



The Choosing People

By ANNE TAILLEFER

I have a friend from Central Europe who is Jewish. The years girls spend at high school she spent in Auschwitz, the most dreaded concentration camp of all. At the end she was driven from there, as cattle with many others, to a goal that seemed to be certain death; a girl at her side bending, in her starvation, to pick up a rotten potato, was shot dead. Then one morning, still locked up for the night, she heard other voices, another tongue: the Russians had delivered them. The first night of liberty was spent in a cow-shed; they slept in the dung: "At least it was warm" said she, who is rather exquisite. Another peril began in the deserted houses of Danzig and, with heart thumping from another terror, she ran from the Russian soldiers. And sick with typhus and T.B., mourning for her whole wiped-out family, she entered a sanatorium in Switzerland for seven years. "The Magic Mountain and Auschwitz" she commented "what an education!" From all this she has emerged with a Ph. D. in French literature and teaches in one of the leading colleges of this country.

Her compassion for the human race is infinite, as was that of Dostoevsky from his experiences in the "House of the Dead"; but it is with difficulty that she faces the idea that God can allow such things and it is not with trite pieties that one can answer her but, perhaps, with that beautiful quotation from Berganos: "There are some whose forgiveness God does ask."

The other day, we went to see the French exhibition "The Splendid Century" at the Metropolitan Museum. There was very little that was splendid about it and we passed quickly and with some distaste before fat cupids and fat and notorious ladies, supplied with bawdy little notices from the Museum to entertain and inform the crowd. Then as if in austere rejection came the Jansenists painted by the great Philippe de Champaigne. And then we found the one room that makes the exhibition worth-while seeing. A small room highlighted by the startling colors of an extraordinary study in pride and greed: "The Fortune Tellers", but lit gently from different corners by the taper glowing on praying faces that is the trade-mark of this spiritual painter, Georges de la Tour, one of the best of France—quite unrecognized in his own time.

Suddenly came the revelation of pure beauty: the big canvas depicting the discovery of the body of Saint Sebastian by holy women, the light passing over a copper-colored body and then lingering to rest upon a succession of hands: that of Martha, maybe, groping for the pulse of the saint; those of the Magdalene, who knows, extended in anguish up to those praying under the square, faceless, indigo-blue veil, that of the Virgin, one could say, clasped over the first Christian martyr. We stood long before the picture and commented upon the marvellous message that goes underground at all times to bring up the light, whatever is happening in the world.

Down in the restaurant, my friend spoke painfully and slowly about Eichmann: dismissing all platitudes she finally said firmly, "I would that my people would forgive him, this is the only thing that could make the six million deaths forgiven and yet not forgotten. This would keep their

memory alive." A sudden peace lit me up joyfully from the depths of consciousness. Yes! This was the only answer, the victims became martyrs, like the Holy Innocents; only a universal gesture could equate the immensity of the crime. As an anti-climax, she added that a nurse, in a doctor's office, had just said to her: "Of course Eichmann was a Jew!" The Christians had once more declined all responsibility, she said ruefully.

The artificial light playing on the turquoise pool shone on her noble, rather classical features, at that moment deeply etched with sorrow, with a green, coppery gleam, and settled upon her shoulders, her broad shoulders. The mystery of redemption hung in mid-air!

I remembered the Court-Room at Nuremberg where the corpses were piled up figuratively as in a monstrous pyre of revenge and where not one real word of mercy or true justice had been uttered by the prosecution. I also remembered that bombed-out house in the suburbs, the small cold room, the dirty November light falling upon the only living death-mask I have ever seen, that of the half-English widow of a Nazi general just hanged, for having obeyed orders. Normally beautifully, personally quite innocent, after three hours of talk where love only had been possible—since my relatives and friends had been given to the concentration camps—she raised her burned eye-sockets from which just one tear, her last, had fallen and said, this woman whom I am proud to call my friend: "I am not guilty but I am responsible, as a Christian I must atone."



Chitraprosad of India.

My thoughts reverted backwards to that other Jew, with shoulders arched in tetanic convulsions upon his cross, who had assumed all the guilt and all the pain and who, turning his dying head toward his sinless neighbor had said that such

a death did not behoove this just man. And, for these words, had, that very evening, been ushered up to the Father on the steps of the Son. These children of Abraham linked hands with the weeping, faceless veil.

Cuba and the American Dream

By STUART SANDBERG

We Americans like life simple, our feelings strong, our motives pure, our actions swift. Prominent in the seeming conspiracy against us in our time is the Cuban Revolution; for whether we like it or not it is a political event which allows no easy response. We would prefer not to condone the evils we see in Cuba today; we would prefer to intervene, to suppress the forces which threaten our security; but what we would like to do is impractical—our righteousness is stalemated by the pragmatics of international politics. It would not be fair to destroy a revolution when it was many of our unjust policies which brought it about; confronted with our own culpability we have two alternatives, both of them embarrassing: either we perpetrate a politically foolhardy and outrageously unjust intervention or else we are left impotently screaming blanket accusations of communism.

Objectively there is of course reason to be critical of things as they seem in Cuba: Castro's uses of force, his violent suppression of organized resistance, his co-operation with Russia, his naive permissiveness towards communist ideology, his attacks on the Church, and most of all from a Christian point of view, his virtual deification of the state as that which gives meaning to man's existence. Were we as Americans not involved in these errors, were we not in fact largely responsible for them through our own self-indulgent ir-

responsibility, not to say our own atheistic materialism, then perhaps we might have some right to judge.

In the United States we may well be convinced of the evils of communism; for decades we have read of them and seen them portrayed in movies and on television. In Cuba, however, the people were not so concerned with the horrors of Russian communism; understandably so, when every day they witnessed the horrors of their own dictator, Batista, economically, militarily and politically supported by the United States government and business interests. It is not easy to honor a way of life which in the face of desperate poverty reveals itself in the person of gamblers, pimps, parasitic tourists, and exploitative business men. No, it is not always easy to be anti-communist when for as long as one can remember, the evils of capitalism have been an everyday experience.

If there are flaws in the Cuban Revolution by what right do we as Americans condemn that which has disallowed our taking advantage of the ignorance and poverty of the Cuban people? Who are we to judge the atheistic materialism of any nation but ourselves; by what right do we preach that man does not live by bread alone to a nation such as Cuba when her people are hungry and we are over-fed? It is time we realized that in a world where men are starving if man does not live by bread alone, he does live by bread. As long as

we ignore this, as long as we ignore Christ in our neighbor, we do so at our own expense.

But if we choose ignorance and if we choose selfishness let us at least cease our self-righteous condemnation of the evils which our choice has brought about. If we must condemn let us be honest and condemn ourselves, for if there is any nation which today stands guilty before God it is our own; materially over-abundant in the midst of degrading poverty, we remain personally unconcerned; indifference is the most exquisite symptom of our pride, a comfortable suicide our preference to the cross.

It is hard to condemn one's self, to recognize one's guilt; it is easier to project it onto other nations, onto Cubans, onto communists, onto anyone or any group that reveals to us that as human beings we have failed. It is hard to see one's self as he really is, to see that one's self is rotten with pride and selfishness, and yet self-knowledge is the first step towards responsibility.

We can go on "protected from our guilt by our own unconcern, protected from life by our spiritual deadness; we are free to enjoy the wide path. Otherwise, the alternative is the way of the cross; it is not by any means an easy out. To follow Christ means to replace condemnation with self-sacrifice, violence with peace, indulgence with liberality, deadness with life.

No, the cross is not an easy alternative for America; it is her only alternative to suicide.

SEVEN JAILED

By ED TURNER

On Sunday April 30th eight men and one woman began a two-week fast and picketing campaign at Central Intelligence Agency building in Washington, D.C. They were joined on the first day by 150 picketers from cities along the Eastern seaboard.

On Tuesday May 2nd seven fasters were arrested for loitering and sentenced \$10 or 10 days in jail. The seven, Dave Dellinger, Robert Steed, Robert Swann, Dick Zink, Bran Luckom, Ron Jump, and Charles Jackson, chose to serve the 10 days in jail and will continue their fast there.

The Non-violent Committee for Cuban Independence was formed the week before to conduct the demonstration in Washington under the leadership of Dave Dellinger, printer from Glen Gardner Community and editor of Liberation Magazine. The peace groups sponsoring the committee are: The Catholic Worker, The Committee for Non-violent Action, Peacemakers, and War Resisters League.

More than 60 of us went down from New York in two buses and private cars. Others were from Massachusetts, Washington, and Baltimore areas. The buses were met at the city limits by the police, to ascertain the number and purpose of the demonstrations and to warn us against mingling with other groups. They instructed us to obey any lawful police order; as if police would give unlawful orders.

We rallied first at Judiciary Square, 5th and E Streets NW. The American Nazi Party had a small but vigorous uniformed counter-demonstration, which explained the police instruction not to mix with other groups. Dave Dellinger introduced the fasters, who included Bob Steed of this paper. Some of the fasters spoke on why they were fasting. Dave underlined the non-violent spirit of the picketing. Then we adjourned to CIA headquarters at 24th and E Streets NW and picketed until 5 p.m., when the buses came for those of us returning to New York.

The Committee issued an appeal to the American conscience inviting participation in the fast and picket vigil for the entire two weeks or any part thereof, demanding the abolition of the CIA and an end to U.S. intervention in the internal affairs of the Cuban Revolution; and asking Castro and the Cuban people to extend mercy to those invaders who have been taken prisoner.

The project was not intended to be a civil disobedience project, but the possibility of defensive civil disobedience of arbitrary orders from police or government officials was not ruled out. A committee consisting of Dave Dellinger, Robert Steed, and Robert Swann was appointed to make on-the-spot decisions for statements for the group to the press or government. By Monday, since the permanent group consisted of the fasters and it had been decided to keep a 24 hour vigil, the group decided to post stationary vigilers across the street from CIA headquarters. On both Sunday and Monday curious on-lookers had stood there unmolested by the police. Monday night they notified the police of their decision and when they arrived Tuesday morning and took their stationary positions, the police arrested them. Four others are carrying on the picketing.

Supporting groups will be going (Continued on page 7)

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Ideals We Follow

By TOM CAIN

Peter Maurin used to quote Ibsen as saying, "The truth must be restated every twenty years." We keep trying to restate what THE CATHOLIC WORKER stands for and this is the third restatement of our Positions. The first was by Bob Ludlow, the second by Ammon Hennacy, and this, the third, by Tom Cain. Other statements will follow from time to time.

The general aim of the Catholic Worker movement is to realize in the individual and thereby in society the expressed and implied teachings of Christ regarding human relations.

As Catholics we believe that before we can have right human relations we must have right relations with God.

As Workers we believe that before we can have right human relations in general we must have right economic relations.

There is a necessity for such a movement because the dominant economic-social-political systems of today, capitalism and communism, as well as most of their proposed alternatives, are incompatible with natural and divine law, since as a consequence of their basic principles they either legally impose or economically sanction violations of justice and charity.

Capitalism, by the pressure of competition, economically penalizes justice regarding wages, rents, and consumer prices, so that only the largest and most invulnerable operators are in a position, if they choose, to meet its demands. By economic pressure the personnel of other spheres of action are constrained to serve the interests of the capitalist oligarchy. Thus an initial maldistribution of wealth becomes accentuated, so that in the midst of plenty there are still the hungry, and in the midst of gigantic construction there are still the homeless. It is useless to guarantee the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of perfection, if the means thereunto are withheld.

Communism differs structurally from capitalism only in the fact that its economic oligarchy is also overtly and formally a political oligarchy, with no need to mask its powers. By the rigorous control necessary for its continued functioning (and not, as its advocates claim, only for its initial establishment), it directly deprives men of the liberty necessary for the pursuit of perfection according to their particular powers.

The underlying principles of both are the absolute conception of ownership and authority, in whomsoever or whatsoever either of these may be vested, and the animalistic notion that physical power confers authority. Capitalism is individualist absolutism, communism is collectivist absolutism.

These are necessary consequences of the materialistic denial of the abiding Providence or the very existence of God: capitalism is at best deistic in mild or acute form; communism is axiomatically atheistic. This is only the logical development of the prevailing preoccupation with material values to the detriment of others. The material progress of recent centuries has not been paced by spiritual growth.

The Catholic Worker movement is based spiritually upon the two Great Commandments of love, upon their implementation in the Golden Rule, upon their particularization in the Sermon on the Mount, and upon the whole Gospel of the Kingdom of God. We believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, and the kingship of Christ, as we say in the Nicene Creed: "I believe in one God, the Father almighty . . . and in one Lord, Jesus Christ." Our Lord taught non-violence as a way of life. He counseled us to love our enemies, to turn the other cheek, to return good for evil.

The Catholic Worker movement is based rationally upon the conclusions of Catholic philosophy regarding the nature of man, upon factual findings of the secular sciences of man, and upon the social encyclicals of recent Popes. We believe that man is composed of a rational, immortal, spiritual soul and an animal body; that he is created by God in His own image, especially as regards the soul, that all men are therefore created equal in their governing principle and have equal basic rights and duties; and this notwithstanding that men are born unequal in the divers accidental capacities depending on their bodily constitution, so that secondary duties and their associated needs must vary.

Imposing these principles by any sort of positive compulsion

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The One Man Revolution

By AMMON HENNACY

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Leaving Brother Martin in Spokane I rode all night to Anaconda, where because of a misup in dates I only visited my friend Ed Heustis a few hours and was on my way all night again to Salt Lake City. Leading Catholics of Anaconda were organizing the John Birch Society of ultra-conservatives. In Salt Lake City I found that my Mormon friend had moved to Ogden, so after getting my mail and learning that Dorothy was not coming through here later as we had planned, I slept seventeen hours in a hotel and rode all night again for Hopland. I had left my winter clothing and luggage with a young Presbyterian pacifist, Burton Mitchell, who had heard me in Oklahoma City last year, and was now living with his folks here.

The Hopi

At daybreak I started walking the seventy miles to Oraibi from Tuba City Junction. After six miles I was picked up by an insurance man and taken to my destination only to find that Thomas and David had left the day before for an Indian meeting at Tempe, Arizona. I visited with Don at Old Oraibi and with Fermina and her children, finding them happy and wholesome as always. I walked down the steps from Old Oraibi which for a thousand years the old-time Hopi had used before the road was built. By seven a.m. the next morning I was walking the 145 miles toward Flagstaff. Saul from Second Mesa drove me to Hotevilla, and my friend Amos from that pueblo took me for a few miles until he turned off to herd his sheep. After walking a few miles I was picked up by Chester Mote, my old-time conscientious objector friend from Winslow whom I had not seen for years. His companion wanted to know if I had any matches, knowing I expect how "bahanas," as whites are called, do not think of such things, for if I had to spend the night in the desert I could start a small fire for warmth. I had taken a couple of handfuls of wheat from Fermina along with sandwiches, to munch on along this lonesome road. Finally a Hopi took me to within thirteen miles of the highway near Tuba City. Walking a few more miles, some Navajo nodded for me to lie in the back of their pickup, and they whizzed along at terrific speed, stopping once at a filling station and liquor store. I only hoped that they filled up on more of the former than the latter. I had found a child's scarf on the road and this kept the snow away as we came to the San Francisco mountains near Flagstaff. We arrived at noon and it took me three hours to get warmed up. My friends Platt and Barbara Cline were in Europe so I took an earlier bus toward Santa Fe.

Carmen

I tried to get my daughter Carmen on the phone to tell her that I would arrive at 2 a.m. Sunday, but she was in Albuquerque all day and night so I slept in a hotel in Santa Fe until 8 o'clock Mass and then met her. She and Roger, my son-in-law, took me to a piano concert at Los Alamos where I met Peter and Florence van Dresser and visited with them and other friends that night, as Carmen had a recital of her I AM senior class at St. Francis Auditorium, and one recital was enough for this unmusical Hennacy. Peter had a small house heated by solar heat, pipes under the floor, and hot water always on hand by this method. He rented it out to an Indian. Their son Steve wouldn't learn Spanish here at school but he joined the air force and in Japan was enamored of the Japanese and already knew 350 characters of that difficult language. I spoke to Sister Patrick of the Catholic Maternity Institute (on the phone) but was unable to see her as she was away or busy at a

conference all of the time. Tom Jordan at the Catholic bookstore, and Louise Holien greeted me kindly and I had a small meeting at her home the last night I was there. I visited with Carmen half a day when she drove to Albuquerque for shopping and she explained many points of her esoteric religion to me. Roger suggested that when the second edition of my book came out to call it, "The Book of Ammon-Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist." I rode all night again until the next noon when I came to Tucson.

Tucson

Here Phil Burnham met me at the bus and I spoke to a meeting of Catholics at his home that night. Monica and the girls were excited about Easter. I visited with my old friend Mike Cuddihy and spent that night with Dick and Byrd Sweitzer, with whom I had visited for years and when fasting and picketing in Washington when Dick was Congressman Udall's secretary. Tom Bahti and his wife, "Indian lovers" too, came over also. Young Taco was happy to give me his bed as he found an excuse to sleep with a friend in a box built a fourth of the way up in a giant saguaro cactus in the yard. It seems as if there is so much oil under the Hopi land that it will mean prosperity and the evils that come with it for the Hopi sooner or later. Viets made a good talk at the recent Indian conference, as did Thomas and David. I had a fine meeting of Catholics at the home of Jim and Eileen Allen where I always find a great warmth among this large family. Around noon on Holy Saturday for a couple of hours Byrd and I handed out Quaker literature downtown with others. In the afternoon I spoke to folks gathered at the home of my friend Elizabeth Baskette. And that night I spoke at the home of Prof. Osta, a Basque music teacher at the University. Here young pacifists made me welcome, some of them having been in the demonstrations against the missile bases which surround Tucson. Easter morning Monica drove me to Mass and I left for Phoenix.

Phoenix

Here Rik and Ginny Anderson met me at the bus and I was over-



joyed to see my old time pacifist friends, remembering the times when we were arrested together when I first picketed in Phoenix. Joe Craginyle took out toward Glendale where I visited James Hussey, my old time employer, and his relatives. James had not told me before, but in the 50's after the tax man had received \$5 (out of James' pocket) on my tax debt, and had phoned he was coming out again, James persuaded him that it wouldn't do any good, for he would pay me before the tax man got there. So there was no more trouble. Four Molokons had refused to register for the draft but I was unable to get their names. The family I had worked for down the road wanted me to stay and work this summer they had once asked for more "Catholic Workers," meaning folks who were connected with the CW who were good workers. Supper with Joe Stocker, but first Joe timed his son Steve in the 660 yard dash. On the second lap remembering my old track days I joined in. A fine

evening with Karl and Nancy Meucke, (Karl is the new Federal D.A.) at Bill and Alice Mahoney's. Alice never changes, and Bill is headed to be the new Federal Judge. "Arizona carried by Goldwater yet liberal Catholics get the jobs," was the remorseful word I heard from conservatives. A visit to my Hopi silversmith friend Morris Robinson; a hello to Carmen and Perry Broz who are moving back to San Francisco; to the Stammers; and with my old time CO friend Carl Owen, and lunch with Frank Brophy Jr. His father with whom I debated in 1950, "The Anarchist and the Banker," has bought a farm in Ireland and is going over there for a few months. Whether it is because the air force has surrounded his ranch near Elgin, Arizona, or he wants to get away from this mad country I don't know. Another night and half a day and I was in Salt Lake City.

My Catholic friend Don Dederia, columnist of the morning Arizona Republic, headed his column about me on the fourth of April, "Mormons, Don't Say We Didn't Warn You. Phoenix's One-Man Revolution, flushed with his conquest of America's largest town, soon will lay siege to Salt Lake City. Ammon Hennacy means to save the Mormons." And after 54 more lines of a description of my anarchist and subversive ideas and record he ends his live column by saying, "Salt Lake, Man the walls."

The John Birch Society

Their founder, Robert Welch, a retired candy manufacturer of Belmont, Mass. had a bigger crowd in Phoenix than regular national political candidates, and their smear campaign of calling all those Communists who speak up for civil liberties has already resulted in two teachers in Arizona losing their jobs. When my friends in Phoenix thought that this might be the spirit over the rest of the country I told them they were suffering from "Goldwateritis," for never have I had such a fine response from students as on this trip. The best cartoon on the subject appeared in the Salt Lake Tribune the 6th of April by Bill Mauldin entitled "Malice in Wonderland" showing the John Birch Society at the head of the table as the Mad Hatter, with the Rabbit as White Citizens Council, the Mouse as the U.S. Nazi Party with a swastika, and the Snake uncoiling itself from the teapot with a KKK mask.

Mary Maffio of Phoenix, the sister of Margaret Laybourn in Cheyenne, loaned me the blue book explaining the ideas of this society. Here the impeachment of Justice Warren for being a Communist stooge is called for, but it did not contain the mistake made in Welch's privately circulated book, the Politician, where he says, "Dwight Eisenhower is a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." (See Time, 4-7-61). It was such overheated foolishness that caused the downfall of Joe McCarthy. Sure, there are Communist spies in this country, and we have our spies over all the world, but that is what the FBI is for, to get them. This society was founded in Indianapolis December 9, 1958 by twelve men of the NAM and Retired General variety called together by Robert Welch, who after two days offered himself as the man on a white horse who would be the dictator to overcome Communism in this country. He had been for Taft and Goldwater but when Nixon got the nomination he called him a "rider of waves . . . a slipperiest politician." The society has its name from a certain John Birch of Macon, Ga., a fundamentalist Baptist missionary who later enlisted in the armed forces and was killed on the 25th of August 1945 by Chinese Communists. I read a letter from a comrade of Birch's who said that he felt that Birch would never have

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

To try to write, to continue to write the account of my travels, once having come home is all but impossible. It is like sitting down to meditate in the middle of Times Square. Everyone is talking about Cuba, about the invasion which failed, about the picket line and fast which is taking place in Washington before the Central Intelligence Agency building and because of which Robert Steed is now spending ten days in jail in Washington with David Dellinger and others. Their hunger strike is continuing and is a protest against the activities of the CIA.

So many things are happening in the world and we are brought so close to them by newsprint and radio and television (ours does not work) that one feels crushed, submerged by events. The Eichmann trial goes on and crushes us with its horror and one realizes that man is a kind, as Cardinal Newman writes, is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity.

It was a comfort to come across a quotation of Luther (from a Catholic article), "If I knew the world were coming to an end tomorrow, I would still go out and plant my three apple trees today."

Thinking of this, it is good to see the work at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality go on in New York, to come home to find Millie washing the windows of the store front, behind which a stray cat sleeps by the statue of St. Joseph and the bouquet of forsythia, a bright yellow promise of warmth to come. To see Mike going after bread and fish, and Dianne and Stuart in the kitchen between all their other chores, preparing the evening chowder. To see the clothes being given out, and the old and the sick, the lame, the halt and the blind, in all senses of the word thronging our as usual miserably inadequate house which is now at 175 Chrystie Street.

I got back in time for the air raid drill, which took place with City Hall Park thronged, with thousands put under arrest and only fifty taken away (more than ever before.) Those of us from the Catholic Worker were not taken except Philip, a friend of Ned O'Gorman's who is working with us for a time. The eight women of the fifty, mostly from the American Friends Service Committee, were tried, and four accepted three day jail sentences and the others paid a fifteen dollar fine. The rest await trial.

So each are planting their apple trees,—whether it is taking care of children, cooking meals, going to jail (offering up one's life for one's brother by this voluntary suffering.)

As for me, my speaking trip is not yet over, as I must go back to Detroit for four days and then to my daughter in Vermont. She has been ill with flu and some miserable side effects and I shall stay for a week. When I called long distance, which costs sixty cents from New York, I heard from Becky, who is now sixteen, that Tamar had gone with Nickie to confession (he is being confirmed tonight) and that Hilaire had cut his foot very badly in the barn and that it had required many stitches and I suppose a tetanus shot, all of which meant extra trips in the 1949 car which used to belong to Judith Gregory and which now does the Hennessy errands. With nine children, a husband working away from home for the time being, and a 25 acre farm, Tamar does not have time to think of world events. The world in microcosm is right there with her. David is clerking in a hotel in Bellow Falls, 35 miles away and gets home two days a week. The children are all well and in spite of this latest mishap, there are only the usual colds and cuts to worry about. The children of course have been of great help. Even Hilaire, age four, is "such a little man," his mother says, "that he can manage the cow all

by himself." I suppose that means taking the cow and heifer out to the pasture and watering and feeding them. I have seen how he carts in arm loads of wood until the kitchen floor is covered, strutting with chest pushed out in his manliness. The kitchen range and the Franklin stove in the living room are well provided for.

As for mail

Mail is piled up both in my suitcase, as yet unpacked, and here in the office and I beg the indulgence of our friends and readers. Some mail need only be acknowledged but many letters need much longer replies, and I will get at them later. I have the promise of help from a friend who knows shorthand and is an expert secretary, and we will start to diminish the pile. We owe our deep gratitude to all those who answered our appeal for help which we always send out in March, and we must thank Jubilee too for reprinting it. I owe them an article on Christian Anarchism and am looking forward to a quiet time on the beach when I can catch up with writing, because after all, writing is the equivalent of three apple trees.

Travelling

Since the book I am writing is

a kind of travelogue, I can give a brief resume of my trip. I drove from Tucson to Yuma to El Centro and to San Diego. The material I gathered about the agricultural workers and the early spring lettuce strike, in the Imperial Valley, I will use in a later article. I spoke in San Diego at the home of friends, and later in San Bernardino. I drove to Fresno where I saw the unbound copies of Peter Maurin's book, *The Green Revolution*, and as soon as the hundred copies we ordered arrive we will send out the copies our friends have asked for. I drove on to Stockton and to Tracy where I stayed with dear friends, the Orbin Brickey's. I did not see Fr. McCullough because he had been transferred to St. Mary's in Oakland, and Fr. Burke was taking his place. I had a good visit with Fr. McDonald in San Jose and attended a conference with him of union people and growers and other interested in the agricultural situation in California. I spoke at San Jose State College and Leland Stanford University and at the University of California at Berkeley and to other groups too numerous to mention. I went at four a.m. to

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By Dianne Gannon

With the end of Lent, there came a quickening pace, seen most clearly at St. Joseph's House by the number of visitors, and then a sudden quiet, as the world paused for Christ's death and resurrection. For many of us, Easter began at St. Michael's, where the alleluias filled the chapel and seeped through the window shades with the incense, to meet the night air. Across the way, too, Old St. Patrick's, a giant beside the brick building, began Easter Mass, and later we heard the bells of the cathedral joyously shake off their silence.

But Easter on the Bowery is not very different from any other Sunday, the day after the long Saturday night. The men gather in

Now the sunlight streams down the Bowery, filters through Rivington, and comfortably settles on the broad Chrystie Street by six o'clock. Already we begin to sun ourselves, and gaze at the leafed trees across from us once more, at last rather free to bring forth lighter clothes, and to put away the winter coat, although some days we are a bit fooled by the sun, as the wind sweeps down the streets, searching us out. Anne Marie, who has just successfully found Easter bonnets, great expanses of flowers as well as little ones of fluff, for all the women, is back to the magic of finding those lighter clothes.

Easter came too early for us to attempt a thorough spring cleaning, and we have just begun our painting of the new House. Walter returns in the evening, to let loose his creative impulses on yet another section. So far the second floor, our day room, is the only one completely cleaned and painted (but although Anne Marie has not commented on it, the clothing rooms are still not sharing in the newfound brightness), but our kitchen has an ever increasing patchwork ceiling, and the office contains two bright patches of green and blue. The painting will take time, for it must wait until we have fed and clothed and housed those who come to us, and wait its turn amidst the turmoil of the Cuban affair and the Algerian crisis and the civil defense protest. And although Dorothy and Ammon returned before we could finish the painting (most of us are the directors of the task), the second floor is an example of what is to come.

Larry, our longtime cook, now has a job in a hotel, and so the staff is taking turns at cooking. Each remembers his favorite recipes, and plots to outdo the other, both in the quality of the meal as well as in the economy. Stuart bears the larger part of the cooking, and treats us to mashed, rather than smashed, potatoes, and we must confess that his desserts are the ones we remember. Toward the end of the month he fixed a turkey dinner, and the dressing, containing even raisins and pineapple, was a real Sunday treat. Walter and Charlie have also proved themselves kings of the kitchen, and there is now the ques-

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Ideals We Follow

(Continued from page 2)

would vitiate them. They must be adopted freely. We therefore advocate a personalism which views a man in the light of Catholic psychology as a free but responsible agent, the determining element in his relations with his world, his God, and his fellow men, and which places upon his own shoulders the responsibility of rightly ordering those relations, making necessary changes himself rather than waiting or hoping for changes to be imposed from without.

A just social and economic order would supply the particular needs of each member, to enable him to realize his capacities to their full extent, conversely expecting but not actively coercing him to supply his neighbor's needs in like manner—"To each according to his needs, from each according to his ability"—or in St. Paul's words, "Let your abundance supply their want." For whatever one possesses of any commodity beyond his own need belongs in charity to his neighbor who has need of it.

For a Christian social order we advocate a distributism based upon a decentralization of population, of life in general, and particularly of industry both as to location and as to ownership, with emphasis upon life in close contact with the soil, whether as vocation or as avocation. Families with their domiciles and hearths would be grouped in village communities with household and small-shop industries and a network of cooperative associations for production and distribution. Industries unsuited to inhabited areas or incapable of translocation would be manned according to a principle of distributed working time. Ownership of the materials and means of production, regarded as stewardship in keeping with the Christian spirit of detachment from material goods, would be distributed among their users, not concentrated among a few individuals nor in any unitary totality distinct from its members, be it corporation or state.

To achieve this society we advocate a complete rejection of absolutist and coercionist social patterns, and a practical withdrawal from them as complete as each one can make it in view of his preexisting responsibilities, in order to participate with his fellow workers in constructing "a new society within the shell of the old"—that is to say, we advocate a non-violent revolution by individual moral action as opposed to political action or violence, both because violence is contrary to our basic principle and because violent or political revolutions have always defeated their own ends. This is an implementation of our personalistic view of responsibility, that the responsibility of "all" has no meaning but in the responsibility of "each." It is revolution from below, from within the individual, and not from above, imposed upon the individual from without.

In virtue of this principle of non-violence we are opposed to all use of force for individual or collective defense or retaliation—including imprisonment, flogging, capital punishment, and war. We condemn the whole coercive power of the state as an encroachment upon the kingship of Christ and upon the natural rights of the individual, and thus from the pagan point of view merit the name of anarchists, as our forebears were called atheists by the idolators of old. In particular the Catholic Worker movement is pacifist. We are pacifist, however, not merely in the negative sense of opposing war, but in the positive and more important sense of seeking to establish in and between individuals the peace of God, through which alone the lesser end will be attained.

Particular means available for our ends are: in the economic sphere, non-violent strikes and boycotts; in the military and political sphere, refusal to register for conscription, to work in war industries, to buy war bonds, to pay income taxes for war, or to vote for any officials—acting on St. Peter's principle that "we ought to obey God rather than men."

In the more purely social sphere there are more positive means. We seek to implement charity through the corporal works of mercy by establishing Houses of Hospitality and other communities where in distributist fashion the relative abundance of one supplies another's need, in order thus to implant the seed or leaven of the "new society within the old." We seek to realize the natural brotherhood of all men in which, as truly as in the supernatural, there is "neither Jew nor Greek" and neither Negro nor Indian nor master race. Above all, not as a means but as our true end we seek to realize the supernatural brotherhood and unity of the mystical body of Christ, through the lay apostolate of the spiritual works of mercy as well as through recourse to the means of grace.

Prayer and the Sacraments are in fact our arsenal, whence each one of us is urged to draw the spiritual weapons and energies required for the pursuit of our ends. Private prayer is a necessity for the multitude of discrete personal revolutions constituting the general revolution. Collective prayer, both at the private level in family or other groups and at the liturgical level of joining to each one's proper degree in the common prayer of the Church, is a mode of cooperation more fundamental and possible to a greater number than material cooperation.

We suffer no illusion as to the likelihood of immediate visible success on the large scale. Neither do we despair of its possibility. All things are possible with God. But the immediate aim of the Catholic Worker movement is rather the particular successes, the one-man revolutions, which are the essential components of a peaceful world revolution, and which increasingly by the operation of both nature and grace will in God's own time make all things new.



What Political Principle

By JUDITH GREGORY

Most things are easier to preach than to practice. "Anarchism," on the contrary, is easier to practice than to preach. It is very difficult to practice it, but it is impossible to preach it, because it is impossible to make it coherent.

The anarchist rejects the state, and law, and refuses to cooperate with them on principle (though in practice he often obeys just laws). He considers the state to be evil because it is coercive, and he denies its necessity. As Ammon wrote in the January *Catholic Worker*, anarchism is "voluntary cooperation with the right of secession. Laws, good people don't need them, and bad people don't obey them, so what good are they?"

However, Christian anarchism—and Ammon's anarchism is precisely this—is a contradiction in terms, because in effect it denies original sin and requires the perfection and independence of every person in order to operate. But man is certainly social and also political by nature, and not in consequence of the Fall. Sin merely (!) makes the situation more complex, for through its effects it makes the state more necessary and less truthful.

The anarchist rejects the state, and yet he remains a member of the body politic (see the discussion in Maritain's *Man and the State*, Ch. I). He rejects the state, but the state continues to claim him. It taxes him, drafts him, jails him when he resists these claims, and also offers him a number of benefits. Some of these benefits he politely refuses, some he grudgingly accepts, and some he scarcely recognizes because he has, in most cases, never lived outside the body politic and takes them for granted.

Hannah Arendt, in *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (see especially Ch. 9, "The Decline of the Nation-State and the End of the Rights of Man" and Ch. 13, "Ideology and Terror") discusses the subject of statelessness, of the life of those excluded from any body politic at all, and the picture she draws of actualities and of possibilities is a bitter and appalling one:

"The stateless person, without right to residence and without the right to work, had of course constantly to transgress the law. He was liable to jail sentences without ever committing a crime. More than that, the entire hierarchy of values which pertain in civilized countries was reversed in his case. Since he was the anomaly for whom the general law did not provide, it was better for him to become an anomaly for which it did provide, that of the criminal . . . If a small burglary is likely to improve his legal position, at least temporarily, one may be sure he has been deprived of human rights." (p. 286). "Not the loss of specific rights, then, but the loss of a community willing and able to guarantee any rights whatsoever, has been the calamity which has befallen ever-increasing numbers of people. Man, it turns out, can lose all so-called Rights of Man without losing his essential quality as man, his human dignity. Only the loss of a polity itself expels him from humanity" (p. 297).

People so often say that you can't practice non-violent civil disobedience against the totalitarian government. Perhaps one reason for this is precisely that they have destroyed the state as we have understood it. The state may be a precious thing: the very condition for protest, for the practice of civil disobedience.

In her preface, Hannah Arendt says that "human dignity needs a new guarantee which can be found only in a new political principle, in a new law on earth, whose validity this time must comprehend the whole of humanity while its power must remain strictly limited, rooted in and controlled by newly defined territorial entities." This is a large order. The question is,

what political principle? Can there be a new political principle?

In a fascinating article reprinted in *Cross Currents*, Martin Buber discusses "The Validity and Limitation of the Political Principle," basing his discussion on Jesus' saying about the tribute money. The article is difficult to condense, but a few quotations will give an idea of Buber's meaning.

"The human person, ontologically regarded, constitutes not a single sphere, but a union of two spheres. By this I in no way imply the duality of body and soul, allotting to one the kingdom of Caesar and to the other the kingdom of God . . . I mean the sphere of wholeness and that of separation or division. . . . Thus giving to the state, giving that which is due it in the sphere of separation, is authorized by the sphere of wholeness in which we give to God what is due Him: ourselves . . . Give to God your

and Buber is that she seems to be asking for the moon and he is simply asking that each political commitment each of us makes should be deeply considered, as to whether it infringes on "my wholeness and immediacy"—that is, on the domain of what is God's. Of course, this may be the moon too, but it is on this side of it, at any rate!

I heard once of someone who stopped studying philosophy because she felt that the philosophers were offering nothing but various alternatives to the Gospel! Could this be true in the realm of political philosophy, and what would it mean? It seems to me that really this is what Ammon is saying: that the only political principle (in the wider sense) that it is possible to derive from the Gospel is what he calls "anarchism." If we live the Gospel we won't need any state or any political philosophy. Wheth-



Peter Maurin

Eichenberg.

immediacy, the saying about tribute money says to us, and from so doing you will learn ever anew what of your mediacy you shall give to Caesar." "By 'the political principle' I designate that so-to-speak practical axiom that predominates in the opinion and attitude of a very great part of the modern world. Formulated in a sentence, it means roughly that public regimes are the legitimate determinants of human existence. Chief emphasis lies naturally on the adjective 'legitimate.'" "I am not undertaking to set material limits to the validity of the political principle. That, rather, is just what must take place in reality time after time, soul after soul, situation after situation: I mean only to say that this occurrence has obviously become an exceptional one." "If the political organization of existence does not infringe on my wholeness and immediacy, it may demand of me that I do justice to it at any particular time as far as, in a given inner conflict, I believe I am able to answer for."

According to Buber, then, we should not reject the political principle out of hand, as the anarchists do. Neither should we seek a new political principle, as Hannah Arendt says—far from it. Rather we should learn more effective ways of controlling the political principle, to make sure that it does not rule our lives. Perhaps this is what Hannah Arendt also means. They are using the term "political principle" differently, in any case—that much is clear—and Buber's use of it is more restricted. The main difference between Arendt

er this is true or not, the fact remains, that we don't live the Gospel. This is because of sin. In the Church we can get rid of our sins through the sacrament of penance, and thus work to live up to the counsel of perfection. But political society has no such sacrament, and the sins committed in it—our sins—don't just fade away. On the contrary, they accumulate and make a terrible mess. The importance of finding a "new political principle" or of limiting the political principle—whichever way you look at it—is in finding a way to restrict the effect of sins in political society. This is I think what Peter Maurin must have meant about making a society where it is easier for people to be good. If this is possible only through the restriction of sin generally then Ammon is right, and personal holiness—the one man revolution—is in the long run the only effective political principle there is.

In this article I want to mention two other approaches to political action. One is *satyagraha* and the other is from Buber again, set forth in *Paths in Utopia* (a most wonderful book, available for \$1.50 in a Beacon Press paperback) and especially in the chapter on Landauer.

Gandhi discovered only with some difficulty a satisfactory name for the kind of political action that he developed in South Africa. Finally he called it *satyagraha*, the force which is born of adherence to truth. Gandhi said of it (in *Satyagraha in South Africa*, p. 339):

monstrated with some success that *Satyagraha* in South Africa, p. 339): "I will consider myself amply matchless weapon, and that those who wield it are strangers to disappointment or defeat."

Gandhi obviously considered *satyagraha* to be a political principle suitable for all occasions, and much more besides. How, if at all, does it differ from Ammon's anarchism? The main difference, it seems to me, is that Gandhi doesn't come right out and say that there is no truth in the realm of the state, or that a man adhering to truth can have nothing to do with the state. Rather, *satyagraha* involves exactly what Buber is talking about when he speaks of a fresh decision in each situation—a grasping at the truth in each situation. This refusal to reject law and the state explicitly is very important, and in fact, in some respects *satyagraha* even presupposes law. Gandhian civil disobedience is not simply the open refusal to obey a certain law. It is the refusal, by someone who respects the body of the law that he considers just, to obey any law that he considers unjust, and to take the full consequences of this refusal according to the law, never using violence. Whoever does this is deeply involved in political society, and in fact his power to evoke a free conversion of those enforcing the unjust law depends on his acceptance of the general body of the law. Gandhi's position, in accept-

ing the binding power of just law, is the same as that of St. Thomas.

It is true, however, that Gandhi never really figured out the problem of the use of force by the state to punish infractions of the law. In this respect his position was closer to Ammon's, but as far as I know he remained equivocal, and I do not believe that Gandhi ever became an "anarchist" though at times he did come close to it. Who doesn't?

Buber's constructive suggestions on the subject of political action can be glimpsed in a few quotations. First he says, quoting Landauer: "The State is not, as Kropotkin thinks, an institution which can be destroyed by a revolution. 'The State is a condition, a certain relationship between human beings, a mode of human behavior; we destroy it by contracting other relationships, by behaving differently.'" (p. 46) Then he says, and this is the key to his approach: "People living together at a given time and in a given space are only to a certain degree capable, of their own free will, of living together rightly; of their own free will maintaining a right order and conducting their common concerns accordingly. The line which at any time limits this capacity forms the basis of the State at that time; in other words, the degree of incapacity for a voluntary right order determines the degree of legitimate compulsion. Nevertheless the *de facto*

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Heart of the Matter

By ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

When I was researching Peter Maurin's biography and his days in Paris with the Christian Brothers and Sillon movement, I was struck with the place given the Sacred Heart by the Catholic social leaders of France. The spiritual meaning of work, the need for reparation for injustices done the workman, were woven together into the fabric of the devotion. The idea that robbing a workman of his wages was a sin crying to Heaven for vengeance took on an added dimension.

The terrible civil war following the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870-71 shocked thinking Catholics into social action. They decided that reparation must be done. In that war, the soldiers, returning from the battlefields, were given guns to go against the people of Paris. The Commune ended with the bloody defeat of the Parisians in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise but the bitterness lingered on. It remains today in the working class districts which vote Marxist as a tradition. It is among these people that the worker priests went, not so much to convert as to give witness.

As an act of reparation, French Catholics built the famed shrine of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre. The building shines in white splendor above the roofs on the hill where St. Denys is reputedly buried. It was in this same Church that the Sillon members, of which Peter Maurin was one, met for their all-night vigils of prayer and meditation. Like ancient knights they watched and prayed. At intervals, they went down to the basement to hear their leader, Marc Sangnier, or one of their chaplains read selections from the Bible. Sometimes, Sangnier would choose excerpts from Pascal's *Mystere de Jesus*. The young people went out from these spiritual exercises to engage the opposition in debate and social action.

Two aristocrats, Comte Albert de Mun and Rene de la Tour du Pin, were imprisoned in the Franco-Prussian War. A Jesuit priest gave them the social writings of the German Bishop Von Ketteler to read. These were to have an important place in the discussions leading to the publication of Pope Leo's encyclical on labor, *Rerum Novarum*. The imprisoned men studied them and were impressed. They decided to do something for the workman but weren't quite clear how to go about it.

One day, de Mun visited a hospitality center on the Boulevard Montparnasse, run by Maurice Maignen, a brother of the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul. The place, which catered to apprentice workers, had a restaurant for cheap meals, recreation facilities, a loan service, and a relief fund for unemployed workers. The two men decided to copy the center. Beginning in 1878, they founded 375 similar places with a membership of 37,500 persons. Marc Sangnier was to be impressed with this work and he incorporated many of the ideas into his own movement. His work was to begin fifteen years later.

There was one particular weakness in the centers. The clubs were run from the top without the workers having a say. The support too came from well-to-do persons, mostly aristocrats, whose enthusiasm after a time waned. Sangnier was to see this flaw and he strove to inject a democratic spirit into his groups. In fact the central idea of Sangnier's was how to make a Christian or Personalist democracy succeed. The liberals were belligerently saying that Catholicism and democracy were incompatible and many Catholic leaders, so used to the ways—even ruts—of monarchical thinking were inclined to agree with them. Sangnier's views had to come up through attacks from the left and right. Peter Maurin was to get many of his ideas from his days with Sangnier. In reading one of the latter's books on education, I was impressed with the similarity of thinking, even phrasing, of the two men. Sangnier's way of balancing opinions is seen in Peter's *Easy Essay* style. Both agreed that an elite alone could make democracy work—it wasn't a mere counting of heads.

Leon Harmel, another social thinker, praised by Peter, was watching de Mun and de la Tour du Pin and their experiments. He had inherited prosperous spinning mills in Val de Bois in the Champagne from his pious father. The latter always had a strong paternalistic attitude towards his workers. The son inherited this too: He was following closely French Catholic social thought, seeing how he could apply it to his mills. He copied some of the ideas of de Mun and de la Tour du Pin but he made sure the democratic spirit prevailed. The workmen's circles

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The Walkers

By KARL MEYER

Clinton, Pa., 28 April 1961.

We walked in the rain today, as we do on many days. The tolerance of the walkers for rain and cold is incredible to me. When I wrote about the Walk to Russia, in the March CW, I said that we ought to go as "poor men, stripped of the comforts of the American way of life," and as "men ready to labor long hours." After I joined the Walk I was embarrassed that I had written such things. We in the Catholic Worker movement believe in and practice voluntary poverty, but it is really a warm and dry and well-fed poverty, even though we have to use the oven as a heater and even though water comes down through the ceiling several times a month and even though we dig some of our food from the garbage bins behind supermarkets. So before setting out on the Walk I purchased a rain hat and a rubber raincoat, such as policemen wear, and a pair of rubber boots.

I was determined to be a warm and dry walker. When I arrived at the walk on a cold, rainy day, I found the walkers miserably dressed, some of them in nothing more than a light jacket. And I was the best dressed of all. I cannot say which is more uncomfortable, to be soaking wet on a cold day or to be warm and dry while others are cold and wet. But it must be that it is more uncomfortable to be cold and wet because I am still wearing my fancy rain gear. Even so I am sometimes miserable, and when I am miserable, I think of refugees and those in prison camps and battlefields and those who walk the streets of our cities without clothing or shelter, because of man's insensitivity. It is this experience which makes me realize fully the reasons for our action: We have no share in poverty, loneliness and misery, we will never understand these things or care enough to share in their alleviation.

Fast From Sleep

The walkers also go without sleep. They walk all day, moving on each day to hospitality in a new town. In the evenings they speak at meetings and hold their own interminable internal meetings on Walk details and policy. And with all this they seldom get adequate rest at night, sleeping in sleeping bags on concrete floors.

Warm days are coming. The fields are beginning to turn green. The spring birds are in migration, and for the first time in six years I am in the country to see them as they pass. In the mornings I go to Mass, each day in a new town, if we are in a town that has a Catholic Church. I stayed with Terry McKiernan in South Bend and went to Mass with his family in a beautiful church near their home. We are passing now through a country of Brethern Mennonite and Quaker farmers. They are wonderfully hospitable, and most often we sleep in one of their churches. We also speak in their churches and I always feel much in common with them.

Kermit Eby

I tell them about Kermit Eby, a Brethern elder, former education director for the CIO, and presently an economics professor at the University of Chicago, who influenced me deeply in my student days. He used to say that St. Andrew was his favorite saint because when he was called by Christ he first went and got his brother. Remembering this I took Andrew as my patron after I became a Catholic and received the Sacrament of Confirmation. I have recently learned that Andrew is also the patron of Russia, because he was the first man to preach the Gospel in what is now part of Russia.

People

The walkers are a diverse and universal group. The oldest is Wilmer Young, a weighty Friend of 73, whom I first met at Omaha, where I spent some time in jail with him after we trespassed at

time Atlas missile base near there. His wife is at Pendle Hill and has written a moving pamphlet called "Insured by Hope," which tells about their life on the land in South Carolina. They are very close to the Catholic Worker and Dorothy admires them a lot.

There are three Catholics, several Friends, Mennonites and others with a wide range of religious positions. At present writing the Walk numbers about 35 participants and will grow larger after it reaches Washington, D.C. on May 12.

Civil Defense

In addition to walking and speaking at colleges and churches and on radio and TV, we also picket at military installations and at factories that have large military contracts. On April 15, six of us went ahead to Toledo to picket the tax office there. Today, nine went ahead to Pittsburgh to picket at Civil Defense headquarters during the nationwide Civil Defense drills. There is a Civil Defense law in Pennsylvania similar to the New York law, but in Pennsylvania the law is not enforced.

St. Stephen's House

I want finally to report that St. Stephen's House in Chicago is now in the hands of Kurt Wahle. He

War is an infernal system of lies and violence whereby all the men in a nation capable of bearing arms are forced to regard their neighbors as enemies and murder them without mercy, and that action is described withal as 'patriotism' or 'duty.'

—Dr. Max Josef Metzger, Austrian Catholic priest executed by the Nazis in 1944.

operates an offset press for the University of Chicago. He is a pacifist and has been associated with us for some time. He is a tall, lanky young man who is striding toward the one-man revolution in seven league boots. Several months ago he sent back his draft cards and announced that he would no longer cooperate with the Selective Service System. In fact he sent them back three times since the local board did not wish to believe in his persistence. He visited Cuba last summer. Now he is living at the House of Hospitality and supporting it from his wages as I used to do. He is interested in the Green Revolution and other programs of Catholic Worker action, and I hope our friends in Chicago will visit him and give him their support.

c/o Committee for Nonviolent Action

Karl Meyer

158 Grand St.

New York 13, N.Y.

Ride for Freedom

The Freedom Ride is the first major bus trip to challenge racial segregation since the Journey of Reconciliation, 14 years ago. That pioneer project, taking place less than a year after the first Supreme Court decision (in the Irene Morgan case) outlawing segregation in inter-state travel, was also sponsored by CORE.

Freedom Ride 1961 will leave Washington, D.C. on May 4 and continue through Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi until the group arrives in New Orleans on May 17. There will be 16 participants, 10 Negroes and six whites. All have been specially selected on the basis of their use of non-violent action methods in their own communities. A three-day training period in Washington, before the group sets out on Greyhound and Trailways buses, will use sociodrama and other techniques to prepare the participants for any eventuality.

The Journey of Reconciliation involved 23 Negro and white participants. In only one instance was violence threatened—by a gang of idle cab drivers at the Chapel Hill, North Carolina, bus station.

On buses where the drivers ignored the Negroes occupying front seats, the passengers also ignored them. On buses where the drivers

asked Negroes to move to the rear and met with refusal, there was discussion among the passengers but no threatened outbreaks.

There were 12 arrests during the trip and a number of threatened arrests. Three men served 30-day sentences on a North Carolina road gang because of a technicality involving their interstate status at one of the stops. The rest of the cases were either dropped or won on appeal.

The Freedom Ride will differ from its predecessor in three important respects. First, it will penetrate beyond the upper south, into the deep south. Second, it will challenge segregation not only aboard buses but in terminal eating facilities, waiting rooms, rest stops, etc. Third, participants who are arrested will remain in jail rather than accept release on bail or payment of fines. Replacement teams may be available to continue the journey in case of arrest of the original riders.

The main purpose of the Freedom Ride, like the Journey 14 years ago, is to make bus desegregation a reality instead of merely an approved legal doctrine. By demonstrating that a group can ride buses in a desegregated manner even in the deep south, CORE hopes to encourage other people to do likewise.

EVOLUTION OF A MYTH

By Dianne Gannon and Richard W. Shanner

In 1959 the House Committee on Un-American Activities decided to call a hearing on Communist infiltration among the teachers in California. Subpoenaing 75 teachers, the committee broke one of its own rules by releasing the names to the press. Eventually, since the committee changed its mind about coming, but since the names had been so well advertised, the HCUA turned its files over to the state authorities. Local school boards were given the opportunity of handling the cases, and although several did lose their jobs, some school boards declared that the uncorroborated information in the files made the accusations nothing more than that.

Thus San Franciscans were well prepared for the HCUA when they finally arrived last spring. Several important groups expressed opposition to the hearings, including Protestant and Jewish societies, labor organizations and more than seven hundred local professors. And when the committee opened their hearings, at last, students were the largest portion of the picketers. Under the direction of the Student Committee for Civil Liberties Union, students from the University of California, San Francisco State College, and Stanford University began the long picket line. From the very beginning, the idea of non-violence was stressed, and the student committee kept the police informed of their plans. In addition to the picketing, the committee also circulated petitions.

Quite a few of the demonstrators were persons who had signed the "save Chessman" petitions and participated in the fight to abolish capital punishment in California. Some had also participated in peace walks and in the CORE-sponsored picketing of chain stores, in sympathy with the Southern sit-ins.

I remember coming out of the college library on the first day of the hearings, and seeing a friend of mine, who, having a couple of free hours, was going down to join the picketing. For those of us in college then, the committee hearing provided us with another opportunity for "political action." We had heard reports of the negro sit-ins in the South, and of college-led peace walks. But all over the campus, there was an air of action. It was possible to do some-

thing, even if it were only through the rather dull method of picketing.

Then too, those who had been fighting the injustices of the negro, felt that they must picket because the Subcommittee chairman, Congressman Edwin E. Willis (D., La.), had attempted to filibuster a civil rights bill, and thus repre-

sented a way of life they had been fighting against.

On a Friday afternoon a year ago this month, when the college seemed like an old house the few of us who still had classes were rattling around in, I sat in my soundproof office correcting papers and waiting for my three o'clock class. When at last I emerged, the

dark hall was crowded with professors and graduate students. They told me that the police had hosed down a group of students at the hearing. And later that night, I saw the most startling picture of police brutality in America in my time, for the thirties are but history to me, on the front page of a local Hearst paper. It was a full page picture, later dropped from all discussion of the riot, showing the actual hosing. I can remember "helping" firemen put out a small gully fire as a child, and being knocked off my feet just holding the hose, so powerful is the force. No wonder the inside steps of the City Hall looked like a waterfall! People slipped down the long flight into the hands of the police below as the police above washed them along. Around the lower corners of the picture, policemen shoved and clubbed and dragged women as well as men. No cartoon could have caricatured this picture for it was the caricature itself.

The earliest newspaper version, although making the crowd appear a group of beatniks, all state that the police turned on the firehoses before any physical violence occurred. It was only later that they began to report the official police story, which flatly states that the students were using their fists and feet "in a highly hysterical manner." With this, the inspector in charge, Michael J. Maguire, states that he used the hoses "to bring this situation under control."

And while the riot made headlines around the world, very few realize what actually happened. It seems that we have already become quite clever at rewriting history. The House Committee on Un-American Activities has not only allowed distortion in the newspapers, but, through a patchwork job of newsreel films, it has made a film called "Operation Abolition." There are 750 copies in circulation, and they are being widely distributed across the country. Perhaps it is scheduled in your parish, in your organization, in your business.

While at best, one can say that the narrator did not check too carefully on facts, it is obvious that the film has been carefully edited, and even at that there are discrepancies between the picture and what the narrator says of the picture. What was actually done is a virtual rewrite job, for incidents that happened Saturday, the day

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During the Eichmann Trial

By DENISE LEVERTOV

*"When we look up
each from his being"*

Robert Duncan

He had not looked,
pitiful man whom none

pity, whom all
must pity if they look

into their own face (given
only by glass, steel, water

barely known) all
who look up

to see—how many
faces? How many

seen in a lifetime? (Not those
that flash by, but those

into which the gaze wanders
and is lost

and returns to tell
Here is a mystery,

*a person, an
other, an I?*

Count them.
Who are five million?)

*I was used from the nursery
to obedience*

*all my life . . .
Corpselike*

*obedience.' Yellow
calmed him later—*

*'a charming picture'
yellow of autumn leaves in*

*Wienerwald, a little
railroad station
nineteen-o-eight, Lemberg,*

*yellow sun
on the stepmother's teatable*

*Franz Joseph's beard
blessing his little ones.*

*It was the yellow
of the stars too,*

*stars that marked
those in whose faces*

*you had not
looked. 'They were cast out*

*as if they were
some animals, some beasts.'*

*'And what would disobedience
have brought me? And*

*Whom would it have served?'
'I did not let my thoughts*

*dwell on this—I had
seen it and that was*

*enough.' (The words
'slur into a harsh babble')*

*'A spring of blood
gushed from the earth.'
Miracle*

*unsung. I see
a spring of blood
gush from the earth—*

*Earth cannot swallow
so much at once*

*a fountain
rushes towards the sky*

*unrecognized
a sign—*

*Pity this man who saw it
whose obedience continued—*

*he, you, I, which shall I say?
He stands*

*isolate in a bulletproof
witness-stand of glass,*

*a cage, where we may view
ourselves, an apparition*

*telling us something he
does not know! we are members*

one of another.

The One Man Revolution

(Continued from page 2)

wanted his name to be used in such a hate campaign.

Welch is for Chiang, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Clarence Mannon, J. B. Matthews, Hitler as preferred to Stalin, *The National Review* and *Human Events*. And he is against the Algerian rebels and Castro. He says that Wilson "cojoled" us into World War I and "Roosevelt lying in his teeth about his intentions," got us into World War II. Those who are critical of Communists are not to be trusted for if you are not a stool pigeon against them you are suspect, as are Djilas and Pasternak to Welch. And Rockefeller is too much for "one-world."

Most people in the world are not pacifists, and very few anarchists whom I know are pacifists. I am what you would call an anarchist of the left, for I am a pacifist and go all the way against violence, not only of the state but of the individual. I blush when Welch talks like an anarchist of the right when he says, "The greatest enemy of man is, and always has been government. . . . Government is the enemy of individual freedom. . . . All governments without exception are thoroughly decadent." In his better mood he says, "Less government and more responsibility our watchword."

His supposed facts about Communists infiltrating practically all of our society and government are meant for the Father Coughlin and Joe McCarthy mentally who are moved by fear and hatred. Such methods defeat themselves in the long run. It is like predicting the end of the world; time passes and the world does not end. It is like crying "wolf, wolf" every time a doggie barks. Frustrated old women living on their husband's insurance, lazy so-called intellectuals who see truck drivers earning more than they can by their scattered efforts, and the natural snob who is afraid of the lower classes, are also attracted to this hate club. Welch advises the use of "mean and dirty" questions, for the enemy uses this tactic also. In his chapter on tactics he calls for reading rooms somewhat like the Christian Scientists, putting the *National Review*, etc. in dentists and doctors' offices, writing letters to Congressmen and editors, organizing all kinds of fronts. Coordinators are paid but the top men get nothing. Dues are \$24 a year for men and \$12 a year for women; life membership \$1000. They meet in small cells like the Communists Welch does not believe in majority rule (neither does any anarchist). He states that "The John Birch Society will operate under completely authoritative control at all levels." Those who are not loyal to Welch will be fired. He is the supreme boss. One more organization of anti-Communists is not needed he says. Even Pelley never was as mad as this man Welch in his dream of a Führer to lead the way. He does show a little sense in bidding his followers to beware of anti-Communists who spread race hatred for this will rebound to the discredit of the Society. (Of course the CW is also a dictatorship: that of Dorothy Day, only we have no paid Co-ordinators and our method is one of love not of hate. We all work for free. There is no voting or majority rule in true anarchist fashion. There has to be a waste-paper basket where there is a paper, and someone to say what shall be printed, or it would be terrible.)

In one chapter Welch gets lyrical, blesses all patriotic religions, although he is a fallen away fundamentalist. He quotes Belloc and Jefferson, and of all persons—I know Harry would turn in his grave at the thought—for he quotes Harry Kemp, "Thou hast put an upward search in the heart of man." What this has to do with the John Birch Society of hate is a mystery. Perhaps the man wore out his hate chords for the time being and sweetened his message

a bit to put his less vicious followers off guard. As the Quakers say, "There is that of God in every man," so Welch has taken something good from the anarchists and mixed it with his fear and hate. It may not be greed on his part but he will attract certain greedy ones to make money as Co-ordinators of the suckers as they come along. Welch is a pikier compared to Buchman of the Moral Re-orientation Movement which uses L-O-V-E in superlative tones to cover up its anti-Communist message of hate; and uses the word H-O-N-E-S-T-Y to cover up their larceny minded exploitation. I am reading Mgr. Suenens of Belgium about them and will write concerning them at length another time.

Salt Lake City

I arrived here August 6th, the 131st anniversary of the founding of the Mormon Church with their annual conference in full swing; and the 44th anniversary of our entry into World War I. To my amazement I found a room at the Raymond Hotel a long block away from the Mormon Temple for a dollar a day. The next morning I went north to the town of Bountiful (I like the name) and inquired for work but there were no real farmers there. A Mr. Smoot at a Jersey dairy said he might have work for me later fixing fence. I explained why I did not want to pay taxes for war and he understood. I finally came to a Mormon relief farm where I also saw in big letters: CAP. I asked a Mormon woman what this meant and she said it was Civilian Air Patrol that met in the big house there. Her husband had been sick and out of work and they gave him work on the farm and paid him for it, taking out the rent for the house they lived in. Here sixty cows were milked and a tank truck took the milk to town where it was bottled and delivered free to the poor. This was a Stake farm and the woman laughed when I thought she said "State" farm, for their religious groups are formed in wards and stakes. The boss was away and I phoned that night and I was told I could come out tomorrow and work for free if I liked. I walked in some rain and sleet before coming back to town. My ankles were sore from wearing high shoes, but this is always the case when changing shoes. The next day I set posts and dug post holes for about seven hours. Men had come at daylight from Bountiful and were rebuilding a chicken coop. Those who receive aid are asked to work later on the farm to pay for it if there is any work they can do. Others who have not received aid work for free in certain projects. One of these carpenters offered to take me home for lunch but I wanted to finish my work. Byron, the boss, said that the Trappists near Ogden had the best cows and he had met other Trappists in Washington when he was on his mission. I was told to see Wesley Ford up the road. He proved to be a genial understanding man who felt that it didn't hurt Mormons to have a little competition, but he bemoaned the fact that few people worked on farms now as long as they could make money in war plants which constitute 35% of the income in Utah. In fact in an article on Utah in the *Saturday Evening Post* (I read it when traveling) of a few weeks ago by Robert Cahn, the Utah financial leader, Marriner Eccles sums up the feeling of many Utahns: "I'd like to see our prosperity based on something more solid and less destructive than the missile industry."

Sunday after Mass I visited with my old friend Fr. McDougall who suggested that I go to Layton two-thirds up the way to Ogden where the real beet and dairy country began, and where there was a Catholic Church, and many Mexican workers. I talked to a young Irish priest from Long Island there the next morning who knew of the

CW, and walked on for some miles until I found the only CW subscriber in that area who proved to be the Mormon brother of my friend David Kirk of N.Y. City. His brother's wife had been raised a Catholic but was now a devout Mormon. They knew of the CW of course and were very cordial, driving me to a farmer where they bought unpasteurized milk. This farmer was sympathetic to my ideas and promised work for me later in the summer irrigating.



"I arose and am still with thee" - alleluia!

The Lord is risen - alleluia - alleluia!

and perhaps a few days work now before I returned on the 20th to N.Y. City for the air raid refusal.

The next day I attended the special Mass at the Cathedral celebrating the 10th anniversary of Bishop Federal.

At the University

I had met Prof. Francis Wormuth, who teaches political science here, at the New School Tuesday nights when I sold CW's there two years ago. He had me speak to his class which was nearly all Mormons. I told them of the proper way to teach history which was to have papers from every point of view, and kidded them about not being able to hear speakers from the Reorganized Mormon Church or from the polygamists. I admitted that Catholics had forgotten most of what Christ taught at the time of Constantine, but that the Mormons had chickened out on polygamy in the 1890's preferring prosperity to persecution. Bishop Neal Maxwell was in the class of the Mormons, and he had me tape a recording on the University television which was shown on his TELL ME program the 24th. He was very cordial. I also met Prof. Thomas O'Dea who formerly taught at Fordham and now teaches Sociology here. I met at a dinner the liberals of the University and the head of the NAACP, and when the time comes I'll picket Woolworth's with the radical students.

Prof. Wormuth drove me to the Carmelite Monastery where I met Sister Mary Catherine, the blood sister of Apostle Romney of the Mormons. Later I went out and dug flower beds for her on a Satur-

day, witnessing the taking of the veil by a young girl who reminded me of our own Diane Mazza who is with the Carmelites in Mobile. On a Sunday I met Father Shannon after Mass. He is head of St. Thomas College in St. Paul and an old time friend of the CW.

Back to N.Y. City

An evening with Father Doyle at Vernal, Utah, passing through the scene of the terrible Mountain Meadows Massacre on the way, and with Fr. Frank Pellegrino at Roosevelt. These two young priests are outnumbered 100 to one by Mormons, and it was a joy to see their broad minded spirit and love for those among whom they were working at such odds. Then a meeting with friends in Denver, missing a big snowstorm by a few hours at Berthoud pass. Riding two days and a night I was met at Notre Dame by Terry McKiernan and Jerry Judge and the next day had four meetings with classes, and one at night, including students of penology under Prof. O'Brien, former head of all Indiana prisons. I promised to come back for a larger meeting on my way to Salt Lake City. Had to wait a few hours in Pittsburgh and phoned Mike Strasser and walked an hour in the rain to find a chop suey house where I could get fried rice, for the ordinary fare at bus stops is terrible for a vegetarian. Good visits with all at the CW, and with Mary, Carol and Janet who live out and I am ready for the air raid refusal.

Heart of the Matter

(Continued from page 4)

he formed became internationally known in those beginning days of unionism. Pope Leo XIII singled him out by name as the good example of an employer.

The government had permitted unions only in the 1890's. Before that time, workers earned a pittance and had to carry a work book, or brevet, signed by their last employer, saying why they had left their job. Harmel encouraged his men to attend national union congresses, social weeks, and apply their findings to their own factories.

A priest coming into prominence in those days for his writings on the social question was Father Leon Dehon. He was a remarkably brilliant man who had collected four doctorates before going into parish work in his late twenties. He had studied in Paris and Rome and held the degrees in theology, philosophy, canon law and civil law. . . . He had been a stenographer at the Vatican Council which gave him an inside picture of the intensive thinking Church leaders were giving to the problems of the times.

In his first parish, St. Quentin, a town of some thirty thousand persons, he found his parishioners overwhelmed with problems of poverty, old age, sickness and unemployment. They were filled with hate towards the industrialists and had little use for the priests who they felt sided with their oppressors.

Out of his own money, Father Dehon had built a center for young workers. It had an outside playing field for sports and inside a gymnasium, library, chapel, meeting rooms, game rooms and an employment agency. This positive action on his part changed the spirit of many and a gay and infectious one infused the place. Other priests were drawn to the work and Father Dehon found himself called upon to speak about his center. He studied the social question just as intently as he had pondered his school studies and became a recognized authority. He wrote for magazines, newspapers, published books, founded a magazine and eventually formed a society of priests dedicated to the Sacred Heart. They were to do reparation and what better way than to help the needy working class families?

Harmel after meeting Father Dehon, whose writings he had ad-

mired for some time; asked him to send some priests from the newly formed society into the Harmel factories as full-time chaplains. Father Dehon agreed and thus began one of the most important and fruitful collaborations in the social apostolate. The two names were magic for audiences interested in these problems. They spoke throughout France and even in Rome. Seminarians found themselves vying with Cardinals and Bishops for seats to hear them lecture on this very complex problem. When Father Dehon met cynicism, he countered by having Harmel hold Social Weeks at his factories. The doubting Thomases, whether they were seminarians, priests or Bishops were invited in to see and touch. When they came, they were given hospitality, shown the organizations at work and treated to lectures on how these operated. They found a network of cooperative endeavours of an extremely well-informed group of workmen. These men had formed insurance, savings and relief societies, employment services and other co-operative works. They found men eager to analyze and introduce the best of ideas. To get them they went not only to books but to the many national congresses to see what their friends and opponents had to offer.

While Father Dehon was tireless in work and prolific in writing, his thought can be explained in three simple steps. Through philosophy, he said, we come to a knowledge of the kindness, beauty, wisdom and infinite perfection of God but we must ask for God's help in this intellectual search. Then one step further, we know God by faith, a deeper knowledge but still not enough for we cannot love no matter how logical the reasoning. The heart must have its special way.

In his book, *The Year with the Sacred Heart*, he explains this special way. On every page he describes the power of this Heart to convert and captivate and reveal itself to those who listen. He bases his book on the Scripture—a love letter from God. But love secrets aren't revealed to the indifferent. One must peruse the New Testament and study again and again Christ's actions. His qualities aren't explained by the writers but as we ponder the actions, we are introduced to the secrets of the Heart

of Christ. The lover only gives secrets to the one in love.

From this love, the social order is renewed. Men see each other in a deeper and more spiritual way. Now the intellect isn't just receiving cold thought. The imagination is warmed and the Person of Christ becomes more real—a close and intimate friend. The truths of faith are melded by love.

This conquest of the imagination, feelings and emotions was something Marc Sangnier was trying to understand and explain to his followers. He had found the writings of Father Gratry most helpful. The latter had reintroduced the Oratory of St. Philip Neri into France. He had been President of the College Stanislaus, the place where Sangnier began his movement. He held a seat in the French Academy, the one once occupied by Voltaire.

Father Gratry's book, *Les Sources*, which so appealed to and enthused Sangnier, had similar views to those of Father Dehon. Both contended that the intellectual act of faith wasn't enough. The will, imagination, feelings, sensibilities had to be involved if a person was really to give himself to Christianity and a Christian social order.

Later Peter Maurin often insisted on this important place of the imagination in religion. He often remarked that St. Francis was always seen in dramatic actions. Brilliantly, he had devised the drama of recreating crib scenes of Bethlehem. Peter once mentioned the writings of Professor Ralph Perry as opening up this subject of the imagination and religion. For Peter, the houses of hospitality were dramatic ways of displaying the ancient spirit of Christian giving: see how these Christians love one another.

In those Parisian days at the turn of the century, young men were seeing visions and old men were dreaming dreams. Theodor Herzl dreamed his dream which he thought might be a novel. It turned out to be the blueprint of the still distant State of Israel. Lenin, bicycling each day to the National Library from his rooms in Montparnasse, was documenting his dream of world revolution using the self-same Paris Commune as his frame of reference, the same which had inspired de Mun and

(Continued on page 7)

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

The obstreperous March lion kept on roaring right through a good part of April this year, and reminded me with every gusty roar that "April is," as T. S. Eliot has observed, "the cruelest month." Yet Spring was shyly at work in spite of cold winds, rain, sleet, and fog, and every day new buds appeared and the grass grew a little greener, and then one day the forsythia beside the chapel door bloomed bright as candelabra burning in the ancient liturgy of Spring. Now it is early May, the month of Our Lady, and Daisy Mae, our cow, and Susie, the calf, nibble at purple violets hiding in the lush green clumps of grass; the full-branched, unpruned tops of our pear and cherry trees are clouds of bloom where bees buzz about their honey-making task; early in the morning the chorus of birds joins the chorus of frogs which are hoarse from singing all night long; in the evenings the whippoorwills call; down on the pond the large white geese hiss angrily at anyone who approaches the little golden goslings sheltering under their mothers' wings, and the wild duck with the wounded wing quacks philosophically amid the excited goose gabble, dreaming perhaps of northern marshes where his comrades have flown.

Whatever the weather, the routine and seasonal work have continued at the farm. John Pilliger, who has his problems with broken-down plows and tractors, has nevertheless managed to do the necessary plowing and disking. Seeds that can be planted early have been sown, and the greenhouse is full of thriving plants ready to be set out as soon as sun and warmth can be depended on. Mike Buksal and Albert Check have been faithful assistants in all this work; and Charles Butterworth, who has the heavy responsibility of running St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street, used part of his rest periods at the farm to get out with a rake and help prepare the ground for planting. At the house, Spring painting has been going on. Ralph Madsen has repainted the sittingroom with such an imaginative feeling for color that it is now one of our most pleasing rooms. Hans Tunneson and Andy Spillane certainly deserve special commendation for the splendid job they did in repainting, plaster mending, and floor mending in Dorothy Day's little room. As always the essential work of cooking, cleaning, washing, dishwashing, has gone on with Joe Beach, Joe Cotter, Bill Keane, Hans Tunneson, Frank Bourne, Molly Powers, and Agnes Sydney filling their regular and important roles, and with Jean Walsh, who helps Ralph Madsen run the farm, lending a helping hand wherever it is needed, capably and unobtrusively.

Since we enjoyed so little really good weather during the month of April, we were particularly grateful that the third Sunday

after Easter turned out so mild and pleasant; we are equally grateful, too, to Fr. Janer, who is one of the dedicated Jesuits of Nativty Church who have done such splendid work among the Puerto Ricans on New York's East Side, for giving us such a vital and memorable Day of Recollection on that Sunday; we are also grateful to the forty or fifty persons who shared the day with us. One young woman, Kay Perring, newly baptized, came to make her first Communion at the 11:15 Mass in our chapel with which Fr. Janer began the day. We were glad to see such old friends as Emma Greiner, Helen Dolan, Kenneth and Mary Boyd with their sons, Dennis and Christopher, and to have so many from our Chrystie Street staff and family, and such a large group of those who formerly worked with Friendship House in Harlem. We are also happy that during the past weeks we have had many other visitors from far and near. Recently, Stephen Rynne, a well-known lecturer and writer from Ireland who has just finished a lecture tour in this country, came to see us. He is the special representative of "The Parish Community Movement" which he thinks has much in common with the Catholic Worker. We hope he will keep in touch with us and come back to see us and speak at a Friday night meeting when he returns to this country.

In a large family like ours not many weeks pass without someone having a birthday. On April third, Albert Check celebrated his seventy-third birthday with a cake baked by Jean Walsh who took such good care of Albert during his serious illness last fall. On April twentieth, Charles Butterworth, Beth Rogers, and Frances Bittner came out to help us celebrate the eightieth birthday of Agnes Sydney. Ralph cooked supper, making delicious potato pancakes; I baked a cake; Jean walked to the village to get some ice cream. To complete the day, Charles had brought movies which were shown after Compline that evening. On the first of May, the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker, Ralph Madsen attained the high dignity of twenty-seven years. I baked a cake which Jean Walsh jokingly covered with many candles. There was much joking about Ralph's advanced age, and the birthday festivity was enjoyed by all.

April twenty-eighth was also an important date for some of us at Peter Maurin Farm. Ralph Madsen, Ed Forand, and I went in to Manhattan Friday morning to join with others from the Catholic Worker and with hundreds more from other groups in the civil defense protest demonstration in City Hall Park during the compulsory "take shelter" drill that afternoon at four. This was the seventh demonstration of its kind and had been started in 1935 by Ammon Hennacy, Dorothy Day, A. J. Muste and a few others. Until last year, however, only a handful had taken part in the demonstration; I myself had

participated every year except the first and had served several sentences from five to thirty days for such participation. Last year, however the Committee for Non-Violent Action took over the organizing of the demonstration and attracted hundreds of new participants. At the Catholic Worker we are glad that so many others have come to share our views, in part at least. Some of us continue to take part, although those of us who had served sentences in previous years were left untouched by the police both last year and this. As Dorothy Day has said—This act is an act of prayer, and we must persevere in prayer. All of us at the Catholic Worker were particularly glad that Dorothy Day, who had been away on a prolonged speaking trip, hurried back to join with us in this act of prayer in City Hall Park. Those of us who were not arrested will continue to pray for those who were that their act, as well as our own lesser witness, will help-



everyone to understand the utter madness of modern nuclear war against which there is no adequate defense, and the necessity of learning to live in peace with all our brothers everywhere.

At Peter Maurin Farm, as in other families, we sometimes have heated discussions about some of the troubled situations in the world today. One such controversial topic is Cuba. For my part I have always believed in the right of every people to work out their own destiny and to enjoy their own resources. I think that the kind of tactics used by our State Department, which is probably pressured by powerful business and military interests, can only lead to pushing Cuba and other Latin American countries into the communist bloc. I am glad that Bob Stead, Dave Dellinger, and others have undertaken the hunger fast and picketing in Washington on behalf of Cuban independence. We have just heard that Bob and Dave have been arrested and are now in jail. May their act, too, be an act of prayer to help us who are so strong to permit our weaker brothers to enjoy the freedom we have always insisted on for ourselves. And may Peter Maurin, whose death we commemorate this month, pray for us all at the Catholic Worker that we may learn to be instruments of peace, and for us particularly at Peter Maurin Farm that we may learn to bear with one another better than we do and learn to practise that brotherly love Peter Maurin wrote and talked so much about.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

Skid Row in Stockton to the shape-up of agricultural workers where there is evidence of a manufactured shortage of labor in order that the growers may continue importing agricultural labor from Mexico. I spoke to the students' committee on Agriculture who came out to the Christo Rey center at Tracy to go out on the shapeup and spend a day in the fields. I met other students who worked long hours and spent the summer at this work, showing that it can be done by local labor; provided the pay is enough to support life and family.

St. Andrew's Priory

I spent the latter part of Holy Week at St. Andrew's priory and met some old friends there. Fr. Joseph Woods, our old friend from Portsmouth Priory, who is now in North Carolina, had lived in Southern California and is responsible in a way for the founding of this Benedictine Center which is in its beginning but is growing rapidly to fill the great need for such a center in Southern California.

During Holy Week I read some of *Son of the Church* by Louis Lechot, Fides, '56, on the apostolate. "The more we went on, the more apparent it became to us that apostolic action, to keep its balance, without ending in exhaustion or becoming lost in incoherence, needs all the reflection of theologians, the whole light of revelation, the entire movement of grace, the labor of all others, the prayer of all the saints, and finally the life of the whole Church." I sat out in the desert and read too from *Seeds of the Desert*, by Father Voillaume, his wonderful chapters on Prayers. He quotes "Listen to these wise words of Gandhi's: 'Whether you wet your hands in the water basin, fan the fire with the bamboo bellows, set down endless columns of figures at a desk, labor in the rice field with your head in the burning sun and your feet in the mud, or stand at work before the smelting furnace, so long as you do not do all this with just the same religiousness as if you were monks praying in a monastery, the world will never be saved.'"

I visited a prisoner on Death Row in San Quentin, the client of one of our old friends, who had had no visitors since his imprisonment two years ago, who has been brought to the verge of death several times only to have the execution stayed at the last minute. He told me they are locked in their cells twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and released for four hours of exercises around the corridor, that there is no Mass for the prisoners on deathrow, but that they can receive the Sacrament every Saturday. He receives, "but I miss Mass," he said. We ask your prayers for Charles Brubaker who may be dead by the time you read this.

There is much more to write, but I must go to the hospital to visit a dying friend and back to the office to speak at our usual Friday night meeting, in a place which is as poor as any place I visited. We are swamped by the demands made to us and overwhelmed by the thought that with all the human needs, of housing and clothing and medical care and education and spiritual care to be provided, there

should be any unemployment today.

Well, as Peter Maurin would say, in the face of the joblessness, "fire the bosses, there is plenty of work, and God will provide our sustenance." Let us get out and plant our apple trees.

DETACHMENT

"The solitary is first of all one who renounces . . . arbitrary social imagery. When his nation wins a war or sends a rocket to the moon, he can get along without feeling as if he personally had won the war or hit the moon with a rocket. When his nation is rich and arrogant, he does not feel that he himself is more fortunate and more honest, as well as more powerful than the citizens of others, more 'backward' nations. More than this: he is able to despise war and to see the futility of rockets to the moon in a way quite different and more fundamental from the way in which his society may tolerate these negative views. That is to say, he despises the criminal, bloodthirsty arrogance of his own nation or class, as much as that of 'the enemy.' He despises his own self-seeking aggressivity as much as that of the politicians who hypocritically pretend they are fighting for peace."

—Thomas Merton, *Disputed Questions* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy).

No rage is equal to the rage of a contented right-thinking man when he is confronted in the marketplace by an idea which belongs in the pulpit; and this is as true of organizations as it is of individuals.

—Thurman Arnold, *The Folklore of Capitalism* (Yale University Press)

Heart

(Continued from page 6)

De la Tour du Pin in another direction.

And curiously too in those days, Sigmund Freud burst upon the scene with his theory of dreams explained in his classical work, published in 1905.

But dreams can be good or bad, leading to a better order or degenerating into a nightmare. For de Mun, de la Tour du Pin, Sangnier, Gratry and Dehon and Harmel they were rooted in a deeper reality.

They could give warm assent to the words of Getrud Von Le Fort: Fire! Fire! The angels wings are burning, the swords of the seraphim are aflame!

The lights of heaven are burning, the depths of earth are burning rocks and yesterdays are all aflame!

The expectation of all creatures burns—the spirit burns in the darkness of high thought.

All has been taken from love, all must become love; sing "Holy, Holy, Holy! rustling flames of the Seraphim!"

Heart from which the heavens draw their glory,

Heart from which suns and constellations draw their beginning and their end,

Heart from which the souls of the blessed draw their blessedness.

World-ordering Heart, world-conquering Heart, Thou only Heart of hearts:

Amen. Amen. May the day of Thine infinite love come quickly."

Seven Jailed

(Continued from page 1)

to Washington by bus May 13th from New York. Any others interested in supporting the picketing but who cannot be there the entire two weeks may join at any time.

For further information call the following numbers:

New York	CH 2-5411
Washington	LI 7-4343
Baltimore	LI 2-8484
Boston	HA 6-5683
Connecticut	UN 5-4189
Philadelphia	BA 9-2426

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.

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In recent weeks THE COMMONWEAL has published articles such as these: Jean Daniel on "Hope and the Christian," Jerome S. Karwin on "The Church and the State," Lawrence T. King on "America's Poor," Arthur Moore on "Protestants and a Catholic President," Nat Hentoff on "Requiem for a Jazz Festival," Robert J. Barnett on "The Poor Professor," Edward B. Gillick on "Carmel and the Neutrals," Bob Semer on "The Negro Awakening," and James Lawrence on "The Scandal of New Orleans."

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

Evolution of a Myth

(Continued from page 5)

after the riot, happen in the film on Thursday or Friday.

Individual priests have shown this film, and written articles supporting the HCUA in Catholic papers, while others have been highly critical. Some day this film may appear in your parish. It has already been shown in our own parish on Staten Island.

The point of the film is that communists alone are responsible for the riot. Already the National Council of Churches has warned Protestants to beware of the film's distortions; already AMERICA has spoken out against the far fetched line of the film; already the CHRISTIAN CENTURY has compiled a complete list of the errors and distortions (in the March 22nd issue).

The narration of the film is based on a special FBI report, which claims, for instance, that the crowd was "throwing shoes" and "jostling police." Yet shoe throwing is never mentioned in any police report. Likewise, the narrator claims the incident started when a student leaped over a barricade, grabbed a police officer's stick, and began to beat that officer over the head. Then the mob surged forward to storm the door, and the police inspector ordered the firehoses turned on. Yet that same officer, before the San Francisco Grand Jury, says that he was in front of the barricade, not behind it, and that he was hit at some time during the confusion. The student so accused refused to plead guilty at his trial last month, even though he was promised only a one day suspended sentence. He was found innocent.

George Draper, of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, the best of the local papers, reported:

"I did not see any of the kids actually fighting with the police. Their resistance was more passive. They would simply go limp and be manhandled out of the building. At this point it got very rough... I saw one slightly built lad being carried by two husky officers. One held the boy's shirt, the other had him by the feet. He was struggling but he was no match for the two bigger men. Then from nowhere appeared a third officer. He ran up to the slender boy firmly held by the other two officers and clubbed him three times over the head. You could hear the hollow smack of the club striking. The boy went limp and was carried out."

As the result of this brutality, eighty-four professors from Stanford University asked the mayor to investigate the action of the police. The mayor declined. Of the sixty-four demonstrators arrested, the only one brought to trial was freed.

There are three issues that come forth from the San Francisco hearing: the problem of police brutality, the function of the HCUA, and the problem set up by the film "Operation Abolition," by the Hoover report, and perpetuated by the HCUA, that communists were responsible, and are literally everywhere. If the committee can successfully prove that its opponents are communists, or "commie-led," a frightened America will let them stay in business. The riots attracted so much attention that should the fact be known, many might actually begin to question the validity and function of the committee. A rally, held in Union Square, several blocks from City Hall, but in the heart of the downtown section of San Francisco, the noon of the first day's hearings, was characterized by Chief of Police Thomas Cahill as "in an orderly manner and we did not have any trouble." But in the film, the narrator declares the rally "is designed to incite further resentment against the committee and to recruit volunteers for action."

Again, at the beginning of the

film, Chairman Walter, head of the committee, tells the audience they will see how "a relatively few well-trained hard core Communist agents are able to incite and use non-Communist sympathizers... You will see these and others in action, and the shocking technique which they use to incite others to violence." But for all Walter's promises, only one man of the two identified by police as an agitator is shown among the people outside

unrolled and pointed at the crowd. When they didn't flee, Inspector Maguire ordered the hoses turned on, and at the same time turned in a riot alarm.

So after Carberry had kept order for a day and a half, by appealing to reason and listening to legitimate complaints, the riot became a reality. If one can visualize the situation: the hosing, Carberry hurrying back to give the news, more police rushing to the scene,

Villon's Prayer for His Mother To Say to the Virgin

Translation by Robert Lowell

"Lady of heaven, queen of the world, and ruler of the underworld, receive your humble Christian child, and let him live with those you save; although my soul is not much worth saving, my Mistress and my Queen, your grace is greater than my sin—without you no man may deserve, or enter heaven. I do not lie: in this faith let me live and die.

"Say to your Son that I am his; Mary of Egypt was absolved, also the clerk, Theophilus, whom you consented to restore, although he'd made a pact with hell. Save me from ever doing such ill, our bond with evil is dissolved, Oh Virgin, undefiled, who bore Christ whom we celebrate at Mass—in this faith let me live and die.

"I am a woman—poor, absurd, who never learned to read your word—at Mass each Sunday, I have seen a painted paradise with lutes and harps, a hell that boils the damned: one gives me joy, the other doubts. Oh let me have your joy, my Queen, bountiful, honest and serene, by whom no sinner is condemned—in this faith let me live and die.

"You bore, oh Virgin and Princess, Jesus, whose Kingdom never ends—Our Lord took on our littleness, and walked the world to save his friends—he gave his lovely youth to death, that's why I say with my last breath in this faith let me live and die."

the hearing room. He is Merle Brodsky. The scene shows a relaxed, slightly smiling man at the rear of a loosely packed crowd outside the doors of the hearing room. The time is not just before the riot, and he is certainly directing no one. There is, in fact, no pictorial evidence available to illustrate communists in the corridor inciting others to violence.

The subcommittee, knowing the feeling of many in San Francisco, chose to give out 150 white cards to certain groups as the DAR. These cards guaranteed them seats, and consequently the room was filled with "patriotic" women. Further, each card allowed the bearer to bring guests. Thus students, who had waited in line, waited out the first day. A few were let in to stand in the aisles and rear of the room. At noon, the students were told they would be allowed to reenter, but the number was nevertheless cut in half.

Sheriff Matthew C. Carberry was present on that day, as well as on the morning of the second. Dressed as a plainclothesman, he appealed to the rather angry crowd of demonstrators. He promised to set up a loudspeaker, which could carry the hearings to those outside. This was done by Friday morning. On that morning, further, he promised to intercede for those still waiting during the noon recess. After speaking with Willis, Carberry did succeed in having the white card system scrapped. But before he arrived, the police, unaware of the new admission policy, readmitted the white card holders and between 10 and 20 students, an even smaller number than the already halved number. When the doors closed, the demonstrators began to shout. The firehoses were

the crowd refusing to be moved, despite the hosing, and being pushed and dragged, one sees an appallingly melodramatic situation.

In the HCUA annual report of 1960, the committee states that "... additional evidence the committee has obtained, is so overwhelming that there can be no doubt that the mob rioting in San Francisco was engineered by the Communist party." Yet with the FBI, the San Francisco police, and the HCUA itself, only two "communists who were not subpoenaed witnesses were identified as present at City Hall. One is Harry Bridges, head of the International Longshoreman and Warehouseman's Union, who was at lunch at the time of the riot, and who could not be deported on the basis of evidence introduced in courts of law, and Frank Wilkinson, who works for the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and is an Executive Secretary of the Citizens Committee to Preserve American Freedoms. Both organizations are classified communist fronts by the HCUA. And his job for these committees is to advise and instruct subpoenaed witnesses.

Expelled party member Vincent Brown was also on the scene, but party members are forbidden to have any associations with him. Yet the film narrator says, "One of the communist professional agitators arrested is Vincent Brown", which is at least deliberate distortion of the truth. Even the FBI report names only Brown and Brodsky as Communists agitating among the young people in the corridor, and it does not place them there at the time of the riot.

Through all the confusion, and this is far from a complete listing

of all the intricate discrepancies between the different testimonies (for even the official reports differ), it is hard enough to piece together what probably happened. But fear has driven the committee to rather deliberately keeping us from the truth. Fear, and fear alone, is keeping "Operation Abolition" in circulation. It may be in

your neighborhood now, or your parish next, although in some cases it is possible to have a speaker come and explain what the film tries to hide. Witch-hunting is still a popular sport, but we have forgotten how dangerous name-calling can be. How many have been trapped into believing the myth of the San Francisco riot?

What Political Principle

(Continued from page 4)

extent of the State always exceeds more or less—and mostly very much exceeds—the sort of State that would emerge from the degree of legitimate compulsion." (p. 47).

Finally, Buber sets forth his idea of political action: "The task that thus emerges for the socialists, i.e., for all those intent on a restructuring of society, is to drive the factual base-line of the State back to the 'principal' base-line of socialism. But this is precisely what will result from the creation and renewal of a real organic structure, from the union of persons and families into various communities and of communities into associations. It is this growth and nothing else that 'destroys' the State by displacing it. The part so displaced, of course, will only be that portion of the State which is superfluous and without foundation at the time; any action that went beyond this would be illegitimate and bound to miscarry because, as soon as it had exceeded its limits it would lack the constructive spirit necessary for further advance" (p. 48).

It seems to me that what is needed is a synthesis, of *satyagraha* with its emphasis on non-violent political action of a highly practical and specific nature, as well as on voluntary poverty and the necessity for trust in God; and of Buber's ideas on the structure of society. (The latter perhaps answers Hannah Arendt's suggestion that the new political principle be "rooted in and controlled by newly defined territorial entities.")

If there were such a synthesis, what would become of the political principle? When you strive to practice adherence to truth, love of neighbor, civil disobedience whenever necessary; when you strive to establish communities and to push back the base-line of the state; when you do all these things, what place is left for the state? It is still there, certainly, and no doubt it always will be, but its place is very hard to define. It is necessary, and helpful, but also most of the time untruthful. It is something to work against, to whittle down and replace, and always more pervasive than it should be.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

tion that the House begins to ask about four o'clock, "what's for dinner?" hoping for a tried recipe, rather than an experiment.

Oliver Tambo, Vice-President of the African National Congress, the party for non-Europeans, spoke on the history of his people one Friday night. He is a humble man, who speaks of the horrors of his land without bitterness. Here is truly one who has escaped the teachings of his oppressors, returning love for hate in a land that is dark with the blood of its martyrs.

And on Friday, the twenty-eighth, small groups of us left on a pilgrimage to the City Hall Park. Dorothy had just arrived that noon, and for me, it was to be our introduction. Those who were left to cook the supper ran to catch up with the rest. The dinner was left in the oven, while the butter-scotch pudding, which had not yet thickened, was set aside on the stove, to wait for our return.

There were about twenty-five hundred in the park, and as the police commissioner announced that we were all under arrest, I half way expected a gigantic net to fly down and encase us all. Most of the Catholic Workers and friends were clustered together at the south end of the park. We

stood silently, watching, as others quietly sang "America," and the police loaded two paddy wagons with a mere fifty-one. Phil Havey was the only CW to go along, although Ammon claims to have been leaning on a policeman. There was a hushed reverence over the park, as if each were aware of the simple beauty of that act of refusal to play a child's game of hide-and-seek.

And then it was over. We returned as we had come, some running ahead, to ready the dinner, some staying on to hear the news of those arrested, some visiting the jail. That night, as Ammon spoke, they were already holding the preliminary hearings.

Dorothy and Ammon are back, if only for a short rest, the defense drill is over for another year, the world is still in a state of almost war, the men come in for a pair of shoes or a shave or a bowl of soup, the women wait patiently for the clothing room to open (and sometimes they fill the little building with their spirituals as they wait), visitors come to see and talk—in short, the world goes on, and we stop, only long enough to greet Mary's month with the same plea for peace, and return to our work, at St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street.

Pax Bulletin

(Quarterly)

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