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The Shelter Ethic

By THOMAS MERTON

The October issue of *The Catholic Worker* carried an article by me entitled "The Root of War," an excerpt from a book to be published in December, *New Seeds of Contemplation*. This article did not intend to enter directly into the current controversy about the legitimacy of defending one's safety in a fallout shelter by keeping others out at the point of a gun. However, discussion of the article has involved me implicitly in the controversy and therefore an explicit statement of my position has become necessary. I feel this is something much more than a simple "moral case." It is a symptom of the confusion and pervasive madness of our society.

What precisely is the question? A great deal of discussion was aroused in October by an article of an associate editor of *America*, Fr. L. C. McHugh, S.J. Rather, to speak more accurately, a great deal of discussion was raised by the confusing and one-sided presentation of that article in the national press. The article itself is perfectly reasonable, and it contains nothing with which a professor of ethics would disagree. It states clearly that the natural law guarantees everyone a right to defend his life and the safety of his dependents, and that he may even defend his life with violence, risking the death of the unjust aggressor, if violence is clearly the last available recourse. It also makes quite clear that the violence may only be used at the actual moment of assault, and when the assault has been initiated with evident intent to kill. Lethal violence may never be used merely to forestall the possibility of assault.

Finally, the violence must be limited to what is strictly necessary, and if possible the death of the unjust aggressor must be avoided.

These are purely and simply the principles laid down by Catholic moral philosophy, and it might be pertinent to observe, at this point, that they are definitely applicable in the case of what our missile



people now refer to as "first strike" in nuclear war: by such principles as these, one wonders how the idea of a surprise attack on an enemy who is only feared as a potential aggressor could be accepted and blessed by any Christian moralist. Quite apart from the frightful injustice of the death

and maiming of millions of innocent people, the mere fact of a surprise "first strike" on an all-out destructive scale, when no aggression has been initiated by the enemy, is clearly unjust and utterly unacceptable to a Christian moralist.

Most of the reports in the national press evidently failed to draw any attention to the most important paragraph in Father McHugh's article. I quote:

"To say that one has a right to employ violence in defense of life is not to say that one has the duty to do so. Indeed, in the Christian view, there is a great merit in turning the other cheek and bearing evils patiently out of the love of God." Fr. McHugh hastens to add that this is "heroism" and a "dedication to a full Christian ethic that is far above what God requires under pain of eternal loss."

He then points out that an "unattached individual" may well resign his place in the shelter in favor of someone else. This is excellent.

I have no intention whatever of criticizing Father McHugh, and I have absolutely no complaint about his principles. My intention is to speak about the whole situation that makes such discussion inevitable, and which dictated certain assumptions which to my mind completely falsify the Christian moral perspective in this problem. What is disturbing today is the widespread and unreserved acceptance of these assumptions.

What are they?

First of all that a shallow backyard shelter itself makes any sense. That one can surely save his life by taking refuge in one. That it is really worth the trouble having such a shelter, and that it is even so important to get into it that one can go to the lengths of killing another person in order to keep him out. This whole mentality is deeply disturbing. It seems to me to be equivalent to saying that if the only food left in the

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Cuba and the Christian

By Dianne Gannon

We are saved not because we are worthy, but only in God's love and the grace He gives us in the knowledge of our weakness. With this in mind, we can never become self-righteous, for we recognize thus that what we see in the other may well be a reflection of ourselves. We are told that if we see a beam in the other's eye, we should look to our own eye first. St. Paul instructs us: "Brethren, even if a person is caught doing something wrong, you who are spiritual instruct such a one in a spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear one another's burdens, and so you will fulfill the law of Christ. For if anyone thinks himself to be something, whereas he is nothing, he deceives himself."

Essentially the Christian vocation is to bear witness to Christ's love. But with so many evils and

The complexity of the Cuban situation makes an evaluation of Cuba and our attitude toward the revolution all the more difficult, but if we allow ourselves to "circumcise our hearts," to keep ourselves unhardened, as the prophet Jeremiah calls out for us to do, perhaps it would then be possible to seek out the Christian vision. We must continually call to mind the fact that our life should be a straining after the Kingdom of God. It is for this alone that we must work.

Perhaps I may recall an incident which is repeated more than daily at Siloe House, for one learns best from children: they have not yet learned to dress up their motives in logical patterns. And quite often they get into squabbles about the most minute differences. The fight begins. But none can stop because he must have the last word,



A. de Bethune

Mississippi and "MOM"

By Terry Sullivan

I first saw the sovereign state of Mississippi on June 6th, 1961, when I came up by bus from New Orleans to Jackson, one of a group of seven Freedom Riders. We were arrested and tried the same day, sentenced to 4½ months including fine time, and joined 65 others arrested before us. The older man in my party, Newell Weber from East Orange, New Jersey, and I served our full time, accompanied by six others from later groups with 6½ months to serve, all of them still being held at Hinds County Jail in Jackson.

From the experience of the Freedom Rides two things stand out in my mind. One is the stubbornness of the state of Mississippi. The other is the militancy of a small group of Negro students from Nashville, who have entrenched themselves in Jackson and McComb, Mississippi, as the first phase of "MOM," a "Move on Mississippi."

Mississippi

Mississippi is said to be the most economically backward of the states. It still preserves much of the plantation tradition, 3 out of 4 people in Mississippi live on farms, and its largest city, Jackson, has a little over 100,000 population. That partly accounts for Mississippi's position as the deepest of the deep South states and the bulwark of Southern segregation. That reputation, Mississippi had done much to justify this summer.

In the face of national outrage at the violence in Alabama in May, only Mississippi had the political

audacity to arrest the first group of Freedom Riders. In succeeding weeks, that became the pattern. On the long route from Washington, D.C., to New Orleans, La., through Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, the road block was Jackson. The riders from the east passed unmolested, under heavy police protection now, through Alabama until they were stopped in Jackson. The riders from the west and south, such as my group from New Orleans, knew in advance that we would get to Jackson and no farther.

What was more surprising was that Mississippi held the ground all summer long against approximately 300 Freedom Riders, crowding the jails, an act which was accompanied by national publicity. Not only did it continue to arrest 11 who breached the segregation in the public terminals, but it fought back with legal stratagems—for instance, the judicial ruling in late summer that Freedom Riders out on appeal could not return to jail without standing trial and the psychological pressure to discourage the prisoners, depriving them of all normal prison comforts except for the Bible and a pair of shorts. Mississippi was successful in that only a handful of Freedom Riders stayed in prison to serve their sentences, and, when the Freedom Rides ended, the terminals were still segregated.

Finally, Mississippi has openly

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Here is a picture I thought you would like to have. It is "God made the sun, the moon and the stars." It is one of the many pictures made for me by Linda Smith—age 8. Linda is a migrant child who stayed a few days in the camp here in Corning where we are for the olive harvest. The camp is on the property on which a highway is to be built—so many of the migrant families are camping here during the harvest. Of course, there is no water or electricity but the police have not bothered us as yet. Linda was sick all the time she was here as she had run into an orchard which had just been sprayed. She and her brother and sister and parents live in an old trailer so tiny that they cannot all get in it at once. She and Rachel (my daughter) stayed in my bed all day bundled under the covers because it is almost freezing and neither our trailer nor theirs had windows or heat.

This morning Linda's family moved to Imperial Valley to work in the vegetables during the winter. Rachel cried when her friends left but I was glad they would get to somewhere warm because the children never seemed to stop shivering. Perhaps we will

abuses in our society, which is one where only those "lucky" enough survive, a society maintained by forcing the weak to remain weak, sometimes it is difficult to know how to speak. In this impure world, a world which has not yet come to fulfillment in Him, how can one learn without rejecting, and in turn, instruct?

the last punch. How many times I must have said, "What difference who started it right now, you've got to be the one to stop it!" They know so well what our attitude toward this finger-pointing is that Miguel will sometimes say, after my latest pronouncement, looking up at me with his mischievous

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Letters From California

go South for the winter too when Benny finishes his job. He is working in a packing shed this year and I have been in camp all day with the children. Every afternoon I read a few stories and Rachel has been loaning her books to all her little friends here.

It is a terrible year for union organizing because the people are convinced that the AFL-CIO sold them out to the farmers when they abandoned the organizing drive and that their situation is hopeless. Some of them had believed that President Kennedy was going to help them but Public Law 78 passed again and this year there are more Mexicans than ever and almost no one else can get a job. Only here and there in a few areas the people are organizing themselves and trying to fight for better conditions. In Santa Cruz the Filipinos who work in the brussel-sprout harvest organized to ask for \$1.25 an hour instead of a \$1.00 an hour, which they have been getting.

Your issue which carried so much news of Tracy caused much excitement there and brought us many visitors. With some of the help that has come, a library has been constituted at the Cristo Rey

Center though many books still remain to be indexed. Mrs. Brickey has been ill this summer which makes everyone sad but nevertheless there have been some splendid fiestas at the Center this summer, and in the town to the South of Tracy, Paterson, the ladies' auxiliary of the AWOC gave a big fiesta for the benefit of the union strike fund. All the Tracy people wish you well and want me to thank you for writing about them in your paper. I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Brickey gave away over a thousand mason jars for canning this year, and many people canned food for the winter. I did a little canning myself but working and caring for baby Andy have kept me pretty busy, so I did less than I wanted to.

My best wishes to yourself and may the good work of the CATHOLIC WORKER prosper.

Liza Bowman

So much happens in a few months that it is hard to even begin a letter. I've had a kidney infection, in the hospital for a week and down at home already four weeks—so have been able to do a little constructive thinking. Sort

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On Pilgrimage

By Dorothy Day

May God bless those who have done us good and helped feed and shelter all those who come to us each month. We haven't begun to thank all who answered our Fall appeal. Several of the young fellows around the place have been busy writing acknowledgements, and there are many of the letters which I wish to answer personally, so I stack them all in a drawer in my desk, and do some every day. If people who write me personally do not hear from me at once, please excuse it and know that I do enjoy writing letters and will answer during the coming month when I will be staying home instead of doing so much speaking.

Fr. McSorley of the Paulists told me once that I should go where I was invited so this last month I have spoken at six colleges, one graduate school (Putney), at the Meeting School at Rindge, New Hampshire, at a Unitarian Church, to two groups of the Christian Family movement, to some Young Christian Workers, to a Serra Club and to a Newman Club, and at a communion breakfast of an Altar and Rosary society. It was a crowded month of going and coming, around the East, and at the beginning and end of it I had the joy of visiting my daughter and grandchildren in Vermont.

While there I was examining Nickie's catechism book in which he was supposed to write answers to questions at the end of the chapter studied. He wrote about Adam and Eve being put out of the garden of Eden, and to the question as to when did God make man, he answered succinctly "Last." And why love God? "Because He made me."

I continue to think that children are overcrowded with homework and have too long hours in school. Tamar's children leave at seven fifteen in the morning (the boys getting up early to bring in the wood and milk the cow and put the cow, heifer and steer into the field). They get home at four-fifteen and have to sit down to homework. Eric, thirteen, was tearing his hair over a paper he was required to write, five thousand words on mental health! The four older children spend hours looking up things in the encyclopedia and in written home work and book reports.

Certainly children do not have much time to be part of the home under our present school system. The public and parochial schools both claim all the waking hours of children. Friday night is given over to studying catechism, Saturday morning is given over to catechism classes and Sunday morning to Mass. Which leaves Saturday afternoon for a football game and Sunday afternoon for more homework. Which leaves a mother of nine children with very little help from her community. In spite of this schedule however, Sue will get a batch of bread in the oven and help with the supper and Becky will iron dresses for the five girls going to school. But life is too much of a rush even in the country.

Reading

St. Jerome wrote, "Let sleep creep over you holding a book, and let the sacred page receive your drooping face."

"Reading is the oil that keeps the lamp burning." With the guidance of a priest some of the young people in town have had Scripture classes this last month. Abbe Bouyer's "Meaning of Scripture" is a wonderful introduction to the Bible. When I spoke at St. Anselm's, Mary Perkins Ryan gave me her latest translation of his work "Introduction to Spirituality," in page proofs and I am looking forward to reading that. Notre Dame Univ. press brings out his work.

In these days of almost hysterical fear of war and annihilation it is good to read the psalms morning and evening in the Short Breviary obtainable from the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., and nearer home, Fr. Frey's psalm book which contains all the psalms as given in the big breviary for each day in the week. It is a small purse size book, and reading these prayers of the Church, one is praying with the Church and obtaining that confidence in God and His care of us that makes for a peaceful heart.

Again we have no article from Amman, but next month we will have some book reviews from his pen. Many have complained at the lack of book reviews lately, and reminded us of the splendid work of Betty Bartelme and Beth Rogers keeping us up on the great output of our Catholic press. And Judith Gregory will review Lillian Smith's *Killer of the Dream*.

Mater and Magister

We want also to print excerpts from the Holy Father's latest great encyclical. "Within the confines of subsidiarity," writes Fr. John T. Cronin, S.S., "it allows for much special experimentation. There is a deep optimism in the Pope's approach."

"We are all equally responsible for the undernourished peoples," the Pope writes. "The solidarity which binds all men and makes them members of the same family imposes upon political communities enjoying abundance of material goods not to remain indifferent to those political communities whose citizens suffer from poverty, misery and hunger and who lack even the elementary rights of the human person."

"Therefore it is necessary to educate one's conscience to the sense of responsibility which weighs upon each and everyone especially upon those who are more blessed with this world's goods."

He warns against imposing our culture on others and takes up the

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March for Peace

By KARL MEYER

The San Francisco-to-Moscow March for Peace ended October 3 in Moscow. Yesterday we began the long ride home. It is time to write of the last phase of the March, while the long miles slip past us again.

When I last wrote we were in Berlin awaiting permission to go on to Poland. We were received with warm hospitality and full cooperation in Poland. Thousands of people flocked to hear us in the villages and towns. And we spoke our full message without hindrance. The people brought us flowers everywhere. One day along the road a bus stopped and the people got out with an accordion and danced on the road for us.

But we were there as guests of the official peace organization and confined within the limits of our agreement with it, so that our revolutionary program of unilateral disarmament and non-violent resistance was displayed to the people like a stuffed animal, the carcass of the living animal that is at work in the West, a carcass devoid of the power or facility to organize itself or propagate itself.

Limited by the quickness of our passage, our ignorance of the language, the non-existence of sympathetic peace organizations and our agreement with the existing peace organization, we were also limited by our own inability to speak convincingly to the bitter experience of the Polish people in World War II. Often as we walked, people along the roadside were weeping. One place an old man brought out lemon drinks for us, and there were tears in his eyes. I believe these people were remembering other marches on these roads, the feet of invaders, the feet of victims, some who remember and others who no longer know or remember. At the former extermination camp at Auschwitz we saw great heaps of shoes, salvaged by the Nazis and now preserved as relics of those who died there, signs of other feet that tramped the roads of Poland. How could we speak to these people of love or of the power of non-violence? We cannot demonstrate the existence of these things, unless they exist in us. And they didn't. We could do nothing but talk and accept the generous hospitality of poor people. They don't forget Auschwitz. They fear the new German militarism. We could not tell them to accept suffering, because we had never suffered ourselves. We couldn't show them a love strong enough to overcome Fascism, because we didn't particularly have it ourselves. The March did not seem very convincing in Poland. It is clear that the Polish people want peace and that Poland is genuinely ready to agree to mutual disarmament at the first real opportunity.

We entered the Soviet Union on September 15. Our hosts, The Soviet Committee for the Defense of Peace, had unilaterally cut the time allowed us for walking in the Soviet Union from forty days, as originally agreed, down to eighteen days. They proposed that we cover the distance between towns in busses. We proposed to cover the whole distance to Moscow by walking in shifts, and we did it, sometimes covering as much as fifty miles a day.

We carried signs calling for unilateral disarmament, immediate

renunciation of nuclear weapons, and other radical steps. We distributed about 20,000 leaflets describing our program. About 20,000 of these were distributed in Moscow on the final day of the March, most of them to the great crowds that passed around Red Square during our two hour demonstration there.

The Peace Committee arranged a public meeting almost every evening, and attendance ranged from 200 to 600 people at each meeting. Local spokesmen answered our speakers. The pattern of their arguments never varied. There was always a description of the horrors suffered in World War II, an attack on the remilitarization of West Germany, a defense of Soviet nuclear testing, an account of unilateral Soviet steps toward disarmament which had not been matched by the West, such as the earlier moratorium on testing and demobilization of Soviet troops. There was always an appeal for acceptance of Soviet proposals for complete and general disarmament, and ridicule for the ideas of unilateral disarmament and personal resistance to militarism which we presented. There was a universal fear of the intentions

ST. ELISABETH



of Western military power. In the question periods members of the audience attacked our ideas with great vigor and with unvarying loyalty to the Soviet line. We also held frequent short meetings with crowds of villagers and collective farmers who gathered along the roadside to see us pass.

In personal conversations the people universally defended the military policies of the Soviet Government. But several seemed very sensitive to our criticism of the resumption of nuclear testing and recognized the legitimate complaint of neutral people about the dangers of fallout from nuclear tests.

There were hardly any sounds of dissent from anyone. Only once, during a meeting with students at Moscow University, while we were being ridiculed and refuted by a professor with the same old unimaginative line, a note was passed to our speaker, which read, "My dear friends, do not believe absolutely this dirty official with his common demagogic phrases. Go your path, we are with you." This was the one real sound of dissent which I heard in the course of our trip through the Soviet Union.

The Soviet people universally affirm their need and desire for peace. But, like the American people, they seem to be psychologically prepared for nuclear war in the defense of national policy and the values of their society.

Our hosts did not try to prevent us from communicating with the people, but they were exceedingly anxious to keep us together in one group and to know where we were at all times.

We passed a large radar base manned by soldiers at the outskirts of Moscow, and we stopped and held a demonstration there for about half an hour, giving leaflets to soldiers who came out to see what we were doing. Our request for permission to demonstrate outside the Defense Ministry in Moscow was not granted. On the last day of our stay in Moscow, four of us had a silent vigil, without signs or leaflets, outside the Ministry for forty-five minutes.

In Moscow the Team was granted an hour and a half interview with the Secretary of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. He heard our program presented at length, and answered it according to the pattern of argument we had heard throughout the Soviet Union. The pencils provided on the conference table in his office bore the trademark of a Russian factory named after Sacco and Vanzetti.

The Team paid the Peace Committee three dollars per day per person for food and lodging. In return we received the best accommodations and food of our trip. We were lodged in tourist hotels and fed very well in restaurants.

In dealing with us the representatives of the Peace Committee employed an effective combination of cooperation and resistance. They saw the importance of giving us freedom and cooperation to carry out our program within the limits of our agreement with them. But they resisted with tact, cunning and great effectiveness any tendency on our part to extend the dimensions or effectiveness of our activities.

In accordance with my own plan (see March 1961 Catholic Worker) I asked the Peace Committee for help in gaining permission to remain permanently in the Soviet Union after the termination of the March. They replied that such permission could only be granted by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. I wrote a letter to the Presidium in which I said, "I believe that the cause of peace and reconciliation between the people of the Western Bloc and of the Communist countries can be served by an exchange of lives, giving real evidence of our willingness to live together in peace. As my contribution to peace in the future, I wish to remain and work with the Soviet people in building their society, and to live among them as someone from the West who accepts with them the risk of destruction that the threat of war presents to all people today. For this purpose I wish to remain in the Soviet Union and to go to work immediately in agricultural labor or factory labor or some other service to the people. Because I speak no Russian and know little about Russia, I am open to suggestions as to where my labor might be most useful, if I am permitted to stay."

"I should make clear that I am not applying for Soviet citizenship. On the other hand, I do not wish to retain United States citizenship, which I have never claimed or believed in. Because of my opposition to all war and violence, I do not wish to align myself as a citizen with any state or government which uses military power. For this reason also, I would be unwilling to work in any industry related to military production, or to work for any organ of State or governmental functions."

I also described something of my own history and background in the American peace movement. Without the active interest or sponsorship of anyone in the Soviet Union, I could hardly expect prompt or positive action from the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, so I had to leave the U.S.S.R. with the rest of the Team on October 8, without having received any answer to my request.

I will be taking up again the work of St. Stephen's House of Hospitality in Chicago.

The Leaven of Fervor

FERVEUR—Levain d'une civilisation mondiale—by Antoine Allard—Stop-War ed. Brussels (Belgium) (THE LEAVEN OF FERVOR). Reviewed by Anne Taillefer.

"When Satan is in command fools obey madmen." One of the most forceful and terrifying thoughts presented by this handbook of Catholic pacifism is that the devil may have permeated our thoughts, as was true in older times, to the extent that we do not see him any more as external. How can Christians have so completely deviated from that principle of love that made them recognizable under the Roman Empire? It is the riddle of modern times that we render assunder the Mystical Body of whom they are a part, though cheerfully accepting mass-murder. That they have come to such a degree of foolishness, prefer to commit mass-suicide rather than to make the first gesture of disarming, is certainly a great triumph for the powers of darkness.

How far they are from salvation that is not "a calculated mastering of passions but the unveiling of a supreme plan where each spirit united to the others operates freely its passage to God!" What kind of unity can one hope to have with the spirits one has just liberated by unleashing nuclear warfare? These issues and many others are faced by Mr. Allard, who desperately seeks for the remains of Christian mentality in us, through quoting Tolstoy's *Kingdom of God*: "We see by what transformation we pass from a political comprehension of life to a divine comprehension."

Armed with robust faith, abundant facts and references, common-sense topped with great literacy, the author, nevertheless, preaches a mystical approach to life. This only, he believes, will save man from annihilation. At every step he cries for unity and tries to awake a universal Christian conscience that could weigh in the scales against the communist conscience already so unified. But the accuracy of his scientific knowledge makes the conscious reader reverse the well-known words and say "What use is it to lose the world if you come to lose your soul?" The modern man is bound to lose everything because he wants too much. The devil's trap is a pretty one.

"Love begins when fear ends," and this is the antidote the book offers. One can find there more honest concern at the thoughts that the starving masses of China are hungering no more than find terror at what they may possibly have in store for the West. A deep admiration for the fervent and praying souls of Christian Russians will be a source of joy to take away the terror of atheistic communism, that is such a useful instrument of propaganda so that we blind ourselves to any other kind of atheism; it seems to be the only one that bothers us.

Mr. Allard is moved to great compassion for those to whom Christ has not yet been revealed and no insane hatred towards them would appear to him as a solution.

A chapter entitled *ANTI-ATOM* mentions great men who fight for peace and suggests the foundation of a non-aggressive force at the U.N. based upon an already formulated English plan. The author cries out to the trade-unions, assessing their immense responsibilities. This brings to mind Julian and Judith Beck's suggestion of a universal strike of protest.

A chapter takes care of *THE EUROPEAN PLAN*. The first page carries a drawing of the Nuremberg gallows with a practical suggestion to judge war-crimeals before and not after.

The European Plan would of

course comprise the dissolution of NATO, the disarmament and reunification of Germany.

This is followed by the *ASIATIC PLAN*, with the organization of a recognized China working to establish and feed her huge population in conjunction with the help of the rest of the world. Finally, the *African Plan* for the dynamic emerging country who has to seek help where she can find it; there is a great task in the making of a civilization useful to mankind instead of destructive materially and politically. Only by cooperation, in unity, through unity and love, can abyssal catastrophes be averted and the world given a new start.

This brings to mind a lecture on *Civil Defense* at the *Catholic Worker* where the speaker had painted a realistic picture of "things to come." A good soul shouted, "Why worry? The Good Lord will take care of us as He always does." The lecturer answered: "The Good Lord once saw fit to keep only one man and his family and animals by couples, for the Covenant had been betrayed by all."

At the end of the book there is a most interesting parallel between the great French Socialist, Jean Jaures, murdered for his love of liberty and deep consciousness of the collective conscience of socialism and man's call to the infinite and this train of thought is taken up by Teilhard de Chardin who transcended it.

But the very last words are a simple little prayer called "My prayer as a Sinner" in which all can join. This is the author's last resource: in all humility to bow to God.

Ferveur is being translated by Marty Corbin, editor of *Liberation*. We hope it will very soon be published in America.

The Trafalgar Square demonstration on the 17th of September against the threat of war over Berlin, and calling for nuclear disarmament, resulted in 1,321 persons being arrested and charged with "obstruction." Most of the magistrates in the courts all over London where the demonstrators appeared on the 18th gave the three hundred and forty who refused to pay their fines, 14 days to reconsider, and we were released without bail.

I returned to Old Street Magistrates Court on the 4th of October, still unwilling to pay the fine of \$5.60 which had been imposed on me. From Old Street I was taken to Holloway Prison to serve my 28 days, and as I walked from the police van across the court yard I got little comfort remembering the things that I had read about this dreary looking old prison. Just before we got to the door the escorting policeman asked me for the 5th or 6th time if I would pay my fine, and again I refused.

Inside, I was taken with some other women to the reception room where we went through the process of exchanging our clothes and property for prison clothes and the prison property of blankets and utensils. We were given baths, and a superficial physical examination, and finally escorted to individual reception cells. I had some difficulty in walking as the shoes in stock were all large sizes, and I had to adapt a shuffling sort of gait to keep from walking out of them.

My cell was a solid door type, about 12½ x 6½ feet, with a small paneled window at one end. It had an iron cot, thin hard mattress, chair, small table, and a wash stand which held a metal water pitcher and basin. Under the wash stand was a waste water bucket and a chamber pot. The officer told me

Even in a world where radioactive clouds are gathering on familiar horizons, and where 50 megaton bombs (why stop at 50?) are poised above us all, like atomic-age versions of Damocles' terror-pendant sword, threatening with extinction cities, nations, continents—we can take some small consolation and courage from the way our own little part of Earth continues its diurnal and seasonal processions in nature's ancient liturgical robes which the Creator made that He might thereby be glorified. Whatever our radioactive future may be, today—this day in this October—"the world is charged," as it was when Hop-



O TEMPLE
IN WHICH
GOD WAS
MADE A PRIEST

kins wrote his poem, "with the grandeur of God." Let us dare then—though our daily news is underlined with fear like a painted prefigurement of the day before

Protest In England Continued

By Carol Gorgen

To get wash water at the recess half way down the corridor where the toilets were, and after returning to my cell I was locked in for the night. The bed was very hard but I slept soundly as I did every night in Holloway.

The next day I was taken two flights up to the top landing where first offenders were kept, and after the routine interview with the medical officer, chaplain, the Board and the Governor (female warden), I was assigned to the work room. Here I saw the four women members of The Committee of 100 who had been jailed on the 12th of September with Lord and Lady Russell. I also managed to say hello to Florence James who had appeared at Old Street on the 18th, and along with John Gleasoner and myself had refused to pay the fine. It was good to see that I would not be "alone." I had been feeling disappointed that in the two weeks that we had been given to pay so many of those who had originally refused had either decided to pay, or had failed to appear in court. Certainly, no one should go to jail who is not totally convinced, but I had expected to find many more of the women in jail. No normal person "chooses" to go to jail, but when we pay fines we support the system. We assist the arm of the law to continue its futile and archaic court practices which "protect" property and destroy the souls of the punished.

The prison authorities in Holloway were not unkind to us generally, but as I came to hear the litany of small failures that had brought most of the women to this place I felt that nothing the present system has to offer can answer the problem of crime and punishment. The fact that the emotionally disturbed, narcotic and alcohol addicts, and other ill women are

Doom—to stop and stare at a fawn-soft field where cloud shadows dapple the afternoon, or stand transfixed before a goldleaved tree transfigured in the sun. The sursum corda quickening that comes in such moments may mean—if having eyes, we see—that here is our Burning Bush proclaiming God's nearness; and here, too, is our rainbow, our olive sprig of hope that the cataclysm may not come; yet if God permits us to loose the fiery deluge on ourselves, then He Who said—"I am the resurrection and the life"—raised Lazarus from the dead, and rescued Daniel from the leaping flames, can make for us, even in the midst of our own holocaust, a crucible of eternal life. *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi . . . O Lord, have mercy on us all. Dona nobis pacem.*

It is not only the larger context of horror which is made more bearable by the kind of beauty accessible to those living in rural or near rural areas, but also the more immediate context of problems in which each of us is involved. Here at Peter Maurin Farm—where the forest of family and community blessings is sometimes forgotten among the stunted thorny trees of difficult situations and personality problems—life certainly becomes more satisfying and endurable to those who open the windows of their minds to the ever changing vistas of sky, woods, fields, and little pond where snowy geese and visiting wild ducks swim over a mirrored calendar of picture postcard scenes. Yet when I spoke of this healing effect of nature to one of the younger members of our staff, he replied somewhat scornfully that he could see little natural beauty here, that it was merely "second growth nature." It is true that our trees are second

growth, and there are weeds, briars, poison ivy, underbrush on the farm and roundabout. Nevertheless in season there are daisies, sweet clover, Queen Anne's lace, milkweed, wild asters, goldenrod, wild honeysuckle and many other flowering plants and weeds that make a garden of wilderness. Second growth trees give pleasant shade, canopy the nests of sweet-singing birds, and adorn themselves as splendidly for Autumn's festival as the mightiest oaks of arboreal aristocracy have ever done; and sun and moon and stars are quite as bright and beautiful here in our own upturned bowl of sky as over regions famed for scenic beauty. Perhaps it is in part my dimming vision that enhances the beauty that I see. Blemishes are toned down or blurred out entirely; details sometimes filled in from the visual gallery of memory. I cannot see the stars, but I know they are there; and I think there is enough beauty in a blade of grass to remind us of the awe and wonder of Creation and of our peculiar and total dependence on our Creator.

Meanwhile the bright blue sky of October has become the less bright sky of early November, still beautiful but with flecks of winter in the clouds and haze; there is an unmistakable chill in the air, and the leaves are falling fast from the grey-branched winter-deadened trees. It is All Souls' Day; this morning Ralph, Jean, Stanley, Andy, and I went to Mass at St. Thomas' Church to pray for all the souls in purgatory, especially our own dear ones. For here at Peter Maurin Farm, as elsewhere, life goes on as best it may in spite of war threats and atomic terror. Each day we hope and pray for peace—lasting peace among nations, peoples, communities, families, and in our own troubled hearts; but work can be prayer, too, and each day has its work.

The approach of colder weather finds most of our farm family reasonably well, as they ought to be with Ralph and Jean spending so much of their time taking those who need such help to the clinics for check-ups and treatment. Molly and Agnes persevere in their efforts to maintain the house in some order and cleanliness. Hans, who still does part of the cooking, and Andy spend a good part of their time trying to make our old buildings weather-proof and shipshape for winter. Joe Reach and Joe Cotter have a new helper in the kitchen since Larry Doyle, who cooked at Chrystie Street and Spring Street, is now staying with us. The garden is a disked-under memory except for the shelves of vegetables canned by Joe Cotter, or the winter squash and sweet potatoes stored in the barn. But the greenhouse is bright with geraniums John transplanted from the yard, and I believe there are lettuce and parsley planted for winter use. But John no longer rises early to milk Daisy Mae, the cow; for Daisy Mae and her calf are no more. Our debts and the cost of feeding an aging cow no longer able to bear another calf resulted in a mercenary exchange of cow and calf for money to help pay the grocer. John says he misses Daisy Mae's friendly moo, and sometimes absentmindedly sets out to feed her. The pig, however, is thriving and looking very like the hams and bacon it will soon become, which will please the farm family who say they miss the meat which has been absent from our table more often this fall, and would be so even more often without the donations of meat from a couple of friendly butchers. We have received other food donations, too, so that with all we have put away from the garden, we have more than enough to thank God for and to nourish us. As for bread, the staff of life, Classic Mae and I share the baking of it. Really

all locked up to "pay their debt to society" indicates how far England (as well as our own country) is from solving the problem. The dehumanizing of the already socially inadequate person in the petty yet deadly routine of constructive prison life, can only result in more socially unacceptable behaviour—a truly vicious circle.

Holloway was built to accommodate about 900 women and at present has about 350 inmates; however, it is understaffed and the matrons work long shifts—12 to 14 hours a day.

The inmate work day started after the regulation breakfast of oatmeal porridge, bread, margarine and tea. There were cleaning, laundry, kitchen, work room, and jam factory jobs. I did mending and sewed mail bags, and I also worked one week at cleaning. The jam factory made jam for prisons, and the women who worked there were able to make several shillings a week. Most of us were paid about forty-five cents weekly. We could buy the usual small items in the canteen with this. Our work day was interrupted for exercise periods and for dinner at mid-day. The meals, though prescribed by Prison Regulations to be wholesome and nutritious were mostly starch. The vegetarians lived in hope, but rarely saw a vegetable or a piece of fruit.

The prison library was very good and we were allowed four books weekly. In the evening there were classes, but they were conducted by poorly equipped people, and after one visit to each I stayed in my cell.

After 15 days at Holloway I was transferred to HMI Hall, the "open" prison at Epping, about 20 miles north of London. This staff at Holloway told us before we were transferred that HMI Hall was a

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smile, "I knew you were going to say that."

Whenever we are put on the spot for our responsibility, we are so inclined to mimic Adam and Eve. Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the snake.

First of all we must recognize our very special responsibility to Cuba. In the late nineteenth century, after Cuba had been fighting a fairly successful revolution against the mother country, Spain, the United States stepped in. No one can deny that Cuba was not even present at the signing of the subsequent peace treaty in Paris. During the following years, with Marines often in the country, businessmen from the United States almost completely destroyed subsistence living. In its place, the short-term one-crop took people away from their farms, yet deprived them, in many cases, of subsistence living. They no longer even had the luxury of work. They were both idle and hungry. (And the Platt Amendment was a constant reminder that a foreign government was in control.)

Many will admit that we were quite guilty in our treatment of Cuba. "Yes," they will say, "we admit the facts. We were not selfless. But though we were wrong, Castro is evil. The U. S. simply cannot cooperate with Cuba under the present conditions. Things have gone too far. There is nothing left for us to do. Castro has forced us to decide between communism and our own way of life."

But this kind of fatalistic thinking will not work for the Christian, since it denies responsibility—it sees in an either-or framework, a rigid and unreal pattern—without examining the possibility of a cause and effect relationship between Cuba under United States influence and the Cuba of today.

The Jobless

Again, it is difficult to speak of Cuba, for the problems of food and clothing and housing are such few of us have ever experienced. Until one is poor and hungry one cannot begin to understand the power of material lack. Without this knowledge, the power of love emerges only as a sentimental hope.

How grateful most Americans are that the United States was fortunate enough to have had its revolution in the comfortable past! We are like Marie Antoinette, who, when she heard the people did not have bread, answered, "let them eat cake." "If people are poor, then why don't they find a job?" we ask. "People are poor because they're lazy" is an unrealistic explanation which is announced only by the fortunate. And if finding a job is not always possible for many in our own country, how utterly impossible it has been in Cuba, due to our efforts. Yet we have never even admitted a concern for our own brutality. It was our businessmen who wrenched the economy away from the people, replacing it with one which was suitable for our needs, not considering theirs. Now things are changing: there are jobs, and even peasants in the most rural sections are given materials to build adequate housing, in addition to the immense construction of community project centers, which are both practical and beautiful—much more attractive than our lower class housing units. But until now there has been all too little bread for them.

Penance Needed

We are our brother's keeper in the sense that if he is in need, and we capable of supplying that, then it is certainly our place to do so. Of what worth are material things, if they are not to be given out and used? Yet our duty to Cuba extends far beyond this, for once we admit that we, as a nation, exploited Cuba for nearly sixty years, we must begin by doing penance for our sins.

When we see that our violence in Cuba has been answered by Castro, we must be even more humbled, to think that our sins did not turn us to the knowledge of our injustice soon enough to

avoid Castro's violence. So often when one sees suffering, and most especially in the case of suffering which is brought about through the selfish thoughtlessness of others, the desire is strong indeed to play God, to stop the suffering. And in the face of suffering, impatience is the strongest temptation. This is an all too natural

life begins on the far side of fear. And we would say to the Cuban people: "We have harmed your country. Now, at least, let us help you to build a better one." We should be prepared to find a hostile nation disbelieving our words. Our words must become actions.

In a very real way Cuba is our forgotten and mistreated daughter.

CUBA

reaction — and violence begets violence in turn.

Is He Communist?

If Castro is a communist today, it is our fault, for the Christian can teach in one way: through



example. It is not surprising, therefore, that the world is warring, and despite all the talk and conferences and walks and pickets there seems only to be a greater possibility for war; it is not surprising because we are so unwilling to commit ourselves to the hard work of daily peace—a peace which must begin within ourselves. Everything begins when we will take up the burden to begin. We can expect nothing before that.

Taking the reports in our daily newspapers as absolute facts, which they most certainly are not, and going so far as to speculate that Castro is a communist—for the simple point is that whatever anyone else is doing, we still have the responsibility as creatures endowed with intelligence — what then must the Christian do? It is perhaps best expressed in the fourth chapter of St. John:

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God. In this is the love, not that we loved God, but that He has first loved us, and sent His Son a propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God has so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

Again, what of the story of the shepherd, who leaves his flock to find the one lost sheep? Over and over the message which God has given to us showers us with love. And Christian love is not one which rejects, because grace is possible at any time.

Help Needed

If we could do penance for our sins, in love, the very first change would be a difference in our tone toward the Cuban people. For instance, our news stories would have no need to be so weighted—there is no need to foster war and hate. And, in turn, it would become more possible to find out what might be going on in Cuba. Human

ter. She is violent in response to our violence, and if she is to know peace we must be willing to teach her that too. Having failed one responsibility, are we going to fall in the second, which is greater as a result of the first failure? Collectively we may not be able to do so, but every peaceful, individual action is the only beginning. Further, we must be willing to have our violent daughter reject our ways in that once we rejected her. It will be difficult for Cuba to survive the outlook of having been used. That is her whole history.

As a parent, too, we must recognize Cuba's independence to choose her own way. She is no longer ours. All the while we must be willing to examine why we think our values should survive and be transmitted. Is our "way" so perfected that nothing else is possible? Very few of us could justify all our actions. Therefore we must be willing to let Cuba work out her problems, not expecting her to find exactly the same answers, and perhaps hers will teach us!

We must be willing to give, as Christ would give, expecting to be greeted with the spittle of suspicion, knowing that our ways are imperfect — for the kingdom of God on earth is not near completion—and that we can only come

as humble, contrite children of God. And eventually, with love, a new way of life may come to pass.

Do you remember the passage from Isaiah? "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee . . ." The Lord came almost two thousand years ago, and comes each day in the mass, yet have we begun to live the command of love, the most powerful force of all? We, who should know the joy which abounds in the New Testament, must not reject Castro, for if we do, how can we expect him to find Christ?

The Cross Currents article presents a masterful explanation of the Church in Cuba, and there is little historical knowledge to add. Merely this: it is important that the Church be with her people.

Somehow we are in the habit of considering the Church in terms of buildings and numbers of people at mass and the sacraments and communion breakfasts—a Church of results, as if were, based on a quantitative count. But we are born into the Spirit, not into the Law from which we were freed by Christ's death. What is important is the basic change resulting from that rebirth. We now live in Christ Jesus, and all of us must be prepared, weak though we be, to follow Him, no matter where the path leads. If every man's knee is to bend in praise to the Lord, then we must be universally present. As a worker priest says, every muscle must give praise to Him and our very breath must proclaim His word. To have the sacrifice of the Mass, and yet not to perfect ourselves as instruments so that other men may know Him, is to deny as surely as Judas. If we are denied the buildings from which to preach, it must be God's will for us to dispossess ourselves further from material things. The flourishing of the Church is dependent upon things not of this world, and it is good that all else

has been taken from us. We should never have wanted them.

People indignantly write to us, and say, "You're pacifists, you can't take such an attitude toward Castro. How can you possibly justify violence?" We will justify nothing. But we will try to understand how a person can feel that violence might be justified.

We say of the revolution: it is an attempt to correct evils. In so far as it is an honest attempt it is a good; in so far as it is built on violence and hatred it is misguided. In the very fact that the revolution is a change, a response, it is an honest but violent attempt. With patience and meekness perhaps it will be possible to eliminate the beams from both our eyes. But we cannot expect to pluck their beam out before we possess that element of meekness.

We say of violence: we understand it well, for we live just a short distance from the Bowery. There are fights in our house quite frequently, by men just off the street; there are gang fights in our neighborhood almost every day. We live in a world of violence. Physically, the first reaction to being hit, is to hit back. But to understand is not to condone. To understand and yet to say it might be possible to put down one's armor, is to face the reality of grace. Man must constantly strive toward perfection, always realizing that he is tainted, and that he could not live but for the grace of God. Only with grace, with God's love, do we become whole men.

But thou, why doest thou judge thy brother? Or thou, why doest thou despise thy brother?" For we all stand at the judgement seat of God; for it is written, 'As I live, says the Lord, to Me every knee shall bend, and every tongue shall give praise to God.' Therefore everyone of us will render an account for himself to God. Therefore let us no longer judge one another, but rather judge this, that you should not put a stumbling block or a hindrance in your brother's way. (Romans 1.)

Letters on Cuba

Dear Miss Day:

I have just read your recent article on Cuba. One of your 70,000 copies comes to me regularly and I have read and been influenced by the Catholic Worker since 1947. I am more than grateful to you for the untold spiritual horizons you have shown me. My sympathies have always been with the Worker movement, but what has affected me most profoundly is the way you are able to effect in behavior the spiritual realities of Faith, Hope, and Charity. They seem not "theological virtues" but ways of life, the only ways to give meaning and richness.

Thank you for lighting the way for me and for so many. You and your mission are daily in my prayers.

Sincerely,
Sister Marian David, O.P.

Dear Dorothy:

I thought your piece on Cuba was a thoughtful, prayerful one. But I know from Mexico that of all civil wars, the one which involves religion leaves the worst scars. (And couldn't the revolution have been achieved by passive resistance?)

Love from us all,
Donald Demarest.

Dear Friends:

I am somewhat puzzled by the attitude of the Catholic Worker on Castro.

During World War II the Catholic Worker maintained that the use of force against the Nazis could not be justified. But now, apparently, the Catholic Worker justifies the use of force by Castro. If force, in the form of war today, can be justified then I should

think it certainly would have been against the Nazis.

As far as means are concerned Castro is the Franco of Cuba—the ideologies are different but not the methods or the psychological make-up (which is common to extremists of right and left.)

Castro's aim of land reform etc. originally received sympathetic hearing even from members of the Cuban Catholic hierarchy, but Castro has managed stupidly to antagonize them.

Sincerely,
Robert Ludlow

Dear Dorothy:

As a friend and admirer of yours I feel after reading your thoughtful column in the current issue of the Catholic Worker that we—you and I and all of us—must find some position on Cuba which lies between the position you have advanced and the position of the Chamber of Commerce. Dellinger is not all wrong; but he is far from all right. Let us pray for one another. God bless you always.

In Christ,

Msgr. James J. Shannan, Pres.

Dear Friend:

I have been reading Dorothy Day's article about Cuba. It is not easy to be on the right side. Here in Kerala the Christians, including Catholics, are all divided and fighting for their own profit, while the poor are left to the Communists.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
Bede Griffiths O.S.B.

Dear Editor:

I read the articles, letters and reviews with considerable interest, especially those pieces about Cuba. I lived and taught in Santiago de Cuba (seedbed of the revolution)

in 1956-57, and I have very definite memories and observations there. Both have led me to reject the "official" American view of what Castro has wrought, and to accept the more humane, enlightened and rational one expressed in the columns of your paper.

Sincerely yours,
Konrad Hopkins

Dear Dorothy Day,

I was a more than a little upset when I read your article on Cuba in the last issue. I agreed with your article as far as it went. That is, deploring the invasion when it took place in April because I saw it as an effort by the CIA to reinstate Batista in Cuba. But, it was at this point that your article stopped, except for some statements of discontent over the state of the revolution, but nevertheless, support for Fidel.

To a certain extent I agree with this attitude: we must not support a CIA take-over of Cuba. This, I think, is basic. From this point, I go on to say something about the Castro regime. It is clear now that there are only two political groups and only one political party in Cuba—the Fidelistas are not a political party, leaving this function to the PSP, the Communists. Being a radical and a pacifist, I cannot condone any regime which tends to be dominated by Communists or one that uses totalitarian tactics. I have heard Sid Lens claim that Cuba is not Communist; I have just read that Sid states to the press that he "greatly underestimated the extent of Communist control in Cuba." Even brushing this aside, I do not think

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world were a single hamburger, it would be worth a fight to the death to get hold of it. A fallout shelter might be of some value in Colombia or Peru—or perhaps in Australia. In the event of an all-out atomic attack on the U.S. such a shelter recommends itself only to someone who wants to die in a small hole.

Secondly a passive and uncritical acceptance of all the ambiguous political thought which is leading us step by step toward nuclear war. It implies a stoical resignation to the idea of such a war, and the conviction that nuclear war makes sense: that it may become "necessary" and even "Christian." Please do not misunderstand me: I am not trying to pin these opinions on the author of the article. I am just saying they are in the air that everybody breathes. They are disseminated like spiritual fallout by the irresponsible and immoral sensationalism of the mass-media.

Finally, in the moral thinking of many Catholics, there is a tacit assumption that the fulfillment of the minimal obligation and nothing more, is normal for a Christian! That anything beyond the very minimal becomes "heroic" and "cannot be demanded" of anyone. Perhaps we forget there are situations in which even the minimum demanded of a Christian can be heroic. It is certainly true that one might be obliged to leave the supposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one's life in order to minister to the grave spiritual needs of the neighbor we so readily consider as a possible target for our rifle!

It seems to me that at this time, above all, instead of wasting our time in problematical ways of saving our own skin, we ought to be seeking with all our strength to act as better Christians, as men of peace, dedicated wholeheartedly to the law of love which is the law of Christ.

This grave problem has to be seen in the light of very extraordinary circumstances. We are in the midst of what is perhaps the most crucial moral and spiritual crisis the human race has ever faced during its history. We are all deeply involved in this crisis, and consequently the way each individual faces the crisis has a definite bearing on the survival of the whole race. This does not mean that individual rights are to be sacrificed without further discussion. But it does mean that the way in which each individual protects his own rights is a matter of great importance. Therefore, while each individual certainly retains the right to defend his life and protect his family, we run the risk of creating a very dangerous mentality and opening the way to moral chaos if we give the impression that from here on out it is just every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

This is not only fundamentally un-Christian, but it is immoral on the purely natural level and is finally disastrous even to the political interests of our nation.

It is tragic that the non-violent resistance to evil which is of the very essence of the New Testament morality has come to be regarded as a specialty reserved for beatniks and eccentric cultists. What is the real purpose of the Sermon on the Mount? Certainly the injunction to "turn the other cheek" and to "give one's cloak also" is Oriental and hyperbolic. Certainly an absolutely literal fulfillment is not intended. But we cannot discard these inescapable injunctions of Christ our Lord. They give us the whole spirit and orientation with which even the natural law is to be fulfilled. Once the Law of Christ has been promulgated, it is no longer possible to isolate the natural law in a sphere of its own.

The natural law itself acquires a Christian perspective from the Sermon on the Mount. It has an aim higher than the mere avoidance of brutality, savagery and sin. It becomes obligatory for the Christian to orientate all his conduct according to the law of love and to make use of non-violent means of persuasion whenever it is humanly possible. He must do this out of generous love both for his neighbor and for the truth.

Fallout does not dispense me from the basic obligation to love

clear that even non-violent resistance not only recognizes but emphasizes this fundamental duty. There is no such thing as legitimate non-violent passivity in this case. It is not ethically permissible for a man to stand by and let his helpless dependents be killed or overrun. Non-violent resistance is active and positive. It takes very definite steps to protect rights, but these steps are non-violent in the sense that self sacrifice for the sake of truth and rights takes precedence over everything else, and especially over the use of physical force against the aggressor. The non-violent resister has the duty to lay down his life if necessary to protect the rights of his family. He is also ready to lay down his life in defense of the truth. The emphasis is on the readiness to sacrifice one's own life, not on the promptitude with which one will kill another to save himself.

I admit that the practical question of how to resist non-violently in the case we are discussing (the fallout shelter) presents very serious difficulties. Such a case would require mastery of the supremely difficult and heroic technique of non-violent resistance. In practice, where non-violent resistance is impossible, then force may and should be used, rather than passive acquiescence. I must emphasize this point very strongly, because it is generally unknown or misunderstood. Merely passive acquiescence in evil is in no sense to be dig-

This does not alter the fact that it is both misleading and dangerous to place too much stress on the supposed value of hiding in a hole in the backyard. Let there be no nonsense about neighbor pitted against neighbor with revolvers and shotguns. Lives are not going to be saved by anarchy and arbitrary recourse to subjective fantasy. Above all let us get rid of this poisonous viewpoint that it is every man for himself, and that one is being noble and dutiful if one is ready to shoot his neighbor. There are higher ideals we can keep in mind. Let us not forget that the supreme example of non-violent resistance to evil is the crucifixion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in which the Incarnate Son of God destroyed sin by taking the sins of the world upon Himself and dying on the Cross, while forgiving the men who were putting Him to death. Far from being an act of mere helpless passivity, as Nietzsche and other moderns claim, this was a free and willing acceptance of suffering in the most positive and active manner. The activity in this case was hidden and spiritual. It was an exercise of the supremely dynamic spiritual force of divine love.

A Christian is committed to the belief that Love and Mercy are the most powerful forces on earth. Hence every Christian is bound by his baptismal vocation to seek, as

velop a state of mind in which, forgetting his Christian ideal, he thinks in purely selfish and pragmatic terms. Our rights certainly remain, but they do not entitle us to develop a hard-boiled, callous, selfish outlook, a "me first" attitude. This is that rugged individualism which is so unchristian and which modern movements in Catholic spirituality have so justly deplored.

There is another and very grave aspect of the present problem. It is a purely practical and political aspect. What is going to happen to this country if it is suddenly attacked and all the citizens fly into a panic and start shooting each other up? Not only is this a very serious and actual danger, but it is undoubtedly an important part in the well-calculated policy of Communism. Why do you suppose Khrushchev has given world-wide publicity to his crescendo of nuclear tests? Do you suppose that this has been totally unrelated to the near panic in some quarters in the United States? Let us consider for a moment a statement made some years ago by one of our own missile experts, Dr. James B. Edson. He says: "It is of course more artful and sophisticated and sometimes more economical to use one of the agents (nuclear, biological, or psychological) as a catalyst causing the target to destroy itself by its own energy. This can be done to ammunition dumps and people. It can also be done to enemies and nations, causing them to maneuver endlessly in response to threats they cannot foresee or cannot forestall."

In other words our moral theologians, in their innocence, do not take into account the almost infinitely subtle reasoning of the man of war. They do not reckon with the vast scope and probing calculations of power politicians and military technicians in the nuclear age. We are not just fighting with nuclear weapons. We are in a cold war that is total in the sense that it exploits every available resource, and one of the most explosive forces in this warfare is the psychology of the helpless civilian. Let us for the love of heaven wake up to the fact that our own minds are just as filled with dangerous power today as the nuclear bombs themselves. And let us be very careful how we unleash the pent-up forces in the minds of others. The hour is extremely grave. The guarded statements of moral theologians are a small matter compared to the constant deluge of irresponsible opinions, criminal half-truths and murderous images disseminated by the mass media. The struggle for survival, freedom and truth is going to be won or lost in our thoughts, in our spirit. It is because the minds of men have become what they have become that the world is poised on the brink of total disaster.



my neighbor as myself and even in a case where it might be obligatory to restrain him from violence by force, I am only allowed to use this force with love for truth, for justice, and for my neighbor. I can never cease to value him or his life, and I should be willing to learn to accept injustice and violence, even death, for the sake of love and truth. To regard this as mere sentimentality is to confess that one is blind to the real sense of Christian ethics.

Certainly a man owes protection to his family and dependents. No one questions that. Let it be quite

nified by the name of non-violence. It is a travesty of Christian meekness. It is purely and simply the sin of cowardice. Those who imagine that this kind of apathy is non-violent resistance are doing a great disservice to the cause of truth and confusing heroism with degenerate and apathetic passivity. Hence even the proponent of non-violence will allow that in practice a man might use force to protect the life and safety of his family in a fallout shelter, assuming that he was not able to solve the problem in a legitimately non-violent manner.

far as he can, with God's grace, to make those forces effective in his life, to the point where they dominate all his actions. Naturally no one is bound to attain to the full perfection of charity. But a Christian who forgets that this is his goal, ceases by that fact to live and act as a genuine Christian. We must strive, then, to imitate Christ and His sacrifice, in so far as we are able. We must keep in mind His teaching that supreme love consists in laying down one's life for his friends.

This means that a Christian will never simply allow himself to de-

Barbarians and Civilized

By PETER MAURIN

We call barbarians
people living
on the other side of the border.

We call civilized
people living
on this side of the border.

We civilized,
living on this side of the border,
are not ashamed to arm ourselves to the teeth
so as to protect ourselves
against the barbarians
living on the other side.

And when the barbarians
born on the other side of the border
invade us,

we do not hesitate
to kill them
before we have tried to
civilize them.

So we civilized
exterminate barbarians
without civilizing them.

And we persist
in calling ourselves civilized.

Further Clarification

By Judith Gregory

Apparently some people have taken my article in *The Catholic Worker* last May (called "What Political Principle?") to be a reluctant endorsement of "anarchism" à la Hennacy, and have taken the quotations from Martin Buber's *Paths in Utopia* to be a sort of after-thought. I did not intend this at all. Actually I meant to make my main point through these quotations. Here I shall give them once more in full (they are well worth repeating) and try to show that these statements provide a method for discovering appropriate areas for effective political action.

1. "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."

2. "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 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."

3. "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."

People who deny the absolute authority of the state may find that many different aspects of the authority claimed by the state are repugnant to them. It is absurd, however, for them to leap to the conclusion that the state has no authority. This is the conclusion of the anarchist. It is absurd be-

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Mississippi and "MOM"

(Continued from page 1)

defied the ICC ruling, effective Nov. 1st. On Nov. 1st, the Jackson police put up portable "white" and "colored" signs outside the bus terminal, and arrested three persons during the day. Negroes, who entered the white waiting room to test compliance with the ICC ruling. Two of these were CORE members from Shreveport, the third was from Jackson.

From all of this, it is clear that Mississippi is stubbornly committed to maintaining segregation, and has so far successfully held out against the most determined legal and direct action assaults upon it.

"MOM"

Since June of this year, there has been a strong civil rights movement in Mississippi committed to direct action. The movement appears to have been greatly inspired by the Freedom Rides into Jackson, but it is particularly due to the same group that picked up the Freedom Ride at Birmingham, where the original 1961 Freedom Ride had dispersed.

One of the two leaders of that group, Bernard Lafayette (Dianne Nash was also one of this group) was in the next cell at Parchman Prison and told me the history of the Nashville group and how it had taken up the ride. The first CORE-sponsored freedom ride from Washington, D. C., ended in bus-burning and violence at Anniston and Birmingham. That group then flew from Birmingham to New Orleans, though several later returned to join the Nashville group. At this point, the students of the Nashville Student Committee, against the advice of the Nashville Christian Leadership Conference and in the face of what seemed certain violence and even death, decided to resume the Freedom Ride.

The first half of the group started by bus to Birmingham, were arrested outside of the city and, some hours later, dropped just across the Alabama-Tennessee state line by the police. In the middle of the night. Hearing of their arrest, Lafayette's group, who had stayed behind to finish school, as it was the final week of tests, set out by car to Birmingham. Meanwhile, the first group had managed to call Nashville, were picked up by another car, and the two groups joined forces in Birmingham. In Birmingham they waited all of one day and night in the bus station until a driver was found who would take them.

This bus, with Freedom Riders and newpeople aboard, proceeded to Montgomery under police escort, except that the escort turned back at the Montgomery city limits leaving them to a mob

at the Montgomery station. Two of these were hospitalized as a result of this rally at Martin Luther King's Church that night was besieged by the mob. Nevertheless, several days later, they resumed the ride, and without further violence came to Jackson, where they were arrested.

The courage and dedication of these Nashville students is impressive, and it is largely responsible for what has taken place in Mississippi since the Freedom Rides began. In June, Lafayette and several others came out on appeal bond (when I talked with Lafayette in Jackson, the last week of October, he expressed regret that they had gotten into the habit of taking bond, since they accept the idea of not appealing jail sentences as a part of their non-violent philosophy). Immediately afterwards, they returned to Jackson and, with some imaginative recruiting tactics, gathered some 40 Jackson Negroes to join the Freedom Ride.

Since then, working on a living expenses allotment from the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee in Atlanta, they have established two "Non-Violent Movement" offices in Jackson and McComb, Mississippi and they now publish a weekly newsletter, which is distributed in the Negro sections of Jackson. They supported a boycott of the segregated state fair, which was said to be 90% effective. Three of them took part in a high school students demonstration in McComb, protesting the expulsion of a girl, who had taken part in a sit-in at McComb during the summer, and all three were beaten and arrested. SNCC's voter registration drive near McComb has so far resulted in three beatings and the killing of a 52-year-old Negro farmer. Presently, they

have rented a house in Jackson, are meeting regularly with high school and college students, and planning for a mass demonstration several months hence. Beatings, and arrests on such charges as "contributing to the delinquency of a minor," have become a common experience with them and testify to the force of their attack.

I believe that this movement in Mississippi may be the most important result of the Freedom Ride. In a few months it has mustered strong support from the previously fearful Negro people of Mississippi. Furthermore, the spirit of these young people is what is required to match Mississippi's stubbornness.



bornness. The hard core of the group numbers only about a dozen, and its financial resources are severely limited, although CORE has given it considerable financial support. If the rest of the civil rights movement will give this Mississippi group the help it deserves, there may yet be integrated terminals in Mississippi.

Letters From California

(Continued from page 1)

of on a vacation, without me planning it, but God who knows what is best for each of us.

The cooperative housing is not progressing as it should. Some seem to think government aid is the only solution but I feel very strongly against government financial aid with all the strings attached to such an idea. Families are told that they can't have any more children or they will have to move. That is the one thing that disturbs me. Another, that they can never own their apartment. Oh, you know this so well that I'll stop telling you this sort of thing. I believe we still have people who would loan a group enough money to get old houses and move them in on the property. The farm laborer can never get enough money for a down-payment. Some have, but the sacrifice of food and milk, etc., was necessary to even start.

First we need money to really begin some constructive way to help these local people. They pay rent so I am sure they cannot pay for their own homes. This would give them real dignity. I can see the faces of the Barbour family—13 children. To own their own home is just a dream—but I hope and pray it will be a reality. This year as every year they went to pick prunes but only made one half the usual \$1,500 a person. Work for local people this year was the poorest I've ever seen. After the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee was declared useless, things really got bad. Andy Arellano is still trying to work for the Workers even after the AWOC has lost nearly all their power. Many complaints about the bracero taking the local workers' job, etc. Andy has done a lot of investigating—it seems that many times it is not the fault of the farmer but the local contractor who got the bracero and has to

prove they are needed. That is why we have these awful labor camps. Even the braceros are complaining. They only go out every other day. If they complain too much, they are sent back to Mexico. One contractor returned 16 complainants and returned to camp with 40 in their place. So you see what a real mess things are in.

The American Friends Service Committee have come several times this summer. Their last project was canning tomatoes. I wasn't too successful as far as the canning went, as the tomatoes weren't ripe but they found plenty to do around the area. Put up shelves for a small library in the center, so people can learn to use a library and also for students for reference work. So far we are not too well organized but things will eventually take shape. We have some books that students have been bringing each time they come.

One of Tom Coddington's friends, Jack Walsh, a teacher in the Vallejo Catholic High School, and a group of seniors came down with clothes and lots of interest for their Mission work. Especially the Sanctuary so maybe we will have more than one set of altar clothes, I hope.

Please pray for the farm workers out here and their many problems. Four parishes are beginning a Catholic Migrant Mission program but it is only pastoral care, called CAMMP. At least it is a start—the Protestants have been doing it for years around here. It is a shame we have to use their examples; instead of Catholics in the lead we are following.

God bless all the Catholic Workers, I sure enjoyed the article about the kitchen and the cook.

Sincerely Ray Cristy Rey.

Kay Brickey
Route 3
Box 1148
Tracy, Calif.

Further Clarification

(Continued from page 5)

cause it means in the end that every individual must be self-sufficient, and this is impossible. The truth is that if the state were done away with, there would still always be groups of people, because people always have good reason to join together, for many different purposes. So-called anarchists also believe in forming groups, voluntarily (and then they speak airily of "confederation," which is probably in fact the most difficult of all relationships to maintain—more difficult than federalism because it has less natural cohesion than the latter—and which is almost certain to fall apart without the help of a little "legitimate compulsion"). Anarchists sometimes seem to think that the purposes for which they join together into groups are better than those of other people, but actually they are very much the same.

Now each of these groups, having a common purpose, will have a spokesman of some sort to articulate that purpose. This spokesman, for one kind of group—the largest—is the state. It will not always speak for every member in its group, nor for every smaller group within it, any more than the spokesman of an anarchist community will always have the backing of all the anarchists! This problem is universal and will always exist, on every level of association. It does not, however, destroy the necessity for the various groups, nor the (limited) validity of the authority of their spokesmen.

Here Buber's remarks become pertinent. I must examine the group of which I am a member, decide which, within it, are the areas of legitimate and illegitimate compulsion, and act to eliminate illegitimate compulsion by refusing to submit to it, at the same time acting to set up new relationships in that area. (Of course, each person is usually a member of a number of different groups, each group involving these same obligations.)

How can I imagine that I have the capacity to determine these areas of legitimate and illegitimate compulsion? It is, of course, a very serious responsibility. It is here that Gandhi has contributed so much, for satyagraha is actually an answer to this very question. If I decide, after a thorough consideration of the problem, and knowing my great responsibility, that the authority of the state in a particular area is illegitimate, then two kinds of action are demanded of me. One is to try to set up in that area new relationships that are legitimate and that tend to bring about the desired end—the end that I have decided is either frustrated or perverted by the authority of the state. A simple example of illegitimate authority is a law requiring racially segregated facilities of any kind. My obligation is to work to establish non-segregated facilities. The second kind of action that is required of me is the open refusal to obey the authority—in this case to refuse to be segregated when I have occasion to use the facilities in question—which is the refusal to submit to illegitimate compulsion. However, according to Gandhi, the only manner of doing this that is compatible with truth and with love (non-violence) is to take the entire consequences of this refusal on myself. I must, then, in another sense, submit to the very compulsion of which I have just denied the legitimacy. This is what is required by Gandhian civil disobedience. I must say that this particular exercise of force is illegitimate, and yet I must permit it to have its way with me.

Now there are many activities that do not seem to involve going this far. There are areas in which it is possible to try to establish more fruitful ways of doing things than now exist, without clashing with the authority of the state, and

thus without being compelled to decide whether that authority is legitimate or not. Such a clash is usually possible at some point, however, and the more pervasive and insistent state authority is, the greater the possibility of clashing with it. It is in any case always important to be prepared to do so.

It should theoretically be possible to examine the needs of the people subject to the authority of a certain state, and then to examine the existing authority of that state, and then to make a list of the areas of illegitimate compulsion. Then one could set out to "drive the factual base-line of the State back" systematically, if one could organize enough people in this work. This is really what Gandhi did in India, more or less thoroughly and systematically. This is perhaps what is being attempted in the South. Whether it could be done elsewhere is worth considering, but certainly individuals, alone or together, can at all times consciously join in this work. I believe that this is a revolution for one man or for many, but I emphatically deny that it is any kind of anarchism.

Truth

Catholic Worker readers may find fraternal interest in the following translated excerpt from Professor Louis Massignon's recent BADALIYA Society bulletin. Professor Massignon has been mentioned previously in the CW-Muslim-Christian Pilgrimage held each year in Brittany. He is also one of the few living personal friends of Charles de Foucauld and was the one Foucauld left his Directory to for official publication. He is an Arabic scholar of the College de France and member of the Moscow and Cairo Academies of Science, and is, by special dispensation from Rome, one of the few Western non-celibate priests (in the Oriental rite). As president of an amnesty society for political prisoners, founder of the Friends of Gandhi Society of France, and non-violent demonstrator outside French prisons, he is experienced in many things CW has come to stand for in this country and has many thoughts and perceptions to share with us. He is, now at 74, one of the unique spiritual witnesses, along with his acquaintance Gandhi and personal friend Foucauld, of the new consciousness of fraternity between religions and races, and has been the one best placed in intellectual and scholarly circles to articulate the present and future approaches to this consciousness. Christianity in him has meant to many Arabs and other guests of France a spontaneous befriending and hospitality.

In bulletin Number 10, we recalled the profound words of Pascal on "the long strange war" that violence wages against truth. "All efforts of violence cannot enfeeble the truth nor serve any other purpose than to heighten it. And all the lights of truth can do nothing to stop violence and only serve to irritate it further." (Prov. Lett. XII)

"We have not hesitated to witness in public, before law courts and even in the street, in silence and non-violence, against official illegalities, especially regarding against Muslims. In this contradictory age, of the 'possessed,' which we are passing through, I can only echo Pascal that the affirmation of truth, even in non-violence, serves only to irritate our blinded adversaries and to render them even worse (as for the victims, they consider us lukewarm). What we wish is not to bring on reprisals by enflaming the victims to vengeance, but to convert the persecutors, who are also our brothers.

"Why this apparent flaw in non-violence for witnessing truth (and, what is indispensable, all truth)? (Continued on page 8)

FROM THE SPOIL OF THE VIOLENT

Emmanuel Mounier

The duty of the incarnation, if we were faithful to the meaning of the word, would oblige us to maintain simultaneously, at each moment of time, the most completely contradictory-to-good-sense positions; to die to the world, even while we committed ourselves to it; to deny the everyday, and to save it; to sorrow over our sins, and to rejoice in the new man; to reckon of value only what is inward, but to spread ourselves abroad throughout nature in order to conquer the whole of life for inwardness; to recognize in ourselves the dependence of a nothing and the liberty of a king; and above all never to regard any of these divided situations as substantially contradictory, nor as finally resolvable in the experience of man.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

good home-made bread is almost a meal in itself. Thank You, God, for our daily bread. May it nourish us in greater gratitude for what we have.

Although we are not such a large family as we were during the frenetic summer months with all the comings and doings of summer visitors, we are large enough and continue to have much company especially on Sundays. As always we are glad to have visitors, but we think it is helpful if people call us before coming out. Our telephone number is YUkon 4-9896. There have, as usual, been some changes in our family. We have some newcomers, and some who were with us last year are no longer with us. The loom room in our old farmhouse is now occupied by a mother and three children—two little girls of four and six, Aimee and Michele, and their baby sister, Rayna, who was born on the Feast of Christ the King. One of the larger rooms upstairs is occupied by two young women, one one had a baby in June, and the other is expecting any day now. From the point of view of age groups, we are rather like an old-fashioned family, with ages ranging all the way from newborn babies to Agnes Sydney, the senior member of our family, who is an octogenarian. In addition to our babies and small children, we have young adults, middle-aged, and several in the older age brackets. Our community is also inter-racial since three of us are Negroes.

Such diversity of age and race, as well as temperament and background, makes for more liveliness and interest. Classie Mae and Lucille, who are from Alabama and have the irrepressible high spirits and good nature of a race that has refused to be downed by the most adverse circumstances, have become favorites with everyone in the community. Classie Mae, the older, is an excellent cook and baker, but the two together make a good team both in work and play. Classie Mae sings in the choir of St. Joseph's, our parish church, and is also learning how to do stained glass work under Ralph's tutelage. Lucille spends some spare time in exercising her very real talent for drawing and painting. Both seem to take to dancing as naturally as they breathe. Only the other day Paul Lerner, who is with us again for a while, remarked that he hoped Classie Mae and Lucille would remain through the winter, since life at the farm would be most dull without them. For Stanley and Slim, however, there would be no lack of consolation so long as Aimee and Michele, our little girls, continue with us. Stanley is in rather a quandary trying to decide which of the two he should marry when she reaches marriageable age. Or, as he sometimes puts it, when he does; and Slim obviously finds the little girls even more delightful companions than the neighbors' dogs or our chickens. As for the two babies—Brenda Fay and Rayna—they are still at that enviable stage when almost all adults regard them with awe and wonder and delight.

Earlier this fall, our farmhouse presented quite a festive appearance. Walter Kerell came out from our Chrystie Street office and hung the downstairs area, the stairs, and the porch with white bridal decorations. Diane Gannon came out too, and spent the whole night preparing an excellent wedding lunch, making last minute alterations on bridal garments, and arranging beautiful bridal and bridesmaid bouquets from wild flowers picked on the farm or the nearby roadside. Classie Mae and I baked a wedding cake. Then at high noon on September 28, Sharon Farmer was married to Philip Havey who had spent a good part of his summer serving jail sentences for taking part in the civil defense demonstration in the

Spring and for his part in a freedom ride to Jackson, Mississippi. Frank Cuevas acted as best man; Diane Gannon as bridesmaid. Fr. Riordan, who had baptized Sharon in the same church only the month before, performed the marriage ceremony in St. Thomas' Church. The two young people are now living in an apartment, near our Chrystie Street headquarters. May God's blessing go with them throughout their married life.

Although we are very grateful to Fr. Mailleux for being so faithful in saying Mass for us every two weeks so that we can keep the Blessed Sacrament, we are always delighted when a visiting priest comes out to say Mass whatever the occasion. On the Feast of Christ the King, Fr. Victor, a Benedictine from Ceylon, drove over with Joe Cavallucci, an old friend of the Catholic Worker, and two young men likewise from Ceylon. Fr. Victor spoke the Latin of the Mass so clearly that it came through almost with the impact of English; and Tom Cain, as always, served Mass beautifully. We were also happy that Dorothy Day and Anne Marie Stokes could get over from the beach house for Mass and breakfast afterward. We were all much moved by Fr. Victor's accounts of the poverty in Ceylon, which, he said, is one-tenth Catholic, and of the difficulty he has had in trying to raise money for these poverty-stricken people in rich America. We hope and pray that he will be more successful before he returns to his homeland.

We have certainly had many more visitors than we can name, but as always we appreciate their interest and, in many cases, the help they have given us. It has given us special pleasure, too, when the members of our scattered Catholic Worker family come back for visits. We were certainly glad to have Marty and Rita Corbin with their lovely children—Dorothy and Margaret—spend a few days here and at the beach house. It was good, too, to see Don and Jeannette Dreyer and their son, Philip, again. It seemed to me that we were specially honored when Terry Sullivan, our Catholic Worker freedom rider from our Chicago house, and his freedom rider friend, Bill Hanson, came to visit us shortly after their return from the Parchman State Penitentiary where they served their full four months' sentence. We are sorry that Karl Meyer could not get out after his return from the Moscow peace walk, but some of us did get in to hear Karl speak at Chrystie Street. Such young men as these are doing the really heroic work of our time, even though the particular act in the immediate context may seem insignificant, inconsequential, and totally unsuccessful. God willing, the failure may become the failure of the Cross and bear the fruit of love—a love that may grow great enough to swing the imperiled balance of man's future from the darkness of annihilation to the light of life and hope.

Now as the liturgical year draws to its close, I thank God for all His goodness, for the Catholic Worker, for Peter Maurin Farm, and for all those who help us with their prayers, work, and donations. I thank Him, too, for the retreat which I made at Regina Laudis during the week of the great feasts of St. Therese and St. Francis of Assisi. The spiritual conferences with Mother Agnes; the wise and witty talk of Sr. Prisca, who was head of the Catholic Worker house in Rochester before entering the Benedictine Order; the beautiful chanting of the Divine Office, the joy of the high Masses; the joy of discovering again Margaret Dahdah Fitzgerald, who spent much time with us at Maryfarm in Newburgh but is married now and living near Regina Laudis where she often goes to Mass; the intellectual

delight of listening to Jean Morton read aloud Teilhard de Chardin's *The Divine Milieu*; the monastic appropriateness of the well kept herb gardens which supply Sr. Prisca with the herbs for her delectable concoctions; the beautiful parklike orchards with trees laden with pears, peaches, apples; the silence of deep prayer in the chapel; the all pervading sense of peace and order—a totality of experiences which I will not soon forget, a little cosmos of peace and order to help me find some peace and order in myself. *Deo Gratias.*

Letters On Cuba

(Continued from page 4)

that outside pressure has made it necessary for Fidel to take the measures he has taken in restriction of civil liberties (the latest effort was the suppression of the Trotskyist press and while I don't agree with what they were saying, I think we all realize that they are far from a rightist group intent on destroying the revolution). Closer to home, the suppression of the libertarians, which you and



I are in closer in agreement with than any other Cuban political group, have been suppressed for being critical of Fidel's soft attitude toward the Communists. I am sure that you and I, were we in Cuba, would be in jail or exiled. Thus, I see no reason to support the present state of the Cuban revolution. Like yourself, I support all the much needed reforms, but I believe that they must be achieved by different means in order to be meaningful.

Yours in peace and freedom,
David Golden

Before Snow

Grey
is a pyramid
Indistinguishable at the peak
before snow
at 4:30
before night
Breathing becomes a tingle
Results in crunch, crunch
gravel—
grey
Seeing becomes liquid
Results:
Market on Mott Street—the good
fruit of heat removed
Pushcarts so very bare—waiting
Parks abandoned—waiting
Birds circle,
depart
scarcely known—
grey
Smelling becomes rhapsody
long, warm breads . . .
and stinking fish,
garlic—
grey
Hearing becomes echoes
tap, tap
hunk, hunk
swoosh, swoosh
Activity accelerated into—
grey
Tasting becomes
Italian and Spanish
cold spice
Nationally and atmospherically
pungent
Touching becomes
numb—
grey
Grey, oh grey
becomes
a lady
before snow

Jean Morton

Russian Memories

By GEORGE BENNIGSEN

From my young days I was interested in mental cases, and that is why I was so interested in the excellent review of Fr. Verner Moore's most important book on *Sanctity and Mental Illnesses*. Fr. Moore, Carthusian, and doctor, treated the subject as it stands in America, where it is most important to reduce the number of mental cases, owing to the shortage of beds and personnel. He shows convincingly that this can be done by prayer and Christian education of persons whose mental equilibrium has been shattered, thus avoiding the necessity of sending them to the hospital.

I would like to tell of my experience in Russia when, as a young man, I was elected to work on the executive committee of a Russian County Council over half a century ago. I was to look after the medical board, and had under my care the provincial mental hospital. The majority lived on a farm, four miles out of town, but some 150, chronic, and considered as incurable, were placed into an old bleak block in town, with only a small recreation square separated from the rest of the world by a high grill. Among these unfortunates one had a certain fame—a paranoic, who imagined that he was the Holy Ghost.

He used to walk inside his enclosure, when once a man stopped outside his grill and asked him who he was? Without answering that question the patient in his turn asked the man outside: "Whom do you think greater, man or God?" "Of course God" was the reply. "Well," said the mental patient, "one can at once see that you are a fool. What is more difficult to do, to give an order or to execute it?" The man outside had to agree that to fulfill an order was more difficult. The man outside was said to be Leo Tolstoy, who lived at the time on his estate in the neighboring province.

In my time there was no such

Protest In England

(Continued from page 3)

better place in every way, and that only "selected" prisoners were sent there. After our first week there we found ourselves in the ridiculous position of talking almost longingly of Holloway with its "decent governor and wardens." With the exception of Miss Sutcliffe in the sewing room, the staff at Hill Hall seemed bent on destroying any shred of human worth the women might still have. The governor was a woman, I was later told, who was noted for her militaristic attitude. Through her an environment of misery was created that made my last 13 days "inside" seem endless. The dormitory life at Hill Hall eliminated that measure of privacy we had had at Holloway, and to add to the unpleasantness, homosexuality with its jealousies and fights created tensions that carried over into our daily routine. When one considers how efficient the staff was in eliminating other areas of disorder one cannot help wondering why they should have been defeated by this particular problem.

At Hill Hall I worked in the sewing room and came to appreciate the mild Scotch woman who was in charge there, and how difficult it must be for the humane person to live "inside," and to serve her time until retirement. The kind, the indifferent, and the vicious people who work in prisons everywhere are "doing time" too, of course. I wonder why they choose to be part of these factories that can only succeed when they fail to produce the increasing population of recidivists.

question in Russia as Fr. Verner describes in his book—that of shortage of beds. Mental disease was considered as either a misfortune or as a grace of God. As long as a person was not violent, he was kept in his family, helping with small chores to his capacity. In a province of 2,500,000 inhabitants we had only some 650 patients, most of them, as I said, living out of town. This, when compared with the percentage of mental cases in the rest of Europe, was a very small number. A class of mentals were on a special standing—the *urodivye*, or "fools in Christ." There had been many such *urodivye* in Russian history, who dared say the truth to Czars before whom all trembled. The famous Cathedral of St. Basil in Moscow on the Red Square has its name because it was built over the grave of such a "fool," who challenged John the Terrible and was venerated as a saint.

I had the privilege of knowing personally two such *urodivye*, one of them quite a friend of ours. I think he was a native of a distant village, but spent his time in going around the area, summer and winter. No one would refuse him hospitality, because all the villagers believed that he was a holy man endowed with a foresight of the future. He would suddenly appear in his long overcoat of home-spun cloth, bearded and dirty, standing in the shade of the trees, resting his head on a heavy club which he carried to chase away the village dogs. Then, when he saw me, he would ask for a new shirt as his old one was rotten and full of lice. When I had brought it, and my wife had given him a small coin which he put in his mouth in order that the children of the village should not take it, he went to the neighboring stream, had a good wash, and put the shirt on. Then he went to the workmen's house, had a meal with them, was given a loaf of black bread, and disappeared as silently as he had come. Though his appearance was frightening, our two children were not afraid of him and came to play near him on their heap of sand. One day he said some cryptical sentence which I understood as meaning something dreadful would happen to our little one . . .

Such *urodivye* went over the whole of Russia. There was even a number of them at the Imperial Palace. It could not be denied that the notorious Rasputin, who by the way had never been a monk, was endowed by a special mystical power which he used for evil purposes. Involuntarily a strange thought comes to one's mind: in 1956 the *London Daily Telegraph* (of 12 June and 17 September) announced the discovery of anti-protons and anti-neutrons in the University of California, and Dr. Emilio Segre, in the *Scientific American*, suggests that there exists an anti-world as well as our own world, and should both worlds meet there would be mutual annihilation—an evil power, an anti-power of anti-Christian potency driving men to their doom, and was not Rasputin a representative of such a power?

And now I find myself in a home where the majority of people have some mental aberration—I will not call it mental defect, but one may question whether in the modern world there are any sane people at all? When Peer Gynt got into a lunatic asylum his host was convinced that he alone was sane, and all the rest were mad, and was also convinced that there was no longer any reason in the world. Looking around to what happens in the world, though I scarcely read any papers, I think that this is true—the world is a great madhouse! But I don't imagine myself the only sane person in our microcosm—on the contrary, I believe that I am as mad as everybody else, perhaps even madder, and I feel . . . perfectly happy.

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

Christianity Untried

Chesterton says:
"The Christian ideal
has not been tried
and found wanting.
It has been found difficult
and left untried."
Christianity has not been tried
because people thought
it was impractical.
And men have tried everything
except Christianity.
And everything
that men have tried
has failed.

At a Sacrifice

In the first centuries
of Christianity
the hungry were fed
at a personal sacrifice,
the naked were clothed
at a personal sacrifice,
the homeless were sheltered
at personal sacrifice.
And because the poor
were fed, clothed and sheltered
at a personal sacrifice,
the pagans used to say
about the Christians
"See how they love each other."
In our own day
the poor are no longer
fed, clothed and sheltered
at a personal sacrifice,
but at the expense
of the taxpayers.
And because the poor
are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered
the pagans say about the Christians
"See how they pass the buck."

The Law of Holiness

"No man can serve two masters,
God and Mammon."
"Be perfect
as your Heavenly Father
is perfect."
"If you want
to be perfect
sell all you have,
Give it to the poor
and follow Me."
—New Testament.
"These are hard words,"
says Robert Louis Stevenson,
"But the hard words
of a book
were the only reason
why the book was written."

In his encyclical
on St. Francis of Sales
the Holy Father says:
"We cannot accept the belief
that this command of Christ
concerns only
a select and privileged group,
and that all others
may consider themselves
pleasing to Him
if they have attained
a lesser degree
of holiness.
Quite the contrary is true,
as appears from the generality
of His words.
The law of holiness
embraces all men
and admits
of no exception."

There is a rub
between the rich
who like
to get richer
and the poor
who don't like
to get poorer.
The rich,
who like
to get richer,
turn to the Church
to save them
from the poor
who don't like
to get poorer.
But the Church
can only tell the rich
who like
to get richer,
"woe to you rich,
who like
to get richer,
if you don't help the poor
who don't like
to get poorer."



Truth

(Continued from page 6)

Gandhi explained it by observing that a brutal witnessing in favor of truth, using apparent physical non-violence, opens the way to a spiritual violence, to a weapon more menacing than the worst material weapons. When we use truth as a privilege and monopoly to force an adversary to humiliate himself as a liar, then the flickering conscience which he has even in his most indefensible physical violence is unable to submit to our Truth, because we have refused to recognize that he has a conscience at all.

"The desire for martyrdom (the danger of pride in noble souls) discloses through physical non-violence a spiritual violence that wishes to wound the soul of the sinner while breaking his sin.

"What can we therefore do when the menace of civil war (and even religious war, due to the blind hatred of certain missionaries who are writing against 'the Mohammedan imposter allied to communism') threatens us more and more in both France and Algeria.

"We must be more meek and humble in defending the Truth when we are called to do so. (What is more disarming and persuasive than the humility of a living crucifix?) We must not defend the Truth as a personal possession, but agree to be wounded for it, and even by it, just as our dissenting brothers are: for we wish to die accused for our brothers who are lost. And we do not wish our country torn in two by civil war.

"The time has passed for recourse to legal justice as a means of settling a conflict as profound as this between our brothers of both sides. In the community life that Charles de Foucauld envisioned (Direc. 21, p. 65 of 3rd Ed. 1961) there is this: All those who hate evil will love men. They will be universal friends in order to be universal saviours. They will avoid legal trials, not debating before courts, surrendering their rights rather than disputing them, 'accepting humiliation.'

"There is no other way for Truth to overcome violence."

(transl. Herbert Mason)

Catholic Worker Books Now Available

Copies of the following Catholic Worker books are now available at the Catholic Worker office, 175 Chrystie Street, New York City 2: *The Long Loneliness* by Dorothy Day, Image Book edition, \$0.85; *St. Therese* by Dorothy Day, \$3.25; *The Green Revolution* by Peter Maurin, with woodcuts by Fritz Eichenberg, \$2.50; *Peter Maurin, Gay Believer* by Arthur Sheehan, \$3.75. Copies may be ordered or purchased at the office.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

problem of population growth, and he talks of the "noxious fruits of isolationism, colonial exploitation and economic imperialism."

He calls for worker participation, asking that workers "be able to participate in the ownership of the enterprise itself." He urges that small business and firms consisting of craftsmen should be protected and encouraged, and cooperatives build up. "The warm papal endorsement of cooperatives is particularly significant since previous social encyclicals and addresses did not give much attention to this form of enterprise," according to Fr. Cronin.

The Paulist Press, 180 Varick St., New York 14, has issued a very good edition of this encyclical which deserves our thorough study. There is much about rural life, and our agricultural problems which our Catholic landowners in California would do well to study.

Cuba

I received two letters from friends in Cuba this last month, and hope to be able to write to some of the priests there. Sidney Lenz has a long article in the November issue of *Fellowship*, thirty cents a copy Nyack, New York. This is the second article he has written and he traces the progress of the revolution, and the growth of communist power. After a long article filled with praise for the accomplishments of the revolution which remains basically humanist and continues being a Communist revolution led by non-Communists, he writes, "The Cuban revolution is clearly at a turning point. If the United States were to reestablish diplomatic relations and even a minimum of trade, it is certain that the dogmatic influences would decline rapidly. If President Kennedy really wanted to strike a blow at Communism, one prominent Cuban writer, also disturbed by the situation, told me, 'He could do it in ten minutes by reopening his embassy here. The Communists would fight it and lose ground. Fidel would agree to it immediately and undercut them. After all, we can remain friendly to Russia without a Communist movement internally. Nasser has done it. So have others.'

"To the extent that the United States continues its embargo and political offensive, the dangers within Cuba intensify. We as a nation have it within our hands, even now, to strength the most important humanistic revolution in Latin American history. We can also by our vulgar and sterile anti-communism, help the Cuban Communists win the greatest victory possible—to take over a revolution they opposed, from the hands of the non-communists who made it."

The Story of the Church

THE CHURCH, A PICTORIAL HISTORY by Edward Rice. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York. \$10.00. Review by Dianne Gannon.

THE CHURCH, A PICTORIAL HISTORY, by Edward Rice, editor of *JUBILEE*, is a masterful summation of the heritage of the Church. We see the underground beginnings, and feel the distinction between the early Christian and his pagan neighbor. His detachment from the things of this world was a joyous one; his love for his fellow man, generating from the love of God, involved him in the needs of the community, forcing pagans to remark, "See how these Christians love each other." The power of Christianity was such that the normally liberal Romans suppressed it. Thus the first Christians were granted the opportunity to show that love was more powerful than the violence and decadence surrounding them, through their non-violent resistance, and willingness to love even those who put them to death. How strange these Christians must have been in the pleasure-seeking atmosphere of the Roman Empire!

From the very first picture in the book, a photograph of a second-century fresco, showing the Christians celebrating the Eucharistic feast, we can clearly see the vitality of the Christian call, one which cuts across social distinctions in order to unite all men in Him. Often, however, the Christian was a slave or servant. As Simone Weil has said, the Church is one that draws the slave, for only in Christ is there true liberation.

The book leaves no path unopened, and that is the remarkable thing—that one book can encompass so much! It sets forth the central beliefs and practices of the Christians, in a stream of networks which it continues throughout: the liturgy, the language of the Church, the papacy, the development and stress of certain beliefs and the likewise development of heresies, the contact between Christianity and its political setting. The reproductions of documents of the early Church throws light on some of the most minute customs concerning the sacraments, reminding us of their social quality, of the relative unimportance of confession (for Christians are born unto the Spirit, not to the Law), and of the infrequency of infant baptism. Some reprinted documents, such as the *Didache*, an

early manual on morals and early Church practice, and a passage from St. Justin, speak very specifically on Eucharistic practices.

There is even room, in this panorama, to discuss the lives of several religious and political leaders, whose contact with the Church is important in its development. It also takes into account the folk customs of the times, including the superstitions of witchcraft, as well as a prominent discussion of the Crusades. And there is the story of the formation of societies which, at least in the beginning, met the needs of the brethren and community. For this, also, were the religious orders established, and it is important to remember not only their preservation of culture, but such work as the reclamation projects by the Cistercians.

While this work seems countered by a corresponding selfishness, by the deliberate seeking after the things of this world, which is symbolized by the fact that these same monasteries adapted soft furs, servants and the most elegant banquets, we remember that we are promised Christ's presence until the end of time. Thus, the impure may be purified, and rise to the honor of St. Thomas A. Becket. The excesses of his early life were a source of extensive criticism, until Henry II, his intimate friend, pressed for his appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury. At this point, he abandoned his ways, and soon found himself standing up to his old friend. Such a change allows even the weak to be heroes in Christ.

The story of the Church, then, as it is illustrated by maps, mosaics, statutes, frescoes, manuscripts and paintings of the ages, and set both in the framework of time and the Christian call by a most articulate text, is faithfully portrayed by Mr. Rice. Four years in the making, **THE CHURCH, A PICTORIAL HISTORY**, is a basic book, perhaps most especially appreciated by those who have a limited knowledge, but for even those well acquainted with the historical context, the pictures are so valuable in themselves that they alone are well worth the price of the book. It is a special tribute to the text, however, that it points the way for meditations on re-evaluating our Christianity, without romanticizing the past.