



Dorothy Day Among Pacifists Jailed

H-BOMB TESTS—The Voice of Rome

Every day is a melancholy step forward on this tragic road; is a hastening to arrive alone, first, with greater advantage. And the human race almost loses hope of being able to stop this homicidal, suicidal madness. To increase the alarm and terror, there have come modern radio-guided missiles, capable of traversing enormous distances, to carry thither, by means of atomic weapons, total destruction to men and things. In order that nations may be checked in this race towards the abyss, we once again raise our voice asking for light and strength from the Risen Christ for those who control the destinies of nations.—"Easter Message, 1956."

In his note handed on Palm Sunday to the Japanese Government's special envoy, the Holy Father left no doubt of his condemnation, not only of the use of nuclear bombs, but also of their manufacture and testing:—

"The growing mastery of man over the terrifying forces of nature gives birth to new and insistent anxieties. In fact the destructive power of nuclear armaments has become unlimited. It is no longer restricted by the critical mass which set a natural limit to the already terrible power of the earliest atomic weapons. Now this unlimited power is used as a threat which, sent from one camp to the other, becomes increasingly catastrophic because each seeks to outdo the other with the growing and unfortunately very real terrors which these weapons inspire. When it is a question of natural disasters one can only bow before what has happened as before the Will of the Almighty. But when disaster occurs as a result of man's perverse desire for dominion, with all the reprisals that that implies, how can such an act not be condemned by every upright soul? Therefore, in place of this useless waste of scientific activity, of labour and materials consumed in the course of preparations for this disaster, the ultimate effects of which, not to mention the immediate immense damage caused, cannot be calculated with certainty—particularly the biological and hereditary effects on living species—in place of this terrifying and wilful race towards death, the wise men of all nations and all faiths should feel the grave moral obligation to pursue the noble end of mastering this energy in the service of man..."

L'Osservatore Romano sharply criticised the speech by Lord Cherwell in the House of Lords on May the 8th discounting the dangers of atomic radiation and regretting the intervention of the Pope and Dr. Schweitzer.

The Pope had deprecated nuclear experiments, said L'Osservatore, not only because they were signs of the increase of ever more catastrophic weapons, but also because of the danger they brought through their radiations to the human organism, biologically and genetically. Many other scientists disagreed with the views of Lord Cherwell, who appeared to be "without political sense."

The Creator's gift of life must not be in any way wasted by His creatures even in order to lessen the fear of a world war, or because life was already being wasted, as in a total war, seeing that experiments were being made again and again all over the face of the globe.

According to the Rome correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" (May 11th), the article was "Written throughout in a tone of great irritation and appeared to have the sanction of the highest Vatican quarters." It concluded by declaring that Lord Cherwell's remarks would provide ammunition for Soviet propagandists.

This material taken from the PAX BULLETIN of England.

"The moralists say that if a Christian, in order to become a soldier or remain one, is required to renounce his faith or to perform habitually in the very pursuance of his military profession acts manifestly forbidden by God, he has no right to become a soldier or remain one. On the contrary, he has the duty to be a conscientious objector."

Father Pierre Lorson, S. J. (France)
"Ecclesia", October, 1950

"If it appeared to me that a war to which I was summoned was manifestly unjust, I should refuse to obey."

Father Andre de Soras, S. J.

"In future all war will be unjust . . . because it will obviously be unnecessary. Refusal of military service in time of war and propaganda against conscription are therefore in conformity with Catholic thought."

Dom Luigi Sturzo, founder of the Italian Popular Party

"Everything that Catholic theology has taught about the lawfulness of participation in war is, in theory, incontestable. In practice, it has become useless today."

Father Franziskus Stratmann, O. P.

"War is no longer an instrument of justice . . . We must have the courage to revise the theological positions on this subject."

Father Cordovani, Master of the Sacred Tribunal (The Vatican)

"Perhaps it is necessary that there arise in our age, in which world unity is being sought, witnesses for peace, wholly determined to make their witness public, martyrs for peace, as in the past there had to be martyrs for purity and for justice."

Semaine Religieuse de Lyon, April, 1950
(From Houtes de Paix, February-March, 1954)
Translated by Martin J. Corbin.

St. JOHN Gualbert



forgiving his enemy

ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

The feast of St. Cyril and Methodius, July 7. Sunday, at the office. It is as hot as blazes, real dog days, and most of the office is out, at meetings or at the beach. The soup line is finished, two hundred or so fed, and Roy Duke is out in the courtyard, in the shade of the tenement next door, slicing tomatoes. There is a basket of celery and one of green peppers on either side of him, a colorful setting. I would like to say that these came from our garden farm in Staten Island, but there the crops have not come in yet, and a drought has not helped matters. The vegetables were purchased by Chas. McCormack on his weekly shopping trip to Washington Market, with Tommie and Red or Mike. Some Fridays they arrive happily with strawberries, or peaches, and this week it was blue berries.

It is one of those quiet Sunday afternoons, after a manic Saturday night at the Chateau Garden on Houston street just around the corner, where a wedding was being celebrated on one floor and a wild dance on the next. I could not sleep so got up and wrote letters until one a.m.

There is an article in PEACE NEWS (England) by Count Michael de la Bedoyere, about the Hydrogen bomb. He wishes that England would not make it, would give up the use of Nuclear weapons. But he does not wish England to be protected by America. He wishes people would explore the possibilities of non-violent resistance, but someone from Poland said that this would work only when the adversary had a moral sense or was stupid. It worked in the case of India versus England because England had a moral sense, and it was used in Germany by Germans

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Four from Our Staff Receive 30-Day Sentence For Defying Civil Defense Drill*

For the third consecutive year members of the Catholic Worker have openly refused to take cover in the mock civil defense air raid and for the third time have been found guilty by the courts of this city. At the first trial in 1955 twenty-eight persons from various pacifist groups received a suspended sentence; 19 pacifists broke the law again in 1956 and the magistrate who presided over the second trial this past January sentenced five of the group, who refused to pay the alternative fine, to five days in jail. They served their time. And now for the third year ten pacifists, some of whom had participated in both previous demonstrations have been sentenced to thirty days in jail and are now serving their sentences in the Women's House of Detention and the various jails for men around the city.

The police, the Civil Defense authorities and the news services had been notified a few days beforehand about the demonstration and were on hand an hour before the sirens blew, announcing the beginning of the drill. The group of ten left the offices of The Catholic Worker about ten minutes before the drill began, walked across the street to the Sara Roosevelt Park and sat down on the benches. When the sirens began to sound the arresting officers asked the group to take shelter. They refused to move. The officers then arrested them and escorted them to a police wagon which had been parked half a block away. They were "booked" at the Elizabeth Street Station and then quickly taken to a court at 151st Street, tried and sentenced.

Our offices were crowded with friends and with the regular occupants of St. Joseph's House and everyone was peering out of one window or another. Those on the first floor were repeatedly warned by the police stationed outside the house to stay away from the windows since you can also be arrested for this, but as soon as he turned his back they were hanging out the windows again. Others went up on the roof or to windows on the upper floors where they watched the procedure unobserved.

Two of our friends rushed up to the court just in time to see the group led away and later before they had returned a policeman came and told us that the ten had been sentenced to 30 days. A young couple, Dick and Joan Moses, were arrested in Times Square where they had a demonstration of their own.

Magistrate Walter J. Bayer told the twelve pacifists: "You're a bunch of heartless individuals who breathe contempt of the law. Read the Bible . . . and see what our Lord Jesus Christ did for penance. . . . You must be bound by rules and regulations . . . You use your religion as an excuse to tell others to break the laws."

This year all those who took part in the demonstration decided to plead guilty, to refuse bail and to refuse to pay any alternative fine. Since this was a third offense for some and as the others knew what they were doing and did it deliberately the 30-day sentence came as

no surprise and even seems rather light.

Many of our friends have expressed great indignation that the sentence was as heavy as it was. Someone said that since it was a mock drill they should have been given a mock trial and a mock sentence. The Commonweal in a very kind editorial protested against the harshness of the sentence but these people seem not to realize what has actually taken place. Twelve persons have defied the State and as John Stanley, one of this issues contributors, said to me a few days ago: "The modern State cannot, of its very nature, stand for any kind of dissent." If it does then it signs its own death warrant. Ammon often quotes one of the anarchists (I think Tolstoy): "Don't assassinate kings, just refuse to obey them." This is very dangerous doctrine and the City of New York knows it; that is why ten pacifists got thirty days.

The American newspapers for the most part played down the demonstration this year. The only Catholic publication which supported Dorothy's action at all was The Commonweal. Most of our publicity has come from the Daily Worker (this is so obviously ironical as to bear no comment). The Times made very little mention. The Post a little more (a news story and a five line editorial). The Village Voice had an article, pictures, and a poem. The foreign mention came from The London Daily Express which called up for a statement and a tape recording a statement, a tape recording was made by a Japanese news service, and the French "Information Catholique" got hold of the story too.

We began picketing the Women's House of Detention on July 16th and our ranks were swelled by members of the War Resisters League and the American Friends Service Committee (Quaker). The latter made our signs for us and we put out a special one page edition of the Catholic Worker to hand out to passerby on the street. So far we have distributed about four thousand. We are picketing every day from noon until two

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* Dorothy Day, Ammon Hennacy, Kerran Duggan, Deane Mowrer.

Ammon Pickets Aug. 6-17

Ammon Hennacy, now serving a thirty day sentence on Hart's Island for refusing to take shelter during the Civil Defense air raid drill, will begin to picket the offices of the U.S. Internal Revenue Agency at Varick St., and W. Houston St., on August 6th and will continue through August 17th. He will also fast, taking only fruit juices. This action is carried out in protest against the government's using most of the money collected from personal income taxes to finance the nuclear arms race. Mr. Hennacy has openly refused to pay his income taxes for the last 12 years.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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during Hitler because the Germans were stupid, presumably, but it would not work in the satellite countries because the Russians themselves outdid the German Nazis (the Germans could go to school to the Russians) and they had no moral sense.

At least this is the gist of the article as I read it on a hot day. The Count's conclusion is that one has to be prepared and fight rather than let civilization be destroyed. But the 2,000 scientists who recently signed a protest against the tests of nuclear weapons believe that atomic warfare will destroy civilization. There is no question of saving it. I believe the Pope has also said this. And how can one keep small wars localized, especially when we are sending jet bombers and nuclear weapons around the world to our air bases, and to South Korea. While disarmament talks go on, we continue to arm, we continue defense spending. Friday-night on the radio Victor Riesel the blind labor reporter said that representatives of unions were in London to beg consideration for the plight of their membership if disarmament really went through. From ten to fifteen million men would be unemployed! So it is recognized that it is defense spending that keeps our prosperity going. We live on the threat of war. It is a hopeful fact that the newspapers give more and more attention to the dangers of atomic war, the words of the scientists as well as the moral leaders of the world.

There is the usual complaint of some of the older readers who also drop in to call, that the paper is not what it used to be. Too much stuff about war and preparation for war, and the duty of building up resistance. But I repeat, in Peter Maurin's day, the problem was unemployment. It was the time of depression. We still need to build up the vision of a new social order wherein justice dwells, and try to work for it here and now. We still need to perform the works of mercy because in spite of full employment there is still sin, sickness and death, and the hunger and homelessness and destitution that go with so much sickness, and our industrial system.

But the work of non-violent resistance to our militarist state must go on. Some readers, and old friends too, ask us why we do not protest Russian tests as well as English and American. We can only say that we have—over and over. In the two talks I gave on May Day before left wing groups, I stressed the numbers of unannounced nuclear tests made in Russia. Why don't we picket the Russian embassy, another wants to know. For one thing, we have only one chronic picketer, Ammon Hennacy, and for another, we believe in taking the beam out of our own eye, we believe in loving our enemy, and not contributing to the sum total of hatred and fear of him already in the world.

Today is the feast of Saints

Cyril and Methodius, the apostles to the Slavs, and in Jubilee magazine it is stressed how they were persecuted by their own, by the Roman Catholics, and how Roman Catholic bishops of Germany contributed to bringing about the schism between west and east.

The Gospel for this feast gives the directives of Jesus Christ.

"At that time, the Lord appointed also other seventy-two; and He sent them two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself was to come. And He said to them, The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest. Go, behold, I send you as lambs among wolves. Carry neither purse, nor script, nor shoes, and salute no man by the way. Into whatsoever house you enter, first say, Peace be to this house. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon him. But if not, it shall return to you."

The Bible reading of the day in the Roman breviary is about David and Goliath and also contains a lesson for us all. David could not walk in the armor Saul sought to clothe him in, but went out with a staff and stone. And the staff prefigured the cross and the stone Christ, according to St. Augustine.

Sts. Cyril and Methodius went to conquer a barbarous people and won them to Christianity. It was the so called Christians who martyred these saints.

Here on page 8 we publish the commentary of St. Chrysostom on this passage of the gospel, behold I send you as lambs among wolves."

A Sister who was in prison for several years under the Chinese said that they came to her then and said, "Now you are like us, you are even poorer than we. Your Lord told you to go with neither purse nor script and you come with your higher standards of living, the rich among the poor, with schools and hospitals and missions. The Communists come with neither scrip nor staff and go from village to village and teach the people how to help themselves."

Of course we know that the Communists also come with arms, with the use of force, with the threat of liquidation to all who do not conform. It is that very use of force that is the heart of the problem today. The means become the ends. We cannot force people to be good, to be just, to share with their brothers. But Peter Maurin said, We must make the kind of society in which it is easier to be good. We must make it, and we can only begin with the works of mercy, with sharing what we have, with voluntary poverty.

We must do more. We cannot keep silent in the face of the bomb tests, we cannot ignore what we have done in the past to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Each year on that anniversary, beginning August 6, Ammon Hennacy fasts for as many days as there are years since the

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Christ in the Wilderness

By FATHER F. T. PRINCE

Of his great picture, I. N. Kramskoi wrote to a friend in 1872:—

"It is now five years since He stood so persistently before my eyes: I was forced to paint Him to dispel the Vision. I never doubted that there was nothing of this earth about Him—nothing except the form. Does this form bear witness of the august thought? I thought, prayed and suffered much. One night I went for a walk and wandered so long and so far that I grew frightened—and I saw a figure like a statue: in the morning light weary, outworn, suffering, He sat alone amongst the sad and chilly boulders. His hands were grasped one in the other, tightly, conclusively; His fingers interlocked; His feet bruised and wounded; His head bent forward. He was lost in thought and so silent that it seemed His lips were glued together . . . He felt nothing, neither the cold, nor the stiffness of His limbs from long sitting. Nothing was stirring; only on the horizon, a black cloud was rising out of the east, and a



THIS IS MY BODY

few hairs were blown back, horizontally by the breeze . . . It grew terrible. How often have I wept over that figure . . . Was it POSSIBLE to paint Him? . . . I have painted Him . . . Perhaps it is a profanation but I could not do otherwise . . . I painted it with my blood and with my tears."

How much appreciation of this picture, one wonders, had the education authorities in the U.S.S.R. when recently they gave Kramskoi his rightful place in the evolution of Russian art? Was it, in any way, significant that CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS was the picture selected (with two others) to illustrate the work of the painter? (One recalls, by the way, that it was at Christmas two years ago that the Madonna and Child illustrated Russia's most read journal—even though the caption was "The most perfect portrayal of motherhood.") Did they, when they re-presented Kramskoi's Christ to the Soviet public entirely forget the decision that Our Lord Jesus Christ made in the desert, and how that decision coloured the whole of His subsequent life among men, the whole of the Gospel narrative? That He refused to turn stones into bread, to make a name for Himself by advertisement, though at a homely little party He converted water into wine; though, when He pitied the tired and hungry multitude, He fed five thousand of them with a handful of food. That, saving those acts of love and mercy He gave no material proof of His Messiahship; that He had little comfort for the materialist and the megalomaniac, though there came chances to take His kingdom by force and opportunism (even as kingdoms are snatched today). For His mission rested on the Absolute Value alone, supremely on the value of love. He was tempted to solve the bread problem, to drive out of the world for all time the menace of economic misery. In

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Thou Shalt Not Kill

With this issue we begin the publishing in regular installments of "Thou Shalt Not Kill" by Father Johannes Ude. Dr. Ude was for many years professor of moral theology at the University of Graz in Austria. We are publishing this work in The Catholic Worker first of all as a tribute to Dr. Ude for his long years of devotion to the peace movement and secondly in the hope that among our 60,000 readers there may be a publisher who would be willing to bring this unique work out in book form. The translation was done by a religious in the midwest and has been edited and put into more readable English by a member of the Catholic Worker editorial staff.

R. S.

Foreward to the German Edition:

This book, a gift to me from my dear and honored friend of many years, Dr. Johannes Ude, seemed destined to become the last testament of a fighter for Christian action and human dignity.

Written while in continual danger to his life under the dictatorship of Adolf Hitler between the years 1941 and 1944, during a time of banishment from his homeland because of his open criticism of the persecution of the Jews, my friend turned over to me this "child of his heart" a few days before his second imprisonment (August 1944 to April 1945) as a personal present with which I could do whatever I might wish.

Brave men have guarded and hidden the manuscript, thereby saving it from the Gestapo. I now turn it over to humanity, to the public eye with the following wishes:

May many Christians in thought become Christians in deed. May many subjects of all countries finally become citizens of one country.

May many men capable of thought become thinking human beings, including men in all political parties.

May many mothers change from being machines for the birth of cannon fodder into being true mothers.

The book will be subject to attacks and attempts at contradiction, yet the command of God "Thou Shalt Not Kill" remains the word of God. Personally I hope the book has as many enemies as possible and endures longlasting struggles in order to fulfill its mission, that it will not be silenced, and that it will thunder in the ears of the spiritually deaf: "Thou shalt not kill even though you are a Christian."

May God extend the influence of this book, which is dedicated to the uncounted victims of all the nations and dictators of World War II, in order that the millions who have died will not have done so in vain.

Hanns Kobinger

* * *

"Nothing is more urgent than to work against war, and every striving in this regard must be considered a praiseworthy action, for the common good and for the engendering of a Christian attitude among the world's people." Pope Leo XIII, Feb. 11, 1889, to his Cardinals.

The Eyes of the Eternal Brother
Was it merely good fortune—No! there is no such thing—it must have been God's Providence, which, during the Christmas holidays of 1942, put Stephen Zweig's legend "The Eyes of the Eternal Brother" into my hands. This legend really ought to be read by everyone before reading this treatise, but as this legend would be available to only a very few I will give a sketch of it here:

Virata is the chief character or rather the hero of this legend. He returns home victorious after a successful military campaign. But during that war he has slain his own brother, sleeping in the darkness of the night, without knowing it. The next morning he sees to his horror what he has done. The blank eyes of his dead brother

stare at him and Virata is seized with fear; the vision of his dead brother follows him incessantly.

At the victory celebrations the king hands his successful commander a sword. At this point the author of the legend put the following words in Virata's mouth.

"My Lord, leave this sword in the treasury because I have taken a vow never to wield a sword again since I killed my only brother, who came out of the same womb as I did and who played with me at my mother's feet. I killed my brother and now I know that every man who kills a man kills his brother. I cannot be a General any longer because in the sword there is violence and violence destroys love. Anyone who takes part in the sin of killing is lost. I do not want to be the cause of fear and I prefer to eat the bread of beggars rather than sin against this truth that has been shown me."

At that the king said: "As you know guilt, and weigh guilt as a just man, you will be supreme among my judges and will pronounce sentence on the steps of my palace so that truth will be guarded in my walls and justice protected in my domain."

Virata now becomes supreme judge. He judges severely but justly; his verdict is pronounced only after mature reflection. And so the legend continues: Virata's mouth never uttered the penalty of death, not even to the guiltiest man, and he rejected those who urged the supreme penalty. Because he would not shed blood he locked the guilty in dungeons or sent them into the mountains where they had to break stones for the walls of gardens or in the rice mills on the river where they turned the wheels with the elephants; for he respected life.

Now it happened that Virata condemned a young man who had committed murder many times and who had been brought from a great distance by his accusers to eleven years in the lowest rock dungeons and to eleven scourgings a year. "But he is not to lose his life" commands Virata because life is given by the gods and no human may touch what belongs to them. "May the verdict I pronounced be just."

But the condemned man does not consider the verdict just and says: "Why do you not kill me? I have killed as man against man but you lock me up as a carion in the darkness of the earth so that I must rot from the years and this because you cannot stand the sight of blood and your stomach is weak. Arbitrariness is your law and torture is your sentence. Kill me, because I have killed."

To that Virata replies: "I justly measured out your punishment."

"Justly measured," replies the youth. What is your measuring rod? Who has scourged you, so that you would know how to measure the scourging? How do you count the years, as if they were spent indifferently, either in light or in darkness, as if there was a comparison between them? Have you sat in a dungeon so that you would know how many springs of the year you take out of my days? You are ignorant and no judge, because only he who feels the blow knows it, not he who delivers it. Only he who has suffered is allowed to measure suffering. Your pride dares to punish the guilty and you are the guiltiest of all. I have taken life in anger, under the force of my passion, but you cold-bloodedly take my life from me and measure a weight that your hands have not lifted and whose pressure they have not examined. Stay away from the platform of justice, judge, lest you fall from it. Woe to him who measures with the rule of caprice, woe to the ignorant who think they know what is right and wrong. Relinquish the bench, ignorant judge, and do not condemn living men with the death of your word."

Stirred by these words of the condemned youth Virata now takes

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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bomb was dropped. This year he will fast. He has already fasted twelve days last month in front of the Atomic Energy Commission offices in Las Vegas, Nevada.

In addition to this demonstration of dissent, there will be our third annual protest during the civil defense drill in which the public is supposed to participate by taking shelter, next Friday, July 12. This will be before we go to press for our July-August issue, and is one of the reasons why I wish to write this column now. If we again refuse to take shelter, but go out into the streets, in our refusal to play war games as Ammon Hennacy puts it, we are liable again to a jail sentence. The first year we were only in prison a day or two days awaiting bail,—the second year we were sentenced to five days, and it is hard to tell what will happen this year. We may be ignored as crackpots, but we have to reconcile ourselves to being a "spectacle to the world, to angels and to men,"—to being fools for Christ.

Why Do We Do It

It is not because we can say with St. Peter that we are obeying God rather than man, that we do this. There is nothing in this command of the civil defense authorities in itself that is against the law of God. But it is generally acknowledged, that there is no defense. So it is a farce to pretend there is. There is no defense but decentralization, a return of those in the city to the land, or to the small town. One young physicist instructor from Purdue demonstrated at the same time we did,—allowed himself to be arrested, and sentenced, just so that he could protest the foolishness of these games last year. He paid his \$25 fine and left the court, always careful not to associate himself with us pacifists and crack pots.

The main reason we make our protest, those of us from *The Catholic Worker*, is to do penance publicly for our sin as Americans for having been the first to make and use the atom bomb. As the priest editor of the *Boston Pilot* said, "This is an unconfessed sin, and as such not forgiven." We publicly confess our share in the guilt of our country, and are willing to give up our freedom by this act of civil disobedience. It is not an easy thing to do, physically speaking. As I woke up this morning I thought of that hard narrow iron bed which was suspended from the wall, in the tiny cell at the Woman's House of Detention. I thought of the crowded conditions, how Deane's bed was moved into my single cell to make room for another prisoner. I thought of the grey ugliness of the surroundings that the girls tried to alleviate in little ways as they served out their long sentences, by scrubbing, draping, decorating in whatever way they could through the long months. The sooty feet of recreation space on the roof, the capacious floors for medicinal services, and the scanty space for recreation and occupational therapy. The work is all done by the inmates and there is not enough of that to go around. There are long periods to lie in your bunk and contemplate the four narrow walls, the tiny sink, the toilet in the corner which is also a chair with a metal table in front which comes down from the wall—your dining cubicle in case you are confined to your cell. You find nothing there you want to satisfy but the most elementary instinct of mind or body or soul. And yet the strange and tragic thing is that so many women have found temporary content and safety there from their drab and sin-filled lives while their health was built up and with it the craving to go out and continue the only life they knew.

We know what we are in for, the risk we run in openly setting ourselves against this most powerful country in the world. It is a tiny Christian gesture, the gesture of a

David against a Goliath in an infinitesimal way.

We do not wish to be defiant, to do not wish to antagonize. We love our country and are only saddened to see its great virtues matched by equally great faults. We are a part of it, we are responsible too.

We do not wish to be defiant, we atone in some way, with this small gesture, for what we did in Hiroshima, and what we are still doing by the manufacture and testing of such weapons.

Dorothy Day Writes From Jail

Monday Night.

Charles McCormack,
223 Chrystie Street,
New York City 2,

No envelopes and so I must address you thus formally. It was so good to get your letter and to see Fr. McCoy and Fr. McCaffrey the same day. The young F.O.R. girl who was arrested with her husband the same day at Times Square got 30 days too. She came today, sentenced by a different judge. She is only 22. I put you and Della on my visiting list but

only one visit every 2 weeks. Telephone Della and tell her I'm fine—the time passes quickly. Fritz is at Matha's Vineyard for the month. Go ahead with the paper. That short 2 page poem of Deane's beginning "Welcome" can go in. Anne Marie has a copy. Also put a box in that I will write C. Odilvak's obituary for September. No one else knew her so well. We have Mary Boyd's poem anyway. We have plenty of copy for the paper and you and Bob can manage perfectly. Roland is a good help. There is a good library here so we need nothing. I am put in the laundry, ironing; Deane cleans part of the roof recreation rooms and Judith the main floor, a lively spot with much coming and going which she likes. She cried all last night but is better tonight. Deane is a bit gloomy but our healths are good. Two in a cell but there are 4 of us so we are together but in different corridors. Meals much like the C.W., hard boiled eggs today, meatballs yesterday. Stewed figs, raisins, prunes, apricots. Tell Larry and Roy the sandwiches were delicious. We ate them at 155th St. jail. It was wonderful to see Anne Marie there. How did she get up—find out we were there? A faithful friend. Lights go out at 9 p.m. We get out of our cells at 6.30. Good showers night and morning. Work from 8-11 and 1-3. Recreation on the roof so we get fresh air. Not much inside. I'll have prison pallor when I come out. Hope you can read all this. Give my love to Veronica and all the

other women and yourself and all the men. I pray for you all daily. Got to Mass Sunday, of course. Twenty-five there. I wrote Tamar. allotted space and time are up. Love in Christ,

Dorothy,
7th Floor C 31,
58603.

No limit to incoming mail.

Dear Charlie,

I had written you before but the letter was returned to me. Only 2 a week are allowed and I wrote Tamar twice. Do call and see if she got the letters. Now it seems we can only write to those we list as we come in and I listed you and my sister, because I did not want Tamar to be coming all the way to town and waiting around and this her last month. So many rules. But the time is flying—we have passed the halfway mark. Ammon needed the rest after his strenuous trip. I hope Kerran is not sick. He was the day he went in—had a sore throat. All are well here—Judith is on "diet" and gets an egg and orange and milk for breakfast, etc. She is vegetarian. Yesterday I had another x-ray and cardiograph. They sure take good care of you. I was told not to eat starch! Neither Judith nor Joan have heard from their husbands. But the warden came to see us yesterday and he said he will see what he can do. He seems a very fine person—a Hungarian and a Catholic so he feels the Russian situation keenly. He cannot of

Ammon and Kerran Write

Dear Charlie and all:

Thanks for your letter and for forwarding my mail. I started to work in the commissary yesterday. Had been hoeing eggplant and peppers each day before. I suppose Emma and Janet told Bob to please tell the tax man, FBI, and police and the press that I would fast and picket at 10th Ave and W. Houston from Aug. 6 to 17. I meet two others of our group in the ball park after supper each night. Get more sleep than any place on the outside.

Congressman Udall sent me a paper from Cactus, Ariz., with an article about me being in Phoenix. Seems the mayor of Phoenix was criticized for having me on the air.

Nice and cool here. Tell Anne Marie and Pat thanks for their cards and letter. Only allowed to write so much and this is the first day I had paper, except my one first letter to Carmen. I hope she gets to see you at the CW too on her way West. I got 2 telegrams for my birthday unsigned, and 2 cards. Thanks. Get more to eat than you need. I got in this jail just 40 years today from the time I entered Atlanta prison—July 13, 1917.

Bob: Put a small box on first or last page about my picketing the tax man so I can hand them out on the line.

Love to you all and to Dorothy

Every morning I rise—we rise—at 5:15 or so (no clocks where I sleep). One thing I must say in favor of prison—the waking-up process is much more humane than in the religious life, with its cruel, harsh bells shattering your eardrums suddenly. Here a whistle is blown and then the officer comes down the aisle, exhorting resurrection. When I was in the dormitory on the 3d floor we even woke to music. That was only my first day here. Since then I have been living in the dorm on the 11th floor. It is a room lined down both sides with beds—about 12 double-deck beds to a side—with about 8 ft. for aisle and a couple of feet between each double-deck. A few minutes before 6:00 I am out of there and down on the 9th floor where there are tiers of cells and I am what is known as "help" or as "tier man." There are four other tier men on the floor besides me. We carry trays of food to the cells at breakfast and supper, and go back to retrieve the trays, cups, spoons, a few minutes later. (At dinner the men in the cells come to us for the food, which we serve from a wagon—they then go back and eat it in their cells and we pick up the trays later as at the other two meals.) The food is quite adequate in quality and more than adequate in quantity—but the guys in the cells are always each trying to get a little more than the others. This latter phenomenon, I suspect, is due to vanity, to a desire to feel that by dint of their own powers and worth they are getting this extra or that. We also keep the floors clean, wash the dishes (all steel), distribute bedding, etc. We stay on the job until 7:00 at night, but that isn't so bad as it sounds, since we have plenty of free time for reading or writing. At 7:00 we go back to the dormitory, where lights go out at 10:00. Television plays all the time, in the same room.

I have not written before this because I did not have paper or envelope (with stamp). Finally today I had my first time at commissary, where I was able to purchase same.

We have the only open window on our floor (9th, that is). It looks North, and I can see the big factory building on Houston near Bowery, and the tower of the Chateau Gardens and the billboard and watertank atop the Nat'l Theatre. I just miss seeing my bed on the roof of the CW! Two nights ago I saw pigeons rising from there!

I will be mailing you (that is c/o CW) some letters to forward. Please keep your eyes open for them. The addresses will be in my address book in the upper left-hand drawer of my desk. Send me the exact addresses of the following: Mary Flynn (California address), Betty Hughes (California address), Janet Burwash (I am in the meantime sending her a letter via you); the Prince George Hotel (Doris Martinez' address), N. Y. C. Most of them I should know the address of, and nearly do, but want to be sure.

Poor Ammon—left with the old men on the "sun deck" at Hart's Island.

I live in the same dormitory with Julian Beck, so that I see him every night. Mike Graine and Sandy Darlington are down in the 3d floor dorm. From what I hear, they go out to work daily at Bellevue or at the "House of D"—as it is called here (when I hear the name, I think, "House of D D"). Julian received a letter from Judith a couple of days ago.

I am in good physical shape and spiritually I'm OK too. Very rare depressions.

In Christ,
Kerran
Kerran Dugan, No. 483328
(9th floor help)
125 White Street
New York City



course understand our position, but showed us the utmost patience and courtesy.

It is very hard to make it clear that we do not want to harass people who are only doing their duty and that although we break one law in order to make our point clear about our refusal to cooperate with psychological warfare, we bend over backward to show our respect for the desire for the common good which most laws are for. Certainly our very works of mercy are to show our sense of responsibility for our brothers and our desire to do our share and more than our share in a realm where the State is not supposed to function except in cases of crisis. Certainly Holy Mother City tries to do right by everyone here,—our physical exams, abundant food, clean cells and linen. Tonight even we are having a show, put on by the girls—song and dance, for which they have been practicing some time. Thank God the heat is past. We can sleep again. It must have been hard for all of you there, you in your tiny airless room, sunny, noisy. I'm glad Veronica could be in my room. She works so hard in that clothes room. Give Roy and Larry and all in the kitchen my special love, and Mike and John Pohl and Smoky and Frank, Hatty and Molly and Milly and Mary and Margaret and Anabelle, and Norbert, Tony, etc., etc. No room on the page for more. Thank Roland and Ed and Bob and my love to each.

In Christ—Dorothy.

if you see her. I got C. Butterworth's letter.

Please send five 3c. stamps.
Ammon

Dear Charlie,

Thanks for your letter, sent as soon as you knew where I was, and also for the money order which I will need for tobacco, writing material, comb, etc. Thanks too for all the info about the outside world.

I have submitted a request that you be allowed to visit me. Visiting is on Friday nights between 7 and 8 or something like that. Call up before Friday night just in case you are permitted and notification has not come through yet.

It is much better here—as far as I am concerned—than at Hart's Island. It is more like the popular conception of a prison here—the tiers of cells, every door locked one after another, and all that—but there was a sort of reform school atmosphere about Hart's that I found much less congenial. Here, at least, one is for the most part treated like a man. And some of the officers are as pleasant and understanding as their job permits. The officer in charge of the floor I work on is such a one. I talked to him at some length today and he gave me his ideas and attitudes toward his work. He has a great deal of sensitivity and tenderness besides his efficiency.

Death for Catherine

So easy a walk for her
this narrow way
passing between forever and today.

Not even a miracle
the dying that is a going, a non-stop stepping
from the house she would return to gladly
or go from cheerily,
however the voice called.

*But dying is clinging,
Yearning for things known and not known enough,
Longing for people,
A child's fear of newness.*

When one has quite decided
that to live is lovely
to die also beautiful:

when she has chosen
neither to live nor to die
but get set for whichever—

then, is wondrous to live
incredibly good to die
(at least, this is what I do believe).

So it is I think of Catherine—as here and there.

*You know the hush that shushes one
Who talks of the dead.*

With her it is different.
As if she is dead, yes; but that dying is living
on something like a street
in something like a house
and happily (I can't say how, but she is) happily with God.

The blindfolds are dropping for her.

She will always go now among things that are beautiful.

Peter Maurin Leads the Way Looking for Leadership

NO RECOURSE

1. Politicians used to say: "We make prosperity through our wise policies."
2. Business men used to say: "We make prosperity through our private enterprise."
3. The workers did not have anything to say about the matter;
4. They were either put to work or thrown out of employment;
5. And when unemployment came the workers had no recourse against the professed makers of prosperity, politicians and business men.

POLITICS IS POLITICS

1. A politician is an artist in the art of following the wind of public opinion.
2. He who follows the wind of public opinion does not follow his own judgement.
3. And he who does not follow his own judgement cannot lead people out of the beaten path.
4. He is like the tail of a dog that tries to lead the head.
5. When people stand behind their president and their president stands behind them, they and their president go around in a circle getting nowhere.

CLASSES AND CLASHES

1. Business men say that because everybody is selfish business must necessarily be based on selfishness.
2. But when business is based on selfishness everybody is busy becoming more selfish.
3. And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish, you have classes and clashes.
4. Business men create problems; they do not solve them.

TEACHERS OF SUBJECTS

1. Our business managers don't know how to manage the things they try to manage,

2. because they don't understand the things they try to manage.
2. So they turn to college professors in the hope of understanding the things they try to manage.
3. But college professors do not profess anything, they only teach subjects.
4. As teachers of subjects, college professors may enable people to master subjects, but mastering subjects has never enabled anyone to master situations.

NOT LIBERATORS

1. The present would be different if they had made the past different.
2. The future will be different if we make the present different.
3. But to make the present different, one must give up old habits and start to contract new habits.
4. But to give up old habits and start to contract new habits one must be a fanatic.
5. And liberals are so liberal about everything that they cannot become fanatics about anything.
6. And because liberals cannot be fanatics about anything they cannot be liberators; they can only be liberals.

THE AGE OF TREASON

1. Pope Pius XI and Cardinal Newman consider liberalism whether it be religious, philosophical, or economic, the greatest error of the nineteenth century.
2. Modern liberalism is the logical sequence of the so-called age of Enlightenment—the age of Voltaire, Rousseau, Thomas Paine—sometimes called the Age of Reason in opposition to the Age of Faith.



3. By sponsoring nationalism and capitalism modern liberals have given up the search for truth and have become paid propagandists.
4. Modern liberals have ceased to appeal to reason, and have chosen to appeal to prejudice.
5. So the Age of Reason has become the Age of Treason, as Julien Benda points out in his book entitled: "The Treason of the Intellectuals."

CHURCH AND STATE

1. Modern society believes in the separation of Church and State.
2. But the Jews did not believe in it.
3. The Greeks did not believe in it.
4. The Romans did not believe in it.
5. The Mediaevals did not believe in it.
6. The Puritans did not believe in it.
7. Modern society has separated Church and State but it did not separate the State from business.
8. The State is no longer a Church's State.
9. The State is now a Business Men's State.

GETTING STUCK

1. Ethical teachers seem to wish every worker to be a stockholder and every stockholder to be a worker.
2. As a stockholder the worker wants bigger dividends.
3. As a worker he wants bigger wages.
4. And the stock promoters stock him with stocks till he gets stuck.
5. And labor organizers promise him better conditions and exact bigger dues.
6. And the worker finds himself exploited both by stock promoters and labor organizers.

A MODERN PEST

1. "What ails modern society is the separation of the spiritual from the material," says Glenn Frank.
2. "Secularism is a pest," says Pius XI.
3. When religion has nothing to do with education, education is only information; plenty of facts, but no understanding.
4. When religion

(Continued on page 6)

CULT :: CULTIV

The Farmer as an Artist-Anarchist

(or, The Anarchist as a Farmer-Artist, or, The Artist as a Farmer-Anarchist)

By JOHN STANLEY

To get to the top of the mountain you have to go around and around and around—always hoping, of course, that you're heading in a generally upward direction. Sometimes you're on the sunny side of the mountain, and sometimes you're on a side that has no light at all.

There was a time when you knew, believed, that the hope of mankind lay in the development and refinement of technology; this was a deep faith that you shared with most men you knew, and which you had inherited from your father, a Victorian optimist.

Then came a period of disenchantment, loss of faith, and apostasy; you rejected the machine as an instrument of happiness. You read Peter Maurin and Eric Gill and the others, and you came to believe that salvation and beatitude would come to men through the rejection of the machine and its works, and fleeing from the city to the farm, abandoning factories and power-tools to do all things by hand: plowing with horses, weaving with handlooms and kneading bread. The machine offended most of all, perhaps, aesthetically; its rhythms and patterns seemed to jag against the natural rhythms of the seasons and the contours of the land and the Liturgy. But somehow, deeply as you absorbed your new theology and mysticism, a troubling of the spirit clouded the water of these wells of faith, and a new fall from grace seemed at hand.

And all at once wide green fields seemed oppressive and heavy, and you rode into the great city that sparkled for you like the New Jerusalem; here, you said, I will take my place with the rest of men; no more esoteric bowers and archaic play-acting for me! This was not the life of the people! And there was much smashing of the handmade icons of agronomy with its elaborate liturgies in homespun and whole-wheat, stone-ground altar breads. The thing to do was to abandon yourself to the realities of the passion of automation and cybernetics and servo-mechanisms and cellophane wrappings; you could never lead a whole exploding—favorite word—race back-to-the-land—a term always spoken ironically.

You lived again in the city, full of stunning sound and hidden fires underground, and so many human faces that demanded contemplation that it sometimes seemed unendurable. You rode back and forth on the massive tides that wash around its towers exulting in the feat; and you loved the arroyos always found at night still and clean and waiting. But your stomach tied itself into a knot, and your arms could not embrace the millions they wanted to embrace. Was there never to be a success?

And now, in another green spring, with its cold nights, and its noon-day promises of warmth, you find it is time to embark on another apostasy.

Who but God can take to himself the whole world? No one, it says in the New Catechism. Who should I try to help? A. First of all myself, the first and necessary love; and then, if I grow a little, I might be able to join forces with two or three or so in mutual comforting and—a clerical term, but

a good one—edification, building up people; this can be done in an urban context, or a rural one. But, it must be done in truth, or it cannot be done in love; this is an absolute. A short retreat should be made before setting out on any possible projects; Camus' *The Fall* is to be used for the meditations.

There is, then, the possibility that it would be possible to live in a rural area and not be considered romantic? A. Yes; you can do this even within a handi-craft, non-machine framework, complete with water-wheels and spinning-wheels. Q. How? A. As an artist,

In an anarchist society frame-of-reference it is permissible for one or a group to withdraw from society at the dictates of his dalmion as far as he wants to and can—and there should not be any traumas either about abandoning the masses or certain impurities of mode. (Of course, the conceptions of anarchism are most cruelly malnourished in this collectivist society). It is as legitimate and rational and creative to take off and build a farm complete with horses and compost heaps, and with no lighting indoors but a hand-dipped candle as it is to retire to The Village or to Paris to paint, or to San Francisco to write new poetry, and so forth—which includes Charterhouses for contemplation. But in all cases this is to be understood clearly:

You are not Moses leading the Chosen People through the Red Sea to the Promised Land—and death by drowning to non-participants (alleluia). You are a person seeking to fulfill himself here and now, and if someone wants to join you and good is done him, well, then, good, and thank God. And if good accrues to two or three, well, so much the better.

But let there be no more messianism. It won't work, anyhow. People don't want this anymore. They've been had too frequently lately—under the very best auspices. They're on to others who do good in order to serve their own power—and other—drives. Do it because you want to do it and think it is good; (it may be possible for those advanced in the spiritual life to secretly hope that one or two will join them and be happy, but let those in the early stages of purification be very careful here). It is not necessary to fabricate a whole new theology for everything you do; do it. Anyhow, only God is good; and he has already sent his Son who is the leader. (Credo).

I have a certain thing to do. If you would like to join—good. But know that I am doing it because it is the thing that I think I have to do. I'm sorry that there are 450,000,000 suffering Chinese; I wish I could help them—but I cannot. I'm sorry that there are millions of Americans who drink too much and take dope and live in deadly housing and have to go every grey morning to a searing job; but I can't help them; I'm not big enough; I can only do my thing.

What seems to be the most desirable of all possible things today? Purity and silence, somehow, so that each one can see himself and get some clue as to who he is and hear his voice and love himself a little. If he cannot trace his way to his own heart, how can he ever rest in the gentle smile of the secret Trinity who live there?

CULTURE ATION ::

Dear Sir!

Just I had read in the newspaper about your fasting before the house of the Atomic Energy Commission in Las Vegas. Even if you had to stop it—the sacrifice of 22 pounds is big enough—the whole world listens a moment as she listened to the hunger-strike of that French Professor Lanza del Vasto too. And this moment is important. Be sure that specially the mothers and all Women of this planet will agree with you with all their hearts. I am pacifist like you: in the first World War I lost my fiancé and all the mates of my youth. In the second World War my husband was killed by bombs, and we lost all our possessions. I am a pacifist since 1915. Now my only son is 23. He is Conscientious Objector, World-Citizen — he has friends all over the world—just now he works in a French Work Camp at the Spanish Riviera. I belong to the Versöhnungsbund (Fellowship for Peace, Evangelic) to WOMAN, love the QUAKERS, the Catholic Pacifists (here are lots of them and very brave: Helen Wesel, Admiral Stummel, Dr. Nik. Ehlen, Christa Thomas, Frau Prof Fassbinder, Georg Heidingsfelder, Dr. Nikolaus Koch and so on). If only we could join each other and forget the small differences which separate the religions. We could stay where and what we are and only join in the love of God and our fellowmen.

Here in Munich we had many very good lectures about atomic energy and its results. Just now I was deeply moved by Prof. Walter Gerlach who belongs to the Göttinger-Manifest-scientists (18). In him the ethic impulse is now so strong that he confessed himself against violence. We Mothers did this 8 years ago. But if a scientist does it, it is so much more in its working.

I hope you will get thousands of answers to your hunger strike which will thank you and stiffen your neck. Excuse my bad English.

If all the thoughts of all those "new Mankind-Servers" will join in one big prayer around the world, the simple truth and reason must vanquish.

The 7. of July a big demonstration of the women of Hassia will take place in the great Cathedral of St. Pauls in Frankfurt a. Main. Again at the A-Bomb and its experiments.

Thanks to you again from all my heart for millions of women.

May God bless you!

Sincerely, **Ellie Bommersheim**
(Widow of a professor of Philosophy, pianist and gymnastic-teacher).

BOYCOTT KOHLER

This month the Kohler Company is stepping up its dumping of unwanted scab-made plumbing ware and fixtures on the New York market. Do not be caught unaware by this maneuver. Support the legal primary boycott, sanctioned by the entire AFL-CIO. The strike against Kohler paternalism by Local 833 of the UAW is now in its fourth year. Aid, by boycott, the strikers' assertion of their personal dignity in their work — for, indeed, it is your dignity too. "An injury to one is an injury to all."

Don't Buy Kohler (Plumbing Ware & Fittings — Engines) ... Made By Scabs.

Danilo Dolci's Trial

By LANZA DEL VASTO

The trial was before the tribunal of Palermo, before all Italy. The defendant had witnesses from all parts of Italy: poets, artists, scientists, politicians, celebrated magistrates. The audience could not help but clap from time to time.

The accused became an accuser: accusing democracy, generous in its speech, principles and promises; accusing the law of protecting the rich against the destitute; accusing Justice of never being a protection for the people but always a repression, and working for death instead of life; accusing Christians of praying the Lord in churches, and of letting the poor starve.

He spoke of hunger in his adopted village, of crimes, suicides, madness, ignorance, superstition, abandoned children in the midst of the indifference of all those who have, who can, and who know.

What can be done now?

He spoke of Gandhi and of non-violence: "We have adopted the Indian manner." He described the strike in reverse, its principles, reasons, means and aims, which in fact is an innovation in the order of Satyagraha.

If the workman, to protect against working conditions stops and becomes unemployed, what will the unemployed do to protest against their own condition?

They will go to work freely to some useful public work so as to shame those who could and do not give him work and a salary.

The judges who had presided with irony and paternalistic goodwill gave out the sentence; they could neither acquit nor condemn, being on the side of order yet confronted with a brilliant and vibrant audience. They decided upon a fifty-day suspended sentence. The condemned man was given back to his friends and carried in triumph. The affair had begun on January 30th, Gandhi's day, and ended on Good Friday.

The Fast of Lanza Del Vasto

The community begun by Lanza del Vasto located just north of Avignon in southern France tries to be as self sufficient as possible. The thirty people who live there, including four families, eat and wear what they've grown and weaved. To enter into the community one lives with the "compagnons" for at least a year and then, if he still wants to enter, takes a vow of non-violence, obedience (to his ideals), and chastity. One leads a life of voluntary poverty and simplicity; a regime which includes daily manual work, meditation and prayer. It was from this community (called "Larch") that Lanza del Vasto and two other companions, Bernard Gaschard and Pierre Parodi, came to Paris to begin a twenty day fast.

While not a partisan political movement the community is vitally interested in social justice and charity. It was against a political and social injustice that the fast was directed.

The war in Algeria has continued steadily for two years, involving huge quantities of war materials and men. Brutalities and uncivilized warfare have reigned from the beginning. Tortures and barbarities practiced by the Arab army have been frequently exposed by the French press; but only recently has the French population been aware of



the atrocities committed by the French army. The reactions by the large part of the French population have been incredulity, shame and regret. The reactions of the French government are annoyance, denial and unconditional praise for the French army. It was in a spirit of penance and responsibility that the three men began their fast on the 1st of April — abstaining from any sort of nourishment (including fruit juice), except water.

There were no accusations made against either the government or the army since each one of the three felt himself responsible for the collective action of the war and its horrors. It was as well, an attempt to rally public opinion against the barbarities practiced by the army. Extracts from a handbill distributed by some of the other companions who had come to Paris at the same time read:

"... We accuse nobody; we profoundly feel that these faults which are committed in our name are our fault..."

"... Don't believe that I am proposing a pact and a market to you, I am not telling you 'if the others stop we will stop,' don't say to me: 'When the others will have ceased we will ask ourselves to do the same.' The first who stops will again be able to lift his eyes toward heaven..."

The fast ended Easter eve and Monday the three companions returned to the community to resume their activities.

Dennis O'Kane

Thou Shalt Not Kill

(Continued from page 2)

council with himself. He wishes to become enlightened. With great care he makes his arrangements and in great secrecy. He descends into the chilly dark of the lowest rock dungeon, to which he had condemned the youth. He sets him free and lets himself be locked up instead, so that for the time of a month he would experience the horrors of the dungeon and the scourging on his own body; he experienced it and tasted all its horrors. He had commanded the youth to go to the king after a month so that the king would free him from the dungeon. The youth had promised to do it.

But what if the youth does not go to the king? Suddenly this doubt assails Virata. Then he must spend eleven years there. A dreadful excitement seizes him. But the youth is honest and keeps his word. Virata is set free and the king greets him.

(To be continued)

Jail Song of Welcome

By DEANE MOWRER

The Women's House of Detention
Welcomes you
Your entrance is an event which
Shall be forever commemorated
In the files

You shall be housed secure from
Neoned night
From libertine assaults of day
You shall walk safe in cloistered
Certainty

Your hours shall be accounted for
Carefully
As bell-chimed convent time though not
With chapelled rounds of prayer and chafing
Sacrifice

Accept this curb to forward wills for
Docilely
As nuns you must obey each order
Forwarding your penitential
Discipline

Do not expect antique machines
Of torture
Or devices psychological
Law's letter kill and for hurt souls
Suffices

O lonely walkers of the night
O seekers after capsuled joy
O starveling ones who snatch at love
Or gauds that are yours
The Women's House of Detention
Welcomes you
Lord have mercy on all who
Enter here

THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION
WELCOMES YOU

BOOK REVIEWS

THE VATICAN REVOLUTION,
by Geddes MacGregor. Boston,
Beacon Press, 1957, pp. xiv +
226. Reviewed by Quentin Lauer,
S.J.

There must inevitably be a certain temerity in the present reviewer's presuming to comment on this book from Boston's Beacon Hill. The author quite clearly indicates from the beginning (p. 11) that any comment by a "Jesuit" is bound to be suspect. "Whatever else," he tells us later, "may be said of Jesuit scholarship let it not be identified with thought" (p. 121). The author might well have been advised, however, to "make friends of the mammon of iniquity," since, by his own admission, in two instances at least it has been only Jesuits among Catholic ecclesiastics who have accorded a sympathetic ear to the sort of ideas he expresses (cf. pp. 147, 156).

Be that as it may, the book provides ample food for thought among even the most loyal Catholics. Though not entirely unsympathetic to "Catholic piety," it is an undisguised attack against papal authority in the Catholic Church, both in principle and in its manifestations, particularly in America. The thesis of the book is that the Vatican Council, in which was defined the supreme authority of the Pope, including papal infallibility, was "unconstitutional." There is no question that the author has managed to compress within the covers of a very thin book most of what was unsavory in the proceedings of the Vatican Council — incidentally conveying the impression that everything on the papal side was unsavory. He has also highlighted much that was naive in Catholic reaction since that time. It is doubtful, however, that he has done this nearly so thoroughly or so effectively as some contemporary Catholic scholars, noteworthy among them Canon Aubert of Belgium. It may be that for American Catholics the book will constitute a sort of revelation; European Catholics might well find it tame — but hardly disconcerting.

It is extremely doubtful, on the other hand, whether intelligent Catholics, European or American, will find the conclusions from this evidence very convincing. If "constitutionality" were a genuine criterion of validity for a General Council, the author might have built up an equally good case

(Continued on page 6)

STRANGERS IN OUR FIELDS—

By Ernest Galarza, published by the United States Section, Joint United States-Mexico Trade Union Committee, Rm. 504 815-16th St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. price 50c. Reviewed by Carol Perry.

This publication edited by James O'Gara of The Commonwealth, is based on a report regarding compliance with the legal and civil rights of Mexican agricultural contract labor in the United States and was made possible by a grant-in-aid from the Fund For The Republic.

Farm labor has never been in a very good position to tell its side of the story about wages and conditions in the fields and while this report details the experiences of the Mexican national it also presents many of the grievances of the domestic farm worker. It isn't necessary to know very much about farm labor-management relations to know that wherever the Mexican national experiences injustices, proportionately the same thing has happened or is happening to domestic farm labor. For over seventy years in California, for instance, there has been a deliberate, contrived oversupply of farm labor most of the time. This fact, plus the relative impossibility to organize migratory workers has made it easy for employers and corporation farms to keep this lowest group of workers laboring and living in uncertainty and misery.

The Mexican national comes into the United States loaded with documents which theoretically protect his legal and civil rights, guarantee him wages at the prevailing rate in the area of employment, and assure him adequate housing, occupational risk-insurance, tools for his work (without charge), meals at cost (not to exceed \$1.75 a day), transportation to his work, and protection under the laws of the state in which he is employed. In practice the countless violations of these guarantees, the refusal of his right to be heard, the fact that records of wages are not kept as required and in addition the language barrier has placed the Mexican actually in a worse position than the domestic worker who has no documents and no illusions.

Although Article 36 of the International Agreements forbids the use of contractors in the employment of Mexican nationals the contractor often has charge of the labor camp and is able to regulate

(Continued on page 6)

BOOK REVIEWS

G. K. CHESTERTON—A Drama Book—Hill and Wang, N.Y. City, 1956. 95c. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

Shaw says of this book that it is "the best work of literary art that I have yet provoked."

During my radical life since 1910 I looked up to Shaw the vegetarian and to Shaw the radical, but as two World Wars afflicted us and Shaw did not live up to Upton Sinclair's definition of a radical, as "one who has been in jail for principle," but played safe during these wars and died a millionaire, my respect for his integrity has lessened.

I have read little of Chesterton. Both Shaw and Chesterton were witty men. They were friends although they disagreed basically on most subjects. Chesterton, irked perhaps by Shaw's ascetic life coupled with his caustic wit against orthodoxy, made a neat turn of a phrase and called him a Puritan and a sentimentalist who was afraid of women. Although he argued with Shaw and won what he considered logical arguments, Chesterton feels that he was always conquered by him "in the one or two moments when he was emotional." Shaw has said that when he died he asked that the hearse be drawn by those animals that he had not eaten. Chesterton, who was a glutton and a beer drinker of huge proportions, said that he would march with the other animals in the form of an elephant.

Chesterton felt that Shaw "is a vegetarian more because he dislikes dead beasts than because he likes live ones." Shaw would have no beer and Chesterton defends his libations: "And if a Puritan tells you that he does not object to beer but to the tragedies of excess in beer, simply propose to him that in prisons and workhouses (where the amount can be absolutely regulated) the inmates should have three glasses of beer a day. The Puritan cannot call that excess, but he will find something to call it. For it is not the excess he objects to, but the beer." Foulon said of the democracy, "Let them eat grass." Shaw said "Let them eat greens." But Shaw lived brightly into his nineties, much longer than the allotted three score and ten.

Chesterton calls Shaw a Puritan for he said "you must praise God only with your brain; it is wicked to praise Him with your passions or your physical habits or your instinct for beauty." For this reason Chesterton thinks Shaw is a wit, not a humorist, for he sees consistency in things like a Calvinist, while the man who sees inconsistency in things is a humorist and a Catholic. Shaw came into a world where he felt like Tolstoy that there had been no progress at all from the cave to the penthouse. While Shaw was a sentimentalist he had no romance in his makeup: "If Bernard Shaw killed a dragon and rescued a princess of romance, he would try to say 'I have saved a princess' with exactly the same intonation as 'I have saved a shilling.' Yet it is this sentiment that makes people do things: 'The world does not encourage a quite rational lover, simply because a perfectly rational lover would never get married. The world does not encourage a perfectly rational army, because a perfectly rational army would run away.' This is pretty good from Chesterton, who was no pacifist.

Chesterton recognized as the true function of Shaw that he debunked the shame of bourgeois society, especially science and medicine, but when he attacked the dogmas of religion Chesterton did not follow. His way of putting it was that Shaw "was a sort of anti-confectioner whose whole business it was to take the gilt off the gingerbread. People who have really scraped the gilt off gingerbread generally waste the rest of their lives in attempting to scrape the gilt off gigantic lumps of gold."

In the sphere of art Shaw debunked the art for art's sake folks, saying, "The decay of society was praised by artists as the decay of a corpse is praised by worms."

Mentioning Major Barbara, one of Shaw's best plays, Chesterton says, "People say that poverty is no crime; Shaw says that poverty is a crime; that it is a crime to endure it, a crime to be content with it, that it is the mother of all crimes of brutality, corruption, and fear. If a man says to Shaw that he is born of poor but honest parents, Shaw tells him that the very word 'but' shows that his parents were probably dishonest. . . . I might point out that the rich do not so much buy honesty as curtains to cover dishonesty; that they do not so much buy health as cushions to comfort disease."

The one quote that I will likely remember from this book is one I have quoted before in the CW. "A man must be orthodox upon most things or he will never have time to preach his own heresy." Despite all the unorthodoxies of Shaw he did write letters to a nun for many years in a serious vein. This was his "heresy" from the reputation of iconoclast that he tried to give to the world.

Strangers in Our Fields

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wages, decide who is to work each day (there is frequently insufficient work for all) and by one ruse or another he obtains money from the workers for his "services." The contractor usually manages the kitchen, keeps the time books, pays wages, and makes deductions he considers in order. They have been found selling to the Mexican (as they do also where they contract domestic farm help) such items as soft drinks, cigarettes, notions and money orders at outrageous prices. In one camp in California that I personally know of a Catholic priest reported that the contractor also brought in women and liquor. The contractor operates with complete freedom and traditionally unchallenged powers. Until farm labor can either organize or be heard he will continue to rob, harass and exploit those who must work under him.

In regard to wages which are guaranteed to be "not less than the prevailing wage paid to domestic workers for similar work within the area," it was found in the field survey by Dr. Galarza that this provision was not complied with, and in many cases nationals were found driving trucks, operating spraying equipment and tending pump jobs completely unauthorized by their contracts. Where domestic labor got 90 cents an hour or 15 cents a box for tomatoes the nationals received 70 cents an hour or 12 cents a box. Local grape pickers got \$1.00 an hour while Mexican laborers received 85 cents an hour. All over the nation, wherever any of the more than four hundred thousand nationals were employed they were found to be working under conditions with a minimum of administrative controls.

In the matter of transportation frequent fatal accidents to truck and bus loads of Mexican field hands has made it clear that safety regulations are infrequently observed. Sharp tools are often piled in with the men and in the event of a sudden stop or accident these tools became deadly.

The housing which the employer has guaranteed to be "adequate, hygienic and heated," often turns out to be a drafty, overcrowded, converted packing shed or chicken coop. These shacks are usually without washing or other sanitary facilities. Consuls seldom inspect the camps occupied by Mexican nationals, and some camps are never seen by the consular representatives who are too few by far for the job that should be done. One case of imaginative conversion were the plane box units measur-

ing 8x10 feet into which two nationals were literally packed.

Article 21 of the Agreement and Articles 17 of the Contract state, "the right to elect their own representatives who shall be recognized by the Employer as spokesmen . . . for the purposes of maintaining the work contract . . ." This is not intended to affect the right of the worker to appeal to the employer, the Consul or the U.S. Dept. of Labor. The language of these articles does not imply absolute prohibition of collective bargaining but neither does it leave the way free for ordinary collective bargaining.

The answer of the employer to any attempts for representation to air grievances is the threat to send the men back to Mexico. When a man has hope of making even a little more than starvation wages such as he has experienced at home he does not challenge such a threat.

Although the United States trade union has not been allowed to represent the Mexican national, the union has obtained correction of certain abuses in the past and they have made drives against unsafe transportation.

The United States Dept. of Labor can claim no real strikes in the fields between 1942 and 1955, but this record has been achieved by threats, evasion, and refusal on the part of both Mexico and the United States to let these workers be heard. The rights of the Mexican national to assembly and petition as defined under the International Agreements have been denied. The importance seemingly attached to the civil rights of the workers in these documents has been forgotten in the field.

Vatican Council

(Continued from page 5)

against any of the council's in the Church's history. He makes much of the fact that the Council's conclusions were not universally accepted prior to the Council, that there was a strong opposition to the definition of papal infallibility. Without opposition, however, it is scarcely probable that this or any council would have been convened. The purpose of councils has always been at least partially to settle disputes, and there have always been some members of a disgruntled minority who have continued to dispute the justice (or "constitutionality") of their defeat in the council. Though the author has repeated some unpleasant and embarrassing facts connected with the Vatican Council, he has by no means "proved" that a majority of bishops throughout the universal church disbelieved what was there defined. Even less probable is the insinuation (pp. 71-73) that even the majority at the Council did not really believe what it supported. That the entire opposition was not merely from those who felt that the definition was "inopportune" may be true, but that proves nothing with regard to the ultimate decision, unless the author wishes to regard the subsequent acceptance by the opposition as dishonest. Nor is the case really helped by the fact that the author speaks only of the scholarly theologians in opposition, leaving the reader to infer that there were no great theologians on the papal side—unless, of course, he has made the a-priori judgment that to be on the papal side is sufficient evidence of not being a great theologian. One suspects that such a-priori reasoning has dictated statements like the following: "The Church's demands are too comprehensive and too exacting to be psychologically or otherwise adapted to the aims of any but the most narrow or perverted careerist" (p. 157; the context would make it necessary to apply this to, among others, the Little Sisters of the Poor). Such statements, unfortunately, make it difficult to accept the whole as objective.

The fundamental difficulty throughout, however, seems to be with the author's conception of the Church. In the United States no condemnation is more devastating than that of "unconstitutionality," and the author seems to rely on the

Christ in the Wilderness

(Continued from page 2)

the desert. He was tempted to become the world's greatest caterer, the economist par excellence. To turn stones into bread—to provide, first and foremost, for men's bodily need. But though He yearned with a great yearning to do all these things (though now and again He did it because some higher value was implicated) He insisted ever that there was a greater issue that must not be side-tracked by pandering to materialism. Thus only it was that the Divine Charity triumphed, from the desert onwards, over the materialism of this world.

Even a communist may be brought to understand (perhaps indeed with greater ease) that Our Lord Jesus Christ came to teach not how to succeed in the material order but how to fail. When we understand that our ultimate good is not to be sought in the natural order there is hope that the soviet-educated may come to the same understanding.

And Art, may, after all be the means by which the identification long overdue may be effected—the identification of Reality and Truth.

emotional overtones of that term to get his point across. Only if one presupposes, however, that the Church as founded by Jesus Christ was essentially a democracy, would there be any point in instituting the sort of investigation the author presents. But, if the Church were essentially a democracy (or perhaps "aristocracy" would be better), the Vatican Council would have changed it essentially, and there would be no point in investigating the means whereby it did so. The argument would revert to a very old theological one, and the author could scarcely contribute to this discussion in the few pages he has accorded to it.

All of which brings us to the ninth and final chapter, which, the present reviewer suspects, contains the purpose of the whole. In it are presented the chief complaints of American Protestants against the Catholic Church (cf. Paul Blanchard), and they fall under the usual headings of birth control, divorce, censorship, obscurantism, and parochial schools. One need not be content with everything that American Catholics, or even the American hierarchy, hold on these issues, in order to see that the author's criticisms are for the most part wide of the mark (this is the least objective chapter in the book). It is a rather naive oversimplification to assume that Catholic churchmen are motivated in these matters by a "lust for power" or by a desire to control the morality of the whole nation. The requirements of a vigorous defensive are not always easily distinguishable from those of a vigorous offensive, and where the acceptability of the methods employed is questioned, it is hardly necessary for the objective critic to impugn the motives which dictate the methods. In any event it does not warrant misrepresenting the facts: the Church is not against public schools (cf. p. 148); nor does it seek to secure parochial schools at the public expense (cf. p. 149). The author is too obviously intelligent to believe that it does.

Despite these misgivings, however, we can be grateful to the author for pointing the accusing finger at the sort of Catholic chauvinism which all intelligent Catholics regret. Nor can we do other than second his desire that the Catholic laity in America become more and more aware of the implications contained in their loyalty to the Church. There is no question, either, that Catholics should do all they can to promote mutual understanding between themselves and members of all other faiths. The present reviewer is of the opinion, however, that books such as this one from the Protestant side can scarcely serve that purpose in any but a very indirect manner.

Peter Maurin Writes

(Continued from page 4)

has nothing to do with politics, politics is only factionalism: "Let's turn the rascals out so our good friends can get in."

5. When religion has nothing to do with business, business is only commercialism: "Let's get what we can while the getting is good."

SHOUTING WITH ROTARIANS

1. The modern man looks for thought so that he can have light, and he is unable to find it in our modern schools.
2. According to Professor Meiklejohn, "Students go to school not to be directed but to become business men."
3. According to Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, "Schools reflect the environment, they do not create it."
4. Which explains why shortly after their graduation, school graduates could be heard shouting with Rotarians: "Service for profits," "Time is money," "Keep Smiling," "Business is business," "How are you making out?" "The law of supply and demand," "Competition is the life of trade," "Your dollar is your best friend."

Pacifists Jailed

(Continued from page 1)

o'clock until the twelve are released. This will be on August 5th. The following day Ammon pickets the Internal Revenue Office here for twelve days.

It all seems so futile, like the task of the Prophets of Israel who were sent by God into cities of sin, crying out to the people to give up this madness of sin, which will eventually lead to destruction, not for God's sake, not for the prophet's sake but for the sake of the people. Sometimes a whole city, like Niniveh, heeds the warning; sometimes, as at Sodom, only a handful have the sense to get out; and at other times no one listens. But still one has the duty, the strict obligation to stand up and say "No" to the madness. These ten pacifists have performed their duty. They have said "No" to the madness of the nuclear arms race, to mock drills which keep people full of fear and hatred. They may have to lie at night for a while on a hard bed in an uncomfortable cell and be treated like criminals when they are much closer to being saints but they can go to sleep knowing that if a bomb should drop they will be ready.

But what about the rest of us, on the outside? Do we ever give witness to the truth, to the immorality of modern war? Do we pay Federal income taxes, eighty per cent of which goes to pay for past wars and for the nuclear arms race? Do we register for the draft? Have we ever stood up once and said "No" to the government, to the modern state that lives by exploitation and war?

Robert Steed

Defending Religion

Religion is to be defended not by putting to death, but by dying; not by cruelty but by patient endurance; not by crime but by faith. If you wish to defend religion by bloodshed, you no longer defend it but pollute and profane it.

Lactantius



Picketing Atomic Tests In Las Vegas

By AMMON HENNACY

The four years in the breezy and relatively cool climate of New York City made me forget how hot it would be in Las Vegas, Nevada. I bought a round trip ticket and left on the 8th of June, visiting my mother and family in Cleveland and spoke at the Catholic Center in St. Louis. Then two days with my daughter Carmen in Santa Fe. I had not seen her for three years and was pleasantly surprised with her vivacious beauty. She and her young I AM friends drove me to see Father Cassidy at Espanola but he was away on a retreat. (My daughters belong to the I AM religion which has its headquarters in Santa Fe, and Carmen teaches music at their school. They are vegetarians, believe in reincarnation, and are against war.) The Medical Missionary Sisters who give free obstetric care for many miles, wanted me to speak as I had in 1952, but I wanted to visit with Carmen and promised to speak next time I went west. I said hello to John McKeon in Albuquerque, who is head of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees Union there. I had belonged to that union in Milwaukee. John wrote very descriptive short stories for us years ago. Because of a mixup in schedule I was not able to visit the Hopi.

I had written to the six priests in Las Vegas and to Bishop Dwyer in Reno telling them that I would picket the Atomic Energy Commission for 12 days, one day for each year since we dropped the bomb in 1945, and would fast as a penance for this wickedness, asking them to pray for the success of my mission if they could in conscience do so. I did not know until my return to New York that Bishop Dwyer was reported in the Las Vegas REVIEW JOURNAL of 6-16-57 headed, "Bishop Dwyer in Warning Against A-Test Attitude. . . Bishop Dwyer referred to the recent appeal of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, for a cessation of tests of atomic weapons. He explained, however, that the appeal was directed to the whole world, and not limited to the Nevada proving grounds. . . Regarding the proposed plan of Ammon Hennacy, staff member of the CATHOLIC WORKER, to picket the Las Vegas AEC office, Bishop Dwyer said in a private interview, 'this man does not have episcopal approval for his effort.' . . . Questioned about the status of the CATHOLIC WORKER as representing the mind of the Church in organized labor, Bishop Dwyer explained that it has no official status. Again, in a democracy, he said, 'we subscribed to principles of free speech and a free press, and certain forms of extreme liberalism can under certain circumstances be as dangerous as some of the other "isms" circulated throughout the world today.' Bishop Dwyer re-affirmed that basically the Church is concerned with the eternal salvation of the immortal souls of men. At the same time Catholics in every part of the world are bound in conscience to respect and support lawful authority of civil governments."

I had my huge signs sent by express and on a Saturday morning had just time to find a hotel a block away from my picketing, which was a mile on the road toward the "Strip" of night clubs and away from the center of town. I bought a stick for my sign and

rented a typewriter, and got a bundle of CW's at the postoffice before noon. I went to Mass Sunday at St. Joan of Arc Church downtown. The Msgr. there was cordial when I told him of my plans. The next day I went to St. Anne's Church a mile and half in another direction. The priest there was much opposed to my ideas but as I attended Mass every other day at his Church he became very friendly. My signs read:

STOP ATOMIC TESTS

"Peace; freedom; the hour has come when these momentous words do not allow room for equivocation." Pope Pius XII, November, 1956. Fasting and Picketing for peace and against atomic tests.

STOP ATOMIC TESTS

"May God arouse you from lethargy, separate you from all complicity with tyrants and warmongers, enlighten your conscience." Pope Pius XII, November, 1956. Fasting and Picketing for peace and against atomic tests. June 17-28. Ammon Hennacy, The Catholic Worker, N.Y.C.

I had written to the AEC telling them of my plans and Lt. Col. William Hunter had written saying that I had the right to picket. First thing, one of the secretaries from the Santa Fe office, greeted me kindly and soon Col. Hunter said he would do anything to help me except cease testing bombs. I asked him if he had an extra folding chair and soon Don, the guard at the office, brought one out and each day I rested in the shade. As the officials asked me to rest in their cool office and as I got weaker I cooled off about four times a day there and drank their cool springwater. I met newspaper men and Army and Civil Defense officials from all over the country. The first day Don Ashworth of the REVIEW JOURNAL and a photographer interviewed me and that night a good front page picture and article told of my ideas and mission in Las Vegas. Reporters from Hearst, AP, UP, N.Y. TIMES, the Japanese Press and television from Albuquerque also took pictures of Col. Hunter and me. The correspondent of the ABC papers from Barcelona with headquarters in Washington, D.C. was happy to see a radical Catholic anarchist. I lost 6½ pounds the first day, starting at 148½. The people at the drug store where I got weighed were cordial. Other times that I have picketed since 1948 I have lived miles away from my picketing but here I had a room, air conditioned with shower for \$15 a week just a block away. After the first week I took an hour off from 2 to 3 p.m. and had a shower and rest. Very few people walked by but there was a constant stream of cars passing by.

Cops

On the second day the Irish Catholic chief of police stopped and asked me if I had ever been convicted of a felony. I told him that I had when I refused to take

part in World War I. He asked me then if I had registered myself at police headquarters as an ex-convict. I told him "no" and that I didn't believe in obeying such laws. He wanted to know if I knew I could get thirty days for it. I laughed and said I did but that President Roosevelt had pardoned all such political prisoners in 1933. He in turn laughed and said that the ordinance had only been passed in Las Vegas in 1943 and if I had been a felon before that it would not matter. He then read the CW and we talked cordially about my picketing. The second night I was on television (Stetson hats. I told them I wouldn't appear with any cigarette or fake medicine sponsors.) My sign and book were shown and I explained my message. The folks at the AEC said it was good. Later I discovered that the head of the television company had phoned a priest to find out if the CW was on the subversive list and was told that we were very radical but good Catholics. I kept losing several pounds a day until the last week when the average lost was a pound a day: 22½ pounds in all.

One morning I got up early and saw the atomic blast at Frenchman Flats nearly a hundred miles away. We all watched it from the AEC office. First a flash like a dozen lightnings but without the lightning. There was no sound. We all moved away about twenty feet from glass windows for there was a remote chance that there might be a concussion against the glass which would pierce us. In about three minutes we saw the mushroom cloud slowly rising. It remained stationary for about half an hour and then a wind blew it in the direction of St. George, Utah, Oklahoma and Texas. The theory is that whenever rain hits this atomic cloud the radioactive strontium-90 penetrates the foliage and animals and people. In a book just published by the AEC they say that the winds carry this atomic dust eastward in an east and west, but not much of a north and south direction, taking from four to seven weeks to encircle the globe. "About 10% of the debris stored in the stratosphere descends to the earth annually. Strontium-90 produces anemia, bone necrosis, cancer, and possibly leukemia. . . Most of the strontium-90 in the present world-wide fallout, however, is in a water-soluble form. . . there is evidence that in the local fallout the strontium-90 constitutes a smaller percentage of the total fission products than it does farther away. . . as a result of nuclear test explosions in various countries during the past several years, there has been a small but steady gain in the strontium-90—content of the soil, plants, and the bones of animals. . . radiation from fallout, on the other hand, can reach the body from many directions and there is very little self shielding. . . the lymphoid tissue—tonsils, adenoids, spleen and cer-

tain areas of the intestinal lining—is one of the most radio-sensitive of all tissues. . . In Japan. . . there was an increased incidence of miscarriages and premature births, and a greater death rate among expectant mothers."

Research For Death

On the next to last day of my picketing I got up early to see the test where 2,000 Marines were waiting on tip toe to enter the nuclear area (where pigs and other animals, some of them clothed like humans, had been tested previously) to see what the effect would be on them. But there was some mechanical difficulty and the explosion was postponed until the next day. That night some newsmen wanted me to be on television to discuss the idea of "clean" bombs, but I told them I was too weak to be heard, and that I wasn't interested in cleaning up the bomb, just stopping them. I told the newsmen when they kidded me about stopping the bomb that I didn't put a hex on this especial one—that I wanted them all stopped. All this was reported later in the Sunday paper. I got up that last morning early too and went to the AEC office where we all stood waiting for the explosion which never came. It was not until about ten a.m. when Col. Hunter returned from the field near Mercury saying to me, "Well, you stopped this one." The Pasadena Sunday paper, UP, said "Atomic Test Foe Scores 'Victory'" saying that I had an accidental moral victory inasmuch as this bomb was a dud. On the last day of my picketing Mr. Ashworth interviewed me again and the AEC folks sent me his article in the Sunday paper headed, "AEC Picket Gives up 22 Pounds To Cause."

This is the first time and place that I have picketed that I have not been called Communist. Some soldiers and others passing by in cars yelled "go home" and others shook their hands to me in approbation. All of the AEC office force were kindly. One Jehovah Witness tried to tell me that there was no use opposing atom bombs for they were being built up for the Battle of Armageddon. On the last afternoon of my picketing time went faster. At 4 p.m. I went into the AEC office and autographed my signs and left them for Col. Hunter as a memento of the kindness of he and his staff to me. Dorothy and others had sent me a telegram of encouragement and also expressed the thanks of the CW to the AEC for their kindness to me. I left the telegram also as Col. Hunter was up at the testing grounds. I went across the street to restaurant and opened a can of kraut juice and poured it into some ice in a glass and sipped it. Next I had buttermilk and cottage cheese. I had bought peaches, plums, strawberries, loganberries, orange and grape juice but found all of this too sweet. Leaving that night at eleven I rode by the brilliant lighted "Strip" where stars

get fabulous sums, and was on my way westward.

In Pasadena I met my son-in-law whom I had not seen before. He had married my daughter Sharon last year. Sharon had at my request avacado salad, dill pickle and poached egg for breakfast and during the day I would sip some brine from the pickle jar. Sunday we visited the new office of my son-in-law who is partner in a color photography firm, and then drove the remainder of the day in the mountains. I was much pleased to find them sympathetic to my picketing and fasting and general anti-war attitude, although the I AM does not follow the voluntary poverty and anarchism of the CW.

In Phoenix I stayed with Rik and Ginny Anderson. Ginny drove me around to see my former employer, James Hussey, who now worked at a Co-op of the Milk Produce in Glendale. We had a nice visit with Father George Dunne and were lucky to see him before he was being transferred next month. A prophet seldom has honor in his home town—and that is how I have felt about Phoenix since I went there in 1947. But the Mayor, Jack Williams, who also owns radio station KOY greeted me twice in his broadcast and on the 5th of July had me explain all of my radical ideas fully. Mr. Williams is not a radical or a pacifist but he liked the Old Pioneer and always gave me a hand when I was picketing in Phoenix. Don Dederer, a new columnist on the Arizona Republic interviewed me and gave me an appreciative writeup in the Sunday paper. I visited my income tax and FBI friends and also had a day with Tom Bahti, Indian trader who briefed me on the efforts of the whites to prevent the Apache Indians from building a dam on their own reservation. Then I rode for three days and nights to Washington, D. C. on the bus. Here I met my Congressman friends Udall and Eugene McCarthy, and the Sweitzers who are friends of the Hopi. Lunch at the Press Club with Ed Lahey and Ted Lewis and young Frank Brophy of Phoenix and I was soon on my way to New York City in time for civil disobedience at the air raid drill July 12.

Summary

If I had known it would have been so hot in Las Vegas I would not have gone there. When I fast and picket the income tax men here Aug. 6 through the 17, I will drink juices. I wouldn't change my rules in the midst of my fasting but as I am a one-man-revolution I can make my own rules about it. Besides the daily letters from Doorthy and some others while fasting I had two notes of encouragement that especially cheered me. One from Austin McGarty of Stockport, England, who, coming back from Mass, read in the CW of my picketing, and at once commenced to fast the 12 days with me. He wrote that he felt dizzy and weak at the finish. The other was a letter from a recent convert, Charles Butterworth who lives at our Peter Maurin Farm, who felt that many of us might say that if we had been at Jerusalem at the time when Barabab was freed and Christ was crucified that we would have spoken up for Christ. As there is no time with God we who today are opposing the atom bomb and war: which crucifies Christ—we are then in fact standing up for Christ when we fast and picket in the same sense as if we had been there at Jerusalem at the crucifixion.



Two Weeks at Koinonia

By ROBERT STEED

A modern spiritual writer has said that no one should have any trouble in discovering his vocation because (the writer says) it will keep flinging itself in your path most obviously until you accept it. If this theory is true then my vocation would seem to be a night-watchman for I have on three occasions been confronted with the opportunity to act in this capacity.

The first was at the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemani where I took my turn every month or so on the firewatch and as those who have read Thomas Merton's *The Sign of Jonas* know this is a mystical experience. The second was here at the *Catholic Worker* where the fire department demands that someone walk from sub-basement to roof top punching the clock every two hours throughout the night and this also affords the opportunity to escape from the pressures and exigencies of community life. The third was at Koinonia. There the concern is not that an accidental fire may break out but something far more serious.

I arrived at Americus, Ga. on a very hot day in May after having visited the Trappists and the Maryknol sisters in South Carolina. I phoned Koinonia and John Eustace drove into town to pick me up. He had some shopping to do at the few stores that still do business with Koinonia, a drug store, the five and ten, Sears and Roebuck, a shoe repair shop and a dry cleaner's. The last two are owned by negroes. The owner of the dry cleaners is a Catholic and she invited me to come to the colored parish the next Sunday.

The car we drove around in had a very distinguishing mark: a bullet hole on the right side just over the windshield. John parked on side streets so that we would not be noticed. It was somewhat like one of those international spy films. In spite of precautions we were soon the center of attention; but looks are relatively harmless.

After the shopping was finished we drove out over the undulating land some eight or ten miles to the farm. I had expected some immense and far extending physical plant with great signs hanging from each building saying: Negroes and whites eat here together, Negroes and whites pray here together. If not, why were the Southern whites so incensed, why had they dynamited buildings, fired into a group of children playing ball? But no, there was only a small group of buildings and a very unpretentious sign hanging on the roadside which said: Koinonia — Welcome.

I soon met most of the community and those who were out working I met later at one of the community meals. Again I was taken by surprise. Farmers, ministers, housewives. Nothing particularly unusual about any of them. And yet they had taken on the character of heroic sanctity. Ordinary people who by the Providence of God had been placed in an extraordinary situation and with the help of grace and their own good will were witnessing to the power of Christianity.

I asked and was allowed to take

the nightwatch every night for two weeks and in this way released those who were needed for some more skilled kind of work. The first night Chris Drescher who had been caught on the wrong end of a high powered rifle stayed up with me to instruct me on the procedure.

We sat in an old car under a powerful light so as to be visible to anyone who might be up to some mischief. Cars coming from either way past the farm are visible for quite a distance before they come within shooting distance so when you see the headlights appear you get out of the car walk toward the side of the road so that the rumor that the community was armed to the teeth will be openly contradicted.

The watch lasts from ten o'clock until three. The first hour or so people coming home from the movies and other amusements constitute the majority of the cars and they often go out of their way to drive by Koinonia just to see if there is anything to see and perhaps to scare the watchman. Some of them will turn out their lights and drive by very slowly, gun their motors and speed away. But they are harmless and after the first night they don't interest you. But the interesting hour is from two until three; Chris calls it the murder hour. The people who drive by at that hour have not been kids out on a lark. They mean business. I was lucky enough not to get shot at but by the time I got there some pressure had been exerted by public opinion on the law enforcement agencies; not that they had arrested anyone but they had been, it is almost certain, told to lay off a while. And besides the economic boycott was steadily tightening and I suppose the town of Americus felt that this was much safer, because it was legal, and also effective.

That first night we had something of a scare. Chris and I were talking and had not been watching the approaches too closely so we didn't see the car coming but all of a sudden there it was in front of us, moving very slowly, lights out. Perhaps they didn't see us in the car, they were looking at the buildings on the other side of the road. We sat very still, not knowing what they might be up to. They passed us and drove a short way to a curve in the road and stopped. We got out of the car armed with a flashlight, pointed it at them and began to walk in their direction. We must have caught them by surprise because they took off in a great hurry. They might have been planning to cut the fence which at that point was holding back the hogs. This has happened before.

After the first few nights I began to recognize the three or four cars which came past every night. One of them belonged to a local juvenile delinquent, another to a member of the fire department, a third to the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. Once I had to call John Gabor and Ross Anderson who were sleeping in the house near which the car was parked and where I slept also when I thought someone was cutting the fences but otherwise there was no trouble. Actually it was more of a vacation than anything else.

Congratulations

Dear Editor,

May I congratulate you and your entire wonderful staff for the great work you are doing but especially on the June issue of the *Catholic Worker*. My husband, who is Mexican, and I, agree heartily with the perfectly planned solution offered and the opinions expressed in Ted Le Berthon's article, "Peonage-American Style." I intend to write our representative in Congress as Fr. McDonnell suggests and I am sure that I can depend upon a number of friends to do the same. Also I would like to send a copy of the article to as many newspapers and columnists as possible in the Southern California area since this is where a great deal of the problem in question is centered. How may I obtain a good number of the June issues? Would you be so kind as to supply me with as many as possible? I will happily pay for what I receive.

Le Berthon's article is the best we have ever read on the subject and there have been many. He is truthful and fully expresses what our ideals as Christians are. The articles (also in the June issue) on the Indian situation were also interesting to us since we live in it almost. We are in the midst of the results of the Indian Affairs since there are numerous Indian Reservations surrounding us and we have quite a few Indian friends. Your "Four Interviews with Peter Maurin" by Arthur Sheehan (Part II) on land and children is also very interesting to us since we have five children and are raising them in a rather barren part of the desert outside of the resort area. Our ideas coincide with those of the late Peter Maurin.

We also enjoyed Robert Steed's letters about Koinonia and Koinonia principles. In fact all these articles as well as many others are indeed inspiring, encouraging one to be truly a Christ-bearer.

As you must realize, there are no periodicals such as the *Catholic Worker* in this part of the United States, neither do we have a real *Christie St.*, and of course we have no place like the incomparable Peter Maurin Farm. There are "would-be's" and "might-have-beens" and there is a constant crying need. You feel it, hear it and see it. So what any of us can do to help glorify God and His Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, dear Jesus, we want to do. In whatever way we are capable, we want to raise our children to be Christophers too. We are creative people, my husband and I, we write, paint, love all of God's creations and try to emulate them in every way. Even though my husband makes our living with manual labor that does not particularly express his talents; he is an artist at the work he does. We are humbly grateful for the wonderful graces Our Lord has bestowed upon us, and our gratitude can never be great enough.

We are inspired to do many things which perhaps we are not quite capable of doing but which we do anyway because God has inspired them.

We are happy to have knowledge of the Catholic Art Association and its constitution which is another organization inspired by Our Lord. Really, we have such a need for real Catholic Action. We want to be a part of it and feel that in due time this will be so.

Thank you for giving us your attention for the length of this letter. Congratulations and God bless you and your projects.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,
Mr. and Mrs. Mele Anguilano

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

English Catholics On War

A Tenable Opinion

"There are those who hold that the evils resulting from modern war are so great that nothing can justify recourse to arms and that therefore in practice today all war is immoral. This is a tenable opinion and could be held by a Catholic." (Fr. G. P. Dwyer, *Catholic Times* of London, July 13th, 1956).

No Defense Against Nuclear Weapons

Just after the first atom bombs were dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki a well-known Catholic journalist was heard to remark that the only defense against the atom bomb was a state of grace.

Twelve years later the British Government says much the same thing, only since it does not believe in grace it says, bluntly, there is no defense against nuclear weapons. Put in the Parliamentary language of a White Paper the Government says that "there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the people of this country against the consequences of an attack with nuclear weapons." Because of this "the overriding consideration in all military planning must be to prevent war rather than to prepare for it."

But, in materialist philosophy at least, and since Roman days, the considered way of preventing war has been to prepare for it. *Si vis pax para bellum*. If you want peace prepare for war.

It is true that that has not worked out in practice; yet it remains the philosophy which declares that "it is unhappily true that, pending international agreement, the only existing safeguard against major aggression is the power to threaten retaliation with nuclear weapons." There follows some boasting about atomic bombs being in production and megaton weapons being developed.

Could anything be more crazy than the sight of the great powers of the world calmly building great piles of weapons which could, in a flash, blow the whole world to blazes? (*Catholic Times* of London, April 12th, 1957).

Nuclear Deterrence — The Silence of Catholics

... feeling in this country on the whole subject seems to have grown much stronger and the silence of Catholics as Catholics is marked.

... for us in this small country there is a real question as to whether any form of contemporary large-scale defense is even wise. The old conscript army is certainly out of date, save for minor operations; but the new nuclear army can only be brought into operation at the cost of the virtual destruction of our country. (We dare not) as the Catholic community in this country, evade moral responsibility.—*London Catholic Herald*, 5/3/57.

A Positive Policy

... the position of the religious pacifist is quite different (from hedonistic pacifism). It is merely the physical weapons of war that are forbidden to him. He claims no right to disinterest himself in what happens or to accept dishonor. In both the great Biblical texts in which pacifism appears to be recommended as a positive duty, to endure and testify and suffer is asserted as a necessary alternative to physical resistance. We must turn the other cheek—a gesture of defiance rather than weakness. We are bidden, indeed, not to resist evil, but at the same time to overcome evil with good—a very positive policy indeed, if only we can find a way to carry it through.—Christopher Hollis, in "A Study of George Orwell."

Sheep Among Wolves

What St. John Chrysostom had to say about warfare; part of one of the lessons from the Office of June 12, from the Breviary which all priests read every day of the year.

And now that they may understand that this is a new kind of warfare, and an unaccustomed manner of fighting, when he sends them forth unarmed, clad in only one garment, without shoes, or staff, or girdle, or wallet and commands them to receive nourishment from anyone who will receive them; he does not make an end of his discourse here, but, giving evidence of his inexplicable power, he says;

And in so going, show forth nevertheless the meekness of sheep although you are about to go to the wolves, and not simply unto wolves, but even into the midst of wolves; (and neither indeed is it only the meekness of sheep that he bids them have, but also the simplicity of the dove); for thus shall I best show my power, when the wolves shall be overcome by the sheep; and although they may be in the midst of wolves and mangled by countless bites, they will not only be devoured, but will even change the nature of the wolves into their own.

Assuredly it is a greater and more wonderful thing to effect a change in the mind of enemies, and to bring them to another way of thinking than to kill them; especially when they were only twelve, and the whole world was full of wolves. Let us then be ashamed of ourselves, who act so differently and rush upon our enemies like wolves.

For as long as we are sheep we overcome; even if a thousand wolves surround us, we overcome and are conquerors.

But if we are wolves, we are conquered; for then the aid of the shepherd departs from us, for he feeds sheep, not wolves.

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