THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXXII No. 7 | March, 1966 | Subscription: 25c Per Year | Price 1c

On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

March 1966

This last weekend I have been visiting with my daughter Tamar and my seven grandchildren who are at home. (The oldest two are away in nursing school and at the State university.) Tamar worked Saturday, Sunday and Monday at the hospital where she is a practical nurse, so I stayed through Tuesday to have more of a visit with her. It was a holiday for the children too, since there was annual town meeting at Weathersfield, a mile up the hill. Right after breakfast Martha, Hilaire, Maggie, Mary, Ronda and Katey set out for the walk on a beautiful sunny day, along the muddy road past snowdrifts which were swelling the rivulets into brooks along the roadside.

Hilaire came back within an hour or so wet to his hips—he had fallen into a real brook with the exciting news that they were tapping the maples up the hill and that he was going to get busy himself. Hilaire is eight, and has been using a hatchet since he was three, so he went about his job with efficiency, gathering pails, spouts, hooks, augur and so on, ready to clamber again through snow and slide on ice to reach the trees. He did change his already wet clothes, though he thought it unreasonable of me to ask him to, since he was going to get wet again. The kitchen was filled with ski shoes and snow shoes and ski poles and skis and double thicknesses of socks and mittens and colorful caps, not to speak of all the other changes of clothing necessary for a family devoted to the outdoors. While I was there several teen-aged boys added to the confusion of the front rooms where Eric, Nickie and Hilaire were already sleeping. The skiers got off at dawn, leaving a half dozen children still in the house.

Whenever I start worrying about my grandchildren, who range in age from five to twenty-one (or about any of the other young ones who swarm around the Catholic Worker these days), I comfort myself with the thought, "God, who is love, loves them much better than I possibly could. He holds them in the hollow of His hand." Sally Corbin, who is three, sings: "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation" and "He holds them in His hands." What a comfort to hear her!

Consolations of Religion

Fr. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., my first spiritual director, gave me Caussade's **Abandonment to Divine Providence** to read many years ago. We, who are such activists, need more of this teaching. No danger of Quietism with Catholic Worker enthusiasts. A little more quiet, a little more time to read and digest might help. When I was becoming a Catholic, I had only such books as the **Confessions of St. Augustine** and the **Imitation** to begin on. There had always been Scripture, and even in childhood I almost had the feeling of partaking of a sacrament in holding it and reading. The first time I went to jail with the suffragists in Washington, at the age of eighteen, and asked for the only book I knew they would give me to read, I wept over the Psalms—wept with joy at their comfort. And at the same time felt ashamed at turning to religion when there was nothing else to turn to.

Of course, there were, and always will be, great gaps in my understanding of such questions as the problem of evil in the world and God's permission of it. I cringe still at Ivan Karamazov's portrayal of "a God that permits" the torture of children, such torture as is going on today in the burning alive of babies in Vietnam. Theologians debate situation ethics and the new morality (leaving out of account the problem of means and ends) while the screams of the flaming human torches, civilian and soldiers, rise high to heaven. The only conclusion I have ever been able to reach is that we must pray God to increase our faith, a faith without which one cannot love or hope. **"Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."**

The debate I read recently was published in the **Commonweal** for January 14th; it was between Dr. Joseph Fletcher, of Cambridge Theological Seminary, and Father

(Continued on page 2)

THE CLOSING OF THE GAP

By N. NAGE

On October 11, 1962, the day following the opening of Vatican Council II, Pope John XXIII stood before the Michelangelo fresco of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. He faced diplomats from all the continents of the globe, men who represented most of the peoples of the earth. The squat figure in white made himself the trumpet for a war-terrified humanity in an appeal intended for the world's political leaders: "Let them give ear to the anguished cry 'Peace, peace'" The Church, he said "has nothing nearer to her heart than peace and brotherhood among all men."

Pope John then raised his arm and pointed a finger in warning to the deep-hued fresco. "Michelangelo's vast masterpiece of the Last Judgment," he told them, "gives one much food for thought. We must indeed render an account to God, we and the heads of state who bear the responsibility for the fate of nations . . . May the thought of this reckoning spur them on . . . to achieve this blessing (peace)."

The reckoning that awaited national leaders who did not keep the peace brought to mind the words of Williams, the Welshman who sat on a bloody battlefield pondering the reckoning that kings would have to meet for thrusting men into unjust and unnecessary wars.

"But if the cause be not good," said Williams (in Shakespeare's **Henry V**), "the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those arms and legs and heads chopp'd off in a battle shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died together at such a place'—some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am sure there are few die well that die in a battle, for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it."

Christians have been accustomed from childhood to viewing their actions in the light of the Last Judgment. They are taught that in addition to the immediate individual judgment after death, there will be a general judgment, when the works of all will be known and the justice of God will show forth to all His creatures.

In point of fact, the knowledge of the test they have to face has served to give Christians not only clear direction for their lives but consolation. Not only did they know the contents of the final examination at the beginning of the school term, so to speak, but they knew it, was an examination that even the most unlearned and insignificant could pass. Christ not only brought the good news of a religion of love, but he gave flesh to His teaching by showing the explicit ways to express this live. During the time that He walked the roads of Israel, he met the needs of the people around him. He fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty (beginning with the thirsty guests at a village wedding) and healed those suffering from leprosy and other dread diseases. And always He met their need for truth through the ministry of the Word.

To meet another's need is, for those who follow Christ, to express the love that He taught them. He urged on his followers the simple, direct ways of meeting the needs of others, clothing the naked, tending and helping the sick, sheltering the stranger, giving the consolation of one's presence to him who is behind prison walls. The very poorest members of the family of man can take part in helping others, since even the gift of a drink of water will not go without its reward. The sharing of water generally requires no more than a little effort, except for the poorest of the poor. In their slums, on the outskirts of the world's great cities, they often have to buy and carry their drinking water. This basic work of mercy must be especially meritorious for the millions who live in the hovels of the world.

The Last Judgment, then, is not a dread scene filled with the new

(Continued on page 6)

Vol. XXXII No. 7 March, 1966

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder
DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher
MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, RITA CORBIN (art), NICOLE d'ENTREMONT, EDGAR FORAND, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH, CHRISTOPHER S. KEARNS, WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, HELEN C. RILEY, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI.

New subscriptions and change of address:
175 Chrystie St., New York, N. Y. 10002
Telephone OR 4-9812
Editorial communications to: Box 33 Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

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

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

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

Herbert McCabe, the English Dominican. From the conclusions of many who wrote letters about the debate Dr. Fletcher won, hands down. He did not mention morality in connection with the current war, although he has long been active in the non-religious peace movement, with which, according to a survey of the peace movement among the clergy, it is more respectable to be involved than with the religious-oriented and "extremist" Fellowship of Reconciliation or the Catholic Worker movement. It was Father McCabe who spoke of the morality of burning babies alive, among other references to the war. The articles were difficult for the non-theological layman, but it seemed to me that Father McCabe's larger vision was a far nobler, reasonable and faithful presentation. When I have four days in Vermont with the grandchildren who work and play hard and get to bed early, I read at night, go over the back issues of the **Commonweal**, and catch up on what I have missed. It has been exceptionally good lately.

The best of the weekly Catholic newspapers is of course the **National Catholic Reporter**. Among magazines, the **Critic** is always good, as are **Jubilee** and **Cross Currents**. Last month I saw my first copy of **Slant**, a bimonthly, published by a group of students in Cambridge, England, and find I have missed only the first four numbers. Adrian Cunningham has a first-rate article in the Winter, 1965 issue on Christians and Marxists and a review of the **Socialist Register**. Gordon Zahn has a striking article on "Unilateralism as a Moral and Political Commitment," which we should reprint. It is a convention of editors to shun reprintings, but we feel that our eighty-eight thousand circulation (how many readers can you count to a single paper) should have the benefit of Dr. Zahn's thinking. Peter Maurin never hesitated to repeat and repeat again his phrased essays. Good teacher that he was, repetition meant that sooner or later an idea got across. It is like reading the Psalms each day in the Office of the Church. Over and over again sudden light shines through on what had been passed over before as obscure. The best explanations of the Psalms, especially the warlike ones, are in C. S. Lewis' book **Reflection on the Psalms**.

Most of my reading at the Catholic Worker farm is done early in the morning and since my bed is by the window, I can draw back the curtain, which keeps out the cold air that seems to come right through the panes of glass, and watch the fading stars and the emerging dawn. On a clear morning it is wonderful to see mountains across the river first touched at their tips by the light. One has the feeling then that the sun is not "coming up" but that this so solid earth is turning. The snow is gone, here in New York State, and the deep lavender glow on the mountains turns to rose and then to gold. The ice has broken up and this morning the tide was coming in and the ice floes were journeying toward Albany. (The Indians used to call the Hudson "the river which flows two ways.") It is a good time to read the Psalms, which always give one courage to face the day.

In his new book **Seasons of Celebration**, (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), Thomas Merton writes: "The presence of Christ in the liturgical celebration (and reading the Office is part of it) leads to our discovery and declaration of our own secret and spiritual self. Let us above all remember and admire the discretion, the sobriety and the modesty with which the liturgy protects the personal witness of the individual Christian."

God in Russia

This column is becoming something of a book review but before I go on I must mention two other books in which I have taken great joy and inspiration this past month. One is **With God in Russia**, by Walter J. Ciszek, S.J. with Daniel L. Flaherty, S.J. (now in Image paperback) and it is one of the greatest adventure stories I have read. Born in the mining region of Pennsylvania of Polish parents, the boy Walter was a "tough" as he described himself, a bully, a leader of a gang, who suddenly decided in the eighth grade that he wished to be a priest. From priest to Jesuit to missionary to Russia, he stubbornly made up his mind what he wanted to do. It was in the Stalin era that this dream possessed him, and his superiors helped him each step along the way. He went to the Russian college in Rome, was sent to Poland first and was there when it was invaded by the Germans and then the Russians. It was this World War that gave him his opportunity, with several comrades, to get into Russia, as a laborer in the Urals. From there he went as prisoner, with thousands of others, through the prisons of Russia: Lubianka and the Siberian camps of Dudinka and Norilsk at the mouth of the Yenisei River, deep in the Arctic regions. There is no bitterness, no condemnation in the story. It is all taken as part of a life where war, revolution dominate men, a recognition of the times of vast social changes and struggles in which we live. The man is heroic in his endurance and in his work, into which he throws himself with a zeal as though he were fighting for his own country, his own kind. As a matter of fact, the impression all through the book is of a man who considers all men his brothers. Over and over again, whenever he

(Continued on page 6)

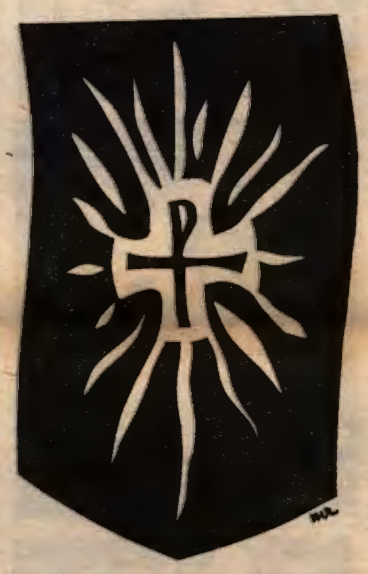
Random Reflections On Poverty And Selling Catholic Workers

By THOMAS P. MURRAY

The custom of selling Catholic Workers on the street began with Volume One, Number One, when Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin distributed the paper at the May Day celebration of 1933 at Union Square. Since then, many people have gone out to sell papers on the streets of New York. Ammon Hennacy had a regular schedule for paper sales in various locations, and sometimes I looked up his schedule in his book, **The Book of Ammon**. I would try to follow his schedule because the location and times were well tested and productive, and many of his old friends still came by these places.

Several months ago, money being especially hard to come by, I began to sell papers in order to get carfare to get around the city. I would leave my place on Avenue A and 14th Street and walk over to Broadway and 14th Street, where I would sell papers until I had fifteen cents for a subway token. On my way back from wherever I had gone, I would sell fifteen cents worth of papers to get back.

One day I decided to walk through the cars of the subway train and sell papers. I had al-



ways enjoyed selling papers on the street, with people whizzing by. I would watch all of their reactions—ignoring my outstretched copy of the paper, pausing and deciding if they wanted it, telling me they already had it at home, asking me what the paper had to say to Jewish workers, telling me in no uncertain terms that the paper wasn't Catholic and that if I was a worker I'd be out working instead of standing on a street corner doing nothing.

The subway was different. I am not sure I can explain completely how, but it was. On the streets people are in too much of a hurry to let a "newsboy" attract any more of their attention than is comfortable for them. On the subway they are trapped—they have to notice you. On the street I am reminded of the self-sufficient CW "salesmen" like Ammon and Jim Forest, but in the subway I am constantly aware that the looks I get from people are the same ones I notice when a blind or halt beggar moves through the car.

Perhaps that is the essential difference. On the subway I am a beggar. There is no getting around it, no losing sight of it. Sure, I am giving people something worth much more that the penny it costs, but I am stil begging. I am taking the nickels, dimes and quarters because I need them. I am thrown upon these people. I am reduced to asking them to give—not in the impersonal exchange of a business transaction, or the friendly banter of the street, but in the bare reality of my need and my imposition of that need on largely unwilling and captive eyes and ears. Before I could analyze it or understand the dynamic of it I found myself, for a time, unable emotionally to bring myself to that first "Catholic Worker—only a penny—the Catholic, anti-war paper—Only a penny." I would stand mutely as station after station went by, trying to bring myself to speak up and at the same time trying to define whatever it was that was keeping me silent. I am only now beginning to realize what my feelings were and what their genesis was.

Voluntary poverty is hard to come by, and most often we really don't work as hard as we should to understand and practice it. Living in community helps somewhat, because you learn to accept the disappearance of your personal property into the community to meet the needs of others. But even this can happen without that stripping of self which poverty demands ever taking place. Voluntary poverty has to be a sharing in the lot of the poor. A great part of that poverty is the realization that you are poor, that you are dependent upon the giving of others. If you are poor you become the beggar—not in enjoying the fruits of others' begging but in the humiliating stares of people on the subway. What the subways had that frightened me was the stark confrontation with the fact that I was a beggar—not for others who were in need but for myself. The people sitting there didn't see a soup line or a clothing room, they saw me, were forced by my imposing chant to see my need. One of the things which brought me to see the personal nature of my fear was an encounter with a young college girl. We were standing on the BMT platform at Times Square, and I was churning inside at the prospect of selling papers on the train. As it pulled into the station this girl saw my papers and asked if I was selling the current issue. When she bought the paper I wasn't as clearly—in my own mind—the blind beggar, but the bearer of good news once again, and this gave me strength to sell papers after we got on the train.

Now I like to sell papers on the subway. It is still hard, but now I understand it and it helps to remind me of who I am and what my poverty is. It helps me to gain more understanding of my relationship both to those upon whom I am imposing my need and to those others who are brought to impose their need. I have got to let this teach me the necessity of letting others see my need and of letting them give. It is so easy to hide our need, to disguise it—to ourselves as well as to others.

This concept of letting other people give is also a "hard saying." It is really a part of our poverty. One night, during a snowstorm, my wife Jan and I decided to take a cab home from downtown. It was a bitter cold night, the snow was deep on the ground and heavy in the air. It was late, with no bus in sight. Our driver was a man with a full black beard, and he had a Bible on the dashboard. I assumed that he was an orthodox Jew, but he told us he was a Jehovah's Witness. As the cab came along the Bowery to Houston Street we saw a man lying across the traffic island in the midddle of the street. He was struggling to get up but each time was thwarted by the snowy slush and his own inebriation. I asked the cab driver to pull over and went over to help the man across the street to the sidewalk. He was very drunk and had no home. He said that he had been staying at a flop house nearby but had no money to stay there that night. I helped him upstairs and paid him in for the night. The night clerk knew him and gave him the room he had had the night before.

After the man was registered I went back to the cab. The driver asked if I knew him. I told him that I didn't but that the group I belonged to regularly paid men into the hotels on the Bowery when they had no place to go. When we got to the end of our trip, and I paid the driver, he asked me how much the flop had cost and offered me fifty-five cents, to pay half the cost. I started to refuse it, explaining that the Worker had a fund for this purpose and that I would be reimbursed, but he insisted that I had to let him share in my giving to the man on the Bowery. He was right. I had been all set to deny this man the joy of giving, the satisfaction of being a part of this act. Why? Because of the same image of self-sufficiency which made selling papers in the subway so hard. I didn't need his help to give. I could do it by myself—I could give without needing to take in this very personal way. I could not admit that I was as dependent upon the cab driver as the man on the Bowery was upon me—in fact, we were all equally dependent upon each other.

Jan tells another story which brings this home. During the subway strike, while she was walking uptown, she was approached by an elderly lady who asked if Jan would take her arm for the remaining two blocks of her trip. The woman explained that she was an epileptic and the four blocks she had already walked had tired her but that she could make it the rest of the way if Jan would just take her arm. The woman only lived a block out of the way Jan was going, so Jan took her to her destination—a cheap hotel. While they walked Jan mentioned that she was on the way to buy a link for her bicycle chain. When they reached the hotel the woman reached into her handbag and took out some change. She offered it to Jan to buy the link — two quarters, a nickel and a penny. Jan could tell that the woman didn't have much —she was not richly dressed and the hotel she was living in was not an expensive one—and she didn't want to take the money. Then, she realized that she had to take something. Even though the woman didn't have much, Jan couldn't refuse or just take a nickel as a token gesture. She had to take enough for the bicycle link—one of the quarters—because she couldn't refuse the woman the dignity and joy of giving. Even though the woman couldn't afford the quarter, she could even less afford to lose the opportunity to give.

This is a real truth about our voluntary poverty. We must constantly allow ourselves to see that we are beggars, that our poverty is a calling to allow others to give, not to take pride in our own giving. We all must be humble takers so that our giving will be real instead of self-serving.

There is a Shaker hymn that Ed McCurdy sings—

'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free,
'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
It will be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend, we will not be ashamed,
To turn and to turn will be our delight,
'Til by turning, turning we come round right.

I guess the subway was part of the turning which leads to true simplicity. Once it is gained, I guess I won't be ashamed to be the bowing beggar. I guess that is part of what my voluntary poverty is for.

Why I Broke the Law

Here is the full text of the statement made by James E. Wilson, of the Catholic Worker, before Judge Edward Weinfeld, of the United States District Court, on March 4, 1966, on the occasion of of his sentencing for draft-card burning, to which he had pleaded guilty.

"On November 6, 1965, I did willfully and knowingly burn and destroy my draft-classification card, as my indictment by the Grand Jury reads. I did this only after great thought and prayer. It was performed as a religious act, and more specifically as a Christian act.

"As a Christian I am opposed to all war and violence. I believe this is the teaching of Jesus Christ, and I must take this position if my conscience demands it. Although there are many who may disagree with my beliefs, I am sure they respect my right to hold them.

"The duty and responsibility of every Christian is to stand up for Christ and speak out against injustice wherever it presents itself. We must do this even if it means breaking an existing law, for sometimes it is the law itself that is the injustice we must speak out against. The early Christians broke the law when they refused to swear allegiance to the Emperor in the Army of Rome. This was outright disobedience of an existing law, which the Christians could not follow. There is a great tradition of disobedience to unjust laws in the history of Christianity. This is also true of the forefathers of this country, who were looking ahead to an ideal. When the Stamp Act was passed by England, the leaders of this land burned the stamps in direct defiance of the law.

"I believe this law, under which I was indicted, is unjust. This is why I broke it, because it is unjust, and I cannot sit back and accept an injustice the way so many of us do, who then suddenly realize that every right has been slowly taken from us.

"Is it necessary to prove that this law is unjust, or is it obvious to every Christian, or to anyone who looks to the Constitution of this country? I think it should be obvious to every one of us that this law cannot exist, and it cannot be given its existence by obedience. It cannot be ignored or honored. Rights have been taken from people on every corner of the earth because bad laws were shrugged off as not important, or because people thought the law did not affect them. This is why totalitarianism exists, and with the passing of this law we took a big step toward totalitarianism ourselves. If we remain silent now, we must face the consequences tomorrow.

"Does a man have a right to his own political or religious beliefs? Do we have a right to free and peaceful assembly? Is dissent a natural right of every human being? Do we have a right to free speech? These are the questions this law has raised. When we look to the Constitution we find that there is no doubt that this law is unjust. When we look to the Gospels we find out what we are to do when we are confronted with injustice. We must speak out! We must act!

"This is what I have tried to do. This is why I broke the law, and for no other reason. I have pleaded guilty and will accept the consequences for what I have done. This protest which I have made does not end with the burning of an inexpensive piece of paper—it begins! The government have passed this law and now they must put it into practice. This is their responsibility, not mine. They must prove that this law exists while I prove it is unjust by my moral protest. This law must be enforced, or it is in effect non-existent. I must force this issue on the government. They are big enough to make their own decision.

"My freedom is very important to me. Freedom to walk through the streets of every city and catch the wind on my face. Freedom to gather with friends and drink ale and sing songs. Freedom to love people of every shape, color and size. Freedom to bring joy to those who are sad, and sometimes the freedom to cry with those who are crying. These are the things that are important to me, and in order to keep them for myself and others, I will gladly go to jail. And others will follow me, and still others will follow them. For the free man and the Christian will soon realize that he will have to go to jail. So build more prisons and make them large, and we will all be together. The freedom that is tingling in my bones and in my soul cannot be held in by iron bars."

CHRYSTIE STREET

By JIM WILSON

Chuck has been in the hospital for a number of weeks now with a bad case of TB. He seems to be improving, but will need a great deal of rest. When he is around the house, Chuck sits in Siloe House and tries to keep some kind of order when the room is packed full of men waiting for a bowl of soup, tea and bread. His presence is missed, and we hope he recovers rapidly.

Tom Murray and Jan Weston were married on February 19th at St. Thomas the Apostle Church, in Harlem. After the reception they left for Mount Savior, in Elmira, New York. They remained there for a week's honeymoon and have now returned to the Farm. We hope they will be very happy and that they will remain with us for some time.

We are looking forward to another wedding in the near future. Dave Miller and Catherine Swann, both of St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street, have announced their engagement. They plan to be married on Easter Monday and will hold the reception at the House.

Everything one can imagine happens here at Chrystie Street, and it is impossible to relate every detail of a month in the life of the family. Often one event stands out and rallies us all together to bear witness, to suffer, to speak or to act. At times like this the strength of the community is felt by each of us and by those who come into contact with us. This past month has been one of those beautiful experiences of Christian brotherhood—a time of love and concern.

I happened to be the recipient of these gifts from the community, and I am grateful to each and every member of the family. The subject of concern was my sentencing by Federal Judge Edward Wienfeld for the "crime" of burning my draft card. I did this in November of last year at Union Square along with Tom Cornell and three other young men. My position was in many respects different from that of the other card-burners, and therefore I think it should be explained and clarified.

The first difference is my refusal to accept counsel or any form of legal aid. The primary reason was identity with the poor and the concept of voluntary poverty. I refused to accept a court-appointed lawyer because I wanted to set up some form of dialogue with the judge and watch him emerge as a person from a very rigid and impersonal system. I believe that this was accomplished, and would take the same position again. Many of us forget that, although a system may be evil, it is made up of people, and that they will emerge as people if only we face them with love.

When I was asked what my plea would be I told the judge that I wished to plead guilty, and would accept the consequences for my actions. By doing this I did not admit any moral guilt, but the "guilt" of breaking an unjust and immoral law. The sentencing was set for February 25. I attempted, and was to a certain extent successful in preparing myself for the worst possible outcome (five years in a Federal prison). About twenty friends were in the courtroom on the 25th and they gave me much of the strength I needed. The judge offered me the opportunity to change my plea and postponed the sentencing until

March 4. Because of the great number of letters that were sent to the judge concerning my case, he took another week to deliberate. I wish to thank all those who wrote for their concern and help in my time of need.

After the postponement my greatest consolation was to arrive back at Chrystie Street and receive warm handshakes from the men in the family, many of whom are veterans. At that moment I realized what Chrystie Street is all about. I was knocked off my pompous high horse and realized that I was here to learn from them. We must learn how to love in everyday situations, not just on peace demonstrations, where we sometimes use the word love as an excuse for a war cry.

On the morning of the sentencing, I arrived at Foley Square and saw about fifty people milling in the marble corridor. Many were very close friends and I was glad to see them all. When we went into the courtroom we nearly filled it. There were many more marshals than usual.

The prosecutor, Mr. Peter Fleming, began by telling the judge that my action had been done willingly and knowingly, and had been premeditated. He then made some very valid points about rights and responsibility. I wanted to interrupt Mr. Fleming and remind him that the fact that I had shown up for these proceedings and was willing to take the consequences for what I had done proved me responsible, but I thought it might be a bit imprudent. He began to go into a lengthy discourse when the judge cut him off and asked if I had anything to say in my own behalf. I then read the statement that I had prepared. (Reprinted on this page). I believe that the most important part of the statement is the point that; **"rights have been taken from people on every corner of the earth because bad laws were shrugged off as not important, or people thought the law did not affect them."**

The judge then read a prepared

(Continued on page 8)

A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The Lenten cast of the weather, as we drove to Mass on the third Sunday after Lent, confirmed my conviction that the leonine roar I had heard on the first day of March had not been mere rhodomontade. But the small rivers oozing from the banks of new-fallen snow, which had been thrown up alongside our lane earlier in the morning by the ecumenical snow-plow of Father Rogers, our Episcopalian minister good neighbor, inspired a hope that not even the March lion could hold back spring much longer. Then as we entered the church the clear, flute-like tones of the cardinal rose against the grey chill of the day a bright arch of song, a promise of spring.

There are, however, more practical, down-to-earth signs of spring among us. As is his custom about this time of year, John Filliger has filled small flat boxes with earth and hopefully planted seeds therein. He has placed them near sunny windows and will watch over them with tender loving care until the plants have grown sturdy enough for transplanting into the cold frame outside. This time of year, this pre-spring, is also pruning time; and two of our family—Jack Joyce and Joe Ferry—have been doing some pruning. Our own few apple trees are probably too old, too long neglected, to make much return for the labor bestowed upon them, but we hope for more from the trees Jack and Joe pruned for the Rosenbergs. Last fall, Irving and Vivian Rosenberg, who have a fourteen-acre place near Germantown with a fine family-style orchard, let us have apples for the picking. Since the Rosenbergs do not grow apples commercially, and since they are ardent organic farmers and so do not use spray, their apples are just about the most flavorful I have tasted since my childhood. It is certainly a pleasure to be able to eat an apple without worrying about the various kinds of poison one may be absorbing into one's blood and body tissue at the same time. As for worms, the Rosenbergs encourage the birds and let the birds take care of this problem. On the basis of results, I think we should all encourage the birds and stop poisoning ourselves with insecticides.

Since I, like the Rosenbergs, believe in the importance of ecology, and think that mankind can hardly hope to survive for many more generations unless we learn how to restore, conserve, and live within that balanced plan of nature by which each form of life—whether vegetable or animal—serves to sustain or contain another, I, too, encourage the birds. But then, why shouldn't I? Do not the birds encourage me? Every morning when they come to my window feeding-station and waken me with their tuneful twittering—a true country-style alarm clock—I hear new voices joining in their happy Lauds. Listening to them now, and remembering how God marks the sparrow's fall, I think that if we could only, during this Lenten season, when we are traditionally urged to prune away our defects, try to eradicate those perverse and antiquated attitudes by which man sees his relationship to nature in terms of subjugation, conquest, and exploitation, we might at least make a start toward becoming the kind of people who could begin to make a world in which, as Peter Maurin said, it would be easier to be good. Perhaps this is the way—or at least, a way—to peace. St. Francis of Assisi knew this well, I think. To St. Francis, all creation, all created things were sacred. The birds, the flowers, the flowing water, the air we breathe, the sun and moon and stars, were as brothers to this gentle saint. And so they might be for us if we would only stop making war on nature, on our fellow creatures, on our very selves. St. Francis of Assisi, pray for us.

Waiting for spring has been made a little easier for us here at the farm as a result of our continuing flow of visitors. As usual, there have been too many to mention, and once more groups of seminarians and several priests have signed our visitors' list. Priests who say Mass for us here in our chapel are, as always, most welcome. Included among our visitors were: Ruth and David Collins, B. J. Richards, with her parakeet, Tweetie, who proved to be a most urbane and pleasant guest, Alba Ryan, Catherine Swann, David Miller, Tom Fagan, Roy Quigley, Pat Walsh, Terry Sullivan, Betty Bennett, Mrs. Carmen Ham, (Rita Corbin's mother) Mrs. Lorraine Freeman and her children. Eight Italian cameramen spent an afternoon here at the farm making pictures for a documentary on dissent in America. We have also added several new members to our family. John Sullivan, who was with us last winter, is back with us again. Ursula McGuire, who is convalescing rapidly after a long hospitalization, is now living with us. Maxine Shaw has been with us for several weeks now, and has given Rita some much appreciated help with the children, and Marty some equally appreciated help with the newspaper. Maxine, who is something of a linguist, has also been teaching the Corbin children Spanish. Sally, who is not yet four, has picked up a small Spanish vocabulary just from listening to the others. This, however, is not quite enough for Sally, who has read her sister's third-year reader through and, like her erudite father, enjoys consulting the dictionary. In the midst of a simple vocabulary test, Sally startled us all by inquiring — "What does **incitement** mean in Spanish?"

The most exciting new arrivals are, of course, our newlyweds — Tom and Jan Murray. Their youth, enthusiasm, and energy should do much to enliven our house. Tom has been active in civil rights and the peace movement for the past several years, and expects to help us organize our summer conferences and help promote more vital peace activity in this area. He is also a writer, and one of his articles appears in this issue of the **Catholic Worker.** Jan. only eighteen, is not only charming and attractive with a soft and pleasing voice, but is also a good stenographer who gladly types her husband's manuscripts. No wonder he married her. With considerable ingenuity and taste, and the help of a room divider and a bookcase, Tom and Jan have transformed their single room into what they like to call their four-room apartment. It is certainly the most compact apartment I have ever been in. It is understandable, I think, that Tom and Jan should be awaiting spring with some impatience. For when the weather warms up sufficiently, they will move into one of the roomier apartments in the old mansion and set up housekeeping in a more expansive style.

Whatever the weather, whether the lion roars or the lamb gambols, the routine work of house, kitchen, office, maintenance, etc. must go on. Again we owe a particular debt of gratitude to: Alice Lawrence, John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Fred Lindsey, Marcus Moore, Joe Cotter, Mike Sullivan, Joe Ferry, Jack Joyce, Arthur Lacey, Marty and Rita Corbin. Dorothy Day's work has taken her once more on pilgrimage. She has just completed a trip to New England, and is, at present writing, in Washington.

Peggy Conklin tells me a hyacinth has now joined with last month's precocious jonquil in a still somewhat premature affirmation of spring. We move toward April, shy and blossoming, and a glorious Easter morning. Alleluia.

POVERTY'S PROGRESS: The Shy Apostle

By JOHN McKEON

Ed. note: When "The Shy Apostle" was written back in 1950, Raymond Leach was still alive, so the story did not identify him. Ray had been our friend since 1936, when the Catholic Worker family moved from Charles Street, where we had a rented house, to the rear tenement, the use of which was given us by the House of Calvary, a cancer hospital for the poor in the Bronx. Ray, who was living in Chinatown, was a constant visitor. He was not a Catholic but a New England Protestant, and I guess he came to us because he liked our ideas, our sense of family and community. There was many a time when the group of us saying the rosary stretched the length of the store, but Ray never joined us, and no one ever questioned him about his religious beliefs. He was a gentle person and a gentleman besides, always courteous, yet not diffident, most intelligent and loving in his sense of service to his Chinese friends, teaching them English, helping them in their business. He once showed me a soy-bean-cake factory, in one of the basements down on Mott Street below Canal, where there was a huge grindstone mill. During the Second World War he worked on Welfare Island, but never cashed the checks he received. He simply ignored money. His great fault was that he was an accumulator of things, and it must have been because the waste he saw all around him drove him wild. He collected rags, clothes, papers, books—everything under the sun—and packed them in boxes and stacked them away in closets, under stairs, desks, cupboards, chairs, everywhere. Ray's boxes were on hallways, basement and roof. Just clearing them away was a job in itself, but everyone was fond of Ray, and the men of the house did what they could to keep up with him. He never actually lived with us but stayed at one of the Bowery hotels, and it was there that he died last month, of a heart attack. We did not know his age, perhaps sixty.

When John McKeon came to live with us for a few years, he wrote a series of articles which he called "Poverty's Progress," in which he told the stories some of the men who were our constant companions. He had that gift of seeing men and writing about them so that the reader suddenly awoke to the unique quality of each human being around him. Reading about Ray, or Joe, or Bill, one could say; "Why, I used to know a man who was like that!" and would suddenly realize how interesting, how close to us this one or that one was, and how dear.

Now that Ray is dead, we are reprinting his story, to let you know that it was not just a story, but a picture of one of our friends at the House of Hospitality. He was not the only one, there are all the others, those who have died and those who are still with us. How unique and interesting each one of them is! They are not just men of the Bowery. They are our brothers. D.D.

The mid-winter fog clasped Union Square in the clammy, importunate embrace of an unwanted lover, swirling in heavy folds around the rain-blackened stumps of shrubbery in the park, swathing the equestrian statue of Washington in delicate scarves of mist, disembodying the voice that shouted hoarse defiance of life, ill usage, hunger and failure from the center of a silent clot of listeners directly beneath the statue. The illuminated clock in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company could be dimly seen through the yellowish swirls, the giant hands standing at ten-thirty.

The night was too raw, too cold, for the benches to see duty, and they lay patiently in long deserted rows under the street lamps awaiting summer and the long days and nights of usage: the old men in the mornings in their clean shirts and pressed suits, retired from life, pensioned from usefulness, sitting, listening to the heavy passage of time: the office girls at noon hour, the hasty sandwich gulped, sitting with faces strained upward and legs conscientiously exposed to the indifferent sun, the lovers in the evening, the overflow of the political debaters, and then through the long night those tenants to whom the benches truly belong — the homeless, the far down, the city's poor.

There were perhaps thirty people in the park, the bulk of them concentrated around the speaker, one of the many Communist sympathizers who inhabit the place, and who are either too ideologically undeveloped or uncertain as political elements to be of any use to the Party save as volunteer speakers in their off hours. We paused, idly, on the outer fringe of the group, listening to him as we lit a cigarette. He was a man of forty-five or fifty, short, robust, powerfully built and carrying the inevitable zippered briefcase of those who are aspiring to be minor Party functionaries, chairman of front meetings, organizers of protests rallies, recording secretaries of union meetings or sparkplugs of rump caucuses.

His approach was orthodox, his manner heavy, and what he lacked in delicacy of casuistry he atoned for in the brutal sincerity of his appeal to the crowd, leaning heavily on the tactic known as 'exposing" the reputed political knavery, the **agent provocateur** tactics, the fascist reactionary mentality inherent in his opponent's viewpoint.

His opponent, a shabbily-dressed little man with a strong Yiddish accent and an obviously anti-Stalinist political background, baited him slyly, turning to the crowd with an exaggerated uplifting of shoulders at every new blast at his political antecedents, "I ask you, I appeal to you, did he enser me? Did he enser me? A tautologist, det's what he is. Polemics with himself he wants."

Lonely

The crowd grinned in appreciation of the little man's antics. There are many lonely people in New York, and none lonelier than those who will stand late at night in fog and cold in a deserted park listening to debatable propositions they have heard ten thousand times before, and which have become as meaningless to them as the carvings on a rooming-house newel post, worn smooth by time and the passage of many hands. It was not the truth they sought—who but a fool looks for truth in political debate, and they were not fools—but entertainment, forgetfulness of the ill-paid job, insomnia, poor health, the nagging wife, the lack of friends, the knowledge of failure, the unruly children with the silent, contemptuous eyes, or, like ourselves, those who were made restless in the night, listening to the steep, condemning silence of all the sheets of manuscript they have never written on.

We turned aside to flip away our cigarette when our attention was caught by a group of men at the opposite end of the little amphitheatre, huddled in various postures about a fire one of them had started in a wire wastepaper container, some of them perched on the railing, others standing, one of them seated on a crate, and all of them holding out their hands to the soft flower of light that bloomed with a fierce orange beauty in the fog, out of the improbable soil of old newspapers, bits of cardboard and fruit crate lathes. They at least had accepted the reality of their predicament and had set about, with the few primitive means at hand, to combat it. We moved over to them spiritually as well as physically. They watched our approach silenty, and conversation languished as we broke into the circle and held out our hands to the fire. We stood silently for awhile, and then took out a pack of cigarettes and lit one slowly, and slowly began to return the pack to our pocket. A little Negro opposite in a torn Army blouse with the blue, French helmet patch of a famous colored regiment, lifted a finger and smiled. "You got one more, man?" We passed the pack, and he lit one, the eyes of the circle on him, and when he handed it back we shrugged. "Pass it around." When it came back at last, we put it in our pocket, and after a while felt gingerly inside it with the tip of an exploratory forefinger. There were three left.

The little Negro inhaled deeply and then, holding the cigarette parallel to his finertips, exhaled a flat forceful stream of smoke, blowing the ashes from the glowing tip. "Man, I'm beat. This makes five nights I'm carryin' the banner. I'm about give out." The voice held no plea for sympathy and none was given. It was merely a sociable comment. Among the destitute the value of the sympathetic word is nil. It is the action that counts. A figure opposite, half-hidden by the flames, said, "Bout time you went home to your

wife, boy." The little Negro smiled mirthlessly. "You signifyin' to the wrong man. My wife died in '23." He inhaled again, and said as an afterthought, almost to himself, "An' the women I had since I wouldn't go home to if they wuz sleepin' on a mattress of ten-dollar bills." The circle shook with contained, appreciative laughter, acknowledging their group failure with all the women they had ever known, loved, left, deserted, buried or forgotten: those strange, capricious creatures who demanded sobriety, a regular pay check, monogamous behavior, security, a roof over their head. As well ask a man to bring them on a honeymoon trip to the dark side of the moon, their laughter said.

Old Man

An old man with dirty, matted hair and whose pulled-up, ancient overcoat collar formed a ruff, framing his flowing beard, rose from the fruitcrate he was sitting on, and, after smashing the staves under his heel, fed them slowly into the fire. "Trouble with you, Shorty, you don't live right. You oughta believe in God more." The group around the fire snickered. Obviously the old man's standing with them was that of an eccentric, a "Holy Joe" who, against the evidence of his senses, believed that God cared for his well-being. One of the figures alongside of him said, "He's beginning to sound like Angel." The little Negro took a last drag from the cigarette and, after pinching the coal, carefully put the butt in his blouse pocket, smiling at the old man, and when he spoke his remark was heavy with the pungent, embittered wisdom of the defeated. "God's a short blanket when you' sleepin' in the gutter, Pop; you oughta know that." The old man clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth in disapproval, feeding the last of the staves into the fire, and then said briskly, "Bout time for Angel to get here, huh?" We looked silently at the little Negro, who met our raised eyebrows with a smile. "Angel's ah meal ticket aroun' here, man. Comes every night this time. Brings Chinese food."

We looked at him with interest. A man, lately destitute, will sometimes make a point, if he gets a restaurant job, of bringing food to a buddy after work, perhaps to two, but rarely more. And never to a mixed group. The destitute also have their prejudices. The respectable "angels" on the Bowery are, were, few, and gave money, not food. There were only two within living memory—"Mr. Zero," the eccentric millionaire, now dead, who used to appear and disappear along the Bowery periodically, leaving a trail of dollar bills, and the unsung folk hero of our time, the young Italian bartender, who one Christmas, a couple of years back, gave away his savings, some three thousand dollars, to the men on the Bowery, and who was promptly clapped in the Psychiatric Division of Bellevue on the strength of the obvious proposition that anyone who would give his hard-earned money to the men on the Bowery was undoubtedly mad. His wife, God bless her, in obvious sympathy with his gesture, got a court order for his release.

No one said anything further, and the group fell silent. The political discussion had broken up and the park was utterly quiet, except for the crackling of the fire. Night pressed in, and the small noose of humanity drew tighter around the flames, united in common misfortune, having advanced, in all their living, no farther than Neanderthal man in their quest for security. Outside the circle the whining traffic lurched past the drakened office buildings of Fourth Avenue like a herd of hunted, metal animals wending their way through a stone thicket, the reflected stop light leaving behind a blood trail on the gleaming asphalt.

Footsteps

There was the sound of footsteps coming fast over the pavement through the fog and the men half turned and shifted as a stocky, middleaged man, bareheaded and with his arms laden with parcels, came up to the fire. He was breathing hard, as though he had come a long distance without sparing himself on the way. "I'm late," he said. "My friends were busy." We looked at him startled and almost laughed aloud. It was Raymond, a casual acquaintance at the CW whom we had met on odd occasions in the kitchen, speaking to Slim. Raymond, who had stayed at the CW years before we had arrived, been one of the house men and then who had left abruptly. We recalled quickly the few facts we knew of him; that he was born in a small mill town in New England, was apparently well educated, spoke in a soft, cultured voice and something else, something odd . . . Raymond, who apparently had a working knowledge of Cantonese, and knew literally everyone in Chinatown, had many Chinese friends. One other scrap of information, the last, mentioned idly by one of the men in the house: he had a strange habit of going around the Bowery on freezing winter nights and picking up those men who had fallen on the pavement or in hallways, drunk, propping them against railings or getting them to walk.

Suddenly it was as though we were seeing him for the first time in his true perspective, as through binoculars, suddenly in focus. He was handing out food from the parcels to the men around the fire, egg rolls and what looked like omelets, "Chinese food." He must have begged it from his friends in the restaurants in Chinatown or the chop-suey palaces along Fourteenth Street. The men around the fire knew him well, called him "Angel." It was apparently a regular performance with him. We had known Raymond over a year's time and he had never hinted at any such clandestine activity or work of mercy, but had always seemed to fulfill the comment a friend of ours had made of him: "The most dissipated man I know, in the classical sense: a wild and fruitless dispersal of energy."

We remembered how we had seen him often, late at night, when, unable to sleep, we had gone into the kitchen for coffee. He would be sitting in a chair by the stove dozing, and would leap to his feet with an apologetic smile, making way for us. And suddenly, now, we saw him as we had always known him but never identified him as formally, a gentleman, "someone who is gentle with all alike." When he noticed us at the fire we held out our hand, palm upward, for the food, and he almost dropped the package in startled embarrassment. "I didn't know you got up this far . . . I didn't see you," he said. We shrugged, smiling and took an omelet. It was good, hot, greasy, brown crusted and tasting of shrimp, bamboo shoots and water chestnuts. He seemed a little distracted by our presence and distributed the rest of the food quickly. We thought to offer him one of the remaining cigarettes but remembered that he did not smoke. To have spoken further to him, identified him before the group, would have been a needless embarrassment, so we stood silently with the rest, eating the omelet. He stood quietly, watching the men eat, nodding and smiling to those whose eyes met his. We watched their manner toward him. In the hierarchy of the Bowery their place was very near the bottom rung: scavengers, the obviously psychotic personalities, those who would wear multitudinous layers of clothing if they could get them, the empty bottle, rag and wood pickers, the absolutely destitute and alone, those whose margin of existence was knife-edge wide. Eccentric themselves, their attitude toward him was of one more eccentric than they, in the sense of outraging all known standards of conduct. And truly so, perhaps. We had heard of the servants of servants, but never had we dreamt of meeting one who begged for beggars.

We looked at him closely, seeing him for the first time in his new role, but he was still the same Raymond, a man who must have had a naturally powerful physique in youth, with the mouse-colored hair of a blond person turned grey and a wide, tired, faintly humorous face with no least trace of eccentricity in it. We pondered for the hundredth time the strangeness of individual human destiny: a man born with obvious gifts, who at one time enjoyed study, desired advancement over his fellows, money, success, who could have had them in fair measure, undoubtedly did, and who in mid-career was broken, deflected, turned aside from the road he had chosen, put to walk a path he had never dreamt of in youth.

He turned to us and smiled deprecatingly, fearful that we would be shocked by the strangeness of the meeting. "I come here every night," he said, and hesitated. "My friends often have food that they throw away. No sense throwing good food away." There isn't, of course. Futile also to comment on how few of us, recognizing the obvious fact, do so little to get it into needed hands. He nodded, around at the men, holding out his hands to the fire. "I have to get back downtown," he said. "Where to?" He shrugged. "The Bowery. I usually go there around this time." "What's doing?" we said. He smiled nervously at us, obviously disliking the trend the conversation was taking, but too courteous to break it off. "Oh, one thing and another. Just walk around." He stood for a moment longer and then, nod-

(Continued on page 8)

Book Review

BORN TO WIN, by Woody Guthrie, edited by Robert Shelton; The Macmillan Company, New York; $2.95 paperbound, $6.95 hardbound. Reviewed by MURPHY DOWOUIS.

Woody Guthrie has been written about, talked about, and sung about often in the past few years, all of it pale in comparison to what he wrote, said, and sang about himself. But for those who may not have been touched directly by Woody's work while he was still active, or did not get to see him and talk to him while he was rambling around the country, introductions by others who have written about him would be helpful in appreciating this book more. Pete Seeger, Alan Lomax, and Jack Elliot are good sources for those who want to know a little of what Woody was like, before listening to him talk about himself. And listen is just what one must do while reading **Born to Win.** It's best read aloud, paying attention to Woody's phonetic spelling, his simple punctuation, and his rural grammar.

I suppose Woody Guthrie was the last of the great American braggers, men like Whitman, Will Rogers, Sandburg, and all the unknown cowboys and earthy people who got drunk on the feeling of America's swift rivers running through their bloodstreams, soft waterfalls splashing in their brains, and a host of lively sounds, jingling around them. Woody bragged about himself because he felt strong, and he believed that his bragging would give strength to other good men, and also because his kind of bragging was so much fun:

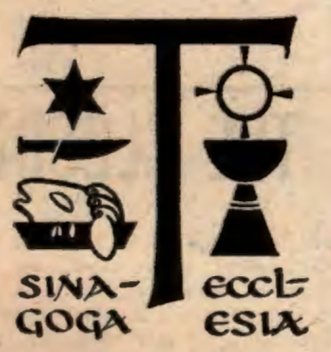
And I've actually wrote up some of the longest and hottest
Pages and stacks of pages in the forms of novels and true tales
But there still is something too slow and too plowy and ploddy
For me to spend my time at fooling around with long novels
When I'd rather hear a room full of my comrades and friends
Sing out real loud on one of my songs
Which I've wrote, say, from start to the finish
So before I turn out my lights here to call it a night
Let me just leave you with this plain in your head
That I've never heard nobody yet get a whole room full
Of friends and enemies both
To sing and to ring the plaster down singing out a novel
Like I've heard them sing out my songs already.

He never stopped at bragging about himself, but always sooner or later went further and told of his debt to all of us:

"You may have been taught to call me by the name of a poet, but I am no more of a poet than you are, no better singer. The only story that I have tried to write has been you. I never wrote a ballad nor a story neither one that told all there is to tell about you. You are the poet and your everyday talk is our best poem by our best poet. All I am is just sort of a clerk and climate tester, and my workshop is the sidewalk, your street, and your field, your highway, and your buildings. I am nothing more or less than a photographer without a camera. So let me call you the poet and you the singer, because you will read this with more song in your voice than I will."

Woody traveled for years, restlessly trying to tell people of this, the poetry within themselves. That he succeeded to some degree is proved by the extent of his influence in the song writing field. I can't think of any topical song writer of today who does not admit to Woody's touch in his work, whether it be Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Bruce Phillips, or Phil Ochs, and even the older song writers like Pete Seeger and Malvina Reynolds.

Woody Guthrie told the story of his growing up and going on the road in his autobiography, **Bound For Glory.** Born in Oklahoma in 1912, he grew up in the area that later became the center of the American Dust Bowl (some of his best songs are about the dust storm disasters), and led a childhood filled with hardships. His mother died of the same disease which has silenced him for years, Huntington's Chorea, a hereditary nerve disorder that is incurable. Woody grew to maturity in a time and place which gave most people a "born to lose" attitude. He was a Dust Bowl refugee and like most of that displaced group he migrated to California, always singing of the little man's plight in the face of almost impossible odds, always using the power of his songs to make the big man relent a little. And even if he didn't radically change the social order that was making things so hard on the migrants, he did tell them



to fight and that their strength was in unity. The labor movement in this country may owe more to Woody Guthrie than to Joe Hill.

One of Woody's literary habits was taking a word, one word, and trying in several pages to exhaust its possibilities. Less of these types of pieces and more of his lyricism might have made this book somewhat more readable to people who haven't previously been introduced to Woody in such large doses. But the combination of songs, short essays, and line drawings keeps any one section from becoming at all tiring. Many of the drawings are captioned with delightful Guthrieisms like: "Trouble ain't worth nothin', so I won't charge nothin' to fix it." Throughout his work, there is a hope of ultimate victory.

The thing that has always impressed me most about Woody has been his absolute refusal to sell out or compromise his values. He could have made a lot of money, if he had accepted the offers of Madison Avenue and the tastemakers. As he said, "When it comes time for people to actually get up and go to marching, if you've been a putting on with your singing, they'll most of them up and march in the other direction."

Woody wasn't phoney, and a lot of young people are starting to march in his direction, toward radical social change. When we get there, I'll bet that the first songs we sing will be his.

FIFTH AVENUE VIETNAM PEACE PARADE and RALLY

Saturday, March 26

Stop the War in Vietnam NOW!
PARADE: Assembles 12:30 P.M., 94th to 91st Streets, between Fifth and Madison Avenues.
RALLY: Begins 3:30 at Central Park Mall (near 72nd Street). Rain or shine.
CHAIRMAN: A. J. Muste; Coordinators: Norma Becker & Dave Dellinger.
SPEAKERS: Linus Pauling, Donald Duncan, Juan Mari Bras, Fannie Lou Hamer.
For further information and leaflets get in touch with:

VIETNAM PEACE PARADE COMMITTEE
5 Beekman Street
New York, N. Y. 10038
Phone: 964-0070

LETTERS

Community Venture

Callejon de la Iglesia,
Puerto de la Torre
Malaga, Spain

Dear Friends;

Since writing the letter you published in December 1964 we have been slowly increasing our activities in Malaga as much as time, help and finances have allowed. Unable to find a suitable house for a recuperation center, we decided to house volunteers in our spare room and concentrated on the clothing room, vegetable garden and domestic service for poor families. We had a fine group of volunteers helping during the past year. Fortunately, we were able to use a room in the parish church and a caravan as extra dormitories and these will be available again this year. The activities include:

- Regular house work in homes of large families where the mothers are ill and are unable to pay for domestic help.
- Domestic help to old people living alone.
- Service in day nurseries for young children of poor and working mothers.
- Holiday trips to beach and country with children from poor families.
- Work in the vegetable garden.
- Attendance in the clothing room.
- Clerical work, typing, kitchen duties, visits to homes and hospitals to try and get help for people in need.

This year we hope to open a house of hospitality for homeless men in a slum area of Malaga and begin work on our "farm" outside Malaga. We already have enough land for one house, and vegetable garden, but we would like to buy more land near us and encourage other families to join in a community venture based on voluntary poverty, mutual help, and service to the poor.

For all these activities we need a lot of spiritual, physical and financial help. For volunteers we can offer meals and lodging, if necessary, for a eight-hour, five-day week. The work is hard but not unpleasant after the first shock. The daily schedule leaves enough free time for recreation, study and tourist trips. For anyone studying Spanish it has proved a great opportunity to learn and practice, and we would be very happy to hear from anyone who would like to spend some vacation time with us.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
Kevin & Joan Ryan

Grape Strikers

8401 Loyola Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 40045

Dear Miss Day:

Thanks for your note of the Epiphany and for publishing my letter (January 1966) so nicely.

I don't remember meeting Hank Anderson, but I believe the former Brother Gilbert is still quite active in the strike. A few weeks ago he gave a lecture on the strike to the annual meeting of the large but unrecognized Catholic Human Relations Council here in Los Angeles. The local Anglo pastor in Delano is very much against the workers (several growers — many are Catholics—belong to his parish); the pastor of the Mexican church is probably for them but is keeping quiet.

In the week I was there (before Xmas) I was happy to see several priests from various parts of California (mostly Northern) come in with carloads of teenagers to deliver food and clothing to the strikers. Some also came with food and presents. There would undoubtedly be more Catholic support if the clergy were free to tell them and each other about it. But they're not, although I'm sure many priests are sympathetic.

I'm in close contact with my old schoolmate, Father Bill Dubay. His book **The Human Church** will be released by Doubleday on March 4th. It's quite radical and published without an **imprimatur,** so all hell may break loose. But Bill is not at all unhappy to face "martyrdom" over such a beautiful and timely issue as freedom of speech in the Church. The more prudent thing would be for the Cardinal to ignore the book, but then in things like this Cardinal McIntyre is often most imprudent!

Thanks again for the correspondence.

Sincerely in Christ,
Alan White

Christian Approach

R.F.D.
Narvon, Pa.

Dear Dorothy:

I certainly appreciated the article by Jim Wilson (January 1966); his reasoning and sentiments are mine also. Except for burning his draft card. I'd like to get away from the whole idea of burning anything . . . except wood in our stoves!

Refusing to fight is a specific remedy for war . . . and someone has to start. Everyone has been waiting for "George" and he never showed up. A steadfast, courteous refusal to the point of prison or death, if need be, is today just as powerful, just as heroic, and just as magnificent as it was in the early Church. It will capture men's minds and hearts and will cause men to say, "Here are a great people, surely."

I am still learning woodworking and handcrafts here in the woods.

Affectionately,
Daniel O'Hagan

On His Way

P.O. Box 655
Salt Lake City
Utah

Dearest Dorothy:

We leave here February 24th. I can't tell just how fast we'll travel east in this weather.

Although I had never dreamed about Raymond Leach, I did last night, and today I received the February CW and read that he was dead. I liked the article on the sea by Nicholas Rosa. And of course yours on the grape strike. I guess that book of Eileen Egan's that you reviewed was the one she was working on when I was in New York City. I had a letter from Thomas Merton; he is a hermit this year. That was a very good reprint of his article. Stanely Vishnewski's stuff is always good. Our friend John Van Kilsdonk, with whom we stayed in Phoenix, is doing good work.

Senator Moss, of Utah, is one of three senators who is trying to get the control of improving waterways away from the Army Engineers. They are the ones that drowned out the Seneca Indians. My friend Bob Sherrill wrote about their case in the **Nation.**

We visited a family the other night where the woman works in the obstetric department of St. Mark's Hospital. She told us that four of the seven babies born there the day before were deformed. This county has the highest percentage of such babies born anywhere because of all the Strontium 90 that has come here from Nevada.

Love to you and all,
Ammon Hennacy

In the Cage

New York, N.Y.

Dear Dorothy,

Pat Rusk and I were over visiting a woman who had been in the Times Square demonstration with us, the day after President Johnson resumed bombing. Our friend had also pled guilty to the charge and was given a two-day sentence. However, due to two contrary laws, she served only two hours of her sentence and then was released. While we were talking about prison, her 12-year-old daughter, Susan E. Wallace, went to her room and came back with this poem. Thought you might like to use it.

In the cage a lion gets meat and kind words.

In the cage a bird gets fine seeds and welcoming toys;

In the cage a human gets bad food, bad care, and poisonous words.

Moral: The judge loves animals.

In Peace,
Diane Feeley (Gannon)

Prayer for the Poor

117 Hart Drive
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

Dear Mr. Corbin:

The poor burn my heart. I hardly ever, it seems, have much money left over to give them, but I pray for them very often. I made up a prayer which I thought, maybe, if said by very many people, might be a partial solution, as no prayer is unanswered.

Almighty God, forgive us who call ourselves
Christians—we who spit upon Thy poor.

Forgive us, O Christ—You Who would rather see mercy than a glorious temple.

Purge us, Holy Spirit—bring us down — awaken us lest we perish.

Remind us that civil law is written by the well-to-do. Teach us to ignore it. Help us to know Your poor.

Think in Your people that You ask for LOVE—not for those who "deserve" it, but for those who need it, Amen.

Sincerely,
Robert Baker

Dave Miller Sentenced

As we go to press we learn that Dave Miller, the Catholic Worker who publicly burned his draft card last October, received a three-year suspended sentence and two years of conditional probation from Federal District Judge Harold R. Tyler, Jr. Conditions of the probation include the obtaining and carrying of a draft card, the obeying of the orders of his selective service board, and service in the armed forces if drafted. Dave and his lawyers have indicated that they will appeal his conviction all the way up to the Supreme Court if necessary.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

gets a chance he bullds up a tiny parish which grows openly until he is transferred someplace else. Even after regaining his freedom he remains in Russia, working in Krasnoyarsk, until he finally gets in contact with his sisters in the States, and they, with the help of his order and the State Department, arrange a transfer of prisoners between the United States and the Soviet Union, which results in his being sent back to New York.

He lived through the Stalin era and through the great strikes that took place in the prison camps after the death of Stalin, which resulted in the betterment of the conditions for prisoners and workers too. It is a story of courage and endurance, and in the main of non-violence, since there was no possibility of armed revolt. Throughout, Father Ciszek's main thought, aside from his will to survive, is to serve his people, to offer the liturgy, which he can do in the Russian rite, to give communion, to hear confessions, all under the most difficult conditions imaginable. Thank God for such men as Father Ciszek!

Another book which I am carrying about with me is Father Ernesto Balducci's **John, the Transitional Pope** (McGraw-Hill). It is a book, like the **Journal of a Soul**, which gives joy to the heart.

Father Balducci is a profound thinker, of deep insight. He was on trial and given a suspended sentence for advocating conscientious objection in Italy, where it is against the law. But this book is all about John and his teaching, about the times he lived in and how he reacted to those times. There are many excerpts from his speeches and sermons and there are Father Balducci's comments about them, which are as delightful as those of the Holy Father himself.

When burdens seems to increase and the family grows ever larger, and the news, every hour on the hour, repeated again and again, makes sad the heart, then it is good to pick up a book like this and learn again what Father Balducci calls "the law of delight," the law that presided over the work of creation, as Scripture tells us when it speaks of Wisdom, which played like a delighted child in the sight of the Almighty Father Creator, rejoicing before him always!"

Mary, cause of our Joy, pray for us. Pope John, help us all to keep our balance in this heady time of renewal.

The Unwanted

A ragged old man with a sandwich in his pocket came in and set in the back of the church this morning. One of the parishioners who had just been to communion started shooing him out. "He is smoking!" she said, shaking her head. "Don't you smoke in here," and she was like a little mother hen driving him before her.

It was raining outside and there was no park bench on which to rest. He was either sleeping in some vacant house or at the Municipal lodging house on Third street half dozen blocks away and was put out early in the morning with his sandwich. Perhaps he did not know he was in church. Peter Maurin in his last five years lost his mind and got lost himself in city and country, and even in the house of hospitality itself. Sometimes he did not even know where he was supposed to sleep. Once previously in the face of the apparent failure to reach those to whom he was talking (the young married men who wished to divide the farming commune among themselves, excluding the single except as family servants), Peter perhaps wishing to "endorse" himself (as Recovery terms it) in the face of discouragement, said sadly, "I have never asked anything for myself." Not even a bed. He was truly poor.

I was writing in church myself when this little incident occurred and perhaps to the purist I should have been put out. But I was trying to put down my problems of this immediate present, hoping that it would help me solve them or make a beginning. Often I have done this, only to find six months later that the problems had somehow disappeared (though sometimes only by the persons that caused them disappearing from the immediate vicinity themselves.) Perhaps this is what I secretly want, but that is really no solution. This morning radio news came that two companions of Castro in his Cuban revolution had just been arrested on charges of conspiring to assassinate him, presumably with the connivance of the CIA. The charge of plotting to assassinate in order to overthrow governments has been brought so often against "a United States agency" that one wonders. Were Bonhoeffer and his companions in their plot to assassinate Hitler aided by such an agency? Assassinations, by whomsoever they are attempted or perpetrated, are murders and do not solve the problems, which are always deepseated, going back into the past. Cut off the head of one tyrant and half a dozen others spring into place. Nor do removals by any other means solve problems which will always be with us. The need is to change the minds and hearts of men. Which is part of the tactics of guerrilla war too, but unfortunately it is neutralized, wiped out by the violence and terror which accompanies it all.

St. John Chrysostom says in regard to our Lord's sending us out as sheep among wolves, that if we become wolves ourselves, He is no longer with us.

But to try to face up to some of my problems: The incident of the man smoking in church leads me to one of the problems but perhaps a most basic one, the lack of the reverence and respect that we should have for holy things, and for all men as creatures of God. God, the Father, created us and all the universe, so all things are holy. One may laugh for joy, but not in derision.

The liturgical movement has meant everything to the Catholic Worker from its very beginning. The Mass was the center of our lives and indeed I was convinced that the Catholic Worker had come about because I was going to daily Mass, daily receiving Holy Communion and happy though I was, kept sighing out, "Lord, what would you have me to do? Lord, here I am." And I kept hearing his call, as Samuel did, but I did not know what he wanted me to do.

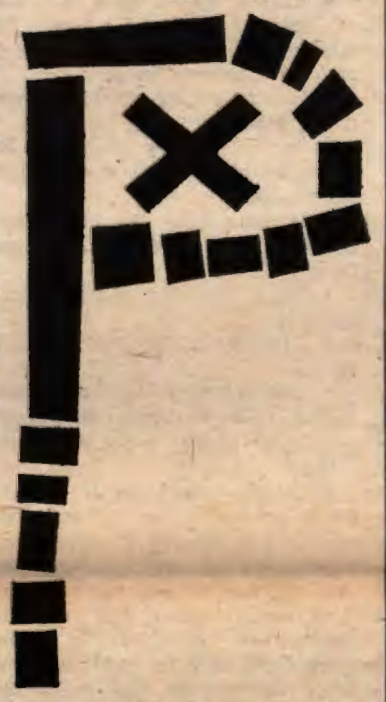
And then Peter Maurin came. A group formed around us, including a young girl from Manhattanville and a young man who had tried his vocation with the Fransiscans and was still, as a layman, interested in the Divine Office. So there was added to our lives within the first few months, the recitation of some of the Hours, sometimes Vespers, always Compline. Never Prime, because most of the young people liked to stay up late at night and sleep late into the day. I myself had done the same at their age. It was their turn now. Usually they missed Mass, unless they could get to the noonday one, as Peter did. Older people usually become early risers, and it is always said that they do not need as much sleep as young people.

So we became familiar with the Office, and the four-volume translation of the entire Office in Latin and English soon fell into our hands, gifts of generous friends. Now there is the Short Breviary put out by St. John's at Collegeville, Minn. Then there were the pamphlet editions of Prime and Compline. So we got to know Psalms. We used the missal because we wanted to pray with the understanding and we were ardent supporters of the vernacular movement and were delighted that one of the former heads of the South Bend House of Hospitality, Julian Pleasants, wrote for their publication, **Amen.**

We had our communion processions, and even the altar facing the people, as far back as 1937—the summer Fr. Joseph Woods, O.S.B. came to spend his vacation with us, sweating in the fields (we still have a picture of him in the beanfield).

I myself got into trouble over that move, because the activists who were working on the farm that summer, when asked by Father Joseph to help rearrange the farm chapel for the Mass, passed the buck by saying "Let's wait till Miss Day gets back," whereupon he informed them it was his business, and he informed me on my return from the city that I must be a tyrant indeed if they had to await my permission before they could assist at rearranging the altar. He was not very observant, living at the Catholic Worker where the motto was, "Love God and do as you will." St. Augustine said that.

I suppose I am rambling because I hate to get to the point, and that point is that I am afraid



I am a traditionalist, in that I do not like to see Mass offered with a large coffee cup as a chalice. I suppose I am romantic too, since I loved the Arthur legend as a child and reverenced the Holy Grail and the search for it. I feel with Newman that my faith is founded on a creed, as Rev. Louis Bouyer wrote of Newman in that magnificent biography of his.

"I believe in God, Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. And of all things visible and invisible, and in His Only Son Jesus Christ, our Lord."

I believe too that when the priest offers Mass at the altar, and says the solemn words, "This is my body, this is my blood," that the bread and the wine truly become the body and blood of Christ, Son of God, one of the Three Divine persons. I believe in a personal God. I believe in Jesus Christ, true God and true man. And intimate, oh how most closely intimate we may desire to be, I believe we must render most reverent homage to Him who created us and stilled the sea and told the winds to be calm, and multiplied the loaves and fishes. He is transcendent and He is immanent. He is closer than the air we breathe and just as vital to us. I speak impetuously, from my heart, and if I err theologically in my expression, I beg forgiveness.

Peter Maurin's synthesis of cult, culture and cultivation, painted by Rita Corbin on the dining room wall at the farm at Tivoli, constantly calls to mind the struggle. Cult was ever surrounded by beauty and glory and majesty of stone and stained glass, precious incense, tapestry, music, all the exterior and interior senses of man responding to the needs to worship, praise, and render thanks to God. Friends of the Catholic Worker family earn

(Continued on page 8)

Don't Buy Schenley's!

Since September 8, 1965, forty-five hundred Mexican-American, Filipino and Negro farm workers have been on strike against thirty-five Delano, California grape growers. The workers are represented by the National Farm Workers Association (independent) and the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO). The strike is handled through a joint committee of the unions. (For the background and details of the strike, cf. articles in recent issues of the **Catholic Worker, Commonweal, Ave Maria, Nation, New Republic, New York Review of Books,** and other publications. The strikers' organ **El Malcriado** (P.O. Box 1060, Delano, California) is published every two weeks in Spanish and English. Subscriptions are two dollars a year.)

Schenley's, the biggest corporation in the area (with almost five thousand acres), with 1965 profits of seventeen million dollars, sometimes pays its workers as low as thirty cents an hour. Hundreds of its workers have gone on strike. Schenley has refused the offers of the California Conciliation Service, ministers, and civic groups to promote discussion between the strikers and the growers. Because farm workers have no assistance from the government to help bring about mediation of their strike, they are dependent upon the general public to pressure growers to sit down at the table and discuss wages and conditions.

So we ask for your help through a boycott of Schenley products and through your letter to: **Vice President James E. Woolsey, Schenley Industries, 45 Second St., San Francisco, California.** DO NOT BUY: Any Schenley product, including whiskey, Bourbon, and Scotch: CUTTY SARK; I. W. HARPER; ANCIENT AGE; J. W. DANT; DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL; ROMA and CRESTA BLANCA wines.

Beware: most table grapes now on the market, and almost all Emperors, are scab grapes.

THE CLOSING OF THE GAP

(Continued from page 1)

and unknown. It is a simple test of whether we carried out the works of love taught by the Son of Man. He told us that we would find Him in our neighbor, and when He comes in majesty at the General Judgment He will identify Himself with the neediest of humankind. **"For I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink: I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked and you covered Me; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me."**

The very matter of the Last Judgment consists of the works of mercy, and mercy is really love under the aspect of need. It is love going out to meet the needs of the person loved. The Christian who tries to make the works of mercy central to his life knows that the person whose needs he meets is always the same, always the Son of Man. When one is fortunate enough to travel about the world, as I have done, meeting refugees and the dispossessed of every nation under heaven, it is a thing of heady beauty to see the infinite variety that the image of God can take on. One begins to see the unspeakable ugliness of any barrier that prevents us from treating another person with the respect due him as a being inhabited by the divine.

Christianity or Nationalism?

Here is where the Christian meets a dilemma, since as a citizen of this or that nation, he is asked to eliminate the works of mercy as they apply to the men, women and children of certain nation-states. He is asked to see them as enemies, to stop seeing them as other Chrlsts, to whom he owes first of all the ministry of truth, and then the service of their needs as far as he is able.

When Pope John XXIII drew the connection between the preservation of peace and the Last Judgment, he was putting his finger on one of the central dilemmas of modern life for Christians scattered among the nations. He was launching the great task of closing the gap that had grown up between man as a religious being, a supranational Christian, and man as a member of a nation. Christians who in their personal lives acted in one way were asked as members of nation states to act in a totally opposite way. Under periods of war, they were ordered to jettison the works of mercy. Such a complete overthrow of the Christian relationships between man and man began to be accepted as a sad but inevitable corollary of citizenship. Christians fell into the posture of assuming that their governments were not bound by the same moral laws which bound individuals. Nations, the majority of whose populations called themselves Christian, obtained from their citizens obedience to actions which not only interrupted but reversed the works of mercy.

The abyss widened between the norms of conduct incumbent upon a person as a citizen, and those enjoined by his allegiance to Jesus. The abyss allowed governments to make unspeakable demands in the name of loyalty and patriotism. The Hitler regime called upon its Christian citizens to bomb centers of population, to round up millions of innocent Jews, Poles, Ukranians, gypsies and other people classified as **"untermensch,"** subhumans, as well as political dissidents. No matter what the wartime order consisted of, the ordinary Christian citizen felt that his duty was obedience and his function the defense of his embattled nation.

The traditional formulas of Church teaching on war, specifically the conditions of the "just war," were inadequate to guide Christians when they were dragooned into the most unjust and demonic war of all the ages. Hitler's tyrannical state commanded that Germans give their all to Caesar-Hitler and his wars. They were to render him complete obedience as embodied in a military oath. The taking of such an oath resulted in a surrender of conscience. Only Caesar-Hitler could decide what was wrong and right in exploits of politics and violence. That any modern Caesar could reach this point in a nation composed predominantly of Christians is commentary enough on the enormity of the gap between the individual's code of morality and the code he was prepared to follow as a citizen. If the principle of the total obedience of the citizen-soldier had not been so generally established, the National Socialist wars and atrocities would have been no more than evil dreams in the minds of a few fanatics.

The Nazi experience, in which the Christians of one nation were used as instruments in the perpetration of massive acts of destruction on their fellow-men, laid bare the necessity for a closing of the gap between obedience to the law of Christ and duty to the nation-state. A citizen of the German Reich who dissented from the Nazi political program was separated from the community and interned in one of a great network of concentration camps. Once the war was in progress, the man who refused military service

(Continued on page 7)

The Essence of Fasting

"We are insisting, at this solemn hour for France and Africa and the entire world, on the distinct value of Fasting, which is the threshold of the Passion and Death (redemptive) for all souls who wish to conform with the Lord in the 40-days desert. It is not only a question of Fasting in the stomach, or in words, but in all the sweetness and consolation in prayer itself. It is difficult, but it is essential, for one to decide to renounce oneself entirely, if one wishes to obtain for others a serene peace, that peace for which we are going to fast on this our 86th humble meeting. The essence of Fasting is in renouncing the anticipated possession of all spiritual goods, even of the Sovereign Good. Perhaps to this one might argue this is a descent into Hell. But it is precisely this sacrifice in humility that Satan, in his jealous love for divine perfections, did not wish to make: this crucifying love which frees souls, though enflaming Hell with jealousies and hatreds, in order to make freshness and peace rule."

LOUIS MASSIGNON, Badaliya Bulletin, March 2, 1962.
(Translated by Herbert Mason)

Louis Massignon, who invited us to participate with him and many others in a Muslim-Christian Pilgrimage held in Brittany each July as a witness of fraternity between these two great Abrahamic faiths, wrote the above passage during one of the worst periods of the Algerian war. The 86th meeting of the members of the Badaliya, as the previous meetings, was an occasion for reaffirming jointly the value of Fasting, especially as a spiritual work for the sake of peace. 'Badaliya' in Arabic means 'substitute' and its members consider works of spiritual self-sacrifice as 'substitutions' for the sake of others. Professor Massignon, a professor of the College de France, was also a Melkite Rite Catholic priest. He was also the closest friend and literary executor of Father Charles de Foucauld.

It is our feeling that this passage expresses profoundly the Christian meaning of Fasting and that it can be extended, though compassion and friendship, as a prayer for peace in Vietnam and as a gesture of sympathy with our friend the Vietnamese teacher Vo Thanh - Minh, now in his sixteenth fast "for peace in my country and in the world." It is our humble and fraternal wish that Our Lord may receive and interpret kindly the pure intention of Vo's fasting and compassion for his people. Vo has written that "according to my traditional customs, my fast is a voluntary suffering in communion with my family and people . . . .a prayer for an awakening of the human moral conscience . . . an act of personal purification, penitence and meditation which will allow me to correct my own faults, so often unknown by myself as a human being, and to see clearly the Way of human liberation." He wrote: "I am praying with more faith and quietness for Universal Fraternity!"

THE CLOSING OF THE GAP

(Continued from page 6)

was sent to the beheading block. It would be unreasonable to argue that Germans, young men in the flush of youth or older men responsible for the welfare of families, should have lined up in queues for beheading.

If th distinctions were to have any validity in wartime, they would have had to be made first in peacetime. The teaching of the Church would have had to be updated to deal with the limitless claims of the modern state. Christians would have had to be in a clear position to warn their governments in times of tranquillity just how limited is the claim of an earthly power over the consciences of its citizens. Christian citizens needed guidance on how to remind governments that they were responsible to two kingdoms: the kingdom of God as well as the kingdom of the world. Christians needed modern formulations with which to address governments that ordered acts which would turn Christians away from the path to ultimate salvation. The heart of the problem was that the nation, especially the nation in peril, was beyond or above the moral law as enunciated for Christians.

Moral Law for Nations

Six months after he made the appeal for peace in the setting of the Last Judgment, Pope John XXIII closed the great gap. In his letter to all humanity entitled **Peace on Earth (Pacem in Terris)** he made clear something that was explicitly a part of Christian teaching, but something which nationalism had obscured. The Pope stated bluntly and simply: **"The same moral law which governs relations between individual human beings serves also to regulate the relations of political communities."**

In October 1965, just three years after Pope John had launched the Church on its great thrust into the modern world, Vatican Council II opened its debate on modern war. Building on **Peace on Earth**, the Council Fathers addressed themselves to the problem of total violence and to the dilemma of Christians trapped in it. Their deliberations became Chapter V of the pastoral constitution "The Church in the Modern World." The document echoes Pope John in reminding not only rulers but "the men of our time" that **"they will have to give a somber reckoning of their deeds of war."** It commends those "who fearlessly and openly resist" such immoral war actions as "the extermination of an entire people, nation or ethnic minority." It does not withhold praise from those who "renounce the use of violence in the defense of their rights." But most clearly of all, "The Church in the Modern World" puts nation-states on notice that Christian citizens must consider the order to participate in indiscriminate war as evil. The Fathers of the Universal Church stated: **"this most Holy Synod makes its own the condemnation of total war pronounced by recent Popes and issues the following declaration:**

Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation."

This is what Christians must make known to their governments in cold and hot wars, in peace time and in time of preparation for war. The Bishops of the world have followed Pope John in closing a monstrous gap so fateful for humanity in a nuclear-fragile world.

(From "The Rainbow Sign" a longer work dealing with the dilemma of the Christian confronting total war.)

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

Mystical Body

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

Many years ago the **Catholic Worker** published an editorial on the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. The printer inadvertently printed it as the **Mythical Body of Christ**—and there were few people in those days (1934) who realized that it was a mistake. Even the **Daily Worker** was unable to understand the doctrine when in the August 18, 1934 edition it reported to its readers that the Catholic Worker "with its 'Mystic-Body-of-Christ' distributism is merely another disguised fascist sheet."

Today when the phrases Liturgical Movement, Catholic Action, Missa Recitata, Compline fall glibly from the lips of laymen and are understood by those to whom they are talking—it is difficult to realize that some thirty years ago these sublime truths were little understood by the great majority of the laity. The participation of the laity in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, a critic remarked, seemed to consist of falling on their knees and opening their purses. It was also stated that Catholic Action was the interference of the laity in the indolence of the Hierarchy.

Some people assumed that the liturgy was the parts printed in black while the rubrics were those parts printed in red. And if you knew enough to answer silently **Et cum spiritu tuo** to the priest's **Dominus Vobiscum** then you were in the forefront of Catholic lay leadership.

To remedy matters there were the herole pioneers like Father Virgil Michel, O.S.B. and his group of associates at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. who started **Orate Fratres** (now called **Worship**) and the **Popular Liturgical Library.** There were the Summer Schools of Catholic Action under the inspiring leadership of Father Daniel Lord, S.J., who were introducing Catholic youth to the glorious vision of what it meant to be a member of the Mystical Body of Christ.

It was perhaps appropriate that it was at a school dedicated to the **Mystical Body of Christ** that Dorothy Day gave her first public talk on the work of the **Catholic Worker.**

But it was the saintly Father Benedict Bradley, O.S.B. who made us aware of the living doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ and who for a solid hour held an audience of workers and students in the little store on 436 East 15th Street which was the headquarters of The Catholic Worker.

"The Church," Father Bradley told us, "is not simply a perfect

(Continued on page 8)

Alternative Service

"That earthly peace which arises from love of neighbor," the bishops who assembled for the final session of Vatican Council II have reminded us, "symbolizes and results from the peace of Christ which radiates from God the Father. For by the cross the Incarnate Son, the prince of peace, reconciled all men with God. By thus restoring all men to the unity of one people and one body, He slew hatred in His own flesh; and, after being lifted on high by His resurrection, He poured forth the spirit of love into the hearts of men.

"For this reason, all Christians are urgently summoned to do in love what the truth requires, and to join with all true peacemakers in pleading for peace and bringing it about.

"Motivated by the same spirit, we cannot fail to praise those who renounce the use of violence in vindication of their rights and who resort to methods of defense which are otherwise available to weaker parties, too, provided this can be done without injury to the rights and duties of others or of the community itself . . . Moreover, it sees right that laws make humane provisions for the case of those who for reasons of conscience refuse to bear arms, provided, however, that they agree to serve the human community in some other way."

Such sentiments, representing as they do the official position taken by the conciliar fathers on the subject of the right to conscientious objection, should considerably strengthen the legal position of Catholic C.O.'s, who in the past have often found it difficult to adduce any ecclesiastical support for their stand. The section of Schema XIII (The Constitution on the Church of the Modern World) dealing with the avoidance of war, from which the above statements are cited, was finally hammered out in the closing days of the council's last session and deserve serious study. On March 4th, Newman Press will publish a book composed of all sixteen of the Council's documents, but since the price of the volume will be five dollars and seventy-five cents, we hope that one of the religious peace organizations will find it possible to reprint the relevant sections of Schema XIII in pamphlet form for the benefit of impecunious pacifists.

Young Catholic men who are convinced of the immorality of war but do not feel conscientiously compelled to take the absolutist position of breaking completely with the conscription system are sometimes unaware that a fairly wide range of honest and socially useful work is open to them if they can obtain conscientious-objector status from Selective Service. Draft boards are increasingly being compelled to take account of the considerable body of pacifist sentiment within the Catholic Church, so it seems likely that in the future many more young Catholic men will be able to "serve the human community" in the ways the Council suggests, by performing two years of alternate service.

An example of one such opportunity arrived in this morning's mail in the form of a communication from the Jacksonville (Ill.) State Hospital, which is actively seeking to recruit C.O.'s with a college degree (experience is not necessary) as mental-health workers in connection with a new program involving a drastic revision of traditional concepts of custodial care, in which patients will "participate along with the staff to create an active therapeutic milieu, purposefully designed for patient health and quicker discharges." After a year or two of this service, the State of Illinois will provide opportunities for graduate study. Anyone interested should write to: **Mrs. Anne Kenin, ACSW, Casework Supervisor, Jacksonville State Hospital, Jacksonville, Ill. 62650.**

As other opportunities come up, we shall report them from time to time in the pages of the **Catholic Worker.** Meanwhile, we remind our readers that any Catholic who has any problems of conscience in connection with the draft should get in touch with: the **Catholic Peace Fellowship, 5 Beekman St., New York City 38.**

Three Objectors

We believe that most of our readers who took the trouble to read the lengthy excerpts from the defense statement of Father Lorenzo Milani that we published recently ("A Priest-Teacher on Trial," January 1966) will endorse the judgment of Mr. Lewis Mumford, who wrote to us: "What a great moving document Father Milani's letter is! He is a saint and hero in one."—And they will be happy to know on February 15th that the court in Rome acquitted Father Milani and his co-defendant, Luca Pavolini, editor of the Communist weekly **Rinascita**, which had published his original advocacy of the right of conscientious objection. The brief report on the acquittal published in the **New York Times** indicated that the court "appeared to favor recognition" of the right to refuse military service because of religious conviction.

One of our subscribers has kindly sent us a clipping of an interesting article on Father Milani by Father Leon Levasseur, a Canadian parish priest, published in the Winnipeg **Free Press** for January 15th, which recalls the similar case of a few years back involving Father Ernest Balducci, Florentine biographer of Pope John, who received a ten-year (suspended) sentence for publicly defending a conscientious objector. Father Levasseur reports that when Father Milani's troubles became public last spring, Pope Paul, through the services of a Florentian priest, sent a warm, comforting letter to Don Milani, along with a cheque for 100,000 lire. The Pope's letter suggested to the conscientious objector not to make use of the Communist press."

The concluding paragraph of Father Levasseur's article is of especial relevance:

"Don Milani is 42, a late-comer to the Catholic Church from Judaism. The sympathies showed him by Pope Paul, and, in covered words, the respect of his Ordinary Cardinal Florit, for his justified position, even if at times couched in inappropriate language, is ample proof to me that Vatican II's decree on religious freedom is being taken seriously right close to the Eternal City. Will Catholic conscientious objectors to the Vietnam war, south of the border, find a similar hearing and sympathy among the 240 American bishops who pushed through and voted for the Decree? I am still waiting for an answer."

In a third, and most recent case involving Catholic opposition to war in Italy, Dr. Fabrizio Fabbrini, a scriptural scholar and professor of Roman Law, was sentenced to a year in prison for resigning from military service. Dr. Fabbrini had turned his uniform over to his commanding officer only ten days before he was scheduled to be discharged, in order to witness publicly to the fact that he could no longer conscientiously take part in preparations for war. He explained that his rejection of military service was based on the Beatitudes and the peace teachings of the last three Popes.

"To the millions who have to go without two meals a day the only acceptable form in which God dare appear is food."

—Gandhi

POVERTY'S PROGRESS
The Shy Apostle

(Continued from page 4)

ding at the men, held up his hand in salute and walked quickly away. "Angel's in a hurry tonight," the old man with the turned collar said brightly. "Things to do, places to go." The small Negro licked his fingers and fished the cigarette stub from his pocket. "I doubt that boy knows he's living," he said. The remark for some reason evoked the story in our minds, one that had puzzled us before, of St. Francis embracing the leper and kissing his sores. What was the leper's attitude as St. Francis dismounted, ran across the road to him, called him brother? Was it, "Poor fool, were I as clean and healthy as you I would have better use for my time than this self-pitying behaviour"? No matter, the deed was done, recorded, sped through time to serve forever as an example of the lack of fear and the wealth of love that those who trust in God possess.

Faith

We turned again to the fire and the men around it. It was possible, looking on them and claiming brotherhood, to envy the animals, who live their given natures explicitly and with the implicit faith that transcends thought, untortured by the failure of reason to solve modern predicaments. For man the highest prize, to love God knowingly, for man also the greatest punishment, the gift of free will that enables him to make mistakes and worse, to be aware of them. An animal can be betrayed by instinct, but dies, if it must, integral: Who cannot reason, cannot make mistakes. And yet reason and its twin, faith, are the greatest gifts peculiar to man and no other animal part of his essential quality. How account then for his ability, peculiar to no other animal, to prostitute his virtues? "Who is greatly loved is greatly chastised." And the greatest chastisement can be freedom to let natural inclination have its will, to give pride and wilfullness full rein—all of them, things that we deeply and instinctively wish—that passionate desire to avoid, circumvent, destroy authority, that has its roots in our earliest struggles with apparent parental despotism, the hidden seed, cast random on the soil of our environment, chance and opportunities, that flowers into diverse fruit; great saint, great sinner, revolutionist or reactionary, affirmer or scoffer.

We looked after Raymond, hurrying past the equestrian statue of the Father of His Country, to be swallowed in the luminescent fog shrouding the neon signs of Fourteenth Street and thought what an unorthodox social worker God is: A mile below the Square where Manhattan narrows to its tip, along those dim, dirty, ill-lighted side streets of the Bowery, haunted by the overhead rumble of the El and the whistles of tugboats from nearby piers, in a dozen darkened doorways, sodden with drink, forgotten or unwanted by every social agency, hospital or relief bureau in town, will be lying the bums, the unwanted, the far down. And among them Raymond will go, because the night is cold, the ground freezing and death to lie on exposed and without covering, unconscious from drink. And he will haul them to their feet when he comes to them, trying to get them to walk, talk to them, fight to fan the flickering flame of survival within them. And they will not thank him for dragging them back from the dearly purchased fumes of unconsciousness. They will kick at him and curse him, punch him if he is unwary enough or persists. But he will persist, because that is Raymond's apostolate. Out of a great city of over eight million souls, we will all of us be too busy, or cold, or preoccupied this night with our own problems to go among the sodden failures, trying to get them to stand up, to walk, to struggle, not to die tonight, that they may live and go out and get drunk and fall down and freeze tomorrow night.

Fool's Venture

A fool's venture, any reasonable man would say, and out of pride and distaste would withdraw from contact with the diseased, vermin-ridden, ill-smelling bodies. And no one volunteers. But obviously God counts the work valuable, because every now and then He takes a man or woman of strength, and breaks them of the pride and reasonableness that they prize so much, and sends them forth to do it, and the work is done.

We shivered involuntarily; the fog was cold and the night advancing. We left the fire and began to walk to the subway entrance, thinking of Raymond hurrying throuh the streets, having refused even carefare. We had no least doubt that Raymond's was the better portion, his reward in store a greater one than we could ever hope for, and yet in weakness, looking around us at the fog, the high uncaring buildings, the whining traffic, on the gleaming avenue, the casually hurrying wayfarers, we confess that the prayer rose unbidden in our throat and though we strangled it quietly and no murmur of it escaped our lips the echo of it remained: Lord, Lord, allow us this. **To accept Thy will voluntarily rather than be broken to it.**

The Mystical Body of Christ

(Continued from page 7)

society, an organization; she is an organism, a living and life-giving organism, with head and members. The dogmatic concept of the Church is the Mystical Body of Christ. This is the cardinal truth revealed to the world by Christ. It was preached to the man on the street by St. Paul. The early Christians all understood it. St. Augustin urged it insistently and St. Thomas Aquinas taught it. The Mystical Body of Christ is the title which the Fathers of the Vatican Council declared to be the most excellent expression of the nature of the Church. It was explained by Leo XIII and urged upon a weary world by Pius X in the splendid Pauline phrase, **Restaurare omnia in Christo**—to bring all things under the headship of Christ.

"The liturgy," Father Bradley concluded his talk, "was once the supreme expression of Christian life and the instrument of the world's conversion. And only through it— the celebration and application to men of the Redemption—call Christianity be revived."

I confess an inability to express the glow and enthusiasm of Father Bradley, who spoke as one inspired. But it was that night that I first became aware of what it meant to be a Catholic.

For the first time many of us became aware of the social consciousness of our Faith. It was an awe-inspiring doctrine and we were so enthused that we wanted to go on the streets and shout to all about the unity of the members of the Mystical Body of Christ. One could appreciate the feelings of the Apostles when they went out in the streets and were accused of being filled with wine. It was a conversion we all felt—a turning to God.

We were not alone! To think that at the moment of Communion we were more closely united with some native in Africa who was also at the altar rail than we were with some indifferent member of our earthly family. In the light of this doctrine war and violence became an impossibility and there was only one road for a Christian and that was the road of peace.

The doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ was truly an awe-inspiring one. The early Christians knew and lived the doctrine and that is how they found the courage to give up their lives gladly and joyously for the Faith.

As a result of a visit from Father Virgil Michel, O.S.B. we decided that we would start reciting Compline every evening at the Catholic Worker. (A custom that has continued on to this day.) There were some, however, who objected to these "new-fangled prayers," and rattled their rosaries in protest.

We did hear of a community of nuns who had introduced the saying of the Divine Office and were saying Compline when a frightening electrical storm broke out. The Mother Superior called a halt to Compline and told the Sisters to start praying.

But we of The Catholic Worker found a new strength and a renewal of the spirit in the common recitation of the Psalms and in the singing of the hymns. Once in a while we had a seminarian staying with us who would be able to lead us in a solemn chanting of the Office.

It was the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ that made us see our Faith as a living reality. The Church was not just a brick building that stood on the corner. It was more than that. It was the union of all the faithful. It was the Church Militant upon earth. It was the Church Suffering in Purgatory. It was the Church Triumphant in Heaven. All of us were united under the Kingship of Christ, who acted as our Mediator with God the Father.

If one member suffered then all the members suffered. If one member rejoiced then all the members rejoiced. It was a consolation to know that I was not alone; that the entire Mystical Body of Christ rejoiced and suffered with me. I would wake up in the middle of the night and stare into the darkness and joyfully reflect that at that particular moment the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered and that I was sharing in the Sacrifice. It was a consolation to know that as I slept choirs of contemplative nuns and monks were chanting their prayers and that I was sharing in their prayers. The thought gave one the needed strength to continue on no matter how hard the work—no matter how many discouragements that came from friends, from those in charge and finally from inside oneself.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

their living by contributing to this beauty—Carl Paulson of Upton with his stained glass and Michael Humphrey with his chalices (as his father before him) Ade Bethune with her crucifixes and pictured saints and stained glass, not to speak of entire churches to her credit; Graham Carey, silversmith, calligrapher, woodcarver, etc.

We begin the Mass by the confession of sins, admitting our creatureliness, and all the beginnings of disorder that there are in us, and part of our thanksgiving is because of the forgiveness of sin and we do not dwell on falls and failures but go swirtly on to the prayers of praise and adoration and thanksgiving.

To me the Mass, high or low, is glorious and I feel that though we know we are but dust, at the same time we know too, and most surely through the Mass that we are little less than the angels, that indeed it is now not I but Christ in me worshiping, and in Him I can do all things, though without Him I am nothing. I would not dare write or speak or try to follow the vocation God has given me to work for the poor and for peace, if I did not have this constant reassurance of the Mass, the confidence the Mass gives. (The very word **confidence** means "with faith.")

It is one thing for a Father Ciszek to offer Mass, to consecrate the wine in a coffee cup in the prison camps of Siberia. It is quite another thing to have this happen in New York. And yet—and yet—perhaps it happened to remind us that the power of God did not rest on all these appurtenances with which we surround it. That all over the world, in the jungles of South America and Vietnam and Africa —all the troubled, indeed anguished spots of the world—there Christ is—with the poor, the suffering, even in the cup we share together, in the bread we eat. "They knew Him in the breaking of bread."

When I spoke to the priest about the coffee-cup incident afterward, (I was not there when this happened though twenty of the family of the Catholic Workers were there), he said, "I was just doing as I was told." There was another great controversy at the Catholic Worker some ten years ago when Fr. Faley referred to **his** Mass, and some of the all-out young people, with a terrible lack of charity, railed at him, proclaiming that it was **our** Mass. They had been well trained in the liturgical movement, but oh the cruelty in the way in which they made their assertions!

Sometimes it seems to me that every kind of warfare is carried on around the Catholic Worker. There is the war between young and old, colored and white, and class war, between the haves and have nots. Only this morning, on hearing that I was going to New England for a week, one of the poor women staying with us said bitterly, "It costs a lot of money to travel around the way you do." (Since this charge has been made by some of our readers, I must explain that we are paid for most of the talks we are asked to give.) But what resentment between those who have no money in their pockets and those who have—between the worker and the scholar, in other words.

Peter Maurin was well acquainted with these conflicts and lifted them all to a higher level, and I suppose I should put this conflict over the way the Mass should be said under the heading of the authority and freedom conflict. The priest has the authority and in this case he did not exercise it. He wanted, I suppose as St. Paul said, "To be subject to every living creature," as Jesus was in His crucifixion.

We went to press on February 16th last month, and that same day I went with Ruth Collins to see a house on the East Side which is just what we need for our House of Hospitality. The cost is thirty-five thousand dollars, a modest sum when one considers the cost of houses today for a family alone. Our family is an oversized one, and this house will mean two large apartments for men, one for women, offices for the work and the usual dining room and kitchen. We have ten thousand dollars, which we can use as a down payment but the rest will have to be mortgages, including repairs to conform to the Building Code. If we can raise what seems to us to be an enormous sum of money, we can pay it off each year in payments which will be less than what we are paying now for the rents of Chrystie Street and the ten apartments, not to speak of the heating of five apartments and of the loft building at Chrystie Street. We have already paid enough in the last five years to have bought the house as it is, that is without repairs. St. Joseph, pray for us. In these inflationary times it is no longer possible to live as we did at the beginning of the Catholic Worker. To try to be poor in an affluent society is hard indeed.

This month I spoke in Worcester, Boston, Kingston (Rhode Island) and now I go to D.C., invited by Bishop John J. Wright, of Pittsburgh, to attend an interfaith peace conference. April 13th I must go to the Mid-west: to the University of Minnesota.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from Page 3)

statement. He said that if everyone decided for himself which laws he would keep and which he would break, we would have, instead of a free society, anarchy. In effect, he argued that the law must be upheld even if it is unjust and immoral.

He then presented what he called positive aspects of the case. He commended me for different actions which were aimed at the betterment of the community. One of these was my participation in Selma, which was an illegal action, but has become accepted as a positive moral force. He spoke highly of the Catholic Worker and my involvement in it. He spoke of voluntary poverty and a life dedicated to the **driftwood** of society. He then sentenced me to two years in prison (suspended) and two years probation. Although there were some who were upset with the sentence, I think that it was a moral victory. Humanity took on more importance than the law. The reason more was not accomplished was that one man was standing alone, and I think that we have learned that we cannot expect success unless we all stand together.

I went back to the house and thought of the judge's, and most of society's, mistake. I saw the men coming and going on the soupline. This is not the driftwood of society. No, these men are the cornerstones of society. The rocks that Christ has built His Church on. Without them we are lost and weak. My greatest thanks goes to these men, who have allowed me to learn from them.

And again life at Chrystie Street goes on, and people wander in and ask us why we believe the things we do, never even seeing the people who are all around them and us, suffering and dying. And that is the only true answer there is.

"If scandal is taken at the truth, then it is better to allow scandal to arise than to abandon the truth."

POPE GREGORY THE GREAT