

CATHOLIC WORKER

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

Sitting here in the Chrystie Street office a few days before presstime I look out our large windows facing the street three flights below for inspiration. I look down upon the park, Sara Delano Roosevelt Park. Such a grand name for that mess of dust and shattered pavement, with the Bowery men sitting and sleeping on its fragmented wall. There are groups of Puerto Rican boys playing ball, kicking up the dust. Visitors look strangely at us when we refer to it as a park. But there are trees, long lines of sycamores. The winter is broken. Spring is definitely here, and the leaves will brighten the street soon. Our Holy Mother the City has left us hundreds of tons of rocksalt, just dumped in the middle of the upper end of the "park," killing many trees and defacing even the charm of our park. As I looked down and across the street at the men taking their sunbaths on the broken wall, I heard the tinkle of glass and then saw the fragments of our front door window directly below me. Then the angry voices of two of our men. We replace that window often.

We didn't have a Chrystie Street
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John Brophy Miners' Leader Dies

John Brophy, who never held the national spotlight as did John L. Lewis, Philip Murray, and other CIO leaders, was nevertheless one of the most important key figures in the story of industrial unionism in America. At his funeral on Washington's Birthday in the parish church of St. James, Falls Church, Virginia, Msgr. George Higgins acclaimed his abundant joy in living, his never-flagging idealism, and his devotion to his church. Among those gathered for last tribute were old friends and associates from many unions, including some who interrupted their AFL-CIO Executive Council attendance to return from Miami for the service.

"Every major industrial union," said the plaque presented to him on retirement a year and a half ago, "owes an unending debt of gratitude to John . . . The list of unions in the mass production industries that he assisted in their formative years reads like a roll call of the CIO."

A miner at the age of 12 in 1895, three years after the family arrived in Pennsylvania from Lancashire, John Brophy had already seen his father blacklisted for support of a Knights of Labor miner's strike. The family's early poverty, living in a \$4-a-month renovated stable behind an alley, and the injustices to the workers which he saw, motivated John Brophy's lifelong fight for better conditions. A union officer while still a youth, in 1916 he became president of the important Mine Workers' District 2. Ten years later, conscientiously disagreeing with John L. Lewis on policy, he was the opposition candidate for UMW president. Always willing to stand on principle regardless of outcome, he was expelled from the Mine Workers for "dual unionism."

But by 1933 he was back with his old local, and when the big
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R. O. Hodgell

The Church and the Outside World

By CARDINAL SUENENS

"Under this heading, we must speak of the Church in so far as it is engaged in a dialogue with the outside world. For the world is waiting for the Church to resolve the great problems of these times:

"(1) It must say something about what concerns the very life of the human person. For example, the inviolability of this life, its promotion and its expansion in view of the so-called population explosion.

"(2) The Church will have to speak out on social justice. The moral theologians have written volume upon volume on the subject of the Sixth Commandment; nothing remains to be investigated

in this field. But when it comes to determining in the concrete the social obligations connected with private property, they have been all but silent. What is worse, what has been said on the subject in the admirable social encyclicals has not been widely expounded in the schools and the textbooks, as it ought to have been. And how define that surplus which we owe to the poor? What are the theological and practical duties imposed on those nations that enjoy great wealth in regard to the Third World and the nations that are suffering from hunger?

"(3) The Church will have to discuss the evangelization of the poor and the conditions that must be fulfilled on our part so that our testimony can reach them and be

found acceptable.

"(4) The Church must speak out on international peace and war in such a way that its teaching will shed light on the troubles of our age.

"The Church will have to pursue a triple dialogue: that between the Church and the faithful; the ecumenical dialogue with our brothers who are not yet in visible unity; the dialogue with today's world." (From a proposal made by Cardinal Leon-Joseph Suenens, Archbishop of Brussels, regarding matters to be dealt with at the second session of Vatican Council II, which will reconvene on September 8th of this year. There is every reason to believe that Pope John is in full sympathy with Cardinal Suenens' proposed agenda.)

The Russian Orthodox Church

By HAROLD J. BERMAN

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Last spring I asked a leader of the Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow what message he could give me to carry back to my fellow Americans. He replied, "Tell them to get down on their knees and thank God for the Russian Church!"

It is indeed hard to explain the existence of the Russian Church except as a matter of divine providence. The Soviet state not only professes atheism but requires it to be taught systematically in the schools and preached in the press. Members of the Communist Party are forbidden by the party rules to attend church services, as are members of the Young Communist League and the Pioneers. All religious organizations are under severe disabilities.

Official Soviet doctrine claims that religion is dying out in the Soviet Union. Many Westerners accept this claim as valid. Returning tourists sometimes report that only the aged cling to religious faith. Having recently spent a year in Moscow, during which time I attended many church services, met many church leaders, visited the theological academies at Zagorsk and Leningrad, and talked about Christianity with a great many people of all kinds, both

believers and nonbelievers, my impression is quite different. I am inclined to accept the statement that another Russian churchman made to me: "Our people is a believing people, despite communism."

If I were to make a guess—and one can only guess, for there are no available statistics—I would say that a majority of the Russian half of the adult Soviet population believes in God and goes to church at least occasionally.

Last Sunday my family and I attended a worship service at the great Trinity Cathedral in Leningrad. Some 12,000 people stood for four hours in rapt devotion, packed together so tight there was hardly room to breathe. At another cathedral every Wednesday night 4,000 people sing a special two-hour service; there is no choir but the people know the words and music by heart. At a smaller church in Moscow on Easter eve we arrived at 11:30 to find thousands already worshipping. When we left at almost 4 A.M. we were among the first to go . . .

Although there were wide differences in make-up of different congregations, I would say that very often one-fourth to one-third of both men and women were in their thirties and forties. Indeed, in any Moscow church there are usually 20 or 30 young people bringing infants to be baptized.

What brings these people to the

churches 45 years after the Revolution made it very inconvenient, to say the least, to be religious?

Partly it is the experience of the Russian liturgy, which has a dramatic appeal of extraordinary power. The music carries you into another world. Time stands still. One's heart soars as the priest, the deacons and the choir sing prayers of praise, thanksgiving, suffering, penitence, forgiveness and grace. The faces of the worshippers shine with devotion. The eyes of the priest burn with passion. The triumphant beauty of the singing is matched by the splendor and pathos of the ikons. The priest and four or five deacons in resplendent robes of gold, green, blue and white march in and out of the bema, carrying the Bible, chanting and enacting the drama of the mass.

Yet this is not merely an aesthetic experience. Once when I was looking up at the ikons on the ceiling of a church in Kiev, a young man behind me tapped my shoulder and said, "You are disturbing the worship; this is not a museum!"

The appeal of the church to the Russians is that it offers an answer to his deepest need, the need for an alternative to the hatred, sin and violence of this world—indeed, an alternative to this world itself—his need to find a connection with

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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

It is the last day of March and the weather is so warm and mild and so many of us are recovering from flu that one cannot think of anything but how wonderful it is to sit on a park bench and bask in the sun. There should be benches on every street corner in the city. Down in our Italian section people pull out their chairs and sit out by the curb where there will be no danger of anything falling from the window sills of any of the five stories above them.

Children come from school and stop to buy ices, and children fret over too many clothes. But every now and then as you turn a corner, a wind springs up and you realize that at sunset it will be cold again. Buds are coming out on the bushes in the park, and in the swampy sections of Staten Island as people come to and from the farm, the call of the spring peepers is poignant.

Across the street from the three-story loft building which is our office, diningroom and all day quarters, the long park which ex-

(Continued on page 6)

Non-Violent Action In The Argentine

A group entitled "Non-Violent Civil Action" has been formed in the Argentine as a result of a project organized by Lanza del Vasto in September, 1961. An extreme right anti-semitic group entitled "Tacuara" had been daubing with tar all the signs in a street named "State of Israel." Tacuara is an underground organization using terrorist methods, and is believed to have support from certain sections of the army and the Catholic hierarchy.

About forty people (mostly Catholics), unable to tolerate this manifestation of anti-semitism, decided to risk being shot and went to clean the street signs. This they did without any incidents, but then a few days later the signs were daubed again. Although the Minister of the Interior advised caution, about thirty people went out and cleaned the signs once more.

Although the street daubing incidents ceased, the group had further contact with "Tacuara" after members of the terrorist organization attacked and slashed a number of young people, cutting open their flesh in the shape of a swastika. The press supported the protests of Lanza del Vasto and others, and eventually the leaders of the non-violent group met the organizers of "Tacuara" and had a long discussion. The leader of "Tacuara" declared that his "warrior monks" had chosen the "Catholic Revolutionary Army" because there was no other way of fighting Jewish Imperialism or Communism. "The Jews are the aggressors," he declared, "but if you are able, arrange for us to meet." This was arranged, and the simple work of cleaning street signs ended with a dialogue between enemies, giving the hope of reconciliation.

Now the "Non-Violent Civil Action" group hopes to draw together people from various pacifist organizations for concrete projects.

—From Action Civique Non-Violente (Paris).

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SPRING APPEAL

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality
175 Chrystie St., N.Y.C. 2
St. Joseph's Day, 1963

BELOVED, - Joy be to you always!

(This was one of St. Paul's greetings.) Here it is time to write to you, our Catholic Worker readers, once again, our semi-annual appeal, for help to continue our work. Our problems are still with us, unemployment and unemployability. Automation is not the whole problem. There will always be destitution of mind and body in many of those around us. We cannot begin to deal with one without dealing with the other. Of course it is better by far that men should be given the means to help themselves. We agree that "helping others to help themselves" is a good thing. But a beginning must be made and often that is a good meal, a place to come to, and the society of others. "It is not good for man to be alone." Our God said it.

How to give a philosophy of work, that elusive thing Peter Maurin was always talking about. That is a problem that is always with us too. Because if fire is twice bread, as the Arabs say, work is thrice bread. It is good to write about this on St. Joseph's Day because he was a worker, on occasion homeless, a displaced person, in exile for a time, but usually with work enough for him and his Son. We know so little about him, only that he worked hard and dreamed when he was troubled, and prayed, but come to think of it, the Gospel did not say anything about his praying. But with the Benedictines, work is prayer. So we need to pray to St. Joseph to teach us how to work, what to work at, and where the work is.

If we had Peter Maurin's philosophy of work, we would not need to worry. He used to say to people looking for a boss, "fire the bosses." He used to say, "Work—not wages." He used to say, "Labor is a gift, not a commodity, to be bought and sold." All of these are hard sayings, hard to understand and to work out. But to act on them is to make a beginning in building another social order—to lay the first stone in the new city. In all these slums and skid rows of our cities, strangely enough, one sees these ideas in their faint beginnings. The man who makes a push cart out of a discarded baby carriage and collects rags, bottles, cardboard to sell for his rent money; Karl Meyer in Chicago collecting the discarded fruits and broken boxes and dented cans from the trash cans of the alleys of the Gold Coast in Chicago; Ed Forand at our place, going early mornings to the markets to get the discards and to give a token payment. And I remember too one of our early helpers, Charles Rich, who sold gardenias on the streets to pay for bed and board and spent the rest of his time in our great libraries studying about God and man.

When I look around us at Chrystie Street's St. Joseph's House and at the Peter Maurin Farm I see how many there are among us who have a philosophy of work, earning their own way and responding to the needs of others in all the "service" work of putting meals on the table each day, cleaning, sorting out clothes, and in the endless clerical work which goes with so widespread a community as ours, a never ending and time consuming work.

It is good to apologize here for all the letter answering we don't get done, what with too many people around, too much sickness this winter on all sides. Even to visit all our sick in the various city hospitals takes days. Please realize our deep gratitude and know that if you have not been thanked, our Lord blesses you the more abundantly to make up for our lack.

I am praying to St. Joseph to help us work harder, and to prompt your dear hearts to help us again, in the name of God who makes His sun to shine on the just and the unjust and who forgives us all our mistakes, seventy times seven times. May Joy, the light of our souls, be with you always

Dorothy Day



The Added Cubit

By J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

An Address recently delivered to the National Book Committee. Dr. Oppenheimer is Director of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton.

A little more than a year ago, the Scientific Secretary of the Soviet Academy of Science was in this country, as an advisor to the Secretary General of the United Nations. He let it be known that he would like to come to Princeton to meet me and to visit the Institute, and the day before his visit I suggested that we have a few people to lunch with him who would be interested in meeting him and talking with him. He came early, and there was much time to talk. He had been a geophysicist, but was himself no longer very active or very interested, for his life was devoted to the affairs of the Academy and to politics. When we had agreed, as we early did, that science was a good thing, and that peace was a good thing, the conversation lagged. I asked him then how he envisaged the future, say fifty years off. "We know how rapidly our activities in the sciences are growing. I know that you have five-year plans and ten-year projections; but what will it really be like?" He answered without hesitation, "Everyone will be a scientist." The words died slowly in the room. "No," he said, "I did not say that right. Machines will do all the labor; everyone will be engaged in creative work." Again there was some silence. Then he said, "Of course, there will always be people who are interested in sport."

It will be clear to you, as it is to me, that the poor Secretary did not have the advantage that we enjoyed: the availability of the reports of a Presidential Commission on National Goals.

The unity of knowledge, long thought of as corresponding to a structure in which the foundation stones imply the whole, has today a very different topology: very much more than a temple, it is a network, as William James foresaw, with no central chamber, no basic truths from which all else will follow, but with a wonderful mutual relevance between its many branches, and with beauty illuminating the growing tips of knowledge, even in the most remote and unfamiliar branches. As far as learning goes, as far as the cognitive world that is for many of us a large part of man's world, this means that what we have often said, we now must intend and practice. Learning is not alone for the child and the youth.

These thoughts, which have been often spoken by others and by me, are not the center of what I would say today. This center lies in some of the problems which the growth of knowledge, and the growth of power that is based on it, have put before us; and with two traits of the European tradition which seem to me helpful and deeply needed in living with them. The first is our sense of responsibility to human history, to its present and future. This is not a trait of the great culture of China, or of that of India; but it is to be found in the Old and the New Testament, and it seems a characteristic of European culture for the last millennium. I cannot help seeing with a certain awe the power of this and other elements of the Christian sensibility when they touch lands with ancient traditions, and indeed lands with very primitive cultures; and in this I see one element of hope that a world unified by technology and in danger of tearing itself to shreds in minutes may yet have some human basis for a united world.

Indeed the responsibility for history is probably a decisive reason for the growth of that intimate symbiosis of technology, study, experiment, and analysis and synthesis which is the modern sci-

entific world. Scholars have asked why no such history was made in China, in India, and even more pointedly, in the Mediterranean world of antiquity. Einstein thought that perhaps it was because none of these cultures had a sufficiently developed tradition both in algebra and geometry. Others have suggested that because of slavery or peonage there was no adequate regard and affection for the work of the hand, for technique and the arts; but many serious scholars seem not to find these an adequate reason, and believe that the idea of the improvement of human life on earth has provided the air for the fires of science.

In her own day, which is partly ours, Simone Weil said of this time that in comparison with all earlier times it was rich in illusory responsibilities, and very poor in

spoken. I cannot regard it as an acceptable evil that we, and no doubt our antagonists, prepare to inflict such unprecedented and very nearly unimaginable harm on the people of this world as we do with our weapons, our weapons systems, and our war plans. I know that neither our Government nor any meaningful part of our people plans to do this harm "one fine day" without cause. I believe that the Soviet Government concludes that it would not be wise to take such a course. It is my earnest hope that when the time comes, as one day it will, when China has a comparable power, its Government and its people will have learned not to use it; but here my hope is nourished by nothing. Like you, I would like to know a little of what I speak. Yet I cannot believe that it is without profound corruption and profound alienation that our culture, our peace, and our lives rest on such an inferno, nor that we can go unscratched, even in matters of learned study or high art, or in the nobility of our converse with one another, by the dark foundation which underlies our perilous tranquility.

This leads me to the other trait of European society which seems to me rather missing in our secularized age, the trait that can be found in other great religions, in the Buddha for one, but which is a constant ward in what underlies the European and the Christian sensibility, the Stoic, Ecclesiastes, the Gospels. It is a truth whose recognition seems to underlie the very possibility of a permanently peaceful world, and to be indispensable as well in our dealings with people with radically different history and culture and tradition. It is the knowledge of the inwardness of evil, and an awareness that in our dealings with this we are very close to the center of life. It is true of us as a people who tend to see all devils as foreigners; it is true of us ourselves, who reflect, project and externalize what we cannot bear to see. When we are blind to the evil in ourselves, we dehumanize ourselves, and we deprive ourselves not only of our own destiny, but of any possibility of dealing with the evil in others. Perhaps we are most in debt to Freud for seeing the evil in man as a part of nature, and for treating it without contempt or hatred. Yet we, as a part of nature, are not without responsibility for what we make of nature. Today, in a secular world, it is almost wholly through the arts that we have a living reminder of the terror and nobility of what we are. The National Book Committee has much to do.

When St. Matthew said, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?", he expected no reply. We too cannot reply. By taking thought of our grim responsibility, by knowing our profound and omnipresent imperfection, we may help our children's children to a world less cruel, less unjust, less likely to end in catastrophe beyond words. We may even find our way to put an end to the orgy, the killing, the brutality that is war.

Let me end with an anecdote. Three weeks ago a high officer of the National Book Committee asked for a title for this talk. I did not have one, but promised to call back shortly, and gave the title that is before you. The officer protested that my title was indeed puzzling and uninformative. I said that it had a history, and when the officer asked, I quoted St. Matthew. Then the officer said, "From what book is that?" The National Book Committee still has a lot to do.



real ones; and she added that an understanding of this brought a sweet serenity. Of course, she is largely right, not only of all of us, but even, perhaps to his astonishment, of the President of the United States and, perhaps even to his greater astonishment, of the President of France. What this can mean to a writer of novels has been most movingly sketched by Mary McCarthy in her *Fact in Fiction*. It is true of the two massive problems which science has brought to the world—but not equally true: the world wide need for social justice, and the maintenance and extension of peace. That these two are related most people believe; that effort and responsibility for one should relieve us of the other seems to me impossible.

We live today in this country with the bitter heritage of centuries of slavery. We live in a world in which foreign oppression has only recently been lifted in some continents, and still prevails in others. We live in a world where hunger, illness and ignorance persist although the resources to reduce them are abundantly at hand. The last years have increasingly seen devoted efforts to these causes, misguided surely in many ways, self-centered and self-congratulatory where they should be modest, global in generalities, and often not responsive to the men and women, and indeed the children, whose hearts and spirits must make their own new world. But to me it seems that we are slowly learning what we can and what we ought not do, and in this a very widely shared responsibility is open to us. Let us learn fast.

But with the question of war, none of these words may be

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Coming back from Mass this morning I found five men in for coffee whom the yardmaster at the freight yards had just brought up in his car, saying that it was better to have them here than to pinch them for riding freights. And one morning last week going to Mass in a snowstorm I saw, at 6:20, 90 year old President McKay of the Mormon Church walking up the 15 steps to his office.

The House

We had 63 sleeping on the floor the other night, the most ever, and now that spring is here we will have around 100 to each meal. Last night late one tall Navajo who has been here before, drunk or sober, brought three sober quiet young men of his tribe who had never been here before, and they curled up on overcoats we gave them like kittens.

About a third of the men who come here are fallen away Catholics, mostly Irish; another third are Jack Mormons, and these when they get work for a day often hand me a dollar as their tithe, for with their smoking and drinking habits they would not dare go back to their faith without reforming, and they have not come to that as yet. One of them after recovering from a canned heat bout swore that he was going to sober up for good. I told him that I was tired of hearing this story every week, and if he meant it to give me his liquor permit and I would tear it up. "Dammit, I will," he said, and he did and he has been sober for two months. Of course he can always buy another permit for a dollar, but he has made one step in the right direction. Another third are Oakies and Arkies always half drunk, who come to my Friday night meetings, and midst this radical talk find it difficult to understand that this is not the appropriate place to shout "hallelujah" and "Amen." We have about 40 bundles in the left window alcove. Some have been there for months, their owners either in jail or off on some ranch job. We move them each morning and mop all around.

The Hershey cocoa man brought us a lot of cocoa so now we do not have to buy coffee. The man from the fire department visited us and said we ought to have a fire extinguisher. I told him I did well to pay the rent, gas, light, phone, garbage, and roller towel service, but sometime I would try and get what he wanted. He said we had a fire hazard, but after a moment's thought, added that it was not near so hazardous as having 50 men in 50 doorways where no one knew what damage they might do, while here they were all in one place, and we were alert.

The NAACP

Near the end of the 60 day session of the legislature about 500 members of the NAACP and sympathizers, Mexicans, Americans, and Japanese, met at 4 p.m. and stood two in line in the rotunda of the Capitol, fairly quiet. The reporters herded us out on the snowy steps and took our picture and then we went to the gallery of the House. One friendly representative called attention to our presence and the legislators gave us a hand, which was much easier than to get the civil rights bills out of committee. Finally through this pressure one bill was passed and signed by the Governor repealing the law which did not allow intermarriage between whites and other races. Utah is the only state outside of the deep South that does not have civil rights legislation. The bills for civil rights in employment, housing, and public accommodations did not get out of committee although both political parties in their platforms favored such legislations. The Senate passed, with only three dissenting votes, a bill making it obligatory for not only a jury to be for the death penalty in any murder trial, but the judge must also concur. With some of the

judges I have heard here that is not any improvement. The House did not get the bill out of committee.

Pat Rusk sent me the picture of the 40 men in death row in San Quentin. The legislature did not have time to get the bills passed increasing salaries, taxes, etc. without stopping the clock and going on in the Alice in Wonderland fashion of the logic of the White Queen who, when Alice asked for jam, replied, "Jam yesterday, and jam tomorrow, but never jam today." I am reading many books on Mormon history and theology, and will have something to say later about their Old Testament idea of blood atonement.

The Book of Ammon

I approached a union printer who is a Mormon and asked about getting most of the first edition of my Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist photo offset, and additional 100 pages printed. They had heard me on television and radio and were cordial, knowing about Joe Hill and the I.W.W., and offered to print 10,000 copies of what I shall call *The Book of Ammon*, a title suggested by my daughter Carmen. They will wait for the money until I sell the books which will be out in March of 1964 and sell for \$3. Because I have no overhead I will even make a little for the House, for most of the sales will be individual by mail or personal contact. Through the book stores I would only make about a dime. All of what has happened in the last ten years is brought up to date, with special chapters on Communities, Questions and Answers, the Joe Hill House, and a long chapter on the Mormons. Those who wish to help can order books ahead and I will hand the money over to the printer and mail them their autographed copy next March. The printer and I will each have a copy of the orders sent in. I will absorb the 9 cents state tax for those in Utah buying the book. My address is 72 Postoffice Place, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Going West

Francis Gorgen has kindly consented to run this House for me from April 14 to 28. This is my route: Pocatello, Idaho April 15; Seattle April 17, 18, 19 c/o Isabel Macrae, 906 Terry; Portland, Ore. April 21 and 22, c/o Mike Jones, 1200 SW 20th. In San Francisco April 23, 24, 25, 26, c/o Byron Bryant, 4416 Harbord, Oakland. In Los Angeles April 27, 28, 29, 30, c/o of my daughter Sharon Sinex, 1400 Skywood Circle Dr., Altadena.

Gunnison, Colorado

Beth Fowler, an Episcopalian girl, who with her folks, had heard me at the Newman Club in Boulder, Col. a couple of years ago, had me come to Colorado State College, as her father had quit his missile work and moved near that town. I had two fine meetings with students and some faculty members and was up until 2 a.m. answering questions. The night before I came there was a fuss in the dining room about the food, so I started by telling them of the strike we had in Atlanta prison in 1918 about poor food. A fine group of students. Coming back I stopped at Grand Junction overnight and visited with Jack Holman who had tried to start a CW House there, but had no co-operation from Catholics. A few Seventh Day Adventists helped him, and the Bishop in Pueblo is friendly. Francis Gorgen and I had stayed all night at his house in Omaha in 1959, the night before I went over the missile base and to Sandstone prison. One of Jack's Adventist friends was the son of a girl I used to be sweet on when I was a junior in high school 51 years ago in Ohio.

The debate I was supposed to have with a prof. at Utah University turned out to be a solo on my part, as the Prof. had a conflict in schedules. Maryellen Fullmer from

Waterville, Me. is working here for the United Press, and looked me up and comes to the Friday night meetings. She knows the dentist there who fixed my teeth. When Pat Rusk came she offered her apartment to share with her; and when Judy, a Catholic girl from Chicago came for a week to read my scrapbooks and ask questions, she stayed there also.



Bohemian Poverty

"Anyway, give me the staple old fangled Bohemian in his garret. Nine times out of ten, he was incompetent in the business of life; but this very poverty prevented him from sinking into real decadence—which is the loss of an object in life."

Russell Kirk in
The National Review

When enough people say, I
WILL NOT WORK FOR WAR,
we will live in peace. Work
for a

WORLD WIDE GENERAL STRIKE FOR PEACE

Wednesday, May 8, 1963

STRIKE: to join millions of Europeans in their Armistice Day Peace Actions; to live in Peace; for a world in which war cannot occur; against the exploitations of our work and resources to prepare for war; against the death of millions; against armies, tests, bombs, crises, all communist war-mongering, all capitalist war-mongering, enmity, despair, and apathy, to show that you as an individual are ready to set an example by acting for peace in a world at war.

STRIKE MAY 8th: to demand that all governments immediately stop making nuclear and biological weapons as a first step toward total disarmament and that our government take this step now.

People in the communist countries, join us in these demands!

People in the capitalist countries, join us in these demands!

If the governments refuse to disarm, refuse to support them!

N.Y. Committee for the
General Strike for Peace
63 West 14 St., N.Y.C. 11

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

The fact that the Feast of the Annunciation came immediately after Laetare Sunday this Spring may account for the extraordinarily beautiful and warm weather which we enjoyed on these days of great liturgical joy. We opened doors and windows, and the soft Spring breezes and the warm Spring sun did much to dissipate the heavy funereal vapors which sometimes settle over our old farmhouse during the drearier winter months. Charles Butterworth, who is taking care of things at the farm now, began talking glowingly of raising chickens and planting a new orchard. John Filliger threw open the windows of his greenhouse and the many plants in beds and boxes began to dream hopefully of their Summer garden careers.

I went for a walk about the place and stopped to feel the buds on the forsythia growing by the chapel door, and knew that these small protuberances held that bright gold assertion of Spring which gladdens our Winter-dulled hearts each year. John brought me a small branch of flowering maple from the tree that grows near the dormitory entrance to the barn. There was a sunwarmed somnolent contentment in the gabble of the geese down on the now unfrozen pond, and a cheerful sweetness in the twitterings of birds discussing the blueprints for their Spring building time. I took the persistent trill of the redwinged blackbird for a covenant: Whatever forays our Winter may make during these last days of March and the uncertain weeks of April, grass is greening, even now skunk cabbage patches purple the banks of the little brook, sap is flowing in tree and bush, and leafy Summer bowers are as inevitable as bird-mating time. And all nature is glad.

It is now over a month since my return from St. Paul's Rehabilitation Center for the Blind in Newton, Massachusetts. Time enough for me to succumb to a severe case of the flu and to recover therefrom. Time enough to become again part of the pattern and rhythm of life at Peter Maurin Farm. Part of that pattern during recent months would seem to be the prevalence of illness among us. Tom Cain, who has not been very well for some time, kept to his room over the chapel all Winter and did not emerge until the joyous warmth of Laetare Sunday brought him out for a breather. Hans Tunnesen has suffered from more than ordinary severe arthritic pains, but has managed to be up and doing most of the time. Charles, Jean, and Agnes, and most of the others have had bouts with viruses and other ailments. At present we are all, thank God, improved, and prayerfully hope we may continue so.

Illness, I suppose, may be one of the causal factors of our Winter doldrums. There is, however, I think, a more important factor—absences. Our absent brethren, as we say at Compline. I think particularly of Classic Mae and Lucille and their babies who added so much vitality and merriment to our lives. Lucille is now in St. Vincent's Hospital where she underwent a serious operation. Charles and Jean visited her on the day of her operation, and Charles gave blood for a transfusion. We are praying that Lucille will recover quickly and that as soon as she is well enough, she and Classic Mae will bring Brenda Fay and David to visit us again. I think, too, of Dick Barber and Margaret Allsworth who helped us so much last summer and whose warm, outgoing, cheerful love seemed, for a time at least, to bring our diverse, heterogeneous group together with a sense of

familiar kinship and community purpose.

Despite absences and a more somber atmosphere at times, life at the farm goes on. Certainly there are compensations. Nature herself, as I said above, smiles on us; and indeed has entered upon her season of smiles when we, like frisking lambs or leaping kids on the neighboring goat farm, must cavort a little to express our joy at so many natural samples of the goodness of God. Moreover we have our presences.

I think first of Agnes Sydney, our octogenarian. She is short, stout, with very short legs, and is always neatly and cleanly dressed. Her face has the calm of one who has learned to bear and forbear and to live each day as it comes, and her eyes, I am sure, are still quick to twinkle. Her long grey hair is always carefully braided and becomingly arranged, and she is usually patient and mild of speech, though she can on occasion administer a deserved rebuke to some of the neighboring youngsters who sometimes forget that our downstairs area was hardly designed for the rough usage of a teen-age rumpus room. She is always faithful to her self-appointed tasks of cleaning and table setting, and spends much of her spare time mending our tattered sheets or cutting up old table cloths into new dish cloths. She maintains a lively interest in all the many members of the large Catholic Worker family whom she has known through the years; and is always glad to sit down and reminisce with those who come back to visit, and now and then to a favored few to tell some of the more adventurous episodes from her earlier life when she went up and down the sea coast with her husband who captained the barge they lived on.

I am sure that Agnes misses her roommate Molly Powers, who has been away for several months as a result of a broken hip and is now in Bellevue where she has undergone operations on both eyes for cataracts. Jean Walsh, who has visited Molly recently, reports that her vision seems already to be improved; we do pray that she will see well and be able to walk well again and return to the farm to keep Agnes company. Agnes herself is fortunate in possessing good eyesight, and enjoys reading, particularly good murder mysteries, and is always delighted when someone sends in a new donation. She has not lost her taste for perfume, and enjoys that pleasure many eighteenth century ladies and gentlemen and some of our own antebellum Southern ladies were fond of—snuff. From what I have seen of Agnes and what I remember of my own earlier chain-smoking habits, there is much, I think, to be said for snuff. In any event Agnes is, as Dorothy sometimes remarks, the cheerfulness, most normal member of our community. May God bless her and her presence with us for many years to come.

I think, too, of the presences of the men, particularly of three men—John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, and Joe Cotter. All three men have been with the Catholic Worker for many years and have been the mainstay of CW farms in this area. John as farmer; Hans as carpenter, general repairman, builder, and cook par excellence whose cooking for Sundays and special occasions we very much appreciate. Nor can we forget the men who do the routine, day-in, day-out work—Larry Doyle, Joe Roach, Slim, Shorty, Albert, and Jim Canavan who has been with us for several months and has done a wonderful job taking care of Tom and giving much capable help elsewhere. I think finally of Stanley Vishnewski, whose absences are always most regretted, and whose wit and good

(Continued on page 8)

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LETTERS

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San Francisco

January 21, 1963

Dear Dorothy,

I am going to paint the picture Ammon wants of Joan of Arc here in San Francisco, and then crate it up and send it to him. It is going to be of St. Joan in prison. That seemed the most appropriate way to paint her for Ammon. It will be about four feet by four feet on canvas. Someday I want to do a life-size portrait of Ammon, and someday one of you, if you could put up with the nonsense of sitting. Maybe if I don't do them nobody else ever will. But who knows? Maybe these are just more dreams of mine. Really, though, it would be nice to do them—good ones that really look like you both. Someone should do it.

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco, I am working as a maid in the Sheraton-Palace Hotel. Been there just two weeks. It is good, hard work. We start at 7:45 a.m. and get through at 3:30 p.m. We each clean from fourteen to sixteen rooms, changing the linen on all the beds every time they are used, scrubbing bathtubs, toilets and so on. We get thirteen dollars and seventy cents a day, and may work anywhere from three to seven days, depending on the volume of business.

Or, if there is not much on a particular day and we are already there and working, they will put us on an hourly basis and then send us home after four to six hours. Today I am home early because the Lions Club checked out yesterday and very many of the rooms were left vacant by them, and as we changed them and cleaned them all up yesterday, there was not much to do today. Tomorrow we expect another full house. For all I know, it might be the Elks. Of all the maids working in the hotel, I am the only American-born. There are Russians, Czechs, Austrians, Belgians, Germans, Spanish, French, but mostly Russian girls. Also some Irish, of course, and Hungarians. In the beginning, after you have been trained they put you in different parts of the building to

day and don't bother much with supper at night. We do most of our hardest work in the morning hours before twelve o'clock, so I always eat a truck driver's breakfast before going to work in the morning.

Of course with this kind of job you can't be a night owl, which is just as well. Reading is about the only recreation you need. We are expected to join the union in thirty days. The fee is twenty-five dollars. We just got a raise in pay of sixty-five cents a day bringing it up to thirteen dollars and seventy cents, as I mentioned earlier. The most generous of all the guests are the Japanese. They never fail to leave a tip. Today I found two dollars on the bed of a Japanese bank official when I came to clean his room. Yesterday a Japanese man gave me a pair of earrings in the shape of fans which fold and unfold and are gold on one side and silver on the other. He also gave me hordes of flowers from Japan, and when I was changing his bed linen I found thirty-five cents under the pillow. Generosity is part of the Japanese culture. I do not know why they usually leave tips under their pillows but the other girls tell me it is their usual way. It is always a pleasant surprise.

Each floor has a supervisor who checks up on the way the rooms are done and sends you to different floors if you cannot get into your own rooms on account of "Do Not Disturb" signs or people sleeping late. The supervisors only get a dollar a day more than we do, and if we get two dollars a day in tips, which is rare, then we are even richer than they are. One of the supervisors was a maid for sixteen years before she got to be a supervisor, and she is the best supervisor. She is quiet and gentle and does not get angry if you do things a little wrong or forget something. She is Irish. Her face does not show any signs of having done this rather hard work for so many years.

I like the hotel maid work very much. The hard manual work creates a thirst for intellectual activity and for prayer, and also provides a good discipline. I understand now very clearly what this

to college, finally. It is a puzzle, however, because so much of college is so deeply unrelated to life—or seems, but perhaps it doesn't have to be so, after all we ourselves are what relate things to life, by the grace of God. But then on the other hand one cannot dive into the Personalist engagements if one is unenlightened, as I am, so there comes the problem of education. Anyway, it is all a great big boiling cauldron and I love it. What will be will be. My director is good for spiritual things, although not for anything else, if you get the idea. I don't mean to be uncompromising to him, it is just that I only rely on him for a guide post on my spiritual progress and not for anything else. This inevitably makes relations a little touchy, but what can one do? I just have to sit tight and keep on growing up.

My father sent me an article by Thomas Merton which was published by the FOR. I went to a PAX meeting for the first time last Thursday night, and forgot to take this with me. Had dinner at Mrs. Coddington's place first, and she lent me "The Woman Who Was Poor" which I will take to Kara Brewer who wants to read it. Ammon sent the copy we borrowed back to the Mahoneys. Heard Byron Bryan this Sunday morning on the program of panel discussion about "The Emerging Layman." It was OK.

My partner has gone back to

POKE
WEED

berries



Stockton, perhaps out to Manteca to tie up the grape vines and do pruning, he said, but Everett is still here. I always meet him on the street. He is a very good cook and often gets jobs in labor camps. Dick, my partner says that he is very good at saving money for the men he cooks for. He knows all kinds of short cuts and what not.

I was down in the kitchen of St. Anthony's Dining Room when the Archbishop was dishing out the meals to the men, and I wrote to Ammon that someday perhaps Bishop Federal will go down to Post Office Place and do the same thing for him. Stranger things have happened. I talk to Ammon a lot over the telephone, and he sounds in fine form. It was good to see his article in the paper again. He was sorry there was not more about his methods of getting food which he considers unique in this country. They have been doing some of the same thing in Oakland also. Well, I told Ammon, try again in your next article. I will do the drawings for the next edition of his book. Hope they turn out all right. If they don't look better than some of the stuff I've been doing lately they will be horrible.

Have to go now, to make the 5:15 Mass. My watch has stopped and I don't know what time it is. It stopped at quarter to five.

Love in Christ,
Mary Lathrop

Pennsylvania

R.D. 1

Narvon, Pa.

The Ides of March

Dear Charles,

Spring is in the air and we are all filled with expectant waiting. There have been few clues of spring this year in the woods as generally... even the skunk cabbage has been hesitant to show itself. The most hopeful note so far was a few nights back when we heard some geese flying in the darkness.

The pile of sawdust by the saw-buck has accumulated until it is evident a lot of wood was cut for kitchen and shop. Yet this is really welcome exercise, and if one remembers to keep the saw sharp it is pleasant work and a good way to get warmed up beginning a day. Wood warms twice, first in the sawing or chopping and then in the burning!

Despite the rejuvenating warmth of the spring sun, the brightness and the balmy air, I am a bit sorry to see the winter almost gone. Winter in the country is

a time of reflection and reading... and catching up on correspondence... also experiment and hobbies (like spinning and wood carving). We were able to read two fascinating books through in the evenings, reading aloud and taking turns... Also some of Wilfred Wellock writings on Gandhi. The two books, which I think you might also find of interest, are Greene's China, and Hanza-Adventures in a Land of Paradise, by Tobe. As I think of it, all Americans could profit from both of these. The first would give them another view of China and make them realize that just because our government chooses to ignore the existence of this ancient and great people, it does not mean China no longer is a great (the greatest) part of humanity. From the second book they would learn why these mountain people north of India are considered the healthiest people on the globe... just what makes them free from the troubles and diseases that plague the more "advanced" nations. It is published by the Rodale Press of Emmaus, Pa.

Daniel, Marcia and
Kathleen O'Hagen

Word From Cuba

La Habana, Cuba

March 5, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

This morning I received your card. Mail is still disrupted and I have not seen the CW lately. But I saw your article in Liberation and I have been told by American friends of your good will in the series of reports on Cuba which you have been making.

There are rumors that the U.S. plans to ban all postal regulations with Cuba. I would like to receive the Woodcock book you mention but it is difficult to say if it will get through. Lately I have been sending magazines and newspapers without much success. Most of them seem to be lost by accident or narrowminded intention. I would like to know if you have received the clippings I have sent you occasionally or could you use them.

Your taking Spanish lessons speaks highly of your desire to communicate. I should be glad to assist you if you needed me. And this I say sincerely and not as a cliché to comply with form. Also I would like to say that in many ways I feel sympathetic for your group. It was your house of hospitality which introduced me to the idea of pacifism which I then thought absurd without realizing its sublimity, (or as the non-mystical might say, its biological function). You probably do not remember me at the Friday lectures but I was often asking questions like, Do the monks work? or Is peace the weapon of the weak? My conversion however did not come by force of argument or intellectual truth but by the tenderness that crushed me when I saw the eyes of those who best represent your ideals. You may explain this to your fresh ones. It was the non-verbal communication that won me, and if Charlie Dastole, Mike, Roger and the black-Irish girl (whose name I cannot remember but whose face I shall not forget) can recall my thin and tall eye-glassed figure, they can probably explain it too, like I think Nancy from Loveland Ohio can.

Intellectually I am not much in rapport with your philosophical weaponry but I think I am reaching a level where this is not important any more, and I may be ready next time you come to Cuba to meet you without unintentionally or accidentally being offensive to you. However I know that I can be of better use to you by mail, for my health forbids me to travel. I am thus forced to be mainly a hermit even when I transcend the awareness of the abyss that stands in the way of souls with different levels of experience and understanding.

Your paper (in regard to its functional ideas) has been of much help for me to understand how far I am still from being a complete pacifist anarchist especially regarding humility, which is nothing if it is not self-effacement and concentration on the "thou" which you mention from Martin Buber.

I do know there is too much "they" separating and alienating our world. This distance is probably created by our incapacity to accept differences and peculiarities even after we have decided to seek total rapport. Also, in the past few months I have come to realize at last that writing harshly about "they" or the evil ones is of no use and it can even be as poisoning as treating a "thou" as a "they" or an "it." All this I have known intellectually for years, ever since I read Buber's little book. But it is now that the "feeling" of it is coming to me. And this is mostly on account of reading your subtle presentations. This "feeling" I almost received in New York when in touch with your group. But I am afraid I did not quite get it and it did not become permanent, hence the belief in a style of semi-aggressiveness which continued in my behavior until recently, when I have decided to modify it as far as I can as a Latin.

What I am trying to say is that your paper is a good influence to me. I sometimes translate it and show it to my family or receptive friends. I also cut clippings of the best ideas and send them to Americans who might hear. I no longer rub it in to priests or unresponsive revolutionists for I now see that the rubbing causes the opposite effect. Sometimes the whip and the trumpet become inevitable, but when it becomes a perennial and systematic routine it poisons even the poisoner. I am also tired of poisoning the plutocratic imperialists in the U.S.A. with bitter letters but since I have no hope of being able to do anything important to persuade them, I am trying to figure out new ways to be useful to peace.

Best Wishes,

Mario Gonzales

MAUNDY THURSDAY

WHEN CHRIST gave a small party in the public house
On the night before being arrested for a breach of the peace,
Certainly He gave His friends something to think about.
Handling a biscuit made of maize and barley
He broke it in twelve pieces, and gave it to His guests.
There was wine on the table in a common cup
(Fashions can change for better, and for worse)
And after sampling some, He urged His friends to drink it up,
Then listen attentively to what He said:
(Don't think all this while the sky stood still
It didn't, but the sun ever at ease
Rolled like a dolphin in the rainbow wave
Delightedly, and streamed his love
Down through the radiation-belts upon our atmosphere
And pregnant cities, seas and sands) but:
"EAT THIS BREAD AND DRINK THIS WINE!" Christ said,
Because the barley-ear, corn-cob and tender vine
And every plant, creature and constellation in the universe
Hold life in happy common with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Life is not double, contradictory: but single seamless
Like the shirt Mary spent quiet months weaving for her son.

Denis Knight.

get you accustomed to the way the rooms are numbered, and they put you on as a helper with one or two of the older women. I am on my own now, but do not yet have a permanent station. That is, I do not go to the same section every day. We wear uniforms, of course, and push a time clock. We have half an hour for lunch. We can either bring our own lunch or buy meal tickets and eat in the employees' cafeteria. I have been buying the meal ticket. They cost two dollars and you can get three good sturdy meals out of one ticket. You can get meat, potatoes, vegetables, desert, two cups of coffee, rolls and butter, salad, fruit and so on for sixty cents. So I make that the main meal of the

principle means, and why it is part of the monastic way of life. It is an ideal combination, the worker-scholar combination. I intend to stick to it. Am taking in the lectures now at St. Dominic's Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays in the evening, and will soon begin a theology for laymen course at the University of San Francisco and also a drawing and painting class. What with joining the union, it is adding up to money. Have two big beautiful canvases here waiting for the first brush stroke. All in all, it is a full life.

I realize all the time, however, that there are things available at the CW that cannot be had anywhere else. Also I have been wondering whether I ought not to go

BOOK REVIEWS

Saint Clement

Clement of Alexandria, Selections from THE PROTREPTIKOS, An Essay and Translation by Thomas Merton, New Directions, Norfolk, Conn., 1962, 27 pp. \$1.50. Reviewed by JAMES FOREST.

This book is like a sunflower on a mountain top. Its speaker, Clement of Alexandria, rings with free and unashamed joy—the joy of the Messiah, the Word of God, the King of Peace—and he desires only to sing His Name and speak His praise.

One of the first Fathers of the Church, Clement was a Greek born in the middle of the Second Century, at the end of the Apostolic Age. Educated in paganism, he traveled from school to school looking for a doctrine and a teacher. In the end he found Panteneus of Alexandria, the "Sicilian Bee," and was converted to Christianity. He remained in Alexandria, founded a school of Christian studies and left the city only when the weight of persecution drove him to Cappadocia in 202. It is sometimes thought he was ordained a priest in Asia Minor and that the bulk of his writing was accomplished during the last years of his life. Last reported alive in 211, in 215 he was said to be "among the blessed fathers."

Almost as controversial among Christians today as he must have been in pagan Alexandria during his lifetime, Clement has been scarred by unfortunate events which occurred in Alexandria long after he was dead, most particularly the Gnostic heresy (the combining of Christianity with an alien philosophy) and the political struggle over Origenism. In truth, there may have been too great a stress on Clement's part concerning the special quality of the Christian "gnostic" as distinct from the ordinary Christian. The Gnosticism of Clement, however, unlike that which was condemned, was rooted in the gnosis theou (knowledge of God) and is that which St. Paul describes as coming from "That same God who bade light shine out of darkness [and] who has kindled a light in our hearts, whose shining is to make known His glory as He has revealed in the face of Christ Jesus." (II Cor. 4:6). It was this light which Clement sought to share with the world.

In approaching Clement, one finds a teacher, a humanist, a poet and a mystic, all intermingled and all obvious in his writings—from social satire to religious contemplation.

As a teacher, he was the first to embrace with his whole heart the new and dangerous vocation of teaching Christianity to the intellectuals and society people of a great cosmopolitan city: Alexandria, the meeting place of Greece, Rome, Egypt and the Far East as well as the Church founded by St. Mark the Evangelist and the center of hellenistic Judaism. As a teacher, he refused the role of "publicist" with spiritual goods for sale. It was his function, he thought, to awaken souls to the "spark of goodness deposited in them by the Creator." The significance of the approach, which seeks to transform the already-existent culture rather than destroy it in the name of another one, can be seen clearly in such present-day radical efforts as Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., who has been involved in establishing a primitive Benedictine ashram in India molded along native cultural lines and approaches but still springing from the heart of Christian monasticism.

As a Christian humanist, Clement sees the entire cosmos tuned as a musical instrument by the Word of God, through the Holy Spirit, with man the greatest and most varied of the instruments.

The Word, he says, has made man into "a harp by the unity of the parts in one whole, a flute by the living breath, a temple by reason: a harp that rings in harmony, a flute that breathes melody, a temple that is the Lord's house." (The New Song). Moving beyond words is his description of the "Soldiers of Peace"—those summoned together by Christ from the ends of the earth, called to arms with Christ's Blood and His Word, all refusing to shed blood.

To these soldiers He has handed over the Kingdom of Heaven.

The trumpet of Christ is his Gospel. He has sounded it in our ears and we have heard Him.

Let us be armed for peace, putting on the armour of justice, seizing the shield of faith,

The helmet of salvation, and sharpening the sword of the spirit which is the Word of God.

This is how the Apostle prepares us peaceably for battle.

Such are the arms that make us invulnerable.

So armed, let us prepare to fight the Evil One.

Let us cut through his flaming attack with the blade which the Logos Himself has tempered in the waters of Baptism.

Let us reply to His goodness to us by praise and thanksgiving.

Let us honor God with His divine Words,

"While thou art yet speaking," He says, "Here I am."

Again and again the message is: "We are not fowl fattened in the dark for the butcher's knife," but those to whom it has been said, "Come you blessed of the Father and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

As a poet and a mystic his own words suffice:

"From heaven light has shone upon us, buried in darkness, prisoners in the shadow of death: a light purer than the sun and sweeter than the life of this earth . . . The Word of God tunes the cosmos with his Holy Spirit and sings to God, accompanying His song with the many-voiced instrument, man . . . Immortal man is a beautiful hymn to God, built in justice like a house on which are inscribed the words of truth."

Despite its small size, and in some ways because of it, this introduction to Clement carries its message with agility and grace (and the aesthetic pleasure of a book which has clearly been printed by a man who loves his craft). Clement is seen not only as a beacon in the history of the Church, but as a thinker of significance today. Concluding his introduction with what in some ways is the most important truth Clement offers us, Merton states: "The man who fights with the Sword of the Spirit is not so much defending truth as being defended by Truth. He himself is the sword which Truth uses to defend itself. He himself, expressing the Divine Truth not in speech but in act and sacrifice, 'even unto death' is a witness and martyr of the Truth."

Militarism

"Military life in general depraves men. It places them in complete idleness, that is, absence of all rational and useful work; frees them from their common human duties, which it replaces by merely conventional duties to the honor of the regiment, the uniform, the flag; and, while giving them on the one hand, absolute power over other men, also puts them into conditions of servile obedience to those of higher rank than themselves."—Pascal.

alleluia



Fr Delp

THE PRISON MEDITATIONS OF FATHER DELP, with an Introduction by Thomas Merton, 193 pages, \$4.50, Herder and Herder, 1963. Reviewed by TOM CORNELL.

Fr. Alfred Delp was a Jesuit sociologist and editor who was executed by the Nazis in Plotzen-see Prison, February 5, 1945. He had been active in Count Helmuth von Moltke's Kreisau Circle, a German anti-Nazi group which hoped to establish a Christian social order after the war. Fr. Delp wrote his Meditations from Advent 1944 till near the time of his death, all of it while he was in the death house, manacled most of the time.

Thomas Merton's strong, concentrated twenty-three page Introduction is a major statement in itself. In it he develops Fr. Delp's two major themes. "... there has been a violent disruption of society and a radical overthrow of that modern world which goes back to Charlemagne . . . The secular thought patterns which began to assert themselves in the Renaissance, and which assumed control at the French Revolution, have now so deeply affected and corrupted modern man that even where he preserves certain traditional beliefs, they tend to be emptied of their sacred inner reality, and to mask instead the common pseudo-spirituality or the outright nihilism of mass-man." Going on to the antidote, Merton writes, "Man's only hope, in this wilderness which he has become, is to respond to his inner need for truth, with a struggle to recover his spiritual freedom."

Fr. Delp's Christian humanism, expressed as it is through his mystic vision, itself makes the contrast with the humanism of the secularist that explains what Fr. Delp is talking about when he speaks of the collapse of modern society. Positively, Fr. Delp teaches that though life in itself has neither purpose nor fulfillment, yet life demands both purpose and fulfillment. It is God's alliance with man that corrects this state of meaningless futility. "It is necessary to be conscious of God's decision to enlarge the boundaries of his own supreme existence by condescending to share ours, for the overcoming of sin." To make man capable of the encounter with God is the aim of the Christian social order. Therefore Fr. Delp's social concerns with justice and a society in which man can develop his spiritual freedom. He saw the results of man's alienation in his loss of insight and compassion, the perversion of his instinctual life, in his increasing negativism, destructiveness and violence. Mass-man is not free. How much more true this is of man in the fifteenth year of the Cold War than it was in 1945 I do not venture to guess.

The "Advent Meditations" form the greater part of the book, but there is also a section of extracts from Fr. Delp's diary, and a section of three essays entitled "The Tasks In Front Of Us." Then there is a section of spiritual writing which Fr. Delp wrote as he awaited sentence. Then a chapter called "After the Verdict." Finally there is a brief letter of farewell to his

Order. Personal elements begin to be injected in the Advent Meditations in the third chapter, that is, quite a way through the book. The personal elements are not at all autobiographical and lack detail. But they add the note of urgency and build the tone of seriousness that is as Merton says, "unequaled in any spiritual book of our time." It is therefore surprising that this book was not published in German until 1956, and in English until 1963. The translator, by the way, is Cecily Hastings. The form of the book is unusual. It almost evolves. I would like to know some of the problems of editing the text. Certainly Fr. Delp was not in a position to make a completely unified text, but the vitality and the range and variety make a fitting vehicle for the content.

Fr. Merton speaks of Delp's "new and perhaps disturbing outlook . . . The Meditations, written by a man literally in chains, condemned to be executed as a traitor to his country in time of war, . . . are completely free from the myopic platitudes and insensitive complacencies of routine piety . . . These are the thoughts of a man who, caught in a well-laid trap of political lies, clung desperately to a truth that was revealed to him in solitude, helplessness, emptiness and desperation. Face to face with inescapable physical death, he reached out in anguish for the truth without which his spirit could not breathe and survive. The truth was granted him, and we share it in this book, awed by the realization that it was given him not for himself alone, but for us, who need it just as desperately, perhaps more desperately, than he did."

Non-Violence

STUDENT by David Horowitz. A Ballantine Original Paperback. New York, 1962, 160 pp., 50c. Reviewed by EDWARD MORIN.

Elaborate studies have already put the scalpel to the House Committee on Un-American Activities to expose the totalitarian cancer which that organization has grown to represent. There are the legalist Telford Taylor's Grand Inquest, a documentary appraisal of congressional investigations, and Frank J. Donner's haranguing The Un-Americans (both Ballantine paperbacks). More readable than either is David Horowitz's Student, a

democratic freedoms and social change.

Student's apocalyptic beginning describes the "Generation of Silence," which has been badgered by the effects of McCarthyite and HUAC thought control, the Cold War, and the repulsive image of diffused beatnik revolt: "The most powerful force defeating us in our lives as students is the irrelevance of knowledge in America today . . . In the official life of the University, real politics is avoided; men like C. Wright Mills are quietly disapproved of, lecturers teeter on the brink of statement about the world, and then fall back into irrelevance again, and the students watch and watch, and then one day they get tired of all the pretense, of the cynicism, of the fear, and when a picket line against the HUAC is called in San Francisco, they leave their books and their classes and they go."

The academic community is justly described as a status-seeking, conforming Establishment imitating and serving the larger national business Establishment. In an impersonal, huge university like UC at Berkeley, the student's "failure, as well as his success, is entirely his own. Society experiences no responsibility to him as a person (though as a grade point he is much in demand) and it is not reasonable to expect that afterwards he will feel much responsibility towards society."

However threatened with futility, members of this generation have discovered a sense of social responsibility far exceeding the political shortsightedness and moral indifference of most older Americans. Their revolt is knowledgeably aimed at issues. These students of various socio-political faiths have learned how corrupt our country's role in world affairs has become; by action they would defend free speech, equality, and the self-determination of peoples.

At Berkeley in 1957, a student political party known as SLATE touched off the ferment by running candidates for student government who insisted upon expressing themselves on world issues. Then Fred Moore's much publicized fast against compulsory ROTC in October 1959 quickened political involvement in many including the author, who spoke publicly commending Moore's courage. Despite directives of UC's President Kerr which made "off campus" (i.e., proscribed) issues of all social protest, students went on protest-

EASTER SUNDAY

AT FIRST, the Earth shook, shuddered
Struck by a meteorite
By blind Adam hurled against his Siberia.

Then it gathered its intelligence into one ball,
Regained original speed, bliss, serenity,
Break into universal song:
Dawn chorus at the break of Easter Morn cantata
Sung by the risen Man at daybreak
Walking in the garden of the world,
All men uniting by the empty tomb
In love, at last.

Denis Knight.

documented critique of HUAC set into a chronicle of a vital student protest movement in the areas of peace, integration, and capital punishment.

This book by a teaching assistant in English at the University of California reads like a philosophical novel, the well-structured climax being the famed collision of police with California student demonstrators at San Francisco City Hall in May 1960. In what may become the most popular non-violent student revolutionary's handbook of the '60's, Mr. Horowitz has made (1) a mature personal statement in favor of student involvement in this decade's major issues, (2) an apologia for the kinds of protest carried on by UC students, and (3) a prophecy about

ing—for Caryl Chessman, for freedom of discussion, for integration and peace. California's faculty and students had the distinction of being targets for two published warnings from J. Edgar Hoover.

The renaissance for the "New Politics" of American students may some day be dated May 10-12, 1960, when over 1,500 students of California schools spontaneously turned out for nonviolent demonstrations against HUAC hearings in San Francisco. Mr. Horowitz refutes FBI, HUAC, and Rightist claims that the protest was "Communist inspired." HUAC plans for a hearing a year before had met opposition from a dozen respectable organizations and prestigious individuals. Several non-tenured

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On Pilgrimage

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tends from Houston street to Delancey which was the result of urban renewal many years ago and brought the displacement of many families, is still a shambles. Garbage, tin cans, litter of all kinds and also human beings, sitting on what is left of a stone wall. Children play in the midst of this litter. Five years ago we were displaced by the city, because of the new subway link being constructed from our home at 223 Chrystie street, three blocks north of us, and since then the park has been like this.

So much work could be done there, and nightly we hear about the unemployment problem among the old and the young, the problems of automation. But there is no money for the employment of the young or for more schools or playgrounds. Only for missiles, or for the exploration of space.

My room mate Marie ruminates on this every night. "Don't you think it's foolish, spending all this money on space?" she asks me. She used to gather newspapers from the trash receptacles all over the city every afternoon and come back in the evening to give us our choice. We didn't have much choice last month. I ask her for the Wall Street Journal, but she doesn't often get that. The few copies I saw in this time of dearth fascinate me. One issue told all about how complicated is the life of Roy Cohn, who prosecuted Hiss and who is or rather was, our staunch defender against communism. He does not have time for that now, except for an occasional foray into the field to keep his hand in. I heard him one night shouting down a lawyer from Northwestern University over the case of Morton Sobell who is still in Atlanta Federal prison. The lawyer was trying to talk about the legal aspects of the case and Morton's chances for freedom. Silence would be the only weapon against such an opponent as Cohn. Any way, his affairs seem to be very complicated now and he is mixed up in all kinds of ownership of businesses, all of which was set forth by the Wall Street Journal in a front page right hand column and perhaps a Balzac could understand it but I could not. Anyway he did not seem to be prospering along these lines and perhaps that was why he was back on the radio, to get his hand in, or rather voice in on what had won him acclaim in the past. Also the Wall Street Journal told of peasant uprisings in Mexico.

I ask Marie for the Christian Science Monitor too, as there are nature notes, and feature articles about Maine and New England and rural life which make very pleasant reading in the New York slums. She has the Post now, Murray Kempton doesn't work there any more, but there are some interesting stories about a woman with eighteen cats and how she was sent away to a mental hospital, and about a vagrant who was picked up with \$50,000 on him.

There is always so much happening. But it was too bad about the woman; with the cats. "I do love little kittens," Marie said. "One time I was talking with a poor man on the Bowery and he said he did not believe in God, and I told him that even if I did not go to the Volunteers of America every Sunday night where they talk to you about God, I would believe there was a God because he made little kittens. And puppies, and the birds." There is a pet store on Delancey that Marie stops by every day.

Things That Happen

This winter Hattie has died. She was with us probably fifteen years. Scotch Mary is in Columbus hospital with a broken hip. She fell on the ice. Mollie got a broken hip too and she has just been operated on for cataracts in Bellevue hospital. Michele has found herself an apartment. So

has Phyllis, so has Norma. They take in others too in emergency. Millie who does so much to keep things neat around the CW has her little room and her privacy. Terry and Barbara are in the apartment in front of us, and Terry Becker will come down from St. Joseph's college to help us Easter week. That accounts for the women and girls who are with us in the city. There is also Josephine and the Catherine and Ruth and a number of others who come in for the day and for meals. Sometimes I think how few women we have, and then I look around and there are more than I realized. But there is no one in charge as Julia, or Irene or Jane used to be. We have no woman's house, as such. We live together in some cases, or as neighbors, each independent. I keep wishing over the years that someone would buy a hostel for women where they could get a dormitory bed for fifty cents a night or a little cell with a door. So much still to be done. Doesn't some woman want to run an inn by the side of the road for women who are poor?

Meanwhile

Meanwhile we are getting along very well. I am staying in town and have done no travelling since Christmas, except for a week end jaunt to Toronto, a flying trip to Pittsburgh, and one three-day visit to Tamar. The reason for sticking so close to home is that one of the Christmas presents I received was one hundred lessons in Spanish at the Berlitz school. What a friend, to give me such a present! And how I have enjoyed the winter, in spite of being up and down with the flu!

Berlitz

For one thing I like the atmosphere of the Berlitz school where you cannot speak a word of English but must speak Spanish for two hours, a day with one or another teacher who may be from Spain, Chile or Cuba! Most of the time I had a teacher from Spain who had travelled and worked all over South America and Central America, who had fought in the Riff, who had had a most adventurous life and who enjoyed our conversations on pacifism, anarchism, farming communes, literature, and so on. My trouble is that I think in English and translate, and hear translate, but I am getting better, now that I have had seventy lessons. We go through the lessons in the book and talk about food, travel, the time of day, the weather, the amenities of life, and then discuss a little of the news of the day. I am beginning to feel confident that with patience, on the part of my hearers, and on my own part with myself, I will begin to understand more quickly. I already feel at home and enjoy mightily following the Mass each day in Spanish, in the missal Fr. La Mountain at Holy Crucifix church gave me. Someone said, that Fr. Louis Merton says, that the Bible in Spanish was most beautiful.

What cheers me in my study is remembering that Raissa Maritain wrote how she sat as a little girl, miserable in her French classrooms when her family first came from Russia to France and how suddenly she began to understand. And a priest told me that when he was studying in a French Canadian seminary where they teach in Latin, after agonizing months, he too began suddenly to understand. This sounds like a miracle to me. But Lou and Lenna Jones in Cuba said the same. Suddenly, after studying for months, they understood.

There is something about going back to school again which is very stimulating. From the office, or from our apartments to the Berlitz school down near Trinity Church it takes only fifteen minutes to ride on the Broadway bus, and for those who work in the area it is simple. I saw Chinese, Japanese,

French, Germans, and Americans all coming in to study.

This week end I brought Mary O'Neill (Roger's Mary) down to the beach house for a couple of days by the sea. She had been sick in the Woman and Children's Infirmary and Roger was taking care of the children at the Glen Gardner community. It was beautiful weather all day from the early morning "Get up, it is late o'clock," of little Johnny Hughes next door, until now at sundown. Johnny is wearing his first pair of suspenders which he calls his "red fenders" and which make him look, he thinks, like the firemen who came rushing down to the beach tonight to put out a brush fire just off the road which was threatening the beach houses. They have been on 450 calls in the last few days, and they look with dread on the Easter holidays when children will be home, and fires on the beaches are liable with a sudden shift of wind to bring sparks into the fields and woods at our end of the island. They blame too many of the fires on the children and forget the cigaret from the passing motorist, and the dumping of trash along the road-



DANDELION

side, the broken glass which under the sun's rays starts fires amid the litter and dry grass. (I look at so much of this from the stand-point of employment and work teams now, and see so many places which could be made beautiful which are eye sores now.)

Vermont

I had a lovely visit to Vermont and saw the Hennessy family. All are well, (our readers demand news of them.) Becky is 18, April third, and is going to college in the fall. The three oldest grandchildren work summers at what they can get to do, Becky in a summer resort, Sue baby-sitting and Eric on a neighboring farm, where he earned his living last summer, board and ten dollars a month. He shot his first deer in the middle of the season last fall and Nick is still the best fisherman.

How wonderful these visits. Mary at twelve is the most competent and reliable of baby tenders, and Margaret reads to all of them, she is ten, and Martha is helpful in so many ways, sitting on the side of the sink washing huge messes of dishes for the family of nine children. The older girls can cook, bake, and do other household chores, but they have heavy studies. Still Sue gets in a lot of work in the house. And then there are Hilaire and Katey, who smiles always and says yes! When Nickie was little he used to say, firmly, "Not me!" but Mary always said, "Me too!" Katey is very soft spoken with her little "yes."

"We say prayers in school," Martha and Margaret tell me, "and we sing our grace at noon. Like this: In the morning it is the Our Father, and then Teacher reads us a prayer out of a book. She has three books. Then at noon we sing, 'O the Lord is good to me, and so I thank the Lord for giving me the things I need—the sun and rain and the apple seeds—O the Lord is good to me.'"

Yes, they have prayer in the

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The Russian Orthodox Church

(Continued from page 1)

other worlds, so that suffering and death will have a positive meaning.

On Easter eve, as the hour of midnight approaches, the candles are lit at the altar and the light is passed back to the candles that all the worshipers carry. Suddenly the whole church is a blaze of light. The priest shouts over and over, "Christ is risen!" and each time the congregation shouts back, "He is risen indeed!" Then the priest and deacons march out of and around the church with their big candelabra ablaze, singing a hymn about the risen Christ who has conquered death. The congregation inside and outside the church—huge crowds—joins in.

Last Easter we worshipped near Red Square. At midnight the tanks and trucks and rockets that had been rehearsing for the May Day Parade came rumbling by. The sound was deafening. The church shook. But the voices of the congregation rose louder and louder: "Christ has conquered death!" The two worlds were juxtaposed. There was no doubt in that church, as the priest and deacons returned and the choir and people shouted for joy, "Christ is risen!" "He is risen indeed!"—there was no doubt that there, at that moment, for those people, sin and death were conquered.

And for that we should indeed get down on our knees and thank God for the Russian Church.

II

The experience of the Russian Orthodox Church during the past 45 years is one of the most inspiring and heroic chapters in the history of Christianity—all the more so because of our shameful indifference to it.

Never before has so powerful a state made so systematic an effort to root out Christian faith from the life of its people. Yet the Russian Church—not merely as an institution but also as the body of Russian Orthodox believers—has withstood and continues to withstand that effort.

About 25 years ago the head of the Soviet Militant League of Atheists—an organization subsequently dissolved—said, "Religion is like a nail. The harder you hit it on the head, the deeper it goes into the wood."

A lay worker in the Russian Church said to me in Moscow last spring, "The Russian Church has had many martyrs, including many living martyrs." Yet stubbornness and martyrdom alone do not account for the vitality of Christian faith in the Soviet Union.

The liturgy is the principal source of this vitality; the worship service, including the seven sacraments, is the heart and soul of Russian religious life. Deprived to a very large extent of religious education, religious literature, social activities of all kinds, including even the giving of charity, the church has drawn its sustenance, primarily from the liturgy.

The liturgy is, of course, more than mere ritual. It represents the Christian life. It is the story of the Old and New Testaments and of the lives of the saints. It binds believers together in faith, hope and love.

The liturgy also includes the sermon, the word of the priest to his flock. The 25 or 30 sermons that I heard preached in the Soviet Union last year stressed a few closely related themes: love of all men, forgiveness of enemies, unity of all peoples, joy in suffering.

Each sermon was based on a biblical text, usually a parable or some episode in Jesus' life. The priest would interpret the words of the Gospel and explain their deeper meaning. His message was essentially pastoral, delivered freely without any notes, spoken with simplicity but without condescension, usually in beautiful, dignified, biblical language, which contrasted sharply with the stereotyped slogans of Soviet political speech.

"The kingdom of heaven is within us," one priest told his people. "It consists of love—not just love but merciful love, inner peace with our neighbor and our enemy. It is said that this is unrealistic; that in fact man struggles to kill his enemy, and it is true that from generation to generation man has behaved that way. But the wickedness of man has not been able to destroy love, which still exists and which man is capable of realizing. But man cannot live a life of merciful love without suffering. That is the meaning of the cross. Christ showed us that through suffering we can manifest merciful love."

"It is a Christian's duty not to return evil for evil," said another priest at a church in Moscow that has the wonderful name Church of Joy of All Who Mourn. "We must hate the sin and not the sinner. Though Christians are scorned and offended, they return love. We rejoice in our suffering when we are scorned for Christ's sake—that is the meaning of the name of this church. Joy of All Who Mourn."

"The most important expression of love of fellow man," said another priest, "is love of homeland—for this means love of our brothers and sisters. Through love of homeland the whole earth can be united in love. All people are equal in the sight of God."

There are many limitations upon what a Soviet priest can say in a sermon. He is not free to give concrete contemporary examples of the enemies to be loved; he is not free to criticize existing Soviet institutions or policies. Anything that can be called politics is excluded. But there is no doubt in the minds of his hearers of the implications of his words. And the next day his sermon will be reported in detail by his hearers to their neighbors in the communal kitchens of the crowded apartment houses.

I heard a priest in Leningrad tell his congregation the story of Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream of the seven fat cows eaten up by the seven lean cows. "We are now living through the lean years," he said, "but we are nourished by all the riches that the church has accumulated during the past centuries."

These riches are denied, by and large, to Soviet school children, who are taught to scorn them and who have not the experience to appreciate them. But Soviet youth, in its twenties, begins to doubt; and in their thirties or forties Soviet men and women often return to the church, especially if life has been hard for them.

"Are you a believer?" I asked one man. "No," he replied. "Do you ever go to church?" "No." "Never?" "Well, sometimes when things are particularly hard I go."

"Are you a believer?" I asked another. "How can you ask?" he replied. "I'm Russian—I'm Orthodox."

John Brophy

(Continued from page 1)

fight over industrial unionism racked the AFL, John Brophy was one of the solid allies of Lewis, Murray, and the Committee for Industrial Organization. Named as director of the young organization, his four-man office grew with the movement as John Brophy had a hand in forming most of the young industrial unions—autos, steel, textiles, electrical workers, glass, rubber, and the rest. Within two years four million workers came together in 32 member affiliates of the CIO.

"Today's industrial unions," said the retirement plaque, "are a monument to men like John Brophy who refused to accept injustice and who did so much for so many in helping to build a better world for all Americans." The integrity and devotion of such a man deserves to be remembered.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

column last month. There have been so many visitors, and so much has changed here that it seems impossible to convey it. The atmosphere is tremendously dynamic. People in and out for a day, a week-end, several days, a month or two. We have been racked with flu, many of us more than once. But now everyone is recovering with the rejuvenation the sun is bringing. Larry Welsh of Boston stayed with us just long enough to get the flu, recover and return to Boston. Almost everyone when they first saw him said, "Billy Budd." Some said, "Ahab." Boston is a good place for him. Right now we are enjoying a visit from Isao Fujimoto, a young Nisei doing graduate study in anthropology at Cornell. New York's Lower East Side ought to be a real field-day for an anthropologist, but you have to find it. You can't just walk there. Michele Gloor and Elaine Makowski came from Karl Meyer's house in Chicago and worked briefly with us. Elaine has gone on to the Polaris Action Farm in Voluntown, Connecticut, to become a trained peace-actionist. Michele plans to join the CNVA Peace Walk in June from Quebec to Cuba.

Hike to Alaska

Speaking of hiking, George J. Johnson is leaving us once again for one of his mammoth hikes. Last year George made it from New York City to Bogota, Colombia. He started with fifteen dollars. I counted it myself. George presents himself to the governor's office in every area he walks through, telling them of his efforts to spread good will and the message of physical fitness. He has collected a very impressive sheaf of testimonial letters from governors of exotic Latin American provinces, as well as from US officials, all of them decorated with appropriate seals and signatures, commending him for his efforts. George is going this time to Alaska, via the top of the United States and the DEW line. George has been very helpful to us at the CW. He takes people to the Welfare Department and to Emergency Hospital. He is very good with bureaucrats. They seem to sense that the line of least resistance is to do what George tells them to do and juggle the regulations later. I wish we could get him into the Pentagon.

Work

We put out the appeal this month, and that means lots of extra work, folding, addressing, stuffing envelopes. It's a happy time when the appeal goes out because everyone on the three floors of our buildings pitches in. There is joy in working together and seeing old friends back at the long tables folding, like Polish George. Joe Maurer has been dividing his time between Chrystie Street and the Farm. When there is a mailing Polish Walter and Joe organize and direct the whole process. He is invaluable for his industry, his forbearance and the feeling of comradeship he radiates, bringing all the people, the upstairs "intellectuals" and the downstairs workers together in a common task. Dennis Ward has been particularly helpful in keeping order on the line and in the serving. And I must acknowledge Paul who rescues me every time I am supposed to cook.

New York's Finest

Chris Peditto has left the staff and returned to his family in New Jersey and to school. We will miss his optimism and enthusiasm. Chris participated in a sit-in recently in Mid-town Manhattan. He was arrested and taken to a court hearing for indictment. His trial has been postponed, but he comes in to the City every now and then for some kind of legal time-wasting. 100 Centre Street, the City Court, is just a few blocks away from Chrystie Street. One of our friends, the poet Szabo, accompanied Chris on one of his trips to 100 Centre Street. Szabo's appearance is peculiar: I hesitate to

attempt a description. Ann Leggett, a part time volunteer on our staff and a very good portrait artist, has done an ink drawing, so I need not try. Ann has her second show hanging on the Columbia School of Architecture now, on Avery Hall. He has a wonderfully healthy direct way about him that many people who call him a beatnik would profit by emulating. As Chris and Szabo were walking down a corridor at the Police Headquarters they heard a loud voice. Szabo wears a five inch crucifix on his shirt-front, with a peace button stuck to the INRI. The conversation went like this.



Ann Leggett

Ruddy faced, Irish looking policeman loudly: Hey kid, what are you wearing that crucifix for?

Szabo: Are you talking to me officer?

Policeman: Yeah!

Szabo: Would you talk a little softer? I react badly to any manifestations of authoritarianism.

Policeman: OK, kid. What are you wearing that crucifix for?

Szabo: Well, uh, are you asking from an official position or as an individual?

Policeman: Look kid, I just want to know, what are you wearing that crucifix for?

Szabo: Well, it's like, I feel an identification with Jesus.

Policeman: What do you mean by that?

Szabo: I believe in the Beatitudes.

Policeman: (loudly) Sounds like a pretty shitty organization to me!

Our Parish

The Bowery isn't a neighborhood. But our apartments, most of them, are in a real neighborhood. Little Italy. It's good to get involved in a neighborhood and a parish. Through the Expressway battle we became involved in the neighborhood more deeply than we had been, and with the parish too. One of our men, Ed Brown, is now sacristan at Most Holy Crucifix Church on Broome Street. Joe Maurer, Ed Haas and Arthur J. Lacey sing in the choir. We are fortunate to have such good priests at Staten Island and here in the City. Fr. LaMountain, who wrote that wonderful article on *The City*, the story of the Expressway struggle, is now engaged in writing a history of his Order, the Recollect Augustinians.

One of the most delightful things to happen to us this month is the arrival of Phyllis Masek, from Ne-

braska. Phyllis is working on our scrambled files, in the women's clothing room, and she answers the appeal mail. She has a mellow deep alto voice, and accompanies herself on the guitar. When she and Frank Crocitto at the Farm get together to sing and play folksongs we all have a fine time. We don't miss much of anything in this life of voluntary poverty. Nothing we really want, anyway.

Ed Haas has come to us from New Orleans. He has been working on the files and on the mailings for the past few weeks. He has hopes of establishing something of a house of hospitality of his own. His Irish tenor contrasts well with Phyllis' alto.

Friday Night Meetings

Elin Paulsen Grund and her husband Bruce, and Bruce's eight year old boy, Robin visited us on the first night of spring. Bruce read his poetry for us at a Friday night meeting. Dave McReynolds came another Friday to tell of his insights into death and immortality. Kieran Dugan, who was once make-up editor of the CW, gave us a very well prepared talk on Ezra Pound, whom he knew in the District of Columbia. Mrs. Florsheim showed slides and delivered a talk on the various religious groups in the Holy Land. Last night I spoke on narcotics addiction and the Synanon House in Westport, Connecticut. The narcotics problem is increasing rapidly. We see it here on Chrystie Street and on the Lower East Side. There are many different approaches to the problem, and to solving it. There is a Graymoor priest, Fr. Egan, in Greenwich Village, who has a half-way house for addicted women getting out of the Women's House of Detention. Dorothy, when she was in the House of D., saw many women kicking, going "cold turkey," total withdrawal from drugs with no medical substitute or attention. There is also a Narcotics Anonymous, patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous. And there is the medical-psychiatric "cure" at such hospitals as Lexington.

Synanon

We can't help coming into contact with addiction here, where the largest colony of addicts in the country lives. Synanon's method is difficult to describe briefly, but it involves addicts curing each other in a voluntary community. There are absolutely no drugs at Synanon, and no alcohol. One of the most distinctive elements in the Synanon approach is the non-directive group therapy sessions that they call "synanons." I hope to do a long article on the method soon, as soon as I can learn enough about it. Another distinctive feature about Synanon is that it seems to work far better than any other method. 180 alumni of Synanon no longer use dope.

There are elements in the town of Westport who want to run Synanon out of town, on a zoning technicality. Some people have very strange notions about "dope fiends," manufactured by Hollywood and the pulp magazines. The people at the Synanon House in Westport are very anxious to have people come to visit them. This is the most effective way for them to establish good public relations, allowing people to come and see for themselves. We hope that our readers in the Westport area will pay Synanon House a visit, at 249 Greens Farms Road. Some of our New York readers will be glad to see Jimmy the Greek there.

There's quite a racket downstairs. The fellow who broke the window just came back and kicked the door in.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is invited.

Non-Violence

(Continued from page 5)

California teachers had already been unjustly injured with economic reprisals. Most of all, students understood that their right to learn and speak had been damaged by the fearful silence engendered by past campaigns of HUAC bigots. Outside the City Hall Building nearly all the students remained in a well-disciplined picket, while between one and two hundred waited inside the rotunda expecting to be admitted to the hearing room. For two days their right to attend public hearings was frustrated because HUAC packed the hearing with its "friends" who held admission cards. Irritated students sang and chanted. After lunch on the second day, now called "Black Friday," police hoses, beat, dragged, and arrested them.

From this spectacle, HUAC concocted the movie *Operation Abolition*, an unconscionable distortion of events which millions of Americans have seen and believed. Mr. Horowitz, who was outside picketing, wisely incorporates a more detached and accurate narrative of the melee than he himself could have written—a 12-page eyewitness account by reporter Fred Haines of San Francisco radio station KPFA. Then Mr. Horowitz cites chapter and verse the lies and inconsistencies of *Operation Abolition* against extensive documented evidence. Thus, one chapter of hair-raising drama by the reporter is followed by Mr. Horowitz's cold-blooded commentary using sound methods of historical and literary analysis (if we may stoop to call *Operation Abolition* "literature"). Student is the best printed ammunition a reader can get for use against that movie. Mr. Horowitz has codified two years of effort by California students to exonerate themselves, before a mass audience, of HUAC's accusations of communism and violence.

Mr. Horowitz posits an interesting causal relation between the hate feelings engendered by HUAC, *Operation Abolition*, Rightist groups, and the fatal shooting of a UC graduate student and wounding of a teacher-poet by a berserk Rightist. The argument convinces me; those who can't accept it, however, can have little doubt of the dangerous stimulus to mass aggression and hate which is being fostered by HUAC operations generally. Mr. Horowitz makes the UC administration look extremely bad in its scared, "safe," apparently indifferent reaction toward poet Thomas Parkinson, the one victim who lived.

The philosophical parts of the book deal intermittently with this complex problem facing the student and modern man as well: "how is he to achieve independence from his environment, and mastery over his condition, without, in the process, yielding up his mastery over himself." Mr. Horowitz and many of his fellow students reject the view, held by communists and many conservative and liberal capitalists, that panaceas for change in the mode of production will entail change in the relation between men. Mr. Horowitz recognizes that good individuals are the real makers of a good society, that the university's largely neglected responsibility is to disseminate thought which shapes the lives of men.

Mr. Horowitz speaks eloquently for the best traditions of American freedom joined with the solid belief in world community instead of refined nationalism. His position is well integrated. He has culled the best statements of Supreme Court Hugo Black in behalf of the right of free association and social protest.

The author's prophecy, mentioned earlier, is that the Conservatives and Rightists are mainly old boys who will fade and die off, leaving a new generation of politically intelligent people who are now students. The assertion is based upon the fact that practically no students are willing to protest

in defense of HUAC and allied causes. Looking around at my own campus, I wish I could share that degree of optimism.

The only major quarrel I have with the book is that it doesn't seem to lay sufficient stress upon the imprudence of carrying signs, singing, and chanting inside public buildings. Yet otherwise I think the San Francisco students chose the right issues and the right means in their nonviolent demonstrations. Finally, Mr. Horowitz has a word for quiet, tired liberals and civil libertarians on American campuses:

"The question arises . . . as to why . . . the students' protests have been confined to such limited issues? . . . The answer . . . takes us back to the central content of this book, which is slander and the right to be free from such slander. Behind every protest over the right to speak is a protest for particular speech. Only those who have something to say in the first place will risk defending the right to say it. Only those who are really concerned with society can be really concerned for freedom." Some American students have a new, growing, sometimes immature politics. "The fight now is the fight for the freedom to work it out."

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

little public school in Vermont, and prayer in the home, and prayer and catechism with the sisters on Saturday morning.

Post-script

Joe Roach suddenly died,—one of the men on the farm, just after lunch, falling in his room by the side of his bed. The priest was called at once, and the ambulance, but Joe died while the priest was anointing him, with Jean Walsh, our dear nurse who tends all the sick at the farm at his side, and Monsignor Dolan, our pastor, saying the prayers for him of the last great sacrament. He was dead before the ambulance arrived a moment later.

Joe was one of the poor. He came to us when we had the farm at Newburgh a dozen years ago. He had a bad back injury when he worked on a farm upstate and was too crippled to work elsewhere. As far as we knew he had no compensation of any kind, and as with so many who were with us told us little of his family. But the police were able to locate a brother who claimed the body and will bury Joe in Newburgh in the plot of his family.

Joe was another Lazarus who had little in this life. He was poor in every way, having nothing of this world's goods, and little health of body. He had nothing when he died, and it is a humbling thing, going through the effects of one who has been with us for so long, to see how little accumulations there were, only the simple needs of a change of clothing, radio perhaps for the news and the sports, a few paper back books, a prayer book. He performed his religious duties, he earned his own living by the sweat of his brow, never failing to put in hours of work with us, washing pots, doing laundry, and he also served the poor,—all those who came to the farm in their need, or to conferences, days of recollection or discussion. As Peter always reminded us, we take into Heaven with us only that which we have given away in this life, and Joe had asked little for himself and had given what he had.

Let us pray for him and for all the other poor among our readers,—those who are poor in bodily health, or soul's health as well as for those who are the poor in this world's goods. May the love and affection Joe so craved for in this life be his now, "Heaped up, pressed down and running over."

CNVA Cuba Project

By JERRY LEHMANN

The Committee for Non-Violent Action team has not, after all, made it to Havana. At least not for the present time. Instead, during the months of January and February it tried to bring a message of peace and goodwill to the second largest Cuban city today—Miami, Florida.

Miami

Walking in the districts populated by 125,000 Cuban emigres it is easily possible to imagine oneself in Cuba. There are Spanish restaurants, the newspaper *Diario Las Americas*, the Spanish radio stations—WFAB, WMET—movie theatres and book stores (modern books by Argentinian and Mexican authors are not available—undoubtedly for political reasons). Along the streets are Cuban flags and offices of innumerable organizations, political and professional, for example: Association of Cuban School Teachers; Association of Cuban Police Officers; Association of Cuban Accountants; Association of Cuban Protestant Pastors; Christian Democratic Movement; War to Liberate Cuba Committee; Frente Anti-Communistas; Democratic Revolutionary Rescue; Zig-zag Libre; and so on. There are big, fancy Cuban homes on the bayfront or on Miami Beach; there are one and two room apartments with 9 names on the door in the slums.

The Team

Beverly Henry, who has been very active in the anti-Polaris submarine project in Connecticut, and Pearl Ewald, a retired Indiana schoolteacher, phoned hundreds of people to arrange public and private meetings, radio and television interviews, and the like. Beverly was also an enthusiastic visitor of Cuban organizations—she just walked into the offices, collected their literature, and told them about pacifism. She also brought us stories, such as one about a Cuban woman who approached her aunt about a job, complaining all the while that back in Cuba she had five servants and never had to work a day in her life until Castro took everything away. Beverly's aunt replied that Castro had never taken anything from her, yet she had to work all her life.

Bill Henry, Bob Larsen, and the other men in the group and I spent a lot of time distributing leaflets door to door. We invariably met our share of Cubans, too, who usually emerged, enraged, from doors with stickers reading: "Primer Muerte Que Esclava Comunista" (Death before Communist slavery), or "Comunismo es destruccion," or a green-and-yellow centipede brandishing a rifle beneath the slogan "Volveremos," (we will return).

The Emigres

Invariably it turned out that the Cubans we thus met (often coming out from their "better dead than red" sloganized house with TV and car) were sincere supporters of the revolution, anti-Batista, Christians and pacifists. In other words, we were practically in complete agreement. This seemed too good to be true, and alas, it was. They would explain to us that since Castro was neither a Christian or a pacifist, it was necessary to kill him. And unfortunately, so many of the militia men had committed "barbaridades" (atrocities) that they would fight when the great day of Castro's fall came, and for that it was necessary to be prepared. Thus every Cuban organizational office, from the inside, looked like a recruiting office. Volunteer "assault brigades" train in the evenings. Many have taken advantage of the special US Army enlistment for Cuban refugees. The less active and more vindictive compile lists of who needs to be executed when the return comes. It is an article of faith that the return will be soon.

On the other hand, we met a

dedicated Christian minister who had to flee Cuba when it became impossible for him to perform his duties, who had spent his vacations living among the poorest *guajeros* and teaching them to read and write; and we met some who had lived in the US from before the revolution and were only waiting for plane service to be resumed to go back for visits to Cuba. "I've always been non-political," said one. "All I need is permission of the State Department."

Final Demonstration

During our last week in Miami spokesmen of the most influential Cuban refugee organization, the Consejo Revolucionario Cubano, testified in Congressional hearings that a US-led invasion of Cuba was the only solution to the problem of Castro. This organization and its leaders, Dr. Jose Miro Cardona, Antonio de Varona, etc. have already been identified with one invasion in their role as the nominal sponsors of the Bay of Pigs invasion. We felt we should at least demonstrate our faith that there was a better way, and accordingly we told them we planned to picket their office.

On the given day four of us appeared with our signs: "Thou Shalt Not Kill"; "Peace Corps, Not Marine Corps, to Save Latin America"; "Man Will End War, or War Will End Man." We were confronted with crowds of Cubans, perhaps 500 or so, on all the sidewalks and lawns in the vicinity. Norman Diaz, an announcer over WMET, had appealed for "10,000 Cubans" to come meet us and "pick up the pieces." The Consejo denied that it had anything to do with his appeal, but did seek an injunction in Circuit Court to prevent our picketing. Judge Anderson upheld the right of peaceful assembly and denied the injunction the day before the demonstration.

As a final step, Miami police who had been in touch with Cubans and pacifists for several days, assembled all available police, with fire trucks and canine corps in reserve. Miami's Director of Public Safety, Col. Pomerleau, and other police officials spoke to the Cubans over loudspeakers and explained to them that in the United States the right of peaceful pickets is protected by law, and that the police would arrest anyone on any side that broke the law. The crowd refused to disperse at police urging, and when we came into sight began shouting and throwing eggs (at the cops) and bottles and rocks (at us). As some Cubans explained later, they felt we were Communists, "because, even though they call themselves pacifists, they are against invading Cuba."

Jail

When events got out of hand, the police took us into "protective custody" to end the demonstration and arrested a number of Cubans. We spent some time together with seven of these Cubans in the "drunk tank" of the men's jail. All of them were recently ransomed Bay of Pigs invasion veterans. We eventually parted shaking hands, but not before hearing of their hatred for Castro, of the injustices they have suffered, and their determination to do something about it.

The press later, to my own astonishment, reported the Cubans' indignation with the Miami police. They claimed the police had attacked their "freedom" and used "brutality." ("The police have no right to keep us from defending ourselves." "The Miami police have done what Castro never did.")

Conversation With An Emigre

It would be easy to come away with a very negative impression of Miami's Cubans. William Worthy, colorful and excitable correspondent of the Baltimore *Afro-American*, called them the "slimmest people on earth," although I think he was carried away with

himself when he said that. I felt a great deal of sympathy for these Cubans. Most of them I found to be sincere and impassioned at the condition of Cuba. One of my favorites was an older man who had come out of his house with his whole family, waving the leaflet Bill Henry had just given him. Although he was 54 and just recovered from a heart attack, he wanted to be in the invasion forces, if only peeling potatoes. Why was this man so violently anti-Castro? Was he against the revolution? "No, I have always believed in social justice. What we had under Batista couldn't go on. The poor have rights. I suppose I am even a socialist."

We were talking about his illness, since he prayed for help to my favorite saint, St. Martin de Porres. In fact, he had even visited the saint's tomb in Peru, although (like all Cubans since the revolution) he was just an "ordinary worker." "Cuba is not like your country," he said. "We have never been against the Negro. St. Martin is a mulatto. I was even nursed by a Negro. No, this revolution shouldn't have gone on like this. The envious ones, the ones who never amounted to anything, have taken over." I could not ask him



whether these people never amounted to anything because they had, perhaps, never had the chance before, nor did I say that similar sentiments about the Negro are expressed throughout the South. Instead, we talked about freedom and nonviolent resistance.

He told me of the attacks upon religious freedom. I tried to talk about the attacks on the Church in Mexico in the 1920s and in Poland in the early 1950s, but he wasn't really interested in anything outside Cuba. "And finally, he explained, 'the housing reform moved 17 people into the bottom half of our house.' (What kind of a house could hold 17 extra people?)

I went away sorrowful, like the young man who asked Jesus, "What do I still lack?" ("Go, sell what you possess and give to the poor, and you will have treasures in Heaven.") For I felt that this Cuban, met by chance, was perhaps representative of most of the Cuban emigres, and indeed of all of us. For we all believe in the "revolution," or "justice," or whatever it is called, as he did, abstractly. And again like the thousands of Cuban doctors, teachers and professional men who sit idle in Miami while Communists travel and work in the areas of Latin America that need their skills. We too have "great possessions," and it is more difficult to have them taken away than to share them voluntarily. And we too say, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth..." in our daily prayers, and do nothing more about it. Like the disciples themselves, if we heard Jesus reminding us to think of the treasures in Heaven, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of the needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God," we would ask in great astonishment, if we understood that by riches our houses and our wealth are meant, "Who then can be saved?"

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

humor have been life savers for many at Peter Maurin Farm.

As a colorful touch, something new has been added, something once considered an integral part of a farm but now become almost a museum piece, to be viewed perhaps at a rodeo or a zoo. Young Johnny, our teen-ager, who has been with us off and on for the past two years and has spent much of that time at a nearby riding stable, was finally given his heart's desire, a horse, as a present from a former member of the CW group, John Stanley. For Johnny it is a new interest; and there are times when it almost seems that horse and boy are one, like the centaur of Greek mythology. Needless to say the horse is also quite an attraction for the neighborhood children. For the most part they behave well and are often considerate and helpful so that I am the more surprised when suddenly without warning they are metamorphosed into heedless whirlwinds. They are like so many of the young of our land who are without work, who have no disciplined constructive activity as an outlet for their energy and their need for recognition and purposeful accomplishment. They have looked at the world about them and have seen little but violence. May God protect them from that violence—within and without.

As a further touch of the picturesque, we now have living with us, a young man, though from Brooklyn, plays the Spanish guitar and sings folk songs quite well, and has, we are told, some skill at saber fencing. He writes poetry and is working on a play, but also finds time to help John with the transplanting and to do much of the errand running and car driving in the frequent absences of Charles and Jean who are so often called away by other duties. I am particularly grateful to him for helping me with the bread making and for reading to me from Conrad and T. S. Eliot.

Sundays are almost always pleasant interludes at Peter Maurin Farm. The first Sunday after my return was particularly pleasant with Dorothy Day here and the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld coming to talk with us in the afternoon and so many our friends to sit down to table with us and join in the discussion at the supper. The next Sunday when Fr. Cassidy gave a Day of Recollection at the farm, I was too ill to be aware of what was happening except that there seemed to be many people in the house. Among those visiting on these and other occasions in recent weeks have been: Mr. and Mrs. James Forest and their son Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hamey and their daughter Kendra, Emma Greiner, Virginia Whelan, Sr. Peter Claver, Sr.

Easter Vigil

The Catholic Worker is cooperating with the annual Silent Vigil at Times Square in New York. The vigil for Peace this year is being maintained by a board of religious leaders of many faiths. It was started three years ago by the Friends (Quakers). Headquarters for the Vigil will be at the King Edward Hotel, 120 West 44 Street, close to Times Square. Starting at 4 PM, Good Friday, the Vigil will be maintained round the clock until 10 AM Easter Sunday. It is a testimony to the power of faith, love and reconciliation, and has been a very impressive witness in past years. Readers who wish to participate should contact the CW office. We can explain the nature of the Vigil more fully. The Vigilers are advised to sign up for two hour shifts. They should also report to the hotel before taking their place at the Vigil.

Zita Marie, Mr. Ryan of Pleasant Plains, and Mr. and Mrs. Don Rueland, and a number of the young people who help in the work at Chrystie Street. Hugh Madden appeared on the Day of Recollection and stayed with us for about three weeks, helping out as he always does, and ringing the Angelus faithfully at six in the morning. Jonas has come almost every Wednesday, bringing Lithuanian bread, honey, and peanut butter, and some table lectures on the subject of health food and the grave dangers of eating warm bread or any bread less than a day old. Arthur Lacey and George Johnson have paid flying visits like swift couriers stopping off for a breather on their way to more important posts. But for me, the most delightful visits have been those of Anne Marie Stokes who has come almost every Sunday to bring me the news of a larger, livelier world and the charm of her conversation. On the afternoon of Laetare Sunday, Charles drove Anne Marie and me to the beach where we went for a walk along the shore line and I found the sound, of the waves a more pleasant guide than the roar of traffic we had been taught to follow at St. Paul's. The sea is another great natural joy to me, and I am always happy when Dorothy, Charles or Frank can drive me over.

Dullness it would seem is relative, and we have been more enlivened than we thought. Perhaps after all this period has been but a small Lenten penance for us who are so much more fortunate than so many in the world who suffer so terribly from deprivation, exploitation, malnutrition, and even inhuman cruelty. Then last night when the soft Spring rain was falling, I heard the peepers singing, and I knew the voice of nature was reassuring me again that Lent is a time of prayer and therefore of hope; that it must end in Easter and the glory of Resurrection; that God who marks the sparrow's fall and gave us His Son will not forget us, though we as part of human-kind have constructed more diabolic devices to annihilate ourselves and His creation than the devil himself could manage. But listen, I hear the peepers singing down on the little pond.

Christian Anarchism

"Indeed, properly speaking, there is but one government, and that is not human, but divine; there is but one law, and that is 'the Higher Law'; there is but one ruler, and that one is God, 'in whom we live and move, and have our being.' What is called human government is usurpation, imposture, demagoguism, speculation, swindling, and tyranny, more or less, according to circumstances, and to the intellectual and moral condition of the people. Unquestionably, every existing government on earth is to be overthrown by the growth of mind and moral regeneration of the masses. Absolutism, limited monarchy, democracy—all are sustained by the sword; all are based upon the doctrine, that 'might makes right'; all are intrinsically inhuman, selfish, clannish, and opposed to a recognition of the brotherhood of man. They are to liberty what whiskey, brandy and gin are to temperance. They belong to the 'Kingdoms of this World,' and in due time are to be destroyed by the Brightness of the coming of Him, 'whose right it is to reign'; and by the erection of a Kingdom which cannot be shaken. They are not for the people, but make the people their prey; they are hostile to all progress; they resist to the utmost all radical changes. All history shows that Liberty, Humanity, Justice, and Right have ever been in conflict with existing governments, no matter what their theory or form."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON