

# CATHOLIC WORKER

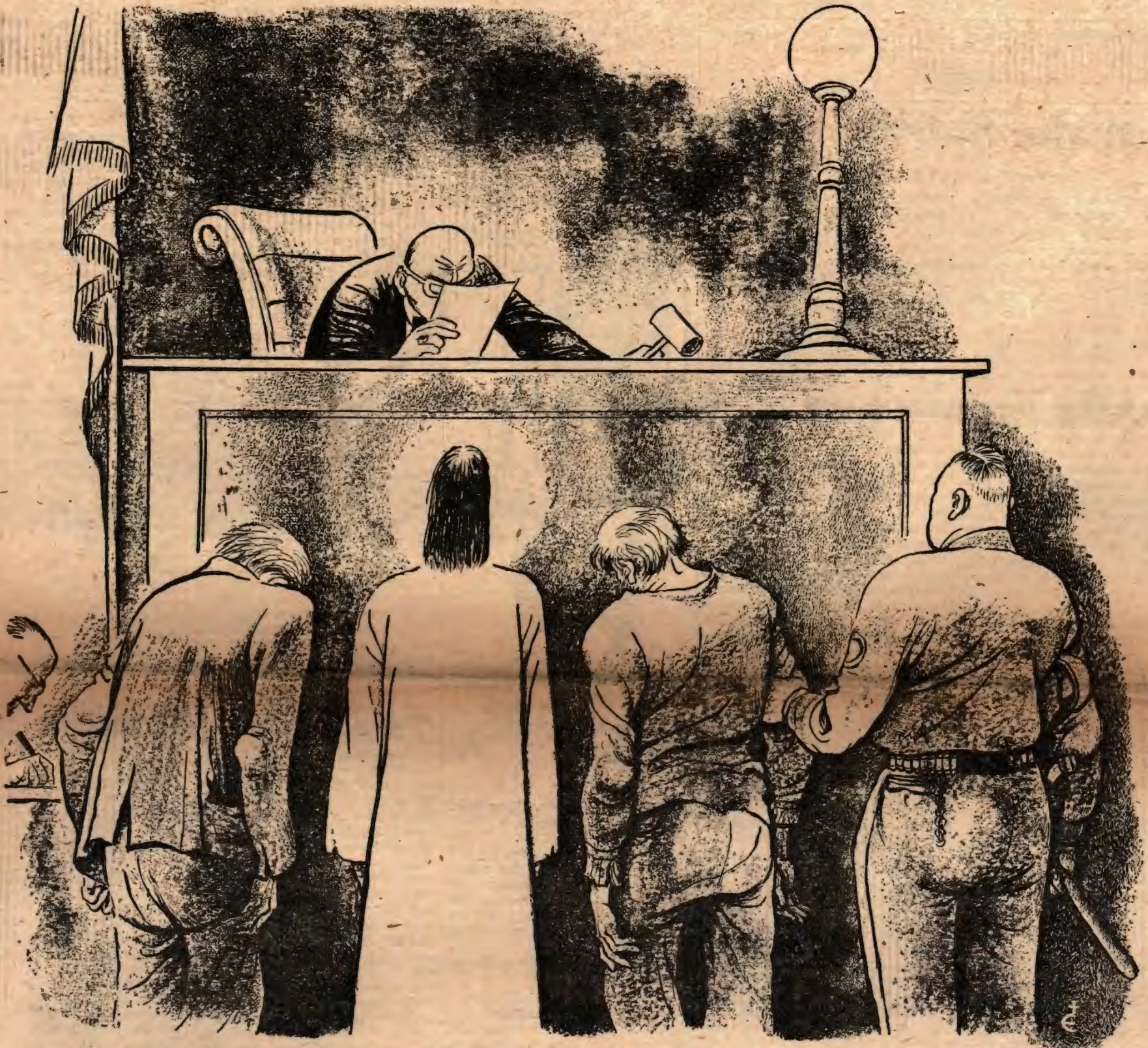


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## Where Are the Poor? They Are In Prisons, Too

BY DOROTHY DAY

We probably all experienced different things, the thirty of us who were arrested in City Hall Park at 2:05 p. m. June 15, for refusing to obey the Air Raid wardens and taking to shelter.

Here are some of the impressions, written down two days after the event, 24 hours after I was released on \$1,500 bail from the Woman's Detention Home, a prison on Greenwich Avenue, at Ninth Street, in the heart of Greenwich village.

We, the thirty of us, were made up of seven from the Catholic Worker group, Elleen Fantino and her two companions from East Harlem, and members of the War Resisters League and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and finally one lone bootblack named Rocco Parilli who was arrested because he wanted a drink of water just as

the warning sounded. When the lawyers and judge turned to the papers, made out perhaps at the Elizabeth Street station, the indictment was against

Parilli and 29 others.

He led us all, and was oblivious to us all. He was the first in the wagon and we thought him a member of the police force. He had on some kind of badge and a crucifix in his breast pocket which he took out and kissed now and again.

There were thirty of us piled in a police van meant to accommodate ten. Why did we do it? What did the Chancery office think of it all? Of these ten Catholics making a spectacle of themselves, "a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men."

To answer that question, we got out one long leaflet, too long to be reprinted here, and one short statement to be read before the

news reel camera. The short statement was inspired in this way. That morning in the mail, an old autographed copy of True Humanism by Jacques Maritain, filled with my own notes and markings, was returned in the mail anonymously post mark, New York after many long years with a borrower. The date of publication was 1938, and it might have been borrowed at that time. One of the places marked provided me with the quotation I needed. My statement read:

*We make this demonstration, not only to voice our opposition to war, not only to refuse to participate in psychological warfare, which this air raid drill is, but also as an act of public penance for having been the first people in the world to drop the atom bomb, to make the hydrogen*

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August 6, 1945

August 6, 1955

### 10th Anniversary of Hiroshima

We, the undersigned openly refuse to pay our income taxes because more than 80% goes for war. We are doing this as Christians, as Catholics whose aim is to obey the teaching of Christ as given in the Sermon on the Mount, under the spiritual direction of a priest who conducts our retreats. And with the knowledge that it is a sin to be untrue to our consciences. We are acting in this way also as anarchists who do not believe in the State, and as pacifists who follow the non-violent resistance to evil as taught by Tolstoy, Gandhi, and William Lloyd Garrison.

God willing, we are picketing in penance for this 10 days of August 6th through the 15th at the income tax office here in New York City as it is 10 years since we dropped the Atom Bomb needlessly and killed thousands of innocent people at Hiroshima.

**WE DO NOT HAVE FAITH IN GOD IF WE DEPEND UPON THE ATOM BOMB!**

If we are trying to be Christians we must act like Christians. This means that we should not kill each other in war, put each other in prison, or exploit each other in either the atheistic communism of the east or the materialistic capitalism of the west.

From the example of the early Christians and St. Peter who obeyed God rather than men and suffered for it, and from the example of Christ who refused to call down fire from Heaven upon enemies, we refuse to be a part of modern war, and call

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# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Catholic Spiritual Life

By Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B.

Chapter from an unpublished manuscript.

1. OBJECTIVE PIETY. There are many points one could mention if he were seeking reasons to carp at the topic of the present chapter as couched in the phrase "Catholic Spiritual Life". Why the term spiritual? Is not all Catholic life *ipso facto* also spiritual life? Or again one might ask whether there is any true spiritual life possible outside the Catholic Church as the true Church of Christ? There is no doubt that it has been possible for Catholics to discuss the spiritual life as if it were constituted of a number of segregated and specialized acts or exercises having little direct connection with the rest of one's life. What is still more strange, whole treatises on the spiritual life can be written by Catholics with no reference at all, or only a casual one, to the liturgy of the Church. This is indeed an anomaly, since there can be no truly Catholic life, least of all any such spiritual life, without the liturgy. The latter is *par excellence* the spiritual life of the Church and therefore officially also that of the faithful as members of the mystical body of Christ. One could therefore well ask the further question: What need is there of treating of Catholic spiritual life, after pages of discussion on the relation of the liturgy to the life of the Catholic?

### Liturgy and Sociology

There is much to be said for this question. Yet there may be reasons for just such a discussion in the face of prevalent views and attitudes. The individualism and subjectivism of our day have succeeded in separating the religious and the spiritual life from all social contacts and stripping it from all social character. Many persons not only treat of piety and the spiritual life separately in discussions, but consider them as things apart, shut up within themselves, as merely distinct phenomena alongside of many other parallel phenomena in human life. If the Catholic treats of the spiritual life, it may be in a separate treatment, but he must needs deal with the spiritual life as something that should permeate all elements of a Christian's activities. Even here, however, he must bring in the liturgy as the center and fount of Catholic spiritual life, of Catholic piety, if he wishes to remain faithful at all to the Christian tradition.

### Dependence and Striving

The liturgy indeed answers to the essential traits that have at all times constituted religion. "In all the meanings of the word religion", writes Dr. Wunderle, "two things are uppermost: on the one hand, the consciousness of the dependence of man on a Being superior to him, and on the other hand, the striving of man towards this Being" (*Die Wurzeln der primitiven Religion*, p. 4). It would be superfluous to indicate to what extent the liturgy realizes these two traits, which are of its very marrow. The same must be said of a further characterization of the primitive worship of man: "The most important acts of worship in

the life of the primitive man are prayer and sacrifice" (Wunderle, op. cit., p. 71). In early chapters we saw that the Protestant reformation inaugurated a great change in this regard by eliminating sacrificial worship from its religion altogether. We have also seen the final consequences of the trends thus inaugurated, the complete individualism and subjectivism of the contemporary approach to religion. In last analysis this has meant, not the striving of man towards the supreme Being, but rather man's reduction of the dimensions of this supreme Being to the narrow limits of his individual mind or imagination. The modern rejection of God ended by making a god that conformed to the individual whim or the fashion of a generation. Thus we have a changing evolutionary, or emergent God, who is ever struggling towards his own higher perfection, because it has been more satisfactory for our modern pride to conceive of him as no better than ourselves. In the same way there has been talk of a democratic God, because we could not brook a God who was different from ourselves. The general principle of approach was the pragmatic one of the will to believe, of the acceptance of such religious concepts and truths as we feel an urge to hold.

### The Vine Sends Sap

Catholic piety, as well as the liturgy of the Church, stands at the opposite pole to this subjectivism; its entire attitude is based on the objective character of God and of religion. "We Catholics have two incomparable values," writes Abbot Harwegen "to offer our fellows: Objectivity over against the dissolving subjectivism, and fellowship over against the atomizing socialism. An unsurpassable school, in which we develop these goods, is the liturgy" (*Lumen Christi*, p. 90). The liturgy is not the creation of man. It is the embodiment of God who has in the liturgy descended from heaven and eternity into time and this earth of ours, and who abides and acts there throughout all time. Man is born outside this liturgy, he must approach it from without and enter into it in order to find God and the life of God. But in doing so he is ever a human person and not a depersonalized atom, he is a center of spiritual activity even in the very reception of the life of God, in which God himself is the supreme agent and he the recipient. In that way, Catholic spiritual life also retains its subjective aspect, though ever in proper relation to the objective. "Objectivity and subjective cooperation are thus in a most beautiful union. The objectivity is spiritualized and enters within man; the subjective element finds its firm, unchangeable resting place in the action of Christ. His divine action lifts up the efforts of man to itself and gives them their genuine power and meaning. The vine sends the vital sap to the branches, in whose power they bring forth rich fruit" (*Die Betende Kirche*, p. 183).

The liturgy of the Church is the divine depositary of the truths Christ revealed to mankind. But it

is also the depositary of the divine mysteries of Christ's redemption, and the essential action of the mystical body of Christ, and therefore of Christ himself. Everywhere, moreover, the liturgy calls for active participation of the faithful, a participation that must be above all intelligent, that is, on the level of man's understanding and free will. The participation has little sense unless it is intelligent, unless it is consciously willing, a seeking of God. As such, however, it engenders an increasing formation of heart and mind after the mind and will of Christ. Wherever this religious formation takes part in the participating member, it will also be accompanied by a growing sense of the value and the position of the Church as the depositary of the divine here on earth. It will result in a high appreciation and a tender love of the Church as the Bride of Christ and our mother, whose guiding voice we will be glad to heed at all times and as the authentic objective treasury of the spiritual life for



all times and places. True filial love of God will then also be expressed in genuine filial piety for his chosen Bride. The liturgy is a traditional treasury of the truths of the faith that are universal in every way, and it ever turns the mind to the focal center of the organized Church, Rome, whence flows the power of the hierarchy, in union with which the truths are lived.

It is the liturgy that gives a solid objective basis to the spiritual life of the Catholic, by furnishing him with a firm foundation in the doctrines it ever holds up to view, and by presenting these doctrines in their intimate connection with the practices of religion. Our piety, our filial relation to God, must be based on a reflection of the great truths of our faith. Without them it becomes a blind emotionalism, ever subject to the moods of the moment. Without the dogmatic basis, there is nothing permanent or stable, in the practice of our spiritual life. The liturgy furnishes this dogmatic basis by everywhere stressing the doctrinal foundations of the faith that is being lived. It has the greatest apologetical value for the individual soul by reason of its presenting the historical and scriptural background of the mysteries and of the miracles of Christ, and of the lives of the great spiritual men. Everywhere the liturgy is centered in the great truths of the religion and life of the Church and of Christ. And these truths are in the very nature of the liturgy presented, not as cold formulas, or dry theses, but in all their life-giving vigor. It is precisely in the liturgy that the dogmas of our faith energize unto new life. In the liturgy, as Abbot

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## Housing and Loyalty

By ROBERT LUDLOW

We Catholics seemingly have to be taught over and over, again and again that there are limits to which no government has the right to go. We believe in law and order and for all too many that means a strong arm dictatorial government. Many Catholics were partisans of Peron as they will be partisans of any demagogue who promises to fight Communism. In this country it is McCarthy and the latest repressive measures of the government against "subversives". But just as surely as more and more power is delivered into governmental hands that power will eventually turn on us. It may be our "enemies" today, but our today will come also. Then there will be a hasty formation of "Christian Democrats" to prove how liberal the Church really has been all along. It will be too late then, nobody will really believe us.

New York City is at present exercising a power which belongs to no government—the power to decide who shall or shall not live under a roof. The right to food, clothing and shelter is bestowed by no government because the government is not the source of that right and consequently may not take away that which it has no authority to bestow in the first place. For these rights belong to us by the simple fact of our humanity, they are natural rights. And any government which infringes on a natural right is by that much in error and cannot claim obedience in the area where it transgresses. And if these transgressions are persistent and come to characterize the government then it is the appropriate time to seek, by peaceful means, the overthrow of that government. And the substitution for it of a government that will respect the natural rights inherent in persons as persons, until such time, as usually happens, that this new government also transgresses. Then the process must begin again. That is perhaps all that can be expected in this life.

### Abuse of Authority

The City of New York, with which I am here specifically concerned—these things exist everywhere—is occupied with many weighty problems these days. There are air raid drills to show people how to protect themselves from a bomb from which military authorities tell us there is no protection—except in outright evacuation. Our police are so hard up for something to do that they busy themselves spying in public parks to see how many mentally disturbed people they can round up as "undesirables". And now we are treated to city sponsored posters in the subways. One of these reads "Americans ask, Is he a good worker? NOT What's his race or religion?" Which indeed is descriptive of official America today. To begin with, taken literally, it is a lie—for there are plenty of Americans who ask, directly or indirectly, what is his race or religion? If this were not so such posters would be unnecessary. But a significant thing lies in an omission. There was a day when the poster would almost surely contain "race, religion AND politics." Now not even the city would have the audacity to include the latter in view of loyalty oaths which must be taken if you are to eat or be housed. For it depends on what your politics are as to whether or not you are allowed to live in one of those ugly factory like buildings the city calls "housing projects". And they are creeping up all over, destroying everything distinctive, uprooting localized cultures, substituting factory culture—and you can't even get in unless you swear to it you THINK as they do.

### Personal Experience

There is a serious housing problem in New York City, there are many tenements a dog wouldn't care to live in—I've lived in some of them and know of what I write. But the city comes along and, with no consideration of the character of a neighborhood, of the peoples

involved, decides to tear down your home, puts you out of it, remakes the whole neighborhood, won't let you back unless you meet all sorts of qualifications of which this last business of loyalty oaths is the final incivility. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that this regulation is aimed at the "enemies" of the country. Have we then come to this, descended to such depths that we deprive our "enemies" of the necessities of life? There is then no conception left of fair fighting? Since there is none left on the international plane I suppose it was naive to think there would be in the domestic.

Christ had the reputation not only of a winebibber but of a friend of publicans and sinners. And the reputation had substance to it for He was indeed their friend. The friend and associate of anyone with whom He came in contact. He certainly had no sympathy for the doctrine of guilt by association with which we are plagued in this country. He did not refuse to live with or extend hospitality to the "undesirables". I mention this by way of analogy. I do not imply that "subversives" are sinners and the politically orthodox righteous. But it is the politically orthodox who, in their own eyes, are the righteous (at least in a political sense). And who look upon "subversives" as in the position of sinners. But the politically orthodox, who would like to number Christ (if they dared) as a member of the Republican or Democratic party do not imitate Him in their attitude towards "sinners". By refusing to associate with them, by refusing them hospitality, by taking away their natural rights, they uphold this doctrine of guilt by association which was so foreign to the mind of Christ.

### Recent Rulings

Since writing the above the U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled that tenants cannot be evicted from government housing projects for refusing to sign a "certification of non-membership in subversive organizations." The decision was unanimous. However the court avoided a ruling on the constitutionality of the Gwinn Amendment to the Housing Act which provides that government housing units shall not be occupied by a person who is a member of an organization designated as subversive by the attorney general. So that the present ruling only deals with evicting those already living in government projects but does not prohibit the government from not letting them in in the first place. The ruling came about when the National Capital Housing Authority tried to evict John & Doris Rudder from one of their projects. In part the Court declared "In our opinion the United States acted arbitrarily in undertaking to evict the Rudders. Their refusal to deny they were members of any organization on the (attorney general's) consolidated list was not proof they were members. Even proof that they were members of a 'totalitarian' organization, knowing nothing of the charter, would be an arbitrary ground for an administrative decision to evict them from public housing." Chief Judge Edgerton said the attorney general gave the organizations and their members no hearing before he designated them subversive and the Housing Authority gave the Rudders no hearing before it undertook to evict them.

Let us hope this ruling will be made to apply to State and municipal Housing projects as well as Federal and that it will be further extended to make the requirement of taking an oath in order to live in the projects illegal.

### PACIFIST CONFERENCE

Sept. 3, 4, 5 over Labor Day  
Peter Maurin Farm,  
469 Bloomingdale Road,  
Pleasant Plains, Staten Island.

## Christian Anarchism Defined

By Ammon Hennacy

It is good to see my god-father and good friend Bob Ludlow writing in the CW again even if he does not consider himself an anarchist anymore, and if he feels that the use of that word is illogical and misleading on the part of others of the CW who have not changed their minds on this matter. This is well, for Peter Maurin, the co-founder of the CW, always called for clarification and discussion.

Peter Maurin

Before proceeding with a definition of anarchism, I wish to relate, Peter to the use of that term the first time I met him which was in 1937. This was at a meeting at the CW house in Milwaukee where a Communist friend had attended and in the question period quoted Marx in denial of the CW message as given by Peter. Peter answered, "You did not quote Marx right—here is the correct sentence. Marx got it from the anarchist Proudhon." And then he began to give an Easy Essay on the subject in question. I then asked, "Peter, you talk like an anarchist." "Sure I am an anarchist; all thinking people are anarchists. But I prefer the name Personalist."

If Bob prefers the designation Personalist rather than anarchist, as does Dorothy, that is just another way of saying the same thing, but to imply that a world government is possible as an ideal while calling the one-man revolution of the anarchist chimerical is illogical and contradictory.

### Definitions

"Anarchism: the philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made laws; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary."

Emma Goldman in Funk and Wagnalls Dictionary

"Anarchism: the name given to a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government—harmony in such a society 'being obtained, not by submission to law, or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreements concluded between the various groups, territorial or professional freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, and also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and aspirations of a civilized being. In a society developed on these lines, the voluntary associations which now already begin to cover all the field of human activity would take a still greater extension so as to substitute for the state in all the functions."—Peter Kropotkin in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

"Name . . . the difficulty which anarchists meet in spreading their views does not depend upon the name they have given themselves, but upon the fact that their conceptions strike at all the inveterate prejudices that people have about the function of government, or the state as it is called . . . the idea must arise from the enlightened consciousness of each individual and materialize through a voluntary agreement of all." Errico Malatesta (1853-1932) noted Italian anarchist who edited an anarchist paper in Paterson, N. J.

And it was Emerson who said that "The appearance of character makes the State unnecessary."

### Ludlow's Position

Bob's contention is that the word anarchist belongs to the traditional atheistic or non-church anarchist and that therefore it is dishonest and a kind of plagiarism for Christians and especially Catholics with their hierarchical set-up to call themselves Catholic Anarchists. He is, best answered by himself in a front page article on Christian Anarchism in the Sept. 1949 CW:

"But why then use the term 'Christian Anarchist'? Would it not be as well to confine ourselves to being decentralists or distributists? The trouble there is that the anarchist position is the only one

that is unmistakably opposed to the State and advocates its elimination . . . The term Christian anarchist then seems to be the most accurate descriptive term. Being Christian it is evident there must be an acceptance of authority in religion, being anarchist it is evident there must be a rejection of hierarchical authority in temporal society. Once that is comprehended the term becomes a lucid description of the position of those who believe that man, as he becomes thoroughly Christian, can dispense with governing bodies as we now know them . . . There is incompatibility only if the Christian insists on transferring the authoritarian set-up of the Church into the temporal field or the anarchist insists on rejecting authority in religion . . . If we forget the goal, or if we abandon the goal under pressure of the moment we will, in the long run, have betrayed ourselves and those for whom we would work."

### Tolstoy

Tolstoy derived much of his impetus as a Christian anarchist from William Lloyd Garrison. Neither of them accepted orthodox Christianity, and it is not necessary for a pacifist anarchist to accept any certain religion. I was a Christian anarchist from 1919 until 1952 and received little sympathy from either Christians or anarchists. In 1952 I became a Catholic, and as Karl Stern said in his Pillar of Fire that he brought with him when he became a Catholic all that was good from Gandhi and Tolstoy, so did I bring these anarchist ideas and was baptized by an anarchist priest who uses that term without qualms.

If I claim to have intellectual and spiritual integrity I must therefore not disregard the term anarchism because many Catholics and anarchists and the public in general might not understand it. Bob does not have such an attachment in time to the word or in association with anarchists so it is perfectly legitimate for him to discard its use and to give reasons why he does so. In the anarchist movement, as also among Catholics and people in general, there are those who emphasize responsibility of individuals to reach out and make their daily lives approximate their ideal. There are others whose web of circumstance encloses them so that it is very difficult to work at a one-man-revolution, so naturally they hope that a change in society will come by pressure groups, leftist blocs among unions, co-operatives, or in the case of non-anarchists, with the United Nations or world government. There will always be more of this type than those of the one-man-revolution.

The best illustration of the method by which a change must come in society, if it does not come through the accepted method of ballots or bullets, is that given by Tolstoy who told of the swarm of bees up in a tree. Here thousands of them buzzed in useless activity. Finally some of those on the outside of the swarm sensed that there was a hive nearby where they could enter and start again making honey. As a few hundred left they made room for those next to them to see the light and gradually the whole swarm was in the hive. So it is with those of us of the left who must secede from this capitalist swarm of misery. When we refuse to register for the draft, or refuse to pay income taxes, or when we refuse to hide away in air drills we are moving away from the swarm. If we intellectualize about life away from the swarm but remain there by conforming in daily action with the status quo we are still a part of the swarm. We are not all called to be celibates or Trappists as Bob states, but we cannot achieve freedom as sons of God by talking about ideals and not living them.

### Majority Rule

Bob feels that syndicalist anarchism would not be so bad because it might be the will of the majority of the people. Aside from the fact

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## CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

By AMMON HENNACY

"Hello, you're the radical down by Wall Street," said the cop in the Tombs to me as he gave me a receipt for what money I had on my person, for my fountain pen and bag of CW's and literature. I was next to the last in line of 18 men who with 11 women had been arrested for refusing to take shelter in the fake air raid drill June 15th. Names were not called in alphabetical order and at 2:30 a.m. there seemed to be a minimum of schedule. None of the guards here or at Elizabeth street station were vulgar and abusive as when I did my 5 days last November for selling CW's on the streets, for then I was with peddlers and drunks, and now I was with intellectuals.

### The Bootblack

At City Hall Park we had all been packed into the van except three who were taken in a squad car as the van was filled. Jim Peck had one of our signs which he held by the rear door for those in the street to see, for the air raid was enforced only haphazardly, and the public was attracted to the pacifist and I.W.W. songs which we sang. We had some difficulty in finding parking space to get unloaded at the Delancey street station. We were all in one big room and those of us who had not met before had an opportunity to become acquainted. An elderly man with a badge on his cap we all thought was some attendant. I gave him a CW and one of our leaflets and it was not until later when the indictment was read in court that we discovered

that he was Rocco Parilli, a boot-black who had been sitting in the park, knowing nothing about the air raid drill, and getting up for a drink of water to quench the taste of a cigar he was chewing. He was the first one arrested. Our indictment thus read, "Rocco Parilli and 28 others wilfully refused to take shelter." It was entirely fitting that this common man, not a scholar, intellectual or radical, should symbolically head the list, representative of the workers of the world we were trying to awaken.

### The "Murderers"

Dorothy and I sat near the door of the van and Bayard Rustin sat on my lap. In the Elizabeth street station while the officials got our names on cards and counted and recounted us we were able to look around and see who all were here. Carol Perry had just recently come from her tax picketing and fasting in San Francisco and holds the same pacifist anarchist ideal as Dorothy and myself. Patricia Rusk, who had bravely stood in the cold selling CW's last November while I was in jail for doing the same at 43 and Lexington was there along with Eileen Fantino, Mary Anne McCoy and Helen Russell of the group in Harlem who have been working with the Puerto Rican children. And Mary Roberts, a young woman who has been with the CW off and on for years. Sterling Borowski had helped me in picketing and selling the CW at times and Michael Kovalak, a seminarian who has the distinction of being one of the three who

picketed the Chancery office in the 1949 cemetery strike. These were the ten from the CW. A. J. Muste, Bayard Rustin and Ralph De Gia were old time War Resisters whom I had known for years. Jackson MacLow is an anarchist of unorthodox Jewish persuasion, friendly to the CW, who happened to walk by when I was arrested at 43 st. and Lexington in October and who helped Dorothy, Bertha and Eileen sell CW's. Bob Berk, a young radical I had known in Tucson, and Dale Brothington, a Quaker who had corresponded with me from Florida and was now in New York. A War Resister, Andy Osgood, had visited me in Phoenix and had demonstrated with us against H bomb tests recently at the atomic energy commission in New York City. Hugh Corbin of the same group had demonstrated with us in January in Washington, D. C. on the Formosa crisis. Edith Horwitz I had met at 14th street while selling CW's. Her husband had done time as a CO in World War II. Jim Peck, a War Resister, I had known for some years in various demonstrations.

I had not met Henry Babcock, an elderly Quaker or Robert Fisher, a Unitarian doing social work as alternative service who had heard on the radio about our proposed refusal and had come down at the last minute in a taxi to join with us. I had an extra one of my books with me and sold him one, but it was later taken away by the authorities. Kent Larabee, leader of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in New York City was also interested in the Bruderhof and he and Fisher and I discussed at length the merits of life in a colony versus out in the world. My cell mate when we finally got to the Tombs was Henry Maiden, the first of our group to be arrested, perhaps because the cops saw his sign and bright yellow shirt. He planned to leave for France in alternate service with the Quakers this summer. Miss Orle Pell was from the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, many of whose members in the suffragist days had been in jail. Judith Beck was an actress whom I had seen playing in the Idiot King at the anarchist playhouse this last winter. Then there was Joan Hamilton who had walked into our group and didn't know whether she wanted to stay with us or not. Dick Kern has a technique of "going limp" and getting in trouble with the police and we all felt that he should have his "party" by himself, and he promised to go several blocks away, but he characteristically bogged down in front of us and created a scene.

At the height of two World Wars I have been before judges who were patriotic and who had no sympathy with pacifist ideas but I have never seen such an unjudicial personage: such a jittery judge as Louis Kaplan before whom we appeared at 11 p.m. that night. The Irish clerk did not seem to want to pronounce my name in the Irish way although I had previously pronounced it for him. So when calling my name in court he gave it the ungodly pronunciation of Hennacy. Some of the girls laughed slightly at this and the judge wanted to know what was the matter. Judith Beck answered that the women had nothing to eat for twelve hours and were slightly giddy. The judge asked her to step up. She did so and came too close to his desk and he ordered her to step back, asking her if she had ever been committed to a mental institution. The answer which he got he had coming when she replied, "No, have you?" In a rage he ordered her committed to Bellevue. Her husband in the audience shouted and several police lifted her up kicking and screaming as the judge dismissed the court and called a number of squad cars thinking perhaps that the revolution had started. This reminded me of the Arkansas youth who had refused to register for the draft in World War I and when

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## On Pilgrimage

By Dorothy Day

During the two months since the last issue of the Catholic Worker came out, the great move from Newburgh, Maryland, to Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island, has been accomplished and all the men have been housed and settled, and the furniture is still being sorted out and spread around. Fr. Faley is in his own quarters, with his own furniture, and with the additional comfort of windows facing north and south, so that he has had a little breeze these torrid days of July. Philip is in the dormitory, Joe Roche and Jim the carpenter have a room next to Fr. Faley's, then there is Hans's ship's cabin, and next to him a room at one end of the carpenter shed for John Fillinger who in this month has made hay, milked the cows, tended the vegetables and built a shed for the hay and machinery in back of the other farm buildings. It is all on a small scale, compared to Maryfarm, but we are all together and we are near the heart of the work, which is Chystie street. Joe Cotter has his private room in a converted chicken coop down behind the stone tool house, a little room which was occupied in the past by Emily Scarborough one summer, and Hector Black (who is now with the Society of Brothers) for a two week's retreat a few summers ago. Chickens and rabbits have also lived there since. Bill and Mike have a room in back of the chapel, and the dormitory on either end of the barn accommodates the others. All in the house are women except Stanley who has himself and his press in a cubby hole of a room, with a low ceiling which makes it hot in summer, and with no connection with the furnace, which makes it cold in winter. Stanley saved us from being burnt up one night last month, when one of the women smelled smoke and called him and he went down stairs to find the couch in flames. No more overstuffed furniture in the dining-room-library where cigarettes can fall between the cushions and smoulder. Three bookcases now take the place of the couch, and are far more useful.

### Great News

After the jail, after the moving, after we had all settled down getting straightened out, Tamar quiet-

ly proceeded to have her seventh baby, with neatness and dispatch as she usually does. I had gone over to her home, a mile away to spend the night for the first time, now that the last of six truck loads had come down from Maryfarm and the moving was all but done. Fr. Faley had said his first Sunday Mass that morning, the heat had been broken that afternoon by a great thunder and lightning storm during which Prasse's barn next door was struck by lightning. John and the men rushed over to help save the herd of pedigree goats from the blazing barn, and the Hennessy children and Paul Yamamoto and the Scarpulli's who were spending the afternoon at the farm all stood by in fascinated horror. When I took the Hennessys home that night Dave had to go to work on the graveyard shift, from eleven until seven the next morning. "You'd better stay," Tamar told me.

It was a little after midnight that she called me, and with Vicenza Baglioni coming over from Peter Maurin farm to stay with the rest of the children, we got down to the little hospital in Princess Bay just in time. Martha was born at one thirty Monday morning, July 11th and is being baptized on the feast of St. Martha.

It has been a happy time these past two weeks, staying with the children. Tamar felt so well she was able to come home on Thursday morning after three days in the hospital. It was hard to keep her down but by applying herself to making a hooked rug she was able to keep quiet for a week.

In the two months since the paper came out last there has been Fr. Casey's annual retreat, the picketing and the arrest and the experience of three police courts and two detention houses, the move from Maryfarm and the birth not only of my grandchild, but also of two other babies at Peter Maurin farm, and finally the death and burial at Calvary, of our old friend Fr. John Cordes. May he rest in peace. He had been sick for years, but confined to the hospital for the last year, and his death came as a result of a heart attack and was a surprise to us all. We ask the prayers of our readers for him.

# BOOK REVIEWS

## AMERICAN TRADITION

**WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON and the Humanitarian Reformers**, by RUSSELL B. NYE, Library of American Biography. Edited by Oscar Handlin, Little, Brown, and Co. Boston. 1955. \$3. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

When William Lloyd Garrison began the first issue of his **LIBERATOR**, Jan. 1, 1831 with the statement that:

"I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice . . . I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—And I will be heard."

Slavery was popular in the North. He had just served 49 days in the Baltimore jail the year before for lambasting a man from his home town in Massachusetts for carrying a cargo of slaves to Louisiana.

Slavery was praised by the statesman Calhoun as, "The most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world." The demoralized, insurrectionary free society of the North contrasted ill with the harmony, union, and stability of the slave states. There were no starving paupers, no wage slaves to foment strikes; no free love colonies in states where slavery existed. And George FitzHugh of Virginia said, "Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the laboring man, whether black or white."

With a price on his head in half a dozen Southern states, mobbed by the public in Boston and New York City, nevertheless Garrison kept on, taking advantage of the martyrdom of Elijah Lovejoy in Alton, Illinois in 1837, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act in the Compromise of 1850, and the resulting Dred Scott Decision to arouse the country.

Societies for gradual emancipation and for colonization of Negroes in Liberia were popular. Into this climate of timidity Garrison's slogan was that of the one-man-revolution which does not wait upon the action of others: "Gradual emancipation, immediately begun." This meant to quit talking about it and free your slaves at once. He brought the problem to the heart of everyone who heard or read him. He so awakened the people that in the words of the author, "To disagree with Garrison men had to face up to the problem, rethink their beliefs, examine their own consciences. When men did this slavery was doomed."

### America's First Christian Anarchist

His famous remark about the Constitution as being, "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell" in 1843 has often been quoted but few people know that the Peace Convention which he called and dominated in Boston on

September 21, 1838 where 200 delegates agreed upon the Christian anarchist attitude toward government outlined this position clearly. They said that, "All human governments were anti-Christ." They pledged to "voluntarily exclude themselves from every legislative and judicial body, and repudiate all human politics, worldly honors, and stations of authority."

It was this declaration read by Tolstoy which greatly influenced him in becoming a "Tolstoian," although he did not read it until long after Garrison's statement. Garrison lived true to his anarchist ideas for he refused to vote for Lincoln or any abolitionist, and when upon the death of Senator Sumner of Massachusetts in 1874 he was offered his seat in the U. S. Senate, he refused it.

In 1842 he wrote in the **LIBERATOR** that, "Individual personal effort is the true foundation of all real prosperity in the social state, and all excellence of character. No form of Society can be devised which will release the individual from personal responsibility . . . It would be the greatest curse that could be inflicted upon him."

### His Personality

His father was Abijah Garrison, a sailing master much addicted to drink who died in 1814, or at least nothing was heard from him from that time on. Garrison was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on Dec. 12, 1805. His older brother James worked in a shoe factory. His young sister Maria died in 1822. His mother died the following year. His brother James died in 1842, a hopeless alcoholic after a time in the Navy. When a child Garrison went with a pail to the homes of the rich to get the left overs for the family. He was apprenticed to a printer and liked the work.

The author says that "Garrison's home life was as calm as his public life was turbulent." He relaxed at home with his seven children and his very capable wife Helen. His house was a haven for every sort of a radical, for Garrison was also for rights for women, against liquor and tobacco and war. Where he would likely not fit in with many radicals of today is that he was entirely a city man and had no love of the country or nature. He liked big crowds. He was also a deadly serious man with little sense of humor. His daughter Fanny married Henry Villard the famous railroad builder, and his grandson was Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the **NATION** and for many years an outstanding liberal. I knew his great-grandson Dean Garrison at the University of Wisconsin, and on September 21, 1938, on the anniversary of that Peace Convention in Boston, I read a letter from him at the memorial meeting which I held in Milwaukee.

William Lloyd Garrison is not as well known as Thoreau or Emerson. He was not a philosopher but a man of action and with a one track

mind that impressed everyone who came in contact with him. In an age of compromise and double-talk he was the very opposite: a man of integrity. The present volume does well to emphasize his place in American history as far greater than that of most Presidents, ministers, and other editors. He, as well as Thoreau, was not out of step. He "listened to a different drummer."

## The Trouble with Prisons

**BREAK DOWN THE WALLS**, by John Bartlow Martin, Ballantine Books, Inc., N. Y. City, 1954, paper 50c. Reviewed by Carol Perry.

A common myth which Mr. Martin explodes in his study of American prisons is that a prison can ever be the kind of place where one can meditate and retreat from the world, for, "there is no peace in prison." Whoever has spent any time behind bars can testify to the tensions generated by the deafening days of awakening to the sight of bars and walls, the echoes of sounds down the corridors, the marching to meals, the endless times of being locked up to be counted, the fears of threats from inmates and authority, and the fear of dying, because freedom is so distant a dream. The prison literature which we have was produced in spite of prisons, not because they are the kind of places that they are.

Mr. Martin focuses our attention on, "the trouble with prisons" by describing in detail the background and causes of the most sensational and dangerous prison riot in the history of American prisons. The riot at the State Prison of Southern Michigan at Jackson, which took place in 1952, was the culmination of clashes between prison personnel, politics inside and outside the prison, and the result of such mistakes as idleness among prisoners and imprisoning mentally ill and feeble-minded men who had broken the law.

### Politics

With prison reform in Michigan in 1937 did not come evidence that good laws make good government. A firm Civil Service did not stop personal politics, and the upheaval which resulted from charges, countercharges, investigations, and indictments. It had been impossible to remove prison operations from political influence. The Parole Board had been played upon by State legislators who had appeared as attorneys for convicts who have influence on the outside with big-city gangsters—the vocal constituents of politicians everywhere. The opposing cliques within the Corrections Department had been used by the inmates themselves, as well as by the outside politicians. The warden was unsure of his job with the commissioner, and there were men in the Corrections Department who had ambitions toward the warden's and commissioner's jobs. There was constant dissension between Individual Treatment and the Custody Departments within the prison.

On the surface, Jackson was one of the better, modern prisons. In 1952 it had crafts, academic and vocational classes, and a plan for segregation and classification, and "Individual Treatment." The inmates had radios and modern plumbing in their cells. They had mail and visiting privileges, and they were not tortured physically, except in a very real sense by their very confinement.

### Big-Understaffed

Inside Jackson, liquor and narcotics could be bought, and almost every inmate had a knife, and the warden knew it. Jackson was too big and understaffed to conduct thorough shakedowns in a weekly search for contraband. When the

word was passed that there was to be a shakedown the men would throw away their weapons, but in one year's time one inmate claimed that he had not been shaken down at all. The pay for guards was too low to compete with the wages offered at factories near Jackson and the warden could not hire enough guards, so he took almost anyone who applied for the job, and some of them were bad. For the entire prison population of 6,470 men there were seldom as many as 100 guards on duty at any single time.

The confinement of cripples, semi-invalids, a blind man, seniles, epileptics, homosexuals, mental defectives, and graduates from the Mental Ward, added to 1,750 idle men, many of whom were misfits for whom there was no work at Jackson, would seem enough in itself to precipitate explosive conditions. But this was only a portion of the 6,470 inmates who were confined in the prison whose maximum capacity is 6,569. This is the largest population of any prison in the country, and as a result, every problem of prison management was magnified at Jackson.

### The Sick Also

Within Jackson there were 150 feeble-minded or epileptic youths for whom there was no room at the reformatory and who were pushed off on Jackson and thrown in with the state's worst criminals, who attacked them sexually, and instructed them in crime to the extent of their capacity. There were 126 men who had not been sentenced to imprisonment at all, they were sexual psychopaths for whom there was no room at the State Hospital. Some of these men had been at Jackson for years without treatment of any kind. Because of the unusual size of Jackson "it had become impossible to maintain a systematic classification and segregation plan." Dr. Phillips, the prison psychiatrist said that, "We've got to have our own psychiatric hospital in the Corrections Department, and until we do, I don't care who's warden at Jackson or how he treats the prisoners, it won't work, because you can't scare a crazy man." It was a fact that the riot leaders who so amazed the State Troopers by their lack of fear were mentally disturbed men, existing in an environment that would have caused a sane man to explode.

The prison had its Hole. The solitary cells have solid steel doors, some have tiny windows set high in the outside walls, some have no windows, none have an electric light, there is a wooden bench, but no bed, a drinking fountain and a toilet, and often neither work. There is no wash bowl. The prisoner gets a half-ration of food

twice a day and wears a garment like long underwear which is made of sheeting. The cell is dark and damp, because when the toilets in the cells on the upper gallery are flushed it causes an overflow in the toilet in the solitary cell. Such conditions in solitary cells are not unusual in prisons across the country, the truth is that many of them are much worse.

### No Work Is Torture

Today as many as 40 percent of American convicts have no work to do. This may be one of the major causes of prison riots. Teaching a man a trade while in prison is a pretty far-fetched idea if the trade he learns (cotton textile mill work in California where there is no other cotton textile mill in the State) cannot be pursued while he is out of parole in that State. The only logical answer to the immediate problem of employment while in prison is to allow the prisoner to grow the food, and to make as much of the clothing, furniture, kitchenware, and bedding as possible to supply the institutional needs of the State. Of course, this would cause protests from the businessmen of the state and from the free working men, but as Martin points out it would eliminate the grafting by state purchasing agents, in addition to providing badly needed work to relieve the pressure of imprisonment.

The idea of teaching a trade is good, Martin continues, but the lack of a trade was not the underlying cause of criminal behavior. Prisons are hardly the place to stabilize and mold character, especially gigantic prisons like Jackson and Joliet where all types are thrown together. Prisons are built on hate and punishment, and hate begets hate, and can never end in such a place. Without hope, without identity as a man, with humiliation and fear as constant companions can any good thing emerge from these steel and concrete tombs we call prisons?

### Discipline vs. Laxity

In contrast to the lax methods of prison discipline at Jackson Mr. Martin explores the tight discipline at Statesville, the Joliet Branch of the Illinois State Prison. According to Martin, "Iron discipline does less damage to an inmate than the laxity at Jackson before the riot" but at Joliet some of the men tried to escape the strict rules, unfair and ignorant guards, constant shakedowns, deprivations and maximum security by hanging themselves, and others escape through insanity.

The injustices of inequitable prison sentences imposed by different judges embitter prisoners. There are probably 1,400 kinds of larceny. The Delaware age of consent is 16. (Continued on page 5)

## Hospitality

O! King of Stars!

Whether my house be dark or bright  
Never shall it be closed to anyone  
Lest Christ close His house against me.

If there be a guest in your house  
And you deny him anything you have  
It is not your guest that will do without it  
But Jesus—Mary's Son.

(From the ancient Irish—13th century)

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# Catholic Spiritual Life

(Continued from page 2)

Caronti says, the truths and mysteries are "placed before us for imitation in practical life. Hence we find not a sterile contemplation, not a theoretic and sentimental aiming at virtue, but true profit and intense action flowing from the practice of the liturgical life . . . The faith is thus professed in all its splendor; hope is nourished on the grand promises made to those who live a life of mystic indwelling in Christ; and charity towards God finds its greatest development in the continuous commerce with the only begotten Son, while charity towards neighbors nourishes itself and grows in the community of thought and sentiment, in the participation in one and the same baptism, which makes brothers of all, sons of the august heavenly Father" (*The Spirit of the Liturgy*, p. 18).

**2. PERSONAL SANCTITY.** In her disciplinary regulations the Church obliges all members to a minimum participation in the liturgical worship, under pain of losing their living supernatural contact with their divine head Christ. This is incontestable. It is equally incontestable, as we have seen abundantly, that the Church does not therewith imply that the participation strictly commanded under heavy penalty should be the average for her children, or that it is necessary merely because she has commanded so. On the contrary, the norm set down is a minimum requirement which was made into law because of the growing negligence of many faithful in this regard in the centuries of declining faith and liturgical understanding. In the early days of Christianity, before the custom of active participation and of regular communion at Mass had waned, no such action by the Church was necessary. With the decrease of this public and intelligent participation came the increase of privately constructed prayers, which often reflected mainly the individual attitudes of their author rather than the objective mind of the Church. It was the beginning of the trend towards individualism and subjectivism in religion.

## Active Participation

No one should want to say that the Church prescribed the minimum of attendance at liturgical worship merely in order that Catholics might spend a maximum of their efforts at private prayers of their own choosing. At the same time no one can possibly claim that a maximum of participation in the Church's worship is meant to do away with all forms of private prayer, or of private endeavor to commune with God. It is self-evident, not only that a wholehearted participation in the liturgy will engender a spirit of love and zeal for God that will also make use of all opportunities to lift mind and heart to God throughout the day, but also that under these circumstances the increased private prayers will retain the truly Christian character of the Church's official prayer which inspired them. The above tendency toward private, subjective prayers cannot be criticized for the fact that there was an increase of private initiative at prayer, but for the fact that the private prayer tended to supplant in great degree the proper participation in public worship and at the same time deviated considerably from the objective norm set by that official worship.

An examination of a great many contemporary books on the spiritual life could easily give the impression that spiritual growth must be attained chiefly by dint of purely private adventure. Even where the point is theoretically stressed that all supernatural good come from God and where prayer (private) is prescribed to ask God's help, the general tenor of many books is far from indicating that all efforts should be built up on the liturgy as the primary and indispensable source of the Christian spirit. Often the liturgy is not

even mentioned in passing. Again, many of these books indeed emphasize Christ, but only too often it is only the historical Christ of the gospels, and not also the living Christ of the Church's liturgy. An examination of the common prayerbooks in most frequent use among the faithful will lead to the same conclusion. These are built up on the saints and on Christ, but again only too often quite independently of Christ and the saints as they live in the official life of the Church. The result in practice, is that the official liturgy even descends to being a mere occasion on which Catholics find it convenient to concentrate on their own favorite prayer forms.

## Liturgy As Teacher

In speaking up for the central position of the liturgy in the spiritual life of every individual soul, and for its widest possible extension, there is always danger of being misunderstood. Unfortunately there have been persons, fired with a holy zeal for the liturgy, who have not hesitated to condemn all non-liturgical devotions, both private and public, as practices that should not be encouraged, should even be suppressed. Nothing can be further from a true liturgical sense. For, the latter is above all eminently Catholic, and cannot be less sympathetic or tolerant than the Church herself. In the first place, the liturgy itself is as we have said repeatedly, an inspiration to individual activity and to private prayer. Participation in the liturgy in no way does away with personal activity—that would be a contradiction. The liturgy calls for personal cooperation in putting the individual soul in contact with the divine action of the priesthood of Christ in the Church, while the full harvesting of the resultant graces and union with Christ depends on the condition of the individual soul, its degree of sanctity and advancement in the life of Christ, or rather on the personal effort it makes thereafter towards developing Christ more fully in itself. Moreover in many sacramentals of the liturgy we have the borderline between public and private prayer; for they are to be made use of privately in innumerable ways.

Any soul inspired to live the life of Christ through the liturgy will then necessarily be led to finding many ways of its own in accordance with the circumstances of its life for privately living out this life in finer detail. And nothing is farther from the mind and intention of the Church or the liturgical apostolate than to suppress all non-liturgical devotions. In the first volume of the excellent series *Ecclesia Orans*, edited by the monks of Maria Laach, Romano Guardini found it opportune to make the following statement: "The claim that the liturgy should be taken as the exclusive manner of collective devotional life can never be upheld. That would mean a misapprehension of the spiritual needs of the faithful. Besides the liturgical forms of spiritual life, there will always be the forms of popular devotion and they will be constituted as the changing historical, national, social, and local conditions call for. Nothing would therefore be more mistaken than the removal of worthy forms of popular spiritual life out of love for the liturgy, or even the desire to try to reduce them to the latter" (*Vom Geist der Liturgie*, p. 5). On the other hand, however, there can be no doubt that it must be considered an intolerable abuse if private devotions make inroads upon the proper participation of the faithful in the liturgical worship of the Church.

## Not A Private Adventure

So much having been said, we may return to the theme of the liturgy as the objective and primary form of Christian prayer and at the same time the norm and inspiration for all further prayer by

the Christian. The liturgy will be this by reason of its very nature, if it is properly participated in. For this participation is in the first place a personal one for each member, and it calls into operation the whole man with all his faculties.

"This persuasive and persevering preaching," as a writer calls the action of the liturgy, "reaches man through all his senses and all his faculties. It penetrates to the soul by the ways which lead to the latter, the word, the chant, the ceremonies, the various resources of all the arts. How can the spirit and the heart, under these many influences, fail to respond to the moulding force of the Christian ideas? . . . By means of this profound and penetrating efficacy of the liturgy was wrought the transformation of pagan and barbaric nations into the Christian nations of the Middle Ages, who had so well-developed a social sense" (Douterlungne, *Semaine liturgique de Maredsous*, p. 216). Therein lies the power of the liturgy, that it addresses itself to the whole man. It never moralizes without giving the intellectual reasons for the conduct to be followed; it never instructs without giving at the same time an inspiration to live the truths preached. Its appeal is not abstract but concrete, and is brought out in terms of past human achievement and present possibilities—it addresses and inspires the human person to a maximum of the Christ-life both in regard to prayer and to the service of God in the daily occupations and work.

## Private Devotions Also

Here the early Christians, eminent personalities after the mind of Christ, are our models. While it was their external life that excited the admiration of the pagans, it was their interior life that most truly characterized them, and that must have functioned in them at all times of the day. Their social life was but the result of their intense interior life, and the latter was most thoroughly liturgical in spirit. For them the practice of their religion was preeminently an active participation in the official worship of the Church. Their program of life was the program outlined in their religious worship. And their moments of higher tension of the living of Christ, that is, in the liturgical life of the Church, were reflected in all the actions of the day. The latter and the former were in reality but two aspects of one and the same divine life the life of Christ in which they carried on without any interruption. It is for this reason that they could affect the atmosphere of their day so emphatically as to bring about one of the greatest inner transformations the society of mankind has known. "Not programs existing on paper, not high-sounding but unexecuted resolutions one time renewed the world, but new living men, born out of the depths of Christianity" (Bichlmair, *Unchristentum und katholische Kirche*, p. 345). What these Christians were in their day, eminently spiritual men, that we must be in ours, and like them the new spirit must arise out of our participation in the liturgy. There was not a two-fold life, of public prayer with the Church and of quite differently orientated private prayer, or again of prayer on the one hand and unrelated daily work on the other, but all, both private and public prayer, both prayer and work, breathed forth the same spirituality, as was inspired by the liturgy and thence seizing and permeating their entire personalities.

To be concluded in Sept. issue.

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# "Cherishing and Listening"

When someone mentions the name, Elizabeth Sewell, in Catholic literary circles, right away there is the response, "O yes, she is the lady who dislikes Graham Greene!" Right away begins a debate. It seems to me that the article referred to, *The Imagination of Graham Greene*, is remembered mostly because of the scandal it is said to give about a very popular Catholic literary figure rather than what it says itself, to the neglect of the rest of the writing of Elizabeth Sewell who is perhaps one of the most fertile thinkers English speaking Catholics can claim. The article is not a condemnation of Graham Greene, but another of her explorations into the workings of the human imagination, and the fact that its fertility depends upon a sensitivity to, a respect and love for, the human body.

We might better think of Elizabeth Sewell in connection with *The Land of Graven Images* (Thought, Autumn 1952) or *The Death of the Imagination* (Thought, Autumn 1953) which discusses the "... loving imaginative unity between mind and body, for it is the first step of all, and without it the imagination cannot live . . . What is needed is the patient cherishing of one's own flesh and blood and bones (not confounding this with indulgence), the listening to what it has to say, the faithful helping of the body to think and to contribute all it can to the life of the mind, the long-suffering with its weaknesses and obstruction."

This patient cherishing and listening extends not only to the body in itself but to all the things, facets, and processes of creation, as well as to the workings of the human mind in literature, the sciences, philosophy and Theology . . . "in this world there are endless possibilities of strangeness . . . we need to be on open and friendly terms with them, for otherwise we shut them out, and that is a serious loss, a betrayal of others by the imagination, for the imagination must preserve a loving openness to all comers or it betrays humanity, in those whom it excludes and in itself." We might call this kind of working, charity within the imagination.

Her exploration of the imagination began when she started to work for her Ph.D. at Cambridge in England, and, finding the usual academic procedure sterile for her mind, began thinking of poetry and words for herself. She describes that the impact this thinking had on her life was like being dragged and shaken by the hair by some relentless beast. She found that while she was working on poetry, it in turn was working on her; that life of the intellect, behavior, and the imagination were united. She found in her definition of the best conditions for poetry, "the voluntary acceptance of apparently arbitrary limitation," the position of the Catholic Church.

In the imagination "the life of the mind depends for its liberation upon a kind of submission to the life of the body (and the human), and that the two must live together,

according to the way of man and not of angels or demons. This submission is, superficially, a scandal, but, more profoundly viewed, it is a way of freedom. We might say the same thing about the Church. It too is a body, it too a very precise and determined one, which requires a lofty submission of the mind . . . one can make no conditions . . . one has to take one's possibilities of intellectual and imaginative development with an act of trust" (*The Death of the Imagination*). This is to say the limits of the imagination are not the limits imposed by disgust, or fear, or strangeness, but the contrary. The limitations are again the blessed limits of body, the structures and processes within creation and within our minds.

As well as writing, Elizabeth Sewell lectures and teaches extensively. In her teaching, no student's comment is irrelevant, but picked up and found fruitful, no poet's work unworthy of consideration because "out of fashion", but an example of the working imagination. She draws insights from the mathematicians, scientists — psychologists, anthropologists as well as physicists and biologists; and theologians. Among each of these groups, in Europe and America, she has found companionship where also she has found rejection of her "unacademic" approach. She has found with excitement that others are also working on a unity within the

(Continued on page 6)

# From Prison

(Continued from page 4)

sent is seven but in Tennessee a man who has intercourse with a girl under 21 can be found guilty of rape and be locked up for 10 years. The penalty in 16 States for statutory rape is death. In Missouri the penalty is one month in the county jail or \$100 fine or death.

Mr. Martin moves for doing away with prisons because they have failed conclusively to do the job of rehabilitation which they were supposed to do. "We should use prisons for the purpose for which they were intended: to keep dangerous persons locked up where they can do no harm." But until such time as this may be possible he suggests a number of ways in which we may improve existing prisons, not only for the good of the prisoner, but also for the protection of the public when the time comes that the prisoner may be released.

## Obstacle—Apathy

Martin says that our greatest needs are for more minimum and medium - security prisons, and for medical facilities for psychotics and psychopaths. Mr. Martin also recommends the abolishment of the death penalty. Among other things he recommends the appropriation of money for a program of prison improvement, partly legislative, and partly administrative. We need to raise the pay for guards, and to require that parole, and probation officers and guards be Civil Service employees, and that inequitable criminal codes be revised. The great obstacle to prison reform is public apathy and indifference. The prisoner has few friends, and the public would like to forget him. A chaplain at Jackson said after the riot, "Every man here represents a failure of society. People don't want to hear that. We try to get them interested, then something like this happens," meaning the riot, "and we're right back where we started. That's the real tragedy of riots."

## Peter Maurin Farm

Oftentimes, with 57 projects going on simultaneously, all in the name of the Catholic Worker, the back-to-the-land aspect of the work sort of gets lost in the shuffle. Even here at Peter Maurin Farm, where we are actually living on the land, the harassments that come with living in community often loom larger than the agricultural problems, so that we must occasionally remind ourselves that it is, after all, a farm. To begin with, those who join the work because of the rural emphasis are in the minority. Indeed, there are those amongst us who are in favor of dropping the farming idea entirely. Then, although categories are always overlapping or not quite apt, we have encountered those who come as romantic agrarians and find the reality of subsistence-farming a little too grim for comfort, those who are willing and able to cope with the reality but not with the peculiar crosses which seem to burden all our endeavors, and those who will admit the sanctity and sanctity of living and working on the land but who will argue that the time is past, that the odds are too overwhelming, that the struggle avails naught and therefore ought not to be made. And, of course, there are the ones who prefer the conveniences and consolations of the city and who couldn't be persuaded to try the land on any basis.

### John Filliger

But there are a few, like Fr. Duffy and John Filliger, who probably never would have remained with the work if it had not included hard labor on the land and the rewards thereof. Up to now John Filliger has been in charge of the farming at Newburgh, but with Maryfarm closing down, he has come down to Peter Maurin Farm, where he has his hands full with Daisy Mae the cow and her calf Josephine, the chickens, the tractor work, and the vegetable gardens.

And this year Peter Maurin Farm, not so many years ago considered the eyesore of Bloomingdale Road on account of its scraggly weeds and sandy patches, can truly be called a farm. This is a matter for rejoicing, since we can no longer hold up Maryfarm and its abundance as an example in the present of what Peter Maurin meant. It is fitting, too, that this remaining farm, with all its promise, should bear his name.

It is not only John Filliger bringing in the baskets of string beans, lettuce, broccoli, Swiss chard and perpetual spinach; nor that we can go out of a morning along the hedges and the edges of the fields and bring back blackberries enough for breakfast or dessert, and this from bushes which were wild a couple of years ago; nor the green acres of corn growing taller every day; nor the gallons of creamy milk which Daisy Mae gives us morning and night; nor the recent sight of all the men, armed with pitchforks and shirtless under the July sun, helping to bring in the new-mown hay.

### Fr. Duffy

All these good things of God's earth are gratifying enough, but this year Fr. Duffy, who three years ago set out to prove that Peter Maurin Farm could be restored to full productivity, has finally been able to feel some sense of achievement about what has, under the handicaps of poverty, sporadic help, adverse weather conditions and insects, been accomplished here.

Fr. Duffy's idea was to build up the farm around a manure compost heap, which he started up just below the barn, putting in any organic matter he could lay his hands on—grass cuttings, garbage including leftovers and coffee grounds—anything and everything, he says, except paper, glass and wood. During the several livestock phases the farm has undergone, the compost pile has acquired manure from cows, goats,

pigs, rabbits and chickens, as well as the soiled straw and other organic matter associated with the care and feeding of these animals. Now it is ready for use, and Fr. Duffy estimates that it contains from five to six tons of good natural fertilizer, teeming with thousands of earthworms, which are essential in the building up of soil. The manure can be applied next year to the fields generally as well as to the vegetable plots which are concentrated near the farmhouse proper, within easy reach. Fr. has planted these gardens in rotation for the past three years, with vegetables one year and alfalfa, clover, legumes and such the following year.

### Hedges and Ditches

In his own words, Fr. Duffy found on his arrival here "23 acres of submarginal, debilitated, run-down soil," which appropriately enough was over-run with the weed known as poverty grass. He proceeded to dig a system of ditches to (1) retain some of the moisture which would ordinarily all rush down to the lowest levels and (2) catch any topsoil washed off by heavy rains, so that it could be shovelled right back onto the fields. The raised banks of the ditches serve as hedges and fences and have been planted with pine seedlings obtained from the state forestry service and multiflora rose seeds and slips which blossomed this year. The briars and blackberries which were rampant have been confined to these earthworks (the blackberries, incidentally, with the help of some pruning and lime, are now producing enough for a cash crop). Thus these hedges and fences not only help to prevent soil erosion and to promote soil conservation, but serve also as windbreaks and provide covert for wild life such as pheasants and rabbits. Fr. is even proud of the stately foxgloves and other wildflowers which bloom along the ditches in season, because he is concerned about "the ugly appearance of the mechanized farm" in contrast to the "picturesque appearance" which Peter Maurin Farm now presents.

### Grasses

For, as Fr. says, this is now a handsome green farm, with the six acres of thriving corn and the clover beginning to grow again amidst the stubble of the new-cut hayfields. This year he had planted orchard grass and rye grass, both good growers here, some timothy, Kentucky blue grass as an experiment, alfalfa which was not too successful because of the great lack of lime and natural fertilizer in the soil, red and white clover which did well, birdsfoot trefoil which did fairly well, alsike, ladino, as well as vetches (which are something like alfalfa)—all good feed for animals—and mostly all the nitrogenous legumes, which improve the soil. He also successfully sowed oats as a cover crop and as feed for the cow and chickens. The former two-acre asparagus patch, the only neglected spot, will be planted this fall in rye grass which will be plowed under in the spring.

Thus the appearance here is not deceiving. In the course of the past three planting seasons, which have all been seasons of drought, the soil has been brought back about halfway. Fr. Duffy figures that perhaps three more years of planned planting, with the regular application of barn manure and lime, will completely revitalize the soil. As it is, it can now raise all the food for the livestock—corn, oats and hay—and all the vegetables necessary for the average family, with surplus to sell. In time, it should feed two cows at least (perhaps three or four), from 50-100 chickens and two pigs, all of which would provide additional fertilizer.

### Cost in Money

Most of the plowing, disking, planting, rolling and tree-pulling of the past three years was done by a neighboring farmer who charged five dollars an hour, but the more recent tractor work on

the corn was done on a share-cropping basis, with Peter Maurin Farm providing the lime and James Corrigan of Mt. Loretto providing the machinery, labor and fertilizer.

The total cost of building up the farm to its present state has been less than \$1,600 altogether, excluding the labor of Fr. Duffy and his helpers, but including the tractor work which was the most expensive item (nearly \$800), feed for the cows and chickens until the farm was able to produce feed, and the various seeds and seedlings. There was also used two-and-one-half tons of good commercial fertilizer which Fr. Duffy sees no necessity for using in ordinary circumstances but which had to be resorted to here as a booster to get vegetation going because of the extreme depletion of the soil. The cost also included some improvements to the farm buildings, such as wire netting and paint. This money was all contributed by friends interested in the land movement, such as \$575 from Fr. Monahan, then of St. Margaret Mary's at Midland Beach, S.I., and his friends, and \$30 from the Rev. A. B. Parson, a Protestant minister in Massachusetts.

Now there is no further need to use commercial fertilizer, and the biggest expense has been cut down considerably with the arrival of the tractor and accessory equipment from Maryfarm. The Farm today is on a self-sustaining basis as far as the animals are concerned, and is furthermore supplying this community of from 20-25 people, plus the flock of summer visitors, with most of its fresh fruits and vegetables. "If this thing can be done here," Fr. Duffy says, "it can be done anywhere in the USA because this farm was as poor and low as any can get."

To those who are contemplating going to the land, Fr.'s counsel can be summed up in the saying, "Creep before you walk." He has no particular advice for those who feel it necessary to have \$20,000 or so before they begin, except to say that this simply is not so. He does say that it can be done in a small way, gradually, slowly, with the householder keeping his job on the side and devoting perhaps four hours a day to the farm. This will, of course, require the help of neighboring farmers on a cooperative basis. But begin, he repeats, on a small scale, perhaps with goats and chickens and rabbits, before getting involved with the first cow; hold onto the job until the farm can sustain itself and the family without an outside income. Then, like Peter Maurin Farm, you will have made a beginning.

Hisaye Yamamoto

## Mother Teresa

Society of Christ the King,  
Danville, Va.

You will be pleased to know that your friends of the CATHOLIC WORKER responded generously to the appeal for aid for Geneva. She is very silent, very alert and as smart as they come... \$550 sent in to date. A local doctor has generously given his aid in locating a charitable and expert plastic surgeon who has offered to do all possible for the child. However it might be good to let all who are interested know that this type of remedy is a protracted course of treatment which will continue for years. The area to be treated is extensive. At present there are enough funds at hand to begin treatments and meet the incidental expenses of hospital care. I shall let you know from time to time how well things are going. Geneva comes from a family that needs much help—but the neediest one is little Geneva. May God reward you Dorothy and all your good friends for sending help for Geneva. I have tried to answer or acknowledge all the letters from contributors and donations that carried names. Letters of advice and those promising prayers are herewith gratefully acknowledged. The burden of letter writing by longhand is one I cannot always keep moving.

Gratefully in Christ,  
Mother Teresa

## Elizabeth Sewall

(Continued from page 5)

imaginative processes of the mind: Margaret Mead, Father William Lynch of Thought (his series on Theology and the Imagination), Hutchinson at Yale. In a study being begun on Rilke she is now exploring the poetic imagination with the help of the organic sciences.

No matter in which branch of knowledge the imagination works, its systems and images are not to petrify. In *The Land of Graven Images* ("Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image") she shows how in the imagination "To arise and unbuild is a glorious doing... The refusal to destroy is a refusal of freedom." In both the poetic and critical processes ("critics are poets, whether they know it or not.") what is needed "is a making and remaking and a being made, a mutual process between images and mind. The poet is made one with what he writes his poem about, by imagination and love... and according to the perfection of that union he will reason out and divine a structure of words such that they, when finished, shall conform in multiple ways to some structure in experience." "... Only those who love their ability to dream and imagine are on the way to loving at all widely as if this were a practice ground in which one could be made one with unwanted bits of the universe and so learn to love what might otherwise be beyond one's scope." "... Only this expendability, this readiness to be unbuild and rebuilt can produce that universality that one requires of a poet."

There is in these statements none of the preoccupation with liking or disliking other writers, whether Graham Greene or T. S. Eliot (whom she finds is a Nonsense poet), but an attempt to strike fertile ground for the contemporary imagination, to release it from the fear that sets it in captivity. A short list of some of her writings will indicate the courage of her own imagination in its variety of exploration, and give those who may be interested a chance to read her works for themselves:

**The Structure of Poetry** (Routledge & Kegan Paul, Ltd.; 1951) including a short bibliography — of critical works, and works on Language, Logic and Mathematics, Physics, Number, and Dream.

**The Field of Nonsense** (Chatto & Windus; 1952) a study of Nonsense using the works of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear.

**Paul Valery: The Mind in**

the Mirror (Yale University Press; 1952).

**The Dividing of Time:** a novel (Doubleday; 1951).

**The Singular Hope:** a novel (Chatto & Windus; 1955).

About to come out: a book of short stories, a book of poetry.

**The Great Darkness:** A Play for Radio, broadcast over the B.B.C.

Miscellaneous articles and lectures published here and abroad.

Sally Appleton

## Wholeness

**HOLINESS IS WHOLENESS**, by Josef Goldbrunner. Pantheon Books, \$1.75

Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme

The problem of sanctity and the flesh has given rise to a great tradition of asceticism in the Church. The saints who scourged themselves, wore chains pulled tightly around their waists, or suffered the steady, devastating irritation of the hair shirt were vital, healthy personalities whose wholeness was not impaired by the physical tortures that they endured.

In this brief essay, however, Josef Goldbrunner, priest and Jungian psychologist, undertakes to show that in these times when the peculiar disease of the age is one of the psyche, not physical asceticism but rather the application of the findings of depth psychology is necessary to achieve a synthesis between all levels of the personality.

He counsels, for example, against allowing the conscious to dominate the unconscious to such an extent that the personality is forced into a mold to which it is not suited, thereby bringing upon the individual neurotic suffering. Rather, he advocates, the person should allow a natural rhythm to guide the development of his spiritual life, letting the conscious lie fallow, as it were, in times of dryness, in order that the energizing factor may be operative in the unconscious without being bent in a direction alien to it. With regard to this he suggests that priests would do well to study the findings of psychology as a means of augmenting their understanding of souls—though it is probably safe to assume that in common with other Catholic psychologists and psychiatrists Dr. Goldbrunner is not advocating that the priest attempt to take the place of the psychotherapist.

The theological virtues play their part in psychic health. Dr. Goldbrunner analyzes the role of faith in overcoming neurotic fear, of hope in achieving true spiritual maturity, and of charity in laying the foundations for the true basis of sanctity by overcoming egocentricity. And he concludes with that central truth of Christianity: the tension between complete wholeness of body and of soul can be resolved only on and through the Cross of Christ.

Many of the ideas embodied in this little book are truly illuminating and it is interesting indeed to see the way in which depth psychology can act as aid to the development of a spiritual personality. Which makes it more the pity that the thoughts are not enlarged upon to a greater degree, and that a wider scope is not offered to the thoughtful student of this problem.

Still Available

## FINANCIAL JUSTICE

J. F. L. Bray, Ph. D.

This is the twenty-second paper sponsored by the Aquinas Society of London, whose purpose it is to implant and cultivate an interest in the teaching of the Angelic Doctor. This particular paper, read to the society on December 9, 1952 by J. F. L. Bray, Ph.D., is a moral evaluation of the capitalist system in the light of Papal teaching and of the principles of St. Thomas. Dr. Bray strikes directly at selfishness and materialism as the roots of modern economic injustices and clearly indicates the obligations of the individual Catholic to live up to his personal responsibilities and to Christian principles. *Dominicana*

35 cents

## BLACKFRIARS PUBLICATIONS

34 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1

# Civil Disobedience

(Continued from page 3)

asked by the judge why he didn't go to war, answered, "Why don't you go yourself, you old so and so?" He got 20 years. In Leavenworth they could keep no discipline when he laughed at the guards. Finally they took him to the psychiatrist who wanted to know why he didn't learn how to behave in jail. "It would spoil me for the outside," he answered. They had to let him go home for in the words of the poet, "He laughed at prison bars."

When court reconvened 15 minutes later the judge angrily would not allow anyone in the courtroom and read a written statement, for I could see him turn the pages from where I stood directly in front of him. His very words were that, "theoretically 3 million people have been killed in this air raid and you are the murderers." He fixed our bail at the unheard of sum of \$1,500 each. Whether he sought to climb to patriotic fame in the manner of Coolidge, prosecutor Medina and Judge Kaufman one can only surmise.

## In the Tombs

Before we went to court Patricia had brought me a pair of "loafers" from the shoe room. These being without shoe strings I was the only one of our group who did not have to hand over shoe strings and run the chance of not getting them back. Henry Maiden and I were in an upper cell at 3 a.m. with 2 blankets each and no sheets. We spread them on clean steel springs and slept with our clothes on. This may have been one of the 9 "good" jails of the 586 in 42 states inspected by the Federal Prison Bureau in 1954, although none were given an excellent rating.

The bread was fairly good for white bread and the food was not bad, although a vegetarian always gets the short end of eats in a jail. We were allowed about a dollar of change from what we had brought in to buy extras as the man came around. Prices were fair. For several hours after breakfast and in the afternoon until 4 p.m. we were permitted to walk back and forth midst about 40 others, many of whom used their time gambling. One young Negro was 32 and was saying that he had spent 15 years, or nearly half of his life in jail and didn't know how much he would get on this charge. Most of the prisoners were Negro or Puerto Rican or Mexican and seemed to be in on charges connected with dope. To plead as an addict instead of a peddler of dope brought a smaller sentence they said.

One Irishman saw my St. Francis medal and soon got acquainted. He had done 5 years in Danbury when Dave Dellinger and other conscientious objectors were there and knew all the pacifist and radical terminology. He appreciated the good fight that the radicals had put up for better conditions and introduced me to some friends. Henry had one of our leaflets in the lining of his coat and they read it with interest.

On Thursday I wanted to give the meat on my plate to the fellow in the next cell but the trusty would not allow it and insisted that I throw it in the toilet. Friday was my regular day for fasting so I decided to make an issue of refusing to throw food away, but as it happened the trusty obligingly gave it to the Negro next cell to mine.

## "Drunk Is Sin"

Henry had been released on bail just before dark on Thursday. We had planned before that several of the older rebels who had done time would be released last. As time went on I was reading the Gospel of Matthew which had been left in my cell. Some prisoner had written on the back of it: "Drunk is sin." I could hear the dishes rattling and it was about time to break my fast when a guard appeared and told me to pick up my blankets and come with him. I was

soon with six others and we all met together at the CW later.

## The Philosophy of Civil Disobedience

When I had read about the proposed Civil Defense air raid drill I spoke to Dorothy about it and she felt that we should write up our own religious leaflet and unite with other pacifists in some demonstration. I phoned the War Resisters and they said that a few of them and perhaps some from the Fellowship of Reconciliation would participate. Later I phoned again and we agreed to meet June 15th at 1:30 p.m. at the War Resisters office to publicly refuse to enter the air raid shelter after 2 p.m., meanwhile presenting a letter to the acting Mayor about our concern.

Dave Dellinger did a fine job of printing and I mailed one with an accompanying letter to the Acting Mayor, the FBI, the police, N.Y. TIMES, N.Y. POST, Associated Press and United Press. On the morning of June 15th the N.Y. Times in its announcement of the air raid drill stated that we had planned to publicly disobey the regulations at City Hall Park. A television company asked us to read a statement while we were giving out leaflets near the City Hall. Dorothy wrote out the statement and I read it to the effect that we were doing this not in the name of the Church but as individual Catholics who chose to follow St. Peter who obeyed God rather than man. A message was read at St. Patrick's the Sunday before asking all Catholics to take part in the air raid drill.

Our leaflet began: "In the name of Jesus, Who is God, Who is Love, we will not obey this order to pretend to evacuate, to hide. In view of the certain knowledge the administration of this country has that there is no defense in atomic warfare, we know this drill to be a military act in a cold war to instill fear, to prepare the collective mind for war. We refuse to cooperate."

We went on to say that Fear was the American way of life, fear of the atom bomb which we invented, of diseases which our unnatural way of living has produced, of the fabrications of FBI stoolies. We spoke of the lack of freedom among teachers, unions, and tenants of public housing projects. Then we repeated our regular message that if we are Christians we must act like Christians. This does not mean that we should kill each other in war, put each other in prison, or exploit each other in either the atheistic communism of the east or the materialistic capitalism of the west. We ended by our advocacy of a refusal to work in war effort, to purchase war bonds, to pay income taxes, to register for the draft, to serve on juries, or take part in politics, with an emphasis upon life on the land in a decentralized society, with a call for the one-man-revolution.

After our arrest the diocesan paper, the CATHOLIC NEWS, felt that we were presumptuous in our "private interpretation" when the Church always supported just wars and had chaplains in all armies, just or unjust. We know that there is no definite teaching in the Church that one has to be a soldier or support war. For there have been pacifist saints like St. Martin of Tours who refused a soldier's bonus and refused to carry a sword and shield.

While at Father Casey's retreat Dorothy, Carol, Fr. Casey and I felt that we should plead guilty when the case came up rather than depend upon technicalities which lawyers would bring up. We felt that we were not morally guilty, but in the sense of a clear cut case of civil disobedience we did not wish to becloud the issue with legal terms. In a statement which we prepared and which we will read in court or present to the public at the proper time we gave our reasons for our stand, acting as we believe in the tradition of

the early Christians who refused to place a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar, and in the good old American tradition of civil disobedience of Thoreau and William Lloyd Garrison who disobeyed the Fugitive Slave Law a century ago. We said that, "Now and in the future we pledge loyalty to God even at the risk of disobedience and subversion to the coercive State. We believe with St. Catherine of Siena that all the way to heaven is heaven, and we also feel that all the way to hell is hell, and therefore refuse to be a part of this hellish war machine."

We discussed it with the lawyers and others who wished to test the constitutionality of the defense regulations and they agreed that there was a value in a clear cut stand such as we were taking in court. We plead guilty not to gain mercy, for we were willing to repeat our witness against coercive law. (In my case of selling CW's and refusing to move on, I allowed the American Civil Liberties Union to carry my case to the State Supreme Court to gain the right of others to the freedom of the streets. No one else had defied the law, so it was up to me to carry it up. In this case there are many others to test the case.)

The COMMONWEAL in a long editorial praised our stand: "The saint and the radical (and they are often one and the same) share a common, ironic destiny, honored by posterity, they are usually persecuted during their life times. . . . We honor the saint and the radical—dead; alive we find them too uncomfortable for our tribute. . . . A society without its radicals is a dead society, just as a Church without its saints is a blighted Church. . . . we need them to remind us of uncomfortable truths, to rebuke our slothfulness and ease."

We are called to court again, September 14, at 2 p.m. at 100 Center Street. The prayers of our readers that we may witness with strength and love will help us as Christ said: "If ye love Me keep My commandments."

## Anarchism

(Continued from page 3)

that unions and co-operatives are more and more becoming adjuncts of the war economy of capitalism and that to wait until the majority is convinced before we have a good society is to simply buzz around on the outside of the swarm without really leaving it, he seems to forget that on any matter of importance the majority is always wrong and that anarchists do not believe in majority rule. Writing in the CW several years ago, Bob speaks of the error of Rousseau, "In identifying truth with majority decisions."

## Caesar

Caesar has invaded our lives until our very existence is threatened by atomic warfare. So whenever Caesar impinges upon our freedom we of the left must needs oppose the fear upon which acceptance of the status quo often rests. We do not do this to "out-left the leftists" but because the absolutist position against war and the State and the acceptance of the "counsels of perfection" as a motivating basis is not practiced or openly advocated by any other group other than those who accept the Christian anarchist position. We do not say that "the masses are asses." What we do say is that acceptance of false values has prevented an acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount which we as Christians and as Catholics are called upon to practice. We do not consign those to hell who are not perfectionist anarchists. All the way to hell is hell and if we are a part of this hellish system without protest we move in the direction we desire for we have free will to go in the other direction.

## The Moral Basis of Christian Anarchism

In conclusion it is well to restate the fundamental Christian anarchist position so that those interested can see for themselves if they choose to consider it. When Jesus was asked by those who wished to stone the woman caught in sin

# Reply to Ludlow

1609 Visalia Avenue  
Berkeley 7, California  
June 30, 1955

To the Editor:

I am rather bothered by Robert Ludlow's "Re-evaluation"—not because of his rejection of the term "anarchism," but because of his rejection of certain ideas generally associated with the term, acceptance of which ideas—it appears to me—gives a person good reason to call himself an anarchist.

Ludlow's use of the term "government" in the technical sense of the organ of social administration and control is certainly unorthodox for anarchists, but the concept is not unacceptable to collectivist anarchism. However, he speaks of "legitimate governmental authority"—apparently with reference to the State. Talk of this sort is definitely anti-anarchist. Ludlow does not clearly spell out precisely what he means by "legitimate governmental authority" (though he certainly should, since the concept seems quite foreign not only to anarchism but also to the Catholic Worker position). Nevertheless, one can infer from the rest of his article that he means something to the effect that that government is legitimate which has the support of the people, so long as it abides by certain moral principles.

## Government

Anarchists (especially collectivist ones) certainly need not adhere to the doctrine that all government—in Ludlow's technical sense—is evil, but they certainly must believe that all States are evil. Ludlow defeats his own contention that there can be legitimate government, so long as his term "government" is used to mean "State," by laying down a criterion of morality for legitimization. The State is necessarily violent; in fact, it has been defined as "the legal monopoly of violence within a limited geographical area." Even if violence can be moral (and Ludlow seems to leave a possible out for violence because the Catholic Church has not yet ruled on the matter), it is a commonplace in politics that political theory became political science with . . . Machiavelli. Ludlow is left in mid-air then, rejecting anarchism because (he thinks) it cannot work and faced with States that are necessarily immoral.

## Will of the People

What of the role of the will of the people—both as a basis for legitimization of the State and as a precondition for anarchism? To begin with, the will of the people appears in Ludlow's article to be a necessary but not sufficient criterion. Thus even if this condition is met, the State fails of legitimization because of its evil nature. However, I contend that the will of the people is not valid as a ground for legitimizing the State,

what to do he answered, "He without sin among you first cast a stone at her . . . Return good for evil . . . love the enemy . . . turn the other cheek." Those who wish to justify violence mention Jesus turning the money changers out of the temple. As He was without sin He had the right to throw a stone, but we are not without sin and have no right to use violence. When we serve on juries, vote for any legislator who makes a law saying 5 days, 5 years, life or death; or when we vote for a judge who pronounces the sentence, or the president or the governor who appoints the hangman or the jailor, we are asking these men to be our servants to return evil for evil, to cast a stone, and to deny Christ. If we are not anarchists at least we should consider the ideal toward which we as professing Christians should move. Today in this atomic chaos anything less than the Sermon on the Mount is not worth bothering with.

nor is it valid as a precondition for anarchism. Maurice Duverger's book *Political Parties* demonstrates through empirical data that the will of the people as "shown" in voting varies widely depending on the method of parliamentary election (e.g., single or plural member constituencies, voting for a single candidate or for several in order of preference, etc.) and that the most representative forms (i.e., those approaching most closely to proportional representation) are the least stable of the parliamentary forms. Furthermore, a person elected to State power can use his position to assist in reversing public opinion (e.g., Wilson and World War I). Also, attitudes toward the State vary with social conditions; a huge myth about the State accepted under conditions in which there is no large-scale or effective opposition to the State and/or in which widespread discontent is absent may dissolve or change with a change in conditions. The anarchist's job is to attempt to channel discontent against the State and to organize and express opposition to the State, as well as to try as best he can to live up to anarchist principles in this society.

Anarchism can only come when institutions of dual power overwhelm the State or when widespread discontent properly channelled destroys it, replacing it with communes, workers' councils. Many, perhaps a majority, may be opposed and/or apathetic to such change when it comes, but they may also change their views once anarchism is here. If they do not, they may be unable to satisfy the anarchists (if the anarchists are sufficiently able to bear their cross), but there would be nothing to prevent them from pulling out and forming their own State again elsewhere—or, if they were an overwhelming majority, where they were. The job of the anarchists would then begin de novo.

## Better Society

Contrary to Ludlow's contention that a large-scale personal reformation is necessary for anarchism, anarchism makes possible such reformation. Immorality is so largely socially determined that one can predict—with not too great a margin of error—just how many murders, rapes, armed robberies, etc. will occur in a given period of time in a given place; as a matter of fact, one can even correlate types of crime with residence, income, etc. The egalitarianism of anarchism destroys some of the causes promoting immorality and collectivism destroys others. Anarchism gives democracy real content by giving the individual decision-making power where it has real meaning for him—on the job. Fellow workers provide a means of social control through distribution of power and prestige.

Ludlow finally comes out in favor of "a world society." The context indicates fairly clearly that what he means is a world State. A world State is open to most of the same objections that any state is—mere formal democracy (if that), too narrow a base and too high an apex to the power pyramid, preservation of class divisions based on economic inequality and State power, and Realpolitik waged against the citizens.

Those of us in the revolutionary movement are disappointed by our loss of Ludlow, as we were by our loss of Dwight MacDonald, but, though we could not predict that it would happen to these two men, we expect the loss of a number of comrades because of the rightist flavor of the intellectual and political environment today. I certainly hope Ludlow's statement does not reflect the official Catholic Worker stand.

Yours for the Revolution,  
Reuel S. Amdur.

# The Poor are in Prison, Too

(Continued from page 1)

bomb. We are engaging only ourselves in this action, not the Church. We are acting as individual Catholics. Jacques Maritain, the French philosopher has written, "We are turning towards men, to speak and act among them, on the temporal plane, because, by our faith, by our baptism, by our confirmation, tiny as we are, we have the vocation of infusing into the world, where-soever we are, the sap and savor of Christianity."

## The Long Afternoon

We went to the park at twelve thirty, after a light lunch at the Catholic Worker and began to give out leaflets and papers, in front of the Old Tribune building. At one thirty we went to the offices of the War Resisters League at 5 Beekman Place, and met with Bayard Rustin and A. J. Muste, where it was impressed upon everyone that the penalty for our civil disobedience was one year in jail and a \$500 fine, and everyone was asked if they wished to take that risk. Dick Kern, who believes in non-cooperation to the extent of "going limp," was rebuked as one who invited violence by his attitude, and he was told to go off two blocks and demonstrate by himself. However he clung to the crowd and went through his little act, looking strangely pathetic and ridiculous as he was lifted like some grotesque animal by the arms and legs, unresisting but uncooperative by four large policemen. He is very young, is Dick, and his large round moon face, and dangling arms and legs were seen being pushed, or inserted through the narrow door where he joined the bootblack.

I am sure, that in spite of the warning of Bayard Rustin there were those among us coming along because it was a beautiful day, and there were 29 of us and it looked like a party. Catholics are used to the idea of martyrdom, reading daily in their missals the story of those who are racked and torn and hung head downwards, thrown in caldrons of scalding oil, flayed alive and flung to beasts, so that any suffering imprisonment would entail should be considered slight indeed.

Just before two p.m. we went to the park and sat down on the benches there, and when the sirens began their warning we continued to sit. That was all there was to it. A number of elaborately uniformed men with much brass, stars and ribbons of past battles hung upon their blue auxiliary police outfits marched upon us and told us to move. When we refused, they announced we were under arrest, and the police van was driven up inside the park, up over the curb and we were loaded in and driven away.

## Elizabeth Street Station

Our first stop brought us very near to our old headquarters at 115 Mott Street. Every morning as we used to go to Mass on Mott Street we would pass a platoon of uniformed men coming from the station to go on duty. This was my first visit inside. The place is a barracks and is so unadorned, so dirty, so unpainted, that it was as though the men took pride in their unkempt quarters. In the large room where we were put under guard, there was one large illustration on the wall of a policeman aiming at a black target with many directions on how to shoot, to kill or not to kill perhaps? One by one we were taken before the desk, questioned, listed, and brought to still another room. Many of the girls were asked if they took drugs. We were searched in a perfunctory manner by a police woman, and a pen knife, given me a few weeks before by Smokey Joe was taken away from me.

## Thirtieth Street Station

On our next ride the men were taken to Delancey and Clinton Streets, and the women to Thirtieth Street. Our drivers seemed

to get lost among one way streets and we drove past St. Francis Church and around the block before we arrived at the gloomy looking building which was a women's detention house, where there was a cage, built within the building very similar to the cages in which they house lions at the zoo. It is two stories tall, built rather strangely into the building, and looking out on dark bare walls. There is neither light nor air except artificial light of course. The place had just been hosed down and was dripping wet, ceilings, walls and floors. In each cell, into which we were locked separately, there was a metal plank to sit or lie on, and an open toilet. The front of the cell was open so that we could see several of our neighbors. Judith Beck was opposite me, diagonally. It was by now five o'clock and we had been detained three hours, and our demonstration had been going on for five hours. Judith had not eaten since breakfast and began asking for food. The matron, a young woman with a horse's tail haircut was amiable enough, but made no attempt to allow us to send out and pay for sandwiches and coffee, or any other food. We were there almost three hours and at eight were brought downtown in another police van to the Night Court which is held in the Center Street building which is both the Tombs and courthouse. There we were, eleven of us, together with two others, who were later increased by five more, kept in a tiny cell, nine by eleven perhaps, with a bench along one wall, an open toilet and sink in a corner, for the next four hours.

The cell was not big enough for us all to sit down. Usually four or five of us had to be standing up. There were two other cells for the accommodations of women, right alongside, but no attempt was made to use these though the benches along two walls, would have enabled some of the women to lie down. There again we had no food and Judith, who is very slight was very hungry indeed, and again and again asked if we could not get something to eat. The matron jokingly handed her a little packet of six oatmeal cookies, which she passed around, making half a cookie to each. For fifteen or sixteen women there seemed to be an interminable amount of paper work going on for all those hours, so no one had time to provide anything to eat.

Judith is an actress in the Living Theatre Group, which has a little playhouse on One Hundredth Street, Manhattan. She and her husband were playing in Phedre, by Racine. In our hours of association we found Judith a gay and attractive little companion. She told us the story of Phedra, and even acted part of it though she said that through hunger she was forgetting all her lines.

Finally after much more standing and waiting, we were all called up to Night Court, the men coming from down below stairs. They were able to tell us that during their hours of waiting, they had been able to send out for food, which an attendant courteously served them, and they had not, up to then been cramped as we were, into one tiny cell.

There was more waiting in a "bull pen," the "cooler," outside the court, in a most inhuman cage, already crowded with human beings, men picked up from the Bowery, from the parks, all kinds and colors and conditions of men. We were all as crowded together as on a crowded subway.

When we were finally called out around eleven thirty into the court which was filled with many of our friends, we were a bit light headed with relief, perhaps. Anyway, when the police attendant began miscalling everyone's names there were smiles on a great many faces.

Judge Kaplan began shouting at once, "what all the stir, was

about," and Judith, from the wide semicircle which we had formed, spoke up in a very clear voice, "We are hungry. We are light headed."

She was dressed rather dramatically all in white with a long white scarf with her black hair falling down around her shoulders. She has clearly marked beautiful features, and very expressive eyes. She admits she is always acting. That is her profession. "My husband and I greatly over estimate my talent," she had told us.

Anyway, she was acting, she was putting the spot light on herself, and in very much the wrong place. The judge demanded she come up before the bench. He asked her if she had ever been in a mental institution (after a few other questions) and she pertly re-



plied, "No, have you?" This made the judge go into a rage, an anything but judicious attitude. He lost his temper completely, shouted, and demanded that she be taken to Bellevue for observation.

Then occurred that scene which the World Telegram referred to sarcastically in a description, as a riot staged by so-called pacifists, of such dimensions that the additional squad cars had to be called out, and 29 reserve policemen. Judith had screamed out at this sentence to the Psychiatric ward, her husband had also shouted out and both were dragged from the court room, he in one direction, and she in the other. There were such a crowd of prisoners, and Judith was struggling so, that she was carried, by several police, above the heads of the defendants, her little legs kicking like those of a ballet dancer. It was a terrible scene. Several men cried out, some of the women started to weep, the judge himself took a recess, demanding that we be sent back to the bull pen. If anyone ever deserved to be sentenced to Bellevue psychiatric ward, it was Judge Kaplan for his exhibition of temper.

Again we went back to that ugly pen, that cage where even more men had been pressed in, and there again we waited, not only till the recess was over, but also until a number of other cases had been called up. Our whole night had been one of terrible waiting. Judith was brought down stairs and we could hear her from above, screaming again and demanding food.

Finally, when our case was called, we went back in the court to find it had been cleared of spectators by the judge, and we were treated to a speech by the judge in which we were called murderers, and our bail was fixed at \$1,500 each (we had expected fifty). The case was postponed until June 23, and again we women were brought back to that little pen downstairs, where there was by now an additional drug addict, an old Puerto Rican woman, crying aloud and staggering around the cell, retching and overcome with stomach cramps. Her entire face was black and blue and she complained that she had been kicked in the stomach. Judith was sitting there alone with her and three other colored prisoners, dismal indeed. She was very sorry she had made such a scene, and had so lost her temper. It should have been understandable what with hunger, terrible fatigue, exhaustion

too at seeing such human misery and such actual but perhaps not realized sadism.

We were all kept there until two a.m. and still no food. Judith was taken to Bellevue finally, and I suppose a great deal of red tape and paper work, and rigmarole was gone through again.

Roger O'Neil and Charles McCormack, Agnes Bird and Betty Bartelme, finally got sandwiches in to us at 2:30 a.m. before we were taken to the detention house, where we sat another hour before we were assigned to cells.

The pictures that will remain with us. There is one of Helen Russell and Mary Ann McCoy sitting on either side of the drug addict, embracing her and comforting her, as she writhes in agony, retching and crying out. Her black hair hangs limp around her face and she looks more an Indian than Puerto Rican or Negro. And I think how strange to see such loving kindness and solicitude in a nurse when there is so much cold severity in the nurses at the detention house on Greenwich street. There another trained nurse in dealing with another drug addict who had voluntarily committed herself said—"Go on shake," taunting her, "Shake some more. I am sure you can shake more than that. I've seen plenty putting on this act, and better!" But Helen Russell is kind, kind, and Mary Ann embraces the poor woman with her long slim white arms, and Eileen sits there, her face green, her eyes half closed, looking as though she were crucified.

## Phedre

There is that picture of Phedre, her head thrown back, reciting with rapt face the lines of Racine; and later singing with the others, Zumbail-gali, an Israeli song which has the refrain, "Man was made for the land the land was made for man."

There are the two tall, well dressed Negro girls who work in a jam factory in Brooklyn, brought in on the complaint of the sister in law of one of them in a dispute over fifteen dollars, and they laughed over the ribald jokes and pranks played in their factory and when Edith Horwitz said in surprise that people didn't act so in the factories where she had worked, they laughed still more. All the girls sang together, and the Negro girls with them, a Leadbelly song of the Georgia chain gang which comes on records and has an expletive at the end of each line, a gasped out "Wah!"

And then there is the line up in the courts, which we attended on three other days after our release on bail, and the sight of men picked up on the Bowery and in the city parks, and all the expensive machinery of city government used to dole out fines and punishment to the pettiest of offenders, those sleeping in the parks, selling neckties on the street corners, begging alms. These are the poor who fill the jails, and occupy the courts. The "big" man can hire lawyers, can "beat the rap," and when he is really caught and imprisoned even then he is treated with respect because he got away with it so long, or did it in a big way. The man who begs an alms is arrested. The man who steals a million dollars is honored. Blessed are the poor, and cursed the rich. These are not my words but the words of scripture.

I emphasize the food aspect of

the case because of what happened to Judith. She had begun her day with the typical American breakfast of toast and coffee, and had had nothing substantial for more than twenty-four hours. On any fast, it is the first twenty-four hours that is hard. After that it is easier as those of us who have fasted up to ten days know. Also I wish to emphasize the fact that being sent to the psychiatric ward is often used here in New York as a threatened punishment and a punishment for anyone who is not subservient and submissive to the abuse of authority, to any one who speaks up against injustice in our public hospital wards. Our old friend John Griffen had had a spat with a nurse in the t.b. hospital on Welfare Island and had been shipped over to the psychiatric division. When Steve Hergenhan complained of the food at the Municipal lodging house, he had been so threatened. Steve wrote some articles afterwards for the CW on the Municipal lodging house and when the city sent delegates to us asking why we had not complained to them instead of publishing the articles, we told them of this new form of punishment—sentencing to a madhouse rather than a prison. A psychiatric ward is for treatment, not punishment.

Another thing I would like to call attention to is the inhuman crowding. From the outside the Tombs is a great imposing building, but inside we were packed like animals for shipment in cages. We saw these same cages at Delancey street, Thirtieth street and Second street. We pass by them daily and do not realize that inside are men and women penned, inside there is the weeping and the groaning of despair. What a neglected work of mercy, visiting the prisoner.

"When were you in Prison, Lord, and we did not visit you?" It is a hard picture Christ presents. He did not forgive this ignorance. "Inasmuch as you did not visit these prisoners ye did not visit Me."

"But they are guilty, they are the scum of the earth, they are the refuse, they are the offscouring. They drink, they take dope, they are prostitutes. They are vicious themselves and they make others vicious. They even sell drugs to little children. They are where they belong. Prison is too good for them. We can't pamper them."

"I have come to call them to repentance. I have come to be with publicans and sinners. I have come for the lost sheep. I am more there with these most miserable ones than with the judges sitting on the high seats." This is not sentimentality. This is truth.

Oh yes, one can hear these things very plainly lying in a cell when we were finally permitted to lie down, locked in again in these rows of cages, in a bare stark cell that would outdo the Carmelite in austerity. It was good to kneel there on the floor beside the bed and thank God for the opportunity to be there, to be so stripped of all the earth holds dear, to share in some little way the life of prisoners, guilty and innocent, all over the world.

This was but a slight experience, this imprisonment, and our readers have no opportunity actually of visiting the prisoner, we realize that. We have got to pray. With love, there is no time, no space, nor bars.

## Hiroshima

(Continued from page 1)

upon all others to consider how much they can in good conscience continue to support the return of evil for evil in courts, prisons and war.

"WHY CALL YE ME, LORD, LORD, AND DO NOT THE THINGS WHICH I SAY?"

Signed—Ammon Hennacy who has refused to pay income taxes for 12 years and is fasting and picketing in silence.

Carol Perry who is refusing to pay income taxes this year and is picketing.