

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXIX No. 11

JUNE, 1963

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

From Rome

Monday, June third, I landed from the Vulcania Italian Line Ship at 45th Street New York, at eight o'clock in the morning to find Nina Polcyn of St. Benet's Book Shop of Chicago waiting for me with Stanley Vishniewsky, Tom Cornell, Terry Becker, Arthur J. Lacey (with dispatch case and letters), Joe Maurer, and Chris, Irish-American playwright and actor, and Cesare a young Argentinian. We had been getting only the most meager reports as to the Pope's health on board ship where the news was given out each day in Italian on a tabloid news sheet. Each morning at Mass the chaplain had asked our prayers for the Holy Father, and each afternoon at Benediction we had repeated those prayers.

Death of The Pope

We were still sitting at our lunch with people coming and going in the little apartment on Kenmare Street, when someone came in with

news of the Pope's death at three in the afternoon. It had been a long agony and daily I had prayed the Eastern rite prayer for "a death without pain" for this most beloved Father to all the world. But I am afraid he left us with the suffering which is an inevitable part of love, and he left us with fear, too, if the reports of his last words are correct, fear that his children, as he called all of us in the world, were not listening to his cries for *pacem in terris*. He was offering his sufferings, he had said before his death, for the continuing Council in September, and for peace in the world. But he had said, almost cheerfully, that his bags were packed, that he was ready to go, and that after all death was the beginning of a new life. "Life is changed, not taken away," as the Preface in the mass for the dead has it. And just as Therese of Lisieux said that she

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Alabama Freedom Walk

By TOM CORNELL

The murder of Washington postman William Moore in Atalla, Alabama, as he walked through the South to his native Mississippi to present a plea for peaceful integration to Governor Ross Barnett in Jackson, shocked the world. Some of our friends in New York were so moved that they determined to continue Moore's work. Bob Gore of the Congress of Racial Equality, and Eric Weinberger, who has been working on a hand-craft industry to support Negro tenant farmers who were turned off their lands because they had dared to register as voters, went down to Tennessee to lead one Walk.

Our May issue had a brief account of the arrest of Weinberger

and Gore. When Bob Gore got back to New York, I lost no time in visiting him. His reaction to Eric Weinberger's use of non-cooperation with the jail authorities particularly impressed me. Bob admits that his personal conservative instincts made it difficult for him to consider non-cooperation. I sympathize with him, since like most people, I shrink from such action as going limp as being offensive to personal dignity and against my New Englander's conservative instincts. Even Ammon Hennacy counsels people not to go limp, because few people can carry it off with dignity. The value of this kind of intransigent witness was borne

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Guardian Angels

By DOM ANSCAR VONIER

Part of the Guardian Angel's activity is outside us: keeping us from any possible dangers, which only a higher intellect could foresee; or bringing about circumstances that would make for our ultimate happiness, and which it would take a genius more than human to arrange.

Another part of our Angel's activity is within us. First of all, he may be the originator of a new train of thoughts that will lead to what is good. We all know from experience what it is to have our mind put on a new track. We shall find in most cases that the new suggestion comes from something that is not ourselves; it may be human words, oral or written; it may be some external event. Looking back, we feel thankful to the man, or the book, or the circumstance, that make our former thoughts leave their accustomed groove, and started us on a new line altogether. Without excluding such inferior influence, or origins of new trains of thought, according to Catholic theology there is a spirit that has been appointed to be for us a source of new lights. We all have to confess to a constant tendency to direct all our thoughts into one specific channel. It comes from the limitations of our nature. The heavenly spirit who is our partner is just made the other way; his is a most elastic mind; he makes us think new thoughts. And yet this influence doesn't stand in the way of human initiative and responsibility.

Another way the Angel helps us is in the sphere of the practical decisions of everyday life. Here too, the Angel doesn't interfere with man's free will, yet his presence is indispensable, if our life is to be a success in the eyes of God. St. Thomas remarks that even if all virtues had been liberally infused into the soul by God, and He had made man perfect, the virtue of prudence would make a higher, an external assistance necessary. Prudence has to deal with facts about which there are no universal rules. To know what is best in a given case is, not infrequently, guesswork for the holiest, wisest, and most experienced. At such times we want a counsellor, and we do not feel that his advice is an intrusion, a curtailing of our freedom or responsibility. Theology points to the Angel who guards us as the born adviser and counsellor of man in affairs that have no other rule than their endless variability.



CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

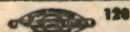
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Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
175 Chrystie St., New York City—2
Telephone GR 3-5850

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly.
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one
hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10 1939, at the Post Office
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



ON PILGRIMAGE

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would spend her heaven doing good upon earth, so in his love, John XXIII will be watching over us.

It was on the day before I sailed for New York, May 22, Wednesday, that I had the tremendous privilege of being present at his last public appearance. He stood in his window looking out over the crowd in front of St. Peter's. An audience had been scheduled as usual for that Wednesday at ten-thirty, and the great Basilica was crowded to the doors when the announcement was made that the Pope had been too ill the night before to make an appearance that day but that he would come to the window and bless the crowd, as he was accustomed to do each Sunday noon.

I had had an appointment that morning for ten-thirty at the office of Cardinal Bea, to see his secretary, Fr. Stransky, the Paulist, about a meeting I was to have with the Cardinal that night and was leaving the No. 64 bus at the colonnade to the left of St. Peter's. I noticed that the people leaving the bus were hastening to the square. Word gets around Rome quickly and when I inquired I was told that the Holy Father would be at the window in a moment. I hastened to a good position in the square and was there in time to see the curtains stir and the Pope appear. I had not realized how tremendous that square was until I saw how tiny the Pope's figure seemed, up at that window of the apartment under the roof. Those rooms used to be servant's quarters and had been occupied by the popes' since Pius X.

The voice of the Holy Father came through a loud speaker of course, and seemed strong. He said the Angelus (which we say before meals at the Peter Maurin farm, then the prayer to the guardian angels and ended with a requiem prayer for the dead).

It was the last time the public saw his face (many of the crowd had opera glasses, so one can use that expression). Questioning those at the little convent where I had been staying in Rome the last week, I learned the subject of the Pope's last talk, at his last Wednesday audience. He had urged all to read and study his last encyclicals, the call to the Council, *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris*. He had said all he had to say, this was the message he left to the world.

Last Words

"There is an immense task incumbent on all men of good will, namely the task of restoring the relations of the human family in truth, in justice, in love and in freedom; the relations between individual human beings; between citizens and their respective communities; between political communities themselves; between individuals, families, intermediate associations and political communities on the one hand and the world community on the other. This is a most exalted task, for it is the task of bringing about true peace in the order established by God.

"Admittedly, those who are endeavoring to restore the relations of social life according to the criteria mentioned above, are not many; to them we express our paternal appreciation, and we earnestly invite them to persevere in this work with greater zeal. And we are comforted by the hope that their number will increase especially among those who believe. For it is an imperative of duty, it is a requirement of Love."

Applications

Yes, we will meditate on his words to us all, because he said he was addressing all men of good will, and we will know too, as we have known in the past, how difficult it is to apply these words to individual situations. We need all the gifts of the Holy Spirit, for our work, we need all the help of our guardian angels, and to make our non-Catholic and non-believing readers know what these words mean, we are printing together with this usual column of pilgrimage, definitions of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, as well as what the guardian angels mean to us who believe. And not to know these things, for those of us who do believe, means not to know the treasure we have, the resources we have to draw upon.

The Pilgrimage

To report further about the trip to Rome which came about because a group of women, mostly of other faiths, and including those who did not believe, had called for this attempt to reach the Holy Father with a plea for a condemnation of nuclear war, and a development of the ideas of non-violent resistance. This very attempt brought out clearly how difficult are these attempts at unity and co-existence.

It is no easier to receive a hearing with Princes of the Church than it is to receive one from the princes of this world. There is protocol, there is hierarchy and blocs of one kind or another, there is diplomacy in what we generally consider to be the realm of the spirit. There is maneuvering for credit and recognition from groups and nationalities among the women themselves. This latter began as soon as the plane load of women arrived from the States and found that Hildegard Goss Mayr, Marguerite Harris and I had drawn up a preliminary paper, a one page message to be sent to the Holy Father. Because of the Pontiff's precarious state of health, the message had to be in the hands of his secretaries by eleven the next morning, Monday, in order that we be recognized at the coming Wednesday audience. There seemed to be no chance of a smaller audience, or any special recognition. But to be assured that our message reached him, it had to be short, complete and accompanied by individual letters from the women, and a summary of the make up of the pilgrimage. For this latter, Marguerite had worked valiantly every afternoon and evening on board the ship in our cabin on the

way over from New York. She had typed up many copies of concise biographies of the American women concerned and had them ready for that first meeting.

But the acceptance of that one page message caused the most trouble. It meant a meeting that lasted from the time the women assembled until two o'clock in the morning and though it was finally accepted as revised, there was renewed discussion early the next morning, another meeting right after breakfast and then the hasty departure to meet the Cardinal who was going to bring it to the attention of the Holy Father.

This was only the first of continual meetings, meetings about the letters to be presented, about other people to see, influences to be exerted, meetings as to whether one sector or another of the group of sixty or seventy women were being properly understood or treated. The language barrier made everything harder. We were from so many countries, so many faiths, so many backgrounds. Some of the women had so little money that they actually did not have enough to pay the extra costs of lunches and the one sightseeing trip that we all took together which came only to about seventy five cents apiece. Certainly there was too little time for us to get acquainted with each other. But I think most of us have lists of the women who were there, and most of us hope to see each other again and perhaps get acquainted better through correspondence of one kind or another. There is so much peace literature being gotten out and one thing it does is to draw us together. Most of us felt we knew Virginia Naevé, for instance, just through all her short notes by which she kept us together before the pilgrimage began.

The Audience

The day of the audience arrived and the big busses came to the door, and it did not seem that we were being treated as of any more importance than the bus loads of school children who were coming from all over Europe during their Easter holiday to see Rome and attend the large general audience which took place each Wednesday at St. Peter's.

We waited as everyone else

waited outside in the square, two of our members in wheel chairs. We passed through the gates showing our unprivileged tickets, and back past the bureau of excavations and through one of the side doors and around into a section already packed with people.

Klare Fassbinder, the leader of the German group had managed four special tickets; the Japanese representative, dressed in her lovely costume and bearing gifts for the Holy Father, and the two women in wheel chairs were put near the front. But the large body of pilgrims of our group were far to the rear, and unable to see over the heads of the multitude. It was only by searching around individually that we were able to get a better view. Two other women and I were pulled by a gay young Italian girl up into one of the tribunes where there was a tremendous view of the crowd and where we would be able to see the Pope come in and ascend the throne, but that space was only cleared a little because a huge pillar was in the way of seeing the Holy Father, himself when he was seated before the altar, ready to speak.

It was long to wait. Probably people were standing two hours and it was not until twelve-twenty that finally there was a surge in that vast mob and a sudden silence followed by almost a roar of greeting. Borne aloft on his chair, (and how could any have seen him if he were not conducted in this way,) the procession proceeded around the columns and then the Pope, blessing all, was conducted up to his throne where he sat while a list of all the groups of pilgrims was read aloud. As the names of the villages of Italy, and the schools on the Continent, and of England and the United States was read out, applause came from various parts of this vast group. And our pilgrimage was not mentioned!

But then the Pope began to speak and the words that fell from his lips seemed to be directed to us, to our group, speaking as he did about the "Pilgrims for Peace" who came to him, and his gratitude for their gratitude and encouragement. The young woman who had helped us find our places was translating his words as fast as he spoke them and writing them down while two of us read over her shoulder. She kept beaming at us, and all those around us, seeing our buttons, large almost as saucers, bright blue and bearing the legend "Mothers for Peace" in Italian, also smiled and indicating the Holy Father and us in turn, seemed to be letting us know that he was speaking to us especially.

It seemed too good to be true and if all those around us had not kept assuring us he was speaking to us, I would have considered it but a coincidence. Our messages had reached him we felt, impossible though it had seemed they would. I wrote these things in the post-script to my account in the last month's issue of the CW, but I am calling attention in more detail this month to our difficulties.

Communist Infiltration

We were truly an ecumenical group made up as we were of all faiths, of believers and unbelievers, and I had no doubt but that a few of the women, perhaps one or two, were working with the communist peace groups too. This did not disturb me, though I would prefer that those of that political point of view were more open about it so that there were more chance of frank discussion about our oppositions and points of concordance. One can understand however the economical disadvantage, the loss of jobs, that such openness would lead to.

This infiltration, (the very word "infiltrate" has a connotation of hostility and fear so that I do not like to use it, but it is the only one which conveys the idea of secretiveness) is bound to go on in a movement which is reaching such proportions as the peace movement. In the past such groups with whom the CW has always cooperated, the War Resisters League, the Fellowship of Reconciliation,

the American Friends Service Committee, the Peacemakers, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, have been free from Communist membership. But undoubtedly with the thousands now participating mass demonstrations around the country, this is no longer true.

It was because of this "certainty," an American priest stationed in the Vatican told me, that the pilgrimage of women was not officially received. I could only reply that if we understood the Holy Father's last pleas, he wished a closer association, a seeking for concordances, and the opportunity to discuss oppositions. How could we know our brother, keeping so aloof? I would like to go through the encyclical on peace and count the number of times the word trust was used, how many times we were urged to work together for the common good. We were to go into the world as sheep among wolves, Jesus himself said, and St. John Chrysostom commented on that by writing that if we ceased to be

In a crucial passage in Part V of the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* we are reminded that "false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin and destiny of the universe and man," should not "be identified with historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or political ends, not even when these movements have originated from those teachings and have drawn and still draw their inspiration therefrom."

"Besides," the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* continues, "Who can deny that those movements, in so far as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval? It can happen, then, that a drawing nearer together . . . for the attainment of some practical end, which was formerly deemed inopportune, might now . . . be considered opportune."

sheep we no longer had the Good Shepherd with us. What have we to fear?

"That such trust would be used for political purposes by the Communists," was the only reply that I got.

Cardinal Bea

However I was assured by "Vatican sources" (I am using the customary newspaper terminology but I mean Fr. Stransky,) that The Catholic Worker was not under suspicion, though some of the women of the pilgrimage had been told that we were a Communist group in Geneva!

That last evening I had my interview with Cardinal Bea and the opportunity to tell him more about the peace pilgrimage and about the women of many churches who made it up. After all, he was the Cardinal who according to all accounts is one of the most important and influential men in Rome after the Pope and I was grateful indeed for the opportunity I had for an hour's conversation with him in his apartment in the Brazilian college out on the Aurelian Way. He asked after The Catholic Worker in particular and details as to our work and told in turn of his very happy visit to America and the many engagements he could look forward to on a return visit.

I think it was seventy engagements to which he had been invited, and if he came again, perhaps, his secretary said, he could also visit The Catholic Worker.

I asked about the coming council and the probabilities of there being a more exhaustive discussion of the morality, of the theology of war and peace today, but I am afraid I got no definite answers save the assurance that these things would be part of the schema on the Church and the world.

Unfortunately I lost my notebook, the diary of my trip, so my report may not be as exact as I

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THE GIFTS OF THE HOLY GHOST

The gift of Wisdom is an illumination of the Holy Ghost, thanks to which our intellect is able to look at revealed truths in their more sublime light to the greater joy of our souls.

The Gift of Understanding enlightens us by shedding a clear, searching and extraordinary light on the meaning of revealed truth, and by giving us a certitude that what God has revealed bears such and such a sense and no other.

The Gift of Counsel is a light given by the Holy Ghost, by means of which our practical intellect sees and judges rightly both what should be done in individual cases and the best means to do it.

The Gift of Fortitude is a permanent power which the Holy Ghost communicates to our will to assist us in overcoming the difficulties which might deter us in the practice of what is right.

The Gift of Knowledge is a supernatural light of the Holy Ghost which shows the credibility and acceptability of revealed truths, even for reasons which are based only on the order of creation.

The Gift of Piety awakens in our souls an inclination and readiness to honour God as our Father and to have a filial confidence in Him.

The Gift of Holy Fear, or the Fear of God, is actually the foundation of all other gifts. It drives sin from the heart, because it fills us with reverence either for the justice of God or for the divine Majesty.

Rev. M. MESCHLER, S.J.
(from the old St. Andrew's Missal.)

CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

As I began writing this Chrystie Street column, Pope John was reported to be near death. As I finish it the College of Cardinals is preparing the Conclave, so that when you read it, we will probably have a new Pope. Everyone's thoughts here at Chrystie Street have been centered on the drama at the Vatican these past few weeks. We are very happy that Dorothy is back with us from Rome, and that she had the opportunity to see Pope John in his last public appearance, at his apartment window overlooking the Piazza di San Pietro. Pope John was the most beloved man in the world today and we felt it as a severe personal loss, this death of our beloved father. His pontificate underscores the importance of the individual in history. An old man, an "interim pope," a "safe" man, by opening up lines of communication between fellow Christians, and between all men of good will,

"In the Fairfield University cafeteria."

Polish Walter has been assisting Arthur J. Lacey to distribute clothing to the men on the line, and Darwin Prichett has been faithfully assisting with the files and greeting our many visitors. Phyllis Masek is still sorting out clothing for the women's clothes room, helping Anne Marie Stokes, our "couturiere of the Bowery." Phyllis has a new project. She bought a tank of helium and a load of balloons. She paints mottoes and designs on the balloons and sells them in Greenwich Village. She spent three dollars for a "basket peddler's license." She makes an exotic sight near Washington Square Park peddling her balloons with peace mottoes on them. This is to pay her rent.

Visitors

Sister Mary Frances of Maryknoll and about seven other sisters came to St. Joseph's House

closer look at American houses of hospitality might make it easier for him to make a go of it in London. Dan Shay of Detroit is with us for a brief stay again, as he makes plans for his pilgrimage to Rome. Terry Becker from Hartford, Connecticut, spent a week with us, brightening the Chrystie Street scene significantly.

A young Argentinian is visiting us, Cesar Rutigliano. He has been working as a laborer in Montreal to support his mother, little sisters and brother in Argentina. While he was in Montreal he came into contact with many CW friends, especially Fr. Cantius Mantura, and the Little Brothers of Jesus, Roger and Manuel.

Columbia on the Bowery

Chris, Cesar and I were walking down Chrystie Street a few days ago when a young man in what looked like old army fatigues asked us for "a nickel or a dime to get on my feet." "Sorry, Bud." The standard reply. I got to feeling guilty about brushing him off. He was young, a Southerner by his accent, probably joined the army to escape the poverty of the South, and now he's out, at loose ends, needs a place and a meal, and he being young, I should have given him a hand even if we were full up at the CW. So when I saw him again on the Bowery about an hour later I said "Need a meal? The Catholic Worker, between Rivington and Delancy on Chrystie. No questions asked." He thanked me. I saw him again, standing on Chrystie about thirty minutes later, and stopped to talk. He had four days growth of light beard, was grimy, and smelled of muscatel. But the southern accent became fainter, and he let me know that he was a Columbia University sociology student studying life on the Bowery, directly. He got more than he bargained for in three sleepless days and nights out of doors, and certainly more than he had bargained for when he found the Worker. Brent Mopalan's sociology paper for Columbia will be, at least, original. He stopped by again, looking this time like a university student, to say

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Pope John and Integration

"The conviction that all men are equal by reason of their natural dignity has been generally accepted. Hence racial discrimination can no longer be justified, at least doctrinally or in theory. And this is of fundamental importance and significance for the formation of human society according to those principles which we have outlined above. For if a man becomes conscious of his rights, he must become equally aware of his duties. Thus he who possesses certain rights has likewise the duty to claim those rights as marks of his dignity, while all others have the obligation to acknowledge those rights and respect them."

These words of Pope John XXIII call attention to what is going on these months in the South, in Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina and in all those states where the Negro population are engaged in a most extraordinary non-violent struggle for equal educational privileges as well as for the simple human rights, and civil rights long denied them in the South, and in the North.

During the two months that I have been away in Rome, there has been a growing crisis throughout the country. In Chicago there has been a cessation of payments in the Aid to Dependant Children program largely financed by the Federal government, which worked dire hardship on the Negro population in that area. It may be that grown men can subsist on a starvation diet, but not growing children and it was the children who were suffering. The way the law works around the country, such aid is given only to mothers and children if there is no husband and father to support them. When men can find no work, or get such meager pay that they cannot support their families, they often take off in order that their

families can eat. If they return home on occasion to pay a visit, and a child is born thereafter, it is looked upon as "illegitimate" and the family is looked upon as delinquent. Such "scandals" were part of the Newburgh, New York welfare scandal some years back, and have long been recognized but not remedied in other parts of the country.

Poverty and unemployment and lack of educational opportunities have made necessary the great demonstrations which are taking place in the South.

The non-violent resistance, the courage and endurance of these men, women and children of the South in the face of torture in prison, fire hoses turned on them on the streets and the use of trained police dogs to attack them is something which makes the heart swell with pride that these fellow Americans can rise to such heights of bravery.

In the June issue of LIBERATION, Barbara Deming, associate editor, writes of her participation and five days in jail in Birmingham. After her release, when she telephoned North, she said "it was difficult for outsiders to grasp either extent of the terrorism of the tremendous nonviolence of the demonstrators in the face of police provocation. She got out of prison the night the bombs exploded in the home of the brother of Dr. Martin Luther King, Mrs. King was almost killed. She had rushed to the rear of the house where the first bomb exploded to see if her children were hurt, and immediately afterward another bomb was thrown into the room where she had been, demolishing it."

The violence that did break out in Birmingham was not among the trained demonstrators but among the onlookers. There are grave fears that this violence is liable to come this summer in the northern cities where discrimination is on even a larger scale.



James Forest

based upon their works rather than stumbling upon their points of philosophical and religious divergence, has created a new climate throughout the world. We will continue to feel the greatness of this man's peasant heart, as we pray for his successor.

The Staff

We have been joined by Chris Kearns, a young Irish-American from New Jersey, who wrote a one act play, *The Knocks of St. Brendan*, and brought it to Ireland. Chris stayed there for two years, mostly around Cork. His humor reflects his background, rural New Jersey and Ireland. Chris is a conscientious objector, trying to convince his draft board that they should give him alternative service classification. For the life of me I don't know why they want him, or anyone of us in their army for that matter. We'd be no good to them at all with our irrepressible anarchist-pacifist agitation. If draft boards were made up of commanding officers we might have an easier time of it. This is not a recommendation.

We look forward to the return of Gregory Leszczynski on June 20th. He has been back at the University of Detroit since February, continuing work on his bachelor's degree, but he has found that schooling often interferes with education. Carlyle answered a man who asked him where he got his education with the reply, "On my summer vacations from Cambridge." I often answer the same question with,

last month. Three stayed with us all day. They were very good for our morale. Chris and I had missed our lunch, and the sisters had brought their own packed in sandwich bags. Great heroic Italian sandwiches. They ate with the men on the soup line, so Chris and I ate the sisters' lunch. We were a little self-conscious about our gusto, but the good humor of the sisters put us at our ease. They joined us for Rosary in the afternoon and sang *Compline* with us after supper, and they complimented us on our singing. I will say it was loud.

Fr. Felix McGowan came from Maryknoll too. His brother, Fr. Laurence McGowan, reprinted Fr. Chaigne's article on the Cuban Revolution from our March issue. We have a limited number of the re-prints in the office. Fr. McGowan told us that the article had made a very marked impression on the students at Maryknoll and that it had helped in establishing new attitudes toward the social ferment in Latin America. We are very grateful to have such good friends.

Peter Lumsden, who started the CW House of Hospitality in London is here. Peter walked to Moscow with the Committee for Non-Violent Action, from Belgium all the way to Moscow. Karl Meyer had told me about him, and his letters to the CW had whetted our appetites. He has left his small establishment in the hands of two English pacifists from the Committee of 100, in hopes that a

home to Bob Gore, and to the authorities as well, by Eric Weinberger.

Eric is a moderately tall young man, about thirty, thin and darkly handsome. We got to be good friends at Polaris Action in New London, Connecticut, where Eric learned the theory and practice of non-violence. When Eric was arrested he went limp, and the state police used electric prod-poles, cattle-shockers, to encourage him to get up and cooperate with his arrest. His arrest was clearly illegal and immoral, since citizens' rights to walk the streets of the fifty states are unchallenged. The police handled Eric very roughly, hurling him into a police car head first. Eric was dragged in such a way as to make it most uncomfortable for him. The guards who were carrying him at one point had come to know him, and so were carrying him gently, until their warden William Holman ordered them to drop his legs and drag him. Eric refused to eat all the time he was in jail. After twenty days the authorities feared damage to Eric's system, so they ordered intervenous feedings and forced feeding of proteins through a tube inserted through his nostril to his stomach. Eric had completed thirty one days fastings by the time he was released. His sentence: six months at hard labor, suspended.

When it was decided to hospitalize Eric at the Kilby State Jail, Lieutenant of the Guards Bradley came to take Eric to the jail hospital. Lieutenant Bradley asked Eric to cooperate with him by walking. Bradley was a good fellow, and Eric certainly didn't want to make his job any harder

for him, but he had to impress upon him the kind of fidelity to principle that is the essence of non-violence. He explained this to Bradley. Bob Gore tells me that Bradley then told Eric that he understood; that it was this kind of thing that was responsible for us having freedom of speech. But Bradley had express orders to get Eric to the hospital one way or the other. At this point Warden Holman ordered Eric to be dragged forty feet through a corridor, and down thirteen steel-concrete steps. Eric had gone from 150 lbs.

Prisoners in the jails with Bob and Eric at first could not understand why they had chosen to come to Alabama to go to jail. White Southerners are taught to recognize northern white agitators as communists, trying to stir up trouble with the Negroes, who as we all know, are a happy lot, content to be what they are, or what we know them to be. Bob saw the effects upon prisoners and guards alike of Eric's fast, and the spirit of reconciliation and real sacrifice with which he undertook it. A fast can be a true weapon of the spirit. It can also be a technique, as crass as any other, and is ineffectual. Undertaken as it was by Eric, it was a medium of communication, a deep communication of spiritual truth. We are happy indeed he received the Gandhian award for applied non-violence.

Eric was nursed for a week by an Alabama family and then went right back to his work for the dispossessed sharecropper in a tent colony to continue the tote-bag home-industry he started in Tennessee. The address of the project is 307 W. Margin St., Brownsville, Tenn.

Alabama Freedom Walk

(Continued from page 1)

Retreat

Father Marion Casey of St. John's Church, Belle Plaine, Minnesota, will give us our retreat this year at Peter Maurin Farm, which will be in silence. Silence is the only thing which makes for privacy and solitude in the midst of the crowds the Catholic Worker is always surrounded by. If you have sleeping bags, tents, and so on, we urge you to bring them. If anyone has any kind of a tent to donate, we will be most happy to receive them. Come on Sunday to get settled and the retreat begins on Monday morning with Mass and conferences. Pray the weather be good so that sleeping out of doors will be feasible.

Conference

Pacifist Conference, Labor Day, August 30 to September 3.

Poverty and Pacifism, Manual Labor and "Work, not Wages," the Life of the Senses and the Life of the Spirit, dedication and discipline, — these are some of the topics to be discussed.

This Catholic Pacifist conference will also be held at Peter Maurin Farm and again we ask you bring camping equipment if you have it.

Friday night meetings at 175 Chrystie St. will go on as usual during the summer and usually Sunday afternoon meetings at Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale road Pleasant Plains will take place in the grove every Sunday except the Sunday of the beginning of the Retreat.

LETTERS

Peru

E. Diezcasaco 447
Miraflores, Lima
Peru
April 18, 1963

Dear CW:

I just finished reading the article of Herve Chaigne, O.F.M., "The Cuban Revolution: A Mirror of Our Times." I thought it was really excellent. I congratulate you for publishing it, and of course I think the best of the author.

I have only one observation to make: In section 2 the author writes "... there will be room for a 'socialism' that will be humanist, and not Marxist, in the exact sense of the term." In this respect I would like to point out a very good book by Erich Fromm: *Marx's Concept of Man*, published by Frederick Ungar Publishing Company, N.Y., in which the "Economic-philosophic manuscripts of Marx" are commented upon. I do not believe that Fr. Chaigne has read the manuscripts or the book. Perhaps through you I can find this out.

I suggest that you make a special printing of this article. If you decide to do so let me know, for I would be very interested in having a number of them. I plan to have this article translated into Spanish and have it published in this country.

I want to use this opportunity to congratulate you on the wonderful work you do, and of course on the publishing of the paper.

Yours truly,
Ricardo Letts

(We have a limited number of reprints.—Ed.)

London

16, Central Mansions
London, N.W.4, England
18th, April, 1963

Dear CW,

Chris Peditto suggested you might like to have a letter on the Aldermaston March. I am a London Catholic, and an ardent member of C.N.D.

In typical English Easter weather, we mustered outside the gates of the Atomic Station at Aldermaston, all of us eager to walk the sixty miles to London. I found the Catholic group small, and, I must admit, not particularly friendly. I asked about arrangements for Mass on Easter Sunday and was met by blank looks. With the cold shoulder given, I went back to my local group of C.N.D.

The Catholic Worker was represented by a small Irishman who held a Lollipop Banner displaying "C.W."

On Saturday, one thousand Marchers broke off from the main procession and staged a demonstration outside a secret Fall-Out Shelter! They had found out about it from pamphlets distributed by the "Spies for Peace." I don't know the origin of the pamphlets, but the Government is in a great hurry to find out.

We made up numerous rhymes like this: (to the tune of "I Had a Sausage" or "I Love a Lassie") "I've got a secret, a nice official secret, And I've published it for all the world to see; Now this nice little secret is not a little secret and M.I.5 are after me!

They've got a shelter, a nice Official Shelter, And it's got no room for you and me!" — etc.

Bertrand Russell said how pathetic was the Government and how inadequate the shelters—Atomic Bombs bring devastation; no one escapes.

The climax of the March was Easter Monday and a holiday for all in England. We were on the outskirts of London, about seventeen miles to walk to Hyde Park. The streets were lined with spectators. The whole procession took four hours to pass, seventy thousand marchers, and most of them,

youngsters from sixteen to twenty-five years of age.

Forty different countries were represented, including the U.S.A. with a "California Republic" banner, Pakistan, Punjab with gay dancers and colourful costumes. A Jamaican band played on up-turned dustbin lids.

All our English Universities sent big contingents and, of course, every town sent their local C.N.D. Trade Unions, Theatres and, of course, all Christian denominations. The Quakers were the largest, the Catholics numbered about fifty—a poor response from a population of five million in England and Wales. Priests were conspicuous by their absence. I feel a Cardinal should have walked in front, clad in full regalia.

Many of the spectators clapped, but a woman shouted, "You should be ashamed of yourselves. Catholics shouldn't be united with C.N.D." Another pithy comment from the crowd: "I don't know what you R.C.'s are doing in C.N.D. — you're always fighting among yourselves."

At Westminster Abbey all the Christian contingents went into a special service for peace, but we Catholics marched on alone. Many of our group (not I) felt that they couldn't worship with non-Catholics. In this country we do not do so, but hope to later. As we marched on we had a little verse in Plain Chant to sing "Dona Nobis Pacem."

The March proceeded to Whitehall where one thousand cops were waiting. The Anarchists had some fights with them, all exaggerated by the Press and TV. We were dog tired by this time; some of us were barefoot. Kids of all ages were sleeping in prams, bless them. We're doing this for them.

Pax Christi
Sheila Redmond

Flat 3 Colville Houses
London, W. 11
England

Dear Dorothy:

Karl Meyer tells me you would be glad to hear more about what I am doing here. I mentioned in my last letter how I had rented this apartment and the first people we gave hospitality to came from the crypt of an Anglican church in the East End of London. Here on weekends a few friends and I used to feed and give clothing to the destitute who came there. They used to ask us for somewhere to spend the night and were glad to sleep on the floor under one blanket or an old coat (we had no beds to spare). But we accumulated furniture slowly.

About this time George, who was unemployed, and Maurice, who was sick, came to stay with us. We were lucky to have two such good people as our first two permanent guests. A few days later Eddy Linden, one of the founder members of the Catholic CND and its first secretary, convalesced with us after coming out of the hospital. Eddy is one of those people who "knows everybody." He advertised the house widely with the result that guests and furniture came flooding in. I managed to stop him before we were overwhelmed but some of those who came and said, very loudly, that they had come to help, proved a bigger burden than those who came for help. Early November, George and Bernard, who has come to help, went out looking for work and George found some and Bernard didn't. As George is elderly and Bernard is eighteen, I felt it was one up to George but Bernard was wearing an ND button, which doesn't help when looking for a job. One woman manager said, "O God, another of those!" and didn't take him on. Alas, that night one of our one night guests, we think, took off with Bernard's wallet and he had had enough of London and houses of hospitality and went back home to Preston. I was sad as he was a real fire-ball and had a very good

understanding of what is to be done. But George's job was only casual and he was laid off after a few days. I got him taken on in the string factory where I was working, and although the work was a simple matter of brute force, unsuitable to an elderly man, he held the job. When his right shoulder hurt too much to use, he learned to do the work with his other hand. He was an honorable man but held the pernicious notion that destitution was morally wrong and his guilt and shame were very disturbing. I was unable to convince him otherwise. After about three months I quit work through sheer exhaustion (I was leaving the house at 6 a.m. and getting back at 6:30 p.m.) and George found himself some lodgings near the factory.

We had a good Christmas, and Philip bought a turkey for those who liked their animals dead on a plate. And those that prefer their animals alive and flying or walking around ate well of cheese and vegetables. The evening before there had been a Vigil organized by Jack Bowles of the Christian CND in front of the Wormwood Scrubs Prison for "all prisoners of conscience." Des Locke and Terry Chandler and Trevor Matton were inside as a result of their Committee of 100 activities. Helen Allegranza, who had also served a



long sentence for similar "offenses" was also on the demonstration, and this was only a month or so before she died, by her own hand, it seems. This was a great loss to the movement. May she rest in peace. There were only two Catholics on this Vigil, Catherine Swann and myself. After going to midnight Mass I had had enough and went off home. I had to endure Catherine's good natured jibes the next day, for she stayed until the end, 8 a.m. Christmas morning, so the Church was not totally disgraced before our fellow Christians!

But alas, for Christmas and all that it should mean!

A few days later there was a fight between two of my guests and food was scattered all over the kitchen and a few things were broken. But no one was hurt beyond stopping a few punches. I cleaned the place up and replaced the broken things and didn't say much but gradually the source of discord revealed itself. A self-styled "social worker" who said he had come to help me had been terrorizing those members of my household who were weaker, both mentally and physically, than him. They were reluctant to tell me this themselves. As most of it occurred when I was either asleep or at work, I learned of this only through someone who was not affected. I told him to leave, but he did not. Late one night when he had awakened me with his noisy truculence, I lost control of myself and threw him out with considerable and unnecessary vio-

lence. It was lucky I did not do him serious injury. Also, about this time, Philip decided to move out. He had started with me at Brockley, and had previously attempted to become a monk. He is a great admirer of *The Catholic Worker*, but it had been obvious for many months that he had lost interest in this particular project. He said that I was very difficult to work with, which is true. These two events had such a weakening effect on me that it became clear that the whole project would fail unless I could get some assistance. I talked with many, but the only people at the moment, who seemed interested in community are a group in the Committee of 100. They were formerly members of Lanercost Community, which although proceeding from a purely secular, even atheistic and anarchist basis, nevertheless practiced some degree of property in common and voluntary poverty, in order to support those taking part in direct action projects at Holy Loch, against Polaris. They practiced hospitality to those in need even if they were outside the peace movement.

I have only one of my former guests left here at the moment, and Ian Dixon and Terry Chandler of the Committee of 100. Also Ingar Oskarrson, who was on the Moscow Walk with me, and his wife, April. We are giving hospitality to a French C.O. who faces the possibility of ten years imprisonment if he returns to France. I shall write soon about the Aldermaston March. I consider it to be a "rite of spring" and will jeer in a friendly way my atheist friends for taking part in a religious rite.

Yours,
Peter Lumsden

Pennsylvania

R.D. 1, Narvon, Pa.

Dear Charles,

Reading other than in winter is a pleasure a lot of country people find hard to sandwich-in, what with spring chores and the hurry to get the garden in plus all the outdoor jobs postponed in winter. Then summer is too busy with keeping ahead of the weeds... up early and to bed late, working after supper... and of course, fall... the harvest and making sure things are ready for the blows and snows of winter. They don't have to drive themselves. They could take time out for reading or writing, but somehow their spare time is used in other ways.

Little Kathy has been a great blessing and Marcia and I have with pleasure re-learned our old nursery rhymes and stories and songs. With Kathy everything is fresh and new... and oh, my, how interesting! Whether it be an icicle, or hair, or a knot in a piece of pine. She is, like all little ones, the essence of that saying, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and, "For such is the kingdom of heaven."

One thing we got around to this winter was to restore and use an old wool-wheel Robert and Ann Stowell very thoughtfully gave us. What a delight to use the wool of a neighbor's sheep... card it and spin it, wash it and wind it up for knitting! Such a simple, quiet, way to get socks and mittens, caps, or scarfs!

Work in the shop has been brisk... Always, an order or two (or three) on hand while some other piece is being made. I've lately been working on a pine chest of drawers... and when all the work, or nearly (this wood was planed at the mill) is done by hand, it takes a long time. But because of this the odd-matching dovetails, the differences in the knobs turned on the foot-lathe, the unevenness of the draw knife marks, all these things somehow give the piece an entity, a uniqueness, which forever separates it from the mass-produced piece.

In closing may I call your at-

tention to an article by Father Briere in the current issue of *Restoration* (Combermere, Ontario) entitled the "Power of Love." It is a gem.

Please say hello to Dorothy and Charles McCormack when you see them and give them our good wishes, as well as to yourself.

Keep up the good work.

May God be with you.

Daniel, Marcia and
Kathleen O'Hagen.

Michigan

Livonia, Michigan
Easter Morning

Dear Friends:

"This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Three weeks ago I started back to work after a long period of seasonal unemployment. On March 22, 23 and 24, four of us Catholics from the Newman Club, Young Christian Workers and a girl from Argentina, a high school foreign exchange student, took part in a Quaker work week-end in a Negro slum area. On the 19, 20 and 21 of April we will take part in another one, and then we hope to start our own, sponsored by Catholic youth and work through the parishes.

On Good Friday, fourteen of us Catholics held a silent vigil at Selferedge Air Force Base (SAC). To our amazement, most all the reception we got was sympathetic. On Holy Saturday we had our Easter Peace Walk with 1,000 people. The John Birchers picketed us and passed out hate literature along with some of the more fanatical elements of the Socialist Workers. I was able to read about seven minutes from the new Encyclical, from the Disarmament section. Many non-Catholics have been asking me about it. Greg Leszczynski planned to walk, but had the flu.

Next week the Little Brothers Emmanuel and Roger will arrive in Detroit to do factory work. They will live in the YCW house until they can find a rent. I will visit you in three weeks, on my way to Rome.

In the Risen Christ, DAN SHAY

Columbia

New York City
Jan. 26.

Dear Dorothy Day:

Some kind person is sending me the Catholic Worker. I would prefer to pay for it, and so I enclose a dollar. I always read the paper as soon as it arrives, and I must say I appreciate the spirit in which most or all of the articles are written. There is a sense here that we should not be aiming at Victory, nor yet at Defeat (though a special modern sickness commits many to the latter melancholy ideal), but at Peace. The present Pope has made this clearer than any other world leader whatsoever. And so many of us non-Catholics are feeling our brotherhood with Catholics at this time.

Very sincerely,

Eric Bentley

California

CATHOLIC COUNCIL ON
CIVIL LIBERTIES
Box 67
Lawndale, California
April 19, 1963

Dear Dorothy Day:

I wonder whether you will be kind enough to find room for this plea in the pages of *The Catholic Worker*? Along with Ammon Hennacy and his work in Utah, the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties is much too progressive for our own good, particularly in the Los Angeles area. Nevertheless, CCCL exists and our national headquarters is in the Los Angeles area, a place where it is vitally needed.

CCCL is the successor of the American Freedoms Council or-

(Continued on page 8)

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

The Great Hunger

THE GREAT HUNGER by Cecil Woodham-Smith. Harper & Row, New York and Evanston. \$6.95. 510pp. 80 pages of references. Reviewed by ARTHUR SHEEHAN.

This is the grim story of the Irish potato famine of 1846, really a famine within a larger famine, the failure of crops throughout Europe. Ireland was chiefly dependent on potatoes. Its other crops went to pay the exorbitant rents, exacted by landlords, present and absent. The terrible irony of the story was that shiploads of grains were leaving Ireland as millions starved. The British Government under Prime Minister Robert Peel felt the iron laws of economic liberalism had to be preserved. A nation of paupers dependent on government largesse was not to be tolerated. This callous disregard of the Irish was to leave a century of bitterness and to help, as the author notes, towards Ireland's reluctance to aid England in the terrible days of World War II.

Census figures are not to be trusted but it seems that over two million Irish men, women and children either died of hunger and sickness or emigrated to England, Australia, Canada and the United States. When the ships landed, the people were often forbidden to disembark for fear of the fever. So many died within sight of freedom.

Since my own people came to this country and Canada at that time, this story was part of my meal-time experience. My father, full of Irish lore, told so many terrible tales of those days, incidents describing minutely the days of sadness. Especially do I recall his story of the monument erected at Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence River where many died. Orphan children were taken into French-Canadian families to be brought up as French-speaking persons. Today, if you run into Irish-named persons in Quebec who cannot speak English you probably are among the descendants of these children taken in by the kind Quebecois.

The author spent nine years researching this book. Every line shows it. Yet it isn't a heavy telling. Each sentence is tersely formed to give the most information, and the cumulative power of this plus the emotional impact of the story makes a master telling. This book will remain for a long time the definitive story. The author is an historian and she balances each sentence carefully, giving all sides their just due. Her description of Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland at the time masterfully shows the conflict of emotions between a people hoping for the best from their London-based government and the terrible reality they were passing through. "The darling little Queen" (Daniel O'Connell's description of her) was received with wonderful warmth but this love idyll couldn't last against the terrible actions of the British Government in refusing food for the starving. The Society of Friends, and many noted Englishmen however raised huge sums of money for relief and millions of pounds were sent by relatives. The famine in other countries caused such a shortage of food and high prices that it was difficult to bring in supplies. Besides the poverty-stricken rural people of Ireland had nothing to use for money and the powers-that-be were not willing to let them have much. Result: a kind of genocide which ranks with Hitler's toward the Jews.

The potato because of its easy culture was the main source of nourishment for the rural Irish. Forty-five per cent of their holdings were less than five acres in size. Hundreds of thousands only rented a patch. Yet they could

live. The peat in winter gave heat and there was dancing and singing and conversation and the Faith. The potato too fed the animals but it wouldn't keep from year to year.

In 1846, the potato blight spread from America across to the Isle of Wight, into England, Ireland and Europe.

The book raised in my mind many thoughts. The odd bit of information for instance, which the author doesn't mention, that the potato crop in New York was so blighted that a new species, the Chilean Purple potato, had to be brought in.

Since so many Irish immigrated into this country, the story is very much part of American history. Some say the Irish-born or those with Irish blood in them in 1850 amounted to forty-five per cent of the population. The immigrations of 1800 after the Irish uprising of 1798 and the Napoleonic Wars brought the Irishmen who dug the Erie Canal and settled so many places along the Great Lakes, down the Mississippi and on across the prairies. Chicago with only five inhabitants in 1830 became a metropolis. Thanks to them half of the first sixteen Governors of Illinois had Irish blood in them. Douglas, Lincoln's opponent, was Irish.

Herndon, Lincoln's campaign manager spoke of the opposition of "those damned Irish" to his candidate. The Republicans saw that they couldn't ignore the Irish so they began to "butter up" Archbishop Hughes through one of their leaders. The New England wealthy ones saw in the Irish a chance to get in on the Gold Rush of 1849 without going West. They gave their servants money for a stake but asked in return a share of the gold. And the Irish did find gold in the streets of the New World as the song says but it was mostly in California. All of which explains in part today why San Francisco is San Francisco.

This book will probably become a pocket book and have endless readers. It should. The author is to be congratulated and the American Irish owe here a special vote of thanks.

Pope John XXIII

"The need, poverty and hunger that grip millions and millions of lives is the problem that engages the anguished attention," of the Pope, according to his own statement at the 70th anniversary celebration of the encyclical "Rerum Novarum" of Pope Leo XIII. He spoke on that occasion to tens of thousands of workers representing 58 countries from all over the world.

"The principle of solidarity between all human beings must be emphasized and exalted," he said. "It is necessary to recall and preach the duty for communities and individuals that have an abundance of means of subsistence to go in aid of those who are in a difficult condition."

One sees the results in this last half century of the neglect of these counsels. Justice has been so ignored and charity has become so unpalatable that the workers of the world have seized land and the means of production—"the goods necessary to lead a good life"—by force and violence, through revolution.

The non-violent tactics of the Freedom Riders in the South and their shedding of their own blood has been the truly Christian tactic of the martyrs down through history in the Christian church. "You have not yet resisted unto blood," St. Paul warned his disciples. Have the Catholics shown by their example their willingness to show their love for their brother by shedding their blood for them?

Equality

"There are no human beings who by nature are superior or inferior, but all human beings are equal in their natural dignity. Consequently, neither are there political communities which by nature are superior or political communities which by nature are inferior. All political communities are equal in their natural dignity since they are bodies whose limbs are formed by human beings themselves."

Pace in Terris, Pope John XXIII.

Anarchism

ANARCHISM By George Woodcock, World Co., 2231 W. 110 St., Cleveland, O., 1962, \$1.50. Reviewed by AMMON HEN-NACY.

"Anarchism has thrived best in the lands of the sun, where it is easy to dream of Golden ages of ease and simplicity, yet where the clear light also heightens the shadows of existing misery."

The average person when he hears the word anarchist confuses it with the word atheist. Or else

EDMUND CAMPION



he thinks that anarchists are bomb-throwers. Nearly everyone believes in and/or practices violence, so why pick on the anarchists as being the especially violent ones? In fact the government is the biggest bomb thrower.

So it is well to give some definitions. The article in the Encyclopedia Britannica on anarchism written by Kropotkin, and since his death added to by Harold Laski should be read by those interested. The following definitions are taken from Woodcock's understanding of anarchism, and it is thorough, for he has lived in England and has written books and pamphlets and contributed to the anarchist weekly Freedom in London. He now lives in Vancouver, being born in Canada. He has also traveled among the Doukhobors and has written about them.

"Mere unthinking revolt does not make an anarchist, nor does a philosophical or religious rejection of earthly power. Mystics and stoics seek not anarchy, but another kingdom." Thus the Hutterites, Mormons, and Jehovah Witnesses stress the time when God will rule in a theocracy where there is no exploitation, war, wealth or poverty.

"Anarchy, in popular parlance, is malign chaos . . . But like such titles as Christian and Quaker; 'anarchist' was in the end proudly adopted by one of those against whom it had been used in condemnation: Pierre Joseph Proudhon, in 1840."

"A system of social thought,

aiming at fundamental changes in the structure of society and particularly—for this is the common element uniting all its forms—at the replacement of the state by some form of non-governmental co-operation between free individuals."

"The anarchist sees progress not in terms of a steady increase in material wealth and complexity of living, but rather in terms of the moralizing of society by the abolition of authority, inequality, and economic exploitation. Once this has been achieved, we may return to a condition in which natural processes resume their influence over the lives of societies and individuals, and then man can develop inwardly in accordance with the spirit that raises him above the beasts."

Early Christian Anarchists

Upon my release from Atlanta prison in 1919 I declared myself a Christian anarchist. The Christians said I couldn't be both and most of the anarchists echoed this criticism. In 1954 when my book, *Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist*, was published I found few Catholics and fewer anarchists who felt that it was possible to be both a Catholic and an anarchist. I feel today that I am a better Catholic because I am an anarchist and that I am a better anarchist because I seek to follow the early Christians. This book of Woodcock's tells of priests and other clergy who took the anarchist stand. He says:

"Religious movements like the Anabaptists, the Hussites, the

Doukhobors, and the Essenes are claimed en masse, and the French Tolstoyan Lechartier has by no means been alone in declaring that 'the true founder of anarchy was Jesus Christ and . . . the first anarchist society was that of the apostles.' Two recent historians of anarchism, Alain Meslier and Claude Harmel, have discovered the first anarchist in Jean Meslier, the 18th century cure of Etrepigny, whose resentment against the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of his time festered into a great Testament which he left to his rural parishioners (it was intercepted after his death by the Church authorities and never reached the farmers for whom it was meant) and in which he denounced authority of every kind and advocated a bucolic society based on friendship among peasant communities."

And Gerald Winstanley, a dissenting preacher in April of 1689 led a congregation, nicknamed *The Diggers*, because they dug up waste land and planted "wheat, parsnips, carrots and beans." They were beaten by mobs led by the clergy and fined and imprisoned by the state, but they did not retaliate with violence.

Jacques Roux, a country priest, in 1709 led a group called the *Enragés*, said that the land belonged to all equally, but he cheated the guillotine by killing himself, saying, "to die placing liberty above law is the death of an anarchist."

"In Italy on Aug. 1, 1877 Father Fortini, the priest of Letino, wel-

(Continued from page 5)

Catholic C.O.'s

CATHOLIC CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS: by Carol Perry Gorgen; 64 pages; available through the Catholic Worker; 75c; Reviewed by JAMES FOR-EST.

In a century of organized and un-paralleled slaughter, here is a subject of the most cardinal importance: whether or not to participate in the mechanics of war and its preparation, whether or not to carry a gun or buy the bullets for it, whether or not—using the unpopular word—to be a conscientious objector.

Throughout both the "free" and "communist" worlds, it is a decision which must be faced, either directly or indirectly, by all. In most countries men, and sometimes boys, are faced with some form of compulsory military service. (It should be noted, however, that in the U.S. there are provisions for religious CO's, including Catholics, to be either "non-combatants" or to do civilian alternative service —if the individual satisfies his draft board of the claim's validity and his sincerity.) Women, though rarely subjected to a military existence themselves, must too be concerned as not only is it their world which is readying itself for another war, but their husbands, brothers and friends who will be taught to fight it, and their children who will be brought up in its inevitable rubble, both spiritual and material.

For Catholics and all other Christians, in particular, attempting to found their lives in the "living waters" of Christ and his sacraments, there is the obvious confrontation with war's inherent moral questions.

It is this particular and, in certain ways, unique relationship that the Catholic has to the question of participation in militarism that Carol Gorgen's excellent and extremely well organized study deals with.

Historical Background

From an historical perspective, participation in any way by Christians began in limited numbers early in the 4th century. Up to that time, because of religious commitment and because the first Christians were, for the most part,

Jews and slaves who were not enrolled in the Roman legions, there were few, if any, Christians known definitely to have served.

This does not mean that there were not occasional attempts made in various locales to change this. One case noted in the study which is of particular contemporary interest is that of St. Maximilian, a conscientious objector martyred in 295 A.D. in the North African consulate of Tuscus and Anulinus.

Maximilian was brought before the proconsul and informed he must "serve or die."

"I will not serve. You can cut off my head, but I will not be a soldier of this world, for I am a soldier of Christ."

"Join the service . . . or else you will perish miserably."

"I shall not perish: my name is even now before God. I refuse to serve."

"You are a young man and the profession of arms befits your years. Be a soldier."

"My army is the army of God, and I cannot fight for this world. I tell you I am a Christian."

"There are Christians soldiers serving our rulers . . ."

"That is their business. I also am a Christian and I cannot serve."

Saying the words "God lives!" Maximilian was executed that same day. (Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, ed. by Thurston and Attwater.)

It is of note that this thinking of a humble son of the Church is not an isolated example. Though not cited in the study, one of the Church Fathers, Origen, clearly stated (in answer to a Roman citizen's diatribe concerning the Christian community's lack of national spirit) the reason Christians refused to serve in the Emperor's armies:

"Christians have been taught not to defend themselves against their enemies; and because they have kept the laws which command gentleness and love to man, on this account they have received from God that which they would not have succeeded in doing if they had been given the right to make war, even though they may have been quite able to do so. He al-

(Continued on page 7)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

would like it to be. I remember the Cardinal's speaking of the Focolari, and how impressed he was with their movement which has grown from its beginnings in the bomb shelters during the Forties so that now it has spread all over the world.

My general impression was, all during my stay in Italy, that the clergy did not know too much about any lay movements in the world that questioned either the injustices of the social order by direct action, or that tried to educate the people in the ways of peace, which would include refusal of conscription or the payment of taxes for war; and in the racial struggles the confronting of the enemy with non-violence and a sharing of poverty which would be the beginning of true courage, the readiness to face suffering and death.

Conclusions

I came away from Rome more convinced than ever that the particular vocation of *The Catholic Worker* is to reach the man in the street, to write about the glorious truths of Christianity, the great adventure of the spirit, which can effect so great a transformation in the lives of men if they would consent to the promptings of the Spirit. We must write about men like Mayor Giorgio La Pira, a Sicilian whom I met in Florence, who is a third order Franciscan, who lives in poverty and simplicity in a small hospital room, who took (by right of eminent domain perhaps) the unused homes of the rich and gave them to the poor, who preaches and teaches the poor as St. Francis did, and who is so beloved in his city of Florence that he has been voted into office time and again, and also by the Communists of his city.

"No, I am not afraid of the Communists," he told me. "I went twice to Russia, the second time purely on a pilgrimage to visit some monasteries." I met this extraordinary public official while I was in Florence on the invitation of Jean Goss of the European Fellowship of Reconciliation to speak to a small group of Protestants first, then later at the Major Seminary where George Lorimer was my interpreter. Jean Goss himself was speaking those nights to large audiences and he too had to have an interpreter because he spoke only French. He is a warm and ardent speaker and I had heard him (with interpreters) and was much impressed.

A man who seems to me truly a prophet was Lanza Del Vasto who had come to meet the pilgrimage women in Rome and who talked to us all one morning. His wife was there, a most beautiful woman and a great singer who trains the community in France which Del Vasto founded to sing, and whose voice I brought back with me on a record.

I brought back also some of the writings of Lanza del Vasto which I hope to get translated into English to bring out in *The Catholic Worker*, perhaps in a series and which made a great impression of many of our readers. At least we can publish enough of del Vasto's material to acquaint people with his thought so that they can go on from there and get his books themselves. Among his writings, the *Return to the Sources*, has had a circulation of a hundred thousand copies; *From Ghandi to Vinobha* however, is the only book which has been translated into English and was printed only in England. I do not know whether it is still in print.

But I must conclude this installment of *On Pilgrimage*. I travelled thousands of miles, visited Naples, Rome, Assisi, Florence, Siena, Milan; spoke to American seminarians at the Goldoni Theater and to the Holy Cross seminarians at their college out near the hospice Domus Pacis, and to university students in Milan; was the guest

of the great religious artist William Congdon who lives in Assisi. I crossed the mountains to the Adriatic, to the little village on the mountain, San Giovanni Rotondo, to see Padre Pio, all in six weeks, and I cannot possibly get it down on paper in time for the June issue of *The Catholic Worker* which goes to press late as it is, on June 12. There is much more I could write, and much more I will write in the July-August issue, to try to give some idea of the work of the lay apostolate, by groups and individuals in that heart of the Church, Italy, which is now by plane only six hours away from us here in the United States. I went by boat and so spent more than two weeks on the sea during the most holy seasons of the Church, Easter and Pentecost. During both periods there was daily Mass attended by 400 tourist passengers and members of the crew, and in the afternoon Benediction and the rosary, not to speak of sermons and conferences by the ever present chaplains which are part of the crew of every Italian ship. I lived for the last eleven days with immigrants, from Egypt, Croatia, Italy and Sicily, most of whom were getting off at Halifax, Nova Scotia, to try to find work in Canada.

I am happy to be home in the midst of a busy community again, planning our summer season of vacations at the beach houses for the Puerto Rican families in our neighborhood, and conferences for Sundays and some week-ends at Peter Maurin Farm. I am still a bit dazed, I have not begun to look through the suit cases of letters awaiting me, though thanks to Marge Hughes, they have been acknowledged.

Peter Maurin Anniversary

Fr. Urban, Trappist, stationed at the House of Studies at Tre Fontana in Rome, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the anniversary of Peter Maurin's death in a chapel to our Lady in the crypt close to the tomb of St. Peter under the altar in the great Basilica of St. Peter. Mae Bellucci, old friend of the *Catholic Worker* whom I encountered in Rome most unexpectedly, was with me. I had spent the night at the convent of our Lady Raparatrix and we were up at the crack of dawn hastening through the deserted streets to get to St. Peter's in time for the seven o'clock Mass which Fr. Urban, at the request of Alice Kathryn Caspar of Louisville, Kentucky, was saying for Peter. Peter died in 1949, and May 15th was his anniversary feast of St. John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers with whom Peter had taught in Paris for a few years. For a time he was a member of that great teaching order.

Fr. Urban

After the Mass, I prayed at the tombs of Pius XII, Pius XI and Benedict XV, the pacifist pope as he has been called, and of St. Pius X. Thanks to Fr. Urban who gave us generously of his time, we also had a trip down into the most recent excavations, with an archeologist as a guide and saw not only the old pagan tombs but the earliest Christian ones, and we came as near as any one could to the site of the burial of St. Peter himself.

I could not help thinking as I saw these tombs of those who preceded the Christian era, what great veneration there was for the dead. What wealth and art was expended on the deceased. There were carvings of exquisite beauty and I remember thinking at one tomb that the carved marble looked as warm and glowing as old ivory.

Easy Essays

But what Peter would have loved in Rome was the work of Patrick O'Reilly-Persichetti who had translated his essays into Italian and who sang them with great and joyful enthusiasm to improvised tunes on his guitar. The phrased writing, with its repetitions which we are still printing in the *CW* lends

John XXIII EASTER 1963
"The gift of peace will give to each one an awareness of responsibility and of obligations, that he may grant to his fellow men what they expect and have a right to possess."

itself to song, and indeed Peter seemed like a troubador to us, going about in public squares declaiming his ideas in what most of his hearers considered to be blank verse, or free verse form.

Patrick is probably about 22 and has great talent as actor and producer and with his mother manages the old Goldoni Theater, the oldest in Rome. It is a delightful place, down a very narrow street filled with the shops of small artisans and near the Tiber. They both live there in improvised rooms built into the wings, and when they are not putting on shows themselves they rent out the theater to others for concerts and recitals. It was here on a Saturday afternoon that I spoke to a large group of seminarians who lingered long after to ask questions about voluntary poverty and personal responsibility.

Little Sisters

Fr. Urban took me one afternoon to see the motherhouse of the Little Sisters of Jesus, whose fraternity was founded in 1939 in the Sahara



and which now comprises 200 fraternities numbering about 650 professed sisters, who now work in Asia and Africa, in Canada, the States, and South America as well as in Europe. The sisters earn their living by manual work in factories, in hospitals, on the land, in some cases they are consecrated to prayer in the fraternities of adoration, to manual work in worker, rural or artisan fraternities, and to more direct tasks of charity in fraternities of mutual help or service. "Specialized" fraternities of various types are consecrated to the sick, to nomadic peoples, to prisoners, etc., or to certain specialized work, such as handicrafts, for example.

So reads some leaflets given me by one of the Little Sisters who showed us the new barracks which were being put up to accommodate all the little sisters who were going to make the headquarters in Rome their "Maison Generale." Some of the Little Sisters were doing heavy work, carting stones and earth and helping in the building, and others as we talked came up the hill with laden shopping bags which were their luggage. They were Italian sisters who had had to go to their birthplace to vote in the recent elections.

The tiny sitting room scarcely accommodated the four of us who sat there, but the chapel was much larger, beautiful in its simplicity and taste. And then we were taken to another chapel, down long, long flights of steps carved out of the tufa down the side of the mountain and which, with the help of some German seminarians, they had enlarged to form a most impressive and beautiful place of worship.

The Little Sisters are settled in Rome too, in one of the poorest districts, but I did not have time to

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CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

A letter to Arthur Harvey, Editor of *The Greenleaf*, and his reply. Subscriptions from A. Harvey, Raymond, N. H.

I wonder if civil disobedience is quite the moral force that *The Greenleaf* assumes. This rather militant form of pacifism is presented as being not only right and good, but effective as well.

Is c.d. moral? Plato thought not, when he quoted the laws of Athens to this effect: "But we say that every man of you who remains here, seeing how we administer justice, and how we govern the state in other matters, has agreed, by the very fact of remaining here, to do whatsoever we tell him." (Crito, 51d). He does not claim that laws are absolute. He does rule out civil disobedience on the part of a citizen in a free society.

Gandhi's India is often cited as an example of c.d. in action, as moral and forceful. But the Indians had not freely adopted the laws which governed them. C.d. in Gandhi's case was the instrument of a dedicated few who were expressing the desire of the many. Such is not the case with the programs of c.d. advocated in *The Greenleaf*. Here, c.d. is the instrument of a few who are trying to change the minds of the many.

India is interesting from another viewpoint, too. However merciless they were to individual Sepoys, the British could never have perpetrated reprisals on the scale of those visited upon the Warsaw Jews in 1942 or the Budapest rebels in 1956. I doubt that Gandhi would have survived a month if India had been occupied by Nazi or Communist, rather than British, imperialism.

I suggest that c.d. can be an effective and moral force only when two conditions are met: when it expresses the majority will in a nation which is denied other means of expression, and when the people doing the denying possess a highly-developed sense of values and respect for human life. Such a combination is extremely rare. C.d. might be both effective and moral in Okinawa, perhaps, but altogether I think that there are more suitable means of political action.

Dan Ford
Rt. 1, Durham, N.H.

Arthur Harvey's Reply

I cannot agree with the venerated totalitarianism of Plato. Surely Socrates had the higher wisdom, if not majority support, when he practiced c.d. at the cost of his life. To reside in one's place of birth is a natural right, and I do not accept the authority of Plato or anyone else to make obedience a condition of residence. Is this not what we criticize in some Communist nations?

It is true that Gandhi became the spokesman for India's masses against British imperialism. But in the earlier part of his campaign he had few followers. Gandhi led c.d. in South Africa on behalf of a small minority. In 1914, after 20 years of struggle, the tide of white supremacy was checked. Now it is again advancing, but the resistance takes the ordinary forms. The result will undoubtedly be a tragic blood bath.

Britain in the 1840's had watched cold-bloodedly as 2,000,000 Irish neighbors starved to death, and was ruthless enough to enslave a vast empire. Nevertheless, the British refrained from killing Gandhi partly because they had some respect for human life. But it was also because Gandhi alone, of the revolutionary leaders, restrained his followers from harming the British. Had he been killed, the British rightly foresaw a more violent agitation for independence.

During the Hungarian rebellion in 1956, it was found that Russian soldiers who had occupied the country for ten years, were refusing to fire on Hungarian workers and students, and in some cases donated their guns to the rebels. Russian soldiers have that same

element of decency the British had, but it must be cultivated. When those soldiers were withdrawn, and new troops unfamiliar with the true situation replaced them, the rebellion was crushed. Russian soldiers who are taught to respect the proletariat will not indefinitely support unjust occupations. Today, Hungary is reliably reported to be as free as any Communist nation with the exception of Poland. I think this is a result of the heroic, even if violent, rebellion, but it does no credit to the various so-called "Hungarian freedom fighters" who ran away and who try so hard to mold American public opinion.

It is the purpose of nonviolent civil disobedience to encourage the slow process of education which overcomes, in the minds of soldiers, the belief that their occupation is just or "defensive." It takes many years of hard work and suffering—in one word, courage. A higher form of courage than "better dead than Red."

For hundreds of years the early Christians, a minority, practiced c.d. in refusing to pledge allegiance to the government. Often the Emperor who had little respect for human life, would have the Christians eaten alive by lions as a sport. Can we say that c.d. in that case was not moral or effective?

Perhaps the problem of the Nazi brutalities is more difficult to overcome than Roman, British or American butchery. Gandhi answered a similar objection as follows:

"You may be right. History has no record of a nation having adopted non-violent resistance. If Hitler is unaffected by my suffering, it does not matter. For I shall have lost nothing worth. My honor is the only thing worth preserving. That is independent of Hitler's pity. But as a believer in non-violence I may not limit its possibilities. Hitherto he and his likes have built upon their inviolable experience that men yield to force. Unarmed men, women and children offering non-violent resistance without any bitterness in them will be a novel experience for them. Who can dare say it is not in their nature to respond to the higher and finer forces? They have the same soul that I have." (Harijan, October 15, 1938).

Pope Pius XII

"It is an entire world which must be rebuilt from its foundations, transformed from savage to human, from human to divine, that is to say according to the heart of God. Millions are pleading for a change of course as they look towards the Church, as to the only strong pilot who, with all due respect for human liberty, can take the lead in so vast an undertaking. Her guidance is asked for with explicit words, and even more, through tears which have been shed, through wounds still smarting, while men point to the endless cemeteries which organized and militant hate have spread over the world." Pope Pius XII, Feb. 10, 1952.

Donations of sheets, towels, and tea towels will be greatly appreciated at Peter Maurin Farm. According to Agnes Sydney, who takes care of such matters at the Farm, our supply is too tattered to last through the summer. Donations should be sent to: Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Rd., Staten Island 9, N.Y. It will take many sheets and towels for the many visitors we expect this Summer, especially during our mid-Summer Retreat and our Pacifist Weekend. May God bless all donors.

Anarchism

(Continued on page 7)

came the anarchists as 'true apostles sent by the Lord to preach his divine law' . . . Guided by Father Fortini, the anarchist band set off for the next village of Gallo, where Father Tamburini came out to welcome them, and went from house to house, shouting to the people, 'fear nothing. They are honest folk.'

The greatest modern Christian anarchist was of course Tolstoy. Woodcock says of him: "When he had finally finished Anna Karenina there was a great change in him. On one side lies the land of vibrant sunlight and dew drenched forests that belongs to the great novels. On the other side lies the desert of spiritual effort in which Tolstoy, like a latter day John the Baptist, seeks the locusts of moralism and the wild honey of spiritual joy."

Tolstoy called for a moral rather than a political revolution and "the most important single Tolstoyan convert was undoubtedly Mahatma Gandhi."

Tolstoy said that "the man who wishes to abolish the state must cease to cooperate with it, refuse military service, police service, jury service, the payment of taxes."

Great Anarchists

Godwin, the father-in-law of Shelley, punctures the idea that government originated in might or divine right or the social contract of Rousseau. He looks upon it as wrong because it seeks to bind one generation by the promises of another, and of course also binding man by a majority, which denies his freedom. George Orwell is quoted as being opposed to moral tyranny: "When human beings are governed by 'thou shalt not', the individual can practice a certain amount of eccentricity; when they are supposedly governed by 'love' and 'reason' he is under continuous pressure to make him behave and think in exactly the same way as everyone does." Woodcock adds, "Few of them have given sufficient thought to the danger of a moral tyranny replacing a physical one, and the frown of the man next door becoming as much a thing to fear as the sentence of the judge. And some of them have undoubtedly been positively attracted by the idea of radiating moral authority; anarchism has its Pharisees like every other movement for human regeneration."

Max Stirner, the more or less selfish egoist, whose real name was Johann Casper Schmidt, can really be called a high-brow, for he had an abnormally large forehead, "stirne" being the German word for brow.

Michael Bakunin, of the Russian nobility was sentenced to death in three countries, spent countless years in prison, escaped again and again and "he was involved in more pointless plots and more forlorn hopes . . . all his appetites, with the sole exception of the sexual, were enormous; he talked the nights through, he read omnivorously, he drank brandy like wine, he smoked 1,000 cigars in a single month of imprisonment in Saxony, he ate voraciously. "The author compares him to Marx." Both were autocratic by nature, and lovers of intrigue. Both, despite their faults, were sincerely devoted to the liberation of the oppressed and the poor. In other ways they differed widely. Bakunin had an expansive generosity of spirit and an openness of mind which were both lacking in Marx, who was vain, vindictive, and insufferably pedantic. In his daily life, Bakunin was a mixture of the bohemian and the aristocrat, whose ease of manner enabled him to cross all the barriers of class, while Marx remained the unregenerate bourgeois, incapable of establishing genuine personal contact with actual examples of the proletariat he hoped to convert. He was an authoritarian, Bakunin a libertarian.

Peter Kropotkin, page of the Czar, explorer, geologist, chose to leave the army, and go to prison.

He had investigated the Siberian prisons and found them worse than described in Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead*. In court in France with 53 other anarchists he bravely stated to the jury, before being sentenced to 5 years, "Scoundrels that we are, we demand bread for all; for all equally independence and justice." His *Conquest of Bread*, written in the 80's is still pertinent and valuable. In London he had a garden that was the envy of neighbors. In his great book, *Mutual Aid*, written to counteract Darwin's and Spencer's survival of the fittest, he believes "that the best incentive is not the threat of want but the consciousness of useful achievement." The author thinks that he fails to take into account the fact that "when men have been conditioned into dependence the fear of responsibility becomes a psychological disease that does not in fact disappear as soon as its causes are removed." When he died near Moscow in 1921 there was a procession 5 miles long. It was the last great demonstration of the lovers of freedom against the Bolsheviks, and the black banners of the anarchist groups bore in scarlet letters the message, "where there is authority there is no freedom."

In France there are great names among the anarchists: Elisee Reclus, the internationally famous geographer, Louise Michel, the heroine of the Commune, Jean Grave, the shoemaker, Sebastian Faure, the former Jesuit seminarist, and Emile Pouget, the anarcho-syndicalist.

In Italy Malatesta, Caffero and Palladino, young men of wealth surrounded by poor peasants, gave up their inheritance and became active anarchists. Malatesta traveled all over the world in anarchist activities, and for a time lived and worked in Paterson, N.J. He died at the age of 82 in 1932 in Italy. Like Tolstoy he was too great a man to be bothered by the autocratic government.

In Spain Pi y Margall, a Catalonian bank clerk, was the first active anarchist. Pio Baroja, the author of *Red Dawn* was a great anarchist writer. "The Inquisition effectively stifled any tendency toward religious dissent during the 16th century, anarchism has in fact taken on the character of a delayed Reformation movement . . . All anarchism, has of course, a moral-religious element which distinguishes it from ordinary political movements, but this element is far more developed in Spain than elsewhere . . . the anger of an intensely religious people who feel they have been deserted and deceived."

Nieuwenhuis, a Lutheran preacher at The Hague left a fashionable church, and Bart de Ligt, who wrote *The Conquest of Violence*, are famous in Holland. Nestor Mahunko of the Ukraine, helped defeat Denekin and was then hounded out of the country by the Communists. Charlotte Wilson, a beautiful young woman, was the only anarchist among the Fabians in England.

The chapter on North and South America could be written into a separate book, but here it does not do justice to the subject. Mentioning briefly Josiah Warren, Thoreau, Benjamin Tucker, the Haymarket Case, Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, and ending up with Sacco and Vanzetti.

The conclusion of the author is well stated: "If human values are to survive, a counterideal must be posed to the totalitarian goal of a uniform world, and that counterideal exists precisely in that vision of pure liberty that has inspired the anarchist and near anarchist writers . . . It can help us to safeguard what liberties we still retain against the further encroachments of the centralizing state; it can help us to conserve and even enlarge those areas in which personal values still operate . . . the anarchist ideal may best fulfill this

purpose, as its first exponents would have agreed, by the impact of its truths on receptive minds rather than by the re-creation of obsolete forms of organization or by the insurrectional methods that failed even in the past . . . The great anarchists call on us to stand on our own moral feet like a generation of princes, to become aware of justice as an inner fire, and to learn that the still, small voices of our own hearts speak more truly than the choruses of propaganda that daily assault our outer ears. 'Look into the depths of your own beings.' In this insistence that freedom and moral self-realization are interdependent, and one cannot live without the other, lies the ultimate lesson of true anarchism."

Henry Miller

"There is no ideal condition of life to step into everywhere any time. Everything is difficult, and everything becomes more difficult still when you choose to live your own life. But to live one's own life is still the best way of life, always was and always will be. The greatest snare and delusion is to postpone living your own life until the ideal form of government is created which will permit everyone to lead the good life. Lead the good life now, this instant, every instant, to the best of your ability and you will bring about indirectly and unconsciously a form of government nearer to the ideal."

From "Thoreau's Hard Road" by Henry Miller

Catholic C.O.'s

(Continued from page 5)

ways fought for them and from time to time stopped the opponents of the Christians and the people who wanted to kill them." (Contra Celsum, III, 8. Chadwick translation, p. 133.)

The Age of Constantine

Departure from the early tradition can be traced most directly to Constantine's conversion (about 313 A.D.) and his subsequent transformation of the Church into a state religion, in which "the sign of the Cross of Jesus was [made] an imperial military emblem, bringing good fortune and victory." (C. J. Cadoux, *The Early Christian Attitude Toward War*, Edinburgh; 1925.)

The conversion, coming as it did in the wake of the terrible persecution of 303 A.D., must unquestionably — and understandably — have been welcomed by many Christians who had suffered dearly under the burden. It was at this point in history, then, that Christians began to appear in the army's ranks and that the theory of the "just war" began its evolution.

"The mind of the Church," says Cadoux, describing the period, "while in full possession of the pertinent teaching of Jesus, had for a long time no occasion to make a definite application of it in this particular question or to lay down a definite ruling in it. There was thus a certain unguardedness, a certain immaturity of reflection, which besides accounting for the silence of early Christian authors on the point, helped to make room for various compromises and commitments."

"They were taught to think of the Emperor as appointed by God for the purpose of checking sin and maintaining order . . . tasks which they knew he could not fulfill without using soldiers . . . these lines of thought must have predisposed many Christians to miss the essential point when they came to consider the question of their own personal conduct. The absence of a unanimous authoritative ruling on the point to render the issue far less clear to many . . . This meant that the existence of Christian soldiers was at least a possibility . . . The admission of soldier converts to the Church (a few) . . . proved to be the thin edge of the wedge. If a Christian who was a soldier before conversion might remain so after, then it follows that

Hugh Madden Reports:

Trip To Chrystie St.

On the trip east took the bus as far I could and then headed for Tracy. Walked 'til 8:30 P.M. Found an old car, said my prayers, laid down for the night. I got out early and walked to Mass; got to Tracy and stopped at Bowmanns. That woman makes her own bread! They took me into Stockton Sunday night, and I tried to catch a freight. The cops got four of us, they used police dogs to help them. They searched me once at the hoosegow, I had a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe and they claimed it was a sap. One of the nosy ones made me strip and found my safety belt . . . it is not a money belt just a barb wire. They kept it and put me in the drunk tank so they could watch me. They gave us breakfast but I could not eat it. The judge gave me 90 days and suspended the sentence. I thanked him and headed for Los Angeles.

Got there, promoted a bus ticket, as there was talk of a railroad strike. Stopped at a little town in Texas for a few days to get mail and see an in-law who invited me in. Had to walk six miles to Mass here and one morning was offered a job, \$1 an hour, driving a truck and wrecking a building. Passed it up. Plenty of work in Texas, but poor pay, and the colored people get less yet.

Got to Chicago and it was plenty cold and blowing. Found Karl

Meyer's place, St. Stephen's House, and stayed overnight. Got there just as one of his guests was going to put the arm on him. I got ahold of this guy, and he changed his mind quick.

Got to N.Y.C. and all the cops wanted to know was if I was walking for Kennedy. Went over to Chrystie Street and out to the Farm and worked a little down at the beach-house and woke them up at the Farm (at 6 A.M.).

One of the staff wanted me to stay at the Sally (Salvation Army), but I preferred to sleep with the dogs. One usher tried to chase me out of the church; gave him the eye and he folded up.

Started back at 1:30 Monday afternoon. Was going through Chi but had to go to St. Louis. Took a little lunch there and headed for Salt Lake. In Denver a lot of smart punks came aboard and some drunks. Said the Rosary when I could and they didn't raise much hell as they were a little scared of the bare feet.

Hit Salt Lake at 6:30 A.M., headed for Mass, got there late but managed to get Communion and ran down to see Hennacy and the boys. Back to the bus and left at 8:15 through Reno and hit Oakland at 12:30 Friday.

Went down to Elijah House got the gate, came to Pete's place and ducked the cops on the way back. Found a truck and laid down for a couple of hours and sneaked back a shower at Elijah House, then to Mass, and then out to see Russel.

Rhythm Of Life

"The old Church knew that life is here our portion, to be lived, to be lived in fulfillment. The stern rule of Benedict, the wild flights of Francis of Assisi, these were coruscations in the steady heaven of the Church. The rhythm of life itself was preserved by the Church, hour by hour, day by day, season by season, year by year, epoch by epoch, down among the people, and the wild coruscations were accommodated to this permanent rhythm. We feel it, in the south, in the country, when we hear the jangle of the bells at dawn, at noon, at sunset, marking the hours with the sound of mass or prayers. It is the rhythm of the daily sun. We feel it in the festivals, the processions, Christmas, the Three Kings, Easter, Pentecost, St. John's Day, All Saints, All Souls. This is the wheeling of the year, the movement of the sun through solstice and equinox, the coming of the seasons, the going of the seasons. And it is the inward rhythm of man and woman, too, the sadness of Lent, the delight of Easter, the wonder of Pentecost, the fires of St. John, the candles on the graves of All Souls, the lit-up tree of Christmas, all representing kindled rhythmic emotions in the souls of men and women . . . Oh, what a catastrophe for man when he cut himself off from rhythm of the year, from his union with the sun and the earth. Oh, what a catastrophe, what a maiming of love when it was a personal, merely personal feeling, taken away from the rising and setting of the sun, and cut off from the magic connection of the solstice and the equinox! This is what is the matter with us. We are bleeding at the roots, because we are cut off from the earth and sun and stars, and love is a grinning mockery, because, poor blossom, we plucked it from its stem on the tree of Life, and expected it to keep on blooming in our civilized vase on the table."

D. H. Lawrence

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Catholic C.O.'s

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light of discoveries in modern psychology which sees the split, between intention and deed, as too vast for the individual mind to sanely reconcile; saying it is not humanly possible to truly love a man and, at the same time, to drive a bayonet between his ribs.)

The Pacifist Tradition

The just war tradition has not been the only road which Christians have trod in those centuries since its inception.

St. Martin of Tours, another CO saint, who died in 397, stated when leaving the army after his conversion, "I am a soldier of Christ; I am not allowed to fight."

St. Francis of Assisi, in the 13th century, led a small non-violent "Army of Peace" into Moslem territory during the Crusades, renouncing all weapons "of the world." In an area where no Christian escaped death, he and his followers were eventually given permission by the Sultan (who himself converted to Christianity) to preach the Gospel throughout his empire.

Also of note is that St. Francis, in his rules for a laymen's Third Order, stated, concerning the members, that "they are not to take up arms or carry them about for any reason." When the stricture came under fire from barons who were suddenly finding their serfs becoming CO's, Pope Innocent III upheld the saint's requirement. It was struck from the Rules, however, after Francis' death by administrators of the Order.

In modern times a great many Catholics can be cited for their non-cooperation with war and its preparations. The Cure d'Ars deserted rather than take up arms, against his fellow men, victims of conscription as he was supposed to be himself. In later life the Saint maintained that this was a decision he never regretted.

In Germany, in World War II, six Catholic CO's are known to have openly resisted the draft. All but one were executed. Others managed to escape. Clerical supporters of conscientious objection, such as Fr. Max Josef Metzger, were executed for "other reasons."

Of the 200,000 conscientious objectors of all countries to World War II, 50,000 were Roman Catholics.

Modern War

Besides dealing extensively with the historical background of Catholic conscientious objection, Miss Gorgen presents a great deal of material particularly relevant to the advent of "modern" warfare.

Among the statements included from officials of the Church, one by Cardinal (then Archbishop) Ottaviani, now Secretary of the Holy Office, dated 1947, is especially decisive: "It will never again be lawful to declare war . . . [because] . . . excuses for war are now all too frequent . . . disasters . . . affect not only soldiers and armies at war but also entire peoples . . . the extent of damage . . . is so great that it leaves both vanquished and victor the poorer for years . . . innocent people are liable to great injury . . . hatred is excited above measure . . . harsh reprisals are provoked . . . wars are marked by a greater savagery than ever . . . And what of the period immediately after a war? Does not it also provide an obvious pointer to the enormous and irreparable damage which war, the breeding place of hate and hurt, must do to the morals and manners of nations?" (*Bellum Omnino Interdendum*, Vatican, Polyglot, 3rd ed., 1947.) If wars are to be outlawed, there is the implication, clearly, that to participate either in the preparations or fulfillment of a war is, to say the least, questionable from a moral point of view.

Thomas E. Murray, a Catholic member of the Atomic Energy Commission, and not a pacifist,

spoke in 1956 of the historical trend towards both "universal military conscription" and "unconditional surrender." The former, he said, had its roots in the French Revolution, the latter in the American Civil War. "The fact is that the Christian tradition of civilized warfare has been ruptured . . . the technical possibilities for obliteration bombing have become unlimited. The United States discovered the secret of the hydrogen bomb; later the Soviet Union came upon the same secret. The significance of this ideological achievement cannot be exaggerated. Now the barbaric doctrine that 'everybody can be killed in war is assured of its success. Now everybody can be killed in war—easily, quickly, cheaply."

In a Pastoral letter, Jules-Geraud Cardinal Sallege, the Archbishop of Toulouse, asks:

"Are we drunk, or are we insane? We are using our power in order to destroy. Ten million men were killed in the first World War, forty million in the second; if a third World War comes there is every indication that far more than a hundred million will die. You can truthfully say that the devil is calling the tune . . . God did not create the world in order that it might be made into a hell. God did not create man to be a permanent murderer . . ."

Space limitations prohibit going further into material presented in the study. Readers should find of interest, however, sections devoted to Catholic CO experience during and since World War II, the section on other aspects of conscientious objection—particularly tax refusal, material on the moral evils of conscription and Papal recommendations for peace. Of special concern to Catholic CO's, or those considering the position, will be material on classification procedures with the draft board, questions to be answered, and the special problems of men in the armed services who become CO's and therefore seek a special discharge on those grounds.

After reading the book, I believe its value to be broader than the issues it deals with directly. There is a wide spread apathy, and in some cases, antipathy, on the part of many Catholics and other Christians toward "things of the world," especially those things which are politically "hot" and nationally unpopular. The result has been an acquiescence to nationalism under the delusion that, somehow, we live a double life: a public life ruled primarily by either "the common practice" or the expedient, and a private life in which the Faith is practiced. The natural result of this "Closet Catholicism" has been thinking which sees no contradiction in being a soldier or a missile maker and, at the same time, praying a great deal for peace. Such a dichotomy, despite the sincerity that may be present, cannot lead to a unity within the individual life—that life meant to be a "hymn to God," the life "founded on a rock." As Willmur Young, a retired teacher who one day realized it was his duty to commit civil disobedience at a missile base rather than bow any longer to the arms race, pointed out: "We don't pray for bread and then leave it to the Lord to put it on the table."

What we seek, in the words of Pope John, is a "rebirth of the spirit." It is that spirit one feels is present in these words of Cardinal Sallege:

"The child is killed at the breast of its mother. The child has a right to life. God alone is the Master of Life."

"They kill the man they dislike. They kill the man who holds different opinions."

"They kill by making people die of hunger. They kill by making people die of cold."

"They kill because they are

stronger; they kill because they are more crafty."

"They kill by denunciation; they kill by slander."

"They kill by casting into the street, by the radio, by the press, by words of hate."

"In a world in which the natural law is everywhere violated, human life has no value, and the dignity of the human soul is denied."

"God alone is Master of Life."

"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not seek revenge. Thou shalt not covet the death of thy neighbor."

"There are many who say in the presence of some injustice or outrage—it is normal. No, no assassination is normal. No injustice is normal. No infringement on the natural law is normal."

"The commandment of the Lord remains: 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

(Who Shall Bear the Flame, Fides Publishers, Notre Dame, Ind.)

ON Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

search them out there. But I did visit them in Assisi on a lovely sunny day, encountering them in the Church of San Damiano, five of us with William Congdon walked down a long sunny road past little farms and vineyards to the small stone house, a room to a floor, in which they live, three of them. After visiting the Hermitage and the convent where St. Clare dwelt with her nuns, I could only say that the Little Sisters were again living the life of poverty in the world, that St. Francis and St. Clare had brought into the life of the Church. How beautiful these renewals are.

Next month we will print a digest of Lanza del Vasto's talk.

An Appeal

I repeat an appeal to help cover the legal costs of the appeal on the conviction of William Worthy, our good friend, long a correspondent for the Baltimore Afro-American, Harvard graduate, writer and speaker. His troubles started when he went to China together with other newspapermen without the permission of the State Department, and on his return a number of years back their passports were taken from them. The other men on the promise that they would not repeat the offense had their passports returned, but Bill Worthy refused to make such a promise. His vocation is to find and report the news and his next offense was to go into Cuba for six weeks. It was some time after his return that he was arrested and tried and sentenced to three months.

The case will come up again on appeal either in Jacksonville Florida or in New Orleans and money is needed for court costs. We had an appeal in the paper a year ago and some money was received and we hope more will be forthcoming. Bill Worthy is fighting an issue for all of us, for freedom of travel, freedom of the press and freedom of speech.

I was much impressed on my recent trip to Europe that no visa was needed to get into Italy or Spain or any other country in Europe (this side of the Iron Curtain), just as we need no visa for Canada or Mexico or for a number of the Latin American countries. How can we ease the terrible tensions between our country and Cuba unless there is some freedom of movement back and forth? Without Bill Worthy I would not have found the friends I did in Cuba, Catholic and non-Catholic. Thanks to him my visit there was most pleasant and fruitful, and so I am begging my friends and readers, those who appreciated my articles from Cuba, to remember him and send some help. If you wish to send it directly to the Catholic Worker you may, and we will forward it, or you can send it to "The Committee for the Freedom of William Worthy, Suite 211, 217 W. 125th St., New York 7, N.Y. Checks may be made payable to Bishop O. Ward Nichols.

The Pax Christi Pledge

A Pledge for Catholic Men and Women Devoted to the Elimination of All War And of All Seeds of War in the Nuclear Age

"It is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice."

(Pope John XXIII, "Pacem in Terris")

"With the authority which We have received from Jesus Christ, We say: Shun all thought of force."

(Pope John XXIII, Christmas Address 1961)

I promise:

(1) To offer or participate in Mass for the cause of world peace at least once a week;

(2) To say the Peace Prayer of St. Francis daily with close attention to its meaning in my own life;

(3) To abstain completely from direct cooperation in the use and manufacture of all instruments of war;

(4) To seek daily to understand and live more deeply the Peace of Christ.

(5) To unite with other Christians and men of good will throughout the world in seeking non-violent ways to overcome the evils of nuclear war, totalitarianism, racial hatred, and destitution.

(6) To spread "Pax Christi"—the phrase and its meaning—among men everywhere as a sign of Christ's love for the world.

The Pax Christi Pledge should be taken silently or vocally in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. It should be taken with the condition and understanding that it binds the individual in conscience only so long as he believes that the following of the pledge has succeeded in increasing his love of God, his father and Creator, and for man, his brother. Its purpose is to strengthen Catholic resistance to all war and all seeds of war in an age when any war threatens to defile and destroy the image of God and has therefore become an intolerable means of settling international disputes. The pledge is designed further to draw Catholics by means of their Faith into a bond of love with Christians and men of good will everywhere in opposing the greatest evils of our time.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

good-bye before leaving for Europe. With his manner of approach I'm sure he'll learn a lot in Europe.

Friday Night Meetings

Fr. Egan, a Graymoor priest of the Franciscan Order of the Atonement, has a half-way house, The Haven, across the street from the Women's House of Detention in Greenwich Village. The larger part of the girls at the House of D., as they call it, are drug addicts, jailed for crimes associated with their addiction. Fr. Egan visits the House of D. regularly, and when the girls get out, they know that they can come across the street and up a flight of stairs above a bar to a clean, comfortable loft, where they can eat, watch television, repair decent clothing, and talk. Fr. Egan's talk about The Haven, drug addiction and the various ways in which it is treated in the United States, was very well received.

Jack Bettenbender, a professor at a New Jersey State College, joined Ed Turner, Mrs. Bowser and me on a panel to discuss Pacem in Terris. We had an excellent audience.

John Heldbrink of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, long established religious pacifist group, came to tell us of the work of the FOR. There are few Catholics in the FOR in this country, though in Europe there are many. In Austria and Belgium the top leaders are Catholics. We are quite behind our European counterparts in this area of ecumenism. I hope something can be done about this soon.

Pastor Neuhaus of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. John in Brooklyn spoke on the ecumenical movement. Many of us were surprised to know how close the Lutheran Church is, theologically, to our own. Fr. Severin, a Benedictine monk from Omaha, gave the closing prayer. "We thank you, Oh God, for bringing us a little closer tonight. Amen." So simple and so heartfelt, reflecting what was in the hearts of all of us.

It was a great pleasure for me to celebrate the thirtieth birthday of The Catholic Worker, May Day, at the very place where the CW was first sold, under the same circumstances, the annual May Day Rally. I was asked to speak on the Peace Encyclical. Gus Hall of the Communist Party was on the speakers' platform too, and Scott Nearing. There were Puerto Rican nationalists, trade unionists, FBI cameramen, people of every sort

of orientation in the audience of about 2500. I spoke for seven minutes on the CW's history of pacifism, on the Encyclical, and pointed out Pope John's exhortation for us to find concordances. We are ready to work with anyone in a free and open way for a particular good. But we will never allow ourselves to be used. We must be wise as the serpent and gentle as the dove.

The almost tropical haze that marks summer in New York has begun to settle over Manhattan. The return of dear friends and the opportunity to speak about the CW in New England make me look forward to it. Then, Labor Day week-end we hope to have a pacifist conference. Look for details in the summer issue.

CCCL

(Continued from page 4)

ganized in Omaha in 1958. Since its founding, CCCL has spread to both coasts. We now have chapter and individual members all over the US and we hope to organize more chapters during the remaining months of 1963. In this venture we will need cooperation. There are many Catholics, interested in civil rights and civil and religious liberty, who do not know of CCCL's existence. Primarily, this is due to a lack of cooperation on the part of some editors in the Catholic Press, although many of them have been more than doing their share. The NC news wire in Washington has repeatedly carried stories of our activity and I feel sure they will continue to do so. The fact remains: exposure is the life blood of the Council.

Our purpose is three-fold: First, we want to reassert the tradition of Natural Law as it applies to civil and religious liberty. Second, we wish to call attention to the original American consensus which stipulates that this nation was founded on the Judeo-Christian tradition. Finally, we hope to do an educational job within the American Catholic community so that Catholics will recognize their obligation to become personally involved in the continuing struggle for civil and religious liberty.

The Catholic Council on Civil Liberties needs support, both active and financial. A letter or a post-card to National Headquarters CCCL, Box 67, Lawndale, California, will bring a prompt reply.

Sincerely in Christ,

Thomas Francis Ritt
National Director