



## CUBA AS I SEE IT

By William Worthy

Mr. Worthy is a former Nie-man Fellow in Journalism at Harvard University, and he held a 1959-60 Ford Foundation fellowship in African studies. In 1957 he was one of three U. S. newsmen who defied the State Department's ban on travel to China.

As a result of that trip he lost his passport and now cannot legally travel outside of the Western Hemisphere. However, he has repeatedly declared that he will make another journalistic trip to China without a passport if the Peking government grants him another visa.

In this article he summarizes his feelings about Cuba.

July, '60

Of many definitive statements on the nationalistic outlook of the Cuban Revolution, one by Fidel Castro about a year ago particularly appeals to me. It appeals to me because it puts Cuba on the side of freedom and the worldwide revolution against colonial and semi-colonial domination. Recently in the United States perceptive Negroes have begun to identify themselves openly and explicitly with this revolution. To those with eyes to see causes, effects and relationships, it has become obvious that different branches of the same European-North American power clique exploit Negroes in Little Rock, Cubans in Oriente and blacks in the Union of South Africa.

The quotation I refer to is not long. In answer to shrill and willfully dishonest accusations from the United States, Premier Castro declared: "I am not a communist, and neither is the revolutionary movement communist, but we do not need to say we are not communist just to fawn on foreign powers. . . Capitalism may kill man with hunger. Communism kills man by wiping out his freedom. Cuba has a revolution that satisfied man's material needs without sacrificing his freedom."

During these trips around the world I have been in over fifty countries—some free, some semi-free, others unfree. I know firsthand the smell, the taste, the feel of the Communist political system in the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, China and Hungary. I have also observed right-wing, military and colonial dictatorships in Taiwan (Formosa), the South Korea of Syngman Rhee, Algeria and South Africa. The Cuba of 1960, unlike the Cuba of 1956 when I was last on the island, is one of the freest countries I have visited. In terms of personal liberty she ranks today with India, England, Switzerland and the Scandinavian

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## Permanent Camaldolese Hermitages Begin to Rise

On May 26th, the Vigil of the Ascension, Superiors and Community formally blessed the sites of the first permanent New Camaldoli hermitages. The foundations are now being dug and poured, and through the coming year the hermits will labor, at their Big Sur, California, site, to raise these individual "deserts". Their completion will enable the American hermits to live the fullness of Camaldolese eremitical contemplation.

It was just over two years ago that New Camaldoli's founder landed in America. (And one of the pleasant incidents of those first months was his visit to THE CATHOLIC WORKER, Chrystie Street, and his talk to the C. W. Friday night audience—c.f. "Catholic Worker," April and June, 1958). The search for an adequate site ended when 600 magnificent acres of coastland in the Big Sur mountains were given the foundation; the beginning months were trying to the extreme—the nicest of the old ranch buildings burned; applicants arrived somewhat slowly, among them the inevitable unsuitables. But by the middle of 1959 vocations had swelled the community to 20 — enthusiastic postulants travelling from India, Canada, South America, and a broad scattering of States. (Some 7 nationalities are now represented;

when communication breaks down the recourse is to "monk's Latin"—with American modifications). When this year arrived the community had so grown and matured that the Holy See sanctioned the official start of the Novitiate. With this step the pioneer community had to prepare for the permanent building of the hermitages, for the ranch house and converted barns and garages could scarcely house the 30 Religious, and the first "class" of novices could hardly be tried in the unique rigors of soli-

### PRAYER, FASTING AND TAX REFUSAL

Ammon Hennacy will picket the office of Internal Revenue at Varick and West Houston Streets in New York City from August 6th through the 20th and will fast at this time as a penance for our dropping the bomb at Hiroshima, August 6, 1945, and for our continued atomic activities. He has openly refused to pay income taxes during 12 years while working in the fields in the Southwest, or while lecturing, as 83% of the income tax goes for war. He will picket from 9 to 5 on week-days. Readers in New York are invited to keep him company, and anyone sympathetic can help by praying and fasting according to his capacity.

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## EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

### Fighting Communism

The Catholic Worker proposes fighting Communism the way the first Christians fought pagan Romanism, through the works of mercy.

The Catholic Worker proposes fighting Communism the way the Irish scholars fought pagan feudalism, through Round-Table Discussions, Houses of Hospitality, Farming Communes.

The Communists do not build Communism, they build Socialism.

The Catholic Worker does not build Catholic Socialism, it builds Catholic Communism.

The Catholic Worker builds Catholic Communism the way the first Christians and the Irish scholars built Catholic Communism.

The Catholic Worker believes that there is no better Communism than Catholic Communism, and that there is no better way to build Catholic Communism than by building Catholic Communes.

### Fighting Communism

Catholic Communes are not a new thing, they are an old thing.

Catholic Communes are so old that Catholics have forgotten them. Communists have not invented anything, not even the name Commune.

The Communist ideal is the Common Good Ideal—the ideal of Blessed Thomas More, the ideal of St. Thomas Aquinas, the ideal of the Irish scholars, the ideal of the first Christians.

The doctrine of the Common Good of St. Thomas Aquinas is still a Catholic doctrine.

We don't need a new doctrine, we need an old technique.

We need the old technique of the first Christians and the Irish scholars.

What was good for the first Christians and the Irish scholars ought to be good enough for us.

What was practical for them ought to be practical for us.

### Hands and Heads

Some one said that the Catholic Worker is a movement for down-and-outs.

And it is a movement for down-and-outs, including down-and-out business men, down-and-out college graduates and down-and-out college professors.

In the Catholic Worker, besides being fed, clothed and sheltered, people learn to use their hands as well as their heads.

And while they learn to use their heads to guide their hands, the use of their hands, improves a great deal the working of their heads.

### The Catholic Worker

The Catholic Worker does not credit bourgeois capitalism with an historical mission.

It condemns it on the general principle that labor is a gift, not a commodity.

The Catholic Worker does not throw the monkey-wrench of class-struggle into the economic machinery.

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### HIROSHIMA PROTEST MEETING

Meet at 3:15 p.m.  
at Bryant Park (near 42nd St.  
Library) and march for a meeting  
near the UN.

SATURDAY AUGUST 6



# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Reflections On The Connection

By Dorothy Day

Forgive us if we talk too much about prisons. The prison has become for us a symbol. We are imprisoned in the flesh in our pain and in our loneliness. Who will deliver me from the body of this death? To be delivered, to be released—these are common terms of speech.

Last month on the front page of the CW there were stories of the French being imprisoned for protest against the Algerian war, and there was Ammon's story of our not being imprisoned this year after the successful protest against the mock air raid drill, and there was the letter from Karl Meyer in Chicago, also from prison. He was jailed for distributing leaflets about the arrest of Rose Robinson, on federal property. He and Terry Sullivan both bore imprisonment to keep Rose company in her year sentence. But she was released after eighty days, and the others are free too.

It was in prison that I first saw drug addiction close at hand. Addicts are known there even by the special robe they wear. I would not have known this if I had not picked out one of these wrappers as being my size, and having it taken away from me as "only for addicts". It is made of seersucker, a coverall with big pockets and it is a more adequate garment, more all-embracing than the other sleazy affairs they hand out for our wear in jail. But I suppose they are given it because all other clothes are taken from them. The last time Deane Mowrer and I served a brief sentence of ten days, we were put in a dormitory and the young woman next to me, usually very taciturn, spoke one day.

"When I wake up you are reading that prayer book and when I go to sleep you are reading it." (It was a little Fr. Frey psalm book.) "As for me, the first thing I think of in the morning is how I'll get me a fix as soon as I get out, and it is the last thing I think of at night."

"And me too," another woman, an older white woman, called out from across the aisle.

There was a young Negro in the end bed, who had made a shrine by her bedside. She was reading Keye's life of the Little Flower, and she came over to me. She frankly admitted to being an addict. One had to, in the Woman's House of Detention, because the method of treating it there is the cold turkey cure. In other words nothing is given to enable the women to endure the breaking off pains, and their suffering is most obvious to all. A mild tranquilizer is the extent of their medication.

She was not talking of a "fix," but of the book she was reading. "If I had had a home like this," she cried, showing her book. She had become a Catholic the year before, and though she might fall again seventy times seven—still, there was something to go on, and who can tell how the grace of God would work in that soul.

Last summer, I was called upon

to testify before the State legislative hearing on drug addiction about conditions in the women's prison. Commissioner Anna Kross had taken the stand before me and after a very good talk about the need to reach the higher ups instead of arresting the little fellows, the pushers, the addicts themselves, she went on to say that not only the profits were enormous, but the stuff was cut and diluted to such an extent that the girls were not suffering at all as they seemed to be suffering, and that their withdrawal pains were largely simulated. Her total lack of sympathy for the women in her charge, as one might say, was horrifying.

When I spoke I told of what I had seen, of the hideous suffering, the pale and ghastly faces of the victims, the spasmodic contortions of the body, the lack of any medical help unless they were taken dying to Bellevue prison ward. There were three or four stories which came out in the daily newspapers of girls setting fire to their mattresses—why such suicidal madness?—and the last time I was there, there was another flurry in the night, a mattress set afire again.

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It is because of this that I had been interested for some time in visiting The Living Theatre, where Judith Malina, who had been my cell mate for twenty-five days in 1958 in this same House of Detention and for the same reason, together with her husband, Julian Beck, have been putting on plays that have aroused the drama critics to fury or enthusiasm.

Judith is an accomplished actress. She cannot help but respond to the situation in which she finds herself and her beauty and responsiveness made her a target for attention in jail which made me anxious for her safety. To save her from the attentions of a little drug addict, I demanded that she be put in my cell which meant that Deane was in a cell alone at the end of the corridor for a time until a young Protestant member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation came to join us on the same charge and she was put in Deane's cell.

We occupied ourselves, Judith and I, when we were not on our work assignments, me in laundry and sewing room, and she wielding a mop in the reception and administration section of the jail, reading as we lay on our two beds, one pulled out from beneath the other in that tiny cell built for one. We read missal and breviary, and she read a Jewish prayer book, and I read Kon Tiki, most refreshing, while she read Dr. Faustus, a play later put on by the Living Theatre.

She was an amazing mimic and varied her acts from tragedy to comedy. With mop in hand, in the vestibule of the jail when visitors were entering, she could suddenly be cringing in a concentration camp, cowering before a hulking matron. She drew a sketch of

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## Aquisitive Society

"The burden of our civilization is not merely, as many suppose, that the product of industry is ill-distributed, or its conduct tyrannical, or its operation interrupted by embittered disagreements. It is that industry itself has come to hold a position of exclusive predominance among human interests, which no single interest, and least of all the provision of the material means of existence, is fit to occupy. Like a hypochondriac who is so absorbed in the processes of his own digestion that he goes to his grave before he has begun to live, industrialized communities neglect the very objects for which it is worth while to acquire riches in their feverish preoccupation with the means by which riches can be acquired.

"That obsession by economic issues is as local and transitory as it is repulsive and disturbing. To future generations it will appear as pitiable as the obsession of the seventeenth century by religious quarrels appears today; indeed, it is less rational, since the object with which it is concerned is less important. And it is a poison which inflames every wound and turns each trivial scratch into a malignant ulcer. Society will not solve the particular problems of industry which afflict it, until that poison is expelled, and it has learned to see industry itself in the right perspective. If it is to do that, it must rearrange its scale of values. It must regard economic interests as one element in life, not as the whole of life. It must persuade its members to renounce the opportunity of gains which accrue without any corresponding service, because the struggle for them keeps the whole community in a fever. It must so organize industry that the instrumental character of economic activity is emphasized by its subordination to the social purpose for which it is carried on."

THE ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY  
by R. H. Tawpey

## DETROIT

St. Francis House of Hospitality which has been operating for almost 25 years, needs volunteers to help run it. Unemployment and hunger are still with us. Slum clearance and homelessness go together. The poor are the first children of the Church. Come serve Christ in them. Come too to study our social order, to supplement your book study. In addition to St. Francis House there are St. Martha House and the farm at South Lyons, Michigan. Address Louis Murphy, St. Benedict's Farm, Milford Road, South Lyons, Mich., or at St. Francis House, 1432 Bagley, Detroit, where they feed 400 a day.

## In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

The New York Times had an article about the Abbott of Montserrat near Barcelona protesting to Franco that he was torturing Catholic students. So Bob, Ann Marie Stokes and I picketed the Spanish Travel Bureau at 52nd and Madison with signs telling of this. A man comes along and says, "Are you Hennacy?" I replied that I was. "That's my name too—Francis X. Hennacy." I had not met him since 1921. He had done time as a conscientious objector in Leavenworth in World War I, being one of three Catholic CO's. He lives now on Long Island. I had looked in the phone book while in Boston trying to find him, but he had been away for years. After our picketing I went in to the Travel Bureau and gave those in charge some CW's. They liked Eichenberg's cuts. I told them we were anarchists and Catholics and of the same belief as Francisco Ferrer whom the State and the Church had done to death in 1909. They remembered him.

## The Polaris Project

Charlie Butterworth and I from the CW met others of the Polaris group who were protesting the atomic sub at Groton, Conn., near Columbia University Friday morning June 10. Hugh Madden had started with them from the Battery the day before. Charlie left when we got out of New York City and a score of us marched until we reached New Rochelle where we were picked up by friends for the night. Two Jewish anarchist students and a girl student from St. John's and I were taken to a Quaker home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, the Apseys. They knew of the CW, had picketed with Bob Steed at Sing Sing, and went to the same Quaker meeting as our artist Fritz Eichenberg.

At Mt. Vernon when we stopped to rest the church chimes played the Star Spangled Banner, and when we got to New Rochelle we noticed a huge American flag staring us in the face, but to make up for this we passed the house where Tom Paine had lived and saw his statue in the park.

The next day it rained and we stopped to get something hot with friends but kept on until we were all provided with dry clothing at Mrs. Tjader Harris, a Catholic friend, who had provided a nunnery for a Swedish order and the Bishop of Stockholm was visiting, but we didn't see him as we had to leave early in the morning. After school was out in the various towns students marched with us. In one town 16-year-old Quaker twins, Merry and Mercy Cullum, talked to me at length and Hugh and I were fortunate to stay there that night. These beautiful girls were supposed to study that night for exams and I fear that our ideas and actions disturbed them. As we went through the towns the police were friendly and sent a car along to keep company with us, but the nearer we got to New London the more hostile police and people were.

I had to go back to N. Y. City to get a new sign and papers and

booklets Tuesday evening and came back and met the others in New Haven at Rochdale House. We helped a friend get out some anti-capital punishment booklets. Right after I had left Tuesday evening some woman had slowed her car to look at the signs and had not put out her hand so the woman behind her bumped into her car. Five marchers were arrested for contributing to this small accident and were let out on \$15 bail, except Arthur Harvey who would not take bail. But he was let out on his own the next day. They had to go for trial Saturday morning, this being the time we were supposed to be marching in New London. Hugh found out that our group consisted of two Quakers, one Christian Scientist and myself who were of some religion, beside Michael Itkin, a young Western Orthodox schismatic priest, and the others were atheistic anarchists, "unbelievers" and Hugh would not march with them so was on the other side of the street from the accident and was not arrested. A Quaker lawyer represented them on Saturday and Adrian and Arthur got a \$5 fine and the three others were found not guilty. Arthur did not want his fine paid but someone paid it for him.

In Bridgeport we found the police hostile, asking us if we were employed and threatening to arrest us as vagabonds. They wanted to know if any of us were veterans. Hugh was, and I said I was a veteran of two wars, as a conscientious objector. They wondered if we were not all loafers, why we didn't go to work, and if we ever helped anyone in a charitable way. I tried to tell him about the CW and gave him a copy, but this puzzled him more than ever, for he thought we were Communists, hearing the name "Worker." Brad Lytle sent us a huge tent and we slept in a state park. I went with Arthur Harvey and another fellow to get food, although I was fasting for the trip. They accused Arthur of getting miserable meat and eating up all the good vegetables.

Once when we stopped to rest, a man asked us questions good-naturedly. He had gone to Holy Cross College and when he learned that I had spoken there he took a CW and booklet with interest. Itkin needed some cardboard for a sign and the place we bought it from was run by Quakers who took our literature to give out. Some highway workers called us Communists but one of them, an Italian Catholic, took a CW and argued for us. A woman in a restaurant wondered how much good we thought we could accomplish. After I gave her a CW, for she was a Catholic, she gave us all extra hamburgers (lemon on Itkin's by request) and cake.

Friday night we got to New London and slept on the floor in Brad's apartment. Here we met Scott Herrick and Joel Greenberg who had sailed the Sloop "Satyagraha" from Cape May. And Harry Purvis, John Davenport, and Bill Hen-

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## SACCO and VANZETTI Martyred Aug. 23, 1927

The program on NBC for two Fridays in June presented very clearly the injustice done to these two anarchist martyrs. We devoted our meetings on these Fridays to this television program and I gave some of the background and answered questions about those days of the "red scare." Others in the audience who remembered that day spoke also. A. H.

"If it had not been for these things I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work, for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident. Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph."

Vanzetti's letter  
"I wish to forgive those who are doing this to me."  
Last words of Vanzetti



## Union Organizes Farm Workers

By C. P. GORGEN

In spite of their refusal to pay decent wages for as long as the state has been farming country, the California grower is at last confronted with a union that shows promise of righting one of the most exploited labor situations in the country. In most quarters the struggle will no doubt be a bitter one to the end, but already the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO) in its first summer has scored victories in the early peach crop, and at cherry, berry and apricot ranches.

While pickets moved into the apricot area, 500 San Joaquin Valley ranchers met in a closed session at Sanger to work out strategy before the peak harvest season of July and August.

Under State and Federal law the State employment offices cannot send workers to farms "where a labor dispute exists". This has prevented the use of Mexican nationals behind the picket lines, and it is the "bracero" upon whom the grower has become chiefly dependent. At a State Senate committee hearing recently, Senator James A. Cobey (Dem-Merced) and Charles Gibbs, executive secretary of the Associated Farmers, accused the union of "trumping up labor disputes" primarily to prevent the use of Mexican nationals on California farms. Gibbs asked that the only "labor disputes" the state should recognize are those between an employer and his presently hired employees. According to the state director of employment, a "labor dispute exists" when a strike is called, hence his refusal to send farm laborers from an employment office to a struck ranch. If the farmers groups can prevail upon Secretary of Labor Mitchell to refuse to recognize a farm labor dispute unless a majority of the workers in a bargaining unit are with the union, then the state employment office would be required to conform with the Federal ruling.

R. L. Montgomery (Dem-Hanford), a member of the State Senate Fact Finding Committee, said that if the farmers' groups had not fought and defeated the \$1.25 minimum wage bill sponsored by the Governor at the 1959 State Legislature, the agricultural workers union might not have gained so much momentum. Montgomery said that farmers are going to have to do something to better conditions of farm labor. He also declared that the Mexican national was used on California farms when domestic workers should have had the jobs. (The agreement with Mexico states that the bracero is to be used to supplement domestic workers, and not in any way to infringe upon the rights of domestic workers).

While representatives of 14 farmer groups labeled the union efforts the work of "agitators and labor parasites" the cruel history of the abuse of local and migrant workers in California speaks for itself, and as T. L. Pitts, executive secretary of the state AFL-CIO said, the farmers are facing problems of their own creation. "What is transpiring in the harvesting of crops is much less a reflection of union organizational activity than it is an irrepressible uprising by workers against the miserable conditions that have been so long in the making," Pitts declared. "Repressive legislation to block organizing will not put down the revolt and save the crops. It will only intensify the rebellion that is taking place and help to insure the loss of perishable crops." Pitts told the committee that farm workers needed more rather than less protection under state and federal laws to assure their rights to organize. The problems of farm laborers are complicated by the fact that agriculture is exempt from most labor laws.

The California grower continues his old cry that no matter how much he pays in wages there will not be enough workers to harvest the crops at the peak season if

Mexican nationals are unavailable. This same complaint regarding the bracero has been used for the past 50 years concerning whatever cheap and abundant source of labor the farmer was currently exploiting. By maintaining his need for large and excessive pools of workers the California farmer, to date, has been able to control and depress wages.

Almost at the same time that the California Farm Bureau Federation was calling the union organizers "parasites", the U.S. Dept. of Labor revoked authorization of this organization's second vice president, Fred J. Heringer, to employ Mexican nationals on his farm. The department found that his housing for the braceros was substandard and unsanitary and that he had failed to pay the hourly wage agreed to under his contract.

## Friday Night Meeting

In order to clarify the positions taken by THE CATHOLIC WORKER, we continue our Friday night meetings (8:30 p.m.) and in addition there will be Sunday afternoon meetings (2 p.m.) thru August at the Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island. (Train, to Pleasant Plains, or Arthur Kill Rd. bus to Bloomingdale Rd. Walk a mile in either case, to reach farm).

Here are a few of the things Fritz Eichenberg said at the Friday meeting, June 23.

If you are an artist it must permeate all you do, everything you think and do and say, eating and drinking. (Of course my notes are inexact and often I put my own construction on what he said). We cannot be indifferent or dispassionate about art. We must keep our eyes open.

Recently a Swiss artist at the Museum of Modern Art built up a self-destrorying machine, as he called it, and to do homage to it invited the elite, the art critics, etc. Such rubbish as an old bicycle, second hand piano, and other junk were piled in a construction some 25 feet long and 8 feet high. In the presence of the select group kerosene and other inflammatory stuff was poured on it and it was set afire. It began to shudder, to quake, to burn, to consume itself. But of course it could not completely and it got out of hand and the fire department had to be called to finish the job.

Why did the museum give dignity to so foolish a thing? It was a symbol of our foolishness, our waste, our destroying the world and ourselves. Or was it to give a cheap thrill to the 250 elite and to enable the press to talk about the decadence of art and artists today?

### Dehumanized

We are all guilty and we accuse modern art of being meaningless. Perhaps there is a sincere searching for truth, not just to amuse. Ortega de Gasset writes about the Dehumanization of Art. Art is now waggery. Art is jesting, recognized as a farce. To be a farce is its serious intention. It makes fun of itself. Why be scandalized? It is a suicidal gesture. We should think of the intention, not the realization. The intention is to destroy. The young artist wishes to create from nothing. But they must suggest another way, not just protest.

In 1918 there was the Dada school of art. Later there were strange collections of disconnected items arranged in patterns. Those old movements were born out of suffering, out of desperation. But these new movements are born out of boredom rather than a deep indignation, or a desire to change things. One young artist of 22 who

## SAINT RAPHAEL



has had a one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art said he was bored by all the exciting things, and excited by all the boring things. "I am just bored," he said.

The most recent controversy in art journals is between an artist and his patron who paid \$5,000 for a construction which was called 20 H's which was some kind of wire affair made into 20 H's and painted. The patron repainted it to match his decor and the artist published a disavowal of his work because of what he considered a mutilation, and gave himself away by saying that now the work was worth just \$60 worth of junk, not the \$5,000 which had been paid for it.

### Beat

In searching for new art forms, the latest conclusion is that painting is dead. It is as though the artists had plunged through the looking glass like Alice in Wonderland and were in another world. They call the new movement Happenings, and they fling paint around, dance and shout, wear weird costumes, throw the furniture out the window, sleep on the floor, go around dirty and unwashed, stop shaving, etc. They have turned their backs on all tradition. We have done this—this is what we have done to this generation. The way things are going we may have to face life without art. No participation. Idiot boxes from which come pictures and music and voices and poetry. We ourselves are left out of it.

### Suffering

Fritz went on to tell us about Daumier, about Goya, Bach, Beethoven, Rembrandt and their lives of poverty and suffering. Right now one square inch of Rembrandt is worth 1,200 dollars, while real estate on Wall street is worth a dollar and a half a square inch. (This is according to Fortune magazine's figures.) So people are regarding art as an investment. They want to be able to invest their wealth in something which they can carry away easily, a canvas which they can roll up under their arms. It used to be diamonds and gold, but the value of these fluctuates. The value of art increases. So there is a great rush on to invest in art, in all kinds of worthless things that they think will be worth a Picasso sketch very shortly.

### The Little Way

What is our responsibility? To go back to crafts. A room which has in it a loom, a piece of clay, a press, some wood for carving and some tools, pen and paper for calligraphy, a mouth organ, wool to knit with,—all these things restore creativity. It all leads you back to the paintings on the caves of 50,000 years ago, paintings which have never been surpassed, which were done with the blood and the fat for pigment of the very animal they were portraying, with tools close at hand, a stylus made of bones.

Dorothy Day.

Arthur Sheehan, biographer and intimate friend of Peter Maurin, spoke another evening. His topic (Continued on page 5)

## Toward Nuclear Morality

Drawing upon pronouncements by Pope Pius XII, a prominent Catholic political theorist (John Courtney Murray, *Review of Theology, The Catholic Mind*, 1959) has currently outlined the minimum requisites of morality for the execution of modern (ABC) warfare. He concludes that the only warfare which can conceivably be allowed is Limited War, and this only under the following conditions: a nation can declare war only to meet an outright attack on itself, war must be a last resort after all other means of settling differences have been exhausted, war can be entered only when there is some possibility of success, and—despite any consequences—annihilation can never be permitted.

Fr. Murray realizes that limited Atomic, Bacteriological, and Chemical war is a purely speculative concept. He points out that at least this *Grenzmoral* has been achieved, but that now there exists a duty to take steps to make Limited War possible—i.e., to translate moral theory into public policy.

The number of questionable points in Father Murray's reasoning are manifold, relating basically to three separate categories. First, there is the assumed meaning of warfare, next the actual qualifying conditions arrived at, and finally the admonition of translating moral theory into public policy as this applies specifically to nuclear war.

No formulation of "limited" war theory into public policy can be accomplished without a minimum continuance of nuclear testing to devise appropriate weapons. And this major problem is the concern of the present article.

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Because of a widespread misconception regarding the nature of nuclear warfare, nuclear weapons seem to call forth old value judgments applicable to conventional weapons. New value judgments have to be formed in the popular mind about nuclear weapons based on the nature of nuclear energy. The patent fact is that, unlike the preatomic era, it is impossible not to violate the rights of innocents even by only testing nuclear weapons. This is due to the phenomena of fallout and the biological effects of radiation.

Everyone is familiar with the frightening visible event occurring when nuclear weapons are detonated, but actually the most dangerous results of the explosion are not perceived by any of the senses immediately. Various insensible particles and electromagnetic rays are released, the majority of which are blown into the stratosphere. Gradually these highly charged insensible particles fall back to the ground. The time period for the fallout from a nuclear explosion to occur was estimated at 5-10 years in 1957. This figure for released particles returning to earth was recently reduced to 1-5 years.

The insensible charged particles of which the fallout consists are harmful to all living organisms. Three of the most important particles are strontium 90, cesium 137, and carbon 14. These highly charged particles (isotopes) do two principal types of damage to man, depending upon where the isotope lodges itself after body incorporation.

Strontium 90 is similar chemically to calcium and is likewise stored in the bones. It should be noted that annual studies at the Lamont Laboratories of Columbia University have documented an increasing concentration of strontium 90 in the bones of American children.

This type of damage is termed somatic in contradistinction to the injury to tissues caused by isotopes such as cesium 137 and carbon 14 which lodge in the genitals. This genetic damage is unique not only in the immediate harm it produces,—i.e., sterilization, monsters, and

still births,—but more importantly in that the germ cells of the involved person are irrevocably affected. Thus the biological basis for the continuance of the human race is permanently damaged.

Instances of leukemia striking down children, malformed and still births are anything but mute testimony to the effects of nuclear detonation. But the most horrible aspect all but defies imagination: for the first time in his existence man can harm not only his brother and his brother's children but all succeeding generations of humankind *ad infinitum*. Further, this crime is accomplished and will continue to happen each time a nuclear detonation occurs.

\* \* \*

Once one grasps the full import of these facts it seems impossible that anyone could even conceive of nuclear weapons testing, much less warfare; but the issue is still being debated as if there were a choice at all. Doubtlessly, this universal blindness has a multifactorial basis, part of which lies in the nature of the nuclear phenomenon and the historical correlates of the problems.

When the atomic era bowed in only 15 years ago, it pronounced a new dispensation; its cosmological implications are so vast that they defy rapid assimilation. However, the minds of leaders and their public were formed by a *Weltanschauung* of the preatomic era. Reinforcing this general phenomenon is the seeming magical nature of nuclear energy. We look upon nuclear energy as something like a magician's trick which allows only the effects to be seen, and these are adroitly and illusively interpreted for us. Whereas a bullet or shell fragment hurts from the instant of contact and can affect other humans only indirectly, a nuclear injury is produced without causing feeling, may not become apparent for years afterward, and then appears suddenly as cancer. Finally, the effects are transmitted directly to other human beings not yet born.

Annihilation connotes a spatial event, i.e., total destruction on a global scale. However there is a temporal dimension also which has become possible only with the advent of the atomic era. The conclusion from what is outlined above is that as surely as total nuclear war would be annihilation in a spatial dimension, atomic testing annihilates in a temporal dimension.

Speculations on the problems of war have traditionally been made *sub specie aeternitatis*. But the reality of nuclear energy gives the phrase new meaning. While attempts are being made to establish the "rights" of limited warfare, the rights of innocents have already been violated in a temporal futuristic sense.

William J. Pleper, M.D.  
and  
Edward Morin

## WITNESS-BEARING AND SOCIAL INVOLVEMENT ROUND TABLE DISCUSSIONS for CLARIFICATION OF THOUGHT

(A Rethinking of Positions)  
2:00 P.M., Sundays

at  
PETER MAURIN FARM  
Staten Island—YU 4-9896

July 31:

CW Attitude Toward Government

Aug. 7:

Voluntary Poverty & Community  
As Response to Technology

Aug. 14:

Pacifism Natural & Supernatural

Aug. 21:

The Role of the One Man  
Revolution



## "CHAIR HALL"

Hospital hygienic hell hall  
Combines clinical and  
Electronic efficiency—  
No scalpel here  
But shock therapy.

With light-speed dispatch  
From the questionable comfort  
Of the many-strapped chair  
Ugly tipped-tentacles  
Jet juice thru' wetted contacts  
And jolt-eject from the  
Writhing masked body-corpus  
Its soul to skylight freedom.

Cerame' and current join  
In progress-perfected  
Social elimination

Sacrilleged pews of  
Horrid society, uneasy  
Unwonted in tiled clinicity  
Witness law-clothed strength  
Sure, at pre-pinioning leather  
Rapid, at post-bolt release—and  
Wheeled-table travel of electrified bone  
To adjoining laboratory  
And autopsy absolute!

"Smile awhile . . ." chant the doomed.  
Let social soul be torn always  
For the quivering flesh  
Of muddled motivation  
Mass-deemed unworthy  
Of Hudson therapy.

—RUXTON FOX

**ST. JEROME AND HIS TIMES.** By Jean Steinman. Fides Publishers. \$3.50. Renewed by BETTE RICH-ART.

St. Jerome, the founder of monastic learning and a tirelessly brilliant letter writer, lived during one of the most crucial centuries in the history of the church. Many theologians look upon it as the most crucial, since it was then that St. Athanasius not only scotched but killed the Arian heresy (concerning the persons of the Trinity) which was a major threat to the unity of the early church.

Jerome was born at Stridan in 347, and like many well-to-do young men of his time went to Rome to study rhetoric under Donatus. There, he says, "he did his best to prefer the end of the stylus that erases to the end that writes." He copied out Plautus, Virgil and Cicero (who, after Christ and St. Paul, was the arbiter of his whole life) in their entirety—the only way to acquire a library in those days. Needless to say, there were few intellectuals under such rigorous circumstances; how many of us today would survive such a test! But as often happens the study of pagan writers led him to the love of Christian ones, and he was baptized at eighteen—"a lively young man, clever and irreverent."

Certainly, with his scintillant frascibilities and loyally enduring affections, he was one of the more loveable saints. Steinman's account of his life is really rather pedestrian, abounding in quotation rather than interpretation, but his analytical evaluation at the end of the book is very good indeed, and seems to me to be more than well translated by Ronald Matthews. A scholar's life, even a travelling scholar's, is not likely to be rich in sensational material.

Jerome's life, however, was not dull; he had lived in Rome, Antioch and Constantinople before he settled in Bethlehem to make one of the three greatest contributions to the Church Intellectual (St. Augustine and St. Thomas, of course, were to make the others). Jerome was not a philosopher, did not pretend or wish to be, but he was the first really great translator, and his remarks on the trials of that now rather common-place vocation are as amusing as those of Monsignor Knox (with whom, surely, he will be privileged to spend eternity). The Vulgate translation of the Old Testament was enough to do, but it was by no means all he did.

He translated Origen, who couldn't resist veering toward heresy most of the time, and therefore had Jerome in and out of hot water much of the time. It was a century of heresy, with Origen, Arius and Pelagius finding spots worthy of their mettle in Jerome,

Athanasius and Augustine, respectively. With the latter Jerome crossed swords in 397, toward the end of his controversial existence. The young Augustine kept plaguing the old genius with letters of inquiry, youthful enthusiasms and bigotries in about equal proportion. At last he had his answer, after several years: "I have in fact found nothing in your works to complain of, for I have not spent much time reading them!" Later Jerome recognized that Augustine had quelled Pelagianism, and they became long-distance friends. But he never understood or sympathized with the anguish of St. John Chrysostom in his exile, contradictory man that he was, a saint-maker and a saint-detractor at the same time.

St. Paula and St. Marcella, Roman patricians who became Christians, and friends of Jerome, were examples of one of his contradictions. He was forever attacking women, more for superficiality than depravity, but he usually knew an exception when he saw one, and made theologians as well as saints of the women closest to him. His moving, nearly life-long friendship with Paula reminds us of St. Francis Assisi and St. Clare, of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jeanne de Chantal, centuries later.

His other contradiction was indeed life-long, and is bitterly relevant today: it lay between the life of the mind and the life of the spirit, which need not be, but often are, at war. His biographer says, "He went on to condemn in public what he still loved in the depths of his heart, and would go on loving till he died: the poets." He once counselled the lovely daughter of Marcella, "Be the cricket of the nights. Let sleep overtake you with a book in your hand"—advice that might well have become his own epitaph. "Never, with the help of Christ, will I stop writing!" he wrote, and could have added "Or stop being read." Erasmus and Bernanos are among his more illustrious disciples, and anyone who has ever tried to translate a poem, or do a bit of writing for the simple joy (or hell) of it, might well add his name to these. "Headstrong, hypersensitive and domineering, but with a first-rate mind," he is a delight to read and remember. I hope Steinman's book will send you to its bright source, as it did me. You will hardly be sorry.

**ANARCHISM** by PAUL ELTZBACHER. Seven Exponents of the Anarchist Philosophy. With an Essay on Anarcho-Syndicalism by Rudolph Rocker. LIBERTARIAN BOOK CLUB. G. P. O. BOX 842, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. PRICE \$6.00. REVIEWED BY AMMON HENNACY.

Eltzbacher's book is named by Kropotkin in the Encyclopedia Britannica as the best book on

Anarchism. Eltzbacher was a German professor of law who wrote this book in 1900, and in 1907 Steven Byington translated it and Benjamin Tucker printed it in Boston. Alexander Berkman told me in Atlanta prison in 1918 that this was the best book on Anarchism and I read it in 1920. I corresponded with Byington for years. He died in 1957 at the age of 89. Tucker sold some of his manuscripts in 1933 when he was in France to Ewing Baskette, who died recently, and his wife Elizabeth, who is a friend of mine, sold them to the library at the University of Illinois. Byington says that Eltzbacher has two classifications of private property or common property and he asks: "Why shouldn't there be a scheme of common property in the things that are wanted by all men and private property in the things that are wanted only by some men?" That is the position that Bakunin holds and that I agree with.

Eltzbacher writes in a legalistic German style that is not easy to read and his definitions may seem arbitrary. He defines LAW as a legal norm which men agree upon, and they have power enough to enforce it for themselves and others. He defines the STATE in much the same way that certain men elect officials and they have the power to enforce a rule upon others. PROPERTY is a legal relation where a person has "the exclusive privilege of ultimately disposing of a thing." He classifies each of seven anarchists as to their ideas on these three items and also as to how they expect to realize their ideals. I will give a few quotes which I feel are important from each of the seven anarchists.

**William Godwin, — 1756-1836.** Father-in-law of Shelley. He says that "Society and government are different in themselves, and have different origins. Society is produced by our wants and government by our wickedness. Society is in every state a blessing; government even in its best state a necessary evil." He does not believe in promises, for "either what I have promised is good, then I must do it even if there had been no promise, or it is bad then not even the promise can make it my duty." He said "When we enter the lists of battle, we quit the sure domain of truth and leave the decision to the caprice of chance." He was a reformer rather than a revolutionary, as was Proudhon who follows.

**Pierre J. Proudhon—1809-1865.** He it was who first made the name Anarchism popular and Marx learned much from him. He stirred up many people in France to question things as they are. His quote on laws holds good even today: "Laws—we know what they are and what they are worth, Cobwebs for the powerful and the rich, chains which no steel can break

for the little and the poor, fishers' nets in the hands of the government." I agree with Proudhon in an Idealistic motivation toward anarchism, rather than in a Natural Law approach or one with Happiness as the goal.

**Max Stirner — 1806-1856** (real name Johann Kasper Schmidt). He is known as a supreme individualistic anarchist, like Tucker in America. It is therefore natural that in my "One-Man Revolution" I should agree with his emphasis on change of self, though not with his method. He says: "That men in sufficient number first undergo an inward change and recognize their own welfare as their highest law, and that these men then bring to pass by force the outward change also; to wit, the abrogation of law, State, and property, and the introduction of the new condition." I do agree with Stirner, though, in no law in the future and no legal relation.

**Michael Bakunin—1814-1876.** He was an army officer. His property was confiscated and he was sent to Siberia. He escaped. He was in the First International in 1872 and was expelled by Marx. He says of the State, "Powerful States can maintain themselves only by crime, little States are virtuous only from weakness." And on Freedom, "I myself am a free man only so far as I recognize the humanity and liberty of all the men who surround me." He speaks of a U.S. of the World, but as a federation of states, not as law-making bodies. As with all radicals of those days he was anti-clerical: "To escape its wretched lot the populace has three ways, two imaginary and one real. The two first are the rum-shop and the church, the third is the social revolution."

**Peter Kropotkin—1842-1921.** A kindly man who believed in violent revolution. His *Mutual Aid and Fields, Factories and Workshops* are classics. He founded the anarchist weekly FREEDOM in London in the 80's. He wrote the article on Anarchism in the Encyclopedia Britannica 1911 edition. His definition of LAW is classic: "Law is an adroit mixture of such customs which serve for the maintenance of society and would be observed even without a law, with others which are to the advantage only of a ruling minority, but are harmful to the masses and can be upheld only by terror. Law is now merely an instrument to keep up the exploitation and domination of the industrious masses by wealthy idlers. It has now no longer any civilizing mission; its only mission is to protect exploitation."

Of the STATE Kropotkin says that it is founded by "church, law, military power and wealth acquired by plunder . . . and it lives at the expense of future generations, and steers with all its might towards bankruptcy . . . consecrated by the priest and protected by the strong hand of the warrior, law appeared." Kropotkin, like Bakunin, believed in the evolutionary process. He believes in law in the future society and communistic property, with a federalistic form of society. We should preach by example and courage of action. Despite my liking of Kropotkin as a person and my appreciation of his writings I find that I do not agree with any of his special ideas as contrasted with the other six anarchists.

**Benjamin R. Tucker — 1854-1939.** In 1875 he went to jail for not paying taxes. In 1899 John R. Commons said his lecture at the Chicago Conference on Trusts was "the most brilliant piece of pure logic" at the convention. He edited LIBERTY from 1881 to 1908 when the building was destroyed by fire. For 20 years he was on the editorial board of the Boston Globe. After 1910 he lived with his wife and daughter in France and Monaco. He insists that the word Anar-

chy is the right one to use, "as a philosophical term and the word Anarchist as the name of a philosophical sect were first appropriated in the sense of opposition to dominion, to authority, and are so held by right of occupancy, which fact makes any other philosophical use of them improper and confusing."

Tucker was not a theoretical pacifist but he was logical enough to know that the pacifist method was the only one that could win. His logical mind answers some of the questions that come up, such as: "The nature of such invasion is not changed, whether it is made by one man upon another man, after the manner of the ordinary criminal, or by one man upon all other men, after the manner of an absolute monarch, or by all other men upon one man, after the manner of a modern democracy."

Nearly all pacifists believe in voting. Tucker demolishes this idea: "What is the ballot? It is neither more or less than a paper representative of the bayonet, the billy, and the bullet. It is a labor-saving device for ascertaining on which side force lies and bowing to the inevitable . . . Rule is evil and it is none the better for being majority rule."

His criticism of the welfare state is especially germane at this time: "The people cannot afford to be enslaved for the sake of being insured." He feels that "The state is itself the most gigantic criminal extant. It manufactures criminals much faster than it punishes them." Tucker is egoistic along with Stirner, and believes in law in the future and Federalistic ideas along with Proudhon, Bakunin and Kropotkin, but as to property in the future he is individualistic. He along with Tolstoy is pacifist as to the method of revolution. I, of course, agree with Tucker in his pacifism.

**Leo Tolstoy-1828-1910** — He became a "Tolstoin", as the saying is, after he had become famous for writing *War and Peace*. His *Kingdom of God is Within You* made me an anarchist when I read it in the Fulton Tower in Atlanta in 1919. His "Resurrection", which he wrote to get money to help the Doukhobors get to Canada, is excellent, but his short stories probably did more than anything else to prepare the way for the overthrow of the Czar. On the STATE he says: "To every honest, earnest man in our time it must be clear that true Christianity—the doctrine of humility, forgiveness, love—is incompatible with the State and its haughtiness, its deeds of violence, its capital punishments and wars . . . Christianity in its true significance abolishes the State, annihilates all governments." With Godwin and Stirner he believes in no law or legal relations in the future society, and of course believes in no promises for the future, for he cannot know what the law of love . . . will demand of him. The new society will take place by the individual action of each person, like a bee leaving a swarm, one by one (for they cannot all leave at once). "The governments can chastise, put to death, imprison for life and torture any one who tries to overthrow them by force; they can bribe or smother with gold the half of mankind; they can bring into their service millions of armed men who are ready to annihilate their foes. But what can they do against men who do not destroy anything, do not set up anything either, but only, each for himself, are unwilling to act contrary to the law of Christ and therefore refuse to do what is most necessary, for the governments?"

**Anarchist Teachings Analyzed**  
Eltzbacher divides anarchist ideas into five categories. (1) **As to Basis, Natural Law** is the basis of Bakunin and Kropotkin. **Critical**, or what ought to be. Here Proudhon and Tolstoy are **Idealistic**,





# VIEWS

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while Happiness from an Altruistic view is emphasized by Godwin, and as Egoistic by Stirner and Tucker. (2) As to Law in the Future. No Law, Godwin, Stirner and Tolstoy. Law, Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin and Tucker. (3) As to National Grouping; Federalistic, Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin and Tucker. No Legal Relation, Godwin, Stirner and Tolstoy. (4) As to Property. No Property in the Future, Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Tolstoy. Property in the Future, Tucker with individualistic, Bakunin with collectivistic, Kropotkin with communistic property. (5) Method of Change. Reformatory, Godwin, Proudhon. Revolutionary, as pacifist, Tucker and Tolstoy. As violent, Stirner, Bakunin, Kropotkin.

I agree with Tolstoy in Critical idealistic anarchism, no-law in the future, no legal relation, and pacifism. I agree with Godwin in no law in the future and no legal relation. I agree with Stirner in no law in the future and no legal relation. I agree with Tucker in pacifism. I agree with Bakunin in having both individual and collective property. I agree with Proudhon in critical idealistic anarchism. Readers who can study this book and other writings of these seven anarchists can form their own opinions.

Rudolph Rocker-1873-1958 was born in Germany, worked on Yiddish papers in this country and is the author of *Nationalism and Culture*, published in 1937. He describes the anarchist communes in Catalonia in the Spanish Civil War and the present set up of the International Workingmen's Association over the world. He feels that "There will even probably be in every form of a free society of the future different forms of economic co-operation existing side by side, since any social progress must be associated with free experimentation and practical testing out of new methods for which in a free society of free communities there will be every opportunity."

I think this is reasonable, as also his opinion on Russia: "In Russia a grinding state-capitalism . . . But even a far greater degree of economic equality than that which exists in Russia would be no guarantee against political and social oppression. Economic equality alone is not social liberation. It is precisely this which all the schools of authoritarian Socialism have never understood. In the prison, in the cloister, or in the barracks one finds a fairly high degree of economic equality, as all the inmates are provided with the same dwelling, the same food, the same uniform, and the same tasks. The ancient Inca state in Peru and the Jesuit state in Paraguay had brought equal economic provision for every inhabitant to a fixed system, but in spite of this the vilest despotism prevailed there, and the human being was merely the automaton of a higher will on whose decisions he had not the slightest influence."

One problem that none of these anarchists had to face was that of the annihilation of the world in a war with atomic weapons. Perhaps some would have accepted pacifism in despair. Most of these anarchists were too optimistic, for nearly all of their radical groups have succumbed to the bourgeois way of life or been terrified by Communist tyranny. Anarchism remains, if taken with the pacifist approach, as the only hope, for all other roads lead to tyranny or death.

**WE ARE NOW CATHOLICS**, edited by Rev. Karl Hardt, S. J. (The Newman Press, \$3.95). Reviewed by Walter Wills.

This book contains the conversion accounts of four Germans who were formerly Lutheran theologians. Concerned mainly with liturgy and doctrine, their stories are not very sensational and are livened only by occasional mention

of the Nazi persecutions. Each has discovered in his own way, it seems, that the path Luther took away from the Church is retracable.

An introductory essay by Sylvester P. Theisen outlines various Catholic and Protestant movements of the last several decades. When Hitler came into power, the Catholic Church withdrew its ordinances prohibiting party membership for Catholics and concordances were signed. The common understanding was that "Hitler would form a bulwark against Communism," the latter threatening most to level the rich and aid the poor. Von Papen "did his best to reassure Catholic leaders that Nazism contained powerful forces that could be used for a religious restoration." (The notorious Von Papen, having survived the collapse of the Nazi state, the Nuremberg Tribunal, denazification and the contempt of German democrats, has recently been appointed Privy Chamberlain to the Pope.) Today "alleged political manipulations" by the Vatican have kept out such likely converts as Martin Niemöller, who seriously considered becoming a Catholic when he shared a concentration-camp cell with Catholic priests during the Nazi period.

All four of these converts were influenced by the unity of the Church, its solid organization and well defined faith. Hitler, elected by a considerably greater Protestant vote than Catholic, was able to form from Protestants the "German Christians" whose allegiance was to the state; he was less able to undermine the Catholic Church because of its unity. Sometimes, as when one of them recounts how two Jewish converts came to him for consolation, one sees something very pathetic. Is it peculiarly German, this kind of mind which can admire beautiful liturgy, vestments, incense, the particular stance of a priest before the altar during a certain prayer, and carefully ignore the faint odor of cyanide that permeates? Among a collection of letters written by Germans just before execution during the Hitler regime, I remember one by a German theologian whose only complaint was that his past life seemed wasted on half-truths, hedging and trivialities. There does seem to be a lack of social concern in these apologies.

Most interesting is the story of Rudolf Goethe. Now a priest, he came into the Church after a brief period of imprisonment in 1940-41. He was charged with "demoralizing the army" after arguing with a soldier in a hospital that a true Christian may not have any sentiments of hate. Too busy before as an army chaplain, he then had the time to begin the study of the Catholic faith which he had longed to do from some time and which brought him finally to conversion.

Martin Giebner studied Luther's teachings, found that there had been a great departure from them in modern Lutheranism. In the Augsburg Confession it was stated, "The Mass will be retained among us and celebrated with the utmost reverence." In trying to restore sacraments and liturgy in his church, Giebner encountered much resistance and was forced to re-evaluate his faith. He finally became Catholic, was ordained a priest. George Klunder found through historical study a fullness and dignity in Catholicism that was to him a sign of divine revelation. Heinrich Schlier came into the Church through research in the Holy Scriptures, which he found to be only one manifestation of the Holy Spirit residing in the Church. The Church must be a visible unity, he writes, in which "our Lord unfolds His fullness, the fullness of truth, and He continues to give Himself in loving-kindness to men for their salvation."

**KARL MEYER**  
Chicago Catholic Worker  
announces  
**THE NON-VIOLENT  
REVOLUTION**  
A 10-Page Pamphlet—3c  
Order from  
**ST. STEPHEN'S HOUSE**  
164 West Oak St.  
Chicago 10, Ill.

**ON PILGRIMAGE**  
Nothing can be more engrossing than taking care of children, and this month has been a busy one both on Staten Island, on the beach, and at Perkinsville, Vermont, where a new child, Catherine Ann, was born to David and Tamar Hennessy on July 9, instead of on July 24 when she was expected. Not only I did not write a continuation of my travels which I promised for this issue, but I wrote no "on pilgrimage" at all. Instead, I wrote a review of the one play I saw, "The Connection" and an account of the one Friday evening meeting I attended at which Fritz Eichenberg spoke. In the September issue, the "On Pilgrimage" will be continued.

## Friday Night Meeting

(Continued from page 3)

"Politics and Personalism," which may be sub-titled "the organized life and the organic life."

In the tradition of Peter, Arthur said he has come not to give a view point but to clarify thought.

According to Arthur, the organized life starts with big things: state government, national government, world government; While the organic life begins with little things: fostering the good, taking on self-responsibility. A family or small friendship cell can lead to a House of Hospitality, then to a Community. Personal responsibility, not power, fosters the organic life.

Jack Baker



## Support ACTU

New York Chapter  
327 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.  
Telephone LExington 2-2493

July 10, 1960

Dear Miss Day:

I am writing you again to ask if we may appeal to your readers for financial aid. The past two such appeals brought considerable help to this always poor organization.

Over the past year we have endeavored to be faithful to our task of bringing Christ to the union hall and the shop. At times, we have been mildly successful and at other times we have met with failure. To attempt to be both Christian and effective in the present social and economic order remains as our most immediate task. We hope we have been both.

As a volunteer organization of workers we must depend upon the help of people like your readers. With such help we hope to be able to continue our work with those workers still denied the elemental necessities of a decent life.

Thanking you again for your encouragement and prayers of the past, I remain,

Fraternally in Christ the Worker,  
**DANIEL J. SCHULDER**,  
Secretary Treasurer  
Association of Catholic Trade Unionists

## Our Mother, The Church

"But when in fact we perceive sin unmistakably in the countenance of our Holy Mother, when we encounter within the precincts of God's house the sad realities of pride, vanity, commercialism, imperiousness, gossiping, double-bookkeeping, narrowness—what actually should our attitude be? We shall see these things as men who intimately know from experience that they themselves are also sinners. When we see the sins of others we forget so easily that we are only too inclined to pray: 'Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as one of these sinners here, these self-righteous Pharisees in the house of the Lord,'—in a word, that we ourselves can be Pharisees in the guise of humble publicans. When sin in the Church calls up our own sin into consciousness, when it brings us clearly face to face with our personal connivance—whether we be priests or laymen, great or small in God's kingdom—and the realization that it is our sins which are the sins of the Church, that we have contributed our part of the Church's poverty and plight (no less true because our own petty sins have not been recorded in the scandal chronicle of the Church) then we are in the healthy, Christian position to see the sins of the Church in the right light. We may then, perhaps, insofar as it lies within our power and line of duty, protest, complain, struggle and try to better: but we shall first and last weep for our own sins with which we too crucify the Son of God in His Church and darken the light of His Gospel for the world. And we shall carry and endure the disgrace of the Church as our own; she is in reality ours because whether we will or no, we belong to her and we have sinned in her. So shall we rejoice in the comfort of God, inconceivable and to the world forever incomprehensible, which He gives to us, each singly: a Mother whose sin is encompassed in His own mercy, whom He blesses and sanctifies, in and despite her daily sin, who never puts her trust in her own strength but in God's mercy alone which is grace and not merit.

"When we can see the sin of the Church in this light, our eyes will increasingly turn to the hidden and the manifest glory and holiness of our Mother. If often we see little of it, it is not because we look into the world and on the Church with admirable exactitude and critical realism, but because our eye is the eye of the self-satisfied sinner, limited and ensnared. But happily when once we have wept honestly over the sin of the Church and for our own sins, when once we have begun to admit our personal guilt and see that all true holiness is a wonder of God and of grace and not a human vanity, then this eye of ours, washed with the tears of repentance, does become clear-sighted to the holy wonder of God working in His Church. The every-day is seen as new: her hands, despite all, overflow today as always with graces; she now and always administers the sacraments of Christ; from her heart rise unceasingly the imploring of the Spirit and its inexpressible groaning; the angels of God ever and again waft up like incense to the throne of the Most High the prayers of the just of this Church; her lips continue to preach the Word of God, faithfully and inexorably in the clear constancy and steadfastness of love; in her motherly womb she continues to conceive life for her children; the Spirit of God raises up for her endlessly holy sons—children and wise men, prophets and hidden men of prayer, heroes and humble bearers of crosses—and in her, till the end of time the redemption of the Lord recurs. And we shall always be able to pray, even if in tears—be they tears of repentance or of joy—I believe in the holy Church.

"The Scribes and the Pharisees—they are not in the Church alone but everywhere and in all disguises—will always drag 'the sinful woman' before the Lord and accuse her (with secret satisfaction that she is, thank God, no better than themselves)—'Lord, this woman has been taken again in adultery. What sayest Thou?' And this woman will not be able to deny it. No, it is scandal enough. And there is nothing to extenuate it. She thinks only of her sins, because she has rarely committed them, and she forgets (how could the humble maid do otherwise?) the hidden and shining nobility of her holiness. And so she does not attempt a denial. She is the poor Church of Sinners. Her humility, without which she would not be holy, knows only her guilt. She stands before Him to Whom she is espoused, Who has loved her and given Himself up for her to sanctify her, who knows her sins better than all her accusers. But He is silent. He writes down her sins in the sand of world history which—with her guilt—will soon be effaced. He is silent a little while, which to us seems thousands of years. And He judges this woman only through the silence of His love which gives grace and absolves. In every century new accusers confronted this 'woman,' and stole away, one after another, beginning with the eldest, for there was not one who found her who was himself without sin. And in the end the Lord will be alone with the sinner. He will turn and gaze at His fallen Spouse, and ask: Woman, where are they who accuse thee? Has no man condemned thee? And she will reply with unspeakable remorse and humility: No man, Lord. The Lord will go to her and say: Then neither will I condemn thee. He will kiss her brow and say: My Spouse, my holy Church."

From "The Church of Sinners" by  
Karl Rahner, from CROSS CURRENTS



# CUBA AS I SEE IT

(Continued from page 1)

countries. She in no way resembles the Communist system nor the various dictatorships of the Right. During my current visit I have detected no fear in the faces of the Cuban people. They are not afraid to associate with foreigners. Even the most hostile newsmen from abroad can wander around the island without restriction. In shining contrast to police states, all of which practice a cult of morbid and pathological secrecy, the Revolutionary government keeps everyone fully informed about the people's business and affairs of state.

The framers of England's Magna Carta would feel comfortable in Cuba today because the important freedoms are here: habeas corpus, which is basic to all human liberty; the freedom to speak, to publish, to worship, to travel at home or abroad. The people's homes are sacred: the police must seek warrants from a judge before entering. Economic freedom is rapidly developing because the policy of the Revolutionary government is to give the people substantial, tangible benefits now. If it were a Communist government, it would have followed the example of Stalin and promised Utopia at some distant date after an austere and ruthless program of industrialization.

Since the people so obviously give their overwhelming support to the present Cuban government, it is obscenely hypocritical for North Americans to preach sermons to Cuba about the "urgency of free elections." In effect, they are demanding that Fidel Castro establish one particular form of democracy when the people are already enjoying the substance of democracy. In Washington and also among the murderous gang that fled to Miami the hope is that, through elections, a few well-financed representatives of Batista's corrupt cronies would slip back into strategic positions from where they could sabotage this "revolution of the humble."

If those Yankees now crying for free elections are intellectually honest, why were they so long silent during Cuba's series of cruel dictatorships when the people had the forms but none of the substance of liberty? Why do they not look homeward and demand free elections in Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi where they are really needed? If those states with huge black populations ever allowed Negroes to vote freely, a large number of "white supremacy" politicians who rule through fear, terror and demagoguery would be swept out of office. That vicious enemy of Cuba and of Negroes, Senator James Eastland, "represents" the state of Mississippi where there has not been a free election for sixty-five years.

When the world awakens inevitably to the outrageous campaign of lies, distortions and half-truths about Cuba, the United States government and press will be discredited among decent people everywhere. Already, for example, the Sunday Times of London on May 29, 1960 has published a long factual story on the impressive achievements of the Revolutionary government. Even within the United States a few voices have begun to speak out and to contradict the demonstrable falsehoods.

However, time to correct the erroneous impression of Cuba may be short. I would not be at all surprised if Washington has already set a date for military intervention and occupation. Politically wild and irresponsible elements in the Pentagon, dehumanized cold-war fanatics in the CIA and FBI, and powerful economic interests opposed to the Revolution are spreading the lie that Catholic

Cuba has become a base of world communism in order to justify an act of gunboat diplomacy.

These elements never learn and never give up. In 1954, led by Vice President Nixon, Secretary of State Dulles and Admiral Radford, they tried to force President Eisenhower to go to war to salvage French colonialism in Indo-China. In 1955 and 1958 they urged a naval blockade of China and nuclear war if necessary. In order to maintain Chiang Kai-shek on some rocky, worthless little islands (Quemoy and Matsu) five miles off the coast of China. In July, 1958, they sought to land troops in Iraq in order to depose the new revolutionary government of Premier Kassem after he had overthrown the corrupt and feudalistic monarchy which was "pro-American". For months, without the slightest bit of evidence, Kassem was called a "communist" in Washington and in these United States newspapers that voluntarily parrot the official line. Most ridiculous of all, Colonel Nasser was for years labeled "pro-communist" or "pro-Soviet" in the United States despite his jailing of Egyptian communists. Many North Americans and Europeans proclaimed in 1956 that Nasser would be unable to operate the Suez Canal without their pilots and their help, just as today they proclaim that Cuba "needs" the United States to avoid "economic chaos".

Cuba would err if she tried to appease these elements. They live in a dream world of swaggering 19th century imperialism. They would be satisfied only if the Cuban people dumped the Revolution in the Gulf of Mexico and returned to "the good old days" when the U. S. ambassador and large Yankee investors shared control with the Cuban oligarchy of the island's internal affairs and conducted Cuba's satellite foreign policy. Until 1959, I am told, the U. S. ambassador and his subordinates crudely and routinely summoned Batista's officials to the embassy instead of going to the Foreign Ministry, as diplomatic protocol requires.

Even if camouflaged under the aegis of the puppet Organization of American States, military intervention in nationalistic Cuba would be an immediate disaster for both countries. Economically it could set Cuba back several decades, and would turn this beautiful island into the hell of another Hungary and another Algeria. Undoubtedly teen-aged U. S. marines would be indoctrinated in advance to believe that their "crusade" would "liberate" Cuba from the "tyranny" of Fidel Castro. The bloody tragedy would come when those same innocent marines would learn the hard way that the Cuban people are prepared to die for the Revolution and will not permit the wealthy and over-privileged United States to turn back the clock of history.

From Havana I have already written a letter giving my impressions of Cuba to A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and a man of great moral power. On my return home I shall have discussions with him and other Negro leaders who are independent of the bone-crushing pressures of the government and of the business community. I shall tell them that Negroes above all cannot tolerate military intervention into any country in this day and age, and that we must mobilize "Hands Off Cuba" sentiment. For history teaches us that freedom is indivisible. The struggle of 18 million Negroes for equality and justice in the United States will have little meaning if, ninety miles south of our border, six million Cubans are denied the freedom to run their country according to twentieth-century concepts of true independence and to set a beacon example for the rest of the exploited countries of Latin America.



## Camaldolese Hermitages

(Continued from page 1)

tude while living in tightly communal housing.

With the ground-breaking service the community begins a final phase of the pioneering period. The hermits themselves, aided by volunteer Summer Workers (mainly college and seminary students), hope to do the bulk of the building. The machinery is formidable: a 1920 vintage "Wonder" Brand mortar mixer (One Cylinder), and a Sears, Roebuck hand-operated brick-making machine. The hermits were given a derelict city house to tear down—and those boards and rafters will do for the first floors. A neighborhood river bed has contributed excellent sand and a little gravel. Thus the outlay required for the building project will be absolutely minimal, but the hermits lack even these funds. The hermits therefore welcome any contribution that will help further the building—be it financial, material aid, the volunteer of labor, or simply and fundamentally the raising of fervent prayers for this intention.

St. Romuald, in the 10th and 11th Centuries, set the groundwork for this unique Contemplative Order; by wedding the early desert spirituality to the Benedictine Rule, he conceived a contemplative life at once eremitical and communally structured. Camaldolese chant the Benedictine Divine Office in common, and live under the Holy Obedience that a communal superior enables; but they trace out their inner life of prayer in the hiddenness of their own hermitage. Varying degrees of solitude exist for the Camaldolese, and the final degree, full reclusion, provides the most intense solitude in the Western Church. The Camaldolese Recluse leaves his hermitage only twice or three times in the year, if that; this highest expression of Camaldolese spirituality ranks this small Order as officially and canonically the most austere in the Church.

Any support for the New Camaldoli building project, or enquiries and correspondence, can be sent to: New Camaldoli (Hermitage of the Immaculate Heart) Lucia Ranch, Big Sur, California.

# EASY ESSAYS

(Continued from page 1)

It aims to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

The Catholic Worker does not stand for proletarian dictatorship. It stands for personalist leadership.

### What the Catholic Worker Believes

The Catholic Worker believes in the gentle personalism of traditional Catholicism.

The Catholic Worker believes in the personal obligation of looking after the needs of our brother.

The Catholic Worker believes in the daily practice of the Works of Mercy.

The Catholic Worker believes in Houses of Hospitality for the immediate relief of those who are in need.

The Catholic Worker believes in the establishment of Farming Communes where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his need.

The Catholic Worker believes in creating a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

### Aim of the Catholic Worker

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create order out of chaos.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to help the unemployed to employ themselves.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to make an impression on the depression through expression.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

### Taking Back Our Name

The name Communism does not come from Karl Marx, it comes from Proudhon.

Proudhon was a Frenchman and France is a country with a Catholic tradition.

And Catholic tradition gave to Proudhon the word Communism.

The word commune exists in French history since the eleventh century.

The Communist Party has taken the word Communism from Catholic tradition and has failed to give us a sample of Communism.

No member of the Communist Party has ever said that there was Communism in Soviet Russia.

What they have in Soviet Russia is State Socialism.

State Socialism is not part of Catholic tradition, but Catholic Communism is.

When we call ourselves Catholic Communists we reclaim our own.

The delirium of absolute purity, a mania for perfection and extravagant idealism are common symptoms of psychosis and simple neurosis. They are not the hall marks of an elite, but of a degeneration of the psyche. They transport the personality not towards total perfection, as such sufferers maintain, but towards total perdition. They are to be found in persons whose most marked characteristic is a flight from reality. These are the persons who refuse to set to work on what they could actually achieve, which would necessarily be humble, imperfect and finite, and pivoting on this negation, pass from refusal to condemnation, which justifies their evasion in their own eyes . . . Spiritual directors like St. Francis of Sales, for example, long before Marx and the Freudians, denounced such attitudes as alienation and the manoeuvres of a guilty conscience.

—Emmanuel Mounier



# Reflections On The Connection

(Continued from page 2)

herself thus which was the delight of the other prisoners. Or she was the busy housewife serving afternoon tea and slicing up a lemon meringue pie and serving it on the roof during the scant half hour of recreation in the evening.

From the same roof we could stand on benches and peer through the screens over the parapet down Sixth Avenue, the Avenue of Americas to Fourteenth Street where she pointed out a building that they hoped, she and Julian, would house the Living Theater the next year. It is the entire building on the northeast corner and there are three entire floors facing two streets, all windows brilliantly colored, housing an actor's school, a ballet school, a scene painting studio, offices, theater, lobby and so on. There is a most ingenious hanging in the lobby which turns out to be a wildly-twisted copper pipe, from which water comes as from a fountain from the spout of which one can drink copiously of the good cold water.

Last night, Ammon Hennacy and I went to the Living Theater to see *The Connection*, which had been so much talked about, before the closing which Ammon said was imminent. (He was wrong, it is still continuing).

I remembered as I sat in the comfortable theater seats (it is a "little theater" and does not accommodate more than a few hundred) the early Provincetown Playhouse on McDougall Street in 1918 when Christine had a restaurant on the second floor, and the theater itself was bare as a barn, and had only benches for seats. But it was there that Eugene O'Neill's first one-act plays were produced. Jig Cook was the producer.

Thanks to out-of-town visitors, I had seen all the Chekhov plays at the Fourth Street theater a few years ago, in another small and intimate setting which is so good for such drama.

Actually, until these last few years, I had seen no plays at all for many many years, and I came to them, fresh and impressionable. It was one of the Chekhov plays which helped me understand a neurotic young poet who had been tormenting us around the Catholic Worker, rather than engage our sympathies as he should have done. And I thought suddenly that this is what the theater and the novel, is supposed to do—to take people and present them to you in perspective—disengaging you from their present suffering and turmoil because, after all, it is only a novel or a play, and so freeing you from the sense of irritated frustration at the knowledge that there is nothing really that you can do, liberating you from the kind of involvement which is an obstacle to love. It is hard to make this point clear. I mean that it is not we who can change people, and besides, who are we to change anyone, and why cannot we leave them to themselves and God.

What we can do is to understand, to love, to sympathize in the sense of trying to bear a little of the suffering and leave them—not to intrude on them with the corroding pity which is often self-centered and obtuse. People must live their own lives. They must bear their own crosses. We have enough to do to bear our own, and how we bear our own will achieve something for those around us.

And that, in a way, is what *The Connection* does for us—it helps us to realize, to understand. There is a recurring line in the play, "That's the way it is. That's the way it really is."

In jail I tried to tell one of the girls that what she wanted was God, that what we all wanted was God, a sense of well-being, the beatific vision. That vision was described as the marriage feast, as union with the bridegroom in the Bible. Nothing else was ever going to satisfy us.

In the play one of the characters, Solly, says, "You are fed up with everything for the moment. And like the rest of us you are a little hungry for a little hope. So you wait and worry. A fix of hope. A fix to forget. A fix to remember, to be sad, to be happy, to be, to be. So we wait for the trustworthy Cowboy to gallop in upon a white horse. Gallant white powder."

And one of the other characters replies, "There ain't nothin' gallant about heroin, baby."

There is a peculiar construction to the play. Because junkies, as Kenneth Tynan in the introduction to the published play remarks, are as a class contemplatives rather than talkers, the author, Jack Gelber contrives this: "a nervous producer explains to the audience that he has hired a writer to bring together a group of addicts for the express purpose of improvising dialogue along lines that the author has previously laid down. The results are filmed before our eyes, by a two-man camera crew. There are thus, acting as a collective bridge between us and the junkies, four intruders from the world of getting and spending."

At the end of the play, the author, (not the actual author but the author's author), has been enticed into taking heroin himself in order to experience what he is writing about, and he feels the play falling apart and confesses his failure. "It was my fault," he says vaguely. "I thought maybe the doctors would take over. That's the message for tonight from me." And Cowboy, who is the connection, who has been the Godot they have been waiting for, who has brought them the drug says, "Hell, the doctors would be the big connection." And another character says, "I don't trust them. Those are the people who mildly electrocute thousands of people every year... Oh no, I do not trust them as a group any more than I trust the police as a group. Or junkies..."

So no solutions are offered either. The police do not trust the doctors, nor the politicians, hence the Sherman act. And the doctors do not trust the police, so they too can do nothing, and the habit grows, until North Brother Island is filled with teen-age addicts, and Lexington hospital is overcrowded with a waiting list, and other hospitals in the great city of New York offer a scant dozen beds for medical care of those afflicted in this way.

I came away from the play with the thought again of Peter Maurin's program of action.

One of the things the play might accomplish would be to make people realize that these men, Negro, Caucasian, as the play describes them, are even as you and I. Fear of them and their desperation is to be feared. Courage and love can do much. And the exercise of that faith that there is in each one of us, a power greater than we think, and a Power outside of us, a personal God, a Father, who loves us and hears our prayers.

Yes, we must each of us, and groups of us, try to make that kind of society where it is easier for man to be good, as Peter Maurin said, and counter the hopelessness of ever achieving that kind of society in our lifetime by hearty prayer. God help us, and help them, those so real people in *The Connection*, so attractive, so gifted—if one way but dust and in another, just a little less than angels, whom God so loved that He gave His only son to save us. But also He gave us our freedom, and respecting our free will, He leaves it to us to make the beginnings.

The play is dedicated to Thelma Gadsden, a drug addict whom Judith and I met in prison two years ago, who suffered so from her confinement that she could not bear to look out the bars at the end of the corridor. Every night as she called

ry who had rowed the Dory "World Citizen" from Manhattan. We had a meeting that night as to pacifist tactics when we would go out to the edge of the city and officially enter. I was to lead as Adrian, Arthur and three others were at court on the auto accident. Very few took our leaflets. Later I led a procession through town to a park and back again. Meanwhile Janice Smith and her children, Pat McMahon, Dave Dellinger, Ralph DeGlia and Bob Gussner and others had arrived and about thirty of us marched four miles toward Groton, and in the middle of the mile-long bridge got soaking wet, but we were dry in a few hours except for our shoes. We had provocative signs and leaflets and it is not to be supposed that workers would like being told that their jobs were immoral. When we finally got in sight of the Electric Boat plant hundreds of workers filled the narrow street. Many of us were new to such dangerous situations and we made the mistake of stopping in plain sight for the leaders to talk about what to do. Finally we went up one sidewalk amidst boos and such remarks as "Go back to Russia," and "Don't hit them; they just want to be martyrs, and we would get ourselves in trouble." Then we got half-way down the other side and before we came to the worst crowd we made the mistake again of huddling up a side street and conferring. In all this shuffle I got changed from the last in line to the second; a 14-year-old boy, Timothy Hutchinson, whose father works at Harvard, being in front. The keeper of a saloon or pool-room grabbed his sign but as it was very tough he had to tramp on it to try to break it. One of us came up from behind and argued with the man, which was very dangerous, for if we didn't want our signs messed up we had better have stayed at home. My sign was of lighter material and was half torn off in a second. I gave the man a CW and he tore it also. Finally we all met at the end of the street where we had started. Some wanted to go home, others to go back. Brad asked what I thought and I said we should not get separated but to retreat all together toward the bridge slowly as we had come, for if we went back with half torn signs it would be an invitation to finish tearing them. We were supposed to have special leaflets for the workers but they had not arrived as yet and we had nothing new to hand out. Meanwhile three kid anarchists had gone back to the crowd to hand out leaflets but without any signs. Brad went to tell them that we were all going back toward the bridge and someone hit him on the chin.

We spent several hours giving out leaflets in the park where people were viewing the Harvard and Yale boat races. We had a balloon with pacifist slogans but someone shot it down. Our leaflet had invited workers to come to our meeting in the hall downtown where Brad had his office. A slightly drunk elderly woman from West Va. thought it was a political meeting and kept yelling for Kennedy. Dave Dellinger was chairman and did a masterly job in appreciating the half dozen workers who had come there to argue with us. Their mentality was the patriotic, religious, Protestant outlook, not devoid of reason, but not amenable to high class reasoning. Finally at 11 p.m. the meeting adjourned and the workers were invited back again.

That morning Hugh, Itkin and I had gone to St. Joseph's to Mass out her good-nights to her fellow-prisoners she called the number of the days she had left to serve. When she was released she came to us for a visit, but later she died from an overdose of heroin.

# IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

and had breakfast with Father Flint. That night I spent with CW readers and in the morning went to Mass with pretty Cindy McGuire and her brother. She had visited us twice in New York City. Her parents and brothers were fine folks interested in the same problems as the CW but of course not so radical. A friend had a Volkswagen and we arrived back in New York City at 9 p.m. Hugh, however, after turning himself around in New London, starting walking back home, and spent three days in jail for walking on a thruway. He got to Fort Detrick and later got a ride with friends to Iowa on his way to his farm in northern California.

Adrian Maas was the leader of the march. He is a Christian Scientist and was born in Holland and has visited in South Africa. He is a graduate of Principia, the only Christian Science College, near St. Louis, and he argued with them for years on pacifism, and with his draft board and the authorities in Boston. His church is the only one that will not allow members to be conscientious objectors. I value his bravery and friendship very much. The Polaris Project goes on until the first of September with another march from New York City Aug. 6, and one from Boston, but I will have my regular tax picketing Aug. 6 to 20 and will not take part.

## Communist 4th of July Union Square Meeting

This was held on the 30th of June and I was one of the speakers. A Jewish comrade read a party line speech about American Imperialism—the subject of the meeting being a protest against the recent Japanese-American treaty. I was next and said: "When I was asked to speak here I did not know for sure who was running the meeting, but when it was opened with the Star Spangled Banner I knew it was Communist. Now you can't sing the song, and you don't believe it, and you are not fooling anybody. I hope the next time you invite me we can all sing the Red Flag as we did in the old days." (Applause from the students here).

"When anyone is for peace, justice, freedom, or higher wages he is called 'Communist.' That is an honor and I am glad to be with you today. When people are for these good things they are never called 'Christian' or 'Catholic,' for we have not earned the right to be so-called. But there was a time when being a Christian and a Catholic meant something: that was when if you went to court you were not allowed to take Communion for six months, and if a Christian who was a soldier killed anyone he was not allowed to go to Communion for 10 years. In those days if a Christian refused to put a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar he was thrown to the lions; these days the Christian joins the Lions Club.

"All over the world where we find a tyranny we find the Catholics supporting this tyranny; they have forgotten the message of the early Christians. One time a radical by the name of Alan Haywood started a union of gravediggers and when there was a strike the Cardinal here in New York City had the seminarians scabbing and digging graves. Who picked the Cardinal? Was it the Communists? No, it was we of the Catholic Worker, so we are trying to make our Church have the old-time message of the early Christians. And last year the hierarchy put thumbs down on the efforts of the poorly-paid Catholic Puerto Rican hospital workers here to have a union. If I was in Russia I wouldn't last long being an anarchist, but here today I am happy to be with comrades who are not only against this Japanese Treaty which is the subject of the day, but for other items of justice. We not only committed the sin of killing tens of thousands at Hiroshima but as if to prove how mean we could be we dropped the

bomb later at Nagasaki. Having defeated the Japanese we made a solemn treaty that we would abolish all military and war as far as they were concerned. Then we broke the treaty and these folks who have had too much destruction and war and want no more of it are forced by us to be our ally in our imperialistic schemes. But this is to be expected because we broke every treaty we made since the one George Washington made with the American Indians. And our record in the Mexican War and Spanish American War is a scandal. We have disgraced this Star Spangled Banner which some of us want to sing about."

Then there were some songs and some speeches read, and a Puerto Rican nationalist and a Cuban nationalist spoke. James Jackson, the Negro Communist leader, gave a "Heroes of 1776-Recognize Red China-Remove Troops from all Bases", etc. party-line speech, delivered forcefully. I could agree with all he said, but what he left out of course was how there had been little freedom for anarchists all along in Russia.

## I Meet Leaders of the Employers of Italy and Argentina

I met with members of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists at Mass at St. Michael's Church and heard a sermon by Right Rev. John P. Monaghan. Afterwards at a Communion breakfast I heard Dr. Vaccari, Sec. Gen. of the Christian Union of Employers and Managers of Italy, speak. He said that in the past it was the function of the capitalists to make profits; now the problem was one of survival. That the Communists did not need military power to win, and they did not need to make converts, but that they were smart enough to divide their opponents and profit by the mistakes of their opponents who were realists of today but not of tomorrow. But the Communists thought ahead. I also met Enrique Shaw of the employers group in Argentina who had read my article years ago in *Criterio*, the Catholic journal in Buenos Aires, on Catholic Anarchism. At one time it seems that the policy of the ACTU was too much that of fighting Communists. More recently they have done good work in organizing those who need it the most: the Puerto Ricans in New York City. Of course they believe in the corporative state with unions of employers and unions of workers, with good capitalism and good wars while we of the CW do not believe in rent, interest, profit, wages, capitalism or wars. But we are friendly for we have the same immediate enemy: exploiters.

## Cops

The N. Y. Times of June 22 tells of Judge Leslie F. Salter in Chicago giving John Begley and Robert J. Polite three years probation when they had pled guilty to stealing \$1,800 worth of merchandise. The Judge said that the policemen were "engaged in free enterprise" because they were off duty when doing their stealing, and he added, "but I don't know how men can raise families on a take-home pay of less than \$350 a month." I don't know if the price in Chicago to buy judgeships is higher than that in New York City, but it would seem that justice is bought and sold there too. Here in the Village there is an Irish cop who regularly beats up drunks. His trial has been shunted from court to court and he still is on his sadistic job.

Those who have been Catholic conscientious objectors or who have interest or knowledge concerning them are urged to write to Carol Gorgen, 3983 17th St., San Francisco, California, as she is compiling a booklet about them.



# Rose Robinson Tells of Her Arrest and Prison Experiences

It was January 26th, a cold grey Tuesday, and I got off the city bus in a hurry because I was late for work. My arms were straining with the packages I'd bought downtown. They were things for the Play Club mostly, and food. I hadn't had any lunch, except a couple of cashews and some fudge nibbled at on the bus. I was quick-stepping toward Bethlehem Community Center compelled by two nagging realizations. I was late and I was hungry. I had a conference with my supervisor set for two o'clock. It was already ten after. Well, I'd just have to talk and eat at the same time. I stopped, late as I was, at the corner store and bought some buttermilk. Actually, I already had an abundance of food—vegetable soup, swiss cheese sandwich and what not. But for a change, I had a little extra money and for the rest of that year, certainly, I was going to be earning a little more than usual. For the first time in my seven years of tax refusal, I wouldn't have to budget so closely. Eating was as good a way as any to celebrate. I was vexed with myself to be so busy. First the conference. Then group preparation. Then the Play Club children's time. I'd have to do a lot of phoning after that for the parents meeting that night. I took the hall steps quickly when I got inside the building and rushed into the front office. I said "Hi" to the secretary. She had a peculiar look on her face. My supervisor and the girl workers were also in the office. I spoke to them but everybody kept looking at me strangely and nobody said anything. "What's wrong with all of you?" I asked. "I'm not that late. It's only 2:15." Then the secretary said, "Rose, there's somebody to see you." She was nodding across the hall toward the library. Somebody to see me. I didn't want to see anybody with all I had to do. I wanted to put down my arm-racking bundles and have my conference and eat. The fact is that I never had that conference and I didn't eat for 115 days because a short, stocky, authoritative man in a grey uniform came toward me out of the library. Behind him was a man I knew. He'd come to my home several times and to Bethlehem Center only a week before. He was Mr. D. L. Turner, deputy collector for the Internal Revenue Service. The first man said, "Eroze-yanna Robinson?" and I said correctly "Erozeanna," and he snapped his right hand open sideways showing his badge. "I have a warrant for your arrest," he said. "Come with me."

For eight months the government, through its agents, had hammered link upon link several visits by the deputy collector, registered letters, a subpoena, a certified court order, telephone calls, throughout, to my home and work, a call to my sister, Adrienne, at her work, a visit to my job—until at last, they had reached the handcuff-end of the chain, putting my wrists into them so tightly that they cut, and lugging my body, in deliberately ungainly fashion, away to jail.

My body was lugged and dragged around many times after that because I refused to walk to jail or trial or any place authorized by the courts. And throughout the whole of my incarceration, the practices upon which government power pivots came into sharp focus. One is the coercion of the individual to unquestioningly submit to authority imposed by the government, the other is the deliberate misrepresentation of any individual who might take exception to such authority. This whole pattern is disguised as the democratic process and, in recent years, has frequently been labelled 'freedom' and 'truth'. Actually, respect for the right of the individual to examine policies of government—which certainly affect us all—is a myth. And taking exception to policy, as in my own case—even though that exception be a denouncement of violence, waste, psychological intimidation, misrepresentation of truth, and preparation for wholesale destruction—can constitute a felony.

When the individual is willing to be fodder for such an organ, it is partly out of desire for reward but largely to escape punishment. And submission to such authority is no guarantee of either. So, when the deputy marshal told me he

was there to arrest me, I told him that was his affair and was of no concern to me, and started up the 2nd floor stairs to my office.

I recognized that I was going to be forcibly involved and I was alert to a point of high tension. But still, I knew I was faced with a choice of being arrested or of arresting myself. I knew then that my arrest was to be his affair, since he had not the conscience to do otherwise, and later, that of the ten or so others who answered his telephone call for help when I refused to go with him voluntarily. I wasn't going to contribute my body for incarceration any more than I would contribute federal income taxes for militarization. This would be giving sanction to the government's inflicting punishment upon the individual. But just as militarization is evil, so too is the punitive institution.

The government has prepared a glossy brochure about Women's Federal Prison at Alderson, West Virginia. They call their penal process 'rehabilitation'. This is a calculated misuse of the term. They proceed due south of rehabilitation. Such downgrading of human beings—infantile treatment of the women, the frequent apathy toward the physical ailments of inmates, the absurd restrictions—is anything but preparation for constructive living. This was equally true of the Cook County Jail.

This maltreatment of prisoners would be bad enough if done out of ignorance. But attempts at concealment of the facts by all levels of government personnel, with restraint of information and with lies, reveals the hypocritical state of such authority.

I've learned, since my release from Alderson, that a number of lies in regard to me and treatment of me were given to the Press by the wardens of both the County Jail and the prison and by the U.S. marshal. I will recount some in a later issue, but let me state a few of these now and set the facts in order:

Rose was arrested and taken to the Clerk's office of the county jail.

I wasn't taken to any office, but was carried upstairs and dumped on a bed in the incorrigible cell of the "Hole." The Hole is usually reserved for narcotics addicts who are breaking the habit. It was overheated, because addicts in that condition are always cold. They vomited all day and all night and in between they talked in the lowest profanity. The Hole is a four part unit—1 larger room about 9' x 12' and 3 tiny cells, removed from the outer door, about 4' x 8'. The grey speckled floors were stone, the clay colored walls, iron. The larger section had four iron beds with mattresses and bedding. A bed in each of the little cells took up half the width. There's a seatless toilet in each. The two outer ones had windows that opened (but that were kept closed because the addicts complained of being cold.) Only one of these boasted a sink. Two cell doors remained open usually, while the one in which I was put was locked. In that cell, the window was nearly opaque with dirt and with heavy screening, and iron bars were on the outside. It could not be opened. Under it, going full blast always, was a radiator. The only way I could get relief from the heat, and a breath of cool air, was by lying flat on the floor on my stomach and inhaling of the stream that flowed under the hall door from several feet away. The iron bed had a wafer-thin mattress on it and was so short that my head and feet stuck out simultaneously beyond its borders. I was given a clean sheet and a blanket. To get some sleep at night, I tilted the bed up on one end out of the way and put the mattress on the floor. I slept fitfully with my head resting on stone, under the toilet. Whenever a toilet in an adjacent cell was flushed, the substance would back up into the others. This kept me jumping up throughout the night, refushing the one over my head. The radiator boiled away, where my feet were, all night long. I didn't wash for 3½ days because I was told I couldn't use the facilities without begging. Frequently the matron put food for me on the floor.

Rose proceeded to take off her clothes and to remain thus in the cell.

I was forcibly undressed by two matrons after refusing to give up my own clothes. Then I was manually searched all over and forced into a striped cotton dress that was ripped in two places. All my clothes—even shoes—were taken from me. The next morning I was told repeatedly that I would be left in jail to rot unless I got dressed and walked out to go to court. I refused. About an hour later, without explanation, my clothes were given back to me. Another hour passed, and when I refused to walk out, I was dragged from the cell, up the steps, into a wheelchair and hauled off to court. When I returned, the nurse had trouble removing my clothes by herself, so she didn't bother to take any more than my skirt. I fashioned another by doubling a sheet and wrapping it around my middle. I refused to put on the striped dress she'd provided. On the fifth day, after I'd been dragged from my prayers and put in isolation cell of the so-called hospital (a dingy white-painted dormitory), the nurse, who proved to be sympathetic and courteous, offered me a nightgown which I accepted. I wore this to bed and whenever I washed my own clothes.

Rose took exercises unclad. Silly. I always wore the above-mentioned.

Rose, therefore, had to jump into bed when the warden and a reporter from the Daily News came to interview her. She told her story, said the reporter, who "quoted" her in the News.

How reluctant I'll be to believe anything printed in the daily papers from now on. No reporter was ever admitted to quarters where I was confined. And such quotes are out-and-out lies. Moreover, I neither saw nor talked to the warden until the last day when, under his supervision, I was dragged from the cell and carted to the U. S. hospital.

Rose left the cell to go downstairs and see a boyfriend, but she wouldn't go to see her parents.

During my incarceration I walked out of the immediate confines 3 times—once at Alderson when I helped carry a sick inmate to the hospital car, once to my release and one other time, at the

Cook County Jail. And I went to talk to Rev. Ernest Bromley, editor of The Peacemaker. At first I hesitated. And then I decided that too few people knew my views on tax refusal and the like, so this was to me a fine chance to express these views through the newspaper. I then resumed my plan to see no one unless they were admitted to the area where I was confined. My mother was admitted and I welcomed her.

The other inmates were sneaking Rose candy bars during her fast. The warden, head matron, priest and others had proof.

This's the first time in my experience that fantasy has become proof. I ate nothing throughout my whole time in jail and nobody crammed anything down my throat. After my removal to the U.S. hospital I ate nothing. I drank no water the first 3½ days of jail, very little—spasmodically—in-between, and none the last 9 days before force-feeding. I did not wish to crave things that could be withheld from me, because emotional control meant freedom.

Rose enjoyed being fed through a tube in her nose. She didn't struggle.

At Alderson, I didn't struggle. I gave voice protest and continued whatever I was doing. In the beginning at the U. S. hospital in Chicago, I had struggled, non-violently against four men and two women. It took them 20 minutes to turn me over and stretch me out and another 20 minutes to get me tied, hand and foot to the bed, in a straitjacket. I couldn't do much moving in that state, but they further secured me with a restraining blanket made of bulky canvas. Then they tightened a rope across my chest. It was in the mid-eighties in that room and no air was stirring. I had trouble breathing. I was miserable. But they had an easy time force-feeding me. By the next morning I was aching all over. One of the doctors came in and asked me how I felt. I felt terrible, I said. Would I struggle if he let me out? I'd thought about that overnight. How easy it was for them to force food into me—how uncomfortable it was for me. Besides this, I was 37 lbs. below normal weight and very weak. If I could keep them from having power over me, struggle I would. But I knew I couldn't keep up even the kind of effort I'd made the night before, and neither did I have the control yet to remain lying in one position for a long period of time. So, I told the doctor, no. Did I want to be untied? Yes. So, he walked away and left me like that for several hours more. I stayed, thus restricted, for nearly 24 hours.

The night before, when they inserted the tube, the other doctor had jammed it into my nose, letting it stop at my throat. I tried desperately to get my breath but I kept choking. I could see the doctor's face, looking like a great wax mask—with expensive eyes—magnified enormously. He watched me as though I were a specimen under glass. I gagged three times and he watched me. "Alright now, breathe," he said this steadily, "through your mouth". Of course I did, and, in one movement, he jammed the tube down to my stomach. Blood bubbled from my nose and mouth. It continued for hours after that. My nose and throat were inflamed and sore for 4 days. My nose remained sore and ran constantly, and I sneezed again and again throughout 12 days of force-feeding. The doctor at Alderson was considerate and gentle in this. He used a smaller tube and put it down by degrees. There was very little irritation. My nose did run for weeks though, and always when I talked, I sneezed, because the tube was left there all the time. I plugged up the nostril with cotton to keep the thing from wriggling. I slept with it and otherwise lived with it for 76 days and nights. That made a total of 88 days of force-feeding.

Rose was being well-fed, gaining much weight, and was getting 3000 calories per day.

For nine days at Alderson, I was force-fed 2 pints of water with 5% sugar and 2 pints of a mixture of egg, molasses, sugar, salt, water, evaporated milk and orange juice. After that the mixture was doubled and the sugar-water eliminated. When I was removed to solitary confinement, the mixture was cut 25%. Then it was cut a second

time. I was carried to solitary 25 lbs. underweight. Taking measurement of myself revealed I hadn't gained a pound. Limited exercise wore me out. To keep from losing, frequently I'd spend long hours in bed. Hospital aides (inmates) told me the mixture contained very little protein and an abnormally high amount of molasses, salt and orange juice. Long before they told me this I'd started drinking lots of water because I was feeling irritation from the acidity. I was drinking as much as 15 glasses of water each day. Sometimes I felt a little feverish and my face would swell. That was when the prison staff would compliment me on how nice and fat I was getting. Only when friends came to the prison, asking after my welfare, did the aides tell me the protein had been increased noticeably but that the molasses and salt and orange juice remained high. Again, before they told me this, I'd already noticed my measurements were increasing normally. When I was released, I was 10 lbs. underweight.

Rose liked the feeding. I was forced-fed in a ragged pattern. The aides and nurses came any time between sun-up and 9:30 at night. I overcame feelings of weakness usually through prayer, and sometimes, as I said before, by just climbing into bed. Food was left as an enticement throughout most of my confinement. An aide who felt sorry for me told the head nurse I wasn't getting enough nourishment. "That's impossible," said the nurse. After that they left a glassful of the stuff on the dresser.

Often I was spattered with the stuff, whenever the tube came off the syringe. So, too, were walls, ceiling, floor, draperies bed, bedding—everything in the cell. And usually it was left where it landed.

I made a practice of going on with whatever I was doing. At first, the nurses carried or sat me into position for force-feeding. Sometimes the aides would lurk, pitcher and syringe in hand, waiting for me to halt so that they could pour the stuff down easily. After I was moved to solitary, the aides were ultimately told to walk away if I didn't sit down right away, so sometimes my stomach was left empty. One day I accidentally got a hole in the tube. The doctor refused to let the aides cut it, and he decided that neither did he have the time to leave the hospital to change it. I wasn't fed for 25 hours.

Rose was given considerable freedom of movement.

When this was said, I was in solitary confinement in the maximum security cottage, one of only two with bars on the windows and with locked outer doors. I remained there for 27 straight days in full confinement. The last 31 days, the cell door was opened from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

And so the lies went and there are more—most skillful—all paid for with federal income tax. Lies. The Official order of the prison day, and at Alderson, the green grass grew all around. For the grounds were lovely to look at—lovely its trees, its broad lawns and gay spring flowers, lovely the birds singing outside the cottages where wires crawled through the walls like snakes, so that every word that every inmate spoke day or night was listened to and taken down on a tape recorder. There weren't any secrets.

Next time, I'll tell about the alleged psychiatric and medical examinations at Alderson and about the marshal's predictions about what the inmates would do to me when they found out I wouldn't work. Also, I'll tell about a time of weakness. One morning, for a moment, I was in a turmoil. Daily discipline, including prayer exercises, helped me to regain strength.

From THE PEACEMAKER

Imagine the devil in the process of buying an unfortunate person's soul. Someone takes pity on the victim, intervenes in the debate and says to the devil: It is shameful to offer such a small price; the thing is worth twice as much. This sinister farce is the role the worker movement is playing, with its unions, parties and leftists intellectuals.

SIMONE WEIL

## EASY ESSAY

The Peace Movement and The Huckster Press  
By KARL MEYER

Peace action cannot overcome warmongers by allying with junkmongers.

Peace action cannot cast out militaristic lies by obedience to commercialistic lies.

Commercial TV, the yellow press, and the slick mags, are vehicles of the hucksters for the propagation of huckster values.

A free ride in the vehicles of the huckster press is a free ride in the wrong direction.

Bourgeois pacifism will settle for the free ride; the nonviolent revolution would rather walk.

If we do not sponsor the message of the sponsors, or lie still for the lies, or value the values of the huckster press, we will not value publicity in its pages.

To boycott the huckster press, peace organizations should prune their publicity lists. To reach the pages of the free political and sectarian press, peace organizations should substitute individually written articles, reports and letters in place of fragmentary press releases.