



## Three Months At Alderson Prison

By EROSEANNA ROBINSON

(Liked by inmates and respected by prison personnel, Eroseanna (Sis) Robinson, nevertheless, did not "adjust" to prison. This is the second chapter in her personal story about life in prison—also what happens when one does not cooperate with the system. (Because she would not pay taxes for war or aid the government in collecting them from her, she was arrested on January 28th. The next day she was sentenced until such time as she would cooperate. On February 18 she was sentenced to a year and a day. On May 20 she was unconditionally released, with three-fourths of the sentence unserved.)

I was taken to Women's Federal Prison in Alderson, W. Va., allegedly for psychiatric and medical examinations. The medical exam added up to forced pulse and temperature taking. There was no psychiatrist and there hadn't been for some time because, according to personnel, the salary was unattractively low.

At the U.S. hospital in Chicago, the marshal shared misinformation with my parents, encouraging them to pass it along to me. He was aiming for a reversal of principle on my part. Among his confidences were:

If Rose will just eat, and talk things over with the judge, he'll very likely let her off (this was after the official sentencing).

Tell Rose she can stop resisting now. Everybody thinks she's crazy. Be sure to tell her nobody understands.

Rose is lucky they didn't feed her through her veins with needles (intravenous feeding was threatened throughout beforehand). She ought to be glad they used the tube through the nose.

If Rose keeps on refusing to eat, she's definitely going to be sent to a mental institution (this was said to them repeatedly and so, frequently repeated to me). And later, just before the removal of my body—Rose will be sent to Missouri (hospital for psychiatric treatment) or Alderson.

Rose had better eat if she goes to Alderson, because those officers won't care whether she does or not. They'll just put the plate of food there and, if she doesn't want it, they'll let her starve.

The other inmates couldn't be answered for. They might not like it if Rose won't work along with them. And who could say but what an officer might not open the cell door, and turn her back, and let the other prisoners beat Rose to death.

### The Women

Some few of the women didn't appreciate my attitude, but they were courteous. From the first day, though, most of them were friendly and helpful. Some women talked to me through the locked door, at rare times, expressedly because they didn't want me to get lonely. One time, when a doctor demanded my removal from the hospital ward because I wouldn't obey his order (let the nurse force-feed me, and go over and get into bed), all the hospital (inmate) aides and the one nurse on duty flatly refused. They told me that they felt bad about carrying me against my will. There, and later in the maximum security prison cottage, many told (Continued on page 6)



"Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart; and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden light."

## Chicago Catholic Worker

St. Stephen's House  
164 W. Oak St.  
Chicago 10, Illinois  
September 28, 1960

Dear Dorothy and Ammon,  
In June I wrote briefly of our Green Revolution plans. They have now taken form. On Sunday we looked at a farm in Jones, Michigan, 2½ hours from Chicago and 30 miles from South Bend. There is a seven room frame house in sound condition and 20 acres of land. The house has electricity and a good well, but no plumbing. The land is rolling and the soil is poor and not in use at present. The price is \$3,000. The farm is (Continued from page 4)

### Civil Disobedience

Ammon Hennacy and others will picket the office of Civil Defense at 55th and Lexington from noon until 2 p.m. (barring rain) from Monday through Friday commencing October 3 until the end of 1960. We are calling upon 5000 people to refuse the compulsory air raid drill at City Hall Park in 1961 if the authorities are foolish enough to try to continue this farce. A bad law is no better than any other bad thing, so along with St. Peter we will refuse to obey man and obey God. Come and picket a few minutes at lunch time and get in step with celestial rather than martial music.

## Khrushchev and Alexander Nevsky

By DOROTHY DAY

Peter Maurin used to tell us to study history to see how things of the past influenced the present so that we could bring about a better future. Also it gave us a perspective. Carleton Hayes, the American historian told us once at one of our lectures that just as children were given national heroes to emulate, so they should study the lives of the saints. In Alexander Nevsky the Russian we have both hero and saint.

All that I know of the history of Russia is from my reading the Russian saints, their own writings and their lives. Of course I have read much Russian literature, Dostoevsky, Turgenyev, Tolstol, Gorki, Gogol and this reading has influenced my way of thinking. I have written before in these columns of *The Way of The Pilgrim* and *A Treasury of Russian Spirituality*. And now I have finished two more books this last month, one by our friend, Helene Iswolsky *CHRIST IN RUSSIA, the History, Tradition, and Life of the Russian Church*, published by Bruce, Milwaukee, \$3.95 and the other *SAINTS OF RUSSIA* by Constantin de Grunwald, Macmillan, \$3.50. In both of these books, I was struck by this story of Alexander Nevsky, a national hero in Soviet Russia and saint of the Eastern Church.

Helene Iswolsky told of the Mongolian invasion in 1223, how Russia was invaded again and again; and more recent history, the capture of Moscow by the Poles in the seventeenth century, Napoleon's campaign in the nineteenth, and the German's in the twentieth. We in America have no such history of war,—never have we been invaded or conquered. Only Southern Americans were defeated by Northerners and neither side has recovered from these scars, and scores of books come out each year, discussing the conduct of both north and south and the national heroes who emerged. That was a four year war and recent. The Mongol invasion was centuries ago and continued for centuries, and the story of it has been kept alive in the hearts of the Russians.

But Alexander Nevsky became a national hero through his conquering the Swedish army, and the Teutonic and the Livonian knights who wore the emblem of the cross on their armor and shields and were considered as missionaries come to Christianize the Baltic regions, which as a matter of fact were already peacefully evangelized. Ignoring the fact that the lands of the Russ had been Christian for a hundred and fifty years, they looked upon them as schismatics, and hoping that they were weakened by the Mongol invasion, they invaded their lands after they had conquered the Balkan region. Helene Iswolsky compares their invasion to the Panzer divisions of the Hitler army and the defeat was brought about by weather conditions just as Napoleon was also defeated by Russian climate. The heavily armored knights, on their heavily armored chargers floundered in the deep snow and ice on (Continued on page 3)

## An Eye For An Eye

By JACQUES P. BAKER

Two underprivileged Puerto Rican boys, Salvador Agron, 16, and Louis Hernandez, 17, were condemned to death by electrocution for the street fight killing in a Hell's Kitchen playground last summer of two other youths, Robert Young, 16, and Anthony Krzesinski, also 16. Four other Puerto Rican boys received sentences ranging from 15 to 26 years. A fifth young man, known to be homeless, is sick in Bellevue Hospital; his sentencing has been postponed until Oct. 14.

If the State carries out the death sentence the week of Nov. 21, Salvador will be the youngest person executed at Sing Sing. During the sentencing, the relatives and friends of the boys were barred from the court room. The boys stood individually before the judge, 14 months after the killing. Their trial lasted 13 weeks.

The New York newspapers emphasized that the boys did not appear emotionally affected during the sentencing, and one lawyer commented that they were joking amongst themselves in the bullpen before sentencing. No one, it appears, sought to understand WHY? The unconscious desire to prove themselves somebody led to the killings, and also the external front they keep up among themselves by joking in the pen and the stoic appearance in court.

It was Camus who said that in many ways the American Court resembles the American novel. The unity of justice and behavior is to be sought in external reactions. A sentence is imposed not on an individual, but on a crime.

## ST. AUGUSTINE ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"We do not wish to have the sufferings of the servants of God avenged by the infliction of precisely similar injuries. In the way of retaliation. Not, of course, that we object to the removal from these wicked men of the liberty to perpetrate further crimes, but our desire is rather that justice be satisfied without the taking of their lives or the maiming of their bodies in any particular; and that, by such coercive measure, as may be in accordance with the laws, they be drawn away from their insane frenzy to the quietness of men in their sound judgment, or compelled to give up mischievous violence and betake themselves to some useful labor."

(This quotation is extracted from two of St. Augustine's letters to his friend Marcellinus, in which he pleaded for the lives of some Donatists who had confessed to the murder of a number of Christians. Arthur Koestler has commented: "The passage sounds curiously modern, almost as if it had been written by a member of the Howard League for Penal Reform. St. Augustine's opponents argued, as they argue today, that the times were too turbulent for such a daring experiment—he lived from A.D. 345 to 430, and in Africa to boot").



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## FALL APPEAL

October, 1960

St. Joseph's Loft

39 Spring Street

New York 12, New York

Dear fellow workers in Christ,

It is good to sit down to this letter right after Mass when you still feel God is so close, and prayer still in one, like a warmth and strength. Outside it is grey and cloudy and fog horns come up from the river and one must burn electricity in the day hours. In the damp a slum seems like a dung heap and age and decrepitude and human misery remind one of Job. Only the young, and our neighborhood is filled with the young, shine like bright cheerful birds in the grey morning. There are not only the children but all the young Puerto Ricans who work in the factories around on Lafayette Street and Broadway. Harry Golden says all those little factories are filled with debt collectors on paydays, getting their share first from the thin pay envelopes of the poor. (All this section of New York west of the Italian section, west of the East Side, are filled with small loft work shops and factories.) On the one hand we are a country of abundance, and on the other of destitution. The newcomers are tempted to buy on the instalment plan and pay interest to finance companies and this emphasizes always the evils of usury. That is why we refused interest from the city—to make our point strong and clear. Together with this witness, we run articles in the paper on credit unions and voluntary poverty and ways of doing away with it. People say, "who will answer your appeal, when you are so improvident?" But just the same we write with faith in our readers that they will be generous and help us as they have so often these last 28 years. As a matter of fact we only sent out one appeal these last two years, because we were living on the money that came in from the purchase by the city of our St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street. We also added extra rooms to the beach houses and put in two new cesspools, two furnaces, a plumbing system for the C.W. community on the farm on Staten Island. In town we pay rents not only in St. Joseph's Loft but also on eight apartments and on furnished rooms and beds on the Bowery. We live more than ever from day to day in town renting as the poor do. The taxes on Staten Island (and we of course pay all real estate taxes) amount to several thousand a year. What with the Narrows Bridge going up, taxes were doubled this last year. All this by way of accounting. At St. Joseph's Loft alone, our food bill is at the least \$1,140 a month, and rents are \$676. The cost of printing is around \$900. And of course there are no salaries and the expenses of the editors are included in such food and shelter and enough clothes come in for us all. In the city we are among the destitute but on the Island we are blessed with the beauty of the farm and beach, and over a weekend there will be as many as forty, like last Sunday, who came for a day of recollection and discussion. Fr. Conway from the Dominican House of Studies came last weekend and started us all studying more about the one thing needful, to know God and love Him and be happy in this life and the next. (That next life which seems so imminent during these discussions on disarmament at the United Nations.) I often feel that the farm is an oasis of prayer and adoration and intercession for all, as well as a place to shelter the wounded of the class warfare all around us. Not to speak of the war against sin, most important battle of all.

Yes, we are broke again and are beggars, like St. Francis whose birthday is October 4. He too illustrated the paradox of Christianity by first advising his followers to give away whatever they had, and then telling them to beg some of it back again, not only for their own sustenance but to give to others. It is the foolishness of the Cross that St. Paul speaks of. It is the foolishness not of the childish but of the child, and it is the way of spiritual childhood that St. Therese of the Child Jesus whose birthday is Oct. 3 tells us about. I have a book coming out about Therese this month, published by Fides Press, Notre Dame, Ind., and it would be nice if there were enough royalties to pay some of the bills. But only best sellers do that so we have to depend on our readers to support us. This is also the month of the Guardian Angels so we are praying too, not only to St. Joseph the householder, and St. Francis the poor man and St. Therese, but also to your guardian angels, to prompt you to help us again. And may your help return to you a hundredfold.

Gratefully in Christ  
Dorothy Day



## SPRING STREET

By Charles Butterworth

The ceiling of the front room is new white with a blue tint. Stuart has added large two-foot-square patches of blue, red, black, yellow, and green. The walls are two-tone plus. Walter's pride is the small file cabinet in the office with every drawer a different shade. The dining room is being done with a white ceiling and tan and red walls. Smokey wanted to work all night. He says he can't roll Bugler with paint on his hands; he needs tailor-mades.

### Mike's Rat

Italian Mike is still going to 9th street for bread daily and to the water front for fish on Friday, two long trips that day. So he needs his rest and justly complained when he woke up one morning with a granddaddy rat asleep on his shoulder. How he loves to tell that story! Nothing helped except a cat, which insisted on making its home in Mark's bed. Charlie tried to help by standing the mattress on end each morning. But Mark was glad when he got a job and could leave.

### Maryknoll

Eddie Gerlock and a friend from Maryknoll visited us and brought a whole truck load of gifts. There were men's clothes, two cases of powdered milk, two cases of fresh eggs, quantities of powdered eggs, lard, whole wheat flour, and fruit soup. Ralph Madson was in from the farm the same day and took some back with him. Some also went to Pat Maloney who has a place in the country for city boys. We have no car to pick up clothes and food now and don't always get a thank you note written. Still we are very grateful to those who manage to get their gifts to us in spite of all this. Millie gives out woman's clothing Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, and Stuart gives the men's clothing at 2 p.m. daily when there is any.

### St. Francis

Visitors often asked me about our strangest statue, a starved man holding a cross before him and clasp a skull with his left hand. "It's St. Francis" was all I could say. The nose has been broken for years, but a skilled friend has just finished a perfect repair job. The cross was fixed also. In the process I learned something more about the statue. It was made by Charles Umlauf especially for a competition held by the Liturgical Arts Society about ten years ago. Someone from the Worker admired it and Maurice Lavoneaux, who was in charge there, gave it to us.

### Refrigerator

Our gas refrigerator broke down a few months back and we operated on ice from the corner of Spring and Mulberry for a few weeks. Polish George and his friend from the Bronx not only found us an electric one, but brought it to us in a borrowed station wagon and carried it up our stairs. It went fine until a few weeks ago. Keith fixed it the first time. A week later it went dead again and on that occasion Larry found the trouble. A roach had crawled into the electric socket and was breaking the circuit.

## FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

are at 39 Spring St., at 8:30, p.m. Eileen Egan will speak on The Christian and Surplus Possessions on October 21. Natalie D'Arcy of Brooklyn College will speak on Education on October 28, and Carmen Matthews will give a reading—Tolstoi's Ivan the Fool, on November 4. Carmen is well known to Broadway, to Hollywood, to television audiences; to those who are blind among us for her reading records for the blind; and to our whole Catholic Worker family and breadline, for the lamb and mutton she contributes to the kitchen from her home on Long Island. We are very grateful to all our speakers.

## In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

While the pro-Castro, Khrushchev and Tito pickets and the anti-red pickets were being corralled by the police at the UN on September 20, Stuart Sandberg, Mary Lathrop, Jack Baker, Paul Hoffman and I were picketing the National Convention of the American Bankers' Association at the Waldorf Astoria. I had visited them before and told them that we would be picketing. The publicity man said, "what's the matter with us?" I told him that they lived off the work of others and that in the eyes of Catholic Anarchists such as we were, Usury was immoral, as it had been up until the time that Calvin legalized it. One sign read:

As a Public Service  
THE CATHOLIC WORKER  
pickets the  
BANKERS CONVENTION  
to call attention to the fact that  
MONEY LENDING  
at  
INTEREST IS USURY  
Another sign said:  
TIME  
Belongs to  
GOD  
Not to Bankers  
Not Even 1%

And another sign gave the jingle which I had written in my solitary cell in Atlanta:

"The Merchant calls it Profit, and  
winks the other eye;  
The Banker calls it Interest, and  
heaves a cheerful sigh;  
The Landlord calls it Rent, as he  
tucks it in his bag;  
But the honest old Burglar, simply  
calls it Swag."

From noon for an hour and a half hundreds of bankers received the CW's that we gave them, in all good humor. Finally the hotel management called the police and a cordial officer had me explain our ideas and plans to him. Because of the battles with pickets at the UN no pickets were allowed to have signs on sticks this week, so we carried the signs without them. Later they restricted us to picket to the canopied entrance on either side but not through it. This was alright for we met all of the people anyway. A New York Times young reporter took notes and a young reported from The American Banker spoke to me for half an hour and asked intelligent questions. He was a Protestant and had never met such Catholics as we were. One banker told us: "You are hurting Kennedy." I told him that we were anarchists and did not vote for anyone. A banker from Kentucky asked for copies to give to his Catholic friends. Another banker took the Two Agitators booklet, and after reading some of it, came back and at 2:30 p.m. wanted to buy our signs for the \$10 which he held out toward me. I said he could have them for nothing at 3 p.m. when we would have finished picketing. He laughed and told a friend nearby that he guessed we were honest. I suppose he thought we were paid pickets who would grab the \$10 and run. One banker told Stuart that he as vice president of the biggest bank in Chicago and gave much money to the Church, and the more he made the more he could give to the Church, and what was wrong with that? None of them seemed to think of the fact that Usury was wrong.

### Why Vote

My friend Kenneth Rexroth in the Nation, disgusted with Kennedy and Nixon, advised each person to vote for himself, rather than for any candidates this year. (Anarchist vote for themselves and their fellows every day.) Rexroth felt that there was, no use speaking seriously of Nixon being a Quaker, and he said that if Kennedy took his religion as seriously, "not as Dorothy Day, but as Anne Freemanle or Bishop Sheen", then something might be expected from him besides speeches and good will.

I was asked to run for Vice President on the Vegetarian ticket but of course refused, so I will not even vote for myself or give others the chance to do so. Because anarchists do not believe in the State they refuse to take part in running the State. If I voted for the Trotskyite man Dobbs and he did not win then I would be honor bound to obey the winner, either of whom I could not consider obeying when it came to the return of evil for evil in courts, prisons and war. And the two Socialistic candidates are not pacifists, and would only uphold a non-Christian ethic if in power.

In June 1934 Peter Maurin said in the Catholic Worker, "The Catholic Worker Movement fosters Catholic action and not Catholic political action." This was in answer to John Cummings who wanted a Catholic Political Party.

Kennedy and Nixon agree on four things of which we disapprove.

1. The reappointment of J. Edgar Hoover.
2. America first in military might.
3. Buying the votes of the farmers by subsidies.
4. The return of evil for evil in courts, prisons, and war.

Industrial Capitalism cannot work and neither one of the capitalistic parties can keep it from falling apart. One section of the Department of Agriculture tells farmers how to grow more food than before. The other section pays them money for not growing anything, and spends billions each year in hoarding food. To give it away to the poor of the world would upset the capitalistic economy of our allies Canada and Australia. We send "Ugly Americans" over the world to fill our diplomatic posts and make enemies of those who someday might be able to buy food from us. We refuse to recognize Red China so of course we cannot trade with the biggest market in the world. Capitalism must have war to keep up employment, for workers can only buy back as much as they receive in wages. This surplus value piles up and causes depressions and wars. Most of the talk of the politicians at the UN is just talk; for they cannot afford to disarm. Russia and China do not need war to grow; they can go ahead for years producing necessities for their people. They have likely killed off already those who actively oppose them, and only need an army against western imperialists.

I have known a few honest politicians who could not be bought. It was Thoreau who said that voting for something was only counting noses for a belief which you were ready to relinquish if you were in the minority. I do not ever intend to sell my principles to any majority. I choose rather to be "one on the side of God, which is a majority already," as Thoreau said. But why not vote for a good man, many may ask. My reply is that a good man is worse than a bad man for he finds a good reason for doing a bad thing that a bad man couldn't figure out, and therefore lends his goodness to error.

But, as Gandhi says, it is better to act courageously the way you believe rather than to weaken before evil. So those who still believe in shooting and voting have to continue until they learn better. I hope that those who vote for the "good man" succeed in electing him for them they will find that he is not so "good" after all. We should remember that it was Wilson whom we elected "to keep us out of war," and that we elected Roosevelt on the promise that the boys would not be sent overseas.

The Moral Re-Armament Farce—Dr. Frank Buchman and the group of retired military and business men who finance the huge

(Continued on page 3)



## Khrushchev and Alexander Nevsky

(Continued from page 1)

Lake Peipus where the decisive battle was fought and because much of it took place on the banks of the Neva, Alexander was known from then on as Alexander Nevsky. Everyone has heard of the famous Serge Eisenstein film with a score by Serge Prokofiev. "This battle" writes Miss Iswolsky "has become the symbol of Russian defense and patriotic valor. It has also, unfortunately become the symbol of the Russian Orthodox versus the Catholic attempting to proselytize their people with armed force."

Alexander Nevsky, according to Constantin de Grunwald's book, was the princely saint. His life was written at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century by eye witnesses to these events. He was born in 1219, and his father was the elected prince of Novgorod. There were constant disputes between the rich merchants and the craft guilds, between the nobles and the prince. Alexander began early to know "the horrors of internal dissension, the dangers which threatened the country and the duties incumbent on its rulers. He developed a profound spiritual life; after mastering the first rudiments of his education he would become absorbed for hours at a time in reading the Old and New Testaments."

It was only by a miracle that he escaped death as a youth when the Tartar hordes were halted by the walls of Novgorod in March 1238 and made their way back to the steppes. When Alexander in his turn was called upon to reign and to fight, he did not run away as his father had often done, but "bowing to the divine will, he sacrificed himself for the common good" and undertook the duties of his state in life. He brought about many local reforms in the administration of justice, but it was particularly as a defender of the material and spiritual patrimony to the nation that he has rendered his name immortal by his victorious resistance to the Swedes, the Teutonic Knights and the Lithuanians and subsequently when he became Grand Prince, by establishing an acceptable modus vivendi with the Mongolian overlord. Here was an example of a lifetime of non-violent resistance to the gigantic armies of the east which were too much for the scattered princes and their armies.

It is a modus vivendi that we are trying to achieve at the United Nations today since all nations recognize there are no victors in an atom war. For the U.S.S.R. strained relations with the west, fear of the east, the conditions are the same. But Western and Eastern Europe are sitting down together at the counsel chamber, and today the debate is whether the "mongolian hordes are to be recognized." Is the U. N. to recognize Communist China? All the rest of the world is against the U. S. in her refusal.

St. Alexander Nevsky had to accept a humiliating role. The conqueror had to accept the position of vassal and to recognize openly the loss of Russian independence. "Collaboration with the Tartars was indeed at that moment an historical necessity," de Grunwald writes. The Mongols recognized the valor and the saintliness of the Russian ruler, but they nevertheless made him undertake "the interminable journey through the deserts of Asia and only allowed him to return to his native land after three years absence. On three occasions during the following years Alexander had to return to his masters' camp situated to the north of the Azov sea, (Karakorum) to arrange current affairs and also to implore their mercy for the people under his government." After a popular uprising, Alexander made a fourth journey to the Tartars to ward off a punitive expedition. He still was being harried by the Swedes to the north and west. It was at the end of this fourth journey that he died in a monastery, November 1263.

This is not a chapter of his history emphasized by the U.S.S.R. but it is the story of a warrior saint.

I am not saying that the Mongols were overcome finally by non-violent resistance but it was the policy throughout Alexander's life time to use every means but open warfare to hold back the enemy. Later, in the life of St. Sergius who is compared to St. Francis in his poverty and manual labor, and who refused all part in the political life of the time, Grunewald boasts of his having blessed the troops for "the conquest of the Mongols in the year 1380. "Soviet historians," he writes, "take pleasure in emphasizing the participation of all classes of society in this great achievement; they have carefully picked out the names of simple working people, humble villagers among the heroes of the great battle. But to remain faithful to historical truth the religious element must not be passed over in silence."

He boasts here, but he points out too that this great victory did not end the war. A few years later the Tartars besieged the Kremlin, sacked the city and the monasteries around it, including that of St. Sergius who with his monks had to flee to the forests.

Later the monasteries, (Holy Trinity was the founder of dozens of others) became wealthy and owned thousands of serfs and tens of thousands of acres, and fell into spiritual decay and were pruned by saints and also by revolution, but the monastery (Holy Trinity) has now been definitely restored to worship once more, and "there can be seen moving about between these buildings and the blue domed cathedral which houses the tomb of Boris Goudunov, bearded monks, lay brothers, the students of the seminary and the unvarying crowd of old women and sturdy peasants who have preserved even until our times the tradition of ancient Russian piety. The little Church of the Holy Trinity and St. Sergius is never empty. Here prayers rise up the whole day long," according to the Journal of the patriarchs of Moscow in 1946. "Here men remain kneeling for whole days before the shrine of the saint. Here is a woman in clogs, a haversack on her back who has come from afar, men and women from the four corners of Russia as in the fourteenth century, and the glory of St. Sergius of Radonezh is continually increasing throughout Russia."

When I read these accounts I am more zealous in my prayers for all those at the U. N. who are deliberating at this time. St. Paul says, "I urge that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men; for kings and for those in high positions, that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life in all piety and worthy behaviour. This is good and agreeable in the sight of God our Saviour who wishes all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, himself man, Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, bearing witness in his own time."

Timothy 2: 1-7

## Rethinking CW Positions

By JUDITH GREGORY

Early in the past summer one of the Friday night meetings at the Loft was devoted to a debate on the Catholic Worker. Ed Egan, one of the debaters, spoke of the need to the CW to re-examine its positions and to criticize itself more often and more penetratingly than he felt it had lately done. He said this was necessary if the CW was to play its potential role as the expression of a very rare point of view in this country: that of moral absolutists and uncompromising believers in personal responsibility who nevertheless refuse to ignore the dilemmas of society as it is or to say "so much the worse for society" as it wrong-headedly thrusts itself on the horns of these dilemmas.

Several of us wanted to explore the implications of such self-criticism in more detail, so we organized a series of four discussions starting with short debates, and they occurred at Peter Maurin Farm on Sunday afternoons in July and August. The series was called "Witness-Bearing and Social Involvement." The first discussion was on the "CW attitude toward government" led by Charlie Butterworth and myself; the second on "Voluntary poverty and community as response to technology" with Ed Turner and Marty Corbin; the third on "Pacifism natural and supernatural" with Ed Egan and Stewart —; and finally "The role of the One Man Revolution" with Ammon alone.

The meetings were well attended and, especially in the second and third, there was plenty of general discussion. They were long enough to bring out great variety of opinion, but the chosen theme of all of them kept reappearing of its own accord—how personal commitment clashes with social involvement, how important both are, and how difficult it is to reconcile them. From listening to some reactions to the meetings during supper afterwards, I felt that the evident frustration and, in one or two cases, anger, was a good sign that these points had been obvious.

In a way the second debate was most indicative of these conflicts and difficulties, for technology affects society in so many inescapable and unpleasant ways, and voluntary poverty is so close to the heart of the CW. But they were also brought out, in a different way, when Ammon spoke on the One Man Revolution. Nearly all of the questions amounted to a protest of "That's all very well but what can we do, or what can all the others do? Are you saying they can just go to the devil?" Ammon, as we all know, talks mostly about himself, and to these questions he has no answers. When he says the town meeting is OK but hopeless, because it's impossible to establish it anywhere besides where it already is, or that community would be fine if it worked, which it doesn't, he's apt to leave people in a state of bewilderment or admiring disagreement, which is fine. There is, however, very little real debate.

The One Man Revolution, which Ammon represents in such a remarkable way, appears to be a completely different thing from any possible change for the better in society as a whole. Yet many of us who believe completely in the One Man Revolution, and who agree that it is the only revolution that is coming, also believe that government, technology and some form of coercion are all realities and will remain so, and are not wholly bad. To what extent can the CW ignore these realities without becoming simple, and to what extent can it explore them without shifting its positions? If the latter cannot be shifted at all, without altogether losing their character—which is most probably true—at least they can be always

(Continued on page 7)

## In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

campaign of scores of millions of books and booklets, and of plays and full page advertisements of this latest phony scheme, of getting peace without hurting anyone, know as much about the Communism they use as a come-on for contributions (tax free) as Paul Blanshard does about the Catholic Church. By much the same method of isolated quotes and lop-sided facts Communism is made a great menace which only the Moral Re-armament group can conquer.

I first met them in Milwaukee in 1942 when they asked to be listed as conscientious objectors because they could then work in the munition plants and keep the union men from striking and hurting the war effort. The draft boards were not that gullible and made them go to war as long as they were so patriotic. I stopped in at their office in Los Angeles several times and was met by a beefy retired super-patriotic navy man full of hatred for radicals.

One day a few years ago a young man came into our office, asking for me and introducing himself as Bernard Mendez-France, a recent convert to Moral Re-armament. He had heard of us in Paris and asked me if I would attend their play put on by an African cast in an uptown theatre. I told him I would



if he would take my book and read it and give it to his father. The play was worse than you could see at the smallest high school. Certain characters had been cheating, in business, sex, and politics, so one after another like knocking down pins in a bowling alley they all ceased their wickedness and became pure Moral Re-armament folks. Never in a fairy story were dragons vanquished so quickly. What was good about it though was that after the play there appeared on the stage a member of the Supreme Court of South Africa and his wife and two boys begging forgiveness from the colored people present and in the world for the tyranny of the government in South Africa. And a woman whose father had been killed by the Mau Mau was sorry that the English had oppressed the blacks theme.

If you are going to have a counterfeit quarter it has to be better than a real quarter; shinier and ringing double-true. So Moral Re-armament blazes forth as being right from God with Absolute honesty, Absolute purity, Absolute unselfishness, Absolute love. The rest of us are sinners at times. Because of the fears, guilt feelings, greediness and love of power of those who want to have their cake and eat it too—who do not wish to lose their wealth, millions of the bourgeois can honestly try to achieve this Absolute which they

have never thought in their dull lives to even approach before. Now it is all being done for them in the spirit that Father Divine fed and led poor Negroes, and in which the demagogic Huey Long would make "every man a king." Second rate politicians such as Adenauer, Schuman and Kishi, and renegade Communists and timid labor leaders seek to dull labor into being pals with capital and uniting to defend the toppling capitalist system. Double-talk has now reached the supreme, for hate and envy means love; greed means unselfishness; rolling in wealthy surroundings becomes purity; and Machavelian bookkeeping becomes honesty.

"Communists aim to conquer the world," Buchman says. Sure they do, and the Catholic Church has missionaries over the world to do the same thing, and the Protestants, especially in South America, are trying also to conquer.

A Catholic Monsignor in Belgium wrote a book with the Imprimature of his Bishop a few years ago debunking the MRA. He visited their headquarters at Caux, Switzerland, and the first half of his book aims to picture the group as they want to be presented to the world. Later he tells of the tricky way in which prospective converts are moved around in a manner that any GPU or FBI would envy, so that the sucker who is a labor leader only meets in the elevator, at a turn in the lobby, or at lunch, those labor men who have already succumbed. He would never meet an industrialist or an army man. Likewise the exploiters and the military are shoved around to be sold on the idea that this MRA is especially for them. I do not mean to infer that everyone connected with the MRA is a scheme, but those in charge are brought to believe that the "end justifies the means," just as they accuse the Communists of doing.

Despite the fact that Catholic laymen work with the MRA the Church has issued a pronouncement that Catholics should beware of this group, and that they should find within the many organizations and orders of the Church room to work for the cardinal virtues which the MRA claims to have a monopoly on.

I have studied and been associated with many religions, all of them of course diametrically opposed to the Catholic religion. There are some that do not have one thing about them that appeals to me; there are others that have much that is good, but there is not one that I would call "phony." But the MRA I would call by that special name because it pretends to have the ultimate truth and sells this truth to uphold war and exploitation in the very names of doing away with exploitation and war. And because people are hungry for the truth and disgusted with the half-way measures of all religions, they do have a hearing and they are listened to.

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# WORK AND COMMUNITY

By Irene Mary Naughton

(Continued from last month)

Let us imagine that our Catholic workman has decided to become a landed craftsman. The question still remains, what pattern of life on the land will best remind him that he is a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth? That is to say, what pattern of life on the land will make him holy? For, as Peter Maurin says, "if things are not arranged for holiness, they are arranged wrong."

For our working world will not still be Christianized when it has achieved the freedom of man. What it must finally achieve is the "freedom of the sons of God." A free man is free from the coercion of others; what does it profit if he is enslaved to his own will or to the will of the devil in any of Satan's subtle characterizations? Such free men have in the past been amateur craftsmen in the devil's workshop. A "free son of God" is free from the coercion of his own will, or any other than the Will of God. It is a freedom only accomplished by the Truth, and "the Truth shall make you free." Truth, so often thought of as an abstraction, is in the last analysis, a person. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," said Jesus Christ. We shall achieve the freedom of the sons of God by being made "partakers of His Divinity, who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity," that is to say, by building our lives around His real presence on our altars.

Any movement back to the land that is not also a movement back to the altars is doomed to failure. Spiritual renovation is never effected by material change, and it is spiritual renovation that is our crying need. It is the other way about. Material change is effected by spiritual renovation, in the sense that the growing awareness of the Holy Spirit within us creates in us a desire to continually reproduce the temporal order in the image of God. "Send forth Thy Holy Spirit, and we shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." It is because they are "created" more and more by the Spirit of God that men of good will, inside the Faith and outside it are turning towards the countryside. What a tragedy if that turning should be towards a form that makes growth in holiness difficult for the small holder and his children! The means of spiritual renewal are the Sacraments, especially the Sacrament of love, Holy Communion; indeed, let us say not spiritual renewal but spiritual existence, for, "unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, thou shalt not have life in you." The Sacraments are in the church. Therefore, the church must be near the people. In order for the church to be near the people, and the people near their dearest neighbor, our "Most Beautiful, and our Beloved, and our Sacred Delight," Jesus Christ, the pattern of life on the land must be the Village Pattern.

The Village Pattern is that arrangements of a community whereby houses are grouped close to each other and to the church, on small pieces of land, with crop, wood, and pasture land outlying. In this country and Canada, the Homesteading Law, (of Protestant inspiration) fixed the pattern of life on the land. That pattern is predominantly one of large, isolated, commercial farms, many times the acreage necessary to sustain the family. By the Homesteading Law, the Government gave away free to people whatever land they squatted upon as large parcels as possible. Protestants had not the real presence in their churches, nor a commandant to go to Mass on Sunday. Hence they had not as strong a motive as we should have had, to prompt them to settle in the Village Pattern. But all motives lost out in the race for land wealth.

Catholics, almost all of them,

stayed in the cities, either to be near the church, or the school, or because their Catholic tradition had made them strongly social beings, or for less praise-worthy motives. The fact that the Irish Catholics spoke English made many jobs available to them in the cities. Statistics will prove that the Irish in this country have been for that reason the Vanishing Irish. For ten people in the city are represented by three after three generations, whereas ten people in the country are represented by twenty-two after three generations. Reason enough for the Church of Christ, and notably Catholic education, to look to the land, for the raising of saints.

But the important thing to realize, about the pattern of land ownership left by the Homesteading Law, is that it is impossible, without serious impairment, to pour the mysticism of our faith into that mold. For, above and beyond all things, our Catholic worker is called to be holy. "Be ye holy, as I am holy," has been said by God to us all. This is a case where, above all, the leaders must see further than the led. For there are people ready to start small holdings now, because they see the need for the rescue of family life, who do not yet go to frequent Mass and Communion. Let us see that, when God gives them the grace, they and their children are not hampered by an unnatural land set-up.

There has been a world-wide community movement of recent years. In one sense it has failed. But I think it is that failure whereby we alone live. "Ah, must Thy fields be dunged with rotten death?" "These are they who out of great tribulation planted the Church in their blood." All great movements are sown in martyrdom.

But in the case of non-Catholic community movements, and Catholic community movements which are not also a movement back to the altars, there is another reason why they almost have to fail, no matter how good their will. Just as the end of natural married love, remembering always that nature in the concrete is nature crippled by original sin, is divorce, so the end of natural community is war. Only in so far as they are supernaturalized, will they last. Have you assembled a group of nice, congenial people, with simple and reasonable demands on life? Do you think that you can make a community out of them by means of justice, whereby every man is given his due? St. Thomas teaches that peace ceases when each one seeks what is his own. We cannot, since Adam, fulfill the natural law of justice, without the motivation of a supernatural law, which is charity. Now charity is God. It is a mystery of our faith that love, so often considered an abstraction, is, in the final analysis, a Person. It is the Holy Spirit. For Jesus commanded us to love one another as the Father hath loved Him, and He hath loved the Father. But the love between the Father and the Son is a person, the Holy Spirit.

The only liaison between individuals in marriage, in community, in the nation, and in the world is the Holy Spirit.

St. Thomas teaches that the unity of the Mystical Body of Christ is intensified by the reception of the True Body. "The principal effect (of the Eucharist) is the unity of the Mystical Body." St. John Damascene wrote, "(This sacrament) is called Communion because by means of it we communicate in Christ, both because we partake of His flesh and divinity and because through it we communicate with one another and are united to one another. Communion, Holy Communion, Communion."

The conclusion to be drawn is this: Our Catholic workman, who had decided to become a landed craftsman, a peasant proprietor, must, to Christianize the world of work, live in that community pattern known as the village. In order to bring that about, Catholic education must teach him the Village

LET IT STAND THIS YEARTOON  
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO  
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT:  
PERHAPS IT  
MAY BEAR  
FRUIT



Pattern of life, perhaps settle him and his brethren on the often uncultivated land that surrounds monasteries and convents, as the old Benedictines did. (Let us remember, before it is too late, those words of Jefferson, that uncultivated lands and unemployed poor violate a natural right. Let those who are able teach man his lost skills and crafts. Above all, let our shepherds teach us the lore of holiness, Christ-centered holiness, Holy Communion-centered holiness.

"Having made our petition for the unity of the faith, and the communion of the Mystical Body, let us commend ourselves and each other, and all our life, to Christ our God."

## Letter From a Seaman

Sete, France  
September 26, 1960

Dear Dorothy & Ammon:

The purpose of this letter is twofold. To offer my apology to you, Ammon, for not seeing you upon your release from jail. Being the old rebel that you are, I hope you will understand my reason why, for I have been in New York 10 days during the past six months, so please don't hold this against me, for the next time I'm in the city I'll personally pay you a visit.

To you Dorothy, and Ammon, too, the second reason for writing to you is to tell you about a Holy

Man I recently met during my last trip to India and Pakistan. He was the most remarkable person I ever expected to find in that vast land of uncountable "pious" religious. This fellow doesn't act at all like any other Holy Man I have met during my travels in Asia. This man is the Rev. Father Felix Janszen, a Franciscan, Port Chaplain of Keamari, the waterfront section of Karachi, Pakistan and the Priest of a small R.C. Sacred Heart Church.

He came aboard the ship I am presently on, introduced himself, and we got very well acquainted. I visited him twice and he came to

the ship several times while we were in Karachi. He is familiar with the CW group, keeps back copies of the Catholic Worker near his desk at all times and generally shares many of the same ideas your group hold. The greatest similarity was his willingness to fight against an injustice inflicted upon another human being, any injustice at any time or any place. Janszen is a natural born rebel and has deep feelings and compassion for the working people.

Janszen was grateful to meet a person who was familiar and who had had personal contact with the CW. He greatly admires not only the work of the CW group but the courage and convictions of both Dorothy and Ammon. In many respects his work in Karachi closely corresponds to some of the projects which have been sponsored by the N.Y. CW group. He works very closely with the muslim working people in the maritime trades. In turn he is much respected and greatly admired for his work, especially among seamen.

All of the seamen along the Sind Coast work and live under conditions closely resembling pages out of Richard Dana's Two Years Before the Mast. They work for unbelievable low wages, top pay for a skilled man is less than \$40.00 per month. The conditions, type of food, living quarters and treatment aboard ship is almost indescribable. All of it can be sized with one word, to tell a long story: it STINKS. Father Janszen is the only person I have ever met in all of Asia who actually has the welfare of these workmen in his heart. It is more than a matter of sympathy for him. He naturally tackled the problem because he was deeply sympathetic to them in their miserable, wretched state of affairs, but he has a concrete plan to bring them out of their condition of debt slavery. He is organizing these workmen to teach them how to fight together to gain the things they so rightfully deserve.

Besides the low pay, bad food, intolerable living conditions and long hours of work, these Sind seamen are victimized by other persons besides the shipowners who keep them all in a perpetual system of debt slavery. This vicious scheme starts when a seaman is unemployed, or waiting ashore between jobs, when he is compelled economically to make loans from the Money Lender, get credit from the boarding house keeper, give a little bucks to the shipping master and so on in an unending stream. Naturally, the only collateral at the disposal of a Native seaman is his own future earnings, and to perpetuate the curse, the Indian, Pakistan and many other governments legally allows shipowners to make deductions, often in advance before the voyage starts, against the crew member's future earnings. This in turn keeps these men not only in poverty but in actual slavery, debt slavery - to use a polite term. There are also the incidental hazards of these men owing money for dope and hashish, as both the money lender and boarding house keeper seem to encourage the use of the stuff to allow them to do a bigger fleecing job on the Native Seamen. I am sure that the organizational work of this good Priest will, some day lead to a well organized, decent union for these underdogs, one without corruption where the membership will already know how to fight together against any injustice.

Aside from the gigantic task of acting as advisor and instigator for

seamen's organizations and their fight, this fellow also is the protector and spokesman for a number of Goa Seamen. Goa is a small enclave on the coast of India, owned by the Portugese, where most of the population are Christian. At present the Republic of India bars these people from seeking work in the Indian seaports. This accounts for them being in Pakistan, as Pakistan is a little more tolerant than India. In addition to speaking for them, he provides a place of lodging and a food kitchen for these men. It reminds me a great deal of the set-up you have in New York, except Fr. Janszen's residents are on a whole much younger, cleaner and certainly happier. These small number of Sind Coast seamen who live with him certainly are outside the reaches of the Money Lenders and the Boarding house keepers. They seem to succeed in getting fairly good shipside jobs. I don't know how much credit is due the Padre for this.

The school which is conducted by the Sacred Heart Church is a grammar and high school. The people in Keamari rate it as one of the two best in all Pakistan. The other one is for rich people and Europeans.

In Pakistan it is almost impossible for a person to raise any considerable amount of money for charity or a worthwhile non-profit undertaking. Fr. Janszen is trying to raise about \$2,000 USA to start a mutual loan association. We contributed the first 1% and I should like to help him find a way to get the other 99%. If the crew of this ship had been approached earlier, before we were nearly broke, then we might have been able to have raised the ante to 2% or even 3%. I know that any time Dorothy ever needed any money for the CW undertakings she just prayed for it. As her prayers nearly always seem to be answered, I'm going to ask you, Dorothy Day, to please remember Fr. Janszen in one of your prayers.

Incidentally, while I was talking to Fr. Janszen about the CW I told him about the time you helped the striking Missouri sharecroppers and got the government, through Mrs. Roosevelt, to provide food and shelter, tents, etc. to those 200 evicted families. Fr. Janszen then told me about the work he had done in the rural areas of India. He, too had worked with farm laborers, in demonstrations, co-operatives, organizations. I wish Ammon could have been present, for I am sure that he would have been very much interested in some of the details.

Too bad that Pakistan is so far from American CW interest, but here you will find a really rare individual who greatly admires the work of your group, while he alone is doing on an individualistic basis the work of a hundred people.

I am enjoying good health. I have frequent letters from home. I hear indirectly from Sam and Esther. The old, slow tramp never has enough of a schedule to give friends my next address in time to receive letters.

Today we arrive in Sete, France, to load a cargo. For where, I do not know at this time. When I get back to New York I'll get in touch with you.

Here is the address of Fr. Felix Janszen:

Sacred Heart Church  
Keamari  
Karachi, Pakistan

With kindest wishes to the CW group and regards too.

Ed. Mitchell



# CULTURE VATION ::

## Tanganyika Seminary

St. Benedict's Seminary  
Namupa, P.O. Box 6. Lindi,  
Tanganyika, East Africa

Namupa is the minor seminary for African priests in the Abbey Nullius of Ndanda. Here we have an international staff. Fathers Kilian and Adalbert are from Germany; Father Bernard is from Switzerland, Father Paulinus is from Tanganyika, and Father Anthony is from the U.S.A. And we have four African lay teachers too.

There are 175 boys in our seminary which is divided into six classes, Standards V to X. God willing, we hope to add a standard every year up until Standard XIII or XIV. Our youngest seminarian is eleven years old. And our oldest boy is twenty. Our boys are from eight different tribes—Wamwera, Wamakonde, Wamakua, Wayao, Wandonde, Wandendeule, Wamgoni, and Wamatengo. And each tribe has its own language. You can see why Swahili, the lingua franca here, is so necessary.

More languages are spoken at Namupa than at any place I know. We Fathers sometimes play "Scrabble" in the evening and we play it in German, English, Latin and Swahili—and sometimes, if we can remember the word, in Greek. It is rare when someone can't put down a word.

Our boys came to us straight from the bush where they have lived rather primitive lives. They dwell in mud huts with thatched roofs, ate usually but once a day (porridge and beans), and wore just a shuka, a piece of cloth. Here they live in brick buildings, eat three times a day, and each boy is issued two white shirts and two pair of khaki shorts. They are like boys everywhere. Their favorite sport is soccer and of course they play in their bare feet.

Our seminary (an old middle school) is terribly overcrowded at present and so we are now building a new seminary for the upper classes about a fifteen minute walk from here. The old seminary will continue to be used for the lower standards. The new seminary (for about 150 boys) will cost a mint and will take at least five years to build. Another headache for our poor Abbot Bishop Victor.

But the first work of the missionary, according to the Popes, is the establishment of a native clergy. The Church never has a strong foothold in a country until there are many priests from the people of that country. And in the new Africa which is so quickly emerging this is especially important.

By your prayers and your help in other ways you at home have a share in our work here. God will reward you. And you may be sure that we, the priests of St. Benedict's Seminary, and our boys pray for you our kind benefactors every single day.

I am so grateful to you for publishing my appeal for books. And so grateful to your readers who responded so generously with books of all kinds. Books came from more than 12 States, from Australia, from Norway, from Canada.

A few packages fell apart on the way and were rewrapped by the post office but without a return address. And some packages had no address. But we are grateful to all who sent books—including those that we were unable to thank personally.

Life is peaceful in this part of

Africa. This year will see the beginnings of responsible self-government for our people. The word "uhuru" (freedom, independence) is on the lips of every man, woman and child. Meanwhile we labor to give the people the truth of Christ which alone will make them truly free.

Keep us in your prayers and be sure of ours.

Sincerely in Our Lord,  
FATHER ANTHONY, O.S.B.

## Chicago Catholic Worker

(Continued from page 1)

owned by a widow who has not lived there for many years. A family with seven children has lived in the house for twelve years rent free, on condition of keeping it in repair, which has not been done very well. Seeing this, the widow intends to sell the house out from under them. The man of the family works some as a farm laborer. He would like to buy the place, but is unable to. When I saw him and talked with him, I knew it would be against every principle by which we live to dispossess him and his family. He lives poorly but is not bound to the job and cash system. What an irony if we should displace those who already live on the land in order to bring others to the land, if we should come to lay the foundations of kindness and could not ourselves be kind. If we dispossessed this family, they might even be compelled to move to the city and join the urban poor. I knew that we could not do that. I thought perhaps we should go away and forget that farm. But then they say, "if we don't do it someone else will. Why should we let someone else reap the advantage?" And why, indeed, should we? We are somewhat defenders of rights. This family has lived there a dozen years and has a right to go on living there. But the land is not used. We will buy the farm; the family will use the house, and we will begin to use the land. We will help them to improve the house and they may help us to use the land. To begin we will need \$300 as quickly as possible as a deposit when we make an agreement to purchase and then \$700 more to complete the downpayment. (The money you gave us in December, which I hoped to save for this purpose, has almost all been spent for the frustrated beginnings at 215 W. Division and for the expenses of the house while I was in jail and out of work.)

To improve the house and develop the land beyond its present use we will need another Worker, because I will stay at the house of hospitality here. I hope Terry will come back. But we will have plenty of work for anyone who comes. Here are some of the things that should be done and some ideas on how to go about them:

Plumbing should be installed in the present pump house—reservoir tanks for hot and cold water, a shower, sinks and toilets—and a cesspool should be dug to replace the outhouse. We can get the fixtures for little or nothing from houses being demolished here in Chicago.

Dormitories or cabins should be built for summer retreats and conferences. I think we will be

PAX Kurisumala Ashram,  
Vaghamon P. O.,  
Peermade,  
Kerala, S. India

Dear Friends,

When I first came out to India I had no idea in mind except to help to establish a contemplative monastery in India. But though I am happy that we have been able, by the grace of God, to accomplish this, yet my experience of India has made me feel that the contemplative life alone is not enough. The poverty of India is so great and the need to help the poor so urgent that I feel we ought to do something in this direction. Though it is possible for a monastery to assist the poor in a small way, a monk cannot go out and do what is required to give really effective assistance. It occurred to me then that through Oblates living in the world outside the monastery and devoting themselves to the service of the poor in the spirit of the Rule, it might

be possible for us to make a really effective contribution to this need. Such work in villages, concerned with agriculture and village industries, is what Benedictine monks have always been concerned with; many of the villages of Europe grew up through the influence of the monasteries. It is my hope that we may be able to do something of the same kind for the villages of India.

Gandhi and Bhawe

This Easter I went to give a retreat to a small group of oblates which we are forming at Kodakanal, about 100 miles from here in Madras State. One of them is a young Indian called Stephen, who is working in the Sarvodaya movement. Sarvodaya means, literally, "service of all" and is the name given by Mahatma Gandhi to the movement he started in India. After Gandhi's death this movement was taken up by Vinoba Bhawe, a disciple of Gandhi, who is generally regarded as his suc-

cessor in modern India. He began his work by walking from village to village, asking landowners to give up part of their land to the landless. He has now walked over the greater part of India and has collected over five million acres of land. But even more important than that is the spirit which he has awakened in the villages. He has inspired the people with the idea of service, of working for the common good so as not only to give land to those who are without it but also to raise the standard of living of all the villages. Vinoba is, like Gandhi, a deeply religious man, and his ideal is, in Gandhi's words, "the service of God in humanity." But like Gandhi he is also a Hindu, and the Hindu is firmly convinced that all religions are essentially the same. He generally has great respect and reverence for Christ and is perfectly ready to worship Him as God, but this does not imply in his mind any exclusive claim. He believes that God manifests Himself in many different ways, and regards Rama, Krishna, Siva, the Buddha, and even Mahomet as so many "incarnations" of God, no less than Christ. In Sarvodaya and all Gandhian movements it is customary to have prayers in common, in which there are readings from the Bible, the Koran, and the Bhagavadgita, and prayers are addressed to Rama, Krishna, and Christ. It is obviously impossible for a Catholic to join in such prayers, and this makes cooperation in the movement difficult.

Concordance

For this reason I went with Brother Stephen to see Vinoba and to discuss the matter with him. We stayed at his camp in a village not far from Agra and in the early morning accompanied him on his day's walk, during which we had a long and interesting conversation. He was rather unwilling to see our point of view at first, but in the end he came to accept it fully. I insisted that there are real and essential differences in the different religious traditions and that we must respect these differences. Eventually we reached full agreement that a Christian should not be expected to join in common prayers and that we should have our own, exclusively Christian prayers, in which others can, of course, join if they wish.

Catholics Too

This is a matter of great practical concern, because we have decided to set up a centre for Sarvodaya work in Batlagunda (where Brother Stephen is working) on a Christian and Catholic basis. Our plan is to have a small ashram where Brother Stephen and a group of oblates can live and from which they will go out to work in the surrounding villages. We have already acquired ten acres of very good land and plan to settle some landless villagers there and cultivate it to support the ashram. We hope eventually to have spinning and weaving and other village industries there, and also to distribute food and medicines to the needy.

I have obtained the support of the Archbishop of Madras for this plan, and we are trying to get help from the German bishops, who raise a large fund every year for the relief of poverty in Asia and Africa. But I would like to recommend it especially to your charity. I don't think it is possible to find a better way of helping the poor in the villages of India than this, and I need not tell you how

(Continued on page 7)

them, plant the vineyards and drink the wine of them, fence in gardens and eat their fruit. And I will settle them in their own land; never again shall they be torn away from it, this land which I have given them, says the Lord thy God.

Yours for the Green Revolution,  
Karl

able to get used lumber by purchasing and dismantling old barns or houses in the vicinity or from demolition in nearby cities.

Part of the land should be cultivated for gardening, fruit trees and berry patches and part of the land should be put to trees.

The Green City

We will cede an appropriate parcel of land to any green revolutionists who come to build on it and cultivate it. We will not set ideological or religious conditions, because we do not believe in the authority of ownership. The condition of possession is use. I hope we will build up a small village on the land with cooperative anarchist principles. I hope we can discover the techniques

family living tenuously on the land, and we have an intention to fulfill an idea of cult, culture and cultivation. We begin with an act of justice as a step toward the new society.

Today I went to work as a helper in a laundry truck. The job is part time, with no taxes. For several months I have been looking for such a break and am very relieved to be back at work.

Lemont, an old member of our household, has been selling newspapers at the corner of Clark and Oak. He started a few weeks back working with a man named Erickson who has worked there for a long time. This Erickson is a reader of the CW and Lemont has been acquainted with him in this



of low cost building and subsistence living on the land so that we can offer to the poor who have migrated to the city and found it lacking an effective plan for returning to the country and the small towns. They have come to the cities and been recruited to the ranks of the mass cash producers, but they have not even shared proportionately in the consumer benefits of mass cash production. They still live in slums and do not effectively receive the vaunted cultural benefits of the great metropolis. They have not been given the untold millions that they toiled to earn. They have lost the skill of the hands that every farmer has. For the urban poor, as well as for disillusioned intellectuals, the golden river has turned into a stagnant pond. We seek to build up, beside the golden city of mass production and mass consumption in the cash factory and the cash farm, a second city, a green city of personalism, workmanship, simplicity, the cooperation of scholar and worker in the personality of each man as well as in the community. It is this organic city beside the shell of gold that could make man free by giving him an effective choice in the economics of the spirit.

The fulfillment of this program is not assured. It is conditional upon its fulfillment. We begin where we are, with one poor

neighborhood for years. Today they bought the news stand for \$200 and became their own bosses. This gives them the franchise to sell the city dailies at that corner. They might also sell periodicals, and I hope that they will soon add the CW and other worthy publications to their line.

Your "smiling Irish friend," Fred Muir, was in yesterday telling me about the old days on Mott Street and how he was pinched in Jersey City for passing leaflets and you came over and gave the cops a lecture.

On Saturday, the Feast of Our Lady of Ransom, I had to pay \$29 fine and costs to rescue one of our cop hounded household from the City House of Correction, more accurately exposed as a brutal and squalid "house of corruption" in a recent series in the Chicago Daily News. I am always in wonder at the correspondence between the life of the liturgy and the problems and adventures of our daily lives, for this was also the week in which we heard in the Lesson of Ember Wednesday that, the days are coming in which the ploughman will overtake the reaper at his task, in which seed-time and vintage time will be one: the mountain side will flow with milk, and every hill be cultivated. I will bring my people, the Israelites, back from exile, to rebuild the deserted cities and dwell in



# PRISONER: EROSEANNA ROBINSON

(Continued from page 1)

me that they were praying for me. Messages of cheer and commendation and offers to help came from women in other cottages. A group of women told me, Rose, you'd be surprised. All over the Rez (reservation) even the toughest girls are down with you. Everybody knows about you, and we're all praying for you to make it. They gave me a number of useful things, and told me, let me know if you need anything. I didn't though. I will always have the deepest gratitude for their friendliness. It was one of two times while behind bars that I was openly moved to tears. The other was the second night in the Cook County Jail when I was handed a spirit-lifting telegram—the first to come—from Rev. Maurice McCrackin.

## Prison

The pressures of imprisonment are designed to destroy the will of the individual, the moral fibre, and it's no wonder that 70% of all released people return to prison. Notwithstanding, I saw among the most compelling demonstrations of human kindness by inmates of the maximum security prison cottage. The chronically sick (and there were many) seldom received hospital care readily. So, the women helped each other as they could. Somebody has to, they said, because they knew that, all too frequently, personnel would not. Most of the officers I met were more apathetic than brutal. Two, though, were very considerate of the women's needs. Most were cordial. But all let themselves be pitifully reined in by the prison system. The prison jobs, on the whole, were the best paying in the community.

Many of the women inmates could get things from the prison store shared with others who didn't have money or who were under restriction for one reason or another. Many demonstrated a capacity for good, albeit, inducements for such, inside the prison, were negligible. Restrictions, just before I was released, were still being increased. Many women

needed psychological and emotional help. But after Alderson, most can only return to society sicker. The whole prison system shows the need for a constructive alternative approach. While I was at Alderson, restrictions plus apathy of personnel resulted in a suicide and a critical stabbing among the inmates. Both could have been avoided. I often thought of my friend and former conscientious objector inmate, Wally Nelson's, prison improvement projects, initiated not only for his own benefit but for the benefit of everybody, and I was ever more admiring. If people on the outside, who heartily and blindly support such institutions with taxes, and any other concerned people, would inquire about specific conditions, this would certainly result in a lessening of punitive restrictions and in more favorable concern on the part of personnel.

## Physical Conditions

There was some difference between jail and prison cells. The symmetrically pentagonal cell room where I was on solitary confinement was two times bigger than the jail's—like a room in a small town hotel. There were a full bathroom and closet. The walls were pink with white woodwork. There were dresser, small table, lamp, mirror, 2 chairs, bed and bedding. The chairs, though, were punishingly uncomfortable. And so was the bed. It sagged in the middle like a wire hammock. But different from the one in the county jail, it was long enough for my 5 feet 10½ inches. I doubled and redoubled a blanket and put it into the hollow. It helped a little. There were rag throw-rugs on the floors and the walls had windows—3 tall ones, hung with draperies—that let in a view of the valley and the mountains and, whenever the resident skunks left off offending, sweet clean air. And all the windows had black iron bars, and doors and doors within doors usually were kept locked. The sound system kept on listening and recording. It was still imprisonment.

## What I Wore

Hospital personnel had put a gown on me, in the beginning, and had given me a robe and slippers. In solitary, they gave me no slippers for two weeks. For three weeks, either I washed the gown, drying it on the radiator while I wore the robe, or vice versa. After two weeks, a cottage officer voluntarily brought me slippers and, after three, a second gown. Little more than two weeks before my release, I was issued two each in lingerie, socks and dresses.

## Need for Discipline

For a while, the Alderson pace was sluggish. Or that's how it seemed—natural things developing outside the windows and the scheduled train sounds going by (I couldn't see the trains, in solitary), and the prompted dedication of inmates overworking beyond the confinement door. I thought about how I was going the day that I was arrested in such a rush—"so much to do, so little time"—and all of a sudden, there was a wealth of time. For so long, it seemed more dearth than wealth, but only because I was scrutinizing it in the wrong way. I craved freedom, and in terms of all the evidences that I'd been conditioned to think of as freedom. Mostly, I craved long-familiar, friendly companionship and the taste of food—not the prison's—free food. Among other things, I remembered the Swiss cheese sandwich and homemade vegetable soup which I hadn't eaten when the federal men hauled me away to jail. And so often in the jail and during earliest times in prison, like a medium reconjuring a spectre, I kept on summoning that sandwich and soup, sensing the insufficient fiction of flavor, my throat constricting itself sore. I could not have been induced to feed myself while behind bars, yet I knew I needed detachment from that and every kind of craving. For only without craving could I become immune to the daily pressures and alert to the creative possibilities of each new issue. Only then would I be able to regard

every human being with loving consideration while, at the same time, remaining detached from whatever evil motives. I knew I needed God's help and I asked for it, but in asking, left out a vital part. Besides, I wasted precious time praying for protection.

## Steps Taken

Then on April 6th, having been in solitary for 12 days, I began feeling a growing irritability and knew I needed something special to increase my incentive. It was six weeks to the 90 day examination date set by the judge. I started thinking, this is an endurance test—much like athletics. The discipline needs are the same—awareness of purpose and of exact position, maintenance of form with no waste of motion, seeking a better expression of self rather than to overwhelm another human being, developing of inner resources, energy geared to purpose only (control of emotions), rapid adjustment in view of variables, taking positive initiative, detachment from distraction, effort equal to challenge, resisting antagonisms of opponents, warding off upset without hostility, optimism throughout, practicing and participating as an individual, never leaning toward the finish prematurely, striding evenly and in a balanced way, trying to avoid getting off-stride but if thrown off-stride, getting on-stride again, and gaining in a worthwhile way from the experience. So, that's how it'd be. I'd have a "race"—six weeks long—and if it worked out, I'd be ready for the "marathon." I didn't know if I'd remain in prison for the prescribed year and a day but, in any event, self-discipline was necessary. As Juanita, Wally's wife and long my friend, wrote shortly before my removal to Alderson, it's hard inside but it's harder outside. Well, in or out, I wanted to be ready. A six weeks' run. I laughed delightedly at the prospect. Quick start, maintaining an easy, set pace over the longest distance, the final lap after that, and then acceleration again in the stretch and, at

last, the finish line. I was more excited than in an ordinary race, and no longer irritable. I was also my own cheering section. And what a competition outfit I wore—sackie white, sleeveless rayon nightgown with dipping hemline, knee-length blue corduroy robe with an irreverent "U. S. Marines" on the upper jacket, my hair in a maypole of plaits, my feet frank and exposed upon the floor, and a red rubber tube looping from one nostril. I saw myself in the cell-room mirror, and I laughed: Run, Sis.

## The Start

First, I rooted through the dresser drawers and took out the brown wrapping paper lining and tore this into smaller pieces (there was no regular writing paper). I began writing a program, after that, allowing for specific accomplishments and scaled activities, demanding a little more of myself in the course of time. My program included much prayer and meditation, calisthenics, deep breathing and Bible study. I used the rest of the paper for making study notes. For the first time, I was going to read the Bible in sequence, from cover to cover, to more carefully sift myth from truth. And with this new approach, time picked up speed. Anxiety, resentment, bitterness melted away with the snow on the West Virginia hills. I met each successive day eagerly for several days.

## Off-Stride

One day—it was April 22nd, a Saturday—in a time of weakness, I got off-stride. I was washing up when the inmate came to force-feed me. She said she had sole charge of some very sick patients and new babies at the hospital (some women are imprisoned while pregnant and give birth while serving time). Would I please hurry? No, I wouldn't. She'd just have to go back, I said. She said she couldn't because she was afraid of being punished for disobeying orders. She kept on talking like this until I'd finished, about 15

(Continued on page 7)

# TO THOSE IN PRISON: TERTULLIAN

## Blessed Martyrs Designate:

Along with the provision which our lady mother the church from her bountiful breasts, and each brother out of his private means, makes for your bodily wants in the prison, accept also from me some contribution to your spiritual sustenance. For it is not good that the flesh be feasted and the spirit starve; nay, if that which is weak is carefully looked to, it is but right that that which is still weaker should not be neglected.

Not that I am specially entitled to exhort you; yet not only the trainers and overseers, but even the unskilled, nay, all who choose, without the slightest need for it, are wont to animate from afar by their cries the most accomplished gladiators, and from the mere throng of onlookers useful suggestions have sometimes come.

First, then, O blessed, grieve not the Holy Spirit, who has entered the prison with you. For if He had gone with you there, you would not have been there this day. And do you give all endeavour therefore to retain Him; so let Him lead you thence to your Lord.

The prison, indeed, is the devil's house as well, wherein he keeps his family. But you have come within its walls for the very purpose of trampling the wicked one under foot in his chosen abode. You had already in pitched battle outside overcome him; let him have no reason, then, to say to himself, "they are now in my domain; with defections or dissensions among themselves." Let him fly from your presence, and skulk away into his own abysses, shrunk and torpid, as though he were

an outcharmed or outsmoked snake. Give him not the success in his own kingdom of setting you at variance with each other, but let him find you armed and fortified with concord; for peace among you is battle with him. You know that some, not able to find this peace in the church, have been used to seek it from the imprisoned martyrs. And so you ought to have it dwelling with you, and to cherish it; and to guard it, that you may be able perhaps to bestow it upon others.

Other things, hindrances equally of the soul, may have accompanied you as far as the prison gate, to which also your relatives may have attended you. There and thenceforth you were severed from the world. How much more from the ordinary course of worldly life and all its affairs!

Nor let this separation from the world alarm you. For if we reflect that the world is more really the prison, we shall see that you have gone out of a prison rather than into one. The world has the greater darkness, blinding men's hearts. The world imposes the more grievous fetters, binding men's very souls. The world breathes out the worst impurities—human lusts. The world contains the larger number of criminals, even the whole human race. Then, last of all, it awaits the judgment, not of the proconsul, but of God.

Wherefore, O blessed, you may regard yourselves as having been translated from a prison to, we may say, a place of safety. It is full of darkness, but ye yourselves are light; it has bonds, but God has made you free. Unpleasant exhalations

are there, but ye are an odor of sweetness. The judge is daily looked for, but ye shall judge the judges themselves. Sadness may be there for him who sighs for the world's enjoyments. The Christian outside the prison has renounced the world, but in the prison he has renounced a prison too.

It is of no consequence where you are in the world—you who are not of it. And if you have lost some of life's sweets, it is the way of business to suffer present loss, that after gains may be the larger. Thus far I say nothing of the rewards to which God invites the martyrs. Meanwhile let us compare the life of the world and of the prison, and see if the spirit does not gain more in the prison than the flesh loses.

Nay, by the care of the church and the love of the brethren, even the flesh does not lose there what is for its good, while the spirit obtains besides important advantages. You have no occasion to look on strange Gods, you do not run against their images; you have no part in heathen holidays, even by mere bodily mingling in them, you are not annoyed by the foul fumes of idolatrous solemnities; you are not pained by the noise of the public shows, nor by the atrocity or madness or immodesty of their celebrants; your eyes do not fall on stewes or brothels; you are free from causes of offense, from temptations, from unholy reminiscences; you are free now from persecution too.

The prison does the same service for the Christian which the desert did for the prophet. Our Lord Himself spent much of His

time in seclusion, that He might have greater liberty to pray, that He might be quit of the world. It was in a mountain solitude, too, he showed His glory to the disciples. Let us drop the name of prison; let us call it a place of retirement. Though the body is shut in, though the flesh is confined, all things are open to the spirit. In spirit, then, roam abroad; in spirit walk about, not setting before you shady paths or long colonnades, but the way which leads to God. As often as in spirit your footsteps are there, so often you will not be in bonds. The leg does not feel the chain when the mind is in the heavens. The mind compasses the whole man about, and whither it wills it carries him. But where thy heart shall be there shall be thy treasure. Be there our heart, then, where we would have our treasure.

Grant now, O blessed, that even to Christians the prison is unpleasant. But we were called to the warfare of the living God in our very response to the sacramental words. Well, no soldier comes out to the campaign laden with luxuries, nor does he go to action from his comfortable chamber, but from the light and narrow tent, where every kind of hardness and roughness and disagreeableness must be put up with. Even in peace soldiers inure themselves to war by toils and inconveniences—marching arms, running over the plain, working at the ditch, making the testudo, engaging in many arduous labors. The sweat of the brow is in everything, that bodies and minds may

not shrink at having to pass from shade to sunshine, from sunshine to icy cold, from the robe of peace to the coat of mail, from silence to clamor, from quiet to tumult.

In like manner, O blessed, count whatever is hard in this lot of yours as a discipline of your powers of mind and body. You are about to pass through a noble struggle, in which the living God acts the part of superintendent; in which the Holy Ghost is your trainer, in which the prize is an eternal crown, of angelic essence, citizenship in the heavens, glory everlasting. Therefore your Master, Jesus Christ, who has anointed you with His Spirit, and led you forth to the arena, has seen it good, before the day of conflict, to take you from a condition more pleasant in itself, and imposed on you a harder treatment, that your strength might be the greater.

For the athletes, too, are set apart to a more stringent discipline, that they may have their physical powers built up. They are kept from luxury, from daintier meats, from more pleasant drinks; they are pressed, racked, worn out; the harder their labors in the preparatory training, the stronger is the hope of victory. "And they," says the apostle, "that they may obtain a corruptible crown." We, with the crown eternal in our eye, look upon the prison as our training-ground, that at the goal of final judgment we may be brought forth well-disciplined by many a trial; since virtue is built up by hardships, as by voluptuous indulgence it is overthrown.

From the saying of our Lord (Continued on page 7)



## The Liturgical Life

We have forgotten that Christianity is essentially a life to be lived, a liturgical religion; it is the mystery of God who reconciles Himself with the world through Jesus Christ, and who communicates to men His very own divine life through Our Lord and Saviour. In the Liturgy, the tremendous truth of God's willingness to share with us His life is made real by dramatic action and at the same time gives us what it teaches. Ignorance of the Liturgy cuts the people off from the great mystery which it celebrates—the reconciliation of God and man. They do not recognize or realize that when the Church celebrates the Liturgy it celebrates the Mystery of Redemption.

Too often the teaching of the truths of Faith have been on an intellectual plane only, comprised of abstract concepts and theoretical definitions. The truth that is Christ, what St. Paul calls "the mystery of Christ," does not come through in such a method. It is dangerous to make of religious learning an intellectual exercise in which knowledge alone is the objective. Christianity is life to be lived as well as a body of knowledge to be known; it is a life based upon knowledge. But what must be made clear in our teaching is the profound union between the Liturgy of the Eucharist and the ministry of the Word. The Liturgy gives us the Word of God in the Person of Christ as well as in His teachings. "Not on bread alone does man live but on every word that comes forth from the mouth of God" (Matt 4:4). So the celebration of the Eucharistic Liturgy and the proclaiming of the Word of God form an integral whole of the mystery celebrated. However, it is only a great liturgical movement which can teach us what the Liturgy means and that we are called to take an active part in it.

"Liturgical Renewal in Latin America"  
Most Rev. Emanuel Larrain, Bp of Talca,  
Chile. LITURGY & THE MISSIONS pp 91, 92

## Rethinking CW Positions

(Continued from page 3)

more clearly articulated and more firmly held in view of impossible alternatives. Of course this is far from being a new problem, but it still seems important to restate it and to try once more to resolve it. There must be debate on this issue in its various aspects and there must be an effort to have mutual understanding between those who lean toward personal commitment at the expense of social involvement and those with opposite tendencies. The CW is an ideal place for such debate. Two subjects that I hope to take up myself are the different implications for the nature of government of anarchism a la Hentz and Gandhian civil disobedience; also the conflict, if any, between the ideals of voluntary poverty and free trade.

I'll end with a passage from the preface to *Androcles and the Lion* (a completely wild presentation of Christianity) in which Shaw states the problem pretty well: "In short, Christianity, good or bad, right or wrong, must perforce be left out of the question in human affairs until it is made practically applicable to them by complicated political devices. . . . Personal righteousness, and the view that you cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament, is, in fact, the favorite defensive resort of the people who, consciously or subconsciously, are quite determined not to have their property meddled with by Jesus or any other reformer."

Of course Shaw is wrong—but he has a point.

## Tertullian

(Continued from page 6)

we know that the flesh is weak, the spirit willing. Let us not without take delusive comfort from the Lord's acknowledgment of the weakness of the flesh. For precisely on this account he first declared the spirit willing, that he might show which of the two ought to be subject to the other—that the flesh might yield obedience to the spirit—the weaker to the stronger; the former thus from the latter getting strength. Let the spirit hold converse with the flesh about the common salvation, thinking no longer of the troubles of the prison, but of the wrestle and conflict for which they are the preparation.

## Catholic Ashram

(Continued from page 5)

desperately poor the mass of the people are. A mud hut with an earthen floor and a roof of palm leaves, perhaps 6 x 8 ft., with an opening at the door and no other ventilation is the ordinary dwelling of a poor family, and the weekly wage of a farm worker is about 15 shillings (\$2.10). It can be seen from this how far even a small contribution can go. This way of giving has the advantage that it is devoted to constructive, enduring work in the villages—making roads, digging wells, building houses, providing seeds and manures for cultivation, improving stock, and introducing village industries. In all this the assistance of the government can be had, and Brother Stephen has been promised the cooperation of government workers in the neighborhood.

### Please Help

The ashram will be in the charge of a committee responsible for the work and for the accounts, so all money will be properly used. We need money first for putting some buildings in the ashram and then for beginning cultivation of the land. There are three wells, but all of them need deepening soon so that we can have enough water for cultivation (always the most pressing need

minutes later. I'd planned on making the bed and then sitting down for Bible study. Instead, I said to her, I understand about the sick patients and babies, so I'll make the bed later and sit down to read now. What a decision! Clearly, it was giving sanction to feeding me. But I didn't see it at the time. Consciously, I believed I was being helpful. The unconscious motivation was, without doubt, due to letting the pressures of the calculatedly ragged and undernourishing force-feeding and the resulting feelings of weakness put a crink in my resistance. Another thing, from Thursday to Friday—when the tube developed a hole, I'd gone for 25 hours without nourishment. Once I sat down, by degrees I admitted the truth to myself and, after the aide left I was in turmoil. This was no way to look out for my survival, and self-deceit could only result in self-dissipation. Walking around and around the bed, I pleaded God to help me use the fault as a springboard to a higher order of altitude. Not ten minutes later, the prison cottage officer came in to say that the nurse had called and wanted me to sit down right away whenever the aides came to feed me, and not waste their time. I told her to tell the nurse they could walk away from me three times a day every day. I would not put myself into position to be fed. I told her what had happened that morning, and said that I would never again alter my schedule in sanction of feeding me. She wondered if I thought I could last like that. I didn't know, I said, but I did know that it was vital for me to keep my mind and emotions in control always, and not lose myself.

### On-Stride

After that, I said, prayers of praise and thanksgiving. It was so simple then, finding the vital part missing before my prayers— not my own will but God's be done—not for my own but for God's—or the universal purpose. Amazing the difference when I began saying, I deserve to be free in your purpose, God. For freedom is a state of mind, and leaves no space for anxiety over wires in walls and locked doors and warping prison rules and strategies. I didn't crave for anything, anymore, nor did I find it urgent to worry about protection. Several times, the aides came when they knew I'd be out of the cellroom, telling me to sit down for force-feeding. I always refused. My stomach felt empty at such times, but I never again felt panic.

The cellroom door was being opened from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., by this time, so some of the women in the prison cottage brought me newspapers to read and several thoughtful books they'd borrowed for me from the prison library. During each force-feeding, the aides would put rags on my shoulder to catch the substance

whenever it leaked. Out of the sturdier rags I made bags for my eventual trek home.

And the days rose and sank with grace and swiftness until it was May 10—one day later than the 90th day—a mirage upon which I had previously focused with such intent. That was gone, and all the last pale spurts of tension and all dependence upon that figment of possible release—a barrier for so long in my mind, dissolved like a cloud. My concern was no longer for where I'd be from day to day or for the length of time, but for the kind of human being I needed to become. I felt ready and peaceful. Outside the sun was hot and astonishingly bright, while I was cooled by a sweet serene wind coming through the windows. I went on at my ease, and at 2:00 in the afternoon, Miss Minsella, the warden, came to let me know that on the following day I was to be unconditionally released.

From Bethlehem Center to Alderson to Bethlehem Center. I'm working again—part time for the summer—at one of the jobs I had before. Dr. Duane Robinson, the director, spoke in behalf of my being rehired. The staff supported this, the board endorsed it. While, generally, they don't agree with my attitude, they are supportive of my right to have it. I remain warmly appreciative of their encouragement and friendly concern throughout.

Going back a bit, when I returned to Chicago early in June, it was warm and the sky was blue. Men, in their shirt sleeves, and women, in pastel cotton dresses, strolled along the streets. I rode the city bus down Stony Island Avenue to 72nd Street. I trotted off and home, and my friends, the Johnsons (who own the house)—Willie, Elaine, their daughters, seven year old Pamela and baby Carol—and I met in a revel of greeting. I asked about my sister, Adrienne, and learned that she hadn't come home from work yet. Then I talked on the telephone with my parents. Ultimately I felt hungry. Had Adrienne left anything to eat in the refrigerator? Elaine thought she had. The box was certainly full—fresh eggs, fruit, milk, vegetables, all kinds of desserts—and then I saw something else. Adrienne, my sister, is a rare friend. When I left my things behind that January day, she'd gone to get them and bring them home. Going upstairs to my room, later, I found my clothes, washed and ironed, hanging in the closet. My carry-all bag was put away next to one wall on the closet floor. And at that moment, in a corner on the second refrigerator shelf, beyond eating, and all but obscured by fresh new things to eat, were that sandwich and soup. Bless my sister, Adrienne. What a sense of the dramatic. What faith.

Eroeseanna Robinson  
1523 East 72nd Street  
Chicago 19, Illinois

From the Peacemaker



## CO-OP NOTES

By WILLIAM HORVATH

Our proposition as co-operators is to examine how it can be possible "here-and-now," to begin a more just society for the ownership of land. To provide for the right of each family the security of its holding without speculation to raise the price for the pleasure of others. Or is the Public Office of the State invited to reach and control the affairs of the community that is administered by the vote of each member. From their own company they will extract all service to own property and buildings without profit on their members. In time it will solve for the better management of cities, a less costly inheritance. Amidst beauty they can cultivate a morality more fitting for the dignity of man. These works are best performed by employing the economics and philosophy of the Rochdale Co-operative system.

When there is a voluntary association of households for the holding and distribution of rights upon land it gives them all by mutual agreement new privileges to enjoy property. To protect each other from the harm of gross overcharge, the separation from a united common interest, they join to buy and manage their own land and dwellings. This voids the power of others to be landlords over them and make each family compete against the other for the hire of shelter.

in India). Altogether we need a sum of about 500 pounds—\$1,400 to begin the work. Some may wish to help support the ashram by regular contributions, however small; these would be a very great help in keeping the work going. Remember that 15 shillings a week (\$2.10) is sufficient to keep a whole family!

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

Contributions may be sent to:  
BROTHER STEPHEN  
BENEDICTINE SARVODAYA  
ASHRAM,  
BATLAGUNDA, MADURAI DT.,  
S. INDIA

(Please send international money orders obtainable at any post office.)

## CLOTHES

Mary Lathrop suddenly jumped up from her chair in the office and screamed. She had left a man in the toilet for half an hour while she was supposed to be mending his trousers. A discussion had started and she all but forgot him. The oversight was remedied, but it goes without saying that the man was in a plight. He had only one pair of pants as is usual with folk who come to us. We need pants, coats, sweaters, jackets, socks, etc., etc. We get many women's clothes, but need men's badly, and we need also sheets, pillow cases and towels. Can you spare something. Please? Thank you. God bless you.

## Sis Robinson

(Continued from page 6)

## Pax Bulletin

(Quarterly)

Sponsors of PAX include DONALD ATTWATER, MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE, PAMELA FRANKAU, Dom BEDE GRIFFITHS, O.S.B., CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, COMPTON MACKENZIE, ARCHBISHOP ROBERTS, S.J., Very Rev. HENRY ST. JOHN, O.P.

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CHRISTIANITY AND MASS-MOVEMENTS—Thomas Merton

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—Review by Brian Wicker

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# THE LAND

## Hand Craft in America

By Daniel O'Hagan

A friend has recently sent me a Swedish book on handicrafts reporting the flourishing increase in handmade articles in that industrialized country of seven million.

The "human feel" has appeal in Sweden. More and more people are appreciating the intrinsic difference between a thing wrought and fashioned by fond, thoughtful, human hands, and a thing which rides on a conveyor belt with hundreds of others all precisely alike.

I learned that in Sweden "Today, the handicraft organizations aim at preserving local variations as far as possible. In their artistic variety, handicraft products meet a need which often remains unfilled by industrially mass-produced articles. Many handicraft workers, men and women, are real artists in their line. Their output always bears an individual stamp—it is, in fact, praise of a handicraft weaver to say that she cannot weave two rugs alike."

This reminds me of the Mexican chair-maker who was asked to make a dozen chairs of the same pattern. He surprised his customer by quoting a higher price (per chair) instead of a lower one.

But let me continue what I read about Swedish crafts. "Nineteenth Century industrialism threatened to end handicraft traditions in Sweden. Everything could be turned out by the factories, and buying things ready-made in the village store was easier than making them laboriously by hand. That the quality was not so good as in hand-made articles troubled no one very much. A decline set in, too, in those things which were still made in the home—the old feeling for clear colors and good materials began to disappear. Aniline dyes replaced the vegetable coloring substances, and the machine-spun yarns which were often used, were quite unsuitable for hand-weaving. When the old traditions and handicraft methods had been forced out, nothing worthwhile appeared to take their place."

"The deterioration in taste was most evident in decorative objects. The sense for the genuine became dulled by continually seeing the degenerate forms and muddled or gaudy colorings in current industrial products. The ease of obtaining substitutes for the old wall coverings and bedclothes, hand-wrought candle sticks, carved scutches, and hand woven fabrics only speeded the rout."

But . . . "the fact was, there was a movement afoot to try and rescue the products of old peasant art just as it was beginning to disappear."

### New Interest in Crafts in America

In America there are now movements springing up everywhere to restore old buildings, covered-bridges, and an increased interest in old barns, houses, furniture, tools, books and kitchen utensils. I recently noticed while cycling over a covered-bridge that two separate societies had posted their intentions to guard the life of that bridge.

There is a great and increasing demand and interest in pioneer handicrafts, oak-splint chairs and baskets, woodworking, pottery, copperware, leather goods, wrought-iron work, and many other tokens of the less complex pre-machine age America.

How often do we shrug our shoulders and say "They don't do work like that anymore; everything is speed today." How strange that with all our time-saving machines we still have less time and do poorer work than the craftsmen of two hundred years ago!

Yet the more folks get fed up

with that disgrace to any industry—planned obsolescence—and the less they are allowed to start and finish one article themselves, the stronger they will yearn and have a hankering to create something, something worthwhile, an outlet for their imagination and feeling of beauty. O, to make something with my own two hands! Something durable, attractive, useful—the joy of a job well done—the self satisfaction in the evidence of skill and hard work!

Slowly, imperceptibly, the handicraft revolution is coming. More and more people will find the inexpressible joy in making things from start to finish with simple tools, simple materials, and being content to live simply while doing it. In fact, the last is a prerequisite for most handworkers. Nine times out of ten he will be a financial failure if he continues his industrialized standard of living and charges industrialized wages.

### The Craftsman and Simple Living

It is a true paradox that a country with a high "standard of living" cannot afford to do good work; that to do good work these days one, generally, has to lower his standard of living, and has to be willing to take smaller hourly wages because handwork takes more time. A carpenter who stops to make a mortised joint will have the boss' shadow fall on him and hear an impatient voice say "Nail it!"

If to do good work one has to be willing to take less per hour, it is also equally strange that one resolves to rid himself of all the modern paraphernalia salesmen say are so essential to happiness—the gadgets, devices, and time-saving machines—the more time he finds he has to entertain visitors, work, read, and sing hymns. It has been well said that we often work night and day to pay for our labor-saving machines. But without the staggering overhead expense of his machines, gadgets and devices of comfort the craftsman will find some relief—although this is not to suggest that his experiment in simple living is not demanding. In fact, he must so like the craft he has chosen that it is his hobby as well as his work; it is his recreation, his movies, his T.V., his beer hall, his "just taking a ride," and hereby will be compensation for his low wages. Another compensation is that he knows that he is not gyping anyone, that he is giving full measure, pressed down and overflowing.

Lastly, a very important and helpful thing: in an effort to live simply you, no doubt, will either buy an inexpensive place or rent one. In either case you will probably end up in the country, where, chances are, you will wonder why you weren't there long before. In any event, one of the things very closely akin to an artist or craftsman's life is periods of little or no cash. However, if you have a modest vegetable garden you will surprise yourself not only in supplying the table with most of your needs for the summer but also in storing away supplies for the winter as well.

You will, I believe, make a go of it, provided you leave the city and the industrial environment, and live a simple life of voluntary poverty. The handicraft revolution can only come after the green revolution.

### "Turning Back The Clock"

In closing, may I say that to many this will indeed seem like "turning back the clock," which has misleading connotations. But for these folks let me quote from Mr. C. S. Lewis who has, in my opinion, so squarely hit the nail on the head.

"First, as to putting the clock

back. Would you think I was joking if I said that you can put a clock back, and that if the clock is wrong it is often a very sensible thing to do? But I would rather get away from the whole idea of clocks. We all want progress. But progress means getting nearer to the place you want to be. And if you have taken a wrong turning, then to go forward does not get you any nearer. If you are on the wrong road, progress means doing an about-turn and walking back to the right road; and in that case, the man who turns back the soonest is the most progressive man.

"We have all seen this when doing arithmetic. When I have started a sum the wrong way, the sooner I admit this and go back and start over again, the faster I shall get on. There is nothing progressive about being pig-headed and refusing to admit a mistake. And I think if you look at the present state of the world, it is pretty plain that humanity has been making some big mistake."

Labor Day, 1960



## Monica Farm

9th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

Dear Dorothy,

Jack quit the factory job last October, so we have now been full time farmers all of 10 months and are still holding our heads above water. We are really now living out the C. W. ideals of voluntary poverty and the land. And enjoying it. We work long hours and work hard but free of city pressures, time clocks, neighbors breathing down one's neck every waking moment, no keeping up with Joneses attitude and have even managed to escape having a TV in the house. We surely count our blessings. Nine lovely children, eighty three acres of land to let them run on and twenty-five head of cows and calves who make a lively schedule for us to keep.

This year our garden is doing better than ever. Our one big failure is potatoes. We just can't seem to get a good crop of those. We have been almost strictly organic gardeners but may have to resort to chemicals next year for potatoes for winter storage.

We met a family nine miles away in the next parish who have been reading the C.W. for five years, so we have many mutual interests. They have ten children, a farm, town job and their name is Schmalzried.

Our biggest problem here is the educational system. Our Catholic school is eighteen miles away. (We sent them there last year because we had a girl stay with us who goes to the convent this fall, who drove them in.) Our public school is worse than most. They seem to

be entertaining the children instead of educating them. Band, football, home-ec, drivers training, etc., never heard of spelling bee or a history quiz since we are here.

Jack and Bob Magayho from Poughkeepsie took the children swimming and fishing, so that gave me a few minutes to get this long overdue note off to you.

Nora, who comes out regularly, brought six seminarians out and they seem very interested in C.W. ideas as well as some of the retreat ideas such as detachment, etc. How far-reaching the C.W. is.

We are trying to cure our own hams and bacon at the moment but don't know how successful we'll be as yet.

We still have the cow you gave us but she never did do well. She had her calf weeks too early because of such a strenuous ride. We will hesitate to move one so far again. We have a lovely heifer calf from her. Too bad John could not get the papers for her. Registered cattle make out better than grades—even the production could be the same. That is what one runs up against in this modern, mechanized farming business. Family farms in this area have a difficult time indeed. We have gotten 8c. a quart for milk all summer. Half of that goes immediately back into feed and machinery for the crops and animals. How can the family farmer survive? We wish we knew, but we are in it to find out and to fight for him to the finish.

Love and prayers,

Mary Thornton

## Our Roots Grow Deeper

By Dudley Laufman

(Part 2 of "To Build A House")

We had a fine summer at "Wind In The Timothy." We did little work on the house during July and August, relaxed, took care of the garden, and enjoyed country living. In September, after a brief vacation trip to Maine and Vermont, we settled down to make our house both larger and warmer before winter and to get in the harvest. We worked. A local construction agent came with backhoe and tractor to dig the footings for the enlargement of our house, to lengthen and deepen the cellar and to dig drainage and water line ditches. This proved a bit expensive, but it was a lot faster than I could have managed alone by hand.

Then I hired a contractor friend to build a chimney and pour the cellar walls. While this was being done I was busy insulating and boarding up the inside of the house, picking apples, digging potatoes, sawing wood, and gathering stones for walls and floor. After the cellar walls of the addition were poured and the foundation stones in place, I hired two neighbors to help build the addition to our one-room house. We worked out an exchange of labor that was satisfactory to all and proceeded with the work. We built a shed type room on the east side of the house which faces the road, using heavy timbers, barn style, and leaving them exposed on the inside. A wooden floor was built over the cellar and a field stone floor over the rest of the area. During the construction we had to tear out the wall between the house and the addition, leaving us exposed to the elements. It rained for three days and the floor was covered with lumber, sawdust, tools, and everything was damp and crowded. But we kept the fire going and somehow managed to keep warm and dry. The sun finally came out, and we were able to finish boarding up the addition. Then the wiring was installed, and

we were ready to move the sink to its new location. We arranged our belongings in the new room, and "O welcome space!"

Along with the new addition to the house we also finished insulating the main house, caulked all the windows, piped water to the house, and drained the cellar. We have eight cords of pine slab wood and one cord of hard wood for fuel. In place of the Franklin stove we have an Ashley wood burner. This efficient stove heats the wood into charcoal, and then burns very slowly, burning the gases that ordinarily are wasted up the chimney. It keeps a fire through the night. It is not as pleasant as the Franklin stove, but it has proved far more practical for our present needs.

We still have one room with a loft over part of it. There is no such thing as a living room or dining room, or kitchen, laundry, playroom or study in our home. The one room is a family room, and in it we cook, eat, visit, play, read, sing and entertain our friends. When we entertain friends we like to have everyone together rather than have the guests in the living room while the wife works in the kitchen shut off from conversation by a wall. So, we have our family room with out any partitions, a quiet, rugged room, a room with dignity and subtle beauty, as should be all rooms where food is prepared and where living is done. Robert Gibbings in his book *Coming Down the Wye* says, "You who live insulated from the earth by carpets over under-felts over boards on joists laid on concrete, may smile at me whose bare feet touch with joy these age old stones." We love our stone floor. It adds rugged beauty to the timbers and weathered boards.

Our vegetable cellar is full for the winter. Stored in maple leaves are ample quantities of our own potatoes, carrots, beets, cabbage, leeks, onions, and fifteen bushels of apples we picked in old orchards. We have a barrel of salted endive, and several bushels of fresh endive still growing on bur-lap in the cellar. On the shelves are dried beans, jars and jars of tomatoes, plus many jars of jams and jellies.

### COST FOR ADDITION

Backhoe, tractor, water	
pipe, drain pipe	\$ 260.00
Gravel and Sand	25.00
Cement	49.00
Lumber	75.00
Roofing, nails	35.00
Chimney blocks, flue linings, thimbles, clean-out	62.30
Flashings	.93
Anchor bolts	2.40
Stove	10.00
Labor (part of this item will be worked off in exchange)	411.85
	931.48

Cost of original house before addition

446.00

Total cost for present house

\$1,377.48

"It is very dangerous to go into eternity with possibilities which one has oneself prevented from becoming realities. A possibility is a hint from God. One must follow it. In every man there is latent the highest possibility: one must follow it. If God does not wish it, then let him prevent it, but one must not hinder oneself. Trusting to God I have dared, but I was not successful: in that is to be found peace, calm, a confidence in God. I have not dared: that is a woeful thought, a torment in eternity."

KIERKEGAARD