

CATHOLIC WORKER



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THE ORGANIZER

By DOROTHY DAY

"Workers of the World, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains!" This is one of those stirring slogans of the Marxists which especially appeals to youth, no matter what kind of family they come from, upper, middle, or lower middle-class. If it does not attract them to Marxism, it at least gives them a sense of community and relatedness to other sufferers and combats the sense of futility and frustration which encompasses so many.

Cesar Chavez is the leader of the Delano California farm workers who are on strike in an area which stretches for four hundred miles and includes thousands of acres of grapes, tomatoes, apricots, cotton—all kinds of crops. This strike, which has been going on since last September, has an appeal to all the poor of the United States. Chavez uses the word **commitment**, a word much in style now. But he combines it with the idea of necessity, the irrevocable.

"We are committed," he says. "When you lose your car, then lose your home, you do not become less committed, but more. None of us have anything more to lose."

The agricultural workers of this country have long been the most abandoned and forgotten. They have been neglected in all social-security legislation. From the first issue of the *Catholic Worker*, down through the years, we have written about the Negroes working on the levees, about the dispossessed sharecroppers of Arkansas and Oklahoma, the Mexicans in the onion fields of Ohio and Michigan, in sugar beets in the middle northwest, about those who work in the potato farms in Maine, Long Island and New Jersey, in the turpentine woods of the South, about the citrus pickers of Florida, the Delta Negroes now being dispossessed from the cotton fields, and now the present strikers in California. The *Catholic Worker* has dealt with these stories and I have personally visited these fields of struggle. When the great acreage of farms controlled by the Campbell Soup people in New Jersey were followed by strike we urged boycott of these products and when the strike had been won and the years passed, Hisaye Yamamoto, who lived with us on the Peter Maurin Farm for years, went back to the area to interview her fellow Japanese who were by then working under greatly improved conditions.

It is a struggle through all the years of our lives which has to do with **Factories in the Fields** (the title of a book of a generation past, written by Carey McWilliams, present editor of the *Nation*, which can still be found in the libraries.) It is a struggle which involves the food problem of the world and the best way to handle it. It involves discussion of the population problem, and so encompasses the all-absorbing needs of food and sex. It employs every nationality on West and East coasts, from far-off India and Pakistan, southeast Asia, as well as the Caribbean. It involves our own Negro and white Americans.

Over all these years there have been sporadic outbreaks among rural workers from coast to coast. It is only now that the nationwide picture has become unified, under the leadership of a man of vision as well as of experience. We had a story about the strike



in California in our January issue, written by a young CW reader who has been active there. Bob Callagy, of the Oakland Catholic Worker group, and number of other young families, are busy trucking food and clothing to the strikers.

So this continuation of the story is to call attention to Cesar Chavez himself, and the interview I am basing it on is by Lisa Hobbs, the San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle of January 16th.

Chavez is thirty-seven years old and was born in Texas. His grandfather had homesteaded near Yuma in 1889 and had very rich land just off the Colorado River. Cesar and his four brothers and sisters were brought up there. They were taught the Catholic faith by their grandmother, the only member of the family who could read or write.

When the Depression came, crop prices failed, and taxes were raised (to care for the people put off the land and set to wandering with the crops or living in the cities). The water bills, a big item in the West, went unpaid, and the land was foreclosed. The grandparents and all the rest of the family then went west to Cali-

fornia and worked in the fields, drifting from crop to crop.

Chavez himself only went as far as the eighth grade but read widely, biographies and history as well as the Bible. He discovered, he says, "that Paul was a great organizer who would go out and talk to the people right in their homes and be one of them." He was doubtless impressed too with the fact that St. Paul was a worker, who earned his living by weaving tents from goat hair.

When Chavez was in his mid-twenties his organizing ability was recognized by the Community Service Organization, a statewide group supported by voluntary contributions to assist the Mexican American in citizenship and legal problems. He served as statewide organizer and after seven years' experience was appointed executive director of the Los Angeles headquarters. After ten years of this kind of work, he went back to work in the fields and to organize. His wife Helen, mother of eight children, was born in Delano and so the present "revolution" is starting there.

Six years ago, when I drove out through Arizona and up the California Valley, I wrote of the

lettuce strike around El Centro and told of meeting a young Italian priest whose family were landowners, and the beginning of his interest in the problems of the workers. I wrote, too, of the C.I.O. auto workers' attempts to organize around Stockton, and of Hank Anderson and Henry Van Dyke, whose reports showed vision for all of California.

Now Chavez has organized his National Farm Workers Association, which seems able to work side by side with the existing unions in the field. Since the strike started a bulletin has been published, attractively illustrated by Mexican worker artists which may be received by writing to El Malcriado, Box 894, Delano, Calif., for \$2.00 a year. In the bulletin one finds indications of the larger purpose which Cesar Chavez has in mind. The insistence on non-violence, the emphasis on the religious and moral aspects of the strike, and the expression of hope and faith animated by love, make this strike different from any other I have ever written about.

Cesar Chavez also takes a national view, as the name of his association indicates. What he

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DELTA "INVASION"

This month, one hundred and ten civil rights workers, Negro and white, seized the deactivated Air Force barracks ("an economy move") at Greenville, Mississippi. It was the latest move in the non-violent revolution going on here and there around the country, side by side with the violent war going on in Southeast Asia. The Negroes and their white sympathizers had been crowding Strike City, an emergency tent colony set up in this rich Delta region of the Mississippi, where Negro farm workers have been evicted from the plantations for striking for a living wage. There are a hundred and sixty Negroes living in the tent city now, forming their own "government", they say. Those readers who picture the sunny South should remember the zero temperatures we have had this past month all through that region.

The Air Force base comprises three hundred empty buildings on two thousand acres. Twenty-six civilians live there as caretakers. To carry out the eviction one hundred and fifty Air Police were flown in from the Keesler Air Force base, in Biloxi, from Lowery base, in Denver, from Chanute base, in Illinois, and from Lackland and Randolph Air bases, in San Antonio. The squatters had brought in wood stoves for heat, besides their bedding, and were prepared to set up emergency housekeeping, perhaps with the hope that some gesture might be made for them like the one made this month to the suffering of New York, when Armories were opened up and cots and bedding provided, not only during the transit strike, but during the rent strikes in Brooklyn, where tenants had been living in subhuman conditions.

But no such hospitality was offered by the Federal Government. The live-in was sponsored by members of the Poor People's Conference, the Freedom Democratic Party and the Delta ministry, which is made up of ministers of many faiths. Bishop Paul Moore, Jr. suffragan Bishop of Washington, D.C. is chairman of the Commission on the Delta ministry. Notwithstanding the ugliness of the public image evoked, the homeless were carried bodily out of the Air Force base. Greenville is on the Mississippi, about two hundred miles down river from Memphis, in the heart of the rich delta country. The *Catholic Worker* has had reports in past years from this section of Mississippi and in an account some six years ago we noted that in Cleveland, Mississippi, 240 Negro families were evicted from the R. M. Dedkins plantation of 20,000 acres. "Scores of other plantations in Tallahatchie, Sunflower, Bolivar and other counties are getting thousands of Negroes off the plantation, with the coming of the machine, and the civil rights movement. Some 50,000 Negroes voluntarily leave yearly in search of better living." A recent Mississippi State University study of conditions stated that 114,460 Negroes left the state in the fifties from 14 Delta Counties alone. Even while the present dramatic eviction was going on, other Negroes were climbing under the chain link fences which enclosed the base, including, one newspaper account said, a mother and five little children from three to ten years old.

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The Transcendence Of Catholicism

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Catholicism remains as always essentially transcendental, essentially above cultures, politics, economics. Catholicism is not identical with monarchy or democracy or Socialism or decentralization. It is not identical with laissez-faire economics or anarchism, the wage contract or worker ownership. Catholicism is essentially above all these things. But since we (who are members of the Church) must operate in the temporal order it becomes necessary that we pick and choose, that we try this system or that. But in doing so we should always be most careful not to confuse our personal choices with the Church as such. Our temporal systems stand or fall insofar as they promote justice and charity. The Church can accommodate herself to any of these systems as long as they do not interfere with her divinely appointed mission.

And so it is that while the Pope may write of economic questions, as they exist here and now, he does not preclude the possibility of supplanting such systems with others which men may come to regard as superior. The Church did not condemn, as such, the economic arrangement of slavery. But it was eventually realized that the Catholic conception of the worth of the person made slavery very difficult to practice and so it was supplemented by feudalism. But then it was gradually realized that this system also failed to respect the integrity of the person, and it moved on to capitalism with its wage contract. And, I hope, the time will come when it will be realized that capitalism does not meet the requirements of the human person and we will move on to something else, which in turn may fail us (yes, even decentralization and anarcho-syndicalism) and so we will reject that and move on again. During each of these stages there has never been wanting those who feared that if the status quo was disturbed, if a particular economic or political order was changed, the Church would end with it. But we know that the Church has survived these, as she will survive capitalism or (God, help us) "Latin" and "Celtic" culture.

Who Baptized Capitalism?

I have been criticized (by John Cort in *Commonweal*) for having written kind words of the Industrial Workers of the World preamble, which condemns the wage contract whereas the Pope stated it was not necessarily evil. This has been maneuvered into the implication that the Catholic Church is solidly behind the wage contract. Which means, logically, that the Catholic Church is solidly behind capitalism. To attack one you attack the other. A familiar sentiment. It reminds me of the dele-

gation of feudal lords who tried to get the Pope to condemn the Franciscan movement because, so they contended, St. Francis was undermining the feudal system.

When the I.W.W. preamble was written the wage contracts they were familiar with were the old laissez-faire type. And they were clearly unjust. For a contract assumes a certain equality which did not exist then. And so, I am sure, we can forgive the writers of the I.W.W. preamble, if they condemn the concrete reality confronting them and did not observe all the philosophical niceties. And I feel sure, the inequities surrounding the wage contracts of those days (and many today) violate the principles laid down by the Popes.

If a person wants to work for a wage, if he is in a position whereby (how many are) he can bargain freely with an employer, if he is not treated as a commodity to be bought and sold, if therefore, he is guaranteed a living wage and, if married, a family wage, and finally if he is not discarded as a piece of used up machinery when no longer able to work — then, if these conditions be met, such a wage contract would not be unjust. But though it would not be unjust it would still fall short of a system in which the worker owned his own means of production (alone or in combination with others) and therefore controlled his hours of labor and the conditions under which he labors. Such a system would grant greater scope and more respect to the human personality.

Many workers today would not care for such a system because they are conditioned to desire irresponsibility. But should they grow up to desire ownership and the responsibility it entails, should society mature to the point where such a system could operate, then there is no reason why we should stick to the old arrangements any more than feudalism should remain fixed as a permanent economic system. It is all a question of development and there is nothing sacrosanct in the wage system that would make of it an eternal verity. Its justification is empirical and if we find that another arrangement answers our needs better, then it is ridiculous to place ideological or practical difficulties in the way of such an arrangement.

The wage contract presupposes that there are at least two classes in society. The employer class owning the means of production, or controlling it, and those who are employed by them. The Church has never stated, nor will she ever do so, that such a division has to be. If people freely decide to do away with this arrangement, to

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Meditation On The Sea

By NICHOLAS ROSA

Rather many years ago, when I was working in oceanography, I occasionally exchanged notes with Dorothy Day. Dorothy was always enthusiastically about my work and frequently asked me to write something about the sea for the *Catholic Worker* so that all readers could have a taste of it. In those years I laid down a great many of those well-known paving stones; except for a piece in the January 1960 issue of *Saint Helena Island* (a beautiful place whose people maintain their gentleness and dignity under a burden of unnecessary poverty) I never got anything written.

Now I am landlocked. I don't know for how long. Young as I am, it may work out that I go West before I go to sea again. So now I am more conscious of the sea than I ever was when floating on it—and in those days I spent every spare moment marveling at it. I taste it now and breathe it now, and often close my eyes and recall the incredible blue of it that I knew from both outside it and in.

The sea will serve man, and you who yearn for the wherewithal to feed the hungry will eventually find it there. You will find minerals and building ma-



terials and limitless water and even sources of electric power. For a long time to come, the sea will absorb the excess carbon dioxide generated by too many people burning too much fossil fuel. For a time, too, it will absorb some of the extra heat released by all our fuel-burning—including atomic fuel-burning.

We could, you know, do better than to develop atomic energy as a power source: we might put comparable research and development efforts into the development of solar power (which means we use, generate, and liberate no more heat than the sun gives us every day) and of power from temperature differentials in the sea. That at least is the opinion of one minor and duly humble quondam marine scientist. But a planet with too many people on it, and as many people yet to come before this century is out, needs power in a hurry. Atomic energy is quick.

"Too many people." That truth pains me. I like to say "yes" to life (as the sea does). But just as there could be too many people for a tiny ocean island, there could be too many people for the tiny island in space that this planet really is. There is no room here to dwell on how and why the Pacific islands had, for so long, just the "right" population for their resources. I can only indicate that in part the processes at work were

the same as work on a school of fish or a herd of deer. In part they were the result of systems of painful taboos (nay-saying) and sometimes of monstrous social policies sanctioned by the prevailing religions—which had no choice but to promote taboos and ritual murder.

In using the ocean man will undoubtedly do his utmost to change it, foul it, spoil it. Nearly a decade ago some of our best atomic and oceanographic brains were put to work to try to measure the risks in using the oceans as dumping grounds for atomic wastes. After a couple of years of intensive labor these scientists reported that it would take fifty years to get the answer at the prevailing rate of progress in ocean research. However, they added, in only fifteen years the answer wouldn't matter, given the prevailing rate of waste-dumping. Fortunately, oceanographic research has expanded greatly in the last five years, and some controls have been put on the dumping.

Even so, the great virgin sea will be an irresistible challenge to mercantile-technological man — man the despoiler. For mercantile man, nothing must stand in the way of the sacred right to make a dollar. For technological man, nothing must stand in the way of the sacred right to perform feats for the sake of performing them.

But take heart. Today, the ocean is still a vast survival of the planet Earth as God made it. So far, nobody has been able to do anything to it that it notices. It still burgeons with life, perhaps in greater abundance than on the land. For all its openness it still offers refuges. It can still be a remote wilderness, and man in all his numbers cannot be everywhere. Oceanic populations tend to be astronomical—especially when it comes to the organisms that matter, the "simple" and "lowly" forms at the beginnings of all the food chains. Out of populations measurable in the billions of billions, there are bound to come adaptable individuals that can survive anything, including a radioactive environment. Including near-total oxygen loss. Including excessive temperature. For as long as the sea is wet, something will live, multiply, and differentiate.

Only a few years ago, when war-monger and peacemaker alike spoke with a seeming relish about the destruction of all life on the planet, I would wake in the small hours and hear the mockingbird in the tree outside, and eventually remember the oceans. And I would know that it couldn't be done. Man might commit suicide this very morning, and take the mockingbirds and the crickets and the cockroaches and the deer and even the cabbages with him. But we would never manage to get everything in the sea, not in our generation, not even with cobalt bombs. Eventually the ocean would fill with life again, and one species after another would come out on the land. And after some time a mockingbird would perch on something that looked like a tree, and would sing in a night lit by stars that had hardly changed. And perhaps something that felt like a man would lie on a bed and listen and wonder, and eventually smile.

The mother of all of them would be the sea, as ours was, for in its substance, long ago, was the "slime of Earth" from which God brought Adam.

Our mother was the sea, but we were born for the land. In those lonely nights I was acutely aware of that mockingbird, of all us warm-blooded creatures. My old friends the euphausiid shrimp and the squids and tunicates and jellyfish and flying fishes and sharks, and bright noctiluca and pyrosoma, were not really much in my thoughts. The mockingbird and I had visions and we had feelings, of a variety and intensity those

others back in the womb could not share.

The bird sang and sang in the night, innocent. In another room, asleep, was my singing bird of the day, a completely apolitical infant girl. To me, this bird and this child were immeasurably more important than all the issues and manifestoes, the crusades and the causes, the righteousness and the just wars, the theories and the mystiques, the boundaries and the prior rights. And the moralities. "The law was made for man, not man for the law." Important. Not just in my sight. In God's. It would be all right. We would not do it.

I could lick my lips and find a trace of cool sea water, the drying sweat of my fireball-lighted nightmare. It was all right. Our mother the sea would not have to labor again to produce the mockingbird and the child.

Mine was not the only awakening. In those turn-of-the-decade years millions of people, including dozens, hundreds, of "thinkers about the unthinkable," were awake at odd hours. But I am really speaking of another awakening. I have only observed it firsthand among Americans, but Americans are all I have seen for six years. It is happening among other peoples. Man is awakening to his place in the web of life, to the existence and the rights of the life that surrounds him. Man sees his planet being violated and despoiled and he fears and protests. Man takes his eyes off the television screen and yearns for the cool green places and the ancient hills and the clear tumbling waters. Man sees beaches as something other than sites for profitable summer cottages or old-car dumps or chemical factories. Man worries about our chemical warfare against the "lower forms," about the consequences, tangible and intangible, of insulting even the earthworm with a pesticide. This has not happened at the usual "social pace." This begins to look like a revolution. I am not complacent but I am getting sanguine.

There is more, if Dorothy will have it. I would like to tell you about the porpoises in convention by the millions off the African coast; about all the life that glows as it breathes, and puts startling lights in the water, or lights up the whole sea; about the giant sea turtles spawning on Ascension; about the inverted sky of the deep ocean, where the casual diver finds himself in an oddly decorated blue room, with delicately sculptured purple jellyfish, one to a cubic yard, as evenly spaced as figures on wallpaper, hanging in the wet void all around him. About the eating and being eaten, and the prodigies of vertical migration that billions of tiny creatures must perform every night to do it; about huge flying fishes, and rocketing squid, and wicked toothy eel-gars, all leaping aboard the ship at night.

And the life and death that dance together on every beach, and the stubborn little creatures crabs, surely, and perhaps some of the shrimp and even some of the little fish—still trying to invade the land after we and other vertebrates and the insects and the worms have pre-empted it for two million years. And about the men who go to sea, and the small research ships with low freeboard and slow speed and many stops in the middle of nowhere. And the re-enactment every dawn of the dividing of the light from the darkness, after darkness had lain over the face of the deep.

A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder; and is, in fact, the great security of human life. The law of capital punishment, whilst pretending to support this reverence, does in fact tend to destroy it.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

This mild February afternoon of the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes—cloudy but with air soft and April-like—seems a true precursor of Spring, a day when hardy skunk cabbages might boldly push through the thawing earth; or to choose a fairer flower (for Peggy Conklin tells me one of ours has already put in its appearance), jonquils, sun-seeking amid rivulets of melting snow. Knowing the ways of February thaws, I see in my mind a changing landscape: the snowy coverlet left us by the blizzard which hit the Northeast during the last weekend of January now rapidly becoming a patchwork of mud, thaw-stained and diminished drifts, and sodden winter vegetation. Yet outside my window, the winter-keeping birds sound a happy, though somewhat unmelodic, medley of twitterings and chirpings, as though they too felt an anticipatory ecstasy of Spring.

That blizzard when Nature's great wind instruments blew a grand finale to January's otherwise undramatic weather symphony, brought us also a weekend of lively, interesting visitors. Dr. William Miller, the history professor at Marquette University who is doing a book about the Catholic Worker, drove in Friday just ahead of the main force of the storm, accompanied by his research assistant, two young men interested in pacifism, and a young woman planning to stay for a while at the Catholic Worker.

Later that same day Bob Steed, Anne Marie Stokes, and Jacques Travers arrived. Although we did not experience the full brunt of the storm here at Tivoli, we had enough to enhance our enjoyment of a warm house, a comfortable living room, and the variety and stimulus of new persons to talk with. Anne Marie and Bob are, of course, old friends and fellow workers, but since they are no longer able to visit us as frequently as they did at Peter Maurin Farm, their visits are anticipated eagerly. Since Anne Marie and Jacques are French, they naturally conversed from time to time in their own language. It is always good to hear French beautifully spoken—for it is certainly one of the world's most beautiful languages—but whenever I hear it spoken at the Catholic Worker, I am reminded that Peter Maurin, our co-founder, was a French peasant, trained and educated by the French Christian Brothers, and that many of the ideas which he incorporated into the Catholic Worker program of cult, culture, and cultivation came directly or indirectly from some of the great French radical thinkers and theologians.

In any Catholic Worker community, a blizzard and a houseful of company—every bed was taken and one late-comer slept on a living room sofa—are just the conditions in which some sort of crisis is most likely to occur. Early Sunday morning, while the storm was still raging, Joe Cotter, who had returned from the hospital only a few days previously, suffered another severe attack of emphysema. While Marty, Jim, and James set out with Joe for the hospital, driving through drifting and almost blinding snow, Dorothy Day, who had arisen to help care for Joe, continued in prayer in the chapel until Marty made it home safely. Joe received the oxygen and medicine he needed, and after several days of treatment at the hospital is back with us once again at the farm.

Many of our friends and readers will remember Joe, who for many years has been one of our most faithful workers. In addition to being our principal electrical and plumbing repair man, Joe operated the cannery, both at Maryfarm and Peter Maurin Farm, canning thousands of jars of vegetables to help feed both our farm and city families. Until

he became too ill to work, Joe has been Hans Tunnesen's chief assistant in the kitchen of our Tivoli farm. Joe has always suffered much from arthritis and ulcers, and now that he has the additional affliction of emphysema, he certainly can use the prayers of all his friends.

Wintertime work here at the farm is, as many readers have probably surmised, largely a matter of keeping St. Joseph's rural house of hospitality operating for the welfare and comfort of family and guests. It is a large house but usually well filled, since all but two of the men—John Filliger and Joe Dumenski—move in with the coming of colder weather. As several of those concerned will tell you, there is enough work to keep a number of persons busy much of the time. John Filliger, who started farming for the Catholic Worker in 1936, always manages to keep busy even during the winter lull in farm activity. He walks up to the pump-house several times a day to see that our somewhat antiquated pump is regulated properly. With Mike Sullivan he looks after the maintenance of the furnace and the plumbing. John also often takes a turn at the community dish-pan, and is always ready to help out in any way that he can. Meanwhile, waiting for plowing and planting time, he studies seed catalogues and dreams of bumper harvests. John is a large man, with a noticeable stomach which he sometimes refers to as his bread basket, and he still walks, I suspect, with something of a seaman's roll. Although he looks with a sour, disgruntled eye on intellectuals—especially if they are of the young male variety given to much talk and little manual labor, he is usually pleasant, jovial, accommodating.

Although Hans Tunnesen now confines his activity to the kitchen area, for many years he was also our principal carpenter and builder. He is in his seventies, small, wiry, peppery, with a weak back in consequence of a fall some years ago and much hard work. He is an excellent cook, and has cooked for Catholic Worker retreats and conferences for many years. Since he learned to cook at sea, he prefers his kitchen to be neat and shipshape, and does not like unnecessary clutter or persons about. Like John, Hans disdains most intellectuals, but is more kindly disposed if they are female, young, and attractive. John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen and Joe Cotter are certainly our most dedicated, most responsible workers. Others have come and gone and have given much help, but these three have been the stalwarts, the mainstay, have provided, as Dorothy Day says, the continuity.

Naturally it takes more than three persons to keep things going in a large family like ours. Among those making valuable contributions in various aspects of the work, I must name—Alice Lawrence, Fred Lindsey, Marcus Moore, Joe Ferry, James, Mike Sullivan, Arthur Sullivan, Jim Canavan, Arthur Lacey. Maria Meagher has not only continued to look after Agnes, but has also done much typing for Dorothy and Marty. A newcomer to our family, Jack Joyce, has taken over most of our car driving—this seems to be a fulltime job in itself—and has generally proved to be helpful and pleasant. Marty and Rita Corbin keep busy at the general management of house, paper, and family. Dorothy Day continues to work at her correspondence and writing, and to give talks to colleges, seminaries, and other groups not too far away.

A house of hospitality inhabited by persons of such diverse, even antithetical, personalities is in danger of becoming, as Stanley Vishnewski likes to say, a house of hostility. We differ in fact not

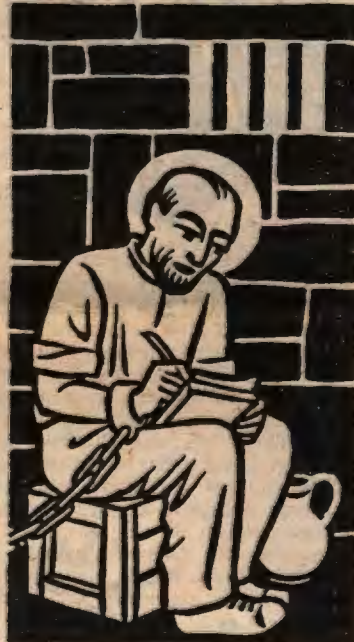
Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

only in background and temperament, but also in interest and sense of commitment; some of us feeling a commitment to the whole or greater part of the Catholic Worker program, others perhaps to one phase only. With us we bring a wide variety of problems. From time to time in our midst we have numbered persons suffering from problems related to alcoholism, various kinds of mental and physical handicaps, senility, mental retardation, and all the complex of problems which assail the young unmarried woman about to become a mother. Considering the factors in our persons and situation which would seem to make for hostility, I think the kind of peaceful milieu which is often found here may be considered something of an achievement.

Perhaps our visitors help us to achieve a more peaceful milieu simply by adding needed variety and stimulus to our lives. Among those visitors who have made a



SAINT PAUL

contribution of this kind during recent weeks, I should like to mention: Sheila Dugan and her three charming little daughters, Tom Murray and his fiancée Jan Weston, Catherine Swann, Terry Sullivan, Frank and Marge Blum, Father David Kirk and Father Lyle Young, who sang two beautiful masses of the Melkite rite in our chapel, various groups of seminarians, members of religious orders, and many other visitors from both sides of the Hudson River. Finally, today (St. Valentine Day), twelve Anglican priests, members of the Monday Club, came to enjoy one of Hans' good dinners. Then there are compensations in our rural life: the natural beauty of the setting in which we live, time and opportunity to view the full glory of a winter sunset, time to watch the woods fill up with snow, time to listen to the wind in the pines, time to listen to the twittering medley of winter birds, time to spend in the chapel.

Q birds at my window—chickadee, junco, nuthatch, and sparrow—teach me to sing with my small talents a song of praise to Him Who marked the sparrow's fall, and Who gave us His peace. Bless the Lord, all ye His creatures.

OSCAR WILDE:

"The great mistake of modern society is that, instead of applying science to the abolition of slavery, we try to amuse the slaves."

CHRYSTIE STREET

By NICOLE d'ENTREMONT

Charlie Keefe, soup-concocter extraordinaire of Chrystie Street, took a vacation for a week. Yesterday he came into the office on his busman's holiday and told us that Horn and Hardart had nothing on Chrystie Street ohow and besides that, they overcharged him. Charlie looked like a real squig, dressed up professionally in a suit, vest and tie and he completed the image by reciting "The Hound of Heaven." Charlie is the only person I know who can recite that poem without hinting apology in his voice for the purple patches. He just recites it for what it's worth, so you remember the good parts and quit quibbling about the bad.

Sadness continued on Chrystie Street this month. Ray Leech and Ben Fry died in February. Ray and Ben were wonderful around the house. Ray used to go with Chris twice a week to the Washington Street Market to beg vegetables and he would gladly run errands. He had a shy, half-serious, half-smiling way about him and would doff his hat in the morning and say, "good morning, my lady" in courtly tones. People who used to know him at the old CW House on Mott Street say that he was known as the shy apostle. In those first bleak days he used to collect left-over food from the Chinese restaurant he worked for late at night and bring it over for people at the House. Ben was a good reconciler whenever tempers ran high; that's a primary virtue in a "house of hostility," as ours sometimes is. Ben was also a good cook and it was he who taught me when to stop cooking liver before it became rubber.

Everyone around the House will miss these two men, for even if you didn't know them well it was impossible not to be touched by them in life. Sometimes that is a staggering thought about community. No matter how much you fail to know or like the members of the community you still receive gifts from them every day of the week. They either cut the bread, or set the table, or fold the paper or lick the stamps or run the errands and directly or indirectly you receive the gift.

Darwin Prichett is back with us, after a three-month stay in the hospital, and he has taken over the tedious job of Zip coding all the old and new addresses. It's a big job and we're happy that he's around to help us out. Ursula McGuire has been released from St. Vincent's Hospital and is now up at the farm. Ursula was in the hospital since early October and at one point was paralyzed from the waist down and unable to speak. Now she's walking by herself slowly, sometimes with the aid of a cane, and her speech is coming back.

Roger LaPorte Children's Center

Catherine Swann has decided to name her storefront for kids after Roger LaPorte. For the past month groups of us have been working over there. We have a couple of new members in the community, Kathy Nackowski, from Salt Lake City, Bill George from St. Michael's College in Toronto and Phil Maloney, from St. Louis, so the work gets done.

The storefront is located at 210 East 3rd Street, in a typical crowded Puerto Rican community. The front is painted bright red and inside the walls are a riot of orange, black, pink, red and yellow. The way Catherine has it planned one room will be for study and relative quiet and the next room for noise. Already kids have been dropping in from the block and asking what's going on and getting pretty excited when told about the new hangout.

The speakers have dealt primarily with Vietnam and Non-Violence at our Friday night meetings at St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street. Paul H. Rockwell, Columbia Independent Com-

mittee on Vietnam, spoke on the futile American involvement there and gave everyone an historical perspective on the situation. Maris Cakars, from the New York Workshop in Non-Violence, spoke on Non-Violence and the New Left; and Joe Monroe gave us his view of Harlem as a resident and worker involved in Harlem self-help community organizations. Charles Altman, otherwise known as Charlie Brown, gave a lecture on the Absurd Revolution and I'm still trying to figure out what it's about.

The United States vs. David J. Miller came to court on February 9th and 10th. The prosecutor, Mr. Peter Fleming, proved beyond a doubt that Dave did burn his draft card (a fact that Dave has always admitted) but it took the testimony of Federal agents from New York and Boston, a special Federal handwriting and typewriting analyst from Washington, a member of Dave's local board, a stock-room clerk employed by the local board plus well documented pictures and maps showing the location of the draft-card burning and finally the charred remnant of draft card to prove without doubt that Dave did what he said he did in the first place. There were a few humorous moments in the prosecutions' testimony that heightened the absurdity of their case. Agent Bob Ibbott one of the Government's witnesses and an old acquaintance of the CW was the first to take the stand. We first came in contact with Agent Ibbott when he arrested Murphy Dowd on the corner of Delancey and the Bowery. Catherine was agile enough to get a picture of the arrest, and we're sorry to hear that Agent Ibbott got into trouble with his superiors because he didn't take the film away from her. On the stand Agent Ibbott testified that he was in the vicinity of the Whitehall Induction Center on Oct. 15, 1965. In fact, he said that he was twenty feet away from the sound truck platform that Dave was standing on as he burned his card. Unfortunately, Agent Ibbott said that he was unable to hear the speech Dave made prior to burning his card but that he was near enough to the platform to retrieve the charred portion of draft card. At one point in Dave's testimony the court recorder asked how to spell conscientious objection. The defense consisted mainly in trying to raise the real issue—the war in Vietnam, war in general, freedom of speech, and how the burning of a draft card is indeed symbolic speech. It was more or less decided by both sides that a draft card is not necessary for the smooth functioning of the Selective Service System. The entire courtroom proceedings and, of course, the verdict of guilty by a reluctant judge had an absurdity about them that could have been comic were the consequences not so serious. The possibility remains that Dave could spend up to five years in jail for his offense against society. Paul Mann, a young non-cooperator staying at the CW wrote a song in tribute to Dave, Murph and Jim in which he says . . .

"to me it sure seems crazy
you may think what you will
one man goes to prison for
murder
and another for refusing to
kill."

CHICAGO MEETING

MARCH 18th

A Catholic Worker Meeting
For Peace

32 WEST RANDOLPH
At 8 P.M.

Speakers will include:

AMMON HENNACY
THOMAS CORNELL

BOOK REVIEWS

A CRITIQUE OF PURE TOLERANCE, by Robert Paul Wolff, Barrington Moore, Jr., and Herbert Marcuse. Beacon Press, \$2.45. Reviewed by WALTER W. HARP.

How much is the American liberal's life patterned by acceptance of the rhetoric of violence and war? How much do the very words of liberalism deny their intended meanings? The language of an politics relies on dichotomies, on an artificially split world leaning now toward the good guys (us) and now the bad (them). For "us" and "them" we substitute many terms: democracy and totalitarianism, capitalism and communism, freedom and slavery. The danger in this language is not that it involves abstraction, for thought and language are abstracting processes; but rather that it forces us to abstract in twos, to see social and political life ranged neatly on one or the other side of a great divide.

Liberals of the left use the distortions of political language when they see their interests as the only ones that challenge an established power structure. Thus Julian Bond and David Miller may symbolize the struggle of truth against power. But the real truth that both men have witnessed is obscured when we see conflict in America solely in the split terms of us and them, of left and right, of doves and hawks.

A Critique of Pure Tolerance is a book about truth—not about what truth is, but about how we avoid it, and how it might better be approached. But why "tolerance" as a focal point for the discussion of truth? The authors state in summary that "for each of us the prevailing theory and practice of tolerance turned out on examination to be in varying degrees hypocritical masks to cover appalling political realities." Herbert Marcuse offers a fuller statement in his concluding essay:

The political locus of tolerance has changed: while it is more or less quietly and constitutionally withdrawn from the opposition, it is made compulsory behavior with respect to established policies. Tolerance is turned from an active into a passive state, from practice to non-practice: laissez-faire the constituted authorities. It is the people who tolerate the government, which in turn tolerates opposition within the framework determined by the constituted authorities.

In other words, "acceptable truth" and "truth" may have little or no connection.

The relevance of this book for the pacifist and for peace movements generally lies in its quiet insistence on the need for something more than the simple claim that men as individuals can "speak truth to power." To rest on this claim is to say, in effect, that truth is what we have and power is what they have. In these terms, is the oppressed pacifist any different from the oppressed Klansman? Both stand against the Establishment. Isn't David Miller as "extreme" as Robert Shelton? The United States Government would have us believe so, and it is here that the Establishment can effectively challenge the liberal's claim to uniqueness, saying, "We tolerate both left and right within the limits of the national interest; we punish both left and right when the limits are passed." The argument is a strong one because it offers the image of government as permitting, and "moderating" when necessary, the natural extremes of individual belief and action.

But the assumption here, seldom openly stated, is that extremism and wrong are synonymous; or, conversely, that what is right and true is also moderate. The pacifist is in a particularly good position to criticize this assumption because he finds himself at the outer edge—and often beyond the limits

—of tolerance; perhaps thereby he also finds himself closer to a kind of truth that is not merely acceptable. But in fact pacifism seldom does address itself to the questions of defining truth and power. How does one answer the charge that Bond and Miller and Shelton are of a similar ilk? Most often we answer in terms of haves and have-nots: the first two men have the truth, Robert Shelton obviously does not. By dropping the argument at this point, however, we open ourselves to Barrington Moore's criticism:

Those who accuse the pacifists of merely trying to opt out of the struggle are, I believe, largely correct. With a few distinguished exceptions those who try to frighten us with the horrors of war avoid analyzing the social and political costs of peace, which might well be catastrophic.

The key implication of peace is a radical change in society as we know it: i.e., a revolution in attitudes and action. And revolution would indeed be catastrophic for the present social and political system. Given this situation, the pacifist must reason beyond the common stand of speaking truth (peace) to power (violence), to the point where he is concerned first with the structure of power as it exists today and then with the kind of re-structuring that a call to peace demands of society. The authors of *A Critique of Pure Tolerance* perform the vital task of indicating the need for a new order and suggesting, in different and sometimes opposing ways, approaches to such an order.

NUCLEAR WAR: The Ethic, the Rhetoric, the Reality by Justus George Lawler, Newman Press, \$4.95. Reviewed by JAMES DOUGLASS.

An emerging achievement of the Vatican Council is the universal church's commitment to a Catholic vision of peace in the nuclear age. According to press reports, the just-revised text of the schema on the church in the modern world not only condemns in the strongest possible language any act of total war, that is, any indiscriminate killing of combatants and non-combatants alike, whether by nuclear or "conventional" weapons, but it also refuses to sanction any threat of total warfare (the nuclear deterrent). The schema further recommends that Catholics resist all such policies and orders and that governments respect the right of any man in conscience to abstain from participation in war.

In the context of a militant nationalism which Catholics have so frequently and so abusively linked with the church, such a statement constitutes—like *Pacem in Terris*—a moral revolution. Coming in the wake of Pope John's peace initiatives and encyclicals and of Pope Paul's recurring messages to government leaders, in particular his Hiroshima statement last August and address to the United Nations, the conciliar statement confirms beyond any doubt of the National Review the obvious fact: the church today stands at the very center of the peace movement. To put this fact in more concrete language for the American scene: it is the Catholic conscientious objector, not those prepared to assist blindly in the destruction of innocent populations, who is acting in the spirit of the church.

That the church in council would eventually reach so firm a commitment to peace was perhaps inevitable given the heart and mind of the man who set the revolution of Vatican II in motion, John XXIII. Catholic work for peace today derives its main power and inspiration from the greatest man of peace since Francis of Assisi. But the council's culmination in a vision meant to permeate the nuclear age, and to challenge consciences from government offices to Kansas missile silos, has also been the hope, prayer, and unceasing labor of a small but influential body of Catholics in the Western world. It is these peace-workers who, as

writers, pilgrims and council lobbyists, have demanded with an urgency that could not be—and finally was not—ignored, that the church speak out clearly against the enormous injustice of modern war.

One of the most powerful and articulate expressions of this community is *Nuclear War: The Ethic, the Rhetoric, the Reality*, a Catholic assessment by Justus George Lawler. It is dedicated appropriately to two other members of that community, Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts and Thomas Merton. Includes an excellent section on the Johannine strategy of the Catholic peace movement, and concludes with an appeal to the Bishops in Council for precisely the kind of witness which they now in fact seem prepared to give. In short, Justus George Lawler's book sums up the critical moment through which the church is now passing and states prophetically the witness about to come.



As the editor of the outstanding Catholic quarterly, *Continuum*, and in his writings elsewhere, Lawler has for some time been making the most brilliant criticism of the nuclear establishment to be found anywhere in the Catholic world. The essays which make up *Nuclear War: The Ethic, the Rhetoric, the Reality*, have been collected from these sources and show well the author's ability as a moral and linguistic analyst on the one hand to decimate the official rhetoric of "nuclear newspeak," or on the other to take apart and expose the rhetorical evasions of even so eminent a moral theologian as Paul Ramsey when defending a nuclear counterforce strategy. The object of a Lawler analysis, whether it be the technological musing of megaton strategist Kahn or the glib dismissal of nuclear pacifism by a Catholic cold warrior, is shown quickly of nuclear mythology and poetry and reduced to a stark reality. It is this reality which the reader is in each successive analysis of the book forced finally to confront in conscience: the deadly stink of a physically and spiritually burned-out world, the spectre that awaits us behind the masquerade of nuclear "limited strikes."

Perhaps the most valuable chapter is on "The Cuban Blockade and Its Aftermath," in which he cuts through the easy assumptions of our total war readiness in October, 1962, to lay bare the blockade as a paradigm of American moral and political failures: of nuclear newspeak, of crackpot realism, of the implicit threat of massive destruction of Soviet society, of the euphoric indifference of churchmen, of the violation of rule of law, of the unilateral circumventing of the United Nations, and of group suppression of civil liberties. The distance between this evaluation and a popular view of the blockade is due to the unexamined base of our common political philosophy:

"It is 'realpolitik'—a synonym for crackpot realism—the politics of power detached from ethical principles, that more and more is being pursued as the country moves further from that notion of polity which Aristotle defined, and which the founders of the Repub-

lic embraced: the conforming of pragmatic conditions to universal ideals."

The evident power of Lawler's writing is basically that of genuine ethical commitment where we so seldom find or even expect it, in approaching the central questions of international politics, of peace and law in the nuclear age. It is the power of the Johannine vision of international society and of a realism rooted in nature rather than in the acceptance of a national-ego-centered ethic whereby national self-interest (because unredeemable) becomes the measuring rod of every international problem. Only in such a perspective could we hope to discover so remarkable a paragraph as the following, again on the Cuban blockade, in which moral and political power naturally converge:

"President Kennedy might have driven home the fact that a truly great power, a great power as defined by the founders of the Republic, bases its strength on its moral principles. The fundamental question in the Cuban crisis was whether this country did stand for some kind of common law among nations, some kind of distillation of justice—whether written or not and no matter how loosely defined—which the generality of men instinctively recognize; or whether this country believed, as we maintain of the enemy, in power only? If the former is true, then the act of war in international waters was clearly an affront to our deepest principles; but if the latter is true, then there is no such thing as an ideological struggle, and the current conflict has no more significance in the light of history than the War of Jenkins' Ear. We cannot have it both ways. We cannot, for example, base our rights over a portion of Cuban territory on a treaty, on an agreement between sovereign nations which is rooted in the common law of nations, and at the same time unilaterally violate the sovereignty of one of the signatories to that agreement. In short, we cannot stand for 'realpolitik' in blockading Cuba and stand for rule of law in defending Guantanamo."

Nuclear War: The Ethic, the Rhetoric, the Reality should be read as an extremely valuable supplement to the most important statement on war and peace ever made by the Catholic Church, the paragraphs in the schema on the church in the modern world. Lawler penetrates the deadly illusions covering the nuclear landscape where we as American Catholics have settled ourselves so comfortably. But more helpfully he shows a new ground of commitment where the Catholic vision of John XXIII and Vatican II promises life.

(Reprinted, with Mr. Douglass' permission, from the *St. Louis Review*.)

THE WORKS OF PEACE by Eileen Egan; Sheed and Ward, \$4.50. Reviewed by STANLEY VISHNEWSKI.

Eileen Egan, project supervisor of the Catholic Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and consultant on foreign relief programs for the National Council of Catholic Women, in my opinion is a classic in its field. If placed in the hands of the right people, it could do for the poor of the world what Michael Harrington's *The Other America* did for the poor of America.

Many years ago the eminent philosopher Jacques Maritain predicted that the work of Christian renewal in our times would be accomplished by thousands of small cells of dedicated men and women working in the social order. Peter Maurin always taught that charity, to be meaningful, had to be performed at a personal level and with a personal sacrifice. It was the work of good men that would bring about a "new social order within the framework of the old." Eileen Egan has now given us a graphic new picture of the work being done for the ill and needy of the world (often at a personal sacrifice) by the Catholic

women of America acting through the Catholic Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

One is appalled by the extent of the misery and suffering in the world—an agony that no statistics can cover. It comes as a shock to read of a mother uncovering the body of her baby—dead of malnutrition. Miss Egan tells of a man imprisoned for murder. His crime? He killed because a man took his sleeping space on the streets of Calcutta. (A curbstone was his pillow.)

It is not pleasant to read of women who at the age of twenty-eight are bent and crippled beyond their years. It is not pleasant to read of the family suicides in Korea. Miss Egan tells of families gathered together for their last supper, leavened by poison, so that by collective suicide they can escape a cold and hopeless future. But something is being done for these suffering souls, and that is the hopeful message of this book.

Who performs the Works of Peace that Miss Egan writes about?

- Mother Teresa and her Missionaries of Charity in India, who have established a hospice where the starving can come and die in dignity—not to speak of their many clinics and treatment stations for lepers.

- Sister Dulce, who opened a hotel in Salvador, Brazil, to minister to the needs of displaced families.

- Gail Malley, who came from New York to work with a Grail team in Egypt. Her work: teaching women to sew.

- Mamma Fanny, in Colombia, who began taking in homeless children, and with the help of the Catholic Relief Services, expanded her operation into a hostel that cares for hundreds of children.

- Patricia Smith, who went to live among the lepers in Vietnam. These are but a few of the many hundreds of works of mercy recounted in Miss Egan's book.

Did you ever wonder where your clothes go—the bundles that you bring to your parish during the Bishop's Clothing Relief Drive every Thanksgiving? Miss Egan describes "the woman beggar in Hong Kong wearing a neat cotton dress, a child playing on a beach in Vietnam in a cowboy sweat-shirt, an old woman against the bone-chilling winds in layers of woolen sweaters and a stole."

I wish that it were possible for every congressman and senator and person of influence in America to read and study this book. Miss Egan shows how the works of mercy could transform the world. My strong recommendation is to buy a copy for your library and bring *The Works of Peace* to the attention of your congressman.

"Christian asceticism is not born of the conviction that the world is evil. It is not inspired by contempt for life and for joy. We must deliberately reject this sad, morose, defiant, suspicious asceticism, which is nothing but a caricature of true Christian asceticism."

—Fr. Yves de Montcheuil.

Of all the books published in 1965, perhaps the one that dealt most effectively with the overriding issues of peace and civil rights from the Catholic point of view was Father Philip Berrigan's admirable collection of essays, "No More Strangers" (Macmillan). Somehow we neglected to review the book when it first came out and so we have decided to reprint a large part of Thomas Merton's introduction to "No More Strangers," in lieu of a review. We are sure that Father Merton's stimulating essay will whet the appetite of our readers and send many of them to Father Berrigan's fine book. (See next page.)

"NO MORE STRANGERS"

By THOMAS MERTON

The message of the present book can be summed up as a fervent protest against the idea that all the Church needs is a new "posture," a refurbished image, or an American accent. Father Berrigan is not impressed by the Madison Avenue style in religion. His book is a plea for much deeper consideration of *aggiornamento* and of the layman's role in the Church's life. It is a forthright denial that Catholics can remain satisfied with a new jargon, a new ideology, a new mystique that will successfully engage the attention of the modern technologist, the man of science, the cold-war politician and—who knows?—even the Marxist. The Church is not going to make her way in the modern world merely by ecclesiastical newspeak and theology in timestyle.

Father Berrigan belongs to the *avant-garde* in liturgy as in other things, but he is not one who will accept the idea of a new ritual and a new liturgical language unless the Christians who participate in the new liturgy recognize the full social implications of their doing so. What is the good of "full active participation" in the Eucharistic Sacrifice if one remains indifferent to the struggle of the Negroes for civil rights, or if one is benign toward Negroes in theory but hostile to them in concrete fact? What is the good of hearing the gospel of peace proclaimed in one's mother tongue if one remains committed to policies based on hatred, fear, suspicion and full readiness to cooperate in genocide?

That is why this book contains one of the best Catholic analyses of the race question in the U.S. and another on the arms race in which the author makes the incisive remark that all the great social problems of our time have to be seen as signs of "the unfinished Redemption" and consequently as challenges to Christian faith and Christian concern.

Father Berrigan is following the paths opened up by Congar and Karl Rahner, not to mention Emmanuel Mounier and Teilhard de Chardin. He directs a clear-sighted and perhaps in some ways ruthless attack on the myth of a purely clerical Church—a Church in which Christian holiness is priestly and conventual holiness, in which the clergy and the religious keep everything going by their dedicated lives. In such a Church the layman is at best an outsider who makes a desperate effort to live as a religious in the world while serving as an instrument in clerically-directed projects. At worst the layman is a mere passenger who hangs onto the Church and manages, by following clerical admonitions, to keep himself from falling off into the abysses of communism and unbelief.

Of course one must face the fact that there are cogent pragmatic reasons why the Church has become so completely clericalized. A trained and disciplined corps of ecclesiastics makes it possible for the institution to be well organized and efficiently run. It is a real power for unity, and there is no question of getting along without such trained and dedicated Christians.

There is no doubt that the task of creating a fervent and profoundly enlightened Christian laity demands the indispensable efforts of the clergy themselves. But the clergy must take a totally new attitude toward lay action and lay holiness. They must see that it is not merely a second-rate version of clerical action and clerical holiness. And this new attitude toward the layman and his world is going to prove decisive in the spiritual renewal of the clergy themselves.

To regard the Church as

primarily clerical and conventual has dangerous consequences because it produces a radical split between two completely separate realms of "spirituality" and "secularity." The "spiritual" or sacred realm is confined to the convent or the sanctuary, or to the half hour of Mass and Communion and to other moments of duty and devotion in which the layman seeks for the time being to behave like a minor seminarian. The "secular" takes in everything else. Naturally this same split effects the priest and the religious even more deeply than the layman, since the priest and religious are trained to give special regard to certain exercises of piety which presumably save their active work from becoming a debacle but which tend to become more and more perfunctory as active (and secular) concerns absorb more and more of the day, infecting it with a sense of guilt.

The term "lay monasticism" is used disparagingly by Father Berrigan in this connection to indicate an unrealistic spirituality, in which the layman seeks the sacred and godly by turning away from the concrete realities of his own everyday life. Actually, I might mention that in monastic circles the term has quite different connotations and suggests something of the best present tendencies in monastic reform. "Lay monasticism" is a form of monastic life in which the monks ordinarily do not become clerics or priests and in which consequently they have a simpler and less regimented life, a vernacular office, are not subject to the rather arid formalities of seminary education and can therefore be formed more properly and more freely as monks. This represents a return to the original simplicity and spontaneity of the monastic idea in which the monk was in fact a layman living apart in poverty, by the work of his hands, either alone or in a like-minded community.

Father Berrigan's book is not concerned with monks, but the point is worth mentioning here because it shows how, at both extremes, there is this same tendency to draw inward toward the center. The layman now begins to realize that he is required only to be himself and not to justify his existence in the Church by pretending at odd moments that he is a monk at heart. But the monk, too, tends to realize that he is not an ethereal, unworldly being, nor yet a kind of glorified canon appointed to chant the office and teach school; that he too can discover the real meaning of his vocation by reaching closer to the simplicity and labor of the layman, which is his own traditional lot.

The Little Brothers of Jesus, founded by Charles de Foucauld, whose lives are much like those of the worker priests of the *Mission de France*, have in them definite elements of this "lay monasticism" in its good sense, and by their influence they are causing a rethinking of traditional monasticism in the ancient Orders. In any case there is a renewed emphasis on the fact that ordinary life with its work, its insecurity and its inevitable sacrifices is for the Christian just as much part of the "sacred" realm as anything else, because, like everything else, it has been consecrated to God by the Incarnation, the Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The real problem of a "clerical" Church is that it not only claims to mediate the light and holiness of God to the world, but it also implicitly sets itself squarely in between the Christian and the world, and we are seldom clear whether she is there as a defense, a barrier, or a mediator. In any case, the result is that the Christian is maintained, to some extent, in an attitude of passivity and tutelage. In order to "be a Christian" he has to let himself

be protected against the world and kept "out of the world" by his Church. His daily plunges into the world are of course inevitable and they are tolerated, on condition that they are not what he "really means." What he "really means" is to save his soul by keeping himself, in his interior intention, aloof from the world in which, unfortunately, he has to give a great deal of time and attention to making a living.

This is a falsification and distortion of the true Gospel perspective about "the world," and it results in deplorable ambiguities. For one thing, this attitude ends by practically short-circuiting the real energy that the Christian (priest or layman) could conceivably put into his witness and his service in the world. The Christian, like Christ, is sent into the world to bear witness to the love of the Father for the world and for man, and to help man be redeemed by Christ. To say that man is redeemed "from the world" by Christ is to say that he is redeemed from the sinful use of created things and from the great complex of illusions and ob-

worldly only in this particular sense becomes an innocent cooperator in the work of degrading the world and submitting it still further to the forces of evil and of greed.

Worse than that, he may be in hypocritical connivance with "worldliness" in its most deplorable sense. History shows plenty of examples of Christians who have, with the "right intention," wrought great wrong, and experience shows that once one has theoretically admitted the primacy of the spiritual over the "worldly" and tacitly added the admission that one is not yet capable of the spiritual so he might as well make the best of the worldly, the result has been a much more radical and godless secularization of the secular. Those today who call for the recognition of the "secular" possibilities with the "secular" realm are in fact summoning the Christian layman to a much more heroic and radical commitment than would be demanded of him by a life of unprincipled "secularity" during the week redeemed by a half hour of distracted sacred-

the liturgy for the Feasts of the Apostles. "You are no more strangers and sojourners but fellow citizens with the saints and members of the household of God" (Ephesians 2:19). In the Pauline text the "stranger" is he who is estranged from Christ and from the people of God. But in this book there are also allusions to the problem that the Christian has become alienated and estranged from the contemporary world. This alienation, this estrangement are due, we have seen, precisely to a superficial and distorted understanding of the "unworldliness" to which we are summoned by the Gospel. The New Testament certainly demands that the Christian be converted from "the world" to "Christ and His Church," since his vocation is to follow Christ "out of this world to the Father," together with the new Israel, the Chosen People. But "the world" in this context means the whole realm of greed, power, lust, selfishness, hatred, and inhumanity. It certainly does not mean the world of everyday reality, of common duty, of work, of play, of sorrow and joy, the world in which man is called to work out his destiny as a son of God.

Hence it is important to spell out the contradiction that is implied in a false spirituality which, in making a man a stranger to everyday realities of life willed for mankind by God, actually estranges him from Christ. That is why modern apostles insist on the need for Christians to love the world. Love for the world in this sense does not mean love for power, for selfish greed and lust, but love for the common lot and task of man. Indeed it means love for man himself, and thereby love for Christ. Today we can see the urgency of restoring this true perspective, of casting aside the outward formulas of a false unworldliness that has no other result than to divide man within himself and deliver him over all the more completely to the greeds and hatred of "the world." True Christian unworldliness is not a rejection of man or of God's creation; it is a firm and ardent faith which is strong enough to find Christ in man and in man's world. It can see a sacred meaning and a divine message in the secular needs and struggles of twentieth-century man. It can see Christ suffering in the peoples who starve, who seek their just rights, their freedom, their chance to develop and build themselves a new civilization. This awareness of Christ in the world today is the basic intuition upon which the work of renewal and *aggiornamento* must be built. To be a stranger to the needs of our fellow man and to the hopes and perils of this moment of history is to be a stranger to Christ Himself, and no amount of interlory can supply for this lack of Christian insight.

Such is the message which this book utters with impassioned conviction. It will teach us our mission as Catholics in the world today is not a mission merely to consolidate our own position and establish our own prestige, to protect our institutions amid the insecurities of a world in full revolution. It is a mission to witness to Christ in this changing world, to see Him in modern man, so that we recognize that our duty is more to our fellow man, whether he be a Christian or not, than to our own advantage and prestige. We do not know what the future may bring, but we know that our job is to face it with courage and hope and share our hope with our fellow man. We have more to do than sing hymns while the ship goes down.

(January 1965)

(Reprinted with permission of the Macmillan Company from *No More Strangers*, by Philip Berrigan. Copyright © Philip Berrigan 1965.)

MYSTIC SORROW

(in Arabic; huzn)
For Thomas Merton*

To a Muslim mystic of the Middle Ages
It would have seemed like passion to return
To old regrets about the world.
It would have seemed a scandal to debate
Or pause when immortality had been revealed.
There were two ways: one the false
And galloped toward like goats or dogs;
The other inexpressible but lasting
And moved toward gradually by men in single steps.
There were very few, the mystics said,
Who took the second way, and those who did
Entered the obscure whose single light
Grew only in proportion to these steps.
They were not deserting the world. To have paused
At such a thought was only appetite.
Rather the fear of leaving the world to ruin
Was substituted in the soul by grief,
Not the grief of losses over passion,
But sorrow stationed between two worlds—
In some mystics' faces it was even seen,
In others' it was hidden, but to all alike:
Those with mystic sorrow were like guides
Posted at the ends of roads where traffic passed.
One knew their sorrow even when one no longer heard their words.
—Herbert Mason

*"Thomas Merton" (Father M. Louis, O.C.S.O.) recently announced his decision to cease writing about "current events" and retreat to a completely contemplative life in the Cistercian Trappist Monastery, near Louisville, Kentucky. Father Merton has explained that "with no newspapers, no radio, and no TV I do not feel competent to judge fast-moving events."

sessions which organize human activity in the service of power, greed, lust, cruelty, hatred, egoism, and inhumanity. This is "the world" in the worst sense of the word (see I John 2:15). But to assume that all human and temporal existence, all work, all social life, all sexual and procreative love, all technology, all forms of human knowledge, recreation, art, and trade are by their very nature damnable and "wordly" is to remove them from the power and influence of Christ and His Church.

Marx was not far wrong when he diagnosed a certain decadent religiosity as a means of keeping man alienated from himself and from the world in which he lived and worked. Such alienation from reality was very effective in making man a serviceable instrument of others who used him for their own ends. And, we might add, these were strictly worldly ends. Hence to cut man off from the reality of his own life, his own work, and himself, by suggesting that these realities are all in some way vile is in fact not to redeem and rescue him but simply to enslave him more thoroughly to the forces that use his world, and him in it, for immoral and selfish ends. The most cogent argument against a spurious unworldliness is that it is in actual fact very effective in serving "the world" in the worst sense. The Christian who is un-

ness on Sunday, tinged with regret that one was not cut out to be a Carmelite or a Trappist.

Another and more cogent example of the effects of a spirituality that divorces the "spiritual life" from everyday social reality: Father Berrigan remembers occasions when racial justice was preached to Southern congregations, including the instance when part of the congregation got up and walked out, not without insults (one devout soul left with the shout: "If I miss Mass this Sunday, it is your fault"). There seems to be a rather general belief in the South that the whole race question has nothing whatever to do with religion or with Christianity. The business of the pastor or of the preacher is to talk about Jesus, "so why are they shouting about civil rights and getting everybody upset?" There is sincere indignation about this irruption of base and world distractions into the tranquillity of the sacred—a tranquillity guaranteed by the fact that in the sacred realm of interiority things are more what you like them to be, whereas in the world of brutal and secular fact they have a tendency to resist manipulation and to require more distracting forms of attention.

There is a "fruitful ambiguity" in the book's title, *No More Strangers*. The reader will recall the Pauline context. It comes in

WHEN CHRIST WAS KING

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

NOT A LIBERAL

They say that I am a radical.
If I am a radical
then I am not a liberal.
The future will be different
if we make the present different.
But to make the present different
one must give up old tricks
and start to play new tricks
But to give up old tricks
and start to play new tricks
one must be a fanatic.
Liberals are so liberal about everything
that they refuse to be fanatical
about anything.
And not being able to be fanatical
about anything,
liberals cannot be liberators.
Liberals refuse to be
religious, philosophical or economic fanatics
and consent to be
the worst kind of fanatics,
liberal fanatics.

NOT A CONSERVATIVE

If I am a radical,
then I am not a conservative.
Conservatives try to believe
that things are good enough
to be let alone.
But things are not good enough
to be let alone.
Conservatives try to believe
that the world is getting better
every day in every way.
But the world is not getting better
every day in every way.
The world is getting worse
every day in every way
and the world is getting worse
every day in every way
because the world is upside down.
And conservatives do not know
how to take the world upside down
and to put it right side up.
When conservatives and radicals
come to an understanding
they will take the upside down
and they will put it right side up.

A RADICAL CHANGE

The order of the day
is to talk about the social order.
Conservatives would like
to keep it from changing
but they don't know how.
Liberals try to patch it
and call it a New Deal.
Socialists want a change,
but a gradual change.
Communists want a change,
an immediate change,
but a Socialist change.
Communists in Russia
do not build Communism,
they build Socialism.
Communists want to pass
from capitalism to Socialism
and from Socialism to Communism.
I want a change,
and a radical change.
I want a change
from an acquisitive society
to a functional society,
from a society of go-getters
to a society of go-givers.

WHEN BANKERS RULE

Modern society has made the bank account
the standard of values.
When the bank account
becomes the standard of values
the banker has the power.
When the banker has the power
the technician has to supervise
the making of profits.
When the banker has the power
the politician
has to assure law and order
in the profit-making system.
When the banker has the power

the educator trains students
in the technique of profit making.
When the banker has the power
the clergyman is expected
to bless the profit-making system
or to join the unemployed.
When the banker has the power
the Sermon on the Mount
is declared impractical.
When the banker has the power
we have an acquisitive,
not a functional society.

WHEN CHRIST IS KING

When the Sermon on the Mount
is the standard of values
then Christ is the Leader.
When Christ is the Leader
the priest is the mediator
When Christ is the leader
the educator
trains the minds of the pupils
so that they may understand
the message of the priest.
When Christ is the leader
the politician
assures law and order
according to the priest's teachings.
When Christ is the leader
the technician
devises ways and means
for the economical production
and distribution of goods.
When Christ is the Leader
the administrator administers
according to the directions
from the technicians.
When Christ is the Leader
we have a functional,
not an acquisitive society.

REBELLION IS REBELLION

Boloney is boloney,
no matter how you slice it,
and rebellion is rebellion
no matter when it happens,
whether it is
the religious rebellion
of the 16th century
or the political rebellion
of the 18th century,
of the economic rebellion
of the 20th century.
Someone said that the Catholic Church
stands for rum, Romanism and rebellion.
But the Catholic Church
does not stand for rum, Romanism and
rebellion.
The Catholic Church stands
for Rome, Reunion, and Reconstruction.
The Catholic Church stands,
as Rome used to stand,
for law and order.
The Catholic Church stands
for the reunion
of our separated brothers.
The Catholic Church stands
for the reconstruction,
not the patching up,
of the social order.

CONSTRUCTING THE SOCIAL ORDER

The Holy Father asks us
to reconstruct the social order.
The social order was constructed
by the first Christians
through the daily practice
of the Seven Corporal
and Seven Spiritual
Works of Mercy.
To feed the hungry
at a personal sacrifice,
to clothe the naked
at a personal sacrifice,
to shelter the homeless
at a personal sacrifice,
to instruct the ignorant
at a personal sacrifice;
such were the works
of the first Christians
in times of persecution.

The Organizer

(Continued from page 1)

hopes to do, to begin to do, is to
change the face of agriculture in
the long valley in California, up
and down the Coast, and on
through southwest and south and
up the East Coast. This vision is
not that of an excited imagination,
but a result of living for a life-
time with these problems, and a
sense that God plays a hand in
these events. "One must start
somewhere. Delano is just the be-
ginning but it cannot be done all
at once," he says.

"But when it happens, when we

win, it will be a very dramatic
thing. We can point to the workers
everywhere and say: 'Remember
Delano.'"

I beg our readers' prayers and
support. Help may be sent to:
Cesar Chavez Box 894, Delano,
Cal.

Persons interested in a life of
working with a grassroots organi-
zation in an effort to organize
poor people in the California Val-
leys and who are pharmacists,
master mechanics or accountants
contact: LeRoy Chatfield, Direc-

tor, Farm Workers Co-Op, Na-
tional Farm Workers Assn, Box
894, Delano, California. An
adequate salary will be provided
for such persons and their
families.
(To Be Continued in Next Issue)

"One does not have to learn to
see, for this is nature's business.
No more does one learn from any-
one else the magnificent things in
prayer. Prayer bears within itself
its master, God, 'who taught man
all that man knows' (Ps. 93.10),
who gives prayer to him who
prays, and blesses the years of the
just."
—St. John of The Ladder.

Looking For A House

Looking for a House is no easy matter. Last summer we found
two buildings that looked like perfect places; one, was a brown-
stone and the other was painted a light blue and appeared to be
in a neat condition. The neighborhood too seemed just right; a
melting pot of peoples with families. Some are very poor, judging
from one disorderly looking building, and others a little better
off; as well off as you can be and still live in a slum section. Some
buildings are so run-down because of absentee landlords who
make tremendous profits (see Slumlord, Inc., by Stephanie Har-
rington, Village Voice, Feb. 10), and become rat-ridden, still have
toilets in the highways, faulty wiring and no heating system, that
the name of slum is well-earned; and many of the poor are
forced to pay high rents in this type of building.

Since the CW has found its true home in the Lower East Side
it's understandable why we should choose to go on living here.
But the city is changing its face steadily and high-risers are
going up fast everywhere; they tower over the usual four-to-six-
story buildings and make them look many times worse than they
are. Also the city has plans for renovation, which means destroy-
ing so many of the old neighborhoods of the Lower East Side.
What a terrible thing it is to disturb a people's way of life for
the sake of some mythical entity called progress! Progress,
which is showing us more and more every day how to destroy
the entire face of the earth, and in a clear and efficient manner.
In view of all this, finding a suitable place to house the CW
family is like looking for the lost city of the Incas. Does any-
body have a house to give us, to shelter our poor and homeless
family?

SEARCH FOR IDENTIFICATION

- X is the unknown.
It is the vast chasm of human ignorance and hate.
- "X marks the spot"
The spot where first you learned
The meaning of your mother's mother's rape.
- X is a searing brand!
Burning into your soul:
They had killed your father.
They had dismembered him!
- X is a cross!
You saw it early.
You saw it always.
Ember-dying symbol of a burning hate.
Kindled by those who mocked his love.
- X is the unknown future—now slain—
A future of peace you might have helped to bring.
- X is the mystery.
The unfathomable enigma
Of man's inhumanity to man.
- X is for you, Malcolm X
Your love for others hidden, from you and from them,
Under a frightening, if understandable, Hate.
- X is the unknown God
Of Whom Paul spoke.
You sought Him as you fled Him.
- X is, Malcolm X,
The ancient symbol of Jesus Christ.
- May He receive you in His loving arms
To live with the Father unto the day
When all are one in Him.
- May He forgive you all your trespasses
And forgive even those who through your life
Trespassed so violently against you.
- For X is a symbol of love!

Rev. Thomas J. Carroll

"I suspect that only those who have come fully to despair of any form
of political action to which we are accustomed, are ready to profit much by a
study of Gandhi's life, and personality, and ideas, and methods, and dis-
coveries, and accomplishments; but I cannot conceive of any other study, or
any other kind of action, which promises as much."

JAMES AGEI.

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A NEW TYPE OF WARFARE

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

For some time rumors of a disquieting nature had been filtering out from behind the Iron Curtain. It was reported that the Russians had discovered a secret weapon of such magnitude that it had the power of transforming the world. "There is no human being that can withstand it." This was the gist of a confidential report.

A reward of a hundred thousand dollars, tax free, was offered to any Russian who defected to the West with the plans of the secret weapon.

A few days later a shabby looking individual (obviously a beggar) appeared at Military Headquarters, stating that he had the secret weapon with him. He was immediately flown to the Pentagon.

There was a tense feeling of expectation as the beggar calmly unwrapped the package.

"A Bible!" There was a snort of disgust from one of the generals. "What kind of a gag is this?" a congressman demanded to know.

"Maybe it contains a secret code," a cryptographer hopefully added.

"What are you trying to put over on us?" A C.I.A. agent asked. "This is no secret weapon; it's only a Bible."

The Russian smiled and, turning the pages, read to them from the Sermon on the Mount: "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who persecute and calumniate you."

"But you are an atheistic nation!" exclaimed a general. "What good can come out of Russia?"

The Russian beggar just smiled.

Ominous Moves

At first the tendency was to dismiss the entire incident as a Communist-inspired hoax, but more detailed reports indicated that the Russians had actually demobilized their military forces. It was learned that the tanks had actually been turned into tractors and that the surplus army uniforms were being used to clothe the naked.

The pilot of an American plane that had been forced to land behind the Iron Curtain (because of a fuel shortage) discovered that instead of being made a prisoner he was treated as a prodigal son that had returned. He was honored by the village people, who treated him as a great hero. When it was time to leave he learned that his plane had not only been refueled but banked with roses.

"What can you make of that?" the puzzled pilot asked his buddies at the base. "I just wonder what they are up to..."

The inescapable facts were that the Russians were actually trying to live up to the Sermon on the Mount.

The United States decided that it could not be outdone by the Russians. "After all," the New York Times editorialized—"we are a Christian nation."

It was learned that the Russians were going to challenge the United States to a potlatch. This was a custom, the newscasters explained, whereby the Indians of the Pacific Northwest Coast gave up their most precious belongings—and up to now the military and weapons were the most precious belongings of the State.

Secret information revealed that the Soviet delegates at the United Nations were going to make the startling announcement that their government was going to cut down on all military spending and war preparations—they were going to scrap all their weapons.

However, the United States managed to score a propaganda victory by having Congress rush through a bill aimed at a one-hundred per-cent cut in war production.

The Russian delegates, as they landed at the airport, were surprised by the screaming headlines announcing the fact that the United States had shut down its war plants and was embarked on a program of pacifism.

The Russians were not to be outfoxed. In their speech at the

United Nations, the delegates made the startling announcement that the Soviet Union had cut down its military spending by two hundred per-cent. (How it was possible to cut it down more than a hundred percent was something that even Harvard professors were unable to fathom.)

To meet the Russian challenge the United States declared that it was disbanding all its overseas bases and calling its troops back from Vietnam.

At this announcement, Red China declared that it was disbanding its volunteer armies and had stopped all attempts to make an atomic bomb.

The Viet Cong got into the act with a public burning of weapons and extended the hand of friendship to the South Vietnamese Army—an act which was gratefully accepted. Both sides begged the Americans to remain behind and help them rebuild their country.

The people in Berlin woke up one morning to discover a strange sight. During the night, the entire Berlin Wall had been dismantled and the bricks used to build hundreds of homes. It was an agreeable sight and it took a few days for the people to get accustomed to the fact that they could come and go as they please.

Israel and the Arab States announced that they were scrapping all their military weapons and that henceforth they would look to the United Nations to settle their border disputes.

The smaller nations all decided to get into the potlatch. One by one they vied with one another in destroying military weapons and eliminating borders.

An Alaskan dispatch noticed that Eskimo children had been seen melting snowballs. It was assumed that this was the destruction of a stockpile for an anticipated snowball fight.

However when the American children brought in their pocket-knives, the Russians said that if this was allowed to happen then they would call upon their women and children to destroy all kitchen knives and scissors. The United Nations ruled in favor of the Russians and the American children were able to retain their pocket knives.

Peaceful Millennium

A thousand years of peace went by and war had become something alien to the thinking of mankind.

"What is war?" a delegate to the United Nations in the year 3000 asked.

"I do not know," replied another delegate "but I understand that it was the custom of our forefathers."

"Do you think that we can have a war today?"

"I don't see why not," the head of a small nation answered. "We are only too happy to accommodate our brother nations."

"But how can we go about having a war?" a leader asked.

"Well," a delegate finally said, "it seems that I ask you for some of your land, and when you refuse it to me we go to war."

"Good! Ask me for my land."

The delegate said: "Give me a hundred square miles of your land."

The ruler of the small nation replied. "Willingly. Not only may you have the hundred square miles, we'll give you an additional hundred."

"No; you must take our land instead," the delegate replied.

The rest of the delegates marvelled at the two nations who could not go to war.

"There are certain current expressions and blasphemous moods of viewing things, as when we say 'he is doing good business' more profane than cursing and swearing. There is death and sin in such words. Let not the children hear them."

Henry David Thoreau

Fire The Bosses!

By JAMES MILORD

Until the middle of the 18th century, criminals and insane persons were regarded as hopeless, incurable, or diabolically possessed—even by the "enlightened" minority. But along came Dr. Philippe Pinel, who took the chains off the insane, and the science of psychiatry was born. John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and the Quakers argued that prison violence only intensified crime and fostered criminality. By advocating humane care and mercy, they helped to salvage countless lives. But sadism and revenge are not easily displaced by enlightened thinking and changes of a few hearts here and there. Humiliation, poverty, rejection, scorn and suspicion weigh heavily on people who rock the boat in any society.

In this era of corporation feudalism, the challenger of the modern religion of money worship must be willing to suffer. At a time when there is desperate need for conservation of our rapidly dwindling resources, the High Priests of Commerce are crying for more and more production, naively believing that production will solve the fundamental diseases of technology. The only result of more production will be more ravaging of the earth. But plunder is the typical reflex of profit-capitalism.

Further expansion of technology will cut even deeper into human freedom. Technology has too high a price tag: acres of slashed, denuded forests, thousands of polluted rivers and lakes, foul monoxided air, mountains of corpses from industrial hazards, urban and rural slums, economic wars, prostituted legislators, etc., etc. Joseph Wood Krutch has pointed out that "the most remotely long seeing exploitation of resources is not enough, for the simple reason that the whole concept of exploitation is so false and so limited, that in the end it will defeat itself, and the earth will have been plundered no matter how scientifically and farseingly the plundering has been done."

Was it a futile hope that Peter Maurin had, his vision of an end of sub-human feudal capitalism? "Fire the bosses," he used to cry from his wilderness. Few people seemed to understand what he was driving at. During a time of upheaval and unemployment, he was calling for the impossible solution. When large numbers of people in the country were on the dole, and would give a few years of their life for a job—any job—Peter chanted his seemingly outrageous refrain. But what he was seeking was an abolition of the distinction between employer and employee, the master and the enslaved. He knew well that it was the rich who started all the class wars in their fight for markets, monopolies, and cartels.

In 1923, nine of the world's most successful financiers met at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. They represented steel, gas, utility, wheat speculation, banks, and securities. The later history of these nine men makes sad reading: Samuel Insull, the president of the largest steel company, died a fugitive from justice overseas; Howard Hopson, the president of the largest gas company, became insane; Arthur Culten, the greatest wheat speculator in the country, died abroad—insolvent; Richard Whit-

ney, the president of the New York Stock Exchange, was sent to Sing Sing; Albert Fall, a member of the President's cabinet, was pardoned from prison so he could die at home; Jesse Livermore, the greatest "bear" on Wall Street, killed himself; Ivan Kreuger, the head of the match monopoly, died, a suicide, as did Leon Fraser, president of the Bank of International Settlements.

"Fire the Bosses!"

To the modern ear this sounds like Dr. Pinel's "Get rid of the chains, I say." Or like Dorothea Dix's challenge to the Legislature of Massachusetts: "I have come to present the strong claims of suffering humanity to call your attention to the state of insane persons confined within this Commonwealth, in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens. Chained, naked, beaten with rods, and lashed into obedience."

"Suffering humanity." How odd that sounded to the "lunatic" keepers. They did not even bother to heat the pigpens in which the poor wretches were housed. Why warm a building, they asked. Even nowadays, one priest, an ex-mental patient, told me: "One minute is like an hour. I cannot describe it—it is terrible."

"But they will tear you apart," the keepers cried, when Miss Dix begged to have the people released to her loving care. Today we no longer beat patients with rods.

Peter Maurin's ideas are at last coming to fulfillment in the French Communities of Work. Over a hundred such co-operative efforts are living proof that men do not have to live by the knife, by the principle of self-interest, by a false Darwinian "survival of the fittest" biology (which even Darwin rejected before he died). Seeking to live by a code of ethics for the good of the whole, these groups, composed of humanists, Protestants, atheists, Catholics, Communists, socialists, realize their fullest development together. Production is not the aim of their lives but a mere means toward personal liberty. Human dignity is held to be the highest good. They agree on a common ethic as an absolutely essential minimum, and pledge their co-operation with a full realization that unless they pull together they will fall together.

Leaders are elected by unanimous decision. Weekly meetings solve community and factory problems. Groups are small and workable and include such spiritual sections as the conscience dictates. There are artistic sections, which include painting, dancing, singing, drama, photography, and decoration. Sections for the family, health, community life, and sports make a strong appeal. The synthesis of leisure, life and work—Peter's cult, culture, cultivation theme—is realized. They have found that it is profitable to destroy the owner-employee distinction, because this cleavage strains the whole structure of any community. One Community of Work earns from ten to twenty per cent more in only ten months' work a year than its members could earn in a unionized factory. Claire Huchet Bishop's excellent book *All Things Common* (Harpers) is an illuminating work on these communitarian efforts in Europe.

Catholics in America are so obsessed with the notion that property is an absolute right (even though Pius XI made clear that it is not) that even the suggestion of voluntary dissolution of ownership evokes the cry of "Communist." Nevertheless, even America, with its basically Neanderthalian convictions, is slowly coming to recognize the value of co-operation. Scientists are learning that competition is physically and psychologically bad for people. More and more men like Dr. Karl Menninger see love and co-operation

as a medical necessity. In fact, science and religion seem to be leading the movement, while industry fights for its right to exploit with greater tenacity. Movements of different inspiration, but all with human care and warmth as their target, have risen from the ruins of an industrial serfdom: The Catholic Worker, Alcoholics Anonymous, Addicts Anonymous, St. Dismas House, each with a non-mechanical approach in common, with self-realization and a way of life as an inner force. A Way of Life. Not a treadmill to oblivion.

Cult . . . Culture . . . Cultivation
Around this trinity revolves leisure, which is inseparable from a human life ideal. During medieval times, people of even the lowest classes—peasants and crude laborers—all shared in the liturgical year—the Pentecost cycle, Easter, Harvest and Rogation seasons, Nativity, holy days. The average year had 115 holidays, and with the inviolate Sunday, this amounted to 167 days a year, or a 4-day week! Throw in rainy days, marketing, funerals, weddings and the like, and the medieval days don't seem quite as dark as 1965, with its endless daily plowing through traffic, strap-hanging on subways, and "moonlighting"—the unhappy lot of over three million souls, who think they need a second job.

After decades of fleeing by middle-men, the debt-ridden, poverty-inundated Nova Scotian and Newfoundland fisherman pooled their resources and managed to construct an honorable, independent way of life. Co-operative ideas take root more easily among simple people like this than among city sophisticates, who suspect anything resembling co-operation. No wonder Dr. Albert Schweitzer has said: "It is doubtful whether big cities have ever been the foci of civilization in the sense that in them there has arisen the ideal of a man well and truly developed as a spiritual personality."

Those who have been conditioned to think that competition is the only means to pursue an economic and social life would be hard put to explain the changes that came into the lives of those stark villages in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, after they saw the light that Father James Tompkins lit for them. They would be hard put to explain why the Antigonish Co-op leadership training draws people from countries all over the world to study the structure of a co-operative and go back to their homelands to do the same. These efforts are despised by the "free enterprisers"; like Pavlov's slavering dogs, the brain-washed money man responds with the reflex of greed.

We have been told time and again that we are at the eleventh hour of civilization. Some of the ablest prophets have said that human beings have only a six-to-four chance of survival in this dizzy world of maldistribution we have shaped for ourselves. We don't have many options left to us any more, as the world shrinks; the starving masses throughout the world, and the abject poor within our own borders, may grow into a mighty force of rebellion and protest.

St. John's Apocalypse sounds clear and appropriate in our era, which may well be the last in man's brief "cultured" history:

With this violence will Babylon, the great city be overthrown, and will not be found any more. And the sound of harpers and musicians and flute players and trumpet will not be heard in thee any more; and no craftsman of any craft will be found in thee any more; and the sound of millstone will not be heard in thee any more . . . because thy merchants were the great men of earth.



Father Hugo On Marriage

By Canon F. H. DRINKWATER

For thirty years or so I have been reading the *Catholic Worker's* book-reviews with speechless admiration for their quality, so much higher (it seems to me) than in any other Catholic or for that matter non-Catholic periodical I come across, even the most serious quarterly ones. The explanation must be that the *Catholic Worker* is so completely non-commercial, and that it reviews only books in which it is genuinely interested for some reason; also surely that the editors have a marvelous flair for choosing their reviewers. Anyhow there it is, and it is time someone offered everybody concerned a vote of thanks.

Actually what led me to write this was the wish to animadvert upon a particular review in the December 1965 issue: that by Father John J. Hugo, of Professor Noonan's *Contraception*. The book itself has not yet reached our shores, and for my knowledge of its contents I am dependent on several long reviews in the United States and one by Father Enda McDonagh (very appreciative) in the *London Tablet*. Not having read the book, I would not venture to pass a judgment, but I note that Father Hugo has considerable hesitations about it, though he is content to express them in the form of questions, or suggestions of "shadows lurking in the background," rather than by direct criticisms. Since it is about these, rather than about the book itself, that my own comment is concerned, I venture to offer it as a contribution to the general discussion. What a pity space will not allow a line-by-line comment on Father Hugo's article. As it is, I must concentrate on two or three main points that reveal his own drift.

The first "shadow lurking in the background" is the distinction between "moral" and "ascetical" theology; the clear objective line to be drawn between keeping out of sin and attempting heroic sanctity; or between keeping all the commandments and observing all possible counsels. In his column 2, paragraph 2, Father Hugo admits that the early Fathers assimilated some teachings from the Stoics, and that some might think they overdid this, especially in rejecting "pleasure" as an independent end, in marriage for instance. Now you or I might have wanted to distinguish various meanings of that word "pleasure"; bodily or mental, selfish or shared, and so on; holy people can even find "pleasure" in doing otherwise painful things for God. But Father Hugo prefers to take the word "pleasure" at its lowest, and his comment is: "No doubt pleasure is not in itself sinful, but it is scarcely the highest motive available to those who are called to a divinely invited love and holiness." Moral theology, suggests Father Hugo, should not be confined to the study of "minimal obligations," but should be a school of Christian holiness. "Could it be that while gaining in some respects we have lost in others not less important?"

Now, heaven knows, nobody is more down on the moral theologians of the last few generations than I am, for their concentration on "minimal obligations" and their legalistic attitude in general, and especially for their reckless cheapening of the notion of mortal sin. Nevertheless (as indeed Father Hugo recognizes) the distinction between sin and not-sin, between keeping the commandments and aspiring to the heights of sanctity, was a necessary and valid one to make, and having once been achieved ought not to be blurred again. This paragraph of Father Hugo's tends, I think, to blur it. The "drift" is towards saying that if anything is nice it is probably naughty. Along with G. K. Chesterton, I had thought that St. Francis of Assisi had done

something to dispel that "drift" in the Church of God.

The second main point is stated thus by Father Hugo: "The issue in the controversy over contraception is, precisely, conjugal love *vis-a-vis* procreation: is the genuine need to express conjugal love through intercourse sufficient to positively exclude procreation?" The right answer is a simple distinction: it is not sufficient to exclude procreation from marriage altogether, but it is sufficient to exclude procreation from this or that act of intercourse.

Procreation is an essential purpose of marriage, the primary purpose if you like; but a given act of intercourse may well exclude actual procreation in order to serve the general family idea more effectively; for instance, by nourishing mutual love, or by ensuring enough to eat, or making education more possible. An anti-baby marriage would be a contradiction in terms, but if for some good reason a baby, or another baby, should be impossible or impracticable, marriage is still marriage.

The third main point concerns the case made out by the Catholic advocates of change against our friends the "trads", "If there is an underlying flaw in Professor Noonan's work" writes Father Hugo . . . "it is the assumption apparent throughout, and held in common with all the writers who favor contraception, that the Church's concern for procreation is reducible to 'biologism.'" I wouldn't agree at all with Father Hugo here. When the trads are accused of 'biologism,' I think what is queried is not their insistence on the act of intercourse being done precisely in the manner which biological "nature" is supposed to dictate, without any "artificial" contrivances for regulating results. If one wanted to be unkind, one could say that the trads insist on man keeping the details of intercourse fully animal, without any human improvements. (Always excepting calendars and thermometers, of course). If anybody calls this attitude "biologism" I think it would be fair comment. But it is not the central argument of Catholics who (to use Father Hugo's phrase) "favor contraception." In the first place I don't know any Catholic writers who favor the male kinds of contraception, the onanistic and condomistic kinds; what they favor (given suitable circumstances) is the best kinds of female contraceptives, including pills if they prove harmless. The "trads" say that any kind of conception-preventing is always against the natural law, and therefore against God's will; and to that the right answer is simply: "Prove it!" I have watched them trying to prove it for the last sixty years, and they are farther away from it than ever, in fact they have practically stopped trying (yes, I know about Professor Grisez's book, too). Before they started trying, I think it was a fair criticism of their argument that it took for granted a much too narrowly "biological" view of the natural law. Their blanket condemnation of all contraception whatever rested entirely on its being against the "natural law," that is, against right reason. If this were so, it would be possible to make it clear to the human mind. Since it cannot be made clear, evidently theologians must think again.

There are a few minor remarks of Father Hugo that I would like to refer to.

In column 2, Father Hugo faults Professor Noonan for not discussing the criteria by which true developments can be discerned from false developments in doctrine. This was hardly the professor's business, surely. The only final criterion perhaps is the

acceptance of a development by the Church. From the merely verbal aspect, the new refinement may sometimes seem a flat contradiction of the previous position, as in the modern re-interpretation of "no salvation outside the Church."

In column 3, Father Hugo finds it a scarcely credible paradox that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries "marriage theology was moving upwards while theology in general was in decline." Nothing to wonder at, really. It was connected with the newly-stressed distinction between commandments and counsels; all part of the trend towards more humane and psychological viewpoints: cf. the reaction against burnings and torture, or Pío Nono's discovery of "invincible ignorance."

In column 4, that word *concupiscence* figures largely. Theology has given this word a humdrum accurate sense: meaning the general difficulty in self-control left over from the Fall. But "concupiscence" remains a grand bogeyword for orotund missionaries to roll around their tongue and terrify adolescents with. Is it not a little disappointing to find a careful writer making such play with it, as of a relationship between spouses? No doubt there can be selfishness, even a dual selfishness, in a married couple. Yet the Church's main idea when blessing a marriage seems to be that here is one thing at any rate that has come safely through the Fall, and needs only the touch of the Second Adam to re-create not indeed what Father Hugo calls the Catholicist "myth of love" without marriage, but a little corner of the primitive Garden in this desert-land of tears. (Canon Drinkwater's recent book on birth control is published by Helicon Press.)

Transcendence

(Continued from page 2)

abolish the distinction between employer and employee, the Church could accommodate herself to such an arrangement with as much, or greater, ease as she did to all previous systems. For the Church is not and cannot be wedded to the wage contract any more than she could be wedded to any economic system, including one that would supplant the wage system.

Quadragesimo Anno was written, as was *Rerum Novarum*, to deal with the problems confronting us here and now. It is not the province of the Church to plan a new arrangement, it is the province of the Church to pronounce on the moral issues involved in what really exists. The influence of the Church on economic and political systems (as evidenced in the case of slavery) is indirect. She does not lead revolutions, it is not her function to do so. So you will not find the Church advocating the abolition of the wage system but, should the wage system be abolished, as is the case when a co-op is really a co-op and not simply a farcical imitation of a capitalist enterprise, the Church will concern herself with the system that confronts her then—and then we may have an encyclical on the moral questions involved in such a system. But even then the Church will not identify herself with this system—she could not without sacrificing her essentially super-temporal mission.

(Reprinted from September 1953 issue.)

"Let us look at our own faults, and not at other people's. We ought not to insist on everyone following our footsteps, nor to take upon ourselves to give instructions in spirituality when, perhaps, we do not even know what it is. Zeal for the good of souls, though given us by God, may often lead us astray."

Saint Teresa

Mormon Country

P. O. Box 655
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Dorothy:

Marriner S. Eccles, Mormon banker and former chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System, came out unequivocally against the war in Viet Nam. He said in part: "The real patriots of today are the members of Congress and other public leaders who have the courage to oppose the administration. . . . With all our domestic problems—mass poverty, unemployment, riots in our cities and the highest rate of juvenile delinquency and crime throughout the world—who are we to be the world's policeman?"

Father Thomas Meersman, the chaplain at the state prison here, has been speaking for some months on a Catholic Hour on KLUB. For about ten weeks he and Rev. Hugh Gilman of the Unitarian Church have discussed different problems. When the question of obedience to authority came up they invited me for two sessions at which I explained that my conscience was above any rules of Church or State. The whole program was good-natured in tone.

We will leave on February 24 for speaking engagements in the Midwest and East. First stop is at St. John's University, at Santa Fe, on February 27. The place that I have in mind for a house will wait until May. By that time the man who owns it may have moved his stuff out. The third printing of my *Book of Ammon* will be out soon.

Love to all,
Ammon Hennacy

Pen Pals For Prisoners

New England Committee for Non-Violent Action,
Voluntown, Connecticut 06384
To the Editor:

During a recent thirty-three months spent in Federal prisons due to draft refusal, I became aware of a great but unnecessary pain—inflicted in the short run by society upon its prisoners — re-inflicted in the long run by prisoners upon society. This pain, I discovered (through painful empathy), essentially consists of lack of communication and lack of relationship.

Without at least one relationship on a human level with another human being, something near the core of a person's make-up can die, leaving him capable of insensitive acts which previously would have been out of the question. This may be an absolute phenomenon in the lives of few convicts, but to a relative extent it happens to virtually all. Yet ninety-seven per cent of the men now imprisoned within the United States are destined to be free at some future date.

While in prison, I found myself able in five or six instances to initiate pen-pal relationships between prisoners of my acquaintance and young women also of my acquaintance—at the request of the prisoners. Now I am hopeful that a function such as this can be formalized and widely supported as a public service.

(The obvious objection on the part of sceptics would concern the unrealistic wishful-thinking which might be engaged in by a prisoner corresponding with someone whom he's never known in person. But I have noticed that the pen-pal relationships tend to be totally dropped by the prisoners as soon as they are released. Release brings them back into their own real world of concrete relationships and satisfactions.)

Therefore, WANTED: two individuals (one an ex-convict and the other a young woman, preferably in college) to bring into existence a service to be known as "Pen-pals for Prisoners." This will be part-

time work conducted via mail. Logical first steps seem to be:

(1) the accumulation of a solid list of ten to twenty "honorary sponsors" — individuals known to public in the fields of religion, government, criminology and show business, plus several ex-convicts; (2) the printing of "Pen-pals for Prisoners" letterhead;

(3) the gathering of a list of hundred to thousand prospective pen-pals, male as well as female, anxious to correspond with a prisoner (approximately one letter per month or more);

(4) a formal approach to the administrations of prison systems within the United States and Canada, state and provincial as well as Federal.

Persons able to coordinate or help to any degree are urged to contact me. Thank you.

Paul Salstrom

Arizona Activist

2502 E. Minnezona Ave.
Phoenix, Arizona 85016

To the Editors:

Five churches (out of thirty) will permit me to put CW's on the pamphlet racks, plus the Retreat house, curial center and Newman Center at Arizona State University. How long they stay on the rack is another story. In many places self-appointed censors destroy them as fast as I distribute them. At the Newman Center the situation is very bad. In spite of the protest of the chaplain, the CW and *Ramparts* disappear completely. *Commonweal* is hidden under the pile, and the *Wanderer* is prominently displayed. But that is the way it is out here in Goldwater Country—they burn CW's instead of draft cards.

Some months I told their plans by distributing elsewhere. I passed out the October issue to interested people while picketing the Federal Building with Students for a Democratic Society on November 27th. This aroused screams of protest from the Catholic hecklers. The S.D.S. also distributes some copies on campus for me.

Most of the pacifist and nuclear-pacifist groups have united in the Phoenix Committee on Vietnam. We have had some successful teach-ins and plan more. When Mulkord Sibley spoke here the conservatives and the John Birch Society opposed him so vigorously that they made the meeting a huge success with their adverse publicity. About fifteen hundred people came, and there was constant danger of riot. Later, Ammon Hennacy wrote me that he was coming to Phoenix, but he didn't give me much notice; the right wing chose to ignore the situation, and only about a hundred showed up to hear him. We hope to get I. F. Stone and others in the near future, but money is a problem. For some reason, we haven't been able to attract any bankers or benefactors to our cause. Remember us in your prayers.

This month I am including some Catholic Peace Fellowship literature with each CW. I would also like to get an action group of Catholics in this area. I have yet to meet another pacifist who is also Catholic here. If you know of any, please have them contact me.

The Chrystie Street column on Roger La Porte (November 1965) was excellent.

Yours in Christ,
John D. Van Kilsdonk

Important Notice

In the near future, the Post Office is going to require ZIP codes on the mailing of all periodicals. We ask our readers to help facilitate the extra work this will involve for us by including the ZIP code on all new subscriptions and changes of address.