our own selves reflected as in a mirror. If it were not so, we would not recognize it, we would not see it. These things are hard to explain, hard to write about. What I mean is, that if the Christ life is strong in us, if we are nourished daily by the food which is the body and blood of Christ, so that we are "putting

(Continued on page 8)

Civil Disobedience

(Continued from page 6)

disturber of the peace, and see if he can get over this obstruction to his neighborliness without a ruder and more impetuous thought or speech corresponding with his action. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—if ten honest men only—ay, if one HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefore, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever. But we have better to talk about it: that we say is our mission. Reform keeps many scores of newspapers in its service, but not one man.

Under a government which imprisons any unjustly the true place for a just man is also a prison. The proper place today, the only place which Massachusetts has provided for her freer and less desponding spirits, is in her prisons, to be put out and locked out of the State by her own act, as they have already put themselves out by their principles. It is there that the fugitive slave, and the Mexican prisoner on parole, and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race should find them; on that separate, but more free and honorable ground, where the State places those who are not with her, but against her—the only house in a slave State in which a free man can abide with honor. If any think that their influence would be lost there, and their voices no longer afflict the ear of the State, that they would not be as an enemy within its walls, they do not know by how much truth is stronger than error, nor how much more eloquently and effectively he can combat injustice who has experienced a little in his own person. Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible. If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office." When the subject has refused allegiance, and the officer has resigned his office, then the revolution is accomplished. But even suppose blood should flow. Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now.

I have contemplated the imprisonment of the offender, rather than the seizure of his goods—though both will serve the same purpose—because they who assert the purest right, and consequently are most dangerous to a corrupt State, commonly have not spent much time in accumulating property. To such the State renders comparatively small service, and a slight tax is wont to appear exorbitant, particularly if they are obliged to earn it by special labor with their hands. If there were one who lived wholly without the use of money, the State itself would hesitate to demand it of him. But the rich man—not to make any invidious comparison—is always sold to the institution which makes

him rich. Absolutely speaking, the more money, the less virtue; for money comes between a man and his objects, and obtains them for him; and it was certainly no great virtue to obtain it. . . . The best thing a man can do for his culture when he is rich is to endeavor to carry out those schemes which he entertained when he was poor. Christ answered the Herodians according to their condition. "Show me the tribute-money," said he—and one took a penny out of his pocket—if you use money which has the image of Caesar on it, and which he has made current and valuable, that is, if you are men of the State, and gladly enjoy the advantages of Caesar's government, then pay him back some of his own when he demands it. "Render therefore to Caesar that which is Caesar's and to God those things which are God's"—leaving them no wiser than before as to which was which; for they did not wish to know.

When I converse with the freest of my neighbors, I perceive that, whatever they may say about the magnitude and seriousness of the question, and their regard for the public tranquility, the long and the short of the matter is, that they cannot spare the protection of the existing government, and they dread the consequences to their property and families of disobedience to it. For my own part I should not like to think that I ever rely on the protection of the State. But, if I deny the authority of the State when it presents its tax bill it will soon take and waste all my property, and so harass me and my children without end. This is hard. This makes it impossible for a man to live honestly, and at the same time comfortably, in outward respects. It will not be worth the while to accumulate property; that would be sure to go again. You must hire or squat somewhere, and raise but a small crop and eat that soon. You must live within yourself, and depend upon yourself always tucked up and ready for a start, and not have many affairs. . . .

Some years ago, the State met me in behalf of the Church, and commanded me to pay a certain sum toward the support of a clergyman whose preaching my father attended, but never I myself. "Pay," it said, "or be locked up in the jail." I declined to pay. But, unfortunately, another man saw fit to pay it. . . . The State, having thus learned that I did not wish to be regarded as a member of that church, has never made a like demand on me since; though it said that it must adhere to its original presumption that time. If I had known how to name them, I should then have signed off in detail from all the societies which I never signed on to; but I did not know where to find a complete list.

I have paid no poll-tax years. I was put into a jail once on this account, for one night; and, as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was, I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every commitment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was

(Continued from page 2)

retreat at the seminary, and he opened our retreat with a long conference, starting at nine p.m. and lasting until nearly eleven. He spoke of the living presence of Jesus in the Eucharist and in the Gospel, and the discipline of silence, exterior and interior, and the presence of Jesus in our fellow men, and in the poor. Our love for Jesus must be outwardly shown, we must make charity clearly visible, expressed in everything we say or do.

Fr. Brennan went on the next day to talk of the imitation of Jesus in His hidden life at Nazareth, in the desert and in the public ministry. Everything can be found in the hidden life at Nazareth, he said. A year or two ago when Bob Lax of Jubilee spoke at the Friday night meeting of The Catholic Worker, he spoke of the Little Brothers of Jesus of Charles de Foucauld, and how their whole life is based on that hidden life of Nazareth in poverty, hard work and living with the poor, with no outward works, like institutions, but in silence and friendship.

There is not space here to give the retreat but we hope there are going to be monthly meetings in the Fall in Brooklyn for those interested in the lay Fraternity of Brother Charles of Jesus, which can be made up of married and single, men and women, on some day when it is convenient for all, including a priest, to be present.

Charles de Foucauld

I first heard of Charles de Foucauld from Peter Maurin in the early thirties, when the work of The Catholic Worker was beginning. The biography by Rene Bazin appeared in 1920 and Peter had read it and spoke often of men and women living in the world a consecrated life of manual labor, poverty and adoration. Actually he was speaking of secular institutes though they were not known as such at that time. He himself spent an hour a day in adoration, and I have told in my book *The Long Loneliness*, how when I first met him and he proposed the The Catholic Worker movement, I went to meet him at a parish church and found him

to stand the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it.

Thus the State never intentionally confronts a man's sense, intellectual or moral, but only his body, his senses. It is not armed with superior wit or honesty, but with superior physical strength. I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion. Let us see who is the strongest. What force has a multitude? They only can force me who obey a higher law than I. . . . When I meet a government which says to me, "Your money or your life," why should I be in haste to give it my money? . . .

It is for no particular item in the tax bill that I refuse to pay it. I simply wish to refuse allegiance to the State, to withdraw and stand aloof from it effectually. I do not care to trace the course of my dollar, if I could, till it buys a man or a market to shoot me with—the dollar is innocent—but I am concerned to trace the effects of my refusal. In fact, I quietly war with the State. . . .

RETREAT

absorbed before the Holy Eucharist, so absorbed that I too sat in the church waiting for him for almost an hour. I am sure that what fascinated Peter was the emphasis on work, on poverty and the poor. Charles de Foucauld, Peter pointed out, was a Count, one of the old French nobility, and he had never practiced his faith, had grown up in habits of dissipation so strong that his family had to appoint a guardian for his money so that he could not spend without its being authorized by his trustees. He had been a military man and like Kropotkin, also a noble, also a military man, had gone in for geographical exploration which influenced him profoundly. Brother Charles, as he came to be known, was deeply affected by seeing the religious practice of the Moslems who worshipped so many times daily.

After his trips through Morocco where no Christian had penetrated, and where there was not a single priest, he returned to Paris and through the association with sister and relatives and through his encounter with Abbe Huvelin, he returned to the faith, and made, as Rene Bazin said, "his second holy communion."

The conversion was so complete that from then on nothing seemed too difficult for him. He entered the Trappist Monastery at Notre Dame de Neiges, in Peter Maurin's own country, Languedoc, with the understanding that he was to be transferred to La Trappe in Akbes, Syria, where the poverty was more extreme. "The house is made up of a score of religious and about fifteen orphans from six to twelve years of age, without speaking of birds of passage," Brother Charles wrote.

"One night," Fr. Voillaume wrote in his introduction to his own book of spiritual conferences *Seeds of the Desert*, "he was sent by his Father Abbot to sit up with a person who had just died in the family of an Arab working man living in the neighboring village. This contact with the world of the very poor was a profoundly revealing experience for him." Although he was living in the poorest of Trappist houses, Brother Charles wrote, "Oh, the difference between those buildings of ours and the poor workingman's house. I am not yet satisfied. I long for Nazareth."

His vocation was recognized as an extraordinary one by his superiors, and finally he was permitted to go to Nazareth literally, to live in a little lean-to shack built against the wall of a Franciscan convent. He had been seven years with the Trappists, now he lived as a servant and handyman for the sisters for two years. From then on he dreamed of the formation of what he called Fraternities of Little Brothers. They were "to imitate Jesus of Nazareth in the poverty, the daily toil and the social status of the poor amongst mankind. . . . the second factor of his ideal was an intimate familiar friendship with our Lord, expressing itself more especially in the cult of His words in the Gospel and His presence in the Blessed Sacrament. . . . and He wished to bring people the Gospel, and very particularly the poorest and the most forsaken."

Of course he was drawn back to Morocco, but not being able to enter, he settled first in Beni-Abbes in Algeria, near the border. Here he lived in a mud hut, received all who came, ministered to the soldiers of a nearby army post as well as to the desert Moslems, even ransoming by buying them and setting them free. Later he moved still farther south to the Tuareg country, a thousand miles from Algiers at Tamanrasset, where the nomads roam far and wide through the surrounding mountains with their hide tents and camels and goat herds. . . . "I doubt whether it is possible to realize how completely Father de

Foucauld gave himself up to these people, allowing himself literally to be eaten up by them. . . . He practiced hospitality, rendering service and caring for the sick, seeking to penetrate the secrets of their language, writing a Tamashek grammar and dictionary, collecting tribal proverbs and poems, studying their traditions and customs. His vocation was one, "of being present amongst people, with a presence willing and intended as a witness of the love of Christ. . . . to preach by silence, by practicing the evangelical virtues." Love with him meant "his daily life, his whole way of living, down to his dwelling itself, were to help make him one of them."

Brother Charles never succeeded in starting his little brothers. The very word "little" was always to be a reminder of the desire for the suffering, the contempt even, the lack of recognition which the poor suffer from. This last month one of our readers wrote to reproach me for the expression, "the little Jew" which he said he read in Jim Milrod's article. To him, sensitive to the affronts people of our Lord's race have had to suffer, "little Jew" carried with it the implication of contempt, scorn.

Brother Charles did not succeed in winning vocations, and in 1916 he was shot and killed by one of the very Tuaregs whom he so much loved. It was not until 1932 that Fr. Rene Voillaume, with a few other newly ordained priests in Paris, undertook to start fraternities of little brothers such as Brother Charles of Jesus desired, a religious congregation recognized by the Church since 1936. Now he is Prior General of the congregation, ecclesiastical superior of the Little Sisters of Jesus founded in 1939, and more recently of the two secular institutes and a lay association, which has sprung up around the two congregations are under his general direction.

One of the reasons I am so strongly attracted to the spirit of this "family" is of course its emphasis on poverty as a means, poverty as an expression of love, poverty because Jesus lived it. And then too the emphasis on humble manual labor is for all. In one of my books, *On Pilgrimage*, published 12 years ago, I quoted Charles de Foucauld, "Manual Labor is necessarily put into second place, to make room for studies at present because you and I are in the period of infancy; we are not yet old enough to work with St. Joseph, we are still with Jesus the little child at the Virgin's knee, learning to read. But later on, humble, vile, despised manual labor will again take its great place, and then Holy Communion, the lives of the saints, the humble work of our hands, humiliation and suffering!"

I quote this again to show that this is no new enthusiasm, this appreciation of Brother Charles of Jesus and the great work he inspired. Since quoting these lines in 1943, Fr. Voillaume has spoken at the Catholic Worker, we have read his conferences, we have had many meetings with others who shared our enthusiasm, and who had first hand living experience with the Little Sisters and the Little Brothers. Carol Jackson, one of the founders of Integrity, which unfortunately is no longer being published, knew the Little Sisters intimately in France, and Bob Lax the Little Brothers. Nina Polcyn of St. Benet's library in Chicago, introduced me to the Little Sisters who are living in a slum there, and working in a rubber factory. I have met the Little Sisters in Boston and received hospitality from them; I made an hour of adoration before the altar in the tiny chapel of the Little Sisters in Montreal where they have their home above Patricia House on Murray Street, certainly a most miserable slum. I brought M. A. Nicholas Longworth

(Continued on page 8)

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

to remain loyal to the whites. They fought side by side with Andrew Jackson against the Creeks and were thus a deciding factor in shattering the Tecumseh Confederacy. They further showed their affinity toward "civilization" by adopting a model government and constitution patterned after that of the United States.

To the acquisitive whites who coveted Indian lands, this progressive nation was but a hindrance, an obstacle to their greediness. The growing population of Georgia pressed hard about the Indians. The state of Georgia became insistent in its demands for Cherokee lands and both the Congress and the President acquiesced.

The Cherokees stood firm against the threats of both the federal and state governments and refused to cede another inch of their territory. Georgia, disregarding the treaty obligations of the United States government, began annexing Cherokee lands, declaring Cherokee laws null and void, and requiring all whites residing on Indian lands to swear an oath of allegiance to the state of Georgia. The missionaries who refused to take the oath were hauled off to prison in chains and given heavy sentences.

The Congress of the United States, spurred by President Andrew Jackson, passed the Removal Bill in 1829. Though it abrogated the former treaty with the Indians, even though the Constitution recognized treaties as the supreme law of the land, it was supported by Jackson and others because a sovereign nation within the state of Georgia could not be tolerated so long as that nation stood in the way of the imperialistic demands of the whites.

Further complications arose when gold was discovered on Cherokee lands in the summer of 1829. A total of three thousand whites flocked into the Cherokee Nation, took up residence illegally, dispossessed Indian home owners, dug up Indian graves to retrieve any valuable trinkets buried with the dead, stole cattle, burned down houses, and deported themselves in generally barbaric fashion. Georgia soon began allotting Indian homesteads to white settlers. The Indians were helpless but adamant.

Stubbornly the Cherokees refused to sign a treaty of removal, until the white commissioners succeeded in dividing the nation and in securing the approval of a small minority of Cherokees to such a treaty. Then the Army began the rounding up of the Indian people and herding them into unsanitary stockades for detention until deportation could be arranged. All told, in the concentration camps and on the trail of tears to the West, five thousand Cherokees perished.

Ironically, many of the whites who had dispossessed the Indians were, in culture, literacy, ability,

and ethical sensitivity, far inferior to the Cherokees. No matter. They had the law on their side.

William Forrest has written a popular novel commemorating the struggle of the Cherokees to preserve their homeland. For the sake of effectiveness, he has taken some liberties with the historic chronology. For instance, he makes the discovery of gold on the Indian lands the cause of Georgia's move to seize Cherokee territory. The facts, however, are, in all instances, presented truthfully. Though the style sometimes lacks power, the story is told feebly. It is a part of the American past which is generally deleted from the history books.

RETREAT

(Continued from page 7)

to visit them in Washington, D.C., where they have a little house near the Catholic University, and where they earn their living by cleaning office buildings at the University. Others of our group have also had contact with them, and we feel that this is one of those movements in the Church, inspired by the Holy Spirit, to inspire and encourage us all, especially all those little ones throughout the country, who suffer from a sense of frustration and futility, surrounded by children and family, suffering from poverty, unemployment, injustice. If they are once taken by these basic ideas, these basic truths, they will have the energy, the light and the joy to work for peace and justice, as Ammon does for instance, on the streets, on picket lines and in prisons—a strong voice crying in the wilderness. He spent his seven years in the wilderness, in the desert, in poverty and manual labor and worked alone on the streets of those western cities.

How far one's vocation will take one, is always a mystery, and where one's vocation will take one. But I believe it to be true always that the foundations are always in poverty, manual labor, and in seeming failure. It is the pattern of the Cross, and in the Cross is joy of spirit.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

"No man can recognize his own human worth, or in consequence realize his full development, if he does not recognize the worth of his fellow-men, and, in cooperation with them, realize his own development through them. No man can emancipate himself unless at the same time he emancipates those around him. My freedom is the freedom of all, for I am not really free—free not only in thought, but also in deed—if my freedom and my right do not find their confirmation and sanction in the liberty and right of all men, my equals."

Michael Bakunin

A PRAYER FROM THE RUSSIAN LITURGY

We thank Thee, O invisible King, who by Thine infinite power didst fashion all things, and in the multitude of Thy mercy didst bring all things from nothingness into being. Do Thou, O Lord, look down from heaven above on those who have bowed down their heads to Thee—for they bow not before flesh and blood, but before Thee, their awe-inspiring God. Do Thou therefore, O Lord, distribute to all of us, for our own good and according to each one's need, the gifts that lie before us (on the altar). Sail with those upon the sea, journey with all travellers and cure the sick, Thou who art the healer of souls and bodies. By the grace, the mercies and the love for mankind of Thine only-begotten Son, with whom, together with Thine all-holy, gracious and life-giving Spirit, Thou art blessed, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

ANARCHISM: THE OPEN ROAD

Anarchism as the anarchists conceive it, and as it can alone be comprehended, is based on Socialism. Were it not for that school of Socialists who artificially divide the natural unity of the social question, considering only some detached points, and were it not also for the equivocations with which they strive to hinder the social revolution, we might say right away that Anarchism is synonymous with Socialism, for both signify the abolition of exploitation and of the domination of man over man, whether maintained by the force of arms or by the monopolisations of the means of life.

Anarchism, like Socialism, has for its basis and point of departure equality of conditions. Its aim is solidarity and its method, liberty. It is not perfect, nor is it the absolute ideal, which, like the horizon, always recedes as we advance toward it. But it is the open road to all progress and to all improvement made in the interest of humanity.

Enrico Malatesta



Liturgical Dramas

One of the best received stage presentations of the past year was the Hunter College Music Department's presentation of three twelfth-century liturgical dramas, *The Three Clerks*, *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*, and *The Holy Innocents*. All three can be played in a single evening.

Musical direction, including the arrangement of the music for eight instruments, was by Dr. Ethel Thurston, head of the Hunter College Music Department; the stage direction was by John Waller, whose training includes the Juilliard School of Music and the American Theatre Wing, and sets and costume designs were by Constance Rowe, the distinguished artist.

Opera News had this description of the three dramas: "*The Holy Innocents* relies on the sublime melismas of plainsong to tell the tale of the slaughter under Herod . . . This drama was preceded by *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*—a thoroughly choreographed miming of the story . . . and *The Three Clerks* . . . which illustrated entertainingly a miracle of St. Nicholas to repetitions of a folklike melody, varied according to the instrument to which it was assigned. All of these works were receiving probably their first performances in 500 years."

Another critic described the effect of the drama thus: "Coming from so long ago, and from an environment so remote from that in which they were presented, the three dramas gave a magical effect. The unfamiliar combinations of sound and rhythm, to us novel use of dance movement, the sincerity and emotional intensity of these little works produced a deeply moving effect."

Similar productions are planned for the future, and are also available for presentation at schools and other theatres. Those interested should write Dr. Ethel Thurston, 231 East 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

off the old man and putting on Christ," then we are able to find Christ in others, simply because He told us to, because He said of those we are living with, "You are doing this to Me." He said it, and our faith, tried as though by fire, grows with exercise.

The breadline "showed." It was showy. They were there for all to see. How many men are being fed! How this goes on year after year! Yes, it is a minor miracle, but it is heartbreaking that these men come in just for soup and bread, and then go on, and we do not know their names, we do not recognize their faces, we can in no way assuage their anguish.

"Is this what you meant when you talked about Houses of Hospitality?" I asked Peter Maurin one day when our house in Baltimore was being closed by injunction, because it was overcrowded and breaking the law when it sheltered both Negro and white.

"It serves to arouse the conscience at least," was his only reply at that time.

Our Work Now

Certainly none of us are trained social workers, none of us know how to run a house. We have talents, we believe, in the line of communication. We write about poverty which still exists throughout the country, Fr. Bruckberger to the contrary. We write about the social order and the solutions being found. Some of us have more decided convictions than others. Some emphasize one approach, some another. The liberty of Christ prevailing, diversity of opinion prevails, as it always has, in the staff of *The Catholic Worker*. At the same time, there is a fundamental agreement among us, we get along together, thank God! So we will continue, as best we can, writing, speaking, traveling, and living with the poor, trying to be more truly poor, more truly peaceful, more truly loving, in every circumstance, in jail or in freedom.

Books on Catholic Pacifism

Blessed are the Peacemakers, *The Catholic Pacifists' Association of Canada*, 1944. Documentation from Catholic Tradition on pacifism. This paper bound book describes the activity of Catholic pacifists in the second war around the world. It shows how pacifism has been taught in different forms through the history of the Church. Special attention is given to Thomas More and his Utopia, to St. Francis and the movement that formed around him, and finally to the period before Constantine. There is a good bibliography of books and articles. You may obtain this book free from the Catholic Worker, 39 Spring St., N.Y. 12, N.Y.

Der Andere Weg, Dokumente und Materialien zur Europäischen Christlichen Friedenspolitik, by Kaspar Mayr, a Catholic leader of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation. Published by Glock and Lutz, Nuremberg, Germany. There is a very good bibliography at the end of this book.

Non-Violence et Conscience Chrétienne, by Pie Regamey, O.P. Les Editions du cerf, Paris, 1958, 690 francs. In this book an established theologian discusses the Gospel of Christ, satyagraha, and what people can do today to decrease violence in the world.

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

1. Communists believe that the capitalist system has reached the point where it no longer works.
2. Communists believe that when the workers come to the realization of the downfall of capitalism they will no longer tolerate it.
3. Communists believe that the capitalist class will resort to all means that may be in their power to maintain their existence.
4. Communists believe that the Communist Party knows how to assure production and distribution in an orderly manner according to a pre-designed plan.
1. Fascists believe in a national economy for the protection of national and private interests.
2. Fascists believe in the regulation of industries so as to assure a wage for the worker and a dividend for the investor.
3. Fascists believe in class collaboration under State supervision.
4. Fascists believe in the cooperation of employers' unions and workers' unions.
1. Socialists believe in a gradual realization of a classless society.
2. Socialists believe in the social ownership of natural resources and the means of production and distribution.
3. Socialists believe in a transition period under democratic management between two economic systems, the system of production for use and the system of production for profit.
4. Socialists believe in freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of worship.
1. Democrats believe in universal suffrage, universal education, freedom of opportunity.
2. Democrats believe in the right of the rich to become richer and of the poor to try to become rich.
3. Democrats believe in labor unions and financial corporations.
4. Democrats believe in the law of supply and demand.
1. The Catholic Worker believes in the gentle personalism of traditional Catholicism.
2. The Catholic Worker believes in the personal obligation of looking after the needs of our brother.
3. The Catholic Worker believes in the daily practice of the works of mercy.
4. The Catholic Worker believes in Houses of Hospitality for the immediate relief of those who are in need.
5. The Catholic Worker believes in the establishment of Farming Communes where each one works according to his capacity and gets according to his need.
6. The Catholic Worker believes in creating a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new.



ST. LEO THE GREAT