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ABOUT CUBA

By DOROTHY DAY

Each day there is some new word about Cuba and the revolution going on there, and we have had many letters from our readers asking us to clarify our position. This is extremely difficult to do, since we are religious in our attitude with a great love for Holy Mother Church; and we are also revolutionaries, in our own fashion.

No matter what we say, I am afraid we will not be able to make ourselves clear. I shall write from my own point of view, from my own experience, which is a long one, among the poor, the workers, organized labor, and throughout a long series of wars, "imperialist wars," class wars, civil wars, race wars. Shall I say that it is almost fifty years of struggle, since at 14 I began to read the class-conscious fiction of Upton Sinclair, who is called the Dickens of America, and Jack London, who is a best seller in Russia, not to speak of the Day book in Chicago which was a socialist, ad-less newspaper on which Carl Sandburg worked, and one of my brothers also.

A good part of this will probably be written in Church where I'll be groaning and sweating, trying to understand and clarify my ideas to present them so that our 70,000 copies of the paper will be read and understood. I won't say 70,000 readers, since libraries and schools get copies and many read them. Who knows who reads the paper or who will be so influenced by the paper that they too will try to see things in the light of the faith, in the light of the history of the Church, and the history of the poor, who are the first children of the Church.

In the pile of mail waiting for me when I returned from the west coast there was a clipping from The Sunday Visitor, read by millions of Catholics and found in practically every church in the land. It certainly influences the thinking of our Catholic people.

The first part of the clipping is about the counter revolutionary movement in Cuba and among the exiles in Miami, the move towards an invasion and the formation of a peoples' revolutionary front which had defected from Castro and "possibly deliberate Communist plants, designed to retrieve the revolution after the fall of Fidel Castro." "What is even more disturbing and frightening is the indication that the formation of this leftist dominated provisional group was facilitated by men within our own government."

Then the clipping goes on to discuss the Catholic Worker, calling Dave Dellinger's article "so blatantly filled with misstatements, out and out lies, that it does not seem to me possible it could have been written in good faith."

There is a great deal of name calling in the article as well as name dropping, so the article gives the impression that the writer is "in the know," is acquainted personally with everyone he mentions, as indeed he may be, having been a journalist and having lived in Cuba for some time. But I too come from a newspaper family and know well the widely divergent points of view that there can be in one family on men and events. One brother was a foreign correspondent for twenty years, another the editor of a Hearst paper in New York. We are, as a family, trained journalists, one might say. And we interpret the news quite differently.

I have not been in Cuba, except as a stopover coming home from Mexico, but I was in Mexico City during the persecution of the Church in the 20's, when the Churches had just reopened in 1929. The laws of the state against the Church are still on the books in 1961, though the church is functioning as normally as it can in our materialist civilization. While I was in Mexico, at the same time that the Church was being persecuted and Mexico was being denounced by the Catholic press as being communistic, my friend Tina Medotti was being arrested and other communists were going into hiding. When I interviewed General Sandino, the Nicaraguan leader, who was opposing United States troops in his own country, he stated clearly he was a communist for his own country not for Russia; that he was a communist because he was for the poor.

Aided by Communists

When the CIO was being organized in 1936 there was many a communist organizer whose skill and courage was made use of by non-Communist top brass, including Joseph Curran who even testified as to this position before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. "Sure I accepted help from the Communists," he stated flatly. (I was present at the hearing in Washington D.C. with Mrs. John Brophy, whose husband was vice president of the CIO and worked closely with John L. Lewis.) "Who else gave us any help?" he asked boldly, ignoring the fact

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Bishops Speak on Integration

A social action leader and three Bishops will give public addresses at the third national meeting of the Catholic Interracial Council to be held in Detroit, August 24-27, 1961, the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice announced. One of the speakers, Bishop Reed of Oklahoma City-Tulsa recently issued a statement supporting a priest of his diocese who had taken part in Oklahoma City "Sit-ins" in racially exclusive restaurants, and had been arrested.

In that statement Bishop Reed said: "Those who seek equality of race in the use of public services are simply seeking justice . . . It is the duty of the clergy to preach, to teach and to form the con-

sciences of the laity with respect to the civic and social implications of Christ's teachings on the dignity and equality of men. It is primarily the responsibility of the laity to see that these teachings are translated into our civic and social relations. In isolated and exceptional instances—and in the absence of sufficient lay activity—the clergy may take direct action in these matters." Bishop Reed went on to state that he felt this was one of those instances, and he concluded by saying "It seems to me that as the leading nation in the world . . . we cannot afford much time in granting that equality and equal opportunity in society . . . which right conscience demands."



Report from a Freedom Rider

By FELIX SINGER

There were rumors while we were in Jackson jail that we would all be moved to the penitentiary, but practically no one except me took them very seriously. To me it was the final outrage: I felt I could not cooperate physically.

On June 14th, late afternoon, we were told we would be moved. I packed my briefcase and lay down on the bed. Terry Sullivan asked me why I was refusing to move. I told him. He went away and came back a few minutes later and told me he would also refuse to move. Then he told the police captain of our decision. Our move was postponed until early the next morning, probably to avoid the reporters and photographers who, I gathered, were there to cover our departure.

We were moved quite early Thursday. The other prisoners walked. Terry and I were carried, with Negro trustees carrying us. They draped our arms around their shoulders and more or less pulled us along, our feet dragging. This was somewhat painful in the arm pits. We were then hoisted onto the van.

When we arrived at Parchman Sullivan was pulled off the truck by the arm; I was thrown off. Both of us were dragged by the arms, body prone, across wet grass, pebbles, mud, cement into the building. The others stripped voluntarily; our clothes were ripped violently off us. I was poked a half dozen times with an electric "cattle shocker." A metal hook (I'm told it's called a "wrist-breaker," looks like half a handcuff) was attached to my left hand. This cut into the meat of the thumb and pinched the left hand most painfully, causing swelling. This hook on one hand, a man pulling at the other hand, we were dragged naked across cement floors into a cell.

Some hours afterwards, having again refused cooperation, we were dragged out of the cell to an area at the head of the cell

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Breaking the Thought Barrier

By JEROME FRANK

The leaders of the world agree that nuclear armaments pose or soon will pose an insufferable threat to the existence of humanity. This is reflected in the unanimous United Nations resolution of November 2, 1959, that "the question of general and complete disarmament is the most important one facing the world today." Yet the preparation for war goes on feverishly.

The psychiatrist will recognize here a pattern similar to that of the patient who has insight into his problems but is unable to act on it—for instance, the alcoholic who drinks in order to relieve himself of anxiety and depression, even though he knows that this will ultimately prove disastrous to him. He says, in effect, "I know this is killing me," as he takes another drink.

The Nature of The Threat

The core of the problem is that mankind is faced with a rapidly and drastically changing environment. More drastic changes in habits of thinking and behavior are required than have ever oc-

curred in the history of mankind, and they must be made in a very short time. As Albert Einstein put it, "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking, and thus we drift toward unparalleled catastrophe." The challenge of the nuclear age is at once too severe and too obscure to be met head on with the resources now at our command.

One facet of this challenge is the growing interdependence of the world through improved communication and transport. Humanity is now one interdependent web. The problems which this interdependence create are immensely aggravated by the fantastic destructive powers of modern weaponry. Mankind now has the power to destroy himself in three entirely independent ways: by nuclear weapons, by nerve gas, and by bacteriological weapons.

There is no defense against these weapons, and it is highly unlikely that there ever would be, for the same thought processes which perfect a defense against a

weapon at the same time devise ways of thwarting the defense. For example, we are now trying to develop a system for intercepting missiles through plotting their trajectories. We boast of our means of confusing Russian radar, but they, of course, will be able to confuse ours equally well.

In the days of conventional weapons, a defense which worked reasonably well was good enough. But because of the massive destructive power of nuclear weapons, a defense would have to be at least ninety percent effective—a level of effectiveness never achieved in history; and the likelihood of its being achieved when technology is advancing at such a fantastically rapid rate seems extremely remote.

And weapons are getting more deadly and more effective all the time. Right now, according to Herman Kahn, it would be possible to build a machine, capable of literally blowing the earth into little pieces, at a cost between fifty and a hundred billion dollars.

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Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, EDGAR FORAND, DIANNE GANNON,
JUDITH GREGORY, WALTER KERELL, RALPH MADSEN, KARL
MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, STUART SANDBERG, ARTHUR
SHEEHAN, ANNE TALLEFER, EDWARD TURNER.

Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAV
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ABOUT CUBA

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of the CW headquarters on Tenth Avenue where tons of coffee, peanut butter, cottage cheese, jam and bread had been consumed during the three months' strike of 1957. Though it cost us thousands, and many a ship's crew took up collections for repaying us this aid, it probably was but a drop in the bucket in building up the organization of the National Maritime Union, its headquarters, publications, officers, legal help, etc.

And since when have there been free elections in any of the great unions of the United States? Once the workers get a leader who delivers the goods, they hold on to him. And when they want a change, it is a bitter struggle to bring about democratic elections. Joseph P. Ryan, of the East Coast Longshoremen for many years used to call meetings with a gun on the table in front of him. Strongarm tactics, the use of force and bribery, are well known in our unions.

But there is no use in the pot calling the kettle black. It is not the "clean hands" policy that I am speaking of. I know how complicated all these problems of justice are, how deep the roots of corruption in our human nature. "The just will be judged first," St. Peter said, and we must think of the power of example. "What you do speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say."

With the Poor

It is hard too to say that the place of The Catholic Worker is with the poor, and that being there, we are often finding ourselves on the side of the persecutors of the Church. This is a tragic fact. It is hard too to be writing from New York, where one is not in danger. It is hard to write this way, when I know that were I in Cuba and I heard a mob shouting outside a church for the blood of the priests and worshippers within, I would then be on the side of the "faithful." Of course persecution is deserved and undeserved. And also it is promised us. "The servant is not above his master and if they have persecuted me they will persecute you also." If we are not being persecuted there is something wrong with us. This is not having a persecution complex.

One could weep with the tragedy of denying Christ in the poor. The Church is the Cross on which Christ is crucified and one does not separate Christ from his cross, Guadalupe wrote. Christ has left Himself to us in the bread and wine on the altar; He has left Himself to those who gather together, two and three in His name; He has left Himself to us in the poor. "There I am in the midst of you." "If you do it unto the least of these my brethren you do it unto me." "I am Christ whom thou persecutest." Saul was imprisoning and putting to death those who walked in the Way, and Christ cried out on the road to Damascus, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

Fidel Castro says he is not persecuting Christ, but Churchmen who have betrayed him. He says that he differentiates between Christ and the clergy, the Church and the clergy. He reassures the people that they can administer the sacrament of baptism themselves. That a marriage is consummated by the act of marriage and is blessed by the priest. The fact that he has to make these things clear to his people shows how deeply religious they are, that they need reassuring. He asked the clergy to remain and to teach when he took over the schools and nationalized church property. God knows he needs teachers to send out all over the island to reach the furthest corners of it. But the reply, according to our diocesan press, was that priests and nuns would not teach communism to their students. And Castro in his turn taunted them with the fact that all they thought of was money and property.

We are a spectacle to the world, we Catholics, fighting each other like this, flinging taunts back and forth. (After all Castro is a Catholic.)

California

A few months ago I came back from the west coast where I saw the hierarchy silent in the face of the slavery and exploitation of the bracero and the agricultural worker. There had been a lettuce strike in the Imperial Valley where thousands of braceros, imported from Mexico, were harvesting the crop. The Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, and the Packinghouse Worker's Union held meetings at the entrance to the fields urging the workers to come out on strike and not to take the jobs of their brothers. There were many arrests and some of the organizers were put in prison. Some sympathetic priests came to speak at the meeting and were rebuked by the diocesan officials, some of whom even went so far as to say that some communists masquerading as priests had appeared at the union meetings.

The strike was over by the time I reached El Centro, and I talked with some of the townspeople, all of whom thought it had been a great loss of crop and manpower, a real defeat for worker, for grower and for "broker." I went to the large Catholic Church and found a notice on the door "Anyone asking for jobs or help, go to the police department."

Later I heard Billy Joe Shelby, one of the agricultural workers and himself an organizer, tell how the police were filling up the jails with workers. It was obvious that those in need were not going to go to the police department. And how strange it is that the very priests who complain of the State taking over and of what amounts to state ownership of the indigent, should be the ones who shout communism when the

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Life At Hard Labor

By Ammon Hennacy

Chimes on the hour of various popular songs, and parades during this Pioneer week ending July 24th, all without the Star Spangled Banner or Onward Christian Soldiers that you hear in N.Y. City celebrations, make life in Salt Lake City a pleasure. Thousands of children in pioneer bonnets representing schools, wards, and stakes cheerfully told of the olden days.

In Phoenix Second and Jefferson was the slave market where you took your pick from scores of trucks as to where you would work that day. In Salt Lake City we gather at the federal employment office on Postoffice Place, at 6 a.m. Here I went out beyond Bountiful five weeks ago with a Mexican Mormon who contracted cherry picking. The pay is 3 cents a pound and a bonus of half a cent if you stay through the season. I picked 91 pounds making \$2.73. Nearly all of the pickers were Mexicans or Spanish, except three men who had arrived in a box car from Denver penniless. The padrone advanced them lunch money. We worked with them for several weeks in three orchards; the last one near Orem down Prove way. Two of them drank every night if they could get it but the third one was too stingy, and would only drink if some one else paid for it. Finally the sober one got all of their money in a dice game. They wanted a little of it back but he said, "what's mine is mine." So they ran him off brandishing a two by four and they left town the next morning in a freight westward. The sober man stayed around one day and we saw him no more. Only one Negro worked with us. The law here does not allow the sale of beer if you are under 21, and he was 19 and always in thirsty misery. If you are over 21 you have to have a permit to buy strong liquor; the permit costs a dollar. No saloons on Main Street here and only two to a block on side streets. Our friend was from the deep South and scared for it seemed that The Man might get him. He was lots of fun in the truck and we went back and forth, wondering why he ever stopped here and if he would ever save enough money to go west or south. Teenagers of both sexes picked with us but generally played around more than they worked. The Anglos seldom stuck to their work for long and you had to watch that they did not steal your cherries. The Spanish from the suburbs worked well, sang from tree tops and were good company. Families come on vacation and the whole six or seven of them swarm around a tree. One Mexican who spoke no English was accused by his fellows of falling off a ladder many times a day. Some Anglos came out for half a day and walked home rather than work for so little high up in the air.

In the tall cherry trees it was all right to break off the limbs that you couldn't reach, and at times the boss brought a saw to cut them off. Some places pay by cash at the end of the day but we were paid by check every few days. The crop this year was hurt by the frost. If you really want to get ahead in this migrant work the way to do is to have a bed roll and camp in the orchard and get to work early in the morning when it is cool. Two or two and a half cents a pound in the pay for picking pie cherries. Here you pick them without the stems and it is quicker. Only these trees do not stand much climbing as the limbs break easily and the cherries are not so plentiful. I made about \$1.65 a day here. This orchard was next to a processing plant where the cherries moved on wide belts slowly as girls picked out the spoiled ones; then they were washed in water and picked over again, pitted by a clever machine which held hundreds at a time,

and on to five gallon cans, ready I suppose to be sent to the pie makers, or to go through a further cooking process. I did not get to work in the apricots as the season was about over by the time we had finished the above orchard.

Beets

I had helped harvest beet seed in Phoenix but had arrived in Salt Lake City between the thinning and weeding process in the beet fields. Now one day our padrone took us on the shores of Lake Utah, which empties into Salt Lake, near the town of Leki, to a beet ranch where the weeds were ten times as high as the beets. Seems that the farmer got some kind of a subsidy from the government for keeping the weeds out of the beets whether he ever had a crop or not. So we pulled or hoed the weeds just in the row between the beets and his machine got the weeds between the rows of beets. We got 45 cents a row. I did 14 rows in three days. One man who was a retired railroad fireman (and who had never heard of Debs, the organizer of his union) did three rows one day and claimed that he had "seen the light" and would never be caught in a beet field again. Jean, the straw boss, could do 14 rows a day. Later we may work in regular beet fields where you can walk down the row with a long hoe and find maybe only a few dozen small weeds. This farmer has his own artesian well of pure cold water for irrigation.

Lounging around the curb near the employment office you hear wild stories about the big money made haying in Idaho and Wyoming, apple picking in Washington, and field work in California. One regular had the nest of us goodbye one morning in the restaurant where he had oatmeal, saying that he had a \$400 a month job with keep as cook on a ranch and was leaving at 10 a.m. that day. A month later he is still with us. Potato picking in Idaho and sorting them in the sheds in the winter provides regular work I

am told. When you work in the hay in Idaho there is not another cutting for some weeks so you move on to the next job and maybe never get back. Utah is a state of low pay. Two men I met worked a day to get enough gas to go onward. At times calls come for a man with a car who will take some men to a certain orchard or field. South in the desert country away from cities is where the Mexican braceros work, or beyond Ogden near Brigham City. I had first thought of working among them but I could not do so without a tax deduction, and I could not afford trips between Salt Lake City which I consider my base, and far away ranches.

There is the old ethical problem which has never been solved in the capitalist system, that of pay by the hour or by piecework. I have worked with thousands in the fields and where the pay is by the hour very few of them but will loaf when the boss is not looking, or malingering if he gets too near all of the time. Yet if you pay by the row the tendency is to skip weeds, hoe out the beets, or get through as quickly as possible. My friend Mr. Nunn of the Nunn-Bush Shoe Company came as near to solving this problem as has been done. He had his office in among the machinery of the factory and any one could see him at any time. Men were paid by piece work and encouraged to do a good job, but the fast worker could not bag the work. The slow worker was guaranteed so much work even if it took him a very long time to finish his quota. Another fellow who had the problem licked was written about in Esquire magazine years ago. He lived in California and followed the seasons and caching pots and pans in numerous trees from San Diego to Mt. Shasta and gathering food from factories and fields. He admitted of no other name except "The Wifful Consumer of Woeful Waste."

The Mormon Welfare Plan

Buses go twice a day except Sunday from the Mormon Temple taking visitors to Seventh West and Seventh South which is the center of the Mormon Welfare. No money is handled here. The plan is for those who are in need to bring a note from their Bishop stating their need, and they can take whatever they want in the form of food, clothing, furniture. If they are able to pay for them later a record is kept and they are supposed to do so. If widows with children need help no return is expected. Mormons fast two weeks a month and this money, aside from the 10% tithe, is used to pay utility bills, rent, or to buy the few things needed in this warehouse such as milk bottles. Over the world the Mormon Church has 700 projects where food, clothing, etc. is produced and sent here for redistribution. Items: peanut butter in Houston, jelly near Chicago, grapefruit and orange juice from Phoenix. The day I was here last March and worked digging post-holes at a Mormon dairy farm I saw the truck come and get the milk. Here I saw milk pasteurized, butter churned, evaporated and powdered milk processed. The latter is sent overseas. Formerly shoes were made in Mormon factories but it was found difficult to get enough of the right kind of leather, so now hides are sent to shoe factories from Mormon ranches, and credit is given toward the purchase of name brand shoes. Likewise it is found cheaper to sell cotton grown on Mormon farms and buy the cloth. Mormon women take this cloth home and make whatever kind of pattern of dresses they like, so the product is varied and there is no such standard kind, as are prison clothes. In this building there is a barber shop, shoe shop, and rug weaving. In the basement hams are smoked, the guide

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Just One Bomb!

The sun completes the day
with an orange climax
of color.
The sea pushes its froth-
tipped waves onto the
shore to break in shin-
ing splendor.
All is still and tranquil . . .
Too still.
A breeze searches the air
for a tree top to rest
upon.
There is none . . .
A gust of wind shifted the
dirt into intricate
designs over the ground.
All is still . . . All life is
gone . . .
All life is dead!
The life that took billions
of years to form is
destroyed in one mom-
ent of strife.
All that is left of the
civilized world is a
huge cloud pushing its
blossoming tip into the sky.
The cloud is the remainder
of the bomb . . .
The bomb, the remainder of
man's stupidity.
No sound at all breaks the
contaminated stillness.
None . . .
All is dead . . .
It took only a second.
It took only a quarrel.
It took . . . just one finger
Just one button . . .
Just one bomb . . .

Chris Lang 8-1

(This poem was written by an eighth grade pupil in Public School No. 5 in Huguenot, Staten Island. Chris comes to swim at the CW bungalows on Staten Island and one of his school fellows called my attention to his poem which was printed in the May issue of the school journal.

Report from Karl Meyer

Nazareth
Bergeneinde
Rummen, Belgium

WALK FOR PEACE

During its journey across America, the Walk received hospitality in Protestant churches almost every night. Churches of most of the significant denominations were our hosts at one time or another. New Protestant churches are going up all over America and a very large proportion of the churches we stayed in had been built within the last couple of years.

From time to time someone would cast an eye in my direction and say, "We hope to be able to stay in at least one Catholic hall before the trip is over." I hoped so too.

I did not want the team to take with it as its image of America the picture of an antiseptic, well-to-do, Protestant America to which it had been exposed throughout its journey across the continent. I wanted it to experience something of native poverty, and also something of the Church, before it set out.

So I arranged hospitality for the team at the Catholic Worker for the three days of its stay in New York. The team did have supper with the CW family the night of its arrival in New York, but the sight of conditions on Chrystie St. and rumors of bed-bugs scared most of them off to safer accommodations around the city. I myself was glad to be back in a house of hospitality after two months of absence.

ENGLAND

On May 31, we took a plane to London. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament arranged a rally in Trafalgar Square and gave us full support. Four thousand strong set out with us through the streets of London. Large numbers of supporters walked with us in all the larger towns from London to Southampton. CND members gave us private hospitality all along the route. The atmosphere of the walk was pleasant. Traffic was not heavy like that that pounded beside us along the highways of America. The English countryside was beautiful and not scarred with billboards like those that line our highways. The whole country was a charming world like that of my village childhood.

The most interesting aspect of the days in England was the outdoors, factory gate meetings. We spoke to the workers about the power of nonviolence, prefigured by the success of nonviolent labor organization, and called them to act for a general strike against militarism. I took as my text lines from "Solidarity Forever": "In our hands is placed a power greater than the might of armies magnified a hundredfold." We told them that prosperity founded on armaments industries is founded on the present impoverishment and future murder of mankind.

Catholic support in Britain was not all I had anticipated. Archbishop Roberts was one of the sponsors of the Walk in England, but I found that he and his position were little known in England. There was a Catholic Group in the CND rally at Trafalgar Square, and when I was introduced as a member of the Catholic Worker movement, a cheer went up from this group. Two young Catholics walked with us from London to Southampton, and I stayed overnight in the homes of two Catholic sympathizers along the way.

FRANCE

On June 12 the team took a night boat across the Channel to LeHavre. The immigration authorities denied us permission to leave the boat. For the whole day we remained on board making our plans and preparations for direct action. At the request of some members of the team, the American Consul came aboard. He asked for me and introduced himself as Walter Marx, a long time friend

of the Catholic Worker who had helped with the work in New York and Philadelphia. He had read my articles about the Walk. He told us about the state of emergency in France, and held out no hope that we would be admitted.

All day long, meetings were held and plans were laid. The crew of the ship came and went about their duties. From time to time the immigration officials came on board to talk to us. Police were posted on the pier to prevent us from landing. We decided that five members of the team would land on French soil by jumping overboard and swimming ashore.

At 5:30 P.M. the team took up its position on the stern deck of the vessel, ready for action. Letters of notification were delivered to the Captain of the ship, the immigration officers, and press representatives on the shore. At 6:30, the five went over the side and swam off in different directions toward the shore. On the shore a large crowd of French supporters cheered them on. In the water a patrol boat pursued them unsuccessfully. They reached the shore and climbed up to the street passing out leaflets they carried in plastic bags. Four were quickly arrested. Out of sight, Jerry Lehmann was kicked by the police. All four were brought back to the ship. The two men, Jerry and Barnaby Martin of Britain, were dragged up the gangplank on their backs. The two women, Regina Fischer and Gunilla Myrin, were carried aboard. The fifth swimmer, Bob Kingsley, disappeared in the crowd of supporters and was driven to Paris the next day, where the police for some reason did not pick him up. Back on the boat, the first four warmed themselves for a second attempt. At 8:00 P.M. they went over the side again. This time the police decided to hold them until the boat was ready to depart. The immigration officials came aboard to get dry clothing for them to put on in the meantime. At 11:15, ten minutes before the boat cast off for the return trip across the Channel, the swimmers were again carried aboard, too late for any further demonstrations.

An American-supported who visited us on board the ship during the evening tried to get off just before it sailed. She walked down the gangplank, but was stopped at the bottom by the police. When she tried to protest, they picked her up bodily and carried her back aboard.

So we were brought back to England. In London we were housed at the Stoke Newington Friends Meetinghouse, a wonderful place, used to the full by the community. On Friday evening we had to clear out to make room for a motorcycle club which vowed to use the Meetinghouse for its monthly meeting, which illustrates the temper of these good Friends.

After a week in London, we set out again from Southampton on the Normannia, the same vessel we had used in the previous attempt. British Railways, operators of the cross-Channel boats, informed us that they had been notified by French authorities that we would not be permitted to enter France. We said we would try anyway. British officials, the press and the crew of the Normannia were all friendly and cooperative. They surely knew that we would demonstrate again if denied entry to France. They received us with respect, one could almost say, with deference. The directness of our earlier action had clearly drawn them onto our side in the drama to come.

FROM A FRENCH JAIL

June 23.

I write today from a French jail, on paper salted by the waters of the Port of LeHavre. My writing desk is the wooden sleeping platform of our cell. The cell is of whitewashed concrete, about 8' by 12'. The only facility is a hole in the floor that flushes in the

morning, and the savor of the place is not pleasant. We have just finished our lunch, a bottle of water, a round of Veritable Camembert, and a long French loaf, brought us by the police. They are all friendly today, and somewhat apologetic for the rough treatment given us yesterday by several of their comrades. Our clothes are still damp from yesterday's swim, and it was not a good night though the police brought us clean blankets.

Let me recount the events that brought us here. We arrived in LeHavre on the steamer Normannia around 6:00 A.M. yesterday. The immigration officials came aboard and said we would not be allowed to land. They asked for our passports, nevertheless. We declined to surrender them under the circumstances. They asked if there would be a demonstration. We said, yes. They asked for a program of the day's activities. We told them we would have it ready for them soon.

We held a meeting and decided on our plan. We prepared and



delivered documents of notification to the officials and to the Captain of the ship.

At 4:00 P.M., high tide, fourteen of us went over the side and dispersed in different directions toward the French shore. Three, who could not swim, slipped past the police down the gangplank onto the dock. I was not eager to face the cold water and the rough police, but if the salt loss its savor what is it good for but to be cast out and to be trodden on by men. I was dressed in a heavy woolen shirt, corduroy trousers and sneakers to protect myself if we were dragged along the pavement by the police. Police lined the shore in all directions. I swam with some

Letter from Karlo Forsberg

Karlo Forsberg, a young Catholic conscientious objector and friend of the Catholic Worker, was sentenced by a general courtmartial on May 1, the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker, to five months' imprisonment. The conviction was thrown out on a technicality. On May 22, he was tried again and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and when this sentence is completed he will likely be asked to wear the uniform again and, again, will be sentenced. Karlo, a member of the St. Paul secular institute, had enlisted in the army and had been assigned to duty with the Army Security Agency in Japan. He appealed for discharge as a conscientious objector to war preparations, but was only transferred to noncombatant duty in Ft. Belvoir, Virginia. Finally, he was compelled in conscience to refuse to wear the uniform on the day of Joseph, who was compelled to flee the State by wandering in the land of Egypt.

In a letter to David Kirk and the Catholic Worker, Karlo writes:

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWBR

Summertime at Peter Maurin Farm is delineated not only seasonally with blossoming fruiting greenery but also with the almost frenetic hum and throb of activity—the combined but not always harmonious sounds of insects, birds, domesticated animals, and human beings with their seemingly essential mechanical adjuncts of cars, radios, or phonographs. There are times, however, when the most characteristic sound is that of talk—talk which floats in and out of doors and windows, from various discussion groups, upstairs, downstairs, on the porches, out on the lawn, at any hour of day and sometimes at almost any hour of night. We do, of course, have visitors at other seasons, but summer is the time when many come to visit us and enjoy an outing in the country—for an afternoon or a day, for a weekend or a week, for a month or even for the summer. Some nights all beds, folding cots, and sleeping bags are taken; some days extra places are set at every available table or meals are served buffet style and people eat where they please; then suddenly guests scatter to this point or that, and we who remain sit among unclaimed plates, feeling a little like Alice at the Mad Hatter's tea party, almost as bewildered at our family's unpredictable growth and decline. Our guests, likewise, may find the nonconformist, individualistic flavor of Catholic Worker life somewhat reminiscent of the contrariwise patterns of behavior which amazed and frustrated Alice in *Through the Looking Glass*.

Although the contrast between our summertime hubbub and the quiet tenor of our winter days is at times a bit breath-taking, we are glad that Peter Maurin Farm is fulfilling one of its most important functions—hospitality. We have enjoyed talking with such a variety of visitors, and we appreciate the help that many have given us. In a community like ours where so many come and go, where the staff is purely volunteer, (Ralph Madsen and Jean Walsh who share the responsibility of running the place are sometimes called away by other obligations and sometimes have more than they can handle), where all work is performed on a voluntary basis, and where responsibility for routine essential work is usually assumed by some of the more permanent members of our family, most of whom are older and not too well—Dorothy Day sometimes says that we are a community of the lame, the halt, and

the blind trying to take care of one another—additional volunteer help is always appreciated. We thank all those who have helped us this summer, and we hope that they have found something—even if only the seed of an idea—as a small return for their efforts on our behalf. We are also grateful to all those who responded so generously to our appeal for sheets and towels. May God bless them all.

One might say that this summer has been a kind of extended Old Home Week for former Catholic Workers and friends as well as for those who are still associated with the work but for one reason or another have been called away to other places and duties. Early in June Judith Gregory stopped over for a visit on her way up to her family's summer home in New Hampshire, where she is completing work on a Master's thesis. We are happy that Judith, who writes for the Catholic Worker and is an associate editor, will be back with us in the fall to take a more active part in the work. David Mason, a former editor of the Catholic Worker who was active in many phases of the work during the difficult war years, visited both farm and beach house communities after attending Ed and Johanna's wedding. Charlie and Agnes McCormack brought their two lovely daughters—Dorea and Andrea—for a visit likewise to farm and beach. Roland and Elmer Gosselin have come with Roland's parents to visit the farm and attend a meeting in the grove. Peter and Mary Asaro finally got over for a visit long promised. Dorothy Clarke and Janet Kendzinski, who helped in the work at the Easton, Pennsylvania farm some years ago, spent a weekend visiting and helping us again. Tom Coddington, Jr., who is the son of an early editor of the Catholic Worker, has spent a little time helping at Chrystie Street and visited farm and beach. Joe Monroe brought his charming wife, Audrey, out to visit us. Tom Cornell spent a few days with us recuperating from an arduous teaching year; later Tom and Loren Minor, who have been helping in the pacifist activities at New London, Connecticut, came down to give us a showing of a documentary film about this work—*Polaris Action*. Bronie Warsak, who has helped us many times during the past several years, has also revisited and helped again. Several of those associated with Nazareth House in Montreal have also visited us—Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, Mr. and Mrs. Gauthier, Joan and Connie MacGarrigle. Two gentlemen from India came out one day with American friends. A French priest, who is visiting in this country and helping out at our parish rectory, called on us one morning with Fr. Riordan, promised to give us a talk in the grove, and said Mass in our chapel on the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul. We have, of course, had many more visitors from far and near, including many from our own Chrystie Street staff and family. Stuart Sandberg tries to get out about every week with six or eight little boys from the tenements near our Chrystie Street place; the boys stop first at the beach for a swim and then run wild with delight at the strange sights of the country—a cow, a pig, geese, chickens, and a garden full of growing vegetables. Some of our Chrystie Street neighbors, who have been trying to find relief from hot, crowded city apartments by spending a week or two at our beach home, also get over for occasional visits to the farm.

Our Sunday afternoon discussions in the grove have brought additional visitors. When Dorothy Day spoke to us about spiritual movements of our time, Fr. Lauder from St. Finbar's parish in Brooklyn—the parish where

May 5, 1961

Peace in the Lord!
It is Friday evening. They just counted heads again so it must be after 8:30 p.m. I thought I'd better write down what happened here in prison before I forget something of the past few days.

After a wonderful three day week-end in New York—discussing our community and the unforgettable experience of meeting Dorothy Day, Ammon Hennacy and the other Catholic Workers, I returned to Fort Belvoir with the resolution of obeying my conscience and being disobedient to the state which demands more than Caesar's due. As you know, I made this decision months ago. I received word that after six months of red tape the army would not accept "conscience" as a reason to obtain a discharge.

And so, on May first, the feast of St. Joseph the Worker, I did not put on a uniform and told the company commander I could no longer perform the work of a soldier because it is contrary to my conscience. He seemed to be expecting it and said he'd see me the next morning as he was busy. (I went to see a movie about

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued on page 6)

Breaking the Thought Barrier

(Continued from page 1)

lars. It will become even cheaper to make such machines, which would be set off automatically in case of an enemy attack, so that perhaps the smaller nations will build them, and be able to blackmail the large nations.

Some sophisticated defenders of nuclear armaments maintain that if certain drastic conditions are met—in itself highly unlikely—a country might survive a nuclear war with its social structure relatively intact. Perhaps this would be true during the next few years, but as Kahn has said, "It is most unlikely that the world can live with an uncontrolled arms race lasting for several decades."

Too, nuclear explosions permanently make the environment more hostile to man. The increase in radiation alone after a nuclear war would cause higher rates of genetic malformation for at least ten thousand years.

It is extremely unlikely, even today, that any country could win a war fought with modern weapons, and the likelihood of it becomes smaller with each increase in the accumulation of destructive power. In the next war all humanity will be the loser. There may be a few survivors, but the way of life for which they fought would not survive. They would mainly be preoccupied with trying to stay alive.

As a psychiatrist, I am especially impressed with the dangers inherent in the steady diffusion of power to fire modern weapons. As nuclear weapons multiply and the warning time for retaliation decreases, the power over these weapons filters further and further down the chain of command. Every population contains a certain number of psychotic or profoundly malicious persons, and it can only be a matter of time before one of them comes into position to order the firing of a weapon which in a flash will destroy a large city. This danger is aggravated by the fact that a large proportion of the generation now coming to adulthood spent its formative years under conditions of unprecedented chaos in refugee camps. The disorganized conditions of living and unstable human relationships following the last war were worse than those in Germany following World War I, which produced Hitler's followers. It is persons like these who will have the power to set the world on fire.

Americans have nominal command of the weapons in the bases in foreign countries, but they could not prevent local soldiers from seizing them if at some future time they wished to become independent of us.

And if there is anything certain in this world, it is that accidents will happen. Even if atomic energy is confined to peaceful uses, disastrous accidents will occur. For example, on December 12, 1952, a nuclear reactor in Canada burst. A 10,000-acre area had to be evacuated temporarily, and the reactor had to be buried. The AEC found that a single major accident near a city the size of Detroit could, under adverse climatic conditions, cause 3,400 deaths, 43,000 injuries, and property damage of 7 billion dollars through radiation alone. It could require the evacuation of 460,000 people and restrict the use of 150,000 square miles of land. A world at peace could cope with atomic accidents as it does with volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and hurricanes. In a trigger-happy world, however, it is all too easy to envisage how such an accident could set an irretrievable chain of destruction in motion before its source was discovered.

The Emotional Blocks to Solution

The responses of individuals to the threats of modern weaponry

include all the reactions that people customarily show to massive dangers which exceed their powers of adaption. One of these is a kind of apathy or fatalism. For instance,

"Last week I was invited to lunch with a tall, smiling young man, happily married, who has risen in a very short time to one of the highest executive posts in American journalism . . . Other forms of life, he said, have been destroyed; what was so special about the human race, which was doomed to ultimate annihilation anyway, by the cooling of the earth?"

If enough of our leaders feel this way, we will go to our doom like cattle to the slaughter.

Somewhat similar in its effects on the person is habituation to the danger, and we lose our moral repugnance toward any evil which persists long enough. We now talk of being able, through a massive civil defense program, to limit our casualties to "only five million dead" and show no qualms at all about exterminating all of Russia.

A more common maladaptive response to an overwhelming threat is the denial of its existence. In the form of minimizing the dreadfulness of modern weapons, seriously impedes our efforts to solve the terrible threat they present. For example, we assume that somehow our weapons can wipe out Russia but theirs cannot wipe us out.

The more subtle form of denial is a fallacious appeal to history with the advent of each new weapon alarmists prophesied that it would destroy mankind, and they were wrong; so those who say that nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons threaten the existence of humanity are probably also wrong. The fallacy lies in the proportionate increase in destructive energy made available by the splitting of the atom. The killing power of weapons has increased over the most deadly nonatomic weapons by a factor of somewhere between 12,500 and infinity in a scant half-generation.

Another form of denial is to believe that nuclear weapons will not be used just because they are so terrible. But our whole military policy commits us to the use of nuclear weapons. If we got into a major war, we would have no other alternative, since we no longer have sufficient conventional weapons.

To return to the alcoholic, he takes a drink to gain immediate relief from anxiety, even though he knows through his memory and powers of anticipation that the following morning he will feel much worse. Transferred to the international level, this principle operates in both space and time. Thus the mother who cannot bear to see her child's cut finger is unmoved by the extinction of eighty thousand people in Hiroshima or twelve thousand in Agadir. A good example of the soothing effect of temporal distance is the fixation of Russia and America on the immediate danger each poses to the other and their neglect of the greater long-term danger to both resulting from future dissemination of nuclear weapons.

A final, subtle form of denial is the universal tendency to use reassuring words to describe our predicament, even though they are rapidly losing their meaning in today's world. People talk of defense when it is clear that there is no defense. They speak of national security when it is clear that no nation will be able to maintain even a semblance of security for its citizens at the expense of the security of other nations.

Current Attempts At Solution

If one's efforts to cope with a problem are based on false assumptions, one arrives at absurd solutions. So far our attempts to resolve the threat of nuclear

weapons are based on an assumption which used to be true but no longer is—that possession of superior destructive force assures victory. The proposed solutions which follow from this are self-contradictory. So we support the UN resolutions calling for cessation of the spread of nuclear weapons and for general disarmament, while also giving nuclear arms to West Germany and Turkey, and of having to build up our armed strength before we can disarm.

The argument for this 'realistic' solution goes something like this: Disarmament is certainly necessary, but bitter experience shows

that you can't trust the Russians. The only thing they respect is force. Therefore, only by being strong can we give the Russians an effective incentive to disarm. While this position has a superficial plausibility, just a little reflection shows that it is hopelessly self-contradictory. For a build-up of our armed strength practically compels our opponent to do the same, and both sides will have to reserve the right to accumulate those weapons which they believe to be the most effective.

The military part of this argument has two interrelated aspects: the build-up of the capacity to wage limited wars, and the de-

velopment of invulnerable or undetectable launching sites for deterrent weapons. The ability to wage limited wars requires an arsenal of conventional weapons and "small" atomic weapons, so that we might use them if we did not have them. Human judgement is notoriously fallible at best and, because especially so under conditions of war. It may be possible to limit a few wars, but sooner or later one would trigger off the holocaust.

The second plan stresses the development of invulnerable retaliatory bases to eliminate the advantage of surprise attack. But in view of the rapid advances in arms technology, a base that is invulnerable today may prove very vulnerable tomorrow. One thinks of the Maginot Line.

But the most serious flaw in the doctrine of invulnerable bases is that it would cause an enemy to conceal the source of its attack. A country might arrange to fire a weapon in such a way that it would appear to come from Russia, and we and Russia would then fall on each other.

Arming in order to disarm can only increase the world's insecurity; and, in addition, it places almost insuperable obstacles in the path of disarmament. As long as each side believes that it can negotiate only from a position of strength, the conditions for negotiations which are acceptable to one side are unacceptable to the other.

There are two logical possibilities for disarmament—by agreement, or by unilateral action. Since we distrust the Russians and they distrust us, the fears of each create grave obstacles to disarmament by agreement. We demand an adequate inspection system, but with the breakneck development of modern weapons, such inspection and control becomes ever less possible. Already it is impossible to inspect for stockpiles of atomic weapons, and we have been told that there can be no perfect inspection for underground explosions. Witness the fact that Russia and the U.S. have been unable to agree on something as simple as a ban on atmospheric tests of nuclear weapons, even though both countries have stopped these tests.

Unilateral disarmament is even more difficult, for any move of this kind would arouse initial suspicion by the other side. To be convincing, disarmament would have to involve obvious weakening and to be persisted in long enough to convince the other side that it was genuine. But undoubtedly this action would be viewed by both as surrender.

To the extent that we do not succeed in denying the dangers of modern weaponry, we are made anxious by them. Anxiety in moderation facilitates thinking and motivates a search for new and better solutions to the threat. However, if it gets too severe, it tends to make thought rigid and to paralyze initiative. This may have something to do with the repetition compulsion in neurotics, when they keep trying to solve current problems with solutions which may once have worked, but no longer do.

At the level of group dynamics, emotional tension is most seriously reflected in the formation of the stereotype of "The enemy." Whoever we are and whoever the enemy is, we gradually assume all the virtues and they become the incarnation of everything evil. Once we have cast another group in the role of the enemy, we know that they are to be distrusted—that they are evil incarnate. We then tend to twist all their communications to fit our belief.

If we meet individual members that any aggression of the enemy

Chant To Be Used in Processions Around A Site With Furnaces

How we made them sleep and purified them.

How we perfectly cleaned up the people and worked a big heater

I was the commander I made improvements and installed a guaranteed system taking account of human weakness I purified and I remained decent.

How I commanded

I made cleaning appointments and then I made the travellers sleep and after that I made soap

I was born into a Catholic family but as these people were not going to need a priest I did not become a priest I installed a perfectly good machine it gave satisfaction to many

When trains arrived the soiled passengers received appointments for fun in the bathroom they did not guess

It was a very big bathroom for two thousand people it awaited arrival and they arrived safely

There would be an orchestra of merry widows not all the time much art

If they arrived at all they would be given a greeting card to send home taken care of with good jobs wishing you could come to our joke

Another improvement I made was I built the chambers for two thousand invitations at a time the naked votaries were disinfected with ZyklonB

Children of tender age were always invited by reason of their youth they were unable to work they were marked out for play

They were washed like the others and more than the others

Very frequently women would hide their children in the piles of clothing but of course when we came to find them we would send the children into the chamber to be bathed

How I often commanded and made improvements and sealed the door on top there were flowers the men came with crystals I guaranteed always the crystal parlor

I guaranteed the chamber and it was sealed you could see through portholes

They waited for the shower it was not hot water that came through vents though efficient winds gave full satisfaction portholes showed this

The satisfied all ran together to the doors awaiting arrival it was guaranteed they made ends meet

How I could tell by screaming that love came to a full stop I found the ones I had made clean after about a half hour

Jewish male inmates then worked up nice they had rubber boots in return for adequate food I could not guess their appetite

Those at the door were taken apart out of a fully stopped love for rubber male inmates strategic hair and teeth being used later for defence

Then the males took off all clean rings and made away with happy gold

A big new firm promoted steel forks operating on a cylinder they hot the contract and with faultless workmanship delivered very fast goods

How I commanded and make soap 12 lbs fat 10 quarts water 8 oz to a lb of caustic soda but it was hard to find any fat

"For transporting the customers we suggest using light carts on wheels a drawing is submitted"

"We acknowledge four steady furnaces and an emergency guarantee"

"I am a big new commander operating on a cylinder I elevate the purified materials boll for 2 to 3 hours and then cool"

For putting them into a test fragrance I suggested an express elevator operated by the latest cylinder it was guaranteed

Their love was fully stopped by our perfected ovens but the love rings were salvaged

Thanks to the satisfaction of male inmates operating the heaters without need of compensation our guests were warmed

All the while I had obeyed perfectly

So I was hanged in a commanding position with a full view of the site plant and grounds

You smile at my career but you would do as I did if you know yourself and dared

In my day we worked hard we saw what we did our self sacrifice was conscientious and complete our work was faultless and detailed

Do not think yourself better, because you burn up friends and enemies, with long-range missiles without ever seeing what you have done

Thomas Merton

of the enemy group and find that they do not seem villainous, but appear to be ordinary, easy-going, fun-loving family men like ourselves, we preserve the stereotype by assuming either that they are diabolically clever at deceiving us or that it is their leaders who are villainous.

The mutual distrust of enemies has two dangerous consequences. First, it tends to disrupt communication between them. If a member of one group wishes to communicate with the other, this automatically subjects him to the suspicion of disloyalty. Even Senator Hubert Humphrey, who has maintained a steadfast anti-Communist position for many years, felt it necessary to reassure the public that his desire to talk with Khrushchev did not mean that he was favorable to Communists. Furthermore, since the enemy is viewed as so diabolically clever, each side fears that the other will be able to use improved communications to its advantage.

Disruption of communication prevents gaining information which would help to rectify any incorrect perceptions of one's opponent. On the other hand, increased communication, however desirable, does not in itself remove the causes of war between groups. No peoples communicated

more completely than Northerners and Southerners in the early days of our country. Yet because they were operating under systems of value which were incompatible on one crucial issue, that of slavery, they wound up fighting the most deadly war in history up to that time.

The second and greatest danger of the mutual stereotype of the enemy is that it tends to make itself come true by virtue of the mechanism of the "self-fulfilling prophecy," which means that we expect people to behave in a certain way and then behave in such a way toward them as to cause them to fulfill our prophecy. Enemies may not be untrustworthy to begin with, but if the mutual posture lasts long enough, they eventually become so, as each acts in such a way as to justify the other's suspicion. For example, for some time now Russia has been making conciliatory proposals for disarmament which we consistently reject, or view with great suspicion. Since they are undoubtedly convinced of their sincerity, as we are of ours, our attitude can only serve to exasperate them. Constantly accusing someone of bad faith is scarcely the best way to win his friendship. Further, since they distrust us, and thus conclude that only hope for survival would be

we are seeking excuses to continue to attack them. Thus their disarming, the only possible purpose armament proposals would indeed become screens for their own arming, heightening our fear that they would attack us, to forestall which we would have to attack them first.

"Non-violence on the political plane has its complement in Franciscan poverty. Does not Franciscan poverty announce in an intemperate manner—out of season certainly with respect to every reasonable and ordered economy—the end of the curse which is attached to the private and selfish appropriation of goods? Doesn't a wide and generous vision of the redemption teach us to read some signs of the Kingdom to come in the most absurd endeavors connected with the destruction of the Monster of capitalism and the Leviathan of the State?"

PAUL RICOEUR, "The Image of God" and the Epic of Man. (Cross Currents, Winter 1961)

Each side fearing, each frantically builds up its striking force, so as to be able to retaliate if the other side should strike first. Thus each country's original policy, that un-

der no condition would strike first, begins to shift to the position that it must be prepared to strike first. But even if the world achieved some degree of disarmament by agreement or by reciprocal unilateral action, it would be faced with another problem. If the rest of the world were totally disarmed, the country that had withheld a dozen nuclear weapons could blackmail all the rest. Therefore disarmament will get more and more difficult as it proceeds.

The Only Ultimate Solution

The knowledge of how to make weapons of mass destruction, like the knowledge of good and evil, will never pass from the mind of man. Even in a completely disarmed world, any nation that was so minded could reconstruct these weapons in a few months. Therefore, the only solution lies in creating world conditions which would inhibit a country possessing superior force from using it. In brief, this means the abolition of war.

The relinquishing of war would require very drastic changes in human value systems and behavior, analogous to those produced by a religious conversion. This will require overcoming the thought barrier which has been constructed over the thousands of years in which conflict was always settled

in favor of the side with superior destructive power. It will require relinquishing a pattern of behavior as old as humanity and constantly reinforced by success, and adopting a new and essentially untried line of conduct. One must remember that the correct solution for an unprecedented problem is almost certain to appear ridiculous at first, for the habitual, and hence seemingly reasonable, solution almost by definition becomes maladaptive when conditions change drastically.

Our language lacks a term to describe exclusive reliance on non-violence means of persuasion. The usual terms, such as nonviolence, passive resistance, pacifism, conjure up images of a person standing by with a holy look on his face while a soldier runs a bayonet through his sister. Actually, the aim of nonviolence is to prevent this situation from arising—to inhibit the use of destructive force by persons who possess it.

Dr. Jerome Frank is the psychiatrist in charge of outpatient department of John Hopkins University. The above article which will be continued in the September issue was condensed from *Psychiatry: Journal for the Study of Interpersonal Processes*, August 1960.

BOOK REVIEWS

Adam Before His Mirror, Ned O'Gorman. (Harcourt, Brace and World). Reviewed by Herbert Mason.

What strikes the reader coming to Mr. O'Gorman's poetry for the first time through this his second book is a repeated concern with the very nature of poetry and the workings of the mind. "I think of what the mind knows/and what the poem confines"; or "But remember the mind at its thermal/joint" or "What's the mind in the argument/that turns your head so fast upon the light?" The moment of the mind's turning upon the light is the beginning of the poem, a process which is thereby analogous to Creation itself. Mr. O'Gorman, in fact, seems to be trying to pass through the mirror from the poem into the analogy, by coming to grasp the original mechanics of all Creation.

The excellent lyric *The Day the Steuben Glass Building Breaks* is begun when the glass itself has caught light prismatically, the fascination being in the way the pieces hold and move with the light not the way they reflect other ruins. Another good lyric, *On Silence*, occurs "when the mind sleeps/in its neutral passion" and grows as it "reach(es) to light." The very musical and witty *The Boyhood of Nguyen Van Vinh* occurs while "watch(ing) the marvelous light." These were the poems I was most inclined to reread because of their harmonic qualities and because their poet seemed more at ease in them than at those times when his "mind reign(ed) in its ruddy element." The "ruddy element," in fact, seems to lack substance in Mr. O'Gorman's poetry as it does not in the *Life Studies* of Robert Lowell, because Mr. O'Gorman, I think, is a poet of innocence, a solitary Adam, who may foresee things that will be "ruddy" but hasn't yet moved in them or made an audible cry for liberation from them.

The very thing that engages us with Mr. Lowell, his sense of human dilapidation as it reaches through civilization itself, as it approaches tragedy, is not found in Mr. O'Gorman's sense of the delight and the sleekly dynamic in Adam's visions and intellectual awakening to the infinite possibilities of his very being. Both poets have true visions, though Mr. Lowell is finding himself in the lonely but dramatic tradition of American naturalism, and Mr. O'Gorman seems to be drawing nearer to Blake and the detached,

also lonely, fascination with the very phenomena of life and form. We can begin to see in "as birds in a white tree shook my brain" from *Nguyen Van Vinh* prophesies of Blake's "and light doth seize my brain/with frantic pain," though Mr. O'Gorman's prevailing mood *Before the Mirror* is that of serenity, or a controlled pain, not the frantic seizure.

Adam's one weakness before his mirror is his tendency to look away from life (and the mirror) into literature, where his reflections are often derivative. This is particularly true of the glances into Troy, Falstaff and Dante and into creations of fire and water, signs and elements, and might have been true of *A Homage to My Jewish Students at Christmas Time* had he not felt "severing Judith and the salts in my blood" cut into his own place of visions.

When he approaches *Larger Topics*, he finds "the mind is called to silence and pure stillness" and seems to draw light into "the mind's curve" with this stillness. Here "in the locked air/the mind moves/toward its unutterable quiet." Mr. O'Gorman's "quiet" is more metaphysical perhaps than that of Richard Wilbur, but partakes of the same sense and love of what is made with grace.

In his next book, as I am sure he is a poet who will be confronting and revealing more, it will be interesting to see him from *Certain Reflections of What I Saw* fulfill the sense of action of the *Steuben Glass Building* by releasing "fear" a little from its "precision" and thereby drawing us into a further level of his inner life. This is not to abandon his discipline (which marks his poetry) but to expose more of the Creation that knows also the lines and creases hidden behind the form in *Adam's Mirror*.

Robert McAfee Brown and Gustave Weigel, S. J., *An American Dialogue: A Protestant Looks at Catholicism and a Catholic Looks at Protestantism*. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1960. Pp. 216. \$2.95.

Reviewed by Robert Turley.

An American Dialogue is a significant addition to the host of books and articles published within, roughly, the past two years on Catholic-Protestant-Jewish relations and sparked, in part, by last year's presidential race. Taken together, they add up to an impres-

sive picture of today's ecumenical movement and the extent of religious dialogue in this country.

Robert McAfee Brown and Gustave Weigel are both noted theologians in their respective denominations and their essays illuminate not only points of possible agreement between Catholicism and Protestantism but also those points of possible agreement between Catholicism and Protestantism but also those points where agreement appears to be impossi-



ble. It is a realization of the latter—those deep cleavages that spring not from historical circumstances but from fundamental differences in patterns of thought—that the book drives home most vividly.

This is true of both essays. They differ widely from each other in content and style, but agree on the need to recognize the source of ultimate disagreement.

Mr. Brown takes that to be different conceptions of authority with the question of papal infallibility as the locus of disagreement. Protestants hold, he says, that ultimate authority lies only in the "Word of God made flesh in Jesus Christ, which Word we find revealed to us in the pages of Holy Scripture." Catholicism claims this authority for itself and "at the very heart and center of its life . . . claims to be invulnerable to human error."

Nevertheless, Mr. Brown sees an important meeting in the annual Octave of Prayer for Christian Unity. As a promising addition to that Week, he points to the proposal made by the Protestant New Testament scholar Oscar Cullman who suggested (in *A Message to Catholics and Protestants*) that Protestant and Catholic churches collect offerings during the Octave to be used for the relief of the poor in each other's parishes. A

solidarity in Christ is thereby manifested without compromising doctrinal integrity.*

Father Weigel, looking to a deeper level for the cause of division, characterizes the disagreement as a "difference in basic epistemological positions. While Catholic thought takes its stand on intellect, the Protestant takes an empirical, skeptical view that emphasizes not intellect but will.

"Some wag," he writes, "has defined basic epistemological positions in terms of a baseball umpire—calling strikes and balls. The Scholastic umpire calls them as they are. The Kantian subjectivist calls them as he sees them. The Existentialist umpire insists that they are what he calls them. The Protestant by and large is a subjectivist with a strong leaning toward existentialism."

Mr. Brown's essay must be praised for its extreme candor. In surveying contemporary Catholic thought on church-state relations, for instance, he notes the fact that a collection of speeches by French Catholics (English title: *Tolerance and the Catholic*), containing an essay by Father Leonard justifying tolerance on the nature of Faith itself, was "officially withdrawn" from circulation. But he neither jumps to the conclusion that "this is what always happens" to daring Catholic thinkers nor suppresses the book's content (for which he has high praise) and the fact of its withdrawal "for review at the highest church levels."

On the other hand, the reader comes away from both essays with the impression that Father Weigel has done the more thorough analysis of the other's faith.

Mr. Brown generally skirts fundamental philosophical and theological differences for a more superficial account of such well-mined areas as the major facts of American Catholic history. Father Weigel, wading in where only theologians dare to tread, proposes what he takes to be the basic intellectual positions behind each of the faiths.

In describing the "Protestant Principle," he suggests that the old analysis of Protestantism (formal principle: sufficiency of the Bible; material principle: justification by faith alone) is inadequate. In its place he finds that the Protestant finds God differently from the Catholic, who finds Him in his church; the Protestant encounters God in an immediate

faith-experience in which the intellect plays a minor role.

This non-conceptual act of awareness grants the Protestant freedom to interpret the encounter in his own individual way and thereby explains the continual fragmentation within Protestantism. At the same time, it makes the conceptual analysis of faith by the intellect difficult since metaphysics and logical order take a second place. This is why the Catholic fears that the intellectual content of Christianity will be lost within the pale of Protestantism.

"A meeting of Catholic and Protestant," Father Weigel writes, "is not so much the confrontation of Peter and Paul but rather of Kant and Aquinas."

Father Weigel, rightly enough, places high value of Thomistic intellectualism. Yet in the question of our knowledge of God a number of today's Catholic thinkers have emphasized the relevance of certain approaches to God in which not only intellect but also the emotions and will play important roles. Jacques Maritain has developed, within the Thomistic tradition, a theory of knowledge through connaturality that explains important non-intellectual (but not anti-intellectual) ways of knowing God. His little book *Man's Approach to God* is a prime example.

If, therefore, Father Weigel is correct when he says the fundamental division between Catholicism and Protestantism is an epistemological one, then Maritain's writings on knowledge through connaturality offer a common philosophical ground on which a certain amount of discussion can take place. If the dialogue were to take this direction, an improved understanding and appreciation of the Protestant principle by Catholics can be expected.

*Last month, the Methodists were the first to act on this suggestion and took up a collection for St. Joseph's House of Hospitality of \$280.84. Certainly such a gift as this meant an increase of happy gratitude and closeness between us.

We are happy to call attention to the fact that when the Episcopal shelter for mothers and children on Bleeker street was obliged to close and rebuild, Cardinal Spellman turned over to them a building for their use so that their work could go on in the interim. D. D.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

Dorothy was born—brought a group of his parishioners to hear her. The discussions have all been interesting. Dianne Gannon of our Chrystie Street staff spoke on the dedicated life. William Horvath spoke on cooperatives. Anne Marie Stokes talked to us about the French worker priests. Philip Havey, who served twenty-five days in jail for taking part in the Civil Defense Protest demonstration this Spring, spoke on prisons. Philip is again in jail, this time for taking part in a "freedom ride" to Jackson, Mississippi where he was given a four months' sentence. After his release from Hart's Island, Philip spent some time helping us here at the farm. We are proud of him and will continue to pray for him. God willing, some of the rest of us from the Catholic Worker will join in this important witness for freedom and justice.

Not only the procession of seasons and visitors demarcates the pattern of our days, but also the occurrence of those basic human events—birth, death, marriage. Since we are such a large family, these events sometimes occur in such close proximity that it seems a lifetime has been concentrated in the space of a few weeks or even days. Saturday, June 17th, was the beginning of such a period for us. On the day, which was particularly beautiful, several of us from the farm attended the wedding of Johanna Hughes, the daughter of Marge Hughes who helped with the Catholic Worker in the 1930's, and Ed Turner, who teaches in our parish school system and is a present-day editor of the Catholic Worker. The wedding, which was performed at Old St. Patrick's Church by Fr. McCoy, and the reception which was held at our Chrystie Street house, were as beautiful as the day. Our Chrystie Street co-workers—Charles Butterworth, Walter Kerell, Stuart Sandberg, Dianne Gannon, and all who helped them—deserve special credit for their work decorating the house and preparing the food. Anne Marie Stokes not only designed a fairytale lovely wedding dress for Johanna, but also prepared a delectable watermelon punch for the refreshment of all guests. The farm, too, made its contribution. Hans Tunnesen baked a large delicious wedding cake. Young Johnny gathered great armfuls of daisies from our meadow, which with their pristine white and gold blended well with the bridal loveliness of Walter Kerell's decorations. Needless to say, many former Catholic Workers and friends were present. God grant that the joy of this wedding day may continue to permeate and sanctify Ed and Johanna's marriage.

Tuesday after the wedding, Classie Mae Holman, who was born and brought up in Alabama but had to seek work in the North because of the crowded conditions in her home, was taken to Richmond Memorial Hospital to be delivered of a baby daughter—Brenda Fay.

Friday following the birth of Classie Mae's baby, Bill Keane—who had not been feeling well but had attended Mass in the chapel that morning and had performed most of his usual duties—went to pay his regular evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament before rosary and compline. About 6:30 Tom Cain and Mike Buksar, who have the rooms above the chapel, heard the sound of someone falling and went downstairs to find Bill unconscious on the floor. Jean Walsh, the trained nurse on our staff, called priest and ambulance. Then the farm family gathered in the chapel to say the Act of Contrition, the Memorare, the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and the rosary. Msgr. Dolan arrived and gave the Last Rites. Shortly after Bill was pronounced dead. Although we could not attend Bill's funeral—his body was claimed by relatives and buried in a family plot—we are grateful

to Fr. Riordan for saying a Requiem Mass for him the morning of the funeral, and to Fr. Banks for saying a Requiem Mass in our own Chapel a week later. Bill was a man of prayer, faithful to his visits to the Blessed Sacrament, faithful to daily duty; a man who used his God-given wit and humor to cheer others and help them through the tedium of their days. He is much missed, though we know that his death is no occasion for grief. *Requiescat in pace.*

A baby is born. A man dies. A young man and young woman get married. These are life's mountain-top events, but intermingled are all the minutiae of daily living. John Filliger's garden is a cornucopia of fruitfulness—lettuce, squash, peppers, cucumbers, tomatoes, Swiss chard, green beans, something new almost every day—and a daily center of activity for John, Mike Buksar, Albert Check who went back to work in the garden almost immediately after his return from another spell in the hospital, Irving Daniels, and George Collins who helped at Maryfarm in Pennsylvania and has now returned to help us again. Most of the young men who have been with us this summer have given some help; and Ralph Madson and Charles Butterworth have taken time from their other duties to help whenever possible. Joe Cotter's cannery is operating at peak efficiency, with Molly Powers leading the circle of bean snappers out under the big trees near the chapel. Molly is regaining her youthful figure since she has been sticking to her rigorous diet, and is feeling much better. Hans Tunnesen, who recently celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday, is currently renovating Joe Cotter's shack to make it more habitable. Joe Roach continues his work in the kitchen and the laundry, but is glad for Fernando Cuevos' help with the cooking and Tom McIntee's with the laundry. Young John and Bob Steed also take a

Report from Mississippi

(Continued from page 1)

block. Terry was jerked out of the upper berth. I was subjected to some 5-10 minutes of varied physical torture—armtwisting, head-against-floor beating, etc.—in an unsuccessful effort to make me stand and walk. After this I did not see Terry again. I did hear him scream once or twice and I was worried about him until I heard him hold forth in lengthy philosophical discourse an hour or two later.

After a little more mauling I felt very weak, what with the hunger strike and the constant dread (unwarranted, as it happened) of further mauling, so I took the first opportunity to get out on bond. As far as I know, as of today, Terry Sullivan is still in Parchman. He may correspond only with members of his immediate family, and if he is still refusing all physical cooperation, he may be unable to correspond with anyone at all. He spoke on June 15th of going on a hunger strike—for one only recently recovered from tuberculosis, this is no joke.

Like all the men in Parchman, he is there voluntarily. Any of them can get out on bond on a few days' notice. If they choose to remain in the Maximum Security Unit of the State Pen—locked up in small cells in their underwear, nothing to do all day—it's because they want to inspire the public to act, to apply pressure where it matters—the ICC, the bus companies, the railroad lines. That is why Terry Sullivan and the others are sitting in their cells at Parchman.

Felix Singer
June 27, 1961

turn at cooking now and again. Slim never seems to get quite through with the dishes what with all the extras, and certainly appreciates all help offered. Agnes Sydney is still setting tables and dusting down stairs in spite of age and hot weather. Tom Cain, our naturalist, keeps us informed about the rarer, more interesting fauna and flora. The other day he brought in a few specimens of velvety soft rabbit's-foot clover. On starry nights Tom is usually out with his telescope, and is always glad to let visitors have a look, and explain some of the mysteries of astronomy. Leonard Robinson, who seems to combine the gifts of craftsman, artist, and mechanic, is usually busy at some repair job. He keeps our ancient clocks running, and repairs some of our battered chairs in his little house at the foot of the grove. A few years ago he constructed a loom, and this summer he made a beautiful frame for the large painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe which hangs in our sitting-room. Up in Stanley Vishnewski's little room, the sound of typewriter or printing press testifies to another kind of activity, or is Stanley merely playing the tape



recording he says he had made to fool us into thinking he is working while he "catches up on his back work?" Bob Steed and Fernando listen to "The Smiling Bach." Out on the lawn young Johnny and some of the neighborhood youngsters listen to rock and roll on Elizabeth McFee's transistor radio. Classie Mae hums a Negro spiritual to soothe her crying baby.

Summer at Peter Maurin Farm. Temperatures soar. Tensions mount—between young and old, between "workers" and "scholars," between persons of utterly different backgrounds and temperaments. Tempests sometimes flare. Mosquitoes like miniature jet planes hum through the night. Cicadas shrill. Whippoorwills call, night-flying after insect food. A large bull frog sounds a portentous warning of hotter days to come. Someone changes the record, and now the phonograph plays the Missa Luba; Classie Mae and Lucille dance to an African Mass. The radio dial is turned from rock and roll or a symphony to a big league baseball game. People—young and old—talk and talk and talk. Along the road that leads to Cooper's little store—where some neighborhood boys sometimes take pot shots at late walkers with B-B guns—pink clover, Queen Anne's lace, and milkweed blossom among luxuriant greenery. And the tall branching sweet clover fills the circumambient night and day with a new-mown lingering sweetness. God is good. *Deo gratias.*

Life At Hard Labor

(Continued from page 2)

explaining that everywhere on Mormon property no smoking is allowed, but this is the exception. A few years ago when there were floods in California the Mormon Relief got there three days ahead of the Red Cross, for the Mormons are organized locally in thousands of wards and stakes and can respond over night. I noticed men in cars getting an order of provisions and was told that in each ward where there is need someone generally does this for poor folks who have no means of transportation. Four trucks make deliveries daily over this area. There is no lettering on the truck to tell where it is from. While waiting in the employment-office I gave an elderly man 50 cents to buy tobacco, as he had been robbed by his companion and wanted to get out of town. He then went to the Mormon Welfare and worked for bread, meat, etc. to carry on his way out of town as he hiked to another job. The day I went cherry picking I had planned to go to the Mormon Relief and work for some peanut butter, butter, cheese, milk, etc.—and they serve a meal free to those who work there. But I got the job with cherries. I asked them if I could work there and pile up credits for food I might need at our Joe Hill House later, but this was too much contact with charity of another denomination. And besides Mormons do not believe in helping drunks; they may help their families. Their motto is Justice rather than Charity, going on the saying of that other Smith, John Smith at Jamestown, Va. that "he who would not work neither should he eat." The guide explained that Mormons worked for weeks, Sundays included, pouring cement to build the huge elevators there where wheat is stored. They are made round so wheat will not stick in the corners and spoil, and the wheat is changed every seven days from one elevator to another so it will get air and not mould. A modern canning factory here is large enough for hundreds of women to clean vegetables as food is canned. Any group of Mormons can bring in vegetables, meat, etc. and use this cannery for free, a charge being made only for cans. In a large root cellar we noticed pineapple from Hawaii, and it was explained that the big markets here sent any surplus that might spoil to be kept or processed. Some old people work for free here just to pass the time away, or from a desire to help in the Mormon relief. Mormons believe in having a supply of food to last for a year in their homes in case of strikes or war or famine.

Salt Lake City

Mountains surround this valley completely, except that there is a road skirting them north to Ogden, and south to Provo. You can also ride through Emigration Canyon and to the east toward Vernal, and west near Lake Utah and Great Salt Lake to the mining

Since we last went to press, there were the following deaths among our dear friends and associates. We shall write more about them in the November issue of the CW since that is the month the dead are commemorated.

William Keane, an associate at the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island.

David Dunne, editor of Pío Decimo Press, St. Louis, one of the founders of the St. Louis Catholic Worker.

John Erit, friend and reader since 1933, who has devoted himself to the cause of the mentally ill and the reformation of mental institutions.

Monsignor John Monaghan, labor priest, chaplain of the ACTU for many years, friend of the CW since 1933, and benefactor too. May they all rest in peace.

towns of Lark and Magna. Looking out over the balcony at the hotel at night you see deep blue sky like a cup encircling all of these mountains, and you think you are in a sort of Shrangli-La, which it was expected to be by Brigham Young on July 24, 1847 when he entered the valley and said, "this is the place." They had started from Nauvoo, Ill., in Feb. of 1846 and had crossed the Mississippi, Des Moines, Missouri and Platte Rivers with their covered wagons and carts during this terrible seventeen months while 700 of their number died. A Mormon friend and another friend gave me a framed picture of this trip, dating each day where they camped, for my birthday, July 24th. Water is scarce here and there was hardly a tree here in 1847, yet folks take pride in having the greenest of lawns, the prettiest variety of flowers, and cool drinking water from drinking fountains all over the down town section. Pine trees surrounded by flowers are about ten to a long block in huge cement urns down town on Main Street. I drink more water in a day here than I drank in New York city in eight years. And in restaurants along the skid row section I am greeted daily by folks I have worked with or waited on the curb with for work. Cops here ride in cars. I never saw one on the street walking a beat. I suppose they come if called for. Walking in the evening around Temple Square one cannot help but notice the healthy children. A Japanese woman I met was drawn to the Mormon Church because they are not supposed to drink, smoke, or gamble, and she wanted a clean atmosphere for her children. Of course many Mormons do these things on the sly but the norm is supposed to be a healthy body and a joyful spirit. When everything else in the country is commercialized it is too much to expect those who call themselves The Latter Day Saints (Mormons) not to be tainted with commercialism also. In a couple of months here I feel kindly toward the Mormons and time will tell how they measure-up to their ideals.

Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph Refuge.

I have rented a store in the skid row section for \$50 a month and will move in September first and commence to fix up. By November first I will open the House and give out as much food as I can beg from those who want to help. A young man who is a Catholic, and whose father is a Mormon Bishop, has helped me some, and other Mormons, Unitarians, and other Catholics, including one priest, have signified a desire to help. There seems to be no place to buy such magazines as *Commonweal* and *Jubilee*, not to speak of *The Nation* and other liberal and radical papers, so in time I hope to have these on hand and a lending library of Image and other books. I expect to dedicate the House on a Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19, this being the 46th anniversary of the execution of Joe Hill by "the copper barons." As usual I will picket the tax office. This time it will be the 16 days from Aug. 6 to 21 it being 16 years since we dropped the bomb at Hiroshima. I will also fast at that time. The sun hits the Postoffice here in the morning but it is shady in the afternoon. If two men are being shot Aug. 16th I will picket the state prison south of town on that day. "Thou Shalt Not Kill" on my leaflet is appropriate for the execution also.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

ABOUT CUBA

(Continued from page 2)

principle of subsidiarity is being put into effect through efforts to organize into unions, and who send the poor to the police and to the State.

Stockton

Later I went with Andy Arellano to skid row in Stockton at five o'clock in the morning and saw the artificial labor shortages created to bolster up the importation of braceros, to make it appear that it was absolutely necessary for the harvesting of the crops to import men without families whose wages are filched from them by profiteering store keepers, who are charged exorbitant sums for cashing checks, for sending money orders.

How sad it is to see men waiting for work, standing in the market place waiting for hours to be hired, sober, industrious men, with a pathetically small paper bag containing a sandwich for their lunch, men with their short handled hoe ready to thin beets at truly backbreaking labor. They say America won't do stoop labor, but there were plenty of Americans there, and Lise Bowman who writes a letter in this issue follows the crops all summer with her husband and a little girl, of four. "I earned money too," the little girl said, and the mother proudly informed us she had earned two or three dollars, picking olives, and had bought her own shoes.

Where are the priests among the poor, following the crops and those who pick them? You can count them on the fingers of one hand. Assigned to parish work, in towns, there is little chance for close contact.

New York

Only a few days after I had returned to New York, I was on my way up Second Avenue to go to Nativity Church which is in the heart of the slums, where Puerto Ricans are crowded together, where store front churches abound and where some of the worst gangs of the city hang out. At night the streets are alive with children. They cannot go to bed until they are ready to drop with exhaustion because the rooms are too crowded. The parents go out to the service jobs in institutions, to the heavy jobs in laundries, to the hard and least paid labor. There are few parochial schools in these slums. But there was a boys' Academy and as I went to the eight thirty mass, crowds of well dressed, well fed young students were crossing the avenue to make their nine o'clock classes. The contrast between their lives and the lives of the Puerto Rican boys they passed was painful. How many parishes, how many of the clergy are there in these sections of our great city of New York, and how many of the Puerto Ricans are they able to reach? Fr. Janner and his fellow priests break their hearts over their work. Two teen-agers had killed themselves these last months with overdoses of drugs, Fr. Janner told me.

A convent built in the slums for twelve nuns at the cost of \$85,000. A family of twelve Puerto Ricans living in a two-room tenement house apartment. These things should not be. Billions of dollars in buildings, plants, as they have come to be called, including Church, school, convent and rectory, and nothing spent on the family, on youth.

Even worse, it is the family who pays for all this, the working man who wants his children to have a "Catholic education," who is afraid of delinquents, who thinks of the sisters and priests as a police force to keep his own children protected, and the Sacraments as an insurance policy against suffering in the life to come. A fearful view of the Church. Yet it is to the Church we must go or starve for the bread of life. It is the priest with his anointed hands who serves us in the great moments of life and love and death throughout our lives.

Catspaws

Another thing. As I passed through Texas there was an account in an El Paso newspaper of Catholic gangs going over the border to fight pro-Castro demonstrators. Was this a way of diverting their energies into safer channels? Perhaps there would be no police action against a gang of young toughs breaking up a meeting of Mexicans who were siding with Castro. They could indulge their desire for fighting with impunity. They were engaging in a holy war, they were fighting for religion, for the "Faith," for "Holy Mother Church." But on the other hand they might be catspaws building up anti Castro sentiment to prepare for the defeat of Castro and the taking back of the nationalized property. They might be fighting the battle of the rich, of the American corporations.

St. Catherine of Sienna preached a Crusade, saying that it was better to go fight the heathen and regain the holy land, than for the Italian cities to be fighting among themselves. And on the other hand our Lord said through her, "I have left myself in the midst of you, that what you do for these, I will count as done for myself." And in this she was thinking of the poor.

And St. Teresa of Avila prayed that before her nuns became rich and lived in fine buildings, the walls would fall upon them and crush them. Yet she accepted money from her brothers who went to the New World to make their fortunes. Those fortunes were made by robbing the native population, enslaving them, even wiping them out completely (after baptizing them and anointing them first perhaps.) Hard not to be cynical, hard not to judge. Fr. John J. Hugo said that one could go to hell imitating the imperfections of the saints. He also said, that we loved God as much as the one we loved the least. What a hard and painful thing it is to love the exploiter. When I was interviewed by Mike Wallace on television, and he asked me, "Do you think God loves a Hitler and a Stalin?" I could only quote, "God loves all men. God wills that all men be saved."

One needs to read Ralssa Maritain's essay on the Development of Conscience in the Old Testament since the time of Abraham," published in *The Bridge*.

I realize that such a piece of writing as this is more like a meditation than a carefully worked out article, and I hope our readers will forgive me. It is because so many of them have asked me why we printed former articles about Cuba. After all, I am the editor of a monthly paper, presenting a point of view about what is going on in the world, and these events are vital happenings. They are matters of life and death. Our lives, the salvation of souls depend upon our thoughts, words and deeds in relation to them. Certainly our peace of mind does.

Down in South America, during Adlai Stevenson's recent visit, the heads of State indicated that they did not wish to interfere with the Castro regime which had to work out its own salvation in fear and trembling.

While these events are going on in Cuba there have been stirring events in Africa, in Laos. It is because Cuba is only 90 miles away and has now become a Socialist State that it is pertinent to write about it. But one must write also in the light of world history, and all that has happened in these stirring times. "It is not time for anyone to be mediocre," Pius XI said.

Yesterday I got a postal from Mike Gold, Communist columnist for

(Continued on page 8)



St. RAYMOND gives himself in ransom for the captives— Farm Appeal

Rt. 3 Box 1148, Tracy
California.

July 23, 1961.

Dear Dorothy,

This has been a wonderful summer.

Jo Hafner has been a real help. She has been draining power from the bay area Young Christian Workers, and has given a couple of talks at Newman Clubs in California and other places. The Grail has encouraged people to stay with us for experience. Father Hughes has come and he sent a wonderful woman of forty who is going into the Papal Volunteers in October. Her name is Cathy Powers—a widow of two years and a Medical Social Service Worker. A great person! Everyone seems to think if they can take this out here, perhaps they are ready for other fields. (All this through Jo Hafner's interest.)

Even the Seminarians have learned a lot and have been very valuable for home visiting. Everyone sees how inadequate we all are for the job God expects of us. It is hard to lay down rules for daily Mass, etc., for those coming for only a week or two at a time. What would you do? Some are only 19-years old, others older. Many don't have real convictions yet—they are searching. So far, we do not have a chaplain and I feel as though it would be more encouraging if we did. But, Father Duggan is telling me I should remain independent as you have. He says this is a real haven of Hospitality. I guess it is. I wish I knew more about your place. He speaks so well of the Catholic Worker.

A young seminarian is with us, very interested in the Catholic Worker in the Major Seminary this year—a real brain. He speaks excellent Spanish.

Rita McGee, Y.C.W., Negro girl, has been here a week, so we have more contact with the Negro people. We went to a wedding in the Baptist Church for a Negro Family in Stockton.

Well, Dorothy, I hope everything is going well with you. I

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MOTHER AND TEACHER

"Mother and Teacher," the new encyclical of Pope John XXIII will be the subject of a panel discussion taking place at 8 o'clock on August 9 at Jager House, 85th Street & Lexington Ave., N.Y. Presented by The Walter Farrell Guild, the panel will include Rev. Benjamin L. Masse, S. J., associate editor of *America* magazine, Daniel Schuller, President of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, Howard Evergam, artisan and Coordinator of the Guild, Miss Eileen Egan of Catholic Relief Services—N.C.W.C. will moderate.

Report from Karl Meyer

(Continued from page 3)

difficulty towards a point on the shore where a large crowd of supporters had gathered. I pulled myself out on a ladder along a wall that rose about ten feet above the water. A sailing boat was tied up beside the ladder. Before going up, I drew from my pocket a bundle of leaflets wrapped in plastic. I gave two leaflets to the crew of the boat, and tried to lift the rest to the crowd above, but my arm was tired and the bundle went straight into the hands of the policeman directly above me. I climbed up the ladder and sat down on the pavement. One of the crowd spoke to me in English about our project. Soon a police van came and I was loaded into it. Then we raced around LeHavre for an hour picking up the other swimmers who had made their way to many different places. We were taken to a police station. Some of us got out of the van to walk in, but others went limp and were dragged out of the vans so roughly, even the women, that we all sat down. We were dragged through the corridors and thrown in a pile in a room. Some of the police were very angry but no one was hurt much. We waited there in various stages of misery and exhilaration for about six hours. The police came in and out in large numbers. They talked with us in French and English. We were to be returned to the ship just before it departed. Our plan called for another demonstration at that time by up to six of our number. Few had much heart for it, but several stood ready. Around 11:00 the police came to take us away. We sat down and were dragged off and thrown into two vans. Actually the police pretended to be rougher than they were. For instance, one seized me by the hair and I thought I was about to catch it, but then he got a second hold on my arm and it wasn't bad at all.

(Now my writing is interrupted by the visit of a policeman who speaks English. He understands our position on war and peace. LeHavre was bombed by the Americans in World War II. He speaks of his experiences during the war. He says he saw the condition of German cities that were bombed. As a Frenchman he could have said that they got what they deserved, but he doesn't feel that way. After the war he asked a priest why our Cardinal Spellman blessed the bombers that went on these missions, and the priest replied that he blessed the men who flew the planes not the planes themselves, but the policeman says that now he is not as religious as he used to be because of this. I try to tell him that I am writing for a Catholic pacifist paper, but he is talking very fast and not waiting for a reply. He is sorry about the rough treatment last night but why were we so uncooperative. He says we had made our point to the public. He says we were partly to blame for the Frenchman who fell into the harbor while they were trying to load us onto the ship. But let me go on to describe these events.)

After the vans were loaded we were driven to the dock. The police began to take us up the gangplank on stretchers. I was one of the last to be taken. I was lifted onto the stretcher. They started toward the gangplank with me. Then they backed up. Then they went forward again, and then stopped and stood for a moment. I could see nothing because I was faced in the wrong direction. There was a loud splash and then much shouting. Suddenly the stretcher was dropped to the pavement. I heard shouts of "un Français, un Français." Someone had fallen into the water. Suddenly, I was picked up roughly and thrown into the van.

One of the police struck me in the face on the way in. I thought at that moment that one of the police must have fallen into the

harbor. I looked out of the van. The ship was standing off from the shore. Later we learned that the order had been given to cast off while the police were still trying to carry us all on board. The ship moved away and the gangplank dropped into the harbor. A French stevedore who tried to stop it was pulled in with it. It could have been me. If the police had gotten onto the gangplank with me, we might have all been pitched into the sea. Soon the van rushed off to a point along the shore where it picked up the Frenchman, who had been fished out, and Phil Leahy, our other Catholic Worker team member, the only one who carried out the plan for a final demonstration. We were brought back to the police station, six in number, three of us who missed the boat, Phil Leahy, and two of our girls who had been left on board and who jumped off around 11:15 before the vans brought the rest of us back to the ship. We are here for today, and tomorrow evening we will go on board the next ship to Southampton and from there on to Belgium where the Walk will continue.

The reasons for our grand attempt to enter France are simply that there is an urgent need to prevent nuclear war, which threatens the murder of mankind, a threat which unites us and does away with all artificial barriers. And we believe in the power of nonviolent action. Our attempt to enter France was to call on the people to renounce violence. Likewise we believe in the basic right of free communication of ideas. We hope that by our dedication to this task, by the risks we must undertake, we may move the governmental officials to take action to put an end to war, and to demonstrate to the people that man can act freely and responsibly against war.

Finally I can report that the team has received from the Soviet government tentative permission to enter Russia, to carry our posters, to distribute our leaflets and to present our program of pacifism to the Russian people along the route that we have chosen.

NEXT MONTH: BELGIUM AND WEST GERMANY

American-European March

Karl Meyer

87 Chancery Lane

London, W.C. 2

England

Challenge

Scientists know, and with the certainty of scientific knowledge, that we possess every scientific fact we need to transform the physical life of half the world. And transform it within the span of people now living. We have all the resources to help half the world live as long as we do, and eat enough.

All that is missing is the will.

We are sitting like people in a smart and cozy restaurant, and we are eating comfortably, looking out of the window into the streets. Down on the pavement are people who are looking up at us: people who by chance have different colored skins from ours, and are rather hungry. Do you wonder that they don't like us all that much? Do you wonder that we sometimes feel ashamed of ourselves, as we look out through that plate glass?

It is within our power to get started on that problem. We are morally impelled to. A challenge is not, as the word is coming to be used, an excuse for slinking off and doing nothing. A challenge is something to be picked up.

Sir Charles Snow

Letter from Karlo Forsberg

(Continued from page 3)

Atlantis that night.) Since then I have a wonderful feeling of peace.

The next day about 1:00 Captain L... read the charges to me and I packed my clothes and was driven to the post stockade. It is an area about half the size of a city block with a double barbed-top wire fence around it. I was escorted to the receiving building and was told to take all my clothes off. I was determined not to wear any uniform with army insignia on it, so I asked why. I was told it was none of my business, so I refused. Then the supply sergeant and two or three guards ripped my shirt and trousers off and knocked me to the floor and pushed me several times into the wall. It must have been at least a dozen times. I prayed silently that they would be forgiven and didn't feel the slightest anger toward them. The supply sergeant kept saying I was not feeling anybody and that I was just using my religion to get out of the army. I answered all the sensible questions the best I could and politely. They told me to put on a uniform and I said I couldn't. So they knocked me around and twisted my arm and finally threw a sheet at me and took me in a truck to the cell block. This is a section of the prison several blocks away and is behind the fire station. There are about ten steel cells and three or four "holes." They told me to take the mattress out of my cell and I refused. Then they twisted my arm again but finally let go when one of the guards said it was no use. Later another sergeant came and asked me if I would put on the prisoner's uniform. When I was sure it had no army insignia on it, I put it on.

My cell was 7' by 7' and made of steel, three walls were solid and the top and door were barred and heavily screened. Everything was painted a pastel green. There was a double bunk and a negro slept in the upper the first night. He was a mature person but didn't like to talk much. He was in for being AWOL. It was hot at night and cold during the day.

The commanding officer came in any time and when I would not stand at attention bawled me out. I said I respected him as a man but an officer meant nothing to me. I refused to eat in the cell block. I was taken back to the stockade twice to finish "processing." I had a talk with a young Lt. who was to be my defense counsel. He said he did not feel qualified and would ask to get me a lawyer. A couple of days later he said the authorities said I had the right to request a qualified army lawyer but that the request would be denied.

He said I should plead guilty. Thursday I was taken to the stockade to see the commander. Captain U... turned out to be a surprising man. He is very intelligent and we discussed pacifism for nearly an hour. After that he told me he believes in my sincerity and would recommend discharge from the army and asked if I would cooperate with stockade regulations. I said that all I wanted was a discharge and that I would stand at "attention" for him as a man and would follow the regulations of prisoners now that he felt I could obtain a discharge through his recommendation. He was very cordial and said that under different circumstances he would like to continue our conversation. That afternoon I was moved into the stockade and into an old army barracks. There were ten other prisoners there. In all there are about forty prisoners in this stockade. Later that afternoon my company commander came to see me. He was also cordial. Was there anything I needed? How did I feel? And will I eat now? He asked me if the date had any special significance when I refused to be soldier. I laughed and said no. Of course it was the feast of St. Joseph.

in the Catholic Worker movement, but that was just a happy coincidence.

That afternoon at supper I ate for the first time since confinement. I sure was hungry. We had hamburgers, fried potatoes, (very greasy, but I hardly noticed) and I forget what else. It tasted delicious to me, but it was hard to swallow the food, and I had some stomach trouble for a day or two. There is work here but mostly the "look busy" kind that everybody in the armed services knows about. For instance, the latrine is cleaned at least three times a day, fences are constantly being painted, dusting, etc., etc. ad nauseam. There are only one or two real jobs here, such as KP and trash pick-up (for parolees only). There are constant formations for roll call, head count, work call, and chow. The day begins at five and ends at lights out at ten.

On Monday Don H..., a Quaker friend of mine from the same medical company, followed the Christ of peace to this prison. He has really done a brave thing because he has only two months to go before his discharge. He has been trying much longer than I to obtain a discharge. His wife, Jean, is a real helpmate in his time of trial. Don is still being kept in the cell block—"for his own protection," says Captain U... Both of us feel it is because they wish to keep us apart. I am reminded of Ammon Hennacy saying they were all scattered in Atlanta prison and so they could spread the word to others instead of argue among themselves. And that is exactly what we are doing here. Don is making progress with at least three—one of them is a guard! Here in the prison proper there are two more interested in Christian pacifism.

Both Don and I are praying for justice and we ask you to join your prayers to ours. Don's trial is Tuesday. A Quaker lawyer has volunteered his services. Last Tuesday I was sentenced to five months, 2/3 pay fine and reduction to lowest enlisted rank. I will try to smuggle this letter off because all mail is opened and read.

In the Lord,

Karlo.

FARM APPEAL

(Continued from page 7)

know Lisa Bowman has been writing you so I am sure she has given you the picture on farm labor. Father McDonald has left for South America. Father McCollough is still at St. Mary's—they are great men. Father Duggan is still at St. Gertrude's. Are you definitely coming this winter and when? It would be wonderful, if we could study God's way with the New York house, and perhaps become something similar to yours. Many are asking for the Catholic Worker. What would we need to do? I know my questions aren't clear but maybe you can still understand what I am trying to ask. We had talked about getting at least ten in a bundle. I know we should try to support things but our expenses are so many around here. Food is quite an item. Since June, we have received \$10 and that was from Cathy Powers. We are not complaining but I wonder how this all works out over a number of years.

A few do everything—cook for a gang, keep up the laundry, etc. What do you do, again? We need more room for one thing.

I can never thank you enough for your suggestions last winter. Nearly everyone who comes up here hasn't had any practical experience and actually I do an awful lot of talking and sometimes feel like I talk too much even to a fault.

Well, enough for this time. Wish you were here so I could talk to you.

Gratefully yours in Cristo Rey, Kay Brickley.



ST. ANTHONY

Farm Labor

June 11, 1961.

Dear Dorothy,

Mrs. Brickley showed me your letter to her and I was happy that you had asked after me. I came back to Tracy, Calif., earlier than I had intended and I will probably stay here until the baby is born (about another three weeks). My husband, Benny, and I bought a dilapidated old trailer for \$70 and I am trying to fix it up so that I and the children can go with him as he moves around the state with the crops.

Right now Benny and Andy Arellano are both in Winters for the apricot harvest. I spent only two days in Winters before I wanted to come back to Tracy. The conditions this year in Winters are tragic. From all over the state the farm labor offices have been sending people to Winters to pick the apricots. This is the first crop after the winter for most of these people and when they arrive in Winters they are completely destitute and they are not able to find work. The farmers this year are hiring only Mexican workers. These are not the bracers—the contract workers—but the men who have come here on a resident visa. We call them "Blue-cards." The farmers prefer to hire them because they are not yet organized and work very cheaply so they (the Blue-cards) are camped in all the orchards and no U.S. worker can get a job. The people are camped all along the river and many of them are starving.

The family camped next to us has ten children—they came all the way from Oregon to pick apricots and when they arrived they had only forty-six cents and then they have not been able to find work. The other family who camped near us found work cutting apricots for the dry yard. The four members of the family are all experienced apricot cutters and yet they made only \$5.65 for a day's work for all four of them. The price for cutting apricots is only thirty-five cents a box this year and those who will not work so cheaply must go hungry.

Back here in Tracy there is a great bustle of activity and anticipation of accomplishment. Jo Hoffner and the YCW group are expected to arrive today and a group of seminarians comes next week. Also arriving today are a group of eighteen college students from the American Friends-Service Committee for a four day work

ABOUT CUBA

(Continued from page 7)

the Sunday Worker, who is now in Moscow. I have known Mike since he and I were eighteen and twenty. His wife is a French woman and we collect rocks and seaweed and shells on her occasional visits. Once they came with their two sons, and played French Christmas carols on their recorders for us, and once he brought me a poster of St. Anne of Brittany to hang in our dining room at the farm. (St. Anne, pray for them.) -Mike has diabetes and he writes:

"I was invited by the Writers' Union here for a visit. Liz and I are also being given one of the famed 'cures.' They can't give one a new body but they sure restore some of the life juices. Our next stop is a sanitarium on the Black Sea—the water and the sun cure. All the best, Mike (friend of socialized medicine and Soviet Humanism.)"

Another friend said recently, "my son is studying medicine and another son the violin. I will have to work a long time to educate them. If they were in Russia they would have the best, they are such gifted children."

Another friend: "the only way my children can get a college education is by entering the armed forces."

Fr. Joseph Becker, S.J., an old friend, told me as I passed through St. Louis that unemployment would increase, that there would be an increasing number of unemployables due to automation, and only those with a college education, and training in their chosen fields would be able to get work. Man needs work as he needs bread.

The Problem

So here we have the problem. The education of the people. Fifty percent of Cuba's millions were illiterate. No wonder Castro had to talk for so many hours at a time, giving background and painting a picture of what they were aiming at, for a multitude who could not read. He has pleaded for peaceful co-existence, and he has said that the Church has endured under the Roman empire, under a feudal system, under monarchies, empires, republics and democracies. Why cannot she exist under a socialist state? He has asked the priests to remain to be with their people and a goodly number of Jesuits, God bless them, have elected to remain and do parish work instead of run schools. They know what it is to be persecuted and even by Churchmen too. They were suppressed by the Pope, expelled from Spain, in their own history.

The word socialism has many meanings and Martin Buber used it one way in his great book (now a paper back) Paths in Utopia. In Russia it is understood as Marxist socialism as opposed to Utopian Socialism. And "atheism is an integral part of Marxism," Lenin said. If this is the type of socialism which will be taught in Cuban schools which are springing up all over the island, of course we are against it. But there is an atheistic capitalism too, and atheistic materialism which is more subtle and more deadly. The former editor of the *Osservatore Romano* has called attention to this cancer on our social body. Certainly we have kept God out of our own school system here in the United States. What is worst of all is using God and religion to bolster up our own greed, our own attachment to property and putting God and country on an equality.

We are certainly not Marxist socialists nor do we believe in violent revolution. Yet we do believe that it is better to revolt, to fight, as Castro did with his handful of men, he worked in the fields with the cane workers and thus gained them to his army—than to do nothing.

We are on the side of the revolution. We believe there must be new concepts of property, which is proper to man, and that the new concept is not so new. There is a Christian communism and a Christian capitalism as Peter Maurin pointed out. We believe in farming communes and cooperatives and will be happy to see how they work out in Cuba. We are in correspondence with friends in Cuba who will send us word as to what is happening in religious circles and in the schools. We have been invited to visit by a young woman who works in the National Library in Havana and we hope some time we will be able to go. We are happy to hear that all the young people who belong to the sodality of our Lady in the U.S. are praying for Cuba and we too join in prayer that the pruning of the mystical vine will enable it to bear much fruit. God bless the priests and people of Cuba. God bless Castro and all those who are seeing Christ in the poor. God bless all those who are seeking the brotherhood of man because in loving their brothers they love God even though they deny Him.

We reaffirm our belief in the ultimate victory of good over evil, of love over hatred and we believe that the trials which beset us in the world today are for the perfecting of our faith which is more precious than gold.

"Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice you just and be jubilant all you upright of heart." Because "All the way to heaven is heaven, because He has said, 'I am the Way.'"

camp, of which I am one of the leaders. We are going to dig the septic tank at the Arellano's new house and erect a bamboo shade area behind the Cristo Rey Center for the children who are to be cared for there this summer. If we do not get this project finished it can be completed by another group which is coming in another few weeks. Not only these various group projects are taking place but also many unaffiliated individuals are contributing in different ways so Mrs. Brickley's house is the hub of great activity. Although the results of all this sometimes seem disappointingly small—yet they are significant when I compare Tracy with an area of unrelieved misery such as Winters. Of course Andy is trying to organize the union in Winters and fight for better conditions but the situation is discouraging.

I wish you best and also the other Catholic Workers and that you may be successful in all your many worthwhile projects.

Sincerely,

Lise Bowmann

Cross Currents

Many of our readers will be especially interested in the recent issue of CROSSCURRENTS, a quarterly which we have highly recommended before. In particular, we found Herve Chaigne's article, "The Spirit of Gandhian Non-Violence," one of the most exciting and lucid introductions to the "Force that is born of Truth and Love," yet to appear in English. Also, for those who have been following the situation in Cuba, there are in this same Spring issue, two fine articles by Claude Julien, "Cuba: A Prototype of Revolution against Colonial Imperialism," and "Church and State in Cuba: Development of a Conflict," both of which we found enlightening from a Christian point of view.

For this Spring 1961 issue, the price of which is \$1, or a yearly subscription for \$3.50, write to CROSS CURRENTS QUARTERLY, 103 Van Houten Fields, West Nyack, N.Y.