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Thomas Merton, Trappist

1915-1968

By DOROTHY DAY

A year ago Thomas Merton was sending out his Advent-Christmas letter and telling of the death of three close friends by heart attacks. "Both were about my age," he wrote. "So if I suddenly follow their example I will be the last one to be surprised." He was fifty-three years old when he died. On Wednesday, December 11, we received a telegram from the abbot, telling of his death. We had no details of his dying from the New York Times that morning because we had an early edition which ran only his prepared obituary. It was from a later issue of the paper that we learned the details. I felt certain that it was indeed a heart attack which had caused him to fall against a standing electric fan in the monastery in Bangkok, which in turn fell upon him, burning him severely. He had arrived in Bangkok a week before to attend a meeting of Roman Catholic monks who had gathered to discuss monasticism in the Far East.

All of us at Tivoli and at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on First Street in New York were shocked and saddened by the loss of this friend of the Catholic Worker and of the peace movement. He had been writing to us since the Fifties and we had published a great number of his articles. Ever since he wrote *Seven Story Mountain*, which was published in 1948 and made the best seller lists, he was kept busy by his abbot, writing more books and essays. The New York Times said of him that he was a writer of singular grace about the city of God and an essayist of penetrating originality on the City of Men. He had become a Catholic in 1938 and joined the Trappists at Gethsemani in 1941 and lived at Bardstown, Kentucky, first in the monastery and then as a hermit on the property. A few

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36 East First

By JACK COOK

To Dan Kelly,
Allenwood Prison Farm,
Allenwood, Pennsylvania

Dear Dan:

Remember the classic faux pas I made when last I used this column as a private-public letter to Jim Wilson, who was then where you are now: in Allenwood Prison? I addressed him in the salutation as "Dead Jim," not "Dear Jim"; and to this day we do not know whether the original error was in my copy (which is missing) or simply a fantastic fluke on the part of the printer.

Perhaps, overzealous in my effort to identify with Jim in prison, I subconsciously gave a name to his state of mind at the time. I hope and trust that it is not your state of mind. I prefer to regard such events as that painfully poignant salutation as metaphysical mysteries and leave it at that. A week or so ago, shortly before 10 o'clock when we serve our soup, bread, and tea, it was discovered that we had no tea.

Being short of help that day, we could not send anyone out for some, so we reluctantly took the cups from the tables. At that moment the nuns who regularly donate bread and cake to us arrived, and, you guessed it, in one of the cartons was a pound and a half of excellent tea.

And of our soup line let it be said, as I still maintain about the old Latin Mass, that it is a work of art from beginning to end. There is something of the artist (as Pat May says) in John McMullen, who now is in charge of the soup thing, as he orchestrates pande-

monium every morning to an appreciative audience. To those too timid to ask for seconds, he says: "Let me put a head on that bowl of soup." Wong, stern and brusque, is effective counterpoint, and Fred Lindsey takes up the theme downstairs, where he entertains the troops with his burlesque routines.

There are other themes, of course: Louis Prinz, who along with Italian Mike, Brother John, Jimmy the Indian, and others, regularly works on the second floor, told me he knows more than a few Bowery men who come in not for soup alone but to meditate in those intervals of silence following raucous discord. And the curtain rises and falls on the lilting greeting and farewell of our Scottish Mary Gallagan.

Of Prisoners

I am rather glad, I must admit, that my sentencing and time (mid-January; probably at Allenwood), postdate the upcoming "action" on the part of the ambitious Peace Movement at Allenwood on the 20th of December. I understand it is to be another "celebration of life" thing, complete with Joan Baez and Freedom songs.

Besides making prison officials uptight, the probable consequence more rigid routines, there are other objections. I would delight, were I in prison, to be sung to and made to feel good; but I would be depressed as hell, were I in prison, to be singled out, sung to, and made to feel holy.

So blessed, how would I face this other guy (or he, me) who's in for un-

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Along the Nisqually

By ROBERT D. CASEY

The fall fishing season here in the State of Washington opened with an almost inevitable confrontation between the Indian tribes, who were exercising their Treaty rights to earn a living by fishing their rivers, and the State, which is attempting to regulate this troublesome ethnic minority out of existence by destroying their economic basis of survival. Although the Indians catch only five per cent of the annual take of salmon, most of the recently enacted legislation, all in the name of "conservation," seems to be aimed at them and not at the commercial fishing interests, which maintain expensive, efficient, and well paid lobbies in the corridors of the State legislature—playing a game the Indians don't even know the name of.

A new, and potentially dangerous, development is taking place in the ranks of the Indian youths serving in the armed forces. (They are disproportionately represented there, because very few Indian lads are deferred for any reason. During World War II, the Indians used to say that "if you can see lightning and hear thunder, you're in.") Some of the young braves, home on furlough from the killing in Vietnam, have determined not to go back to the war in Asia until they have finished fighting for the rights of their own people here at home.

Here are excerpts from a public declaration made on October 13th by P.F.C. Sidney Mills, a Yakima and Cherokee Indian who served in the Army for two years and four months and was critically wounded in combat in Vietnam:

My first obligation lies with the Indian people, fighting for their lawful treaty rights . . . and in serving them, in this fight, in any way possible. The defense of the Indian people, and their chosen way of life . . . is more compelling than any duty to the U.S. military. I renounce, and no longer consider myself under, the authority and the jurisdiction of the United States Army.

I have served the U.S. in a less compelling struggle in Vietnam and will not be restricted from doing less for my own people within the United States . . . I have given enough to the U.S. Army and now choose to serve my people. My decision is further influenced by the fact that we have already buried Indian fishermen, returned dead from Vietnam, while other Indian fishermen live here without protection and under steady attack from the power processes of this nation and the States of Washington and Oregon.

I will not be among those who draw pride from a past in which I had no part, nor from a proud heritage I will not uphold. We must give of ourselves today—and I for one will not be content to have women and children fighting in my stead. At least, I will be among them—at least, they will not be alone.

After Sidney Mills made his decision to fight for justice along the banks

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Thank you, thank you!

"I am of so grateful a disposition," St. Teresa of Avila once said, "that I can be bought with a sardine." Much more than a sardine have we received these months. Happily working in our new headquarters at 36 East First Street, we rejoice in the central heating and hot water, and the fact of our all being under one roof for the first time since our old house was bulldozed out of existence by the city. For all who helped us make a down payment and accomplish all the repairs, we are deeply grateful and beg God's blessings on them. And to all those who have answered our appeal for help to make some beginning of paying off our bills which accumulated while we were using all the money that came in for repairs, we beg God to outdo them in generosity a hundredfold. If you have received but an inadequate note of acknowledgment, please excuse us—the work is piled high and half the house is down with 'flu, being more comfortably sick than they would have been six months ago, thanks to the new place. Deo gratias.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Readings and Ruminations: One of my bedside books, *The Days of the Lord*, is a compilation of the writings of the saints, past and present, published by Herder and Herder and edited by William G. Storey, an old friend of the Catholic Worker, teacher at Notre Dame, husband and father. Here you can find the best of theologians and scripture scholars of all periods. If that doesn't tempt you to buy this book, which comes in three parts (you can buy one at a time), let me illustrate how it works for me.

For December first, Blessed Edmund Campion is represented: a Jesuit, educated in Germany and Bohemia (now part Czechoslovakia) he was, back in England in 1580, a true underground priest, (not a playboy) knowing that sooner or later he would be captured, tortured and killed. He begins: "I confess that I am a priest, though unworthy, of the Catholic Church, and through the great mercy of God vowed now these eight years into the religion of the Society of Jesus. Hereby I have taken upon me a special kind of warfare under the banner of obedience, and also resigned all my interests or possibilities of wealth, honor, pleasure and other worldly felicity." He goes on to tell how under obedience he journeyed from Prague to England (he would go anywhere as bidden) and "my charge is of free cost to preach the gospel, to instruct the simple, to reform sinners, to confute errors—in brief to cry alarm spiritual against proud vice and proud ignorance, wherewith many of my dear countrymen are abused."

And I began to think of Father Dan Berrigan, also a Jesuit, and his approaching martyrdom of three years in prison for destroying draft records and the debate which has gone on among the Catholic brethren as to whether or not this is an effective way of reaching the conscience of Catholics bred to a more conventional style of priesthood and apostolate. I will leave it to our readers, who I hope will get hold of this encyclopedic treasure of a book, to continue the reading which started in me a train of reflection. Most of our readers will begin by wondering why Father Berrigan does not fit the conventional image of a saint. Even those quotations from priests of the present day who have suffered martyrdom, imprisonment or suppression do not immediately help us understand him. I am thinking of the excerpts from Father Alfred Delp's prison letters, from the writings of Father Henri de Lubac, S.J. and Father Yves Congar,

O.P. There were two other books that helped me greatly; both by Robert L. Short, a theologian student at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, who started working his way towards a degree by interpreting the theological significance of the famous cartoon, "Peanuts," drawn by Charles M. Schulz. The first book, *The Gospel According to Peanuts*, was published by the John Knox Press, of Richmond, Virginia, in 1964 and had gone into 17 printings by March, '67 (the edition I have.) The second, *The Parables of Peanuts*, is by the same author and published this Fall by Harper and Row (paper back, \$1.95). Both books are delightful; but it is from the first that I would like to quote.

Why can't Father Berrigan be like Campion or other Jesuit heroes? I might have quoted Hugh of St. Victor, who brought most forcibly to my attention that each human being created by God is unique and that God has the special love for each one that such uniqueness requires, but more telling for today is Robert Short's explanation, in his essay "The Church and the Arts," which introduces his *Gospel*.

Mr. Short reminds us that: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?" is the question the Church, always finding itself in but not of the world, urgently needs to consider today. And illustrating the indirect approach of Fr. Dan Berrigan, one might quote with him from Kierkegaard's *Journals*: "If one is to lift up the whole age, one must truly know it. That is why those ministers of Christianity who begin at once with orthodoxy have so little effect and only on few. . . . One must begin with paganism." And St. Paul: "To the Jews I became as a Jew, in order to win Jews . . . to those outside the law I became as one outside the law . . . to the weak I became weak, that I might win the weak. I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

I'd like readers to send those *Peanuts* books to all our fellow workers who are in prison, beginning with our editors and special friends: Father Phil Berrigan, S.S.J., Dan Kelly and David Miller, at Federal Prison Camp, Allenwood, Pennsylvania; Thomas Lewis, Federal Penitentiary, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; Robert Gilliam, Federal Correctional Institute, Sandstone, Minnesota; Mike Vogeler, Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Missouri; Suzanne Williams, Federal Penitentiary, Alderson, West Virginia. You can get a list of prisoners for peace from the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York, N. Y. 10038. Anyone sending books must send them

directly from the publisher, and that means, of course, that such gifts will be arriving long after Christmas. However, the traditional Catholic season ends on February 2nd, so that there is plenty of time. It is to be hoped that the books will be passed on to other prisoners who have little contact with their friends outside.

One of the saddest things Jim Wilson told us on coming out of Allenwood after 22 months in prison, was that so many prisoners did not get even one Christmas card, while the conscientious objectors got thousands. And the saddest thing about Jim's and David Miller's imprisonment is that each became a father after he went to jail. Their only contacts with their little ones are the meager visits permitted. Jim did not watch the 22 months growing of his little son Nathan, and David is still being deprived of seeing those early years of his two little ones. Thank God Cathy and the children have moved fifteen miles from the prison and started a guest house for the relatives of prisoners who cannot afford the high cost of motels or hotels or tourist rooms in the area. "He who loves sons and daughters more than me is not worthy of me," said Jesus. It is because they love children, and learn about love through their own children; because they see Christ in the least ones, the littlest ones, that they can perhaps begin to love all children, neighbors' children, children near and far, loving them in practice as well as in dreams.

Another Day

The December 6th issue of *Commonweal* has a long letter from Phil Berrigan to his brother Dan, telling, warning, perhaps, of the tedium of prison, the deserts to cross, the death in life, the lovelessness—in fact, the dark night of the senses and the dark night of the soul. It seems to me that they often intermingle. I pray that in writing it, in the very ability to articulate it, the dull grey of his situation was somewhat lightened. I was always much impressed, in reading prison memoirs of revolutionists, such as Lenin and Trotsky (not to speak of Father Walter Cizek, S.J.) by the amount of reading they did, the languages they studied, the range of their plans for a better social order. (Or rather, for a new social order.) In the Acts of the Apostles there are constant references to the Way and the New Man. So in spite of the fact that priests are not ordained in order to start farming communes and replace the banking system and installment-plan buying with the credit union and cooperative, their very preaching of voluntary poverty and, above all, their setting the example, will do much to further the revolution. And what greater and purer means are there than prayer and suffering?

These are great men, the Berrigan brothers, and they are both young, they already have a following among the young, in and out of the Church. So read, Phil and Dan, read in season and out, and if you cannot concentrate, if the noise is too continual, as it usually is in armies and in jails, then read action stories like *The Centurions* by Jean Larteguy, first printed in France in 1960, about the end of the French war in Indo-China and the beginning of the Algerian conflict.

Best of all, the history of the Negroes, written by a Negro such as W. E. Burghardt DuBois. I am reading *The Soul of Black Folk* now and recommend it as a good beginning in the study of African and American history in relation to slavery past and present. This is an early book of this great writer. He had just published his first book, a history of *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to America* (first volume of the new Harvard Historical Studies in 1896). His second book, *Philadelphia Negro*, was published by the University of Pennsylvania in 1899. *The Soul of Black Folk* is made up of articles which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Dial*, and other magazines. When he wrote an- other introduction in a reprint fifty

years later he said that he still thought the "color line is the great problem of this century . . . but today I see more clearly than yesterday that back of the problem of race and color lies a greater problem, which both obscures and implements it; and that is the fact that so many civilized persons are willing to live in comfort even if the price of this is the poverty, ignorance and disease of the majority of their fellow men; that to maintain this privilege men have waged war until today war tends to become universal and continuous, and the excuse for this war continues largely to be color and race."

The essay which I like most especially is "Of the Dawn of Freedom." I come from a family which was very conscious of the Civil War, because my father's father fought on the side of the South and my mother's on the North.

My Southern grandmother used to point out that I took after my mother, and there was always a note of distaste in her voice when she said this. My father used to speak of "hardshell Baptist" cousins in Georgia, where my grandmother came from, and Campbellites in Tennessee, where he came from, and after I became a Catholic he used to say something once in a while about the "damned papists," but always with a smile. Needless to say, he had a paternalistic fondness for the Negro. With all this background we children had a colossal ignorance of the history of our country. When he caught us singing the martial air, "Marching through Georgia," he took us severely to task and forbade us ever to sing it again. I thought of this when I read this beautiful paragraph:

Three characteristic things one might have seen in Sherman's raid through Georgia, which threw the new situation in shadowy relief. The conqueror, the conquered, and the Negro. Some see all the significance in the grim front of the destroyer, and some in the bitter sufferer of the Lost Cause. But to me neither soldier nor fugitive speaks with so deep a meaning as that dark human cloud that clung like remorse on the rear of those swift columns, swelling at times to half their size, almost engulfing and choking them. In vain were they ordered back, in vain were bridges hewn from beneath their feet; on they trudged and writhed and surged, until they rolled into

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DOROTHY DAY,
publisher.

Tivoli

A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On Gaudete Sunday the wind blew high, blew cold, with snow swirling in its furious song. Wind-buffed, a bluejay shrieked against the gale. But snug in his well-made burrow, the woodchuck lay in the deep sleep of winter, undisturbed, almost unbreathing, wrapped in the warm coat of fat he had made for himself by eating so liberally, during the garden season, of John Filligar's best vegetables. An almost blizzard, the snow swirled, whirled in the trumpeting wind. But warm in my room—though not quite as soporific as the woodchuck—I heard during a lull of wind the voice of the chickadee, proclaiming: *Gaudete, Gaudete*. Then I rejoiced, remembering that He chose such wintry weather to come into the world, to be born of a Virgin, that all men, all of us—whatever the season, whatever the weather—might live in the warmth of His love forever.

Yet where is that peace He came to

had moved backward in time and was present at a gathering of some of these celebrities. As for the students, they roared with laughter at the wit and showed by their questions after the talk that they had been stimulated into real interest and intellectual curiosity.

They gave Helene an enthusiastic ovation, and after the meeting had ended, crowded about her with further questions. As for me, I was stimulated both by Helene and the students and greatly reassured about the much-talked-about generation gap, which in this particular instance did not seem to exist at all.

Part of the credit for this must go, I think, to Michael Minahan, Professor of Russian at Bard, who combines scholarship and enthusiasm in his teaching and seems to like his students as much as his subject. It was also a help, I think, that the meeting was held in the Red Balloon, a cafe-like room at Bard where students can sit



bring? Another Christmas and the war in Vietnam continues. The politicians talk on and on, prolonging the war with their peace talks. Every day more young men are sent out to die, and innocent peasants are slaughtered like helpless victims of some ancient pagan holocaust. In the market-place the merchants of greed traffic in His Name. Wherever we go, our ears are bombarded with slogans of hatred and fear. Brother hates brother, race hates race, the rich grow richer, the poor grow poorer. O Child, send us Your star again to lead us to the still small point of Your love, that eternal Bethlehem where shepherds kneel and angels sing: *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

Now on the cold day after Gaudete Sunday, with only a few days before the winter solstice, I could almost envy the woodchuck, who chooses to make himself snug and comfortable and sleep the winter out. Yet there are times when I am glad I am not a woodchuck.

One such occasion occurred recently when I went with several others from our farm community to hear Helene Iswolsky speak to the Russian club at Bard College. Helene spoke on the Silver Age of Russian arts and letters, a period roughly between 1900 and the Revolution. Since Helene had known many of these artists and writers personally, her talk was enlivened with many interesting anecdotes.

Indeed, Helene presented this period with so much wit and animation that for a little while I almost felt that I

at tables consuming punch and cookies or sprawl on the floor if they choose.

Bard College is, in fact, one of the best anti-hibernating influences in our lives. The weekly movies interest most of our younger communarians, and the lectures and dramatic and musical events are a source of intellectual stimulus and diversion to many of us. Some of the students also visit us, and now and then some of the faculty. As for Michael Minahan, he has become more than a visitor, he is a real friend.

There are other colleges in this area—in particular Marist and Vassar, both in Poughkeepsie—which provide further cultural events of interest to us. Last fall, Marty Corbin attended a series of lectures at Vassar, given by Saul Alinsky, the outstanding radical sociologist. More recently, Marty, Tommy Hughes and Mary Greve went to hear Dick Gregory at New Paltz.

Meanwhile our farm with a view continues the work of hospitality. No matter what the weather, visitors come and go, and do much to enliven a bleak December. One Sunday afternoon Anne Marie Stokes came up with Helen Dolan and some visitors from New Jersey. Both Anne Marie and Helen are old friends of the Catholic Worker and most particularly welcome to us all. On that same weekend Joe and Audrey Monroe visited. We were glad that Audrey had recovered sufficiently from her operation for glaucoma to make the trip. Thanksgiving weekend Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner arrived, gift-laden to increase our thank-

Two Poems by John Fandel

I.H.S.

He wanted me to define
God, the divine
Son: I could not
Do it. What
Do you mean, then,
He asked, Christian,
He said; I
Murmured, Faith, reason awry.

I thought, morning, noon and night,
That holy light
I can not tell,
Life, as well;
Define LOVE . . . BE . . .
That I might see!
Honored, who
Honors me . . . Father . . . He knew.

CONFESSION

Bless me, Father, for I have seen
How, overnight, the world is green,
And not quite what I thought you mean

You meant. You meant the world is—well,
The world is. Spring, in time, you tell
Me, if I understand the spell

Of daffodils, for instance, now,
Opened, row on row on row,
Not all the spring that they shall show,

I know. But bless me, Father, now,
A second time. I also know
The darkness that becomes between
The flowerings, you know as well.

fulness. The feast that Hans Tunnesen prepared for Thanksgiving Day was one of the best I have ever eaten, but the best of banquets is better enjoyed when shared with friends and guests.

During the Thanksgiving weekend Jim and Raona Wilson came with their little son Nathan for an overnight visit. Jim was released from Allenwood Prison this fall after serving twenty-two months as a result of his refusal to cooperate with the militarists. Jim and all the other young men who have served or expect to serve sentences for their anti-militaristic activity are the true heroes of our time. We honor them and thank them for all they have done for the cause of peace and freedom in our time, our land.

We have, of course, had many more visitors than we can mention. This last weekend, on the eve of the Gaudete Sunday storm, we were particularly glad to greet Pat Rusk again, and Mike Ketchum for the first time. Pat has made a wonderful recovery from a serious auto accident last year; and it is very good to have her back in our midst. As for Mike, he has not only established a reputation for being a very dependable worker at our East First Street house, but he has gotten himself engaged to one of our most gifted and charming young women: Nicole d'Entremont. We congratulate them both.

Our house at present writing is quite full, with living room couches made to serve as beds again. Several of our communarians have, in fact, taken to their beds, though not for woodchuck reasons, but as a result of the Hong Kong flu. Six are now in bed: Emily Coleman, Father Leandre Plante, Mary Greve, Alice Lawrence, Mike Sullivan, and Stanley Vishniewski. Several others, including Rita, Sally, and Coretta Corbin, Joe Gerace, Slim Bourne, and Jim Canavan, are recovering. Some of us—Dorothy Day and I are among this number—took the flu earlier in November and are now recovered. At any rate, Dorothy is now helping to care for the others. Tomorrow there may be more, though we hope not.

Needless to say, the burden of work falls heavier on those who are not sick. Marge Hughes continues to play a leading role in keeping things going in most departments. John Filligar and Hans Tunnesen are, as always, ready to do anything. Placid Decker and Tom

Likely continue to help in the dining room.

Most of those who are now sick in bed were making important work contributions until illness put a stop to their efforts; but when they recover, they will undoubtedly be helping again. Meanwhile we are deeply grateful that Daniel and Raymond Douvain are with us. French Canadians, these young men are wandering monks of a kind, truly dedicated, truly men of prayer, always ready to help, always a source of cheerfulness in the community. At present they are engaged in insulating the casino so that we will have more livable space for winter use.

One of the hardest jobs in inclement weather is that of driver. Mike Sullivan and Tommy Hughes bear the main burden here; and now that Mike is ill, Tommy has been doing most of it. The delicate condition of our cars does not make the driving easier. We should like to ask that visitors try not to arrive at train or bus terminals in too inclement weather, that they always notify us if and when they are coming, that if they miss a train or bus, they call immediately so that a driver need not go out, perhaps in a storm, on a fruitless errand.

One of the great blessings in our community this winter is that we again have a priest with us to say Mass in our chapel. About a week after Father Marion Casey left us, Father Plante arrived to spend the winter. Father was with us last winter for some time and was a great favorite with us all. He is a Jesuit of the Canadian Province. Father has been stationed on an Indian mission near Montreal. He is also a nephew of Father Pacifique Roy, who helped make Catholic Worker history at the Easton, Pennsylvania farm. Father says Mass simply and beautifully. We know that as soon as he is able to say daily Mass in our chapel again, winter will become more bearable, our house warm with the light of prayer.

Thinking of the light and warmth of prayer, my thoughts move past the winter solstice to Christmas Eve. I think of a Child in a stable, a Child in a Virgin's arms. I pray that all the friends, readers, and benefactors of the Catholic Worker may receive this Christmastide the gift of that Peace He came to bring to all men of goodwill. So that throughout the years we may truly sing—we, our friends, and all of us: *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

THY WILL

By JOHN

Lest Christ, in surrendering to His Father's will and sowing His own, remain a vague and misty ideal of action, let us pause to study it more carefully. To assure both accuracy and profundity in doing this we will follow the analysis of St. John of the Cross. One is aware that this saint has never been a popular teacher, least of all in the twentieth century, with its stress on all that is pleasing to man. Yet generations of sincere Christians have recognized him as an authentic teacher of Christian spirituality, and the Church has named him one of her Doctors, or quasi-official teachers, a Doctor of ascetical and mystical theology. In comparison with his analysis other attempts seem superficial.

There are two points to be observed in Friar John's teaching.

First of all, he holds that our motivation—that is, the motives of those who seek the summit of perfection, in accord with our Lord's injunction (Mt 5:48), should not be formed and determined by merely human goods. That is to say, these goods are not to be taken as final ends or goals. Not, obviously, that these goods are evil.

But, of themselves, they do not belong to the divine order to which man has been raised by God's grace and where his destiny is henceforth carried out. Now to form one's will on merely human goals and ends, to open up one's desires to such goods as if they were the highest, is to seek a mere natural excellence or perfection rather than the will of the Father. It is, in the end, to invite the "Begone Satan!" spoken to Peter. It is to reproduce, or continue, the choice of Satan, as also of man in his original fall. The good grain of wheat must be sown, at least existentially in the will, and this means in desire and motivation. For the motive is the grip of will and desire on a good taken as end.

Accordingly, St. John distinguishes six kinds of goods accessible to man within the human order ("temporal, natural, sensual, moral, supernatural, and spiritual"). Their extent and excellence indicate how deep and thorough is the therapy needed to "die" to one's own will in order to do the will of the Father. It is impossible, however, to study here in detail St. John's description of these goods and of the desirable attitude of the Christian towards them. His treatment covers twenty-five chapters (Book III, chapters 16 to 40) of his *Ascent of Mount Carmel*. To attempt a thumbnail sketch of this complex and delicate subject, where balance is of the utmost importance, would be to risk serious misunderstanding and thus inflict injustice on the writer (who had more than his share of injustice to endure during his lifetime). One must study these chapters for one's self to appreciate the breadth and depth of John's analysis and the vigor of his insistence that for the Christian, all

must be done for the glory of God, in conformity with the will of the Father and that, to accomplish this, one must die to one's own human will.

Here we will content ourselves with commenting on just one of the goods—a surprising entry, the reader will observe, among the human goals and goods which are not to provide motives, in any final sense, for the Christian. This one is called the natural moral good. Although to be esteemed and admired in its own order as it existed among the pagans (and humanists), moral good cannot be the highest reference point for those who model their lives on Christ's devotion to the will of the Father. The natural moral good must be oriented to the divine order to which one is raised by grace: sharing in the divine life, the destiny of being joined to God in love, regulates all. Moreover, the moral good, however excellent in itself, is too easily spoiled by an imperfect intention: for the Christian it means, not only risk, but loss. In this connection, St. John mentions the Pharisee who boasts of his fasting and tithing (Lk 18:12). He recalls the denunciation in the Sermon on the Mount even of such outstanding works as alms-giving, fasting, and prayer, if they are done "to win men's admiration": "I tell you solemnly, they have had their reward." (Mt 6:5) The follower of Christ must, therefore, take as his guiding principle, "Let not thy



left hand know what thy right hand doeth." (Mt 6:3) In carrying out the works of fasting, alms, and prayer—and all other works—he must act "in secret" for the Father; and the Father, "who sees in secret," will repay him. (Mt 6:6)

The Christian, then, if he will direct his rejoicing to God with regard to moral good, must realize that the value of his good works—fasts, alms, penances, etc.—is based, not upon the number or quality of them, but upon the love of God which inspires him to do them; and that they are the more excellent when they are performed with a sincere and pure love of God, and when there is in them less of self-interest, joy, pleasure, consolation, praise, whether with reference to this world or to the next. (*Ascent of Mount Carmel*, III, 27)*

The Cutting Edge

Corresponding, therefore, to these several goods which cannot provide satisfactory final motivation for the Christian who desires not to please himself but to do always the will of the Father, is a radical purification of the desire. Here is the second, complementary, point to be observed in St. John's teaching. This purification is the underside, or reverse, of charity, its cutting edge.

"When the faculties, passions, and desires are directed by the will toward God, and turned away from all that is not God; then the strength of the soul

is kept for God, and thus the soul is enabled to love God with all its strength." (*Ascent*, III, 16) Nor is the full orientation of the will towards God, which involves, negatively, a refusal to be moved by merely human good, a disparagement of these goods. The purification is interior, within the desires; it does not affect the objective quality of the goods in question. It is carried out existentially in the interior springs of action as our actions proceed from the will.

Such purification—or detachment, to call it by its usual name—may seem negative; indeed, it is negative: as noted above, it is the underside of charity. Yet if such terms as purification and detachment are unacceptable to modern ears, it should be remembered that they are pale and jejune in comparison with the Scriptural word *dying* or mortification. It is the latter word that St. Paul uses as he combines in a classic formula the negative and positive of the Christian life: "We carry with us in our body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus, too, may always be seen in our body." (I Cor 4:10).

John of the Cross summarizes the relationship of the goods of the natural order to those of the kingdom of God in an illuminating axiom that carefully preserves the excellence and dignity of natural goods while indicating that they must be "sown," at least existentially, in the will, to gain the divine: "The more and greater things a man despises for the sake of another, the more does he esteem and exalt that other." (*Ascent*, III, 32). So also, a man reveals his love for his wife by preferring her above all other women, no matter how beautiful. Indeed, the more lovely and desirable are her possible rivals, the more does his choice prove his love. On the other hand, his loving preference implies no defect in his wife's rivals. Because there are beautiful, his preference shows forth love. Similarly, detachment from created goods does not, paradoxically, denigrate these goods. On the contrary, it exalts them. Only because they are so excellent and desirable can rising above them—or sowing them—be proof of love.

John of the Cross thus sharply marks off Christian morality from mere humanism; yet his teaching is within the compass of a Christian and Incarnational humanism. Rather it is Incarnational humanism, for the Word Incarnate, as we have seen, did not please Himself, but did always the things pleasing to the Father. As John remarks, in summarizing his own rules of practice, Jesus Christ "in this life had no other pleasure, neither desired any, than to do the will of His Father, which He called (Jn 4:34) His meat and food." (*Ascent* I, 13).

Deep Sowing

In discerning the meaning of Christ's surrender of His will to the Father, we come to the most profound ethical meaning of sowing. Not only material goods, not only the goods of the body, whether through fasting or the diminishments of life, but also the most intimate personal goods of mind and will are precious grains that may be sown (or withheld from sowing). There may be, at times there should be, a sowing of private judgment and personal inclination.

As rational beings men are no doubt expected to follow their intelligence and to exercise their freedom of will responsibly. We cherish our liberty and the right to form our own opinions. Yet, stubborn and invariable insistence on these rights, we see clearly enough, may lead to anarchy. Obstinacy and self-will are not helpful for maturing personally, for enlightened living, or for creating community. We have personal rights, but we can also make mistakes; our judgments can be erroneous

and our will awry. There are times when one does well to yield personal judgment to a wiser judgment, when he should sacrifice personal inclination to a higher or common good.

Above all, the person guided by a faith in divine revelation that lifts his mind beyond a mere rationalism; whose will, hopefully, is attuned to accomplishing God's will on earth as it is in heaven; such a one will be ready at need to sow his personal judgment to harvest the divine wisdom, and to sow personal desires to reap the divine will possessed in love.

There is an axiom that faith goes beyond reason yet does not contradict it: true enough; yet the axiom, while asserting a truth of the speculative order, conceals the fact that in *practice* faith, precisely because it goes beyond reason, is a kind of death for reason, with its insatiable desire to know. Abraham's exemplary act of faith typifies the challenge to reason: a childless old man is asked to believe that he will be the father of a great nation, then further asked to sacrifice his son, the one hope given to him.

No wonder that John of the Cross, seeking a poetic analogy, described the life of faith as a "dark night"; it is darkness for reason, a kind of dying. Hence, although faith does not contradict reason, rationalism has ever been and ever will be the enemy of faith. The old Adam, asked to rise above reason to enter the luminous obscurity of faith, and there also to abandon his will to the divine will, perennially replies, "I will not serve." (Jr 2:20) The new Adam, however, speaking for mankind restored, makes His the utterance of the Psalmist, "God, here I am! I am coming to do your will." (Heb 10:5)

The sowing of judgment and will converge in obedience, a virtue particularly distasteful to modern man and not less distasteful to all men since the first to say "I will not serve!" Yet, it is a virtue poignantly and tragically exemplified by Jesus, who was "obedient unto death." (Ph 2:8) Precisely by this act of obedience sin is reversed and mankind is restored to God "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners so by one man's obedience many will be made righteous." (Rm 5:19) Nor was Jesus spared the pain, the dying, implicit in obedience: "Although He was the Son, He learnt to obey through suffering." (Heb 5:8) Indeed, as already noticed, it is precisely here that we come to the innermost secret of his spirituality and action, the deep center and origin of the sowing of the grain of wheat that was Himself. "My aim is to do not my own will, but the will of Him who sent me." (Jn 5:30)

To be sure, obedience to human authority, civil or ecclesiastical, presents problems: a complex casuistry may at times be necessary to trace through it the leadings of the divine will. Here we leave this casuistry aside. Yet, there can be no question that, if we are to take Jesus' action seriously as an example for ourselves, we must at least be ready for the direct obedience of conforming to the divine will. And this also means readiness to trace the manifestation of God's will in human authority. Modern man likes to think of himself as mature; we speak arrogantly now of "mankind come of age." Yet the "I will not serve" has run throughout the history of mankind, while to modern as well as ancient men are equally addressed the words, equally difficult to both: "I tell you solemnly, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." (Mt 18:3) Acceptance of this is prologue to saying, "Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." (Mt 6:10)

In Fine

The unique value of the analogy of the wheat grain is that it isolates, as it were, and clearly defines, what from

These chapters, which are being published serially in the Catholic Worker will appear later in book form. Father John J. Hugo is a priest in the Pittsburgh diocese who in the past has appeared many times in our columns. He is the author of many pamphlets on the spiritual life and was one of the first American priests to condemn conscription. His long articles, "The Crime of Conscription," and "Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors" reached more than a hundred thousand CW readers in the forties and were reprinted in supplement form for further distribution. During World War II he led a number of priests throughout the country in returning his draft card to his local draft board with a letter condemning conscription. He led the way among Catholics in the struggle for peace. It is because I am convinced that there can be no beginnings of peace in our hearts or in the world until we accept these hard sayings of the Gospel that I offer these articles to our readers.

D. D.

* Friar John's comments on the Christian's attitude towards "supernatural" goods—by which he here means such gifts and charismata as are spoken of by St. Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians (chapters 11 to 14)—are of interest and value today in view of the recent surge of Pentecostalism among both Catholics and Protestants.

The saint's cautions on "spiritual" goods—in which he includes all the external objects and practices of religion—are a salutary warning to religious people. Observance of such counsel might well prevent the abuses in institutional religion that bring it into disrepute and even ridicule, and which have in our time even led to the (temporary) death of God.

BE DONE

J. HUGO

the beginning and always, is the primary and essential element in the divine plan of salvation, namely, a metamorphosis, a change in each person from his natural condition to a divinized existence in which he loves God really, intimately, ecstatically and unendingly: with a love of which the best analogy is noble human love in its supreme moments. Scripture for the most part treats men concretely, as they are, as members of a fallen race, although restored through Christ to God's love. As a consequence, sin often seems to overshadow man and even somehow to overshadow the divine mercy. Accordingly, many writers derive all they have to say of practical Christianity from sin, that is, from the duty to avoid it and the need to repent of it.

The grain of wheat corrects this negative bias, enabling us to see that sanctification is a process of growth, of divinization, that would have been essentially the same even if there had been no sin. Because the grain of wheat is good, and only because it is good, it serves as a type of the change God desires to work within men, not because they are sinners but because of the excellence of their nature and its obedient capacity to be developed upwards, yet only through "dying," to share the divine life and love. In a word, the grain of wheat makes it possible for us to see that God's plan of sanctification and salvation requires of men a transfiguration, painful but glorious. Within the cocoon of this life, the Holy Spirit is secretly fashioning, at the cost of an existential death to all that we desire, the life of grace in preparation for its burst into glory.

Nature is full of metamorphoses, any of which might serve as analogies for this change at the peak of created reality, where nature is taken up into the divine. Jesus, in teaching this lesson, might have used any number of marvels, like that of the caterpillar within the drab and death-like chrysalis, which is at once the coffin of the worm and the cradle of a butterfly. But he did not do so. His disciples were simple men, who, although living close to nature, never had the advantage of taking a course in General Science I. So, Jesus remained in the farmyard, pointing to a change which, if less dramatic, is still wonderful, namely, the transformation of the unlikely-looking seed into the golden stalk of wheat. This example harmonizes with His description of Himself as the Bread of Life; also with His design in dying, not only to cast forth innumerable seeds of life, but to nourish this life with the living bread of the Eucharist.

We shall be like Him because we shall see Him as He really is. (I John 3:2)

How can the doctrine exemplified by the grain of wheat—dying in order to live—so painful in its implications, be reconciled with a God Who "is love" (1 Jn 4:16) and Whose first commandment to men is that they should love Him and one another?

There is no contradiction. God has indeed "first loved us" (1 Jn 4:10), but His is a love which transforms. He reconstitutes through holiness those who would return His love. "I am the one who reproves and disciplines all those He loves." (Rv 3:19) Grace is no mere outward cloak, but an inner principle of renewal, progressing to its culmination in holiness and glory. The dying "seed" puts off "the old self" in order to "put on the new self that has been created in God's way in the goodness and holiness of truth." (Exp 4:24) "Behold, I make all things new!" (Rv 21:5)

Transformation Through Love

Our word love is a catch-all; even the prostitute may speak of love and claims to teach love. Love must be purified in being ennobled. Lear pro-

fessed to love all his daughters, but he rejected Cordelia, who loved him best. Only after mighty suffering did he learn at the end, in death, to hold Cordelia in a love rising to charity. A father's love, as the Scriptures remind us, is a transforming love, although it here worked in reverse.

The mind, however, when picturing love, quickly conjures up the image of erotic, romantic, and conjugal love. Here the process of transformation is not so evident, because this love is between equals. The woman who intends to reform the man she marries (or vice versa) may be less than successful. Nevertheless, this love also, if it is to be real and lasting, must likewise be purified and transformed. In *The Winter's Tale*, the love of Leontes for his queen Hermione, if sincere, is weighted with dross. Through suffering caused by his jealousy, the loss of his daughter, and Hermione's apparent death, his love is slowly and painfully purified in an ordeal of sixteen years. Only because of this interior change is he happily reunited with Hermione; because of it also; the love of his lost daughter, Perdita, for the prince Florizel is realized.

True, the play is only a "tale," not one of the bard's greatest, and the plot to many seems contrived. But Shakespeare is not God. Unable to effect the fulfillment of love through death, he resorts to apparent death. Nevertheless, moving the drama and thus holding the "mirror up to nature," is the law of life-through-death. This is all the clearer, if we take Perdita, in her loveliness and innocence, as a symbol of man's lost Paradise. Except through suffering and death (it is intimated) such love and happiness are not attainable. The veiled appearance of the law of life-through-death as the axis of this drama explains what has been so puzzling to critics and commentators, that is, why there seem to be in it two plays but loosely joined together. They are in fact closely and vitally united through this inescapable law of life and growth.

If human love is the analogue of the divine, and the Scriptures certainly affirm this, then we must expect to find in God's love a like transforming action. St. John indicates that this is so: "My dear people, we are already the children of God, but what we are to be in the future has not been revealed." He assuredly means that it will be something gloriously different, even if it has not yet been revealed. Indeed, although it has not been revealed, the Apostle at once gives a breathtaking, not to say unbelievable, description of this future: "When it is revealed we shall be like Him." (1 Jn 3:2) What more could there be than this? Surely this is to be "perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." (Mt 5:48)

The very idea of being "children" of God, which means, if it is true, in some way sharing the divine nature, already implies a transformation. And it is true: "Think of the love that the Father has lavished on us by letting us be called God's children: and that is what we are." (1 Jn 3:1) And of course we have kept in mind right along the promise given through St. Peter that we "share the divine nature." (2 P 1:4)

Furthermore, the names son and children of God, besides describing the transfiguring dignity conferred by Christianity, also provide the key for understanding, in a painfully practical way, the nature of the transformation the "sons" of God must undergo. Accordingly, the author of the Letter to the Hebrews consoles the early Christians in their sufferings and afflictions. "Have you forgotten that encouraging text in which you are addressed as sons?" he asks, citing a passage from Proverbs.

My son when the Lord corrects you, do not treat it lightly; but do not get discouraged when He reprimands you. For the Lord trains the one that He loves and He punishes all those He acknowledges as His sons.

"God is treating you as His sons."

The child is introduced into a community of love that gradually changes him from a little savage, not perceptibly different from an animal to begin with, to a loving son and civilized human being. Not without pain. "Has there ever been any son whose father did not train him....Suffering is part of your training." So true is this that, "If you were not getting this training, as all of you are, then you would not be sons but bastards." (Heb 12:5-8)

Love demands equality, presupposes it, or creates it. Despite the inequalities of age and position between a father and his children, there is between them an equality of nature. That we may love God as His children, and not merely as creatures He gives us a share in His nature: so that we are not only called, but are His children: "that is what we are."

But God desires to be loved also by the Church as the Bridegroom of His Bride, that is, in a love from one like Him, tender, intimate, personal. "I arranged for you to marry Christ so that I might give you away as a chaste



virgin to this one husband." (2 Co 11:2) To enter this relationship a profound change is required that the bride may indeed be "chaste." Hence the Bridegroom "made her clean by washing her in water with a form of words, so that when He took her to Himself she would be glorious, with no speck or wrinkle or anything like that, but holy and faultless." (Ep 5:26)

Love demands equality. When the prince is changed into a frog by the malevolent witch, the princess can only pine until the spell is lifted and he is again changed into a man. When a peasant girl becomes a princess, she ceases to be a peasant. This, despite the new dignity, may involve pain; she must give up old friends and familiar haunts. Similarly, to live with God in a spousal relationship, we must be raised up, made like Him. "We shall be like Him, because we shall see Him as He really is." Like Him: to see Him as He really is: as bride and groom see each other. But only through the transformation of holiness. "Surely everyone who entertains this hope must purify himself, must try to be as pure as Christ." (1 Jn 3:2-3) The bride must be holy because He is holy. If the bridal relationship alone adequately illustrates the love of quasi-equality that God extends to us, the father-son relationship is needed to indicate the purification we must undergo to rise to such spousal love.

This conjugal relationship between God and His people had already appeared in the Old Testament, especially from the time of Hosea. The Song of Songs expresses it poetically. "Come, then, my love, my lovely one, come!" says the Spouse to the bride-Israel. Immediately He adds, "For see, the winter is now past, the rains are over and gone." (2:10-11) The "winter" and

the "rain" stand for the exile and captivity through which Israel was purified: life through death, dying we live. The Spouse can now say, in words that anticipate St. Paul's description of the bride-Church, "You are wholly beautiful, my love, and without a blemish." (4:7)

Perhaps only the great mystical writers of the Church—Augustine, Bernard, John of the Cross, Teresa, Francis de Sales—have dared to explore fully this spousal relationship between God and His people. Most Christians shrink from it, although it was obviously meant to apply, not to an elite, but to the whole people of God. Love is demanding. Especially this kind of love. It is easier to think of ourselves as sons than as spouses. For the peasant to become princess involves pain. The bride-Israel was purified through captivity and exile. The sublime destiny of spouses of the Holy One cannot but require a radical purification.

Like Him: Assimilation

This transformation, which takes place, we may say, at the peak of the universe, where man is transfigured by sharing the divine life, is the climactic instance of a movement that ascends throughout nature. Inanimate elements, for example, are drawn into plants by roots that tap them from the soil and by leaves that absorb them from the atmosphere. That is to say, these elements are assimilated by plants, becoming like them: indeed, they become organically part of them and so rise a step in the cosmic process. In turn, vegetation is assimilated into the animals who feed on them, and the process continues upwards. Further, man gathers within himself, or assimilates, the two lower orders, bringing this development of nature to its highest point.

Still, the process is not complete. Rooted in the universe, a recapitulation of all its elements, man himself looks upward and gathers the cosmos into a hymn of praise to the Creator. And God, Who "has first loved us" (Jn 4:10), looking down on man, draws him to Himself, assimilates him, so to speak, that is, makes him "like" Himself, allowing man to partake of the divine nature and thus transforming him through holiness that he may see God "as He really is." (In the Latin Vulgate, the word like is rendered *similis*, similar, from which of course our word assimilation is taken.) Man is raised to become, in truth, as we have seen (1 Jn 3:1) God's son and, even more intimately, His spouse. "You are gods," the Psalmist had said: words, which, if originally spoken in a restricted sense, are given a new meaning and extension by Jesus: "So the Law uses the word gods of those to whom the word of God is addressed, and scripture cannot be rejected." (Jn 10:34)

God's providence is universal: "Not a hair of your head will be lost." He does not create only to forget about His creation. He is not like a child who winds up a toy, then walks away forgetting it. In casting forth creation from Himself, He implants in it a principle, a tendency, a magnetism, by which it is drawn back to Himself. If he casts it forth, it returns to glorify Him. "The very heavens declare the glory of God." (Ps 19:1) Aquinas thought that even in inanimate and irrational nature there is a tendency, a kind of preconscious desire, that pulls it back to the Creator. This idea anticipates the "preconscious" of Pere Teilhard. Moreover, the surge upward through assimilation coincides with the evolutionary thrust of the cosmos.

(to be continued next month)

The Catholic Art Association announces that EDWARD RICE, formerly of JUBILEE, is the new editor of GOOD WORK, its quarterly magazine. Beginning this month with Volume 32, Number 1. Theme: "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy." Future issues on Japan, tools, children's art. Subscriptions available at \$5 a year at 53 Ridgewood Rd., Buffalo, N. Y. 14220.

Thomas Merton, Trappist

(Continued from page 1)

months ago he wrote us that he was asked by his abbot to attend a series of meetings with monks of the Eastern religions and to visit Trappist monasteries in the Far East. He regarded this journey as a great opportunity to increase his study and contribute to his writings about the mystical life of East and West. His books can be obtained at any library and indeed in drug stores and bus stations and wherever paperbacks are sold.

Today I heard the comment made by one of a group of people who were helping mail out the November issue of the *Catholic Worker* that Merton intended to leave his monastery and was very discontented at the way the Trappist monasteries were run.

I would like to reprint a few quotations from some of his letters to me, and these quotations will serve to answer this kind of gossip and also serve as a Christmas greeting to us all.

"I am trying to get all the material I have done on peace together in a book. Do please pray that the obstacles to this and the various difficulties may smooth themselves out, by God's will. I think at any rate the picture is rounding out and I am getting clear on what to say."

A Month Later

"Yesterday I mailed you a copy of the book which is not to be published: *Peace in the Post-Christian era*. My superiors, having been alerted by zealous individuals in this country, felt that I was 'going too far' and getting away from the contemplative vocation into 'dangerous ground,' etc. etc. The book has not even been censored, just forbidden. I accept this with good will and I think humor, because there is a lot of irony in it after all."

"... Since I am not writing anything about war anymore, I have gone back to the Fathers, to Cassiodorus, Cyprian, Tertullian, etc. I will try to type out bits of things they say that could be used in the CW here and there and will send them along. I will probably do a few translations, and maybe write some prayers. I have to do a book on Cassian some time, and thanks again for the translation you sent. We always use it."

"It is no use speculating too much about the world situation, but it is certainly a very risky one. The whole world is under judgement and one feels it keenly. Without saying that I think something is going to happen, I think I can say reasonably that there is just no reason for it not to happen. I think the evil in us all has reached the point of overflowing. May the Holy Spirit give us compunction and inner truth and humility and love, that we may be a leaven in this world, and that we may help and bring light to those who need it most; and the Lord alone knows who they are, for the need of all is desperate."

About Leaving the Trappists

"... I know that I cannot really expect them (some pacifist friends) to take the slightest interest in the pecu-

liar problem I have, trying to live an authentic life of solitude (which I certainly think will do more for the peace movement than anything I write)... X. Y., by the way, in a long letter argued that my whole monastic life was a pure evasion, that I ought to be back in the world leading a life of authentic involvement like himself, etc., etc. Don't worry, I have heard enough of that to know what I think of it. I am more determined than ever on my present course, in spite of what they may think about it. In fact their opposition is to me another reason to continue obeying God rather than man...

"I honestly realize that my function now is not to try to be a voice in the peace movement. I feel that such an attempt would be clearly false on my part, playing a role God does not now ask of me (unless in some particular situation it becomes evident that He does require me to speak)... It is more and more clear to me that if I pretended to keep up with politics here and tried to utter profound judgments from my solitude I would be deceiving myself and perhaps others... My solitude has to be completely genuine, otherwise what use is it?... I have had enough experience in 24 years of monastic life to know that even if certain measures of superiors may be a little unfair, one never loses anything by obeying, quite the contrary. And God sometimes reserves special gifts and an extra fruitfulness for us, something we could not have gained without this sacrifice... However, Superiors will have to learn by experience that the Decree on Religious, in the Council, meant what it said; that subjects are to be trusted more and given more latitude in important matters. Maybe some will learn the hard way... the religious should obey and trust God. There is no better way. If there were our Lord would have shown it to us. His example led to the Cross."

A Christmas Greeting

Reading over again Thomas Merton's last year's Christmas letter, sent to all his friends, "The times are difficult. They call for courage and faith. Faith is in the end a lonely virtue. Lonely especially where a deeply authentic community of love is not an accomplished fact, but a job to be begun over and over; I am not referring to Gethsemane, where there is a respectable amount of love, but to all Christian communities in general. Love is not something we get from Mother Church as a child gets milk from the breast; it also has to be given. We don't get any love if we don't give any... Christmas then is not just a sweet regression to breast feeding and infancy. It is a serious and sometimes difficult feast. Difficult especially if for psychological reasons we fail to grasp the indestructible kernel of Hope that is in it. If we are just looking for a little consolation we may be disappointed. Let us pray for one another, love one another in truth, in the sobriety of earnest Christian hope, for hope, says Paul, does not deceive."

Endure Us, World

Endure us, world. Yet were I you,
I'd quake and tip my poles and spew
legions of lava on the man
who fouled my fields since he began
his dirty tenantry, and who

now makes the sea a witch's brew,
the sky a sea of deadly blue.
How is it possible you can
endure us, world?

A little longer. In a few
more centuries a fragrant new
Eden should grace you, span on span,
or else—exit barbarian
and there's no further mandate to
endure us, world.

FRANK MAGUIRE

Sonic Boom Over Long Island Sound

After swimming in from the Sound,
I lay on the beach. Sea voices
Bound me to the afternoon, while
Sun entered me releasing years.
Aware of children by the rocks,
Their voices faint beside the wash
Of ocean, I floated through time
Motionless. The seascape turning
In my brain like spindrift, obscured
Realities of everyday.
Sand blew, waves sucked the surf, a gull
Cried, when a peal more ominous
Than thunder, eclipsed sea and sun,
And all my blood faltering sensing
The end was near. In that moment,
Knowing the boom to be a jet
Crossing the sound barrier, I
Thought so death, coming as sudden,
Will blot out this theater of life,
Where our roles seem like symbols in
Every scene, real, yet, unreal. From
The headland, straining my senses
To reach beyond the play, I see,
In those ships' sails, dreams beckoning.

MARGARET DIORIO

Along The Nisqually

(Continued from page 1)

of the Nisqually River, instead of the Mekong, others followed his lead. Meanwhile the State stepped up its harassment of the tribes and ugly incidents became common. What the Indians feared most was another successful raid on their fishing gear. A couple of years ago the State made a clean sweep of their nets, boats, motors, etc., supposedly in order to gather them as evidence, although there have been many trials since that time, and the "evidence" has neither been presented in court nor returned. If the State had continued to stage such raids the tribes would soon have been bankrupt. Fishing gear comes high and the Indians are destitute and obviously unable to pay legal costs. So they made a drastic decision: they decided to post armed guards in order to protect their rights.

Hank Adams, spokesman for the Survival of American Indians Association (S.A.I.A.), sent an open letter to Washington's Governor Dan Evans, informing him that the tract of land commonly known as Frank's Landing was being posted against trespass and that an armed guard was being stationed to prevent certain specific actions that might be carried out by enforcement officers acting under the authority of the State of Washington. The armed guard was under instructions to use their weapons only to prevent trespass 1) for the purpose of making arrests or serving warrants for arrest issued by the State or 2) for the purpose of confiscating fishing nets placed in the river and affixed to Frank's Landing. The guards were instructed not to use their weapons under any other circumstances. Since the Indians claim that Frank's Landing is a Federal Trust Area, they are pledged to honor all Federal warrants for arrest, search or seizure but not those issued under the authority of the State.

The posting of the armed patrol of course raised tensions further, but it did end the immediate threat to the boats. One thing about the Indians, they always mean what they say. No forked tongues. They maintained an information booth down the road from the armed guards, to answer queries from the many sympathizers who stopped by and to ward off unfriendly attentions from a large group of Wallace supporters from the Olympia area who have made the Indians the object of their racial hatred. The nearest black ghetto is in distant Seattle, and these people seem to need someone to hate. The information booth was manned predominantly by white students, many of whom have been with the Indians since August, living in the tents and lodges alongside the Nisqually and really roughing it.

On October 17th, six Indians were surprised, well above Frank's Landing, as they were setting their net. After a

fight, they were arrested and their net confiscated. They were later bailed out and are now awaiting trial.

On October 29th came the long demanded intervention of the United States Department of Justice, which pledged itself to protect certain Indian rights in the Federal Trust Area, in return for the dismissal of the armed guards about the boats. Since their gear is now finally protected from confiscation, the Indians were glad to comply.

On the same day Robert Satiacum, chairman of the Puyallup Tribal Fishing Council, announced plans to fish the Puyallup River, in conjunction with members of the militant S.A.I.A. He said that the decision had been taken after the State's refusal to consider the Indians' proposals regarding conservation. The next day the Indians turned up and set their nets on the Puyallup, where a late run of silvers (salmon) were going upstream. A large number of spectators, most of them sympathetic to the Indians, showed up, but there was no trouble. Although the State Fisheries Department sent observers, no arrests were attempted.

Important Notice

The S.A.I.A. has asked me to state that, while there are many, many worthwhile Indian projects that urgently need your help, there is only one Treaty fishing fight, and that no one, Indian or otherwise, is authorized to collect money for them. If you want to help the Indians who are fighting on their rivers to maintain an Indian way of life, then make out your donations only to:

The Survival of American Indians Association

P.O. Box 719
Tacoma
Washington
98401

They desperately need financial support.

It has come as something of a shock to the River militants that there is a goodly collection of "fast buck" Indians who are quite prepared to profit from sympathy for their people by helping them—this "help" beginning with old Number One and seldom getting beyond that character. If you have donated in the past and wonder if your money reached the River, I suggest that you write to Al Bridges, who is chief of Indian fishermen at Frank's Landing, at the above address.

Finally, all sympathizers are invited to visit Frank's Landing personally. Drive over and meet the people involved in this prolonged clash. You might even want to join the many students who have camped out for a week at a time living in authentic "Indian style"—something to tell your grandchildren about.

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 judgment.
3. And he who does not follow his own judgment 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.

PETER MAURIN

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

Savannah, a starved and naked horde of tens of thousands.

The simplistic military remedy for this was to turn the islands from Charleston south, and the abandoned rice fields along the river for thirty miles back from the sea, and the country bordering the St. John's River in Florida, over to the Negroes "now made free by act of war."

I thought of Resurrection City when I read how confiscated estates outside of Washington were turned over to the fugitives from the South, "and there in the shadow of the dome there appeared black farm villages." The same happened all through the South and West and "strange little governments sprang up." Not so little, I would say, when we read of the ninety thousand black subjects of General Banks in Louisiana. Colonel Eaton, superintendent of Tennessee and Arkansas, ruled over a hundred thousand freedmen, leased and cultivated seven thousand acres of cotton land, and fed ten thousand paupers a year. Bills were drawn up by Congress and defeated by the Senate, and the control of lands and blacks kept passing from the hands of the Army to civilians, and it was the non-governmental agencies that were called over and over again to search for solutions for the problems created by the violence of war. Finally, one man, Major General Oliver O. Howard, was appointed by Lincoln's successor as administrator of the newly formed Freedman's Bureau. "Probably no one but a soldier would have answered such a call promptly; and indeed no one but a soldier could be called, for Congress had appropriated no money for salaries and expenses."

I thought as I read this that a soldier could not get out of it; he was under orders and he had to do what he could under the most impossible conditions. A lesson for us who find Christianity difficult and abandon it! "A curious mess he looked upon: little despotisms, communistic experiments, slavery, peonage, business speculations, organized charity, unorganized almsgiving—all reeling on under the guise of helping the freedmen, and all enshrined in the smoke and blood of war and the cursing and silence of angry men." Settling the former slaves on the confiscated lands of their masters! Strangely enough, this plan is still being considered by black folk themselves, when they talk of "self-determination for the Black Belt," a phrase coined by the Communists back in the depression, and now echoed by black militants who ask for a number of states to be handed over to them to establish separate but equal regional territory. One cannot help but see how

meager have been the solutions to the problems of the Negro today.

When I read of the "Ninth Crusade" of the New England schoolma'ams, I thought how that crusade was duplicated during the last decade, especially among the COFO organizers who went into the South to set up little Freedom Schools, suffered beatings and jail and in the case of the three young martyrs, Schwerner, Goodman and Cheyney, death itself.

"The annals of the Ninth Crusade are yet to be written," Du Bois tells us, and we are grateful to him for this glimpse of it. During the first year they taught a hundred thousand souls and more. It is impossible to do more than suggest the richness of this essay, the exalted strivings and the inevitable failures that make one lament and wonder why it is always the wicked who thrive and prosper, especially in wartime and in the aftermath of war.

Another essay, on the "Training of Black Man," deals with the founding of such colleges as Atlanta, Fisk, Howard, Wilberforce, Claflin, Shaw and the rest, a type of college DuBois called peculiar, almost unique.

This was the gift of New England to the freed Negro; not alms but a friend; not cash but character. It was not and is not money these seething millions want, but love and sympathy, the pulse of hearts beating with red blood; a gift which today only their own kindred and race can bring to the masses, but which once saintly souls brought to their favored children in the crusade of the sixties, that finest thing in American history and one of the few things untainted by greed or and cheap vainglory . . . The colleges they founded were social settlements, homes where the best of the freedmen came in close and sympathetic touch with the best traditions of New England. They lived and ate together, studied and worked.

This is the kind of thing Peter Maurin hoped for from his idea of the farming communes, which he also called agronomic universities. I have always been attracted by the English expression, "reading history, reading literature," not taking courses in these "subjects." And it makes me happy that both in the houses of hospitality and on our "farming communes," where there is no charge for room and board and tuition (and we are indeed a school), there is a great deal of reading, (not, to speak of discussion) going on, night and day.

"Attend to reading," St. Paul wrote to Timothy. St. Jerome wrote to Eustochium, "Let sleep creep over you holding a book and let the sacred page receive your drooping face."

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hallowed bootlegging (there's freedom for you; anarchy, too)?

I would not have any fellow-prisoner put in Prufrock's position: "I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each. I do not think that they will sing to me." The beauty and profundity of Johnny Cash's performance at Folsom Prison resides in his singing to all the prisoners as prisoners. And affirming them and what they think and how they feel, to boot. "They are all my brothers," he states on the record jacket. He wasn't speaking about "political prisoners" then, but of the addicts, the murderers, the rapists—all of them—who were not only his audience but the subjects of his songs. Dostoyevsky somewhere in *The Brothers Karamazov* wrote: "No one can judge a criminal, until he recognizes that he is just such a criminal as the man standing before him, and that he perhaps is more than all men to blame for that crime."

I frankly don't believe in "political prisoners"; or, rather, I believe all prisoners are "political prisoners." Their "tactics" may differ from the Peace Movement's, but they're up against the same damned structure. What makes the repressive and unjust laws that put peace people behind bars any more repressive and unjust (hence, worthy of extraordinary protest) than those that put others behind bars? The politically minded, outraged at injustices wrought upon minority groups, the poor, and the war-wracked, might eventually through their activity be imprisoned; there, amongst minority groups, the poor, and the war-wracked, are they to be singled out and set apart from the people for whom they struggled?

You write of the "annual Christmas card deluge" that descends (unlike the gentle rain) only on the heads of political prisoners. You say "a disconcerting number of senders use a sticker or stamp for their own address." Well, we know what prison they're in. Shaw wrote: "Whilst we have prisons it matters little which of us occupies the cells."

On Sabotage

You write that Mike Ketchum's article about the Catonsville action "almost moved me to the drastic action of writing a rebuttal. Is it possible that he does not see the witness and call to conscience" inherent in that event? No, it is not possible that such a witness be unacknowledged. No one denies the witness and the call to conscience. On that level, surely the highest level of nonviolent action, the Catonsville response was beautiful and eloquent. But when the action is touted about as "The burning of the Catonsville fires signals a shift in tactics, from

nonviolent protest to resistance to revolution," as Tom Cornell put it, I, for one, must disagree.

Three errors, I submit, permeate Cornell's contention: first, a misunderstanding of the nature of the non-violent revolution (not to be dismissed as simply protest and picketing); second, the misguided attempt to keep in step with the violent "guerilla" movement (not a revolution) now in vogue; third, misconstruing a tangential action for an essential "shift in tactics" or a "new stage" in the nonviolent thing.

To take the last first: When zealous sympathizers of Cesar Chavez' non-violent farmworkers union burn down packing sheds belonging to the fat-cat grower, or, as in Rio Grande City, burn down a railroad trestle so that struck produce cannot leave the area, these actions, fully understood by Chavez, are not union policy, even though they represent, perhaps, the state of mind of many of the rank and file. Even though such actions are directed against material as opposed to human objects, the union must refuse to sanction them, for they are, in fact, violent. During the past summer, we here at the Worker had occasion, being free, bus-tible, and nonunion, to engage in what we jokingly referred to as nonviolent sabotage of certain chain stores selling California grapes. Slight property damage (in the form of squashed fruits, etc. on the bottom of heavily packed carts left unpaid for in protest) and expense in terms of employee wages for time spent repacking goods, together with the bad image in the eyes of consumer left by the hassle between evil-manager vs. farmworker-defenders, were the results of such action. The union will not rise or fall upon it. But at a certain point such action had a place; if not in union policy, at least in the consciences of its sympathizers.

So, too, on a larger, more consequential level, the Milwaukee and Catonsville actions.

Concerning the second error, the obvious need not be argued. Concerning the first, I, presumptuously perhaps, refer to my article on Che Guevara's *Diary*, (July-August CW) which is a thinly disguised analysis of the characteristics of both violent and nonviolent revolutions.

ON WEDDINGS

There will be two. On December 30 Nicole d'Entremont and Michael Ketchum will be wed. The ceremony to take place at Most Holy Crucifix Church, Broome Street, Manhattan. The reception to be held here at the Worker. On January 4 Hersha Evans and myself will wed. The ceremony and reception to be held here in the soupkitchen. Father Dan Berrigan will join us. Come, share our joy.

From the Rhetoric of Abundance

This tea, a half a pot
This strip of fat, cut from the red meat
These creamed beans, off the plate
This lettuce, outside leaves
This round glass jar, lined with applesauce

These papers, papers, papers, left by the postman
These double brown sacks, from the grocery
This light, burning all day
These books, these friends' letters,
This steam heat in April, this faucet drip, these conscious minutes

These visions of hope and ease, out of the TV tube
These exchanges of words, these human walks between redbrick buildings,
This candy plenty, ice cream, flowers, pottery, of Harvard Square
This youth, this luxury of hair, this leisure liberty, this music

And this whirling rain, for the fourth day from the sea—most of all this whirling rain

For you old man who squat with eyes aflame
For your mother with heavy hands holding your child his stick leg hanging

Who burn at us from the Times, via metal wire and film in a black box held by a human standing beholding you in India

On the two photos of famine by Nancy Palmer
Raghubir Singh, April 14, 1967, printed in the New York Times.

SALLY APPLETON WEBER

LETTERS

The Apostolic Dimension

Ave. de los Pinos No. 13
Unidad Independencia
Mexico 20, D.F.

Dear Dorothy:

Must write a line of gratitude to God and the Catholic Worker for our first seminar on nonviolence, conducted by the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Hildegard and Jean Goss-Mayr were with us and spoke of their various meetings with you, especially of the one in Rome fighting for peace, bothering episcopal consciences. How they respect the CW!

The seminar was magnificent, four days of prayer and study and community at a Y.M.C.A. camp near Cuernavaca. About two-thirds Catholic, and the Protestants were a rich variety of Quakers, Anglicans, Evangelicals, etc. Half the Catholics were students, several of them having suffered prison and torture after the recent disturbances. Some of the forty-five people were also teachers, who were completely convinced that the students' cause was good and true. The papers officially said that there were some thirty killed in early October. But all those who were near the situation know that over two hundred were killed. Many, even after the seminar was half over, were still convinced that only violence could right the tragic injustice, but by the last evening, they not only doubted themselves but began to see clearly that only nonviolence can finally overcome, because it penetrates the very heart and mind of the adversary. People who have suffered much are not always the ones indicated to see the beauty and necessity of nonviolence. There was one young Cuban present, one of the very few I've met, either here or in the United States, who could see something good, even very good, happening in his country: the fact that all are working, that there is no vile dichotomy between poor and rich, no public vice (since our dollars now go to Puerto Rico), no breaking of relations between Cuba and Rome.

An enthusiastic team is being formed here to continue such seminars under the patronage of saints Martin Luther King and Gandhi. Some feel that this is the hope for Latin America, the morality of the Twenty-first Century. Only love can give life to the seed of nobility planted even in the most criminal of hearts, love that sees oneself as even more criminal still. Do pray for our training period and for the first manifestations. Yesterday a few went to place flowers in the plaza, which is still stained with the blood of their fellow students. Armed police watched but did not intervene. The work of "conscientization" has begun.

I wanted to thank you also for the indications you gave me in August for the work of the Spanish teams in our Hispano ghettos. The whole chartered plane load—54 couples and 23 priests—from Spain worked hard and humbly the whole of August in 31 inner cities and migratory camps among our Spanish-speaking Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, etc. Especially in the heart of the family, giving Matrimonial Encounters (65 of them in all) every weekend and dialoguing on all levels with our poor and also with the better off, they labored to break down the walls between husband and wife, parents and children, the possessed and dispossessed, the Spanish- and English-speaking.

Perhaps the greatest fruit was the new hope given to minorities of these poor everywhere. Some are realizing that they are important, that they (Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Negroes) have much to offer to the United States, in fact, that America can't get along without them. Therefore they must prepare themselves to speak and write. They must discipline themselves, like Cesar Chavez. They must give a family dimension to all efforts they

are making to better their lot and to serve their adopted country.

There were many other fruits: many began to realize that marriage is a missionary sacrament. Trained couples have something precious to share with other couples and other children that no celibate in the world has, not even our Holy Father—as his latest encyclical indicates. Another fruit: missionary vacations. Only a third of the world takes vacations. We are the ones who fill the planes and trains and boats and cars. Our brothers of other colors and climes can't come to visit us, so we must visit them. Harlem's Puerto Ricans couldn't think of going to Spain, but Spaniards could visit East Harlem and their unfortunate brothers there. For today's Christians, no vacations without an apostolic dimension! The fruit noted most by the Spaniards themselves was the change of their at-



titudes. They gave everything in a spirit of service, quite different from their proud ancestors, los conquistadores. Some penitential sweat in an American long hot summer for their own international sins will certainly win God's blessings on their efforts at renovation in Spain.

God prosper the Catholic Worker with another half century of life, anyhow. I have just got around to reading Jack Cook's "Che and the Revolutionary Experience" (July-August CW). Magnificent insights, and helps us lesser fry turn ourselves into true revolutionaries, "the highest level of the human species." "Only in the face of despair and failure can the true measure of a man be taken, for only then does there exist the opportunity to surpass ourselves."

Thanks so much for keeping me on your list even when I've been unforgivably remiss in paying for my bundle subscription.

En Cristo Revolucionario,
(Rev.) Donald Hessler

Self-Government

Dear Miss Day:

Boston is beautiful now. The summer's end is gentle, the ocean sparkles near us, sails and boats are in the harbor, and this enormous Columbia Point housing estate is like an island set in the sea. The residents are gradually learning how to get together and make their own policies. There are over four thousand children in this fifteen-hundred-unit housing project. The community elects its own governing council and practices a new kind of self-government. There are two new schools and one of them will be open for community programs of study after regular school hours. The tenants have set up a library that has almost twenty thousand dollars' worth of books. We are going to set up a system of membership control whereby each card holder will have one vote and elect the managing directors. I understand it is the

only library of its kind on the East Coast.

Next to the library is the community credit union, where a person can usually borrow up to twice the amount of his savings within twenty-four hours. There is also a meat-buying club and we have purchased over a thousand pounds of meat at practically wholesale prices. From five to seven families constitute a self-help team. Each family takes turns in helping the others to order and pick up the meat. They channel orders to the co-op office, where we have a fifteen-cubic-foot freezer that holds over four hundred pounds. We elect committees to visit food sellers and bargain with them for big orders. What we really need is a bargain store run by consumer members.

In the cooperative itself we use the Scandinavian "delegate" system, by which small, self-contained voluntary groups combine to elect their governing board. Each small group elects one representative, who meets with the board once a month. This is much more democratic than in the usual co-op, where elections take place only once a year. The officials are responsible for making policy, but they are guided by, and must persuade the many voting representatives.

The best booklet describing the legal rules covering co-ops is published by the Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C. It is: District of Columbia Act (Public Law No. 642, 76th Congress). The Cooperative League of the U.S.A. (59 East Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. 60605) has much information available at low cost. Those who want to know how the famous British co-ops work should write to: The Cooperative College (Sanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., England) and ask for their publication list. In Canada there is the important Coady Institute (Antigonish, Nova Scotia), which also has a school that gives two-year courses.

The welfare and public-housing laws do not really solve the problem of poverty or enhance human dignity. Senator McCarthy called for a look at the guaranteed annual income or reverse income tax, whereby families

would receive a certain amount each year as a right, without a great deal of social-welfare supervision. When families who are poor are placed in one big camp and both their housing subsidies and their income are regulated by government officials, we have a kind of bad socialism administered with a capitalistic mentality.

Of course one of the problems is that even blue-collar workers are often paid so little (three dollars an hour with no overtime) that they need help to pay for medical expenses, housing, etc. Why do we readily grant farmers what amounts to a three-billion-dollar-a-year subsidy in price supports and object to subsidizing a family whose breadwinner is underpaid? Do we want a quiet, well-behaved populace, who are willing to live on miserable wages and not express their discomfort? Perhaps what we are afraid to face is the fact that industry, commerce and government are unable, or unwilling, to pay more than subsistence wages. The Teamsters Union in New York City has pointed out that there are many marginal industries in the city and that perhaps public housing and welfare assistance are subsidizing them.

William B. Horvath

Puppet Show

1524A Berkeley Way
Berkeley
California
94703

Dear Friends:

Part of the Migrant Theater—me—will be touring the United States this summer. I will have six or eight Punch and Judy puppet shows, in English and Spanish. I would be delighted to perform for the day-care center at Tivoli. I would like to do shows for other CW friends and readers; I can also give workshops in puppet-making.

Could you put this in the paper? People should write early—organizing a tour of more than thirty states over three or four months takes a long time.

Yours in the struggle,
Joanne Syrek

DEAR EMPLOYER

Dear Prospective Employer:

It has come to our attention that your firm is seeking to employ one of our Catholic Workers. We have on hand your request for a confidential report on the honesty and integrity of said Worker. However, before we can recommend our brother to your firm there are several questions that we would like to have you answer. Please print carefully and in triplicate answers to the following questions:

- 1) Why do you want our Fellow Worker to work for you? Please state the reasons in detail. Take as much time as you need in filling out the questionnaire.
- 2) What is the nature of the work performed by your firm? a) Military. b) Civilian.
- 3) Please state if your firm is engaged in the production of essential needs: i.e. food, clothing, housing—or is it engaged in the production of non-essentials: i.e. advertising, television, luxury items.
- 4) Do you feel that your firm is engaged primarily in making things, or performing social services for a profit and for the benefit of its stockholders? If so, state why in 100 words or less.
- 5) Our Fellow Worker is conscientious and is interested in doing work that will benefit humanity. Do you feel that your firm will be able to measure up to his expectations? If not—please state the reasons in detail.
- 6) Are all profits plowed back into the company in the form of higher wages, better working conditions, free

education and lower prices to the consumer? If not, state the reasons why. Be accurate and state facts only.

7) Are the workers in your firm reasonably happy; do they feel that the work they are doing is important? Please state if there are any exceptions to the above.

8) Have any of the managers of your concern spent time in prison for any of the following reasons: embezzlement, forgery, defrauding the poor, cheating on income taxes, violation of Federal anti-trust laws? Please state other reasons.

Circle number of years spent in prison. 1 year/5 years/ten years/life.

9) Please send us in triplicate references from ten of your former employees and the reasons they gave for leaving your employ.

10) Please send us ten pictures (glossy print) of your plant. These must show actual working conditions. It is important, for our files, that we have a group picture of your executives.

11) Please send us a 1,000-word essay describing the nature of the work that will be performed by our Fellow Worker and the reasons why you would like to have him work for you. (See question No. 1.)

NOTE: Failure to answer any of the questions will automatically disqualify your firm from receiving the services of our Fellow Worker.

Yours in Christ the Worker,
STANLEY VISHNEWSKI