

CATHOLIC WORKER



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ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

New Orleans, Jan. 27.

We are living in a Negro slum and going to church in a little church made from an army barracks, and there is a school and convent built too. The Josephite priest lives in a tiny house next to the church. He is Father Kenny. We are between Pleasure and Humanity streets, on Feliciano, in a section of New Orleans described as Gentilly Woods, but more accurately described as the streets between the industrial canal and the city dump. Sometimes little houses are built on the dump, though the police try to raze them again and again and the neighborhood goes around and scavenges and gets food from some of the best restaurants in town! One old man mends broken chairs from the dump and sells them for fifty cents apiece; families on the dump have no water so with their earnings as scavengers, they pay some other poor family with water, twenty-five cents or so to do their wash. It is a little community ridden with unemployment again, and there are always the unemployables.

We arrived here on Tuesday from Natchez (rhymes with matches) and had to be guided here from the Gentilly section of New Orleans, away to the east, by Mary Linda Hronek who met us and drove ahead, past streets with the most remarkable names, Piety, Benefit, Treasure, Abundance, Agriculture and Industry. One takes the street car called Desire to get here (now a bus) and transfers to Louisiana bus over another little canal. The dumps are going to be filled in and a housing project built. New Orleans is all below sea level, as everyone knows, and in the graveyards, the dead are buried in cement boxes above ground. The French quarter was the only part high enough to build on and when that was filled up, another city was built by pumping and draining the water off into Lake Ponchartrain and setting the houses up on pilings which rot away and have to be replaced with cement ones. You can imagine what the Negro quarters look like. Even this large colored housing project in the world was faultily built so that the pipes buckled and all plumbing had to be redone after a settling of the houses.

The Mississippi River, which makes a figure S through New Orleans, as it does all the way down through the country between the states of Louisiana and Mississippi, is 4,300 miles long, the longest in the world, though as the crow flies, if it had followed that course, it would have been only 675 miles. It is a mile wide in some places and narrows to a half mile at the mouth. It was discovered in 1542 by de Soto, then again in 1673 by Joliet and the priest Pere Marquette, and then again in 1681 by LaSalle. These are Mark Twain's figures set in the midst of the meanest anti-Catholic writing I have seen for some time. He sounds in the opening pages of this otherwise fascinating book like the founder of the White Citizen's Councils (which took the place of the Ku Klux Klan) in his hatred of Catholics.

The upper part of the State of Mississippi, the bordering state, is called the Delta Region, and perhaps many thousands of years ago it was indeed the delta, as we think of deltas, since the river is constantly discharging mud and extending the continent, so to speak.

I shall be here in New Orleans for two weeks anyway, guests of that most hospitable group, Catholics, and when I have finished here, I shall go back to Pass Christian (pronounced with the accent on the last syllable). Biloxi is pronounced Bilucksie. Then on through to San Antonio, Texas.

I have made up my mind to stop only in those places where I am invited specifically to speak because if I stopped in all the places where we have readers I would never get to the West Coast. As it is, here we are beginning Lent and on Staten Island we always looked for the first signs of spring on February 11.

Looking Back

But I must go back again and take up where I left off in the January issue. We stayed while we were in St. Louis at the Rogers Residence for women, and went to Mass every day at the college church, which was always filled and during which everyone seemed to receive Communion. I spoke Tuesday night at the Fuss Memorial which is the Scholasticate of the St. Louis Province of the Jesuits. There are many nuns and lay women at Rogers Hall. We have met nuns and lay women

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Moving Again?

It was January two years ago that we moved into St. Joseph's Loft and now we are looking for a place again. Early in 1960 there was a violation against us in the Building Dept. Our architect, Mr. Joseph, put in an application to clear the violation. We hoped that opening the other stairway to the loft would be enough.

But early this January the Bldg. Dept. told us that the violation could not be removed no matter what we did. The law is that we can't serve the public on a third floor. Opening another stairway, putting in a sprinkler, or limiting the number of people would make no difference. Even if we did all the cooking on a first floor, still the sitting room and clothes rooms are serving the public and illegal on a third floor.

We are making an appeal to the Board of Standards and Appeals. It may affirm the Bldg. Dept. and force us to move. Or it might allow us to continue in the loft if we open the extra stairway and put in a sprinkler. That would cost \$4000 or maybe much more. It's a lot to spend when we just rent month to month. Besides, our bank account is only \$3000 with the February rent and printing bills coming up.

For the time being we have stopped the soup line for the Bowery men. The quickest way to have them with us again is to find a big ground-floor place for rent and move there, office, and all if possible. Mostly we have been looking west of the Bowery so the walk from the apartments won't be so long. But now we are looking east of Chrystie St., where there are many Puerto Rican families. Fr. Janir with the Nativity Mission and Dr. Gross with the University Settlement House are both in that neighborhood.

Miss Day says that if St. Joseph wants us to move he will find us a place. He knows from experience what it means to move into a strange area. Please pray that we will follow his lead.

AMERICA'S LOST PLANTATION

By DAVE DELLINGER

Not since I was in Spain in September, 1936, six short weeks after the outbreak of the Franco rebellion, have I been in such a heady atmosphere as that of Revolutionary Cuba. For the second time in my life I have seen man's cynical and self-destructive inhumanity to man being replaced by the spirit and practice of a kind of brotherhood that is unknown to those of us who live in a country whose idealism is behind it and where the "rights" of property override the rights of human beings.

In Spain the idealism was first corrupted from within and then destroyed from without in a bru-

ly reassured about these questions, but I found a whole series of breathtaking accomplishments that are bound to have a permanent impact on the imagination of future generations even if the United States should succeed in destroying them or if, in attempting to combat counter-revolutionary pressures, Cuba should fall gradually into the hands of the kind of "revolutionist" to whom human beings are less important than dogmatic ideas or political control.

In all I spent three weeks in Cuba, and travelled from Pinar del Rio, in the west, to Santiago de Cuba, in the east, a distance of

Cuba has gone Communist, Communism being an evil with which they have probably had more directly disillusioning experience. But to the Cubans, who have suffered the indignities and abuses of American domination and Cuban poverty, they are the driving force for the present revolution. To talk to Cubans is to be convinced that the Cuban Revolution has not been fashioned after any foreign revolution or from any Marxist (or anti-Marxist) theory. It has been a native response to the ugly realities of day-to-day life under the grip of a nefarious combination of American financial interests and corrupt Cuban collaborators.

In 1898, after Cuba had been fighting for the greater part of thirty years in what was rapidly becoming a successful attempt to gain its freedom from Spain, the United States stepped in and completed the military defeat of Spanish forces in the Western Hemisphere. The United States proceeded to seize both Cuba and Puerto Rico, against the wishes of the people of these two islands, who had already formed the Joint Republic of Puerto Rico and Cuba. Cuba was not even allowed to be present at the signing of the Peace Treaty in Paris, and American military forces occupied Cuba for the next three years. During the military occupation, American business interests intensified the process that had already been begun in the war-torn 1880's and '90s of profiteering on Cuban misery, buying up the richest Cuban lands for a song. They also forced through their own version of a Cuban constitution and exported the notorious Platt Amendment (first drawn up and passed by the United States Congress), under which the American government had the "right" to intervene militarily in order to protect American property and insure the stability of Cuban payments to American investors.

"Article III. The Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence [!], the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba."

"A Word from the Ambassador"
The troops came back again from 1906-9, in 1912, and again in 1917. (They have never left Guantanamo, although it is clear that they have no legal right to be there.) After the last American military occupation, the pattern of American control was well established. For example, Ruby Hart Phillips, the current New York Times correspondent in Cuba, tells in her recent book, "Cuba, Island of Paradox," of how President Machado, one of the bloodiest of Cuban dictators, was kept in office long after he would otherwise have fallen because "the Chase National Bank, with its influence in Washington, was determined that President Machado should remain in office so long as he continued to make payments on the

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talizing struggle for power between the Communists (backed by and eventually controlled from Moscow) and the Fascists (backed directly by Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany and indirectly by the United States and England). As a reader of the American press (and as a life-long student of the deterioration and corruption of previous revolutions) I went to Cuba twenty-two months after the installation of the revolutionary regime, half expecting to find that I had gone "too late" and would see that once again the Revolution (and the people in whose name it had been made) was being sacrificed to the drives for power or the sectarian pre-occupations of a handful of revolutionists. I knew that Herbert L. Matthews had written: "In my thirty years on the New York Times I have never seen a big story so misunderstood, so badly handled, and so misinterpreted as the Cuban Revolution." I knew that a wide range of non-Communist observers, including Carleton Beals, I. F. Stone, Leo Huberman, Robert Taber, Douglas Gorsline, Lyle Stuart, and Robert F. Williams, had brought back reports that were at variance with the published reports of Cuban emigres and American diplomats, business men, and newspapermen. But I could not help being somewhat influenced by the persistent reports in American papers of growing dictatorship and "Communist control." Not only was I great-

about seven hundred miles. I made a point of tracking down every kind of opposition to the regime (opponents are not hard to find) and spent hours at a time listening to religious, political, and economic objections to what is going on. Before analyzing these objections, however, I would like to summarize a few facts about pre-revolutionary Cuba. Most of these facts are available in the United States, but my experience is that they do not weigh very heavily in the thinking of the minority of Americans who have chanced upon them in some dull history book or Iowa-circulation publication. They do not influence most American liberals as much, for instance, as do the charges that

Civil Disobedience

Since Ammon Hennacy left on his speaking trip Jacques Baker and others have carried on the picketing of the Civil Defense offices at 55th and Lexington from noon until 2 p.m. (barring rain) Monday, Wednesday, and Friday until the next compulsory air-raid drill. We are calling upon 5,000 people to refuse to take shelter this spring at City Hall park. A bad law is no better than any other bad thing, so along with St. Peter we will obey God and refuse to obey men. Come and picket a few minutes at lunch time and get in step with celestial rather than martial music.

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On Pilgrimage

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who are studying micro-biology, physiology and mathematics, and political science, and one of the girls we had met had been going to college for twelve years, taking time off every other year to work. It is interesting to see the interest of these science students in the Catholic Worker. One nun in the field of micro-biology told me that the professors in her department at the university were all unbelievers and they told her that if they did believe and if they followed Christ, they could take no other position than the pacifist one of the Catholic Worker.

In my talks with Father Joseph Becker, who is a member of The Institute for Social Order, I was much interested to see that he is now engaged in a study of the increasing unemployment in our economy. It is getting too expensive, he said, to hire the unskilled, and with technological improvements there is an increase in the class of people who are becoming unemployable. The cost to the employer of workmen's compensation, insurance, pensions, even the minimum wage, and limitations as to age, made it too expensive to hire the uneducated. I am going to learn more about the Longshoreman's Union of the West Coast and how they have handled the problem of unemployment in their work which is increasingly more mechanized. They have worked out this problem, it is said.

One night we had a very good meeting with Mary Buckley from the Grail and some friends, one of whom was the nurse who was taking twelve years to get through college. She told us of a miracle at Cape Girardeau, which is a town in southern Illinois. She heard of this from a doctor at the hospital in St. Louis, who told of this child being brought up for examination for some disease of the hip, the bone of which was constantly deteriorating. There had been some talk by doctors at Cape Girardeau of another operation and the child was being examined again in St. Louis beforehand. The X-rays and the examination there showed that nothing was wrong at all, but the doctors back home testified that all their X-rays showed a steady growth in the disease. The family was questioned and the story came out that they had been praying to Blessed Martin de Porres. They had been making a novena to him, and the miracle had occurred. When the doctor in St. Louis examined the X-rays he said, "take off these braces, there is nothing wrong with the hip." The muscles of the leg had not yet grown strong, and so the parents did not know of the cure until they saw the child walk. The leg was still thin and with no muscle, so she had to slowly begin to walk again.

Some of the details of this story fascinated us. While the novena was going on, a large rat appeared in the cellar of their home, which strangely enough did not terrify them, but they put out a plate of

food for it. But one of the members of the family was afraid that their little three-year-old child might try to pet the rat, and their fears being aroused, they diffidently asked Blessed Martin if he would not send a mouse instead. Whereupon at the next feeding they were amazed to see a whole colony of mice run out to feed from the plate which had been put out for the monster rat. Blessed Martin de Porres, the South American Dominican lay brother, was born of a Negro mother and a Spanish father, and is usually pictured as one who loved all creatures, even the rats that came around the store-houses of the monastery.

The nurse to whom we were talking was very much interested in folk medicine, and told of an anthropologist friend in Pittsburgh, who was starting a magazine called "Health Folk Ways." She was an anthropologist at the University of Pittsburgh. We ourselves could contribute a few folk remedies, such as milk from the mother's breast used to bathe the infected eyes of children and the use of cobwebs to stop bleeding. We learned the first remedy from our Italian neighbor on Mott Street, and the second from John Filliger, our farmer at Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island.

The next morning we checked out of our very comfortable rooms at Rogers Hall, after Mass at the College church. There were many other things I would have liked to have done in St. Louis. I would have liked to visit other members of our Catholic Worker group. I would like to have seen the Carters who practice such hospitality not only to their friends, but to the needy, and this in spite of a hard life of teaching and of ill health. I would like to have seen Luke Lanvermeyer who suffered so greatly the loss of his wife a couple of years ago, and who, aside from his daily work, has found time to cart around a moving picture machine to the home of invalids to show films several nights a week, to which the neighbors also come. I would like to have seen again Father Elmer H. Behrman, who is the director of a department of special education of the archdiocese, who had done much for handicapped children. I would have liked to see Father Ong again, who was the roommate of Father Tailleur de Chardin in Paris. I would like to have seen Father Higgins, who has given Recovery Retreats, and has worked with many Recovery groups, and whose pamphlet on the subject has introduced this group therapy to so many people who have been mentally or emotionally disturbed. And there is also in this city a priest whom I have never met, a Father Dismas, who works with prisoners. I saw Frank Lakey only once; I would like to have visited him and his family at his home in St. Louis. Frank had spent a summer with us at

Maryfarm at Newburgh. But there were so many engagements ahead, we had to proceed on our way.

We visited the St. Charles shrine of Philippine Duchesne, and then we went out to Old Monroe to visit Mignon McManame on her farm. She goes in to St. Louis two or three days a week to work at the Pio Decimo Shop, but most of the time she tries to stay on the farm where she lives very much like a hermit. She has an interesting habit of asking her friends who visit her to read a favorite excerpt from some book they have with them on to a tape recorder, and then she plays these readings during her solitary meals. The last time I visited with her I read aloud to her a long excerpt from the pamphlet "On The Invocation of the Name of Jesus," by a monk of the Eastern Church.

Mignon, too, is a strong believer in folk medicine, and she recommended that I take vinegar and water with honey for the arthritic pains in my knee. After a short visit we went on to Rhineland which we were anxious to reach before nightfall. It is very easy travelling with a car, and we can cover long distances between cities, but it always takes hours at the last to arrive at our destination, especially when our friends live well off the beaten track in places like Starkenburg, Missouri. There at Starkenburg is a lovely shrine to Our Lady of Sorrows with a replica of the grotto of Lourdes, with Saint Bernadette, an outdoor chapel, stations of the cross, and a shrine church in addition to the parish church. Right now there is

In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

The Jehovah Witnesses' have issued a 48 page edition of their AWAKE on "The Catholic Church in the 20th Century." A copy was sent to me by a reader who asks me to refute the charges against our Church. This edition goes to 3,125,000 people and is printed in 22 languages. All of their facts about the Catholic Church are from Catholic sources and fairly well documented. About all they say any well educated Catholic could admit as being true, but the Faith of the Church still remains, and the deficiencies of Churchmen is no reason for us to become Jehovah Witnesses'.

Theocracy

I read the Bible six times in solitary in Atlanta prison, and Judge Rutherford of the JW's was in there also against the war. And yet I have more sense than to argue with a JW. I have never met one who seemed to have any conception of the Sermon on the Mount or of the idea of returning good for evil. They act somewhat like we of the CW do but for different reasons: they do not go to war, but they are not pacifists—they say God will do all this destroying when the time comes, and going to war now interferes with their door to door propaganda. Like us they do not vote. They consider all governments coming from the devil. God will establish a Theo-

cracy later on and there will be no exploitation and war then. They base their beliefs on scattered Biblical quotations which groove into each other. Naturally when they point to all churches, including ours, as supporting wars and unholy governments that make war, they are speaking the truth, and it is no wonder that churches which have given the minimum to their followers and have commercialized their message into a worship of Mammon are losing members to the fast growing JW's.

The section on schools deals almost entirely with what happened in France. I am in no position to say whether this is correctly given or not. In Spain the anarchist Francisco Ferrer was killed by the State and the Churchmen for starting a public school where more than one side of a question could be given. And where those clergy are in power who can put it over it is still done in many countries. There is no indication that this would ever be the line in this country.

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Obviously where there is the greatest poverty there will be a growth of Communist or other radical parties. Christian missionaries coming from capitalist countries sought converts in China for hundreds of years and got few converts. It only took the Communists a few years to conquer the country by giving the people land and bread. It seems out of place for the JW's to accuse the Catholics of being friends of the Communists. I suppose they speak of those more or less captive Bishops who support the governments of Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland. I did not know that the Vatican wanted to make terms with the Communists at Geneva in 1922 when they approached Chicherin. Maybe the latter felt he could control the Orthodox Church as the Czar had done, so why play around with another group. Anyway nothing came of the meeting.

It would not be difficult to take any group of people in the world over and pick out some awful scandals as happening. And to find people of these groups deplored it. This happens also to Catholics so why make such a big fuss about it? The acceptance of legalized prostitution and gambling by Churchmen is certainly not following Christ. Whether the Vatican is a large stockholder in Monte Carlo, and also in the gambling at Biarritz and Vichy I do not know. I would not defend this investment, Church attendance in South America is very low and in many Catholic countries it is mainly the women and children who attend Mass. I expect this anti-Catholic edition to confuse a person who has super-

HYMN TO THE SEA

Fish tell our roses there are worms
That circulate round the stem of the rose;

Gales tell our roosters there is quarter
Where no rooster crows—;

Sea-slime paints the innocent child;

Lightning on the sea, and the glowing deep
Outglow our candle,

Its light can only
Tremble where sea-fires keep
Drowned men's bones in charity
Among mother-of-pearl.

Deep river dense with alter-symbols
To our cities' towers, mystical sea
Voyages take to ride our monies
On your wave!

Convince our grasping powers
Of their jeopardy: reaching from
Your timeless sea, time locked
In eternity, we raise our sullen towers
To the headlands of space, and reap only
Blinding infinity—
Death without love.

Gulls tell our roses as they drop
Appetite cannot hold the life of the rose;

Calms tell our roosters there are dawns
Even where no rooster crows . . . ;

Dolphins praise the innocent child!

Moonlight on the sea, and the glowing deep
Figure our candle,

Whose steep tongues
Resemble sea-fire's keep
Of drowned men's bones in charity
Among mother-of-pearl.

Walter Kerell

no priest resident at Starkenburg, and the well in the grotto, which was the answer to a prayer, has gone dry. So we were sorry that we were not able to get some of this water to which Lourdes water was added once a year.

To get to Starkenburg we had to turn off the main highway thirty five miles or so north, and some of the roads were newly covered with pebbles which made the driving difficult. They were high roads with a deep gully on either side, with no fence to give one a sense of protection, so that it was most difficult passing other cars.

We arrived as night was falling, and had to use a flashlight to see our way down through the valley and up the other side to the farm where Ruth Ann Heaney lives with four of her children and with her brother Richard Boylston from California who is helping her build up the farm. He has done a great work there repairing fences, build-

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Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWREY

At Peter Maurin Farm, the weather—as is usual with country people—continues to be a popular topic of conversation. We have had so much snow that one would think the subject might become a little stale, but it is still much discussed among us. The most vocal, however, are those who would abolish snow if they could. "I detest snow," Molly Powers announced at the dinner table the other day after we had had a fresh snowfall to add to the foot or so on the ground. Irving Daniels, who is usually called Shorty, is heard to say frequently that snow gives him the "jim-jams." Even John Filliger, our farmer, who knows the value of snow to the soil—"Snow is the poor man's manure," he says—can be heard complaining about "that old snow." Some of our farm family are inclined to attribute their aches and pains to this same snow. Nor is there any doubt that so much cold and snow make for a more circumscribed existence for the older and more infirm. However, Frank Bourne, whom most of us call Slim, continues to enjoy the snow, even the shoveling, and can be found among the thickly falling flakes laughing and feeding the animals—the chickens, the cats, the neighbors' dogs who know who is their friend, and even the large Belgian hare which belongs next door but can often be seen chasing our cats around our backyard in playful amity. To me, there is so much beauty in the snow, and so much variety in that beauty as sun or moon or mist or stars or cloud shadows blend and interplay with the whiteness of the snow, that I cannot complain, though I know that Spring will come, as it always does, like the unlocking of a prison door, and I can sometimes be heard to mutter impatiently—"O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Winter is also a time when those who live in close community are likely to find such close association difficult. There is no denying that we have our tensions, and that there are days when dissension and contention are too prevalent. But we have our antidotes. Of these, prayer is most efficacious. Some of us go to weekday Mass daily or frequently; and we have Prime, Compline, the Angelus, the rosary, and the litany of St. Joseph as part of our communal life. Laughter is another effective antidote to winter grumpiness. Stanley Vishnewski, who sometimes threatens to take off for Spain or some such romantic spot just to escape the tensions at the Catholic Worker, nonetheless does his part in dissipating those tensions by provoking at least one hearty laugh almost every meal. Table reading helps, too. Recently, since Dorothy's departure on her speaking trip, we have been reading her autobiography *The Long Loneliness*, which, though some of us had read it several times was not familiar to others in our community.

Personally, I find the book as interesting and lively now as when I first read it. We do miss Dorothy but we know that she has an important apostolate and pray for the fruitfulness of her work. Ralph Madsen and Ed Forand, who share the onerous responsibility of "running the place," often take Molly or Albert or anyone who wishes to go for an outing in the car when they have errands to do. Not long ago I went along with Ralph on a trip to the beach houses and enjoyed a breath of sea air and a look at the sea, which is always a source of renewal to me, and afterwards a visit with Marge Hughes which was pleasantly renewing, too. I was glad to find that Marge and all the children—even little Johnny who had to have his stomach pumped out after swallowing some of his brother's chemicals—were well and undaunted by the snow. Marge had been helping Ralph and Ed get the other beach house ready for Kerran and Sheila

Dugan who are now in occupancy and will be there for the next few months. But work, rather than outings, is perhaps the most dependable antidote to tedium. Here at the farm, John Filliger, Hans Tunneson, Joe Roach, Joe Cotter, Bill Keane and Andy Spillane are so faithful to the daily routine of work and so resourceful in finding it, that I think they must never be really bored. Yet there are books and radios enough around for anyone who wants that kind of entertainment. For Albert Check, who is still convalescing and much improved, the hours pass more pleasantly both with the help of a radio and with watching and tending a little indoor garden of potted plants, including a potted orange tree and a palm which Jean Walsh sent him from Florida. Molly has a patchwork quilt well underway, and Agnes Sidney can always find sheets that need mending. Tom Cain has been repairing and refinishing the outdoor Stations of the Cross so that they will be ready to put up when Spring comes. Everyone, in fact, has some work-responsibility to give meaning to his life and help ward off boredom. Even Leonard, our hermit, who remains rather a mystery, acts as barber to the men of our farm family and to the Hughes' boys as well. It helps, too, that we don't all live under the same roof; there are the little cottages, Leonard's hermitage, and the big old barn which houses several rooms for men, the chapel, and at the lower level the stable for the cow.

At the Catholic Worker we have also discovered that hospitality is one of the more constructive ways of keeping things interesting. We have had visitors from more distant parts. Early in January, Mr. Soichi Kato, who is a student at Columbia University and the representative of the Interna-

tional Language Institute, spent a few days with us and helped to broaden our horizons with his talk of travels in many lands where he has done research in ways of overcoming the language barrier which he regards as one of the big obstacles to world peace. Edward Lanwermyer, who is from St. Louis and has heard Dorothy speak there more than once, also spent a weekend with us, and more recently Raymond Whalen from Philadelphia visited. One Sunday evening shortly after the New Year, we were delighted to have Ed Barry and his son, Jim, come to see us. They had driven over from their home in New Jersey and brought



us, as a gift, another used car. Ed is an old and good friend of several of the men here who are always glad to see him. Nor is it the first time he has brought us a car. We are grateful. There have been a number of others who have come for shorter visits, and we were particularly pleased one afternoon to have Fr. Riordan of our own parish stop in to see us.

We are also very grateful to Fr. (Continued on page 8)

Muslim Christian Pilgrimage

By HERBERT MASON

Dorothy suggested I write more for the CW on the Muslim-Christian PARDON (Pilgrimage) held annually on or near the feast day of St. Mary Magdalen in a small Breton village on the Cote du Nord of France.

One of the points of a PARDON is to travel a distance on foot (as on the Peguy PELERINAGE, Paris to Chartres, each May) and in prayer for the renewal of faith and pardon for the year's failures. One is dragged out of one's routine, out of the doctrinaire, the "school," the weight of introspection and self-consciousness, toward the spontaneous, as Bloy said, to "force light."

The PARDON brings out, of course, "native costumes" and a certain number of lonely or bored people hoping for dates. But the uniqueness of this PARDON is the presence of Muslim pilgrims who come from within France itself or Algeria, Tunisia, Turkey, Egypt.

This PARDON dates for the Bretons themselves from the Middle Ages and they, the hosts, form the largest number of pilgrims, around 400. The PARDON's chapel, one of several in Europe and the Middle East dedicated to the cult of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus (Koran, XVIII, 74), is founded on an ancient dolmen crypt, a place of pre-Christian worship. Professor Louis Massignon, a leading orientalist of the College de France and a frequent visitor to Brittany, together with Muslim scholars was able to document* the history of this chapel and its origin in the cult of the seven Christian men buried alive in a grotto at the time of the persecutions under the emperor Decius; the seven were seen emerging many years later by Arab witnesses and were regarded popularly (and to the present-day) as pre-figures of the final Resurrection; the Bretons' own pre-Christian seven will be "awakened" at the Resurrection. In addition, there is an identical pilgrimage held at the same time by Muslims in Setif, Algeria.

With the added awareness of the Muslims' Marial pilgrimages to Ephesus, site of Mary's dormition and where St. John (of the Apocalypse) and Mary Magdalen lived for a time, plus the call for spiritual fraternity between the peoples of these two faiths so urgently needed in the face of the Algerian war, the historic ill-feelings, and the new understandings that must emerge, the pilgrimage expanded to invite these "guests." The Bretons, many of whose sons were dead or dying daily in Algeria, made this hope of amity possible, especially as there was no commercialism surrounding their PARDON and the prevailing spirit of their own poor people could be one of prayer rather than efforts to convert.

The PARDON itself begins each year with the arrival of the Mus-

lims (six of whom were invalids the year my wife and I attended, 1959) and Parisians (or others not Breton) at the Plouaret station hotel. Rooms in Plouaret homes are provided. A dinner for this group of about 70 is prepared by the hotel; the dinner is the last conversational function until Sunday noon when the Muslims prepare a meal of cous-cous (the Muslim "rite of Abraham") to commemorate the PARDON's end.

After dinner Saturday evening, the pilgrims visit their rooms and make their way in buses or cars or, if possible, on foot the 4 or 5 miles to the Seven Sleepers Chapel for Vespers, which is preceded in the ancient dolmen crypt by a Muslim prayer for peace: "O God, please gather all the children of your love . . ." In the overfilled chapel afterwards, in the candlelight, a very beautiful chanting rises and no one seems to stir; then the pilgrims slowly emerge from the chapel carrying candles and walk toward the "Tantad," or bonfire, where prayers are sung or said in Arabic, Kabyle, French, Breton, Greek and Latin and the Breton "Gwerz," a narrative poem about the Seven Sleepers and the founding of the chapel, is sung. (In 1959, Pere Bourdelles of Lannion spoke the prayer of hospitality in sadness over the Bretons' own hopes and disillusionments, the drama of their emigrations and their poverty, adding deeply how much these people can share with sufferers everywhere; he cried out a moving appeal for peace and love for all the pilgrims.) Afterwards, when the fire is out, everyone returns in silence to the houses.

Early Sunday morning there is a sung mass of the Melkite oriental rite and everyone is invited. (In 1959, the mass was sung antiphonally by two priests, one from Cairo, another, Msgr. Nasrallah, of St. Julien le Pauvre in Paris.) Again the chapel overflows, with the aisle crowded and little room left for the altar and the two priests.

After mass, the pilgrims walk down the moor to the Stivel spring, which has seven sources or streams and is traditionally credited with having powers of healing blindness. (Professeur Massignon said his hope is for cures of spiritual blindness only.) A Carmelite priest, in 1959, stood on a bank overlooking the spring and told us informally some interesting geological details about the streams and of identical ones at the Setif pilgrimage site.

Preparation is made for the noon meal. Friendships are very naturally made. And after Msgr. Nasrallah's prayer and the closing Arab prayer, the pilgrimage is over.

*Les Sept Dormants D'Ephese (AHL-AL-KAHF) en Islam et en Chretienite, L. Massignon. Librairie Orientaliste Paul Gauthier, Paris, 4 vols., 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958.

walking pilgrimage for peace across the United States while at the same time another group plans to walk across Europe and into Russia. In India Bhava walks from village to village in an attempt to get people to share their land with their less fortunate brothers.

The act of walking gives one a chance to relish the sights and sounds of both the city and the country. One has the time to stop and linger to enjoy the starlings as they swoop gracefully over the fields. One has the time to stop and pick up a box turtle imprudently crossing the road and safely depositing him in the underbrush. By walking one can enjoy the journey as well as the arrival.

The ocean comes upon gradually as one walks towards it. One can sense the immensity of its brooding depths by a quickening and a freshening of the atmosphere. The smell of smog and smoke is replaced by a refreshing

sea smell compounded of iodine, salt, tar. If it is a windy day one can hear the booming sound of the surf racing upon the sandy beach.

The beach is deserted now that the winter months are upon us. But all the summer months Marge Hughes was busily taking care of the many guests that came to avail themselves of the hospitality of the beach cabins.

But it is only of people that the beach is deserted. It is full of wildlife. There are plenty of shorebirds and the seagulls come by the thousands to feed on the abundant clams and shellfish. Once in a while a flock of crows fly by, but they seem to be out of their element on the shore preferring instead the shelter of the woodgroves. Marge reports a flock of Egrets taking up residence on the shore.

The sea itself is teeming with life and it is ever mysterious and (Continued on page 7)

To The Beach

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

There are several methods of getting to our beach cabins from Peter Maurin Farm. The fastest way, of course, is by car, but for me it is the least satisfactory. One gets there, it seems, before one arrives; the rapid transportation does not prepare one for the change from farm to sea. I, of course, speak only for myself. The car does come in handy when it is storming or when we have heavy packages to bring to Marge Hughes and the children. Then too, some of the older people of the Community would never get a chance to go visiting unless we had the use of a car.

The bicycle is much better if one is not in too much of a hurry and there is no howling North-easter a-blowing. One can go exploring the many sidelanes and little paths that dwindle off into the distance. But a man on a bicycle does excite the wondering comments of children. They stop and stare and in amazement communicate to one another: "Look, a man riding on a bicycle!"

Once when my bicycle was blocked by the sudden emergence of hundreds of school children I got off the bike and proceeded to lecture to the group of gaping and curious children about the importance of riding a bicycle. I mentioned the fact that the President (this in reference to Bicycle Week) had urged Americans to ride bicycles as a matter of improving their health—and incidentally to boost the sale of bicycles.

The children listened spellbound as I told them of the wishes of the President and that my riding a bike was not an act of frivolity but was prompted by the deepest motives of patriotism. ("The President told him to ride a bike!" I overheard one child exclaim in an

awed tone). And their look of wonderment changed to praise and admiration as I pedalled away, charging them before I left with the sacred duty of reminding their parents of the President's wishes in this regard. No doubt, but many a puzzled parent attempted to fathom the confused remarks of their children about the patriotic duty of riding bikes.

But the most soul-satisfying method of getting to the beach, and the most time consuming as well as the cheapest—or the most expensive if you place a monetary value on your time—is by walking.

I find that it takes about an hour and a half to stroll the five miles from the farm to Nazareth and Maryhouse (as we have named our beach cabins). But it is possible by fast walking to do it in less than an hour. But who wants to set a record for speed? Instead, by extra effort and persistence I am sure that I could do it in five hours.

The day is coming when there will be a reaction to speed and the attempt to race from one place to another. The time is coming when travel agencies will advertise that we positively guarantee that it will take you one year to circle the globe or that your money will be refunded if we take you from New York to California in less than three months. Any form of speed will then be considered as inimical to the spirit of contemplation.

In those days walking will come back into its own and people will rediscover the satisfaction that comes from walking. Perhaps foot pilgrimages will be revived and there will be streams of pilgrims visiting one holy shrine after another. Here in this country a group of pacifists are starting a

agricultural conditions of the locality and the desires of the members. Some cooperatives are under the direct supervision of INRA (the National Agrarian Reform Institute), which appoints managers and provides agricultural experts. Others were formed when groups of peasants got together to set up their own completely independent cooperatives, and for these the only connection with INRA is that they rent machinery from it (at the simple cost of a day's wages for the operator), or secure credit, with the only restriction being that the credit department of INRA inspects their books. In all cases, there is a fantastic contrast between the modern sanitary houses, with toilets, showers, refrigerators, and electric stoves (only 7.28% of rural Cuba had electricity before the Revolution) and the primitive, often dirt-floored bohios of the surrounding countryside. No wonder observers have commented that for these people the Agricultural Reform leaped several centuries in a few months. I had serious questions in my mind, however, about the possible spiritual price—and loss of freedoms—involved in these material advances. Had the beneficiaries exchanged impoverished subservience to an absentee sugar baron for more sanitary and prosperous subservience to an all-powerful state?

After talking freely with dozens of members and several managers, and asking every relevant question I could think of, and especially after observing the exhilarating atmosphere of freedom, self-reliance, and individual initiative, I was convinced that there is no present evidence of overweening state control, thought control, or suppression of meaningful freedom.

Sometimes in the presence of a manager, and more often when alone with a member, I explicitly asked about the dangers of state control and probed the same area indirectly by asking how specific decisions were made, about freedom to join or leave (it was always an occasion for amazement that I even considered that anyone might not want to join or might want to leave), freedom to take a day off, freedom of movement, etc. I observed that the presence of a manager caused no more change in the member's conversation or pace of work than the presence of a member or relative. I found that even in a cooperative where ninety percent of the members had been unable to read or write eighteen months earlier, members were being given special technical training in order to take over the accounting, administration, and other special functions necessary to efficient self-management. I found a tremendous sense of participation, of people making their own revolution and running their own lives, a perplexity that I should even ask whether the managers lived in better houses, ate better food, or made more money than anyone else, or whether they exerted a disproportionate influence on such questions as distribution of the profits. I found that the books were open to all the members and were discussed at membership meetings.

There is always the possibility that as the years go by a different set of INRA officials—or the same ones grown either corrupt or subservient to the government—may try to clamp down on those cooperatives that are under INRA supervision and take away the existing freedoms. But I found that the present determination of both the members and the government is to develop diversity of form and local freedom of function. In the Mariana Lopez cooperative, in Oriente, when I asked the manager about the dangers of state control, as evidenced by the early experience of the Soviet Union, he answered: "You can ask any of these fellows what they think about anything. They will tell you." (He was right, I had already asked several of them, and they had spoken with a pride and enthusiasm exhibited by few, if any, American workers.) "The trouble is that before they

always looked to the big man. We got to teach them to look to themselves. Later on I go away. They have to learn to do it all by themselves." Before the Revolution, this farm had been owned by a Senator (most of the Batista politicians were businessmen-profiteers of one kind or another), who lived in a state of luxury which contrasted sharply with the squalid poverty of his workers. Now the manager is a gnarled worker who labors in the fields along with everyone else, and feels the same sense of participation in a great Revolution that the others do.

I found a similar freedom from the artificial distinctions of class and status wherever I went. In Santiago de Cuba, two Canadian TV men, who were travelling all over the island making a documentary film, confirmed my impression. They told me that they had visited an impressive fishing cooperative and found "the director" working waist-deep in muddy water. Being used to the ways of what we call "democracy," they were shocked to think that the director of a cooperative would be sharing in this type of work. When they expressed their surprise, they were further shocked to find that the man was the government director not of one cooperative or of one province but of the fishing industry for the whole of Cuba. After telling me this, one of the Canadians put his hands to his head and said: "This man is directing an eight-million-dollar program that has revolutionized the fishing industry and we couldn't tell him apart from the local fishermen. That's the way it is everywhere we have been."

In Havana, during the middle of November, I heard Fidel Castro speak at the closing session of a labor-union convention. I had learned from innumerable conversations that the vast majority of Cubans feel a great devotion to Castro, but I am distrustful of charismatic personalities and of mass subservience to "the leader," and I was anxious to experience the atmosphere of one of those gigantic rallies of which I had read such conflicting reports. American critics speak of them as "well-staged," and Cuban supporters cite them as evidence of the spontaneous loyalty of the people to the Revolution.

When Fidel arrived he was greeted with a wild ovation that was clearly "from the heart." But then, there is no doubt that many of the ovations accorded Hitler in the 30's were also from the heart. During the course of the long evening, however, the differences between the Nazi rallies which I had witnessed in pre-war Germany and the Cuban rally were more and more apparent.

Castro himself seemed embarrassed by the ovation. After briefly acknowledging it, he slouched in a chair and buried his face in a newspaper, which he glanced at nervously without giving me the impression that he was really able to read it. During the speeches of the newly elected labor officials, he carried on informal and often heated conversations with a long stream of people who came from the back of the platform to confer—and often to argue—with him. To my amazement, just before his own speech he became involved in a particularly violent argument with four or five of his cohorts. They were all obviously arrayed against him and did not hesitate to shake him and push him in the course of the altercation. (He similarly laid hands on them.) When he finally came forward to speak, the occasion for this last argument was explained. He said, with obvious anger, that he had just learned that visitors in the balcony had been searched for arms before being admitted. (I had been given a front-row seat and had been spared this indignity, so had not been aware of it.) He was careful to say that he realized the officials in charge had thought that they were doing their duty, but he pounded the speaker's stand and said that if he had known that this was going to happen, he would

not have come, and that if it ever happened again he would refuse to speak. "What does it mean," he said, "for the government to say that it is close to the people if the people have been divested of their arms before the members of the government meet with them?" Many in the audience tried to shout him down but he insisted and insisted and it was clear that he had not struck a very popular note.

Castro made a closely reasoned address, combining careful logic and deep emotion. He made no use of the tricks and artificialities with which speakers often seek to win or hold their audience. There was none of the spellbinding atmosphere that one feels in a "successful" mass meeting or in the sermons of popular preachers. The applause and chanting seemed to come not as a result of Castro's skill or magnetism but in response to his presentation of some fact that the people were pleased to hear—as, for example, when he told them that a trade agreement had been worked out with Japan to bring two shiploads of toys to

critical shortages in the Cuban economy. I remembered with shame my conversation earlier in the day with an American diplomat. He had boasted that Castro was losing his popularity in the cities because of the shortages of eggs, potatoes, beans, bacon, etc. Actually the American government was doing everything it could to create these shortages but so far they had not had the desired effect. As I listened to Castro speak of toys from Japan and foodstuffs from Canada, I wondered if the American papers would carry headlines that Cuba had "gone capitalist" to match the headlines that she had "gone Communist" when she first made trade agreements with some of the Communist countries. As I heard him say that new food crops and other staples (such as cotton and hardwood) were being grown where the old latifundie had limited themselves to an unbalanced production of sugar, I thought of how the cash-crop culture produces dividends for the investors and poverty for most of the natives all over Latin America and of the fact that



Cuba in time for Christmas. Although there were countless interruptions for applause, the audience persisted in being a group of individuals rather than a mob. I noticed that different people participated in the ovations or refrained from participating, according to their own degree of enthusiasm for what had just been said. I felt that although there is some tendency to idolize Castro, it is the Revolution which really wins the ardor of the people—and the Revolution does this because it gives them the opportunity for a degree of self-advancement, fulfillment and personal dignity that they have never experienced before. After hearing lectures by Reinhold Niebuhr or sermons by "brilliant" Protestant preachers, I have heard people talking about what a great speaker or thinker so-and-so is, but here I found that after the meeting the people were talking about new crops that are being developed under the program for the diversification of agriculture, the potatoes that were coming from Canada to relieve the shortage, the schools that are being built, and the strength of the people's militia. It is hard for those who have ceased to believe in the possibility of progress to understand the fervor that can grip a people who believe in the possibilities of human decency and who see the mighty being put down from their seats and the hungry being filled with good things. As I witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm with which the audience greeted Castro's discussion of the things being done to meet the

Castro's real offense (like Arbenz's in Guatemala, some years earlier) is his insistence that the right of farmers to eat supersedes the "right" of bankers to grow rich from absentee ownership.

After the meeting I talked with a North American newspaperman, who had told me earlier that he got the material for his articles "from the people whose business it is to know what is going on—the diplomats." He said that he was disgusted with the speech because of the ridiculous promises Castro had made. "He has fooled the people again by promising them everything but the kitchen sink, but when the time comes to deliver, he won't be able to. He will have some good excuse instead."

"But Joe," I said to him, "he promised some of the things for next week and others for a month or six weeks from now. He would be a fool to make such short-range assurances if he weren't able to carry through." The next day I went to Oriente Province, and for five days I kept seeing the realities that lay behind Castro's promises and the people's faith. I walked through fields in which the dried husks of last year's sugar cane were rotting on the ground while new crops were in various stages of healthy growth. I saw the sucking pigs, the new poultry farms, and the acres of hardwood saplings of which Castro had spoken. One of his announcements had been that in January fifty thousand of the unemployed would have work harvesting cotton. In the Mariana Lopez Cooperative,

which I visited for a day, and in other farms that I saw more briefly, I saw seemingly endless fields of healthy cotton in bloom. When I asked the farm manager at the cooperative how soon the cotton would be ready to harvest, he replied: "I don't know for sure. We never grew it in Cuba before." Unfortunately, my newspaper friend, whom I met again in Oriente, spent only one day there, in the largest city, where he had a conference with a North American banker and another with a North American diplomat.

In addition to hearing Castro speak, I heard two persons imitate him. One was in dead earnest, the main speaker at a youth rally in Santiago de Cuba. He and his associates were obviously trying to reproduce the atmosphere of a Castro meeting in order to advance their own narrow ideology. But it might as well have been the Daughters of the American Revolution trying to speak for Tom Paine. The voice was the voice of Castro, but the spirit was the spirit of Stalin, and of non-humanist Communists all over the world. Elderly "youth" leaders at the speaker's side tried to organize "spontaneous" applause or chants when he shouted the loudest or mouthed a key slogan. Unofficial ushers moved around trying to collar visitors who had come in through the open doors to see what all the shouting was about. I had known that this type of politician would try to ride the Revolution's coat-tails, but this was my first clear and chilling contact with such an attempt. A few days later I was to move freely and without any self-consciousness, although I was unmistakably North American, through a mass of several thousand persons who were milling around outside the local Cathedral, shouting "Cuba Si, Yanqui No," in response to an anti-Castro pastoral letter. But at the "youth" meeting I felt that to question and argue and probe—let alone express any serious disagreements—would be about as safe as advocating integration at a White Citizens Council Meeting in Mississippi. I was glad that I had refused an invitation to sit on the platform and be introduced to the audience. I resisted my natural inclination to leave, because I was frightened to think what would happen if such a group gained control of the country, and I wanted to see how effective they would be in selling their bill of goods to this audience.

The microphone was on at full volume and the speaker was deafening, but after a while I realized that nobody was listening. When a chant was started, the audience would break off their private conversations and respond with lusty Cuba Si, Yanqui No's—but it was more in the spirit of a high-school football rally than in the spirit of the demagogues up front. For the most part the kids talked and joked and went out for refreshments, or drifted away. Finally, the speaker saw that it was no use, and gave up. Perhaps some day groups like this will betray the revolutionary impulses of the Cuban people, but I saw no evidence, in three weeks of searching, that they have made any significant headway.

I heard the other imitation of Castro when I went on a one-day excursion to a tobacco cooperative, about a hundred miles from Havana. This was one of those "guided tours" of which Americans are so suspicious ("they only show you the good things") and which I took partly in order to see what kind of control and propaganda there might be. During the day I got to know several of the guides and they won my confidence and admiration. I only wished I could have their help in other excursions. It was obviously foreign to their conception of the Revolution to try either to gild the lily or to inhibit us in any way.

Actually this was a training trip for future guides, and in the bus there were about twenty trainees and only five visitors. The "head" guide was a natural clown who enlivened the trip by smoking a

CLAUDEL

BREAK AT NOON — THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY. *Le Partage de Midi—L'Annonce faite a Marie—Two Dramas* by Paul Claudel. Translations and Introductions by Wallace Fowlie. Regnery, Chicago. Reviewed by Anne Taillefer.

Carnal sin precipitated the Puritan from his angelic pedestal. He will either justify it or roll into the mud. Imagine however a real Catholic, Mesa, smug, bourgeois, self-satisfied, freshly released from a monastery where he had hoped to stay for life. On the high seas, on his way to China, he meets a beautiful woman, Yse, desirable and desiring, with her husband de Ciz and her lover Amarric. A deck-chair rocks shaped like an omega. Perhaps at this hour of high noon lives will divide, take a direction which no English word can express but that the French word *partage* (a decision self-willed yet inherited) paints perfectly.

The bachelor Mesa will know passion, surrender, the death of egotism, he will know jealousy and loss. The fire kindled on the ship will burst into flame at an assignment in the old Chinese cemetery, among heathen tombs. Blasphemously before a broken cross, the only one, an oath of fidelity to unfaithfulness will be sworn. Seven years later at midnight, close together in a Chinese chair shaped like an omega, the lovers will die together in an episode of the Boer War. Facing night, facing death, the would-be priest finds in the great wound of sullied human love the door that leads to God in devouring thirst. The woman, passionate and unappeased, bearing children to all three men, betraying them all because of her torment will follow the light borne by Mesa: converting him to passion, he will convert her and holding high his hand she will enter death to face the answer of the great riddle. This is the Fall re-enacted: "And they saw that they were naked." Ignorant, presumptuous, insatiable yet strangely innocent of this passion that flows in their veins and is at the same time their doom and their salvation, at least they have good will.

The *Partage de Midi*, written first, was staged last because it is a pelican's feast. The first act on ship was lived by the young consul Claudel on his way to China, through his meeting with the beautiful wife of a well-known French civil servant. The dramatic love between them, the magnanimous forgiveness of the husband created the background for the great trilogy. The *Tidings Brought to Mary* and the *Satin Slipper* complete the whole.

The *Tidings Brought to Mary* has already been very well received in the United States, but the play gains a new force in being presented as a sequel to the *Break at Noon*.

Saintliness and violent, bitter human passion are opposed in two sisters, Violaine and Mara. This is a medieval play set in war-torn France divided between an English king and a child. The Church rent asunder has three popes yet promises a flowering spring.

Pierre de Craon, builder of cathedrals, lusts after Violaine but her innocence senses his greatness and his despair even in her repulse. She kisses him gently on the mouth catching thus his leprosy, slyly watched by Mara who will denounce her to gain Jacques Hury, Violaine's fiancé. Anne Vercors, their loving, Christian father believing them safe has gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Violaine will have to seek the leper's refuge, a hut in the forest whilst Mara marries Jacques and bears him a child who dies. Only then will she seek her sister whom she knows to be a saint, who will revive her niece, her child of the spirit giving her instead of black

ones her own blue eyes that leprosy has eaten away. Then Mara pushes her sister into a sand-pit from which she will be rescued by her home-bound father, Anne, who bears his daughter back to die consoled by the choir of angels and the voice of Jacques who hesitates between the wife of his flesh and that of his spirit. He turns back toward life as Violaine enters heaven.

This is Christianity. Yse has become both Mara and Violaine; the spirit of Eve and Mary share the world; the Church builds high—a leper since spirituality exiles from the company of men. Violaine and Pierre submit to the will of God. The poet's nostalgia had yet to invent Rodrigue and Prouheze; heroes of the *Satin Slipper* who, refusing the cup, chose the will of God, the will of the saints. There are some translations that

counterfeit or transcend the original. Scott-Moncrieff has done this for Proust, Gerard de Nerval for Goethe. Here this substitution has not been performed and some idioms, too literally translated in the *Break*, are quite awkward. But can we blame Mr. Fowlie who shows himself to be so sensitive and Christian in his introductions? No, it must be Claudel's triumphant fault! His great chant, the play within the play upon words, the sublime puns leading from the natural to the supernatural are impossible to convey in another language. The French will never read Shakespeare except in English; English-speaking people will never know the honey of Yse's tresses floating on the wind or the cruel and exalting canticle of Mesa (omitted in this translation) but at the source itself. Barring this, the force of the theme, the impact of the characters and Mr. Fowler's deep knowledge of French and English, his extensive study of the subject, are highly to be commended.

A LITTLE MAN

By KARL MEYER

In *The King of the Golden River*, a story by John Ruskin, the wicked Black Brothers are visited by a little old man who brings them ruin because of their cruelty and greed. The picture of the little man, as described by Ruskin, has stood in my mind for many years, ever since I read the story when I was a child. The Black Brothers are the richest men in the whole countryside, and also the least hospitable. They pile up their corn and their gold, but the poor and the hungry are turned from their door. Their younger brother is generous and good, but when they leave him to watch the house, they always instruct him, upon pain of a beating, to admit no one. In the midst of a howling storm, he hears a knock at the door. From the window he sees a little man whipped by the wind and the rain, who begs to come in for a moment and warm himself by the fire. Despite fear of his brothers, the young boy opens the door for him. He is a short man, about four feet high, with a peaked hat and a very long cloak. He is so drenched that all the while he is there water runs in streams from his cloak and spreads in puddles over the floor, sizzling in the fireplace. Nevertheless, when the Black Brothers come home and find him there, they treat him rudely and drive him back into the storm, and beat their younger brother for having admitted him. But the little man returns late that night riding a hurricane that devastates their farm and leaving behind a calling card that identifies him as South West Wind, Esq. And this little old man penetrated deeply into my mind as an allegorical representative of justice.

In our neighborhood lives a small, rotund man of ruddy, amiable face, who has stood on the corner of Clark and Oak at his newsstand, under a drooping hat, through many a storm and long cold winter days, making a poor living as best he could: From the time when I first saw him there I have been struck by his resemblance to this old image in my mind, as though I had known him from my childhood.

Only after our Lemont went to work with him at the newsstand, and later joined him in buying it from their employer (see the *Catholic Worker*, October 1960), did I learn that his spirit and his ideas are true to the image. It is, in fact, an image like that I have of Peter Maurin, for he resembles Peter in build and dress, and like Peter he is a poor man and a working man, who has travelled the country the hard way, on the rails and on the bum. In more recent years he worked as a rag-picker and collector of scrap metal, and now he works at his newsstand long hours with small earnings, and lives according to those means.

It is his gentleness and kindness which particularly mark him. He is a man of the Beatitudes. He lives in a furnished room with a small dog and a small cat, both guests whom he found abandoned and brought into his home. We visited him on Christmas Eve. We sat in our coats, and there in his room, wrapped in his overcoat, he read to us his own poetry, in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice. Let him speak for himself of the observations his life has brought to him:

POOR LOST SOULS

Two lost souls,
Out in the cold,
Having no place to go,
Stop into Marquis
A place to eat. They sit on a stool
By a table, a place to retreat.
Soon the counter-man, the bosses' tool,
Spies them sitting there.
He comes up to them and says,
This is no place to loaf,
This is a place of business,
Get up and get out of here.
Because the poor lost souls,
Have no dough,
They can't buy anything to eat
So they get up and go
Walking aimlessly again.
Down Clark Street they go,
Till they come to the Sunshine Mission.
They hear the singing from within,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves,
Ye must be born again.
They go in, and see men and women
In the congregation, like themselves.
Young men and women students, Business-man
On the platform, well-dressed, well-fed
Singing "Glory to our King."
The meeting comes to an end
And all the poor lost souls
Go down to the basement to eat
A bowl of bean soup, bread, black coffee.

(Continued on page 8)

CUBA

(Continued from page 5)

eighteen-inch cigar and doing exaggerated imitations of Castro. Although the serious imitation by the young demagogue had fallen flat, the often-repeated burlesque evoked wild enthusiasm from everyone, including the young director of the Cuban Institute for Friendship with All People, who rode sitting on the spare tire. One could hardly imagine a similar success if an American guide in Washington did caricatures of a speech by Eisenhower, or if a guide at the Vatican burlesqued the Pope. Yet it was clear that the clown and his fellow-guides had a deep emotional loyalty to both Castro and the Revolution.

Dissatisfaction with the Revolution

If Rome was not built in a day, Utopia has never been constructed during the entire history of the human race, and, being acutely conscious of this fact, I began early in my visit to seek out the beneath-the-surface realities which I knew must either counterbalance the inspiring achievements of the Revolution, or at least threaten their continued existence. My search brought me in contact with dozens and dozens of oppositionists, most of them open and outspoken but some of them members of a clandestine group who, to my amazement, went so far as to praise Batista, albeit cautiously. During my first week in Cuba, I talked to thirty or forty opponents of the regime, and found that all fell under one of three general classifications: 1) Americans and a small group of Cubans who benefited from American hegemony (some pimps, bartenders, waiters, taxi-drivers, and owners of luxury shops catering to the tourist trade); 2) business men, landlords, and some professional men (who prior to the Revolution, enjoyed special privileges far in excess of those enjoyed by their American counterparts); and 3) certain Catholics.

Strangely enough, these people did not voice several of the objections most frequently raised in the United States—the summary executions, the failure to hold elections, deprivations of civil liberties, and the alleged lack of freedom of the press. Their objections boiled down to two: "You can't make money any more" and "Cuba has gone Communist." I want to evaluate each of these objections briefly, including the four charges which are raised in the United States but apparently are not considered relevant in Cuba.

1) *You can't make money any more.* The people who voiced this objection were largely right. It is probably impossible to make the amount of money formerly made by many owners of tenement house, stores, factories, sugar mills, large farms, etc. (Not to mention warehouses and gambling casinos, which were important sources of revenue under Batista.) Many of those who made this complaint were likeable, sincere people who had "worked" all their lives to gain luxuries for themselves or their children. Many of them only wanted things which could rightfully be considered the "finer" things in life (or even, perhaps, in a technological society, necessities) except for the fact that some people got them by denying them to others who worked under them, rented or bought from them. As typical examples I will mention the former owner of two stores who felt a natural resentment because he had recently constructed a third merchandising center at a cost of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, only to have the government limit him to ownership of one store; the daughter of a small business man who had been sent to the United States to college and then lived off the family income for twenty years but now feared that the business would be nationalized; the doctor who was legally prohibited from taking his

money with him if he emigrated to the United States but who had worked out a system for supplying an American business man with pesos on the black market in return for having money deposited to his credit in a bank in the United States; the owner of two apartment houses who in March 1959 saw his rents cut forty per cent by government decree and then had to suffer the indignity of the Urban Reform Law of October, 1960, under which he receives a guaranteed income of \$450 a month for life but loses title to the property, "ownership" of which is being transferred to the occupants of each apartment, in return for rent payments for the next ten years.

2. *Communism.* These people usually began by telling me that they had been for the Revolution at the beginning but are against it now "because it has become Communist." When I questioned them, no one was ever able to supply any tangible evidence of Communist infiltration or control, but each, in his own way, told me a personal story similar to those above. To them the limitations on personal exploitation and gross inequality are communism, and who is to say that they are not right? But if so, it is a communism closer to the teachings of Jesus, Francis of Assisi, Tolstoy, and Gandhi than to the ideology of Stalin. As I saw the pragmatic attempts of the Revolution to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, care for the sick, and educate the illiterate, it seemed appropriate that one of the slogans I saw displayed most frequently was: *To betray the poor is to betray Christ—Fidel Castro.* To some of the upper- or middle-class "victims" of the Revolution, it is inconceivable that people like themselves should be deprived of their "right" to enjoy the surplus rewards of ownership, investment, and special training in order to assure "even the least" of their brethren the minimum decency level of work, food, shelter, clothing, and medical care. Since most American liberals find real economic sharing similarly distasteful, it is perhaps correct for them to condemn the Cuban Revolution. But if so, they should at least realize what it is they are opposed to and not think that they are standing idealistically for the protection of the "little people" of Cuba against the encroachments of a tyrannical state.

There is no doubt that in the cities many "little people" have suffered economically because of the absence of the free-spending American tourist. I found some dissatisfaction and grumbling among such people but far less than I did among the more well-to-do. I talked at length with a taxi-driver who had tried to leave Cuba, in August, in a small boat because he found it so hard to support his family in the mildly privileged style to which they had been accustomed. He and his companions had been caught four or five miles off the coast, brought back, and charged with complicity in a plot to smuggle arms for counter-revolutionists. After two weeks in jail they had been tried, acquitted and released. He did not hesitate to complain freely or to say that he has applied for a visa to get to the United States. But when I asked him if the government is Communist, he laughed. "Listen," he said, "one thing the people don't want is Russian domination. They wouldn't stand for it. When I read in the New York papers what they say about Cuba

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FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

America's Lost Plantation

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I begin to wonder about other things they say in those papers."

"That's right," chimed in his friend. "This Revolution helps the family, and that is the opposite of Communism. Don't forget that England trades with Russia and China, and no one thinks England is Communist. If we hadn't bought from Russia, everything would be at a standstill. That is what the United States wanted to happen, but we would have been fools to let it happen."

As an example of what this man was talking about, I thought of how the American-owned oil refineries had tried first to put a squeeze on the Revolution by instituting a gradual slow-down in production and then to paralyze the economy altogether by refusing to process oil for the government. By May of 1960, the Texaco plant in Santiago de Cuba was refining only forty-five hundred barrels of oil per day in a plant whose capacity was twenty-five thousand barrels. When the Castro government tried in desperation to buy crude oil on its own, all sources were shut to it except the United Arab Republic and the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, the first arrival of a Soviet oil tanker in Cuba was widely cited in the United States as conclusive proof that Cuba had gone Communist. When Texaco continued its program of economic warfare by refusing to process the government oil, Cuba took over the plants. Everyone knows that modern society cannot operate without gas and other fuels, but few people stop to think of such things when a seemingly trustworthy statesman or news commentator cites Red oil and Cuban expropriation of American property as evidence of Cuba's Communism. As a matter of fact, most Americans know, when they are reminded, that the oil trusts are vast octopuses which control governments, start local wars, stifle honest competition, and make millions of dollars by overcharging consumers. Still, it is considered somehow reprehensible to defend oneself from them. In Santiago de Cuba, Texaco had rigged its operations so that it did not have to pay taxes to the Cuban government. It managed to buy machinery, oil, and transportation from its subsidiaries, sister companies, or foreign branches at prices which made it possible for it to show a purely fictitious loss on paper on its Cuban operations.

Those who still think that Cuba revealed herself as Communist when she entered into trade agreements with Russia and China should recall how the United States and England allied themselves with Stalin when they were locked in conflict with Hitler. For five years American political leaders and publicists had nothing but praise for the newly discovered democracy and freedom in the Soviet Union. Today tiny Cuba is in a position similar to that of the United States and Britain during the war. The United States is admittedly trying to isolate and overthrow the Castro government. The more scandalous of its methods are withheld from the American people—and even from Congress—just as the facts of how the Central Intelligence Agency overthrew the democratically elected government of Guatemala in 1954 were denied at the time and have only recently been admitted, in part, in the heat and confusion of the Presidential campaign. American policy leaves Cuba no alternatives except economic and political collapse or closer alliance with the Communist countries. This will make it harder for Cuba to maintain her independence and follow the revolutionary path she is trying to take. Eight months after the advent of the Revolutionary government, Castro reiterated Cuba's position:

Standing between the two political and economic ideologies or positions being debated in the

world, we are holding our own position. . . . The tremendous problem faced by the world is that it has been placed in a position where it must choose between capitalism, which starves people, and communism, which resolves economic problems but suppresses the liberties so cherished by man. Both Cubans and Latin Americans cherish and foster a revolution that may meet their material needs without sacrificing those liberties. . . . That is why we have said that we are one step ahead of the right and of the left, and that this is a humanistic revolution. . . . Capitalism sacrifices man; the Communist state by its totalitarian concept sacrifices the rights of man. That is why we do not agree with any of them. Each people must develop its own political organization out of its own needs, not forced upon them or copied; and ours is an autonomous Cuban revolution.

The real threat to the United



ST. ANDREW CORSINI

States is not Communism — but humanism. The United States is not nearly so afraid that Communism will spread from Russia to Cuba as that humanism will spread from Cuba to the rest of Latin America. In fact the United States seems determined to do everything it can to drive Cuba in a Communist direction, either to provide a pretext for suppressing Cuban humanism directly or because it is only too anxious to prove to the people of other Latin American countries that their only choice is between capitalism which starves them and "the Communist state [which] by its totalitarian concept sacrifices the rights of man." Latin America is a vast, largely undeveloped region with rich resources in metals and oil (both sorely desired by the American military machine) and in agriculture (highly profitable to American investors and absentee owners so long as it is organized for the export market rather than to feed the people). Already American trade with Latin America is larger than with any other region of the world, and American investments are greater there than in any other area. The United States has the same stake in Latin America that France has in Algeria and Belgium had in the Congo. It is trying with similar desperation, dishonesty, and disregard for the natives to turn back the clock of history. It will not succeed, but if the American people continue to be duped by the lies and propaganda of their bi-partisan press and government, it may succeed in suppressing revolutionary humanism and forcing Cuba and the rest of Latin America into a totalitarian form of socialism.

Freedom of the Press. Any honest observer in Cuba, whatever his sympathies, must report that there has been no censorship of the press and that the average Cuban

is more apt to come across anti-Castro and anti-Communist literature than the average American is to chance upon pro-Communist or anti-American material. Various Catholic groups publish a wide variety of "subversive" periodicals and pamphlets, which are available in newsstands, bookstores, and from hawkers in the streets, as well as in the churches. The New York Times, the Miami Herald, Time, Life, U. S. News and World Report, Readers Digest, and other publications circulate freely. Blatantly pro-American books and works praising the F.B.I., the Pentagon and capitalism are commonplace (some in English, many in Spanish) as are books advocating the paths taken by Sweden and Yugoslavia. The editor of the anti-Castro Times of Havana told me that he had never been subject to any censorship of any kind. When I suggested that he must employ self-censorship on the basis of what he knew could get by, he vigorously denied this. "Under Batista," he said, "when we had official censorship nearly all the time, I learned how to censor the copy myself in advance because I found that otherwise we just could not

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IN THE MARKET PLACE

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tion of AWAKE came out just before the election to hurt Kennedy. And I suppose that the JW's are really afraid of Catholics getting into power and can, like the southern Baptists, find many reasons for thinking that they would not have much freedom in a preponderantly Catholic country. The JW's have certainly been given the limit by Catholic judges, and were executed the very first by Hitler and Mussolini.

Any educated Catholic who would read this booklet would not be troubled in his faith if the charges were twice as bad against the Church as given in this booklet. I have heard much worse from priests who are not even radical. And the others for whom the booklet is meant would be afraid to read it, or would be too busy or ignorant to notice that there ever was such literature printed. While this booklet is more mild in tone than much of the JW literature, there is this intense hatred on the part of the JW's for the Catholic Church in evidence. Anyone seeking to follow Christ would not be attracted to a religion based on hatred, so I cannot see where any harm can come to us if we would lose a few 2% Catholics. The Catholic Church is also the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Martin of Tours, Joan of Arc, of the Orders of men and women of Charles de Foucauld, and of thousands of fine nuns and priests who really serve the poor. Political clergy uniting with such men as France are not the real Church.

To The Beach

(Continued from page 3)

as one walks along the tideline one wonders what treasure will be cast ashore by the next leaping wave. Christopher Lang, 13, a friend of Jimmy Hughes, managed to rescue a 7-foot-long 300 pound dolphin that had been washed up on our beach. It was finally transported by the police to the New York Aquarium where from last reports it is doing fine.

In the grip of the waves rolling back and forth and never seeming to make the safety of the shore I noted, Item: two tires; one complete with frame. Item: One table and one chair. The table disintegrated as I watched and the many pieces joined in the dash for the shore. Item: logs and planks and beams of all sizes and shapes; all engaged in a motion of abandon and frolic. Item: tin cans of all shapes. Item: rubber balls bobbing up and down in the waves; they are unsinkable and no doubt are the harvest of the thousands of balls lost by children in the city streets. It seems to be their fate to play in the brief interval between sea and shore. It is the dance of the sea.

We are indeed conscious of the weather and the storms here at the beach and the farm. We observe the cloud formations and note the rise and fall of the smoke from the housetops. We observe the ring around the moon and the colors of the sky in the twilight. We watch the flight of the birds for a clue to the weather, and then to be sure we turn on the radio and listen to the weather reports.

I love storms and it is only the thought of the property damage caused by gales, hurricanes and blizzards that takes away the full enjoyment of their fury.

When the last storm hit the farm I was in the midst of writing a short story, but after listening to the clacking of the typewriter keys and the howling of the winds as it tore around the house I decided to leave my writing and instead enjoyed the storm.

I went up to the attic and from the window I looked over the corn field where the corn was bent low to the ground as though in humble supplication to us. The Maurin Farm sign was straining at its chains and appeared as though it was about to go sailing into the air.

The heavy cast iron bell that we use to summon the farmers from the fields began to mournfully toll during the height of the storm as it sounded without benefit of human hands. Then the porch screen began to emit a high shrieking wail as the wind poured through.

The lights and the power went off during the storm and we had to revert to candle light for our illumination. (Though someone remarked that as Christians the light should have come from within). The radio and the phone was silent. We were cut off from the rest of the world and were forced back upon our own resources. It made me wonder how many of us would be able to survive if the power and machinery of the world was

destroyed in an atomic holocaust. I am sure that many would perish for lack of simple skills of woodcraft. The museums, with their exhibits of primitive art and culture, would prove to be invaluable in such a situation.

The beach, after the storm, presented a strange sight. The entire expanse of the sandy beach which only the other day had been cluttered with debris was swept clean as though by a gigantic broom. The boys were able to ride their bikes up and down on the beach which had hardened sufficiently to form a firm foundation for their wheels.

Near our beach cabin was a jumble and mixture of heavy poles and logs and beams as though a giant hand had thrown them down in a spirit of abandon. There was a large part of a pier that must have weighed over a ton. And I am sure that it will remain there as it seems to be an impossibility (without cranes) to move it. There were several boats that had been washed ashore and one boat was completely damaged beyond repair.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

ing beautiful white gates and putting up new fences around new pastures and making cattle guards on the wider roads around the farm. It was a joy to look out over the fields the next day and see the peace and order which reigned. They have a herd of Herford cattle. There is a dairy herd, chickens and geese, but we did not see any of these things that night, as it was dark when we passed through the woodland and came up to the house which Ruth Ann had designed and which had been built from an old barracks by Marty Paul and a neighbor.

Marty Paul and his wife Gertrude had lived on the farm with their children going into this venture with the Heaneys back in 1947. Both families had saved their money and had chosen Starkenburg because it was next to a church. But certainly their beginnings were full of sorrow. Larry Heany died of an abscessed lung and is buried in the little cemetery next to St. Martin's Church. After a number of years, Martin Paul was forced to leave the farm on account of the illness of his wife and they are now living in northern Michigan near her family, so that they can have the help of her parents with their children. Ruth Ann is alone on the farm. She has good neighbors and she has had the help of good brothers who have taken turns to be with her. Her boys are now 14 and 16 years old and can do anything on the farm, and her girls are good companions and good help. It's always a lovely experience to visit with them and life is arranged very comfortably although they have none of such conveniences as central heating and central plumbing. There is a wood fire in the open fireplace of the main room which is large enough for such a meeting as we had on Saturday afternoon, where three families with all their children gathered together with the Heaneys and with me to discuss community for families. I had just received the latest newsletter from the Taena Community in England, situated next door to Prinknash Abbey, in Gloucester, a community which has inspired many Catholic families with a desire for just such an experiment. The Sebergers, Linmenkamps, and Rudolphs all came with their small children, and despite threatened snow, it was a lovely midwinter picnic. Mary and I set off before the others to get a good start out of the backwoods and difficult roads before night fell.

To be continued

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THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

CUBA

(Continued from page 7)

get out the paper. But there is nothing of that kind today."

What there is today is the economic pressure of people who do not buy periodicals that conflict with their personal viewpoint or print stories that run counter to their own experience. And there is a gradual slump in the revenue of anti-Castro papers as more and more large concerns are taken over by the government and stop advertising in them. This is comparable to the situation in the United States, where the economic power of multi-millionaire publishers and advertisers determines the nature of what Americans read in their daily newspapers and established magazines. What is really needed in both Cuba and the United States is creative experimentation in methods of establishing a genuinely free press.

Elections, Civil Liberties, Executions. I found no interest in holding elections in the near future, among either supporters or opponents of the regime. Everyone was agreed that if elections were held Castro and the Revolution would win overwhelmingly. Obviously this means that elections have no appeal to the counter-revolutionaries, who find it more advantageous to concentrate on getting money and arms from the United States. The only possible gain for the revolutionists would be to palliate the United States, but so convinced are they of American hypocrisy—and so anxious are they to stand on their own feet—that they don't appear to be even considering such a step. They point to the experience of Guatemala, and feel that elections would not protect them from America's evil intentions. They have a strong sense of operational democracy and contrast their own day-to-day freedom in the midst of a revolution with the subservience of the average American, who can choose periodically between the candidates of two mammoth machines but in the most important questions is at the mercy of either the government or the corporations. They point out, as an example, that Americans can be fired at the whim of their employers but in Cuba there is a law against arbitrary dismissal. They stress that Cubans hold elections in their unions and cooperatives, and vote, in these organizations, on many of the important questions that affect their daily lives. They feel that the Revolution is in mid-passage, is under severe economic attack from the United States and is in imminent danger of military invasion. They feel that to hold governmental elections right now would be merely to set up a meaningless diversion from the tasks for which they already have too little time.

For all the force of these arguments, I was disappointed that there was more emphasis on pointing to the farcical nature of elections in the United States, and in the past in Cuba, than on thinking about ways in which elections could be recognized to make effective supplements to the day-to-day democracy which is evolving so impressively. The people may be getting what they want, but politically Cuba is under the control of a small group of idealists who formulate the laws and broad policy (after unusually imaginative and conscientious consultation with the people involved.) The history of politics makes it clear that it is dangerous for even "good" men to hold this kind of power for any length of time.

In actual fact, Cuba has a far more potent check on the government than elections provide in the United States. That is the distribution of arms among the people. The history of all previous revolutions (including the American and Russian) has been that one of the first acts of the new governments was to force the people to surrender their arms. Castro has reversed the traditional process. He has disbanded the centralized and hier-

archical army and given more and more arms to the people through the informal and voluntary People's Militia. If the people of Cuba were as regimented, deprived of civil liberties, and ready to revolt as the United States claims, Castro would not answer the threat of invasion by widely distributing machine guns. I will fear for the Revolution if it calls in the people's arms and replaces the People's Militia with a tightly controlled and centralized army similar to those which the United States subsidizes in other Latin American countries. On the other hand, Cuba will have more chance of preserving her present idealism and avoiding the corruptions attendant upon her enforced involvement in the international power struggle if she takes one more giant step forward and begins to study and develop methods of non-violent resistance. (One aspect of this would be to stop the execution of counter-revolutionaries, a penalty which is reserved for those who have been convicted of murder and which would win overwhelming endorsement at the polls, but which, if continued, will inevitably lead to the devaluation of all human life.)

Cuba has brought new freedom and dignity to its people and enriched the human heritage by its far-reaching economic and social changes. Will the Revolution now be so overwhelmed by its struggle for survival against the rival encroachments of capitalist America and the Communist bloc that its progress grinds to a halt? Or will the revolutionary enthusiasm of several million Cubans continue to add new dimensions to man's understanding of freedom?

(Reprinted from Liberation).

Community

Glen Gardner, N. J.

Dear Dorothy,
We are here finally and very happy in our new life. The good Dellingers—always so generous—are letting us live here with them until our own house is ready. We hope to be in it soon but in the meantime really enjoy staying here. During the week Betty stays in Flemington (15 miles distant) with the three youngest where she teaches retarded children. This leaves the house to Dave, Roger, the two oldest boys Patchen and Ray, baby Tyrrell and myself for five days a week. I really enjoy keeping house for the "men." It's a new experience to be doing so much cooking—and I love trying to think up ingenious ways to serve ground meat—rice and beans, etc.
The baby loves her new surroundings. The many children are a constant joy to her—the little Corbins, Dorothy and Margaret—Martine and Jaqueline Landry—The Dellingers—and all our neighbors' little ones. The birds thrill her. We placed a food tray out on the snow and she stands at the window enthralled at the sight of colorful blue-jays, snow-birds—chicadees and even occasional cardinals.

Veronica has made a complete recovery, thank God. She was released from the hospital about four weeks ago and went back with Mrs. Ham. She has gained about ten pounds and Roger says she looks grand. I just had a "telephone" visit with her and she seems very happy and well. Tom Sullivan dropped up to see her today. Wasn't he good? She has always loved him so dearly. Roger sees her every weekend and I hope to get in next week.

We are in love with the country. I've been telling everyone how thrilled we are to find that every window presents such a lovely picture of snow-covered fields—trees—distant hills. The beauty is a constant source of wonder and joy to us.

Much love from us all,
Roger, Mary and Tyrrell O'Neill

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

Banks, who not only said Mass in our Chapel one weekday morning of January and had breakfast with us afterward, but also came on Sunday, January 22 to give us a day of recollection. It was a bitterly cold day with a high biting wind, and there had been fresh snow the night before, but Janet Burwash, Virginia Whelan, and Mike Dumanasky got here anyway. Ed Lanwermeyer had come out the day before. Our farm family of course attended; and I think that we all felt that Fr. Banks' conferences helped lift us out of the spiritual doldrums.

Some of our readers have written asking for more information about the farm. We think the best way to find out is to come and see. The address is 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island 9, N.Y. We



have only twenty-three acres, but John Filliger—who may do even better this year with the good help of Mike Bucsall who has recently come to help with the farm work—always produces a good garden; there is pasturage for the cow, a field which yields some hay, a low-lying meadow where daisies grow, old fence rows hidden by blackberries, dew berries, and poison ivy, a brook, a pond inhabited by sixteen geese and as soon as the thaw starts by innumerable frogs, and a little wilderness of trees and underbrush which Tom Cain has pioneered and made accessible to others. We are not professional or efficient, but Joe Cotter always manages to can many jars of vegetables for winter use; and we are still using our winter squash. We cannot always take care of overnight guests—sometimes we are really bulging at the seams—but we are always glad to have visitors come out to spend the day or take a meal with us, though we appreciate a telephone call to let us know. Our telephone number is Yukon 4-9896. We are located about one mile from the village of Pleasant Plains, but we can give more specific directions to those who call us up. No two of us in any CW group ever agree completely about what the Catholic Worker is and purposes, but we all like to talk about it, and perhaps the truth is sometimes best arrived at through a multiplicity of answers.

A LITTLE MAN

(Continued from page 6)

HOME

Then the poor lost souls come out And walk aimlessly again.
You live in a hovel
But the landlord
Wants his rent.
He won't do any fixing
And he says
Do all the fixing yourself.
The sink is out of order
The toilet is too.
The chimney is plugged up,
The smoke won't go through.
The place needs painting up,
Windows broken too,
The landlord wants his rent
But won't do a thing for you.
You tell him you
Cannot live there,
Unless he fixes up the place.
He tells you there are others
Who would be glad to have the place.

Garth Newydd Community House

By BARNEY McCAFFREY

Within the shadow of the Brecon Beacons, gaunt and craggy and inhabited only by the tough and wild South Wales sheep, a growing young community is situated a few blocks from the center of the town called Merthyr (meaning martyrs in the Welsh Gaelic) Tydfil.

The group's conception took place in 1957 at the Bristol (England) conference of the Fellowship of the Friends of Truth (an inter-religious fellowship originated in India) where a group of young pacifists interested in the application of Gandhian social philosophy (Sarvodaya) decided to take positive action. After much searching, the present property, consisting of a large three story corner house and a club room, was donated by a Quaker.

In December of 1958 a statement of basis was drawn up. This states in part . . . "we are united in the feeling that there is purpose in the universe, that all forms of existence are inter dependent, that all life is one; and this we see as a fundamental scientific and spiritual truth . . . the society that we envisage will provide a favorable environment for the spiritual growth of the whole personality . . . by embracing meaningful work, decentralization of economic and political power, a balance of industry and agriculture, communal ownership of land and other vital social wealth, and in fostering a sense of trusteeship in all its aspects.

Common Purpose

"To make an effective witness to this ideal and to live out its implications, we have established a community house. It will be based on service, primarily with the local community. We are prepared to accept the greater self-discipline that this living together implies, and will endeavor to make ourselves better instruments of service through individual and group study. Income will be pooled, and decisions taken on the basis of unanimity. We envisage the possibility of non-violent action in the face of social and other wrongs."

At the time of this writer's visit there were 9 members of the community living there, plus the child of the one young married couple. These members included the secretary of the F.F.T. and a completely paralyzed former International Work Camp Leader who served as the group's clerical administrator. Others were a teacher of handicapped children, and a music teacher-composer. The married couple had formerly worked with Danilo Dolci in Sicily. Also several others, not members of the community proper, were living there in permanent or semi-permanent residence, including a male nurse who had been with the group from the beginning and a homeless 16 year old boy whom local authorities had placed with them.

The Community House has become very much a part of the town

of Merthyr Tydfil. After some sad experiments with the unruly younger generation, the group now lets out its club house and a sitting room to some of the more mature groups such as the old peoples club, the ladies sewing circle, the chess club and the Judo club! Local authorities and the parish priest from the Catholic Church across the street (who, incidentally, spent ten years as a missionary to the Indians in Arizona) have sent them homeless and displaced persons and families at various times. Relations with the local press and individuals have been very good.

An interesting aspect of this community is its successful fibre-glass industry, originated and operated by members of the community. Starting as a small shop in the house, the firm of Mitra (a Hindu word meaning friend) Plastics, Limited, makers of Mitraglass corrugated sheets for roofing and construction, has expanded to where it must now work out of a former church hall, and employ several local workers. Further plans for expansion will be a boon to this town of heavy unemployment.

Close to Bhava

Besides the strictly vegetarian meals, I also found the international flavor of Garth Newydd quite surprising and delightful. As they have close contact with the Vinoba Bhava Bhoodan movement, the International Work Camp Association and two pacifist groups, the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear Warfare and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (several of the members have been in jail as a result of non-violent action at one time or another), they are constantly having visitors from all over the world. In my 4 day stay there I met another young American—a Quaker student, a Japanese International Work Camper, and a Polish girl from France who had participated in the non-violent demonstrations, sparked by Lanza Del Vasto and others, against Algerian concentration camps.

Farm Needed

The future farm and expression of the Community House (they do not consider themselves a full 'community' yet) will depend on circumstances and the interaction and development of individual personalities, both of present members and new ones to come. They may go farther than the pooling of salaries and also pool capital. A fuller communal spiritual expression than the Sunday hour of silent meeting may be found. Contact with the intellectual life of the neighborhood will be made with plans for lectures and courses to be given at the House. Also, definite attempts are being made to start an agricultural branch of the community in North Wales. Non-violent action as a group might possibly be undertaken.

Though it would be difficult for one not a member of the community to prophesy just which course they may undertake, it is quite apparent that a vibrant experiment in living is taking place here, and should continue to do so for quite a while to come.

WE HAVE A GREAT
NEED FOR MEN'S
WINTER CLOTHES

PACIFIST - PERSONALIST - PROVOCATIVE

LIBERATION

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