

CATHOLIC WORKER



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November, Month of Remembrance

This month begins with the feast of All Saints, and the day following is the feast of All Souls. Because we are still here in the flesh, coming into this world with a cry and leaving it with a groan, we tend to think more of all souls than we think of all saints.

It is a month especially to pray for the dead whether we know they died "in the Lord" or not. Our Lord Jesus Christ told us not to judge, lest we be judged for that very judging. Which is a hard saying for anyone with a critical faculty and a conscience. How not to judge in the case of an Emmitt Till, the fourteen-year-old boy murdered by white men in the South for a small boy's whistling. How love the sinner? How love our enemies? Christianity proposes some terrible problems. That is the sword Christ came to bring that cuts deep into our hearts and bones. We are none of us Christians by such a standard. As Guardini wrote in *THE LORD* we are only in the process of becoming, and most of us do not want to pay the price.

There is a murderer who is writing to us at *The Catholic Worker* right now, lying month after month in a death cell in a nearby state, tried and found guilty by a jury who recommended the death penalty. His crime of murdering and dismembering a sailor is a particularly gruesome one. How to love him, how to cry out for mercy for him, here and now, to judge and jury as well as to his Maker. How to understand concerning those needy and those poor in any spiritual qualities, in any balance.

Well, the saints were those who did understand concerning the needy and the poor. All they could see was that Jesus Christ, true God and true man, came to this world where such horror exists, and died for each and every one, for the murderer's of Emmitt Till, as well as for the murderer who writes to us, and offers us his furniture, his books, even his eyes if he is executed, to be transplanted in the head of someone who is a poor poet or nonconformist, he writes.

The saints are those who knew how to love, whose lives were transformed by love. The desire deep in the heart of every one of us, is to love, to love in such a way that all things become new, that there is a new song in our hearts. St. Augustine says we must learn to love everyone as though we loved him alone most particularly in all the world. St. Paul says we are all called to be saints. When we are praying for the poor souls, and they have progressed from their place of purgation to union with God and a place in heaven with the saints, with Whom there is no loneliness any more, but all love and joy and beauty, then they too become saints. If they are in heaven they are saints, whether or not they are so proclaimed by Holy Mother Church. Those the Church celebrates day after day at the altar are "canonized saints." A rector of a seminary in France once said to his students, "I want you all to be saints, but not canonized ones,



Blessed Martin de Porres

because the process costs too much time and money."

The Church speaks of some as "blessed" or beatified, such as Martin de Porres, the Negro lay brother whose picture appears on this page. He is a South American saint, born in 1579 of a white father and a Negro mother in Peru and he was one who saw evil in all

its horror or greed and lust and yet could love the sinner, and want to minister to him. The saints were in such harmony with all created things that the very animals, loved them and loved to be with them. They shed around them an aura of love because they had put off the old man and put on Christ.

The saints and blessed go to

death singing, but for those of us who are afraid at this severance of body and soul, the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom gives us a prayer which asks for a death painless, without blame and peaceful, and also there is sung each Sunday the definition of the blessed: Blessed are ye poor for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are

ye that hunger now: for you shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for you shall laugh. Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you, and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Be glad in that day and rejoice: for behold, your reward is great in heaven.

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Our Fall Appeal

Dear Friends of the Catholic Worker:

In the light of our present difficulties it is necessary to restate our position and tell our readers again just what it is we are trying to do—what it means to us to perform the works of mercy, spiritual and corporal. The most important thing in the world to us is to grow in the love of God, to try to do His will. Our Lord Jesus told us that what we do to the least we do to Him. St. Paul told us we are "members one of another, and that when the health of one member suffers, the health of the whole body is lowered."

We believe not only in St. Thomas' doctrine of the common good, but feel it can be affected only if each one of us alone, realizes his personal responsibility to his brother, that his love for God must be shown in his love for his brother, and that love must be expressed in the works of mercy, practiced personally, at a personal sacrifice. So we live together, here at the Catholic Worker, pool resources of money and abilities, and so are able to take care of far more than just ourselves.

People have so far lost that sense of personal responsibility that our country is becoming a country of institutions, and a gigantic part of our income goes to support them. State responsibility has come to take the place of personal responsibility. Doctors at mental hospitals and veteran's hospitals have said that a tremendous number of patients could be cared for at home if their families would take the responsibility. On the other hand houses and apartments become smaller and smaller so that there is "no room at the inn." We are able to have fifty in our own home here at Chrystie street because it is two old houses thrown into one, built at a time when people wanted space. When people come to us we cannot say "go, be thou filled," and refer them to an agency. So we have come to be feeding and clothing a vast number of people who come in to us day after day, the lame, the halt and the blind.

But we are not organized as an institution of any kind and the city does not know how to classify us. We are not a multiple dwelling, a rest home, a convalescent home, a shelter or an asylum or a convent. We are a group of people living together under one roof, with one head, which is Charlie McCormack, now that Tom Sullivan has gone to the Trappists. Often I am considered the head, being older and the publisher of the paper. I get the summonses, the complaints. We are not registered as a charitable agency, it has been pointed out. But we hope our dear Lord recognizes us as charitable people. We try to keep the laws and regulations about housing, health, fire prevention, and take as good care of our family as we can. But we find we are always coming up against some ordinance, some infraction. We will always be in trouble with the city and the state because though we also consider ourselves good citizens and lovers of our country as well as children of God and try to bear our share of the responsibility of brother for brother, the city and the state have come to feel that this is their field (since it has been left to them). A western Bishop said to me once that he did not believe in state ownership of the indigent. God wants man's free service, his freely bestowed love. So we protest and cry out against every infringement of that great gift of God, freedom, our greatest gift, after the gift of life.

That love of brother, that care for his freedom is what causes us to go into such controversial subjects as man and the state, war and peace. The implications of the gospel teaching of the works of mercy, lead us into conflict with the powers of this world. Our love of God is a consuming fire. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. It is a living God and a living faith that we are trying to express. We are called to be holy, that is, whole men, in this life of ours. We are trying to follow this call. It has led many of our workers into the priesthood, into Trappist monasteries, into convents. But we as a group, not having this vocation, are not classed as a religious group, not even as a Catholic group, and so do not have the protection of that classification. We are individual Catholics, not Catholic Action.

Many have left us to marry and raise a little community of their own, and endure all the sufferings of trying to lead this life in the factory, on the farm, enduring the frustrations of seeing their talents unused, their best energies of all their work days put into meaningless work in the cities, and not having the help we have of our community life and the assistance of our friends in our houses and farms.

What Is Happening? Trial Continued Until Nov. 16

We wish to emphasize again, that Ammon Hennacy, Dorothy Day, Mary Roberts, Carol Perry, Stanley Borowsky, Judith Beck, Richard Kern are not spending money for defense by lawyers as one of our readers accused us of doing, and as Fulton Lewis, Junior, broadcast over WOR during the course of the month. We pleaded guilty against the protest of the lawyers who are defending the other twenty defendants with whom we disobeyed the State Civil Defense law to take cover during the mock air raid drill of June 15, and with whom we were arrested and spent one or two nights in jail; and against the protest of the judge who said that philosophy had no place in a court room. The New York Times with its coverage was the only paper to emphasize the fact that we of The Catholic Worker intended our protest to be an act of penance for our guilt as citizens of a country which used the atom bomb at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and that as penance we were prepared to pay the penalty for our civil disobedience. The other defendants are protesting the Civil Defense Act itself and have plead not morally guilty and the Quakers have allotted some of the Fund for the Republic money for their defense. The greater part of the defense funds, however, are coming from voluntary contributions from members of the War Resisters League, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom which was started by Jane Adams and one of the members of which occupied the next cell to mine at the Women's Detention Home in Greenwich Village. We have made no appeal to our readers of The Catholic Worker to contribute to any defense fund for us. Our appeals are made for the poor with whom we live and share. Our refusal of defense is part of the direct action we believe in, in setting our face against war and defense spending.

The other difficulties to which I refer in my editorial this month were two other incidents which occurred during the month. The trouble with the city was with the Workmen's Compensation Board.

This Then Is Perfect Joy

There is an old man who had come to us periodically for food

and shelter. His name is Arthur Johnson. He is not a Catholic. He has worked in the past as janitor of tenement houses, and it is on his mind still, and with it a desire to help. We have had to watch him to keep him from doing grave damage to our house here at 223 Chrystie St. He has put fuses into electric light sockets, he has turned off the water and caused a burning out of our hot water tank so that we had to replace it. He is always wandering down into the basement to "take over." Everyone has to watch the poor soul who still wants to "earn his living by the sweat of his brow." Far from letting him help, our effort has been to keep him from it. Once I saw him sweep the sidewalk in front of the house, and needless to say I did not stop him from this innocent occupation.

Then, back in 1952, Tom Sullivan received a summons from the Workman's Compensation Board to appear in their court. Arthur had complained that he had dropped a piece of machinery on his shin while working for us. Tom went to the board and there was no difficulty when he explained.

Suddenly last month the case was reopened. This time I was summoned. I went there at nine-thirty in the morning, down to Foley Square, sat in a little court room where there were two rows of seats for lawyers and those concerned in the cases, and in front a long table with the man who heard the cases (I suppose he was a judge), and on either side a secretary, one of them taking notes on a stenotype machine. I sat listening to cases over which it seemed he, the judge, said he had no jurisdiction. There was an old colored woman who cleaned one day a week, and had for some years, and was injured while on duty. He had no jurisdiction because she should have worked two days a week to make her eligible. Another case was of a butler and there was no jurisdiction there because he was a domestic worker, and the Long Island suburb was under 40,000 inhabitants.

But when my case was called, I was sworn in, every word I said was taken down by the stenographer, and I was treated like an exploiter of labor and one who ground the faces of the poor. The point was established that The Catholic Worker is not, nor ever has been a charitable organization.

(Continued on page 7)

We never intended to have breadlines, to care for so many, but it is always so hard to turn people away. Men out of hospitals, with no place but the public shelter housing other thousands, turned loose on the streets by day. We have had people come in to us from the streets who have died a few weeks after, from their long endured miseries. We still have people coming who sleep in doorways and spend their days with us and share our meals. It is so hard to limit oneself, and then too our Holy Father, Pius XII, told some Sisters once never to be afraid to run up bills for the poor. Of course it always comes back to the fact that we are not an accredited agency. We are not a charitable institution. And we are never going to turn into that because we are trying to make the point, by our lives, by our work, that personal responsibility comes first. We are born alone, we die alone, we must, each one of us, do what we can for God and our brother, not God and country, but God and our Brother, as Christ stated it.

We are in difficulties now, not only with our bills, but with the State, with the City. We cannot print our usual Fall appeal, without pointing this out. But we are begging you to help us to continue to keep going with these ideas of ours about mutual aid, voluntary poverty, and the works of mercy. If we were forced to cease, how great a burden which we are bearing now, would fall upon the state or city—mental hospitals and convalescent homes, relief rolls and the bread lines of the Municipal Lodging house. And how many would be just wandering the streets, crouching in doorways. Oh God, look upon the face of Thy Christ in these poor, and help us to keep going.

So we are asking you, as our Lord himself told us to ask, for your help once more. And may God and His Blessed Mother whose month this most specially is, bless you a hundred fold, heaped up and running over.

In His Love,

DOROTHY DAY

Peter Maurin Farm

Diane and Ione, the two hurricanes expected to hit New York, passed us by, much to everyone's relief, but as if to make up for it, two younger sisters of near hurricane force did visit us, both unannounced. The most recent one has left clear, cold weather in her wake, and also, obligingly, blew over an oak tree in the grove so that the woodpile has a good start for the winter. We are also counting on gathering driftwood from the beach for fuel, so if anyone would like a project as an excuse to visit us, we have one to hand.

One of the incidental results of the arrival of the tractor from Maryfarm is to make unlikely the repetition of one of the memorable sights of last winter: Stanley Borowski in his undershirt bringing up logs from the woods on his shoulder.

With the high winds continuing, we are readying the storm windows, and the men are preparing to move into the house for the winter. And, just in time as usual, some men's overcoats have come in.

The first-floor kitchen and bathroom, and three of the bedrooms, are newly painted, thanks to Joe Cavallucci, who has paid us two visits, and provided both paint and much of the labor.

On October 4, Father Faley offered a Requiem Mass for Father Paul Judge, who died on the third. Many of the people here at Peter Maurin Farm knew him, particularly those who were at Maryfarm, where Father had given retreats. May he rest in peace.

On November 6, Father Armand Guerin, S.M., of the Marist Fathers' novitiate over on Hyland Boulevard, will give the first of a series of Days of Recollection. There will be only one conference, at 2:30 in the afternoon, followed by Benediction, but we are inviting friends to come for the whole day if they can. We will observe silence, and there will be table reading and time for prayer in the chapel. Father Guerin will come on the first Sunday of every month, and we hope that many of our friends will plan to come regularly. Baby sitters will be on hand, so that parents may feel free to bring their children.

With daily Mass and regular days of recollection, and with retreats being planned, we feel that we now have the framework for the kind of community Peter Maurin Farm should be. An important part of it is the redeveloping and the discovering of skills with our hands. Peter Maurin's philosophy—and the tendency of the whole apostolate—is toward restoring respect for material things and the responsibility of the workman that was lost when the primacy of the spiritual was lost. So we want to weave and spin and bind books and make things from leather and weave baskets and make rosaries—anything in the nature of crafts that anyone is interested in. We have materials and equipment, and we know people with the skills, and they can teach the rest of us.

For months there has been growing on Dorothy's loom, material woven out of all the odds and ends of wool yarn that have been sent to us by friends. Eventually we will make drapes or some other household article from it. Some of our evenings last summer were spent in teasing and carding raw wool, which in turn was spun on one of the two spinning wheels in the house. These are not "hobbies," but useful skills which contribute to the beauty and comfort of the house. One of the things that communities such as this can give to people is skills, not for pastime, but as a real development of the creativity that most of us haven't yet developed.

Beth Rogers.

Fr. Paul Judge

On the feast of St. Therese, the Little Flower, Fr. Paul Judge died, at nine-thirty in the morning, at Maryhouse, Little Canada, St. Paul, Minn., of cancer of the brain. He was thirty-six years old. His life had been a simple, straightforward and holy one. Born on a farm and brought up there with three brothers and three sisters, he grew up to be a priest and served in little towns in the St. Paul diocese. We became acquainted with him through the retreat given by Fr. John J. Hugo of the Pittsburgh diocese. He was one of a group of a hundred priests who made the retreat given by Fr. Hugo at St. John's. His two sisters, Jane and Marion, had the spiritual counsel of Fr. Harvey Egan, another retreatant, and had also made the retreat in Pittsburgh and we had met them there. We were close to them because of their work among the Negroes in the Minneapolis area, their farm venture in Little Canada, and their association with us as they came (together with the other six women of Maryhouse) two by two, to help us at Maryfarm with our retreat work at Newburgh.

Their brother, Fr. Paul, had for some years given us part of his annual vacation, flying east to give our friends and readers a retreat at Maryfarm. He would leave his parish after the Sunday morning Mass, fly to New York arriving in time to offer Mass and start conferences on Monday morning. With the closing of the retreat on Friday he flew back on Saturday in time to hear confessions and offer Mass the next morning. His entire life was given to the service of God, his own spirit of love drawing others around him.

I remember one of the last retreats he gave. We met him at Forty-second Street Monday morning that time, with an old car, I don't remember which one it was, the '32 Chevrolet, the '36 Buick or the '40 Ford. Anyway, it stalled, right at Times Square, and we had to get out and push it.

Roger and Fr. Paul were sitting in the front seat and I was driving, and Roger had been sleeping on tables, and giving up his bed to the needy, so his head kept falling on Fr. Paul's shoulder until finally he slept that way all the way to Newburgh. Father had been sitting up all night too.

The retreats were a joy, the sung Mass, the silence settling, the mind stimulated, the heart expanding with desire for God, as we listened to those conferences, almost an hour long, and then fifteen minutes in the chapel to let the thoughts settle. Reading at meals, walks in the afternoon, saying the stations, out between the walled lane lined with wild cherry, Benediction and compline in the evening, and then the holy hour on Thursday night, the renewal of our baptismal vows and the closing, when we all drew deep breaths and girded our loins, so to speak, to start in all over again to grow in being in truth sons of God.

All the things happening, that never discomposed the retreat master! The very first retreat we had back in Easton, the horse died, and there was that huge sad carcass to dispose of before the first conference. There was the time when the local pastor called up and asked if we could take in a family of mother and father and six children, and we had to empty out a dormitory of retreatants to hold them. There was another time when three of the men got uproariously drunk and yet somehow we who were in charge were able to calm them down, settle them, so that the retreatants did not know at all that our family had become turbulent—that the Adam-man was dominant. There was the time a young woman who had been working in a carnival was sent to us as a victim of amnesia by the lo-

cal Catholic Charities, and some of the nights during the retreat she escaped from us to go to a local tavern only to return to stagger about the dormitories and disturb the retreatants. On the men's side, in the carriage house there were equal disturbances, from men coming in off the road, and yet somehow or other peace and calm would descend finally, and by not stirring muddy water, it would settle and peace would prevail. And all Father Paul saw was Christ in each of his brothers!

The year before he became ill, Fr. Judge did not come to New York to give us a retreat and when I saw him again, he kept regretting it. He had been building a school. "Anyway, you must write a book about the retreat," he kept telling me. "Tell the history of it. It will be the most important book you will ever write. Sooner or later you must drop everything else, and write that book."

Well, Fr. Paul is dead now. I say that, humanly speaking, because we all grieve his passing. Of course he is not dead, he is alive. In the words of the Preface for Masses for the Dead, "unto Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away; and the abode of this earthly sojourn being dissolved, an eternal dwelling is prepared in Heaven."

There is not one of us who doubts that Fr. Paul is there now, and that we can send our petitions to him. So if he wants me, still, to write that book, let him pray that laborers be sent for the harvest here at Chrystie St. so that I will have the time to do it.

Archbishop Murray sang the Requiem Mass, and Fr. Hugo preached the sermon. There were sixty-eight priests at the funeral. We had hoped to have a copy of the funeral sermon, which was on suffering, to run in this issue of the Catholic Worker, but it is not here on time, so we will save it for Lent.

Who can mourn after hearing that beautiful singing at the Requiem—May the angels lead thee into paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and lead thee into the holy city of Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive thee, and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who once was poor. Amen.

Missionary Needs Horse

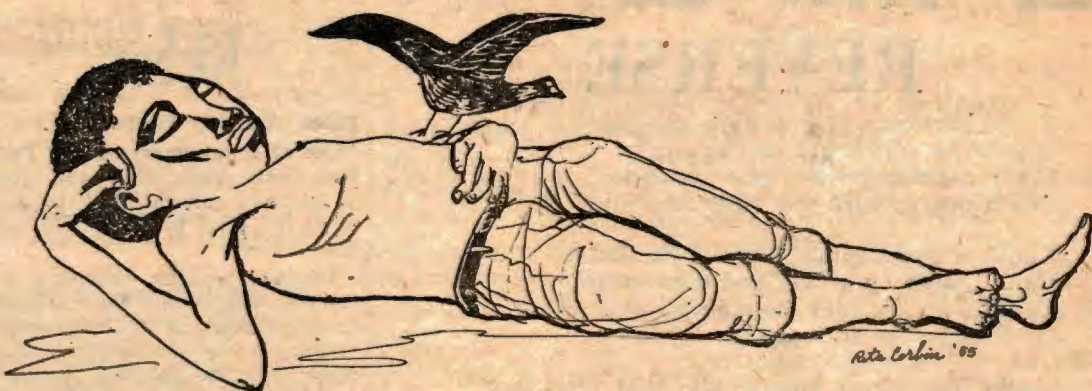
Dear Miss Dorothy Day,

This is to thank you most heartedly for your generosity in sending me your nice paper... I read it with pleasure... rest assured of my poor prayers every day particularly at the holy altar. And how could I forget you after so much charity towards my poor self! It is now 22 years since I am working in this hot country! I am glad to spend my life here for the conversion of poor pagans and for the social welfare of the poor aborigines. I need your prayers and the prayers of your friends...

Would it be possible for you to advertise in your paper or privately my urgent need of a horse for touring the villages. I had one and it died recently. I can't use the bicycle or any other vehicle very properly because my eyes are bad. I have been operated on 5 times for complicated cataracts. So for me the horse is the only proper means for travelling in my ministry. It will cost one more than \$200. Oh, dear Miss Day please get somebody interested in this my need.

God Bless you,
Father Joseph Cavagna.
Catholic Mission
Benedwar
Dhamoir P.O.
Dt. Rajshahi
(East Bengal-Pakistan)

DEATH OF A BOY



By EILEEN FANTINO

Rain fell dull and listless on the roofs for the second day puddling on the black tar as a young boy high over the blurred street came to the edge and started down the fire escape. High in his hand was a flash of white and grey, bright against the darkly moving sky. It was a pigeon, one of the many that streaked over the tenements and soared away into blue air on brighter days when sunlight shoots through the settling dust of afternoons.

He had caught a piece of flight in his arms and was bringing it down into his world, to his cavern of a street where the sky is unconquerable. And his heart was wild with rapture, the wings soft and wet, the eyes of the bird looked into his own as it shook to be free. With his hands full of stirrings he dropped down like a puppet falls to the stage, dizzy and crazed, six flights down to the sleekly wet street, his head split open by his return.

One small boy came first to gaze at the body, the twisted looseness and the outpouring of anguish which was left of him. This spectator grabbed the pigeon out of the limp hand and beat it with all his strength against the mouldy wall of the building until he had only strength for crying. Death again the sudden and cruel joke without sense or beauty or grace, shock breaking the steady humming beat of the rain.

The neighborhood came to express sympathy to the boy's parents and sit in a small room with the still body, strangers came and lived an image of the fire escape slippery with rain and the boy coming down holding a pigeon, and of the fall. Children talked about it, mothers shuddered. The complacency of life looking at death stilled the question, always that question.

The flight of birds is the bright streak of hope in a dark and fearful city. How many hushed wings had those eyes followed off the

roofs and into the sky, like a vision of life not shadowed in the rooms of his life and the incessant coming of days. And there on that one dark day — in his hand — all secret, the meaning of striving and patience, his face wet with the world's tears falling from the abyss of the sky — this thing in his arms, the soft wings, the power of flight and life outside the prison of his confinement, this moment perhaps he touched God and died.

Vatican Speaks

The Oct. 17 issue of the Vatican's semi-official newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* praised Archbishop Francis Rummel of New Orleans for his stand on the Jesuit Bend, La., incident where a Negro priest, Fr. Gerald Lewis, was not allowed by the congregation to say Mass at St. Cecilia Mission before a white congregation.

Archbishop Rummel has closed the Mission and reduced the number of Masses from three to two at Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, Belle Chasse, La., where the Catholics who formerly attended Mass at St. Cecilia's now are obliged to go because "the shortage of priests is such that we cannot replace Fr. Lewis." Belle Chasse is six miles away from Jesuit Bend.

The New York Times of Oct. 18 had it that the "unusually emphatic editorial" in *L'Osservatore* was written "on instructions from the Vatican Secretariat of State." The editorial said in part: "The news of racial discrimination in the Archdiocese of New Orleans struck all Catholics with painful amazement... Archbishop Rummel's action was prompt, admirable, pastoral, Catholic... racial exclusivism is a sin against the nature of the Catholic creed, its negation... to prevent colored priests from preaching the word of God and celebrating the Divine sacrifice is a blasphemous crime that calls for prayer... fortunately only a few (Catholic) people out of their minds are guilty of racial prejudice and the American Catholic hierarchy and many of the faithful are active in the fight against discrimination and segregation."

We must take issue with the first part of the last statement quoted above. We know from experience that there are more than a "few" Catholics infected with racial prejudice. We hope that they were not, in the past, fully conscious of the seriousness of the matter and therefore not guilty of sin. As for the future it is almost impossible to understand how anyone will be able to justify these un-Christian attitudes in the face of such statements from the Vatican newspaper. And yet, perhaps for some Catholics only an "authoritative" statement from the Holy Father himself will settle the matter.

It may interest some to know that in a recent survey taken among the students of Harvard, Dartmouth and Radcliffe it was learned that "racial prejudice was present in 71 per cent of the Catholic students, 62 per cent of the Protestants, 22 per cent of the Jews, and 27 per cent of those without religious affiliations." (Ave Maria, Sept. 24, 1955).

R.S.

The Arrest of Robert Barrat

Nationalism and civil liberty have never been particularly compatible—and it is in moments of national crisis that individual rights are in especial danger of being trampled. France today is once more giving evidence of that fierce nationalism which stands out so glaringly in contrast to the universality of French thought and culture. A recent development in this regard has given us an indication of the state of civil liberty in France, with reference to the revolutions in North Africa.

The case in question is that of Robert Barrat, a brilliant young French journalist who is known to Americans chiefly through his articles in *Commonweal*, for which he is the Paris correspondent. He has been for years much concerned with the problems of French colonialism, and recently has concentrated upon the implications of the North African uprisings. His published conclusions in this area have been a constant source of embarrassment and annoyance to the State; for he has defended the North Africans' aspirations to self-rule, and has publicly indicted the unjust and imperialistic policies of the French government in their regard.

For thus having spoken his mind, Robert Barrat has been arrested by the French government and is at present free on bail, awaiting court-martial by a military tribunal. The charge: "Failure to denounce crimes comprising the security of the state," a "crime" carrying a prison sentence of ten years.

Now little need be said regarding the hearing of this action upon the French national conscience concerning North Africa. It is obvious that such repressive action on the part of a government can result only from fear, that fear of truth which is so inevitably the mark of a bad conscience. What is of more immediate import is the startling revelation of the status of individual liberty before French law. Here is a case in which a man is arrested on a charge of sedition, and, in the phrasing of the charge, negative sedition at that. And the trial, which this civilian is to receive is a military court-martial. So in one move the French government shows the character of its law to be such that elementary free

speech may be arbitrarily proscribed, and a citizen who speaks freely may be handed over to the military caste for punishment.

Precisely why and how this situation obtains is not yet clear. Perhaps there is involved some anachronism of law; certainly France does not lack voices which may be counted upon to decri such atrocity. Already the case has stirred up considerable agitation, which we can only hope, and pray will result in the release of Robert Barrat from this web of injustice in which he is caught.

E. J. Egan

Two Boys Die Of Hunger After Foraging In Garbage Cans

Here is a tragic story sent to LABOR of October 22nd. William Baughman, Jr., 6, and his brother Lawrence 7, won't grow up to enjoy the blessings of this richest country in the world. The two boys died of starvation in Charity Hospital here in New Orleans this week, hours after police brought them there. "Please, may I have a ham sandwich?" begged William just before he died, "I'm so hungry."

The boys lived with their parents and five sisters, the oldest aged 9, in a one-room apartment. Six of the children slept on the floor without sheets or pillows. Neighbors told of seeing the boys foraging in garbage cans for weeks before their death. One woman said she couldn't sleep because of the cries of the hungry children. "The children would go to the doors of neighbors and peer in at mealtimes," said Mrs. Evelyn Scallan, a neighbor. William Baughman, the father, is a 29-year-old unemployed longshoreman. He said he has been trying to get into a veterans' hospital because of a nervous ailment. The family had applied for relief, but it didn't come in time. The mother said they had been living on \$7 a week in food chits from a neighboring convent.

Local police acted after the boys died. They arrested the parents, charging them with criminal neglect.



REVERSE

Could hangman gasp within the noose
Or hunter shriek before the gun?
Could pounding victor slip and loose?
Could quarry turn and stage the fun?

Could roman captain breathe the lance?
Could hawk be seized and torn away?
Could Poet die into the stance
Or Potter turn to lump of clay?

Could You, cheat Heart, who sold your love
And, silver-palmed, despaired to wait,
Stone-swinging from the limb above,
Could You, grave Heart, now bear your weight?

ANNE TAILLEFER, Oct. 8th, 1955.

Letter from Oslo

To my disappointment my father was unwilling to let me go to work on his smallholding. Instead, I found myself a job and room here in Oslo. Now I am working in a library here and planning to go to Library School in the autumn. My room isn't too bad, except that it looks out on a back yard, which imprisons my view from the window—and it has no sun. But I must be very glad to have a room I can afford. The housing situation is very bad. In a way it is a good sign. We have no unemployment problem to speak of and, partly thanks to the trade unions, pay for manual and skilled workers is fairly high. This means that the classes that before the war lived under deplorable conditions now can afford the housing they need. But what with the short building season—we had snow here in Oslo ten days ago—and the labour shortage, it will be a long time before the supply can meet the demand.

As it is, the shortage is a great trial to young families. If you are lucky enough to get a new flat (the older, cheaper ones just aren't on the market) you'll have to pay a guarantee (you'll get it back when you leave, of course) of perhaps kr.8,000.—, kr.10,000.—, or kr.15,000.—. The exchange rate is something like 7 Norwegian kroner to \$1 U. S.—but the real value—buying power, etc., of the krone is considerably higher comparatively and pay equally lower. If a young man and woman can manage to

raise a loan the girl will have to go on working after marriage. There are quite a few sharks operating.

Officially, various things are being done to help. There is one big shareholding company formed by the city of Oslo where the rent-payers hold the shares and it is doing a tremendous job—only it has a waiting list. You wait six years after joining. And when you join, you are put down for as many rooms as you are people. If during the years you wait the family increases from two to six—two rooms is all you'll get. If you want more rooms—down to the bottom of the list you go. And the society isn't always wise in picking their sites either. Just outside Oslo the northgoing highway splits in two lanes for a mile or so. The distance between the lanes is in one spot about fifty yards. There, this society is building blocks of flats with three rooms—meaning that couples with one child may move in—and no one else. The child can go nowhere without crossing the road that has the heaviest traffic in all Norway.

Then there are the societies formed by young people where they themselves do all the unskilled work—and no protests from the unions. They are a very good idea—but you spend all your spare time for about two years on the project—Sundays and all holidays included.

Yours in Christ and Mary,
Arnfinn Palmstrom

Africa

Catholic Mission, Arusha
Tanganyika Territory,
East Africa

March 4, 1955

The Editor of the
CATHOLIC WORKER

Dear Sir:

Would you permit me to pass along to your readers a consideration which came to me from Pere Regamey's book called "Poverty"; a consoling book for missionaries, by the way.

Father Bernard who was known as "the poor priest" was discussing the problems of his parish with his companion who tried to be optimistic about their financial situation. He reminded Father Bernard that fresh alms always came to them as soon as their money was all gone; Father Bernard said sharply: "Then you must still have got some, because no one is giving us anything. You must get rid of what is left at once, so that God will give us what we need."

By the end of this month we will have gotten rid of all that we have so that God will give us what we need for feeding and clothing seventy-five young boys of the Masai tribe, and for paying the wages of seventeen catechists who are working among the people of five distinct tribes spread over the twenty-six thousand square miles of our mission.

Eugene Hillman, C.S.Sp.
Yours in Christ,

India

Some time ago we received two postal orders of ten dollars each, which Mr. Tom Sullivan had forwarded to us on behalf of two of your readers. We thank you ever so much for your kindness in printing our appeal for help.

Some of your readers sent us donations, but didn't mention their address so that we cannot thank them personally. We shall be very grateful if you would thank your generous readers for the relief they have brought to their starving brothers and sisters in this plateau. We hope now that they will lend us a helping hand in buying our yearly provisions of rice worth about a thousand dollars. For the love of God we ask your help. If each of your readers contribute a little this would mean a lot for us. By educating the future mothers and teaching them Christian virtues we hope to improve family conditions. Please, be assured of the prayers of the Sisters and the children. The Lord will reward you abundantly for helping His less favoured ones. Your very gratefully in Christ.

Mother M. Laurentine
Ursuline Convent, Samtoli P.O.
Simdega, St. Ranchi
Bihar, India

"Everywhere where war has been waged, old rivalries remain."
(Pius XI Ubi Arcano Dei.)

Riches

Editor, Catholic Worker:

(Note) I was impressed by your statements made while you were in Portland and gave me the idea to write your paper letters and here is one.

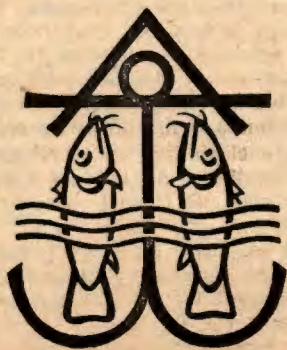
Perhaps nothing engrosses our modern minds more than alluring promises about an ideal future and prosperity. Pessimism has little place and since 'optimism' is dominant, it must also be our problem. Thus our Presidents make 'prosperity' the central theme of their messages and our news channels harp forever upon the same subject. Jan. 9 a big local newspaper had a big front page article about our coming ideal and hopeful future, depicted as: "push button utopia." What infantilism and want of discernment! Some of us suspect that this kind of hogwash is to palliate the miseries of the present and to rival U.S.S.R. utopian braggadocio! Experience, history, truth, etc. inform us that the more we improve, the more bewilderment we have. Yes, the thorns and thistles of misery grow and develop too. But moderns remain unconvinced, although they are almost schizophrenic therefrom. Just as our 'present' is the utopia for the past, so the future seems utopian to our present.

The other day a friend complained that his \$315 a month wasn't sufficient for his needs. His words bespeak the minds of millions. From every quarter arises the demand for increases in taxes, prices, wages, pay, fare, rates, etc. until one wonders just where he is. The subtle blindspot in this mischievous cycle is that when things were lower, we were happier and now that they are higher, everybody feels restless. If my friend is dissatisfied with \$315 much more so than when he got \$150, how will he be when he gets \$400? My local city transportation company wants increased fare, from 15c to 20c. And every time an increase is granted, greater discontent ensues. Money is not wealth; it can just be the reverse. We'd be richer at \$1 a day with living cost 75c. than at \$12 and living costing \$11.

A plain truth we big brave Americans are afraid to face is lowering economy. We think we can beat it by money increases! An unparalleled population increase and a proportional use-up of our natural resources among other factors is driving our standard down even though professional whitewashers boast of progress. Commentators already refer to America as a 'have-not' nation and believe it or not, in 1900 we produced 15% more than we could consume while today production lags by about some 10% from meeting our needs. Thus if we get \$1,000 per month, we'll still be going backwards.

Sincerely,
Paul Brinkham, Jr.
1027 SE 57th Ave.
Portland 15, Ore.

(Editorial note: Mr. Brinkham does not consider the huge surplus of food which we have stored away. There may be a desire rather than a need for gadgets, but there is too much of those agricultural products which we still produce and pay subsidies for, to get the votes of the farmers.)



Pariahs

On my shoulders are four million pagans and seventy thousand newly converted souls, all pariahs. This mission is called The Pariah Mission. A few years ago when it was made into an independent unit, and subsequently Diocese, the Catholics were one third of the present number. Those poor people eagerly seeking the truths of Catholicism come in entire villages to learn.

Since I took charge of the Diocese three years ago our biggest problem has been supplying good Catechists. I have very few Priests and each has to care for from thirty to forty villages. For all practical purposes the Catechist then is their priest. He resides with them, instructs them, and prepares them for the Sacraments. We must have a Training School for these men. Whenever I tour the Diocese and people on their knees beg me to give them a Catechist the most that I can do is to promise, but knowing that there is little hope that I can keep my promise I feel sad and downhearted. If you value the contribution for making a Priest, do not think it much less of value to help in the making of these Catechists whom I consider my Priests, and through whom the Kingdom of God is reaching these poor souls. Thank God and bless you.

Rgt. Rev. A. De-Battista, P.I.M.E.
Bishop's House, Vijayavada
Krishna Dt. India
Post Box 75

Tea Leaves

The men from the plains come to these hills in search of work in the tea plantations, and having found work they live on here among the natives, and form ties forgetting the wives and children they have left behind. When after years these men return home the women here are left with children and no means of survival. Finding themselves so abandoned they often do away with their innocent little ones, and even themselves. It is to help these poor women and to rescue the countless children who are so ruthlessly gotten rid of by these pagan mothers that we opened the house here. There is a fine European cottage for sale nearby and it costs just \$2,000 of American money. With this little house we can make a home for these poor forsaken ones of God. Our prayers are all that we can offer in exchange for your charity. But may He who can, reward you a hundredfold. Begging your blessing on our work. Yours sincerely in Christ.

Sr. Mary Clare
Mount Carmel
Kotagiri, Nilgris
S. India

"Cross of Iron"

"Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. . . . We pay for a single fighter aircraft with 500,000 bushels of wheat. We pay for a single destroyer with new homes that could have housed more than 8,000 people. . . . This is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the cloud of threatening war it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron."

Dwight D. Eisenhower,
April 16, 1953

"Any nation so mad as to contemplate war would be guilty of monstrous murder and almost certainly of suicide." (Pius XI Christmas Allocution.)

The Christian who is obedient to the spirit of Christ wonders which he hates the most: capitalism, or communism so hostile to each other, so fundamentally alike.

He holds the same grievance against both,—that they have taken from the Poor the spirit of poverty, and so cast them into despair. This crime shows most clearly in capitalism, but communism and all other materialist systems (that raise the false hope of an earthly paradise) produce the same result. The Christian must bewail the unhappiness caused on earth by capitalism and communism.

POVERTY

by Father Regamey.

Ex-Guard

Dear Miss Day:

Knowing my interest in penology, Rev. Donald F. St. Sure, S.J., of Loyola University, Los Angeles, sent me a copy of your interesting paper, the Catholic Worker. I am enclosing 25c to cover a year's subscription. The issue which he sent me was for July-August so please start with the September issue. I will look forward to receiving it.

Your most interesting and well written account of your experiences and the group arrest and hearing before Judge Kaplan points up among other things to the startling and painful fact that the detention headquarters and jails today in some instances (perhaps many) aren't any better than when Joseph F. Fishman wrote his *Crucibles of Crime*, a study of American jails. I believe it was written about 35 to 40 years ago.

I noticed a shorter account of the group's experiences written by you in the NEW REPUBLIC.

Did you by any chance read the articles by Walter Goodman in the NEW REPUBLIC starting with August 1st issue. It was entitled *Lawyers, Psychiatrists and the Courts*. They were very interesting.

I am almost through reading the 13th Juror by Steve Nelson. His indictment of the prison system in Pennsylvania rings true to me as I spent seven years in the penal fold as a guard and later as a parole officer.

I wish you and your group lived in Los Angeles. I know we could have a lot in common. You will find a book published by an acquaintance of mine very interesting. It is called *Birdman of Alcatraz* by Thomas Gaddis put out by Random House.

Sincerely yours,
Henry P. Lesser
Los Angeles, Cal.

His Holiness, Pius XII

"Under the pretense of saving the Church from the risk of being led astray in the 'temporal' sphere, a slogan launched some ten years ago continues to gain acceptance: return to the purely 'spiritual.' And by that is understood that the Church should confine her activities to a purely dogmatic teaching, to the offering of the Holy Sacrifice; the administration into the domain of our public life, all intervention in the civil or social order should be denied her."

As if dogma did not have a bearing upon every aspect of human life, as if the mysteries of the faith with their supernatural wealth, were not to maintain and invigorate the lives of individuals and, as a consequence, to harmonize public life with the law of God, to impregnate it with the spirit of Christ! Such vivisection is quite simply anti-Catholic." (From an address to the Catholic Women's Leagues, Rome, Sept. 11, 1947.)

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Story of Steve Nelson

THE 13th JUROR by Steve Nelson, Masses and Mainstream, N. Y., April, 1955. Paper \$1.50, Cloth \$2.50. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

Steve Nelson, steelworker union organizer, Communist, Loyalist fighter in Spain, was convicted by the paid testimony (\$34 a day) of stool pigeons Paul Crouch and Matt Ctevic and given 20 years in prison under the State Sedition law of Pennsylvania. Ctevic had testified in court that Nelson had at a certain meeting advocated the shooting of Congressmen. He did not report this to the Un-American Activities Committee in Washington, but only "remembered" it at the Nelson trial. Crouch got so mixed up in his stories about knowing Rust, the editor of the British DAILY WORKER, when he had been dead for 5 years, and of knowing Harry Bridges "very well" at one hearing and "slightly" at another, and of getting time and places mixed up that his services were no longer required by the FBI. But at the time of the Nelson trial he was an "expert" witness, although he had never been in Western Pa. he testified about secret meetings and the violence planned by Nelson and comrades.

All this testimony was not of overt acts but of expressions of opinion. Nelson had been in an automobile accident but he was forced into court from a hospital bed and in the rush could not get a lawyer and had midst bodily pain to be his own lawyer. Even then his alertness finally won a reversal of his sentence in the higher court. He was then sentenced to 5 years under the Smith Act which also was the act under which the Trotskyites were imprisoned in 1941 and the first and second string Communists in New York city. This fall the U. S. Supreme Court will decide the legality of the State Sedition Act of Pa. and of 36 other states. Both the Federal Smith Act and the various state sedition laws draw a very fine line as to what is considered "teaching the overthrow of the U. S. government by force and violence" and the question is how true are the reports of unreliable witnesses. In September, 1952, the CW protested editorially on the framing of Nelson. He is now free on bail but the court records are still full of the fabrications of those stoolies who have been caught in their own web of lies as tools of the big companies and little FBI lawyers.

First sentenced on June 26, 1952, then months in the medieval Blawnox Workhouse in Allegheny County, Pa., back to the Iron City jail for trial on the Smith Act and a fight to reduce his bail from the excessive \$100,000 to \$10,000—all this is climaxed by his 9 days in the horrible solitary of Blawnox. His trial was held in the historic court room where in 1892 the Homestead strikers were acquitted. He had been an organizer in the steel mills and was a steady family man with a son and daughter and a faithful wife who stood by him in his trouble.

In 1916 I read Alexander Berkman's Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist, telling of his 15 years in Allegheny Workhouse, 3½ years of it in solitary. I had done my own months of solitary in 1918 and 1919 in Atlanta prison and had known Berkman in that prison where he was also opposing World War I. I had visited Charles Ruthenberg, founder of the Communist Party, in Sing Sing in 1921 and saw the famous Cell 202 in the old cell block before it was demolished. And last November I did my 5 days on Rikers Island here in New York for selling the CW on the streets of N. Y. City. Even with this background I was unprepared for the corruption, filth, cruelty, and heartless inefficiency Steve Nelson writes about in Blawnox Workhouse.

This book tells in detail of the unbelievable rule of 9 days in solitary for talking or for even having a look in the eye as if one wished to talk. One man who worked in the detail making applesauce got 9 days for eating one apple. Nelson was watched by a guard as decrepit as the Ancient Mariner who gave him what seemed an impossible task of making chairs with twisted material at a fast pace standing in a puddle of water. How many of us could get the knack of doing unaccustomed work at a moments notice? All this was an excuse to put him in solitary if he failed or if he complained.

Although not a pacifist Nelson tried to use the Gandhi method of patience, fairness and mental alertness to circumvent the schemes of the guards.

He did get into the solitary for 9 days for moving his lips at mealtime. His sense of brotherliness with the other inmates of the at times 3 inches deep of sewer-stinking refuse in all the cells, and the supremely miserable conditions there, is worthwhile printing in a pamphlet. It is a lesson to all social workers and reformers who still think that in these modern days "these things don't happen."

Nelson entered prison, as I did in 1917, not a pacifist or a believer in religion, but a socialist believer in class warfare. Although I was sent to solitary for 8½ months on a frameup I was guilty of being subversive to the authority in prison and had just led a successful sit-down strike of 900 inmates on the issue of poor food. Nelson's solitary was in a cell with regular barred iron doors while mine was behind closed wooden ones. He skillfully lessened the bedlam made by the other prisoners by inaugurating guessing games. I had a crazy man on each side of me and could not even tap out any signals. "Missouri" hung himself in a solitary cell at Blawnox. Popoff was hung by his wrists 8 hours a day for months next cell to mine in Atlanta. I sang, swore, and cried for six months, not knowing if I would be strung up the next day or not, and raged against the whole damnable system. If I had been released at that time I would have gone out into the world believing in using violence in defending myself and my socialist cause. But I was locked up with the Bible and as time went on I read where Jesus said to love your enemy. I could love everyone in the world but the Warden but if I did not love him then the Sermon on the Mount made no sense. Perhaps it was those added months in solitary that caused me to understand and feel the depth of that brotherhood, of that Mystical Body of Christ which St. Francis, Debs, Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave and Abbe Pierre have felt. I came out of prison a Christian, a pacifist, and an anarchist. Steve Nelson in his book shows a sense of this same courage, of this same integrity, of this same feeling, but he it seems did not have enough pressure to change his theories.

Nelson defended the charge of Communist infiltration of factories hurled against him by the notorious defender of Mussolini, Judge Musmanno, by saying in Court: "Communists go into plants because that is where the workers are. The boss hires us as workers, we earn our living by working. We share the lot of the workers, so when workers gain shorter hours, or increase their wages, or win job protection, we stand to benefit with them. . . . What the prosecution calls 'infiltration' simply means that we work in the plant, but don't put a sign on ourselves so the boss can fire us. If we told the boss that we were Communists, we couldn't get jobs, so we don't tell him, that is all! What is wrong with that?"

There is more than one way to

serve the cause of justice; there are "those not of the fold" who also live true to the portion of truth which they know. Such were Mother Bloor and Ruthenberg and such also is Steve Nelson, worker, organizer, and ex-convict who puts to shame the paid stoolies of the FBI who have sought to kill the spirit of freedom in America.



GREEN MAGIC

By JOHN STANLEY

"Green Magic" is a documentary film about a large patch of God's wonderful earth and the handsome and noble people who inhabit it. There's a nice balance of beauty—a wedding dance in a Peruvian village; horror—piranha fish eating down to the bones, a live steer sacrificed by the gauchos to get their herd across a river; sex—in the religious dance of Brazilian voodoo; a short poignant story of a lone rubber hunter and his family; the splendor of the jungle and its animals; and one even recalls laughing here and there.

But the important point—and the reason for reporting it here—is that it is a view of reality that is so hard to come by in the life lived at third remove that it is the lot of so many in this culture. This is not to imply that life among the "natives" of the urban-industrial collectives is less real than life among the "natives" of green jungle or Andean agrarian-pastoral villages; the only point is that the latter is also reality—and very simple and intense; and it fills one with admiration and desire. There are good things there, and this is cleverly evident, and becomes more so when one comes out onto 57th Street.

Saying this puts one immediately on the defensive; one feels the necessity of defending himself against the charge of the romanticism of Rousseau. But it is not romantic to recognize the great attractiveness of the picture of the Indian-Spanish-Catholic culture, of the handsome inhabitants of a village in the Andes. These people, you say, have great dignity; they wear beautiful clothes; they worship; their dances have grace and are a delight to watch; their faces and bodies are strong and lean through an unconscious asceticism of suffering accepted and work accepted and frugality accepted. They can laugh gently and quietly because they have a brand of freedom few here either know nor, if they were to consider it, in the abstract, would they find desirable. Paradise, Eden, is not to be found there, but a firm and virile earth under a clean sky. It seems precious at this time because something else is closing in rather quickly.

The film was made by a party of four Italians led by Count Leonardo Bohzi. The commentary was not unfortunate; it was in good taste; humble; it was written by the late James Agee.

In Silence Men Love

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, By Ralph Harper. Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y., \$2.50; Reviewed by Anthony Aratari.

This book has an attractive theme, though it must be said that it is not everyman's dish. Drawing heavily on Gabriel Marcel, the French Catholic existentialist philosopher, and other modern existentialists, the author, Mr. Ralph Harper, has very subjectively interpreted Grimm's fairy tale *The Sleeping Beauty*. The Princess Briar-Rose, as some may recall, and all those who lived in the castle with her slept a hundred years until a Prince from another country finally came along and braved the supposed terrors of a thorn-hedge, whose yearly growth had completely hidden the castle. He kissed her and she awoke as did all the others, everything coming out right in the end, which is to say, the Princess and Prince were married.

Accommodating the story to the realm of moral philosophy, the author says that Beauty sleeps, and by Beauty he means a primordial order still subsisting and available, until the patient, loyal search for princely values: justice, permanence and presence unlocks at the appropriate moment (this knowing how to wait is crucial to a successful quest), the plenitude that comes as a reward though essentially undeserved and which all men seek and somehow remember having experienced as possible in nostalgia and longing.

Marcel's preoccupation with the meaning of "presence" is made

much of by the author. "A man who is present to another can be counted on. Circumstances will not alter his promise or his readiness. To be present is to see someone as a 'you' rather than an 'it.' To be present is to be faithful, not to the abstract principle but to the particular need and character of the person before one." He claims that "there are four kinds of pressure which encourage" the "non recognition, homelessness, and anonymity" in our time: "the reality of collectivist States, bourgeois indifference, the acceleration and overwhelming complexity of modern life" and "the perennial pressure of affliction."

How do we create again a world where "presence" is possible? Repeating the words of Max Picard and Kierkegaard, he makes a plea for silence. "The atmosphere of presence, of giving, of wholeness, is silence. We know that serious things have to be done in silence, because we do not have words to measure the immeasurable. In silence men love, pray, listen, compose, paint, write, think, suffer. These experiences are all occasions of giving and receiving, of some encounter with forces that are inexhaustible and independent of us."

In some respects, the author, though what he says is true enough and needs saying, is not entirely successful in accommodating the fairy tale to his point of view: the resemblance of story parts to corresponding ideas is not detailed. The comparisons are broadly made, which may account for a certain inconclusiveness in the book. Still, it is a good book, written with charm and eloquence.

THE BRIDGE

One of the most interesting publications of the year, "The Bridge," has just been received. It is the first of a series of annual volumes published under the editorship of Father John Oesterreicher for the Institute of Judaean-Christian Studies of Seton Hall University. This first Year-book is a collection of some twenty essays on subjects ranging from Raissa Maritain's remarkable study on Abraham and the growth of the human conscience in history, through the Abbot of Downside's scholarly examination of the Gospel of St. Matthew, down to a timely essay on the case of the Finaly children. The title of the volume signifies the desire of the editors to bridge the chasm between Christians and Jews, helping each to a better understanding of the other. Too late for review, in this issue we will carry a lengthy survey of this exciting collection next month.

Misery

Peguy wrote, "We are not able to believe that there is no misery even though we do not face up to its presence; it is there all the same, and it faces up to us."

Here is the sinewy strength of the destitute man that he knows himself for his wretchedness and, powerless to act, honestly sees those who will not share his suffering.

We cannot believe there is no misery in the world in spite of how we train our eyes to always ignore it: so, to ignore a truth about ourselves.

If one slim second we forget our plan to never look we jolt to see that this destitute one has been facing us always looking with large, all-knowing eyes.

We flinch at this mirror. Walk quick stepped pursued by a haunt of truth about ourselves.

Presently we forget what manner of man He is, what manner of man we are.

MARY RYAN BOYD

DEATH ON THE LEVEE

By STANLEY BECKER

(We hope that we are not going to offend anyone by running this story. Stanley Becker who wrote it was staying with us two summers ago at the Peter Maurin Farm, and in between painting pictures on wood and digging clay for modelling down on Claypit road, he wrote this story. I had asked him for it, since I too knew Mr. Jackson. But the story only came to light a few months ago in one of our intensive house-cleanings when we were looking for more room to put more people. We hope Stanley hasn't already sold the story; if it is printed some place else, in some other magazine, then let us call it a reprint. It is well worth reprinting.)

The first time we met Mr. Jackson, was when he came to dinner with his wife on Mott Street ten years ago. He told us he was a knifethrower and his wife was the one who stood by to be outlined by his art. Marge Hughes' children sat there gaping at them in wonder, thinking of the circuses they had seen. We thought the combination of knifethrower and indocinator fascinating.

I met him on my last visit to New Orleans, paying a Sunday morning call in his old shack on the levee. It was most romantic poverty. It was a sunny, warm day and we lingered there over coffee and conversation. Later when we were crossing the main line train tracks which separated the levee from the town, we came across a man who was drunk, lying across the tracks as though he were the victim in a melodrama, and he refused to move. It took some cajoling on the part of our host to get him up, and the last I saw of Mr. Jackson was him leading his tottering brother over to his home by the river for a safer sleeping-off period. God bless him for the good samaritan he was. May he rest in peace. Ed. note)

"If I should die in the night and it is possible to arrange for my funeral at a Mass, I would like it done so. If I die in the day, too late for a funeral Mass I would like to be buried that same day. At whatever time I die I would like my body to be buried within twenty-four hours.

"I do not wish to be embalmed. When I am dead dress my body in a Franciscan habit such as I am entitled to wear as a member of the Third Order of St. Francis.

"Lay my body on a litter of wooden boards without sides, top or cover, and fasten my body securely. Cover it with a white sheet. Carry the litter and my body into the Church and to the cemetery in that manner.

"No special mark shall be used to mark my burial place. It is my desire that as little money as possible be spent on my burial.

"If I or my wife have any superfluous riches at the time of my death — and God forbid it — I direct my wife to give those riches to the poor.

"I also desire that my wife pray sincerely and earnestly for my soul."

This is what Mr. Jackson, age 53, wrote as he clutched at his heart to feel its last beat. He was a slightly built man with a beard. His hair was brown with traces of grey and his eyes gleamed with a look of youth. The scene was an old shack along the Mississippi levee at New Orleans which Mr. and Mrs. Jackson called home. This was a house of visible poverty, constructed of drift wood and packing crates fished from the water, built upon pilings high above the reach of the river at flood stage. The dwelling was quaint, furnished with rummage sale tables and chairs, hand made objects of bent willow twigs and primitive pottery. The windows were draped with burlap and upon the walls were religious block-prints and water colors, and a framed document giving evidence that Mr. Jackson once had an audience with the Pope.

It was all very typical. A perfect background for Mr. Jackson to perform his last great scene. For Mr. Jackson was a showman to the end, a true son of St. Francis with a flair for the dramatic.

Beams from the setting sun about to plunge into the wide expanse of the river filtered through the back cabin door, spotlighting Mr. Jackson as he slumped to the

tar-papered floor. Mrs. Jackson walked in, stoically accepted the situation and calmly phoned for a priest.

That night, as the body of Mr. Jackson lay lifeless, clothed in a brown habit upon wooden boards, the rain-drops played a soft staccato upon the tin roof of the cabin. Many people came to view the body of the character with a beard who greatly resembled the poor man of Assisi. Some came out of curiosity. Some came to pray. These were the strange batture dwellers.

The batture dwellers are those unregimented people who lived along that section of land between the edge of the river and the levees high embankment in the Carrollton section of New Orleans. They lived in makeshift cabins and house boats. Some of them are Gypsies by heredity. All of them are gypsies by avocation. Ex-circus performers, poets, painters, writers, musicians, derelicts of various descriptions, simple poor folks with lots of kids, both white and black, comprise a motley group. Mr. Jackson was a sort of missionary to these people and as a true missionary he considered himself as one of them.

As the night grew on the dwellers at the wake grew in number. The rain was heavier now, beating as a drum upon the roof. There was flashes of lightning and sounds of loud thunder and banana trees which surrounded the place rustled in the storm.

Special permission was granted by the archbishop to carry out Mr. Jackson's will to the letter. The next morning his body was taken to St. Louis Cathedral in a truck and his litter was carried into church by pallbearers who were Catholic and Protestant. Some Jewish friends came for the services. The requiem was celebrated by a monsignor who had been an ardent admirer and after Mass Mr. Jackson's body was taken to New Orleans most historic cemetery and placed in an old abandoned tomb.

Lush vegetation engulfed many monuments of the past, wherein lay the remains of the greats and would-be greats. Those who made history and those who made good. Crumbling marble, etched by the forces of weather, tinted with green of dissolution bemoaned the dustiness of delusions of grandeur. Here in this most historic cemetery was placed the body of Mr. Jackson in an unmarked grave. And mocking birds sang in the trees.

In his youth Mr. Jackson felt that showmanship was his vocation, and so he joined a circus; not for a lark but for a living. His talents were many and varied. He was once a magician, and then a barker and then again a business man operating popcorn and cotton-candy concessions. Sometimes his business ventures proved lucrative and even though he made much from time to time he always gave his money away. Perhaps a fellow performer's wife was going to have a baby or perhaps someone was victim of alcohol and needed cash to straighten out an old debt. Mr. Jackson was always giving money away and he gave from his heart. Being on the move always, he felt the money had the power to impede.

Mr. Jackson met a young girl who worked with him in a knife-throwing act. They later married and wished for a large family but Providence gave them one boy. The Jacksons traveled the circuit from town to town calling no place their home, refusing to be trapped by the delusion of security. But they did have a sense of being a family unit.

Across the map of America the Mississippi River system spreads like an infinite vine. (Truly Christ might have said: "You are the tributaries. I am the River leading out to Sea.") And so after many wanderings and deviations Mr. Jackson found God at the root of the River which is New Orleans.

New Orleans, the Crescent City, the land of Lafitte the Pirate, the land of the Mardi Gras is an obvious end for all those who have an affinity for showmanship or a flair for drama. For those people who dream of escaping from the crushing demands of the world, for those who dream of living it up. But the day after Mardi Gras is Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent, and though Mr. Jackson came to New Orleans as a Carnival Clown his atonement began as a second St. Francis.

One night while walking through the French Quarter Mr. Jackson noticed a small crowd in the Square surrounding a priest who was delivering a talk for the Catho-

lic Evidence Guild. In a flash Mr. Jackson said to himself "This is it!" He knew for sure what his true vocation was meant to be. He was going to use his talents as a showman to bring the message of Christ to crowds of people.

But changing from a "carney" man to a street preacher of Catholicism is not as simple as all that. The Evidence Guild requires more than showmanship. Its members being masters of apologetics who pass rigid requirements, taking periodical tests given by the Archbishop. Mr. Jackson was formally un-educated and what's more he was not even a practicing Catholic!

He must have been inspired, for he immediately returned to the Church, studied up on Catholic doctrine and in a short while was ready for the Guild. He was either inspired or he was a genius. Or perhaps a combination of both.

Once in the Guild Mr. Jackson preached everywhere — in the Square, in parks, on the main streets and back alleys. He usually prefaced a lecture by performing a stunt. Sometimes he would do somersaults or perhaps juggle oranges. Sometimes he would draw cartoons on a blackboard. Sometimes he would perform a shell game or do card tricks or pull a rabbit out of a hat. All this was bound to attract a crowd, and once their hearts were lightened Mr. Jackson would give them the message of Christ.

His answers were simple and direct and sometimes amazing. The audience loved his manner of delivery and they loved Mr. Jackson.

"What is God?" he would say in a voice which was loud and clear, without the harshness of the typical barker. "The gentleman in the front row wants to know what God is. God is Love. He is Justice. He is Mercy. That is the God we Catholics believe in. That is the only true God. There are some people who think of God as a policeman up in the sky, forever shaking a club, saying 'You must do this! You must do that or you will be damned!' There are others who think of God as a kindly old gentleman with a flowing white beard, who subscribes to the Readers Digest and gives peppermint candy to children. If I thought of God in either of these senses I would call myself an atheist."

Mr. Jackson was with the Evidence Guild for many years and reached thousands of people. It is impossible to gauge his influence as a street preacher.

But Mr. Jackson was not a specialist—unless you consider Catholic Action a specialty. For that heading covered the extent of his diversified talents. Besides being a speaker, he was a writer. He worked as an editor for Catholic Action of the South newspaper and also wrote stories and books on Catholic fiction. As a member of the Third Order of St. Francis he was more than a joiner. He followed Francis closely, even to the point of growing a beard. In time he would have combined the work of the Evidence Guild with the Third Order, and would have gotten permission to wear the brown habit on missionary journeys throughout the South. He often dreamed of himself as a barefooted brown-robed wanderer going through the Negro back-road country with horse and buggy.

His concern for the poor was great and though he advocated the formation of cooperatives among poor tenant farmers, the sons of slaves, and plantation owners who had seen other days, he was not a social reformer. Altho he loved the poor, and was one of them, he did not hate the rich. He looked upon the rich man as one to be pitied rather than envied. For the man who owned a Cadillac was a weakling. He was sick psychologically and spiritually. He needed a Cadillac as a crutch. But Mr. Jackson was not wishy-washy. Tho he did not look upon the bourgeois or the aristocrat with scorn, he did consider involuntary poverty a terrible thing.

Mr. Jackson's friends were and are many, offering various contrasts. Bishops and country priests, college professors and French Quarter bohemians; tycoons with delusions of making New Orleans into a second New York and simple roustabouts who sit on the edge of the levee in meditation, watching the River that forever rolls out to the Sea.

"The whole essence of a Christian life is not to take part in the corruption of the world, but to oppose constantly any indulgence in that corruption." (Leo XIII Exeunte iam Anno.)

"The State which should be intent only on justice and the common good, has become instead a slave bound over to the service of human passion and greed." (Pius XI Quadragesimo Anno.)

November 11

Most people think of what was formerly Armistice Day: the end of World War I, when this date is mentioned. With another World War and conscription a regular thing the patriots do not have the nerve to call it Armistice Day anymore, for we are in a continual state of war.

In reality this holiday of November 11 belongs to Catholics and anarchists. It is the Feast Day of St. Martin of Tours, pacifist who refused to take a soldiers bonus from the Emperor, saying that he would appear before the enemy in the morning without sword or shield, defended only by God. The enemy surrendered without a fight in the morning and the fame of Martin, who later became Bishop of Tours, grew all over France. He died Nov. 11, 397.

It was on Nov. 11, 1887 that the anarchist Haymarket martyrs were hanged because of their advocacy of the 8 hour day in Chicago. The government never tried to capture

Rudolph Schnaubel, who is supposed to have thrown the bomb, but in traditional fashion upheld the status of the employer, the International Harvester Company. Albert Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer and George Engel were hanged. Louis Lingg had either committed suicide a few days before or had been murdered by the police.

It was Spies who said on the scaffold: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today." And it was Parsons who was 500 miles away from the bombing, and who came to give himself up to be tried with his comrades who said, "Caesar kept me awake till late at night with the noise (music) of hammers and saws erecting his throne, my scaffold."

In November 1937 Lucy Parsons, wife of Albert Parsons, spoke at the 50th anniversary meeting of the Haymarket, in Milwaukee. I was chairman of the meeting, and radicals of all groups spoke. The ushers were those of the Catholic Worker group.

A. H.

Catholic Workers

A reader from Colorado sends us a clipping from the Rocky Mountain News telling of a truck turning over into a deep ditch southeast of Denver filled with 55 Spanish agricultural workers being transported from near the Border of Texas to the sugar-beet fields of Wyoming. One boy of 11 months was injured and died. This truck went through the state with a permit from the Colorado Department of Employment Security. It seems that Federal and State laws regulate the transportation of animals but migrant workers are crowded for hundreds of miles in rush seasons when profits are to be made from the subsidies handed out by the government.

For publication in November

MEDITATIONS IN ADVENT

Sebastian Bullough, O.P.

First published in the Tablet during Advent 1954, these meditations were so well received that it seemed to follow as a matter of course that they should be published as a short booklet to encourage fruitful preparation for this great festival of the Church.

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The Condition of Labor

By Robert Steed

This is the first installment of a regular column on the present "condition of labor." Peter Maurin once said: "Strikes don't strike me. Industrialism doesn't interest me. I am a peasant, a medievalist. People are always telling me I can't go back. It's nonsense. They can't go ahead. They are in a blind alley of industrialism and can't go anywhere. Just some more speed and a mad dash after money."*

We agree with Peter as to the failure of capitalist-industrialism, but it seems that the system is here to stay for a while. And therefore one cannot ignore the injustices the working man is subjected to and simply tell him to go "back to the land." The majority of workers are simply not willing to accept this solution. So we must speak out and expose the social sins and attempt to work within the existing set-up of labor unions etc. There is no real criticism of Peter implied here. He was a worker and identified himself with the poor. He detested the injustice of the system so much that he simply wanted to have nothing to do with it. He was a prophet and as such was impatient with anything less than the perfect social order.

Negroes Shot

Twelve Negroes were shot by four hooded white men in Umatilla, Fla., while attending a union meeting on Oct. 22nd. None (thank God) were seriously hurt. Unionism has always had a "hard row to hoe" in the South and especially the Negro in the union but incidents like this (which seem to be on the increase) are creating an intolerable situation. The Negro is easy going and pacific by nature and usually goes out of his way to be conciliatory. He has a noble sense of service. This is especially visible in his relations with his family. But we wonder how much longer he will be able to stand such insults and affronts to his human dignity. If ever there was a case of a just violent revolution this would be it. But of course violence is never a solution and is a violation of the Lord's teaching in the Sermon on the Mount.

Kohler Strike

This strike now in its 19th month, the longest in the nation's history. The heroic Kohler employees should serve as a model of persistence and willingness to undergo hardship for a principle; the natural right of men to organize for their own defense. The Kohler Co. has as its main objective the destruction of the union. The company announced that it will "never" re-hire the officers of the union. The Kohler Co. has said that a "minimum" of 500 of the original 2,000 employees will be re-hired in the event that the strike is ever settled.

The Kohler Co. has refused outside arbitration. The Kohler Co. insists that one group of workers, the enamelers, eat their lunch while working. The Kohler Co. insists that all the "scabs" now working be retained after the strike is terminated. Recently Msgr. Henry Riordan of St. Joseph's parish at Fond du Lac, Wisc., wrote in a pastoral letter to his parishioners: "The Ford Corporation has settled its differences with labor

peaceably and quickly. At the same time 'Kohler of Kohler' is still dragging on the year-long crucifying of its employees." Don't buy Kohler products and participate in this crucifixion.

Picketing Banned

A New York State court recently decreed that union picketing can be forbidden if it causes "actual harm" to the employer's business. "What fools these mortals be." Just what does the judge think picketing is for. It's no fun to get a sign and parade up and down a public thoroughfare and make a spectacle of yourself. The workers don't resort to such tactics unless the employer forces them to. The judge that handed down this decree is either woefully un-enlightened or else anti-labor.

Martial Law

During a mass demonstration caused by the firing of thirty-five strikers at the Perfect Circle Corp. plant in New Castle, Ind., eight persons were shot among strikers and scabs. The Governor, George Craig, declared martial law and put the National Guard on duty to discourage any new outbreak of violence. The plant continues to be operated by scabs. The main issue in the strike is the company's opposition to a union shop. The situation is now at a standstill, the union refusing to negotiate "in the shadow of fixed bayonets and Sherman tanks."

Speed-Up

Recently a spontaneous strike broke out at Motor Products Corp. as a result of seven or eight workers being fired because they refused to be speeded-up. It was estimated that eighty per cent of the workers joined the picket line. When the second shift came on the scene they refused to cross the picket line and many of them joined it. They ignored the pleas of the union officials and management to go in to work. Incidents like this one show how far some of the labor leaders are drifting from the rank and file. The union leaders agreed with the company that the men who were fired would be reinstated but would lose their seniority. Such men are a far cry from men like Debs and Joe Hill who remained close to the workers and refused to imitate the bosses.

News Notes

Local 1424, United Packinghouse Workers of America-CIO have been on strike against Godchaux Sugar, Reserve, La., since April 14th. We ask our readers not to buy this scab-made sugar. The Bishops of Ceylon in a pastoral letter recently upheld the right of workers to strike for just demands. The letter condemned "exaggerated capitalism and totalitarian communism" and called for an equitable distribution of the goods of the world. This month we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Eugene Debs. If you don't know of this great labor leader who suffered much for the cause of labor we suggest you go to the library and take out a biography of him. You will be inspired. In an address by Sec. of Labor James Mitchell before the "Conference on Equal Job Opportunity" we are reminded again of the materialistic nature of capitalism: "I take it that the primary motive in the operation of business under our free enterprise system still is profit."

Boycott Applesauce

In one of the most brutal acts of "union busting" in California in ten years, William Grami, organizer for the Sebastopol Cannery Workers (International Brotherhood of Teamsters - AFL), was kidnapped, tied to a telephone pole, and beaten into unconsciousness with a bicycle chain. This act of terrorism occurred one week after the failure of year old efforts by the union organizers to meet with the cannery owners to discuss sub-standard wages and working conditions, overtime paid at straight time rates, and mass firings of union sympathizers in the canneries.

The failure of the cannery owners to air employee grievances with the union organizers resulted in a strike at eight canneries in the Sebastopol area on August 4th. The beating of William Grami took place on August 12th, but contrary to predictions of violent retaliation on the part of the strikers, the strike



has progressed with intelligent planning by the union. A national boycott of Sebastopol applesauce, apple juice, and sliced apples has met with heartening success. Housewives across the country have shown their willingness to help with the organization of a group of workers who have labored too long under the autocratic rule of employers who think that a woman, working in the overflow of cannery troughs where she is constantly drenched, should be glad of 85 cents an hour.

The struck Sebastopol firms produce applesauce under brand names of, Lake Mead and Highway (carried by Safeway) Stokely, Wellman, Appleland, Dietreat, Sun Blest, Glen-Rio, Comstock, Lady's Choice, S & W, Del-Haven, Westlake, Monarch. It should be emphasized that it is only those products canned at Sebastopol that are involved in the boycott; however reports coming into union headquarters indicate that the Sebastopol canneries pack under so many labels, and have concealed it often by indicating only the head office address of the distributor, that the most effective way to help would be to buy only those brands displaying the union label.

Carol Perry

What is Happening?

(Continued from page 2)

that we were in fact a private enterprise, and worked for profit, and that if we chose to spend our profits on feeding thousands, it was nevertheless not legally a charitable organization. That was all very well, and we are quite content with that finding. We have never claimed tax exemption on the grounds of being a charitable organization, nor any other privileges. Our taxes at Chrystie street, amount to thirteen hundred a year and our taxes at Peter Maurin Farm are seven hundred.

We are making quite a sizable contribution in taxes to the city and have never questioned our responsibility to keep fire departments, water departments, health and welfare departments of the city supported by taxes.

Our taxes were going to pay that same official who informed me that unless Charles McCormick, Ammon Hennacy and I did all the work in feeding, housing, cleaning, clothing, and cleaning up after everyone who came to us—if we accepted any help from anyone around us—then we were liable for any injury sustained by anyone of the thousands we fed. "And you are going to find yourself in great trouble," he finished sternly. "Better get yourself a lawyer."

Poor old Arthur was in again last night to the very good dinner of red cabbage and corn beef, and boiled potatoes. We eat family style when it comes to bread and oleo, and potatoes, and tea and sugar and milk, and no one questioned him, and he ate his fill, God bless him. As he left he came over to me and said, "I've got forty cents towards my bed money tonight and need another dime. The

price of flops has gone up." He is too deaf to hear any reproaches I might have made, if I had wanted to make them, or any warnings either, that by his very asking for a dime, he was breaking the laws of the great State of New York, which prohibits begging. If you beg, you can be arrested. If you sell without a license you can be arrested, and many cannot get a license. So the poor are damned if they do and damned if they don't.

And the other trouble? It was Federal income taxes and investigations for Ammon Hennacy, Charlie McCormick, Carol Perry and me. Charlie has had no income for all the years he is with The Catholic Worker, but the rest of us could acknowledge having earned money on which we did not pay taxes, and which we refuse to pay because eighty per cent of the money so gathered goes for wars past and present. The others were treated with great courtesy, but one of the revenue agents made a coldly insulting remark to me based on my past, which was entirely uncalled for. But perhaps he was only stupid so I acted as though I did not hear it.

We have had enough of courts to see what manner of justice is dispensed to the poor, and we continue to rejoice that we are of them. We are learning a lot by these hearings about freedom and liberty and how to protect these great gifts, and one thing is sure, poverty is the great means to freedom in the world today. To be indifferent to the threat of it, to be ready to be deprived of all the things this world holds dear for the sake of the liberty of Christ, this is what it means to be free. D. D.

Friday Night Speakers

Nov. 4th	Michael Harrington	Socialism and Community
Nov. 11th	Mr. Wakefield	The Till Lynching Trial
Nov. 18th	Bogden Denitch	Marxism and Western Culture
Nov. 25th		
Dec. 2nd	Father James McCoy, S.J.	Freedom and Authority
Dec. 9th	George Douart	Condition of the Worker

Unions Must Pay

Just by way of information—here in my hometown the City Commission has just passed an ordinance whereby all union organizers must pay a license fee of \$500 per year! Our city "fathers" have been so anxious lately to get factories here for the "betterment" of our community. Not satisfied with this upsetting of our primarily agrarian system, they shall now assist unscrupulous employers in the exploitation of our labor. I must say, however, that a majority of the Chamber of Commerce came out in a statement to the local paper as being opposed to this exorbitant fee, saying they never asked for such a thing. But on the other hand they, of course, have been the ones most concerned over getting factories here. I just thought that I would pass this on to you for what it is worth. I forgot to mention that the Commission said that they were following the pattern as laid down by another town forty miles from here, Marianna, Florida.

May God bless you and your work always, and I assure you that you and all concerned with the Catholic Worker Movement will be remembered in my prayers and hope that I shall be in yours.

Most sincerely in Jesus and Mary,

George H. Malone

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Street Apostolate

Ammon Hennacy will sell The Catholic Worker during the month:

MONDAY—9:30 to 10:30 p.m.—Cooper Union.

TUESDAY—11:30 to 2 p.m.—Pine and Nassau

9:30 to 10:30 p.m.—New School (12th St. near 6th Ave.).

WEDNESDAY—11:45 to 4 p.m.—Fordham gate (190 St. Fordham Road).

9 to 10 p.m.—Jefferson School (575 6th Ave.).

THURSDAY—7 to 9:30 p.m.—Corner 14th St. and Broadway.

FRIDAY—11:30 to 2 p.m.—43rd and Lexington.

SATURDAY—2 to 4 p.m.—Corner 14th St. and Broadway

SUNDAY—8 to 10 a.m. St. Patrick's—10:30 to 1:30 St. Francis, near

Penn Station.

* Peter Maurin, Christian Radical
 Pio Decimo Press, St. Louis, Mo., 1950.

AIMS, PURPOSES, POSITIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The underlying principles of both are the absolutist conception of ownership and authority, in whomsoever or whatsoever either of these may be vested, and the animalistic notion that physical power confers authority. Capitalism is individualist absolutism, communism is collectivist absolutism. These are necessary consequences of the materialistic denial of the abiding providence or the very existence of God: capitalism is at best deistic in mild or acute form; communism is axiomatically atheistic. This is only the logical development of the prevailing preoccupation with material values to the detriment of others. The material progress of recent centuries has not been paced by spiritual growth.

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

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

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

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

For a Christian social order we advocate a distributism based upon a decentralization of population, of life in general, and particularly of industry both as to location and as to ownership, with emphasis upon life in close contact with the soil, whether as vocation or as avocation. Families with their domiciles and hearths will be grouped in village communities with household and small-shop industries and a network of cooperative associations for production and distribution. In-

Peter Maurin Wrote:

The Age of Chaos

And we are now in the age of chaos.

In an age of chaos people look for a new order.

What makes for chaos is lack of order.

Because people are becoming aware of this lack of order they would like to be able to create order out of chaos.

The time to create order out of chaos is now.

The germ of the present was in the past and the germ of the future is in the present.

The thing to do is to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks.

ST. ELISABETH



TAKES CARE OF THE SICK

The Age of Order

If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos the effect of those decisions will be a better order.

The new order brought about by right decisions will be functional not acquisitive, personalist not socialist, communitarian not collectivist, organic not mechanistic.

The thing to do right now is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

"In these latter times especially . . . in the constitution and administration of States the authority of sacred and divine law is utterly disregarded." (Leo XIII Annum Sacrum.)

dustries unsuited to inhabited areas or incapable of translocation will be manned according to a principle of distributed working time. Ownership of the materials and means of production, regarded as stewardship in keeping with the Christian spirit of detachment from material goods, will be distributed among their users, not concentrated among a few individuals nor in any unitary totality distinct from its members, be it corporation or state.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAILHOUSE

To my 27 companions in Civil Disobedience against H Bomb Air Raid Drills, H & A Bomb Test Explosions, the Bombs themselves, and War in general, 15 June 1955, City Hall Park, New York City.

Jailhouse is a little bit of death.
Not the 'little death' of consummation,
When I, moving from within, say Thou to You,
But Death battenning pudgily on Living,
Violence I-It inflicts on It.

Jailhouse is a blunt-toothed-pudgy worm
Whose gnaw is boredom and whose teeth are screws;
'That long,' says I-It, 'Taste a little death:
Die a little.' You-It is good as dead.

But I within I-It may still say Thou,
—Thou even to I-It that says You-It,
Dissolving violence by a movement from within,
—Thou ever to the Thou Illimitable
Eternally saying Thou when I say Thou.

Jailhouse is a powerless carrion worm
When I say Thou continually to Thee.

Jackson, MacLew,