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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

In response to the article "Prison Revisited," by Deane Mowrer, in the last issue of *The Catholic Worker*, we received the following letter: (addressed to 22 Chrystie St. instead of 39 Spring St.)

Dear sir: I wish to express commendation of the article PRISON REVISITED in the June issue of your paper. We always welcome fair criticism. We are at all times ready to receive suggestions for improved procedures.

I was particularly impressed by the complaint about bologna sandwiches on a Friday. A check of this was instituted and report received from the Deputy Warden in charge of the pens, copy of which is herewith attached. Yours very sincerely, ANNA M. CROSS.

REPORT: From: Commanding Officer, Court Detention Pens Manhattan

To: Correction Commissioner (thru channels)

Subject: Article in *The Catholic Worker* re: Dorothy Day

1. Dorothy Day was received in our pens at Felony Court Manhattan Friday, April 24, 1959, Sentenced to \$25 or ten days workhouse for violation 101-2 State Emergency act by Magistrate Roe.

2. In an article appearing in *The Catholic Worker* this prisoner claims she was given a bologna sandwich which she unintentionally ate without any thought of it being Friday, a day—which people of Roman Catholic faith are to fast from eating meat.

3. Correction Officer Ramon Caccarale, Shield No. 836, assigned to kitchen at the Manhattan House of Detention for Men which supplies food for lunch to our court pens stated he inspects food before sending it here, and he never sends sandwiches containing meat on a Friday to the pens; instead

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Easy Essays

UTILITARIANS FUTILITARIANS TOTALITARIANS

I. Utilitarian Philosophers

1. After a century of Protestantism England and Scotland saw the coming out of a philosophical thought known in history as Utilitarian Philosophy.
2. While Luther and Calvin discarded the authority of the Church the Utilitarian Philosophers discarded the authority of Divine Revelation.
3. They tried to convince themselves and convince other people that the Church and the Bible were a handicap, rather than a help, in man's striving towards the good life.

II. Futilitarian Economists

1. The Utilitarian Philosophers, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, were followed by the Futilitarian Economists Adam Smith, Ricardo.
2. The Futilitarian Economists thought that religion has nothing to do with business.
3. They thought that everything would be lovely if everybody took in each other's washing.
4. They thought that everybody should try too sell what he has to sell to the highest bidder.
5. So people started to think of time in terms of money, and ended by shouting: "Time is money."

III. Harold Laski Says:

Harold Laski, professor of Political Science in the London School of Eco-



- nomics, has this to say:
1. "In the Middle Ages the idea of acquiring wealth was limited by a body of moral rules imposed under the sanction of religious authority.
 2. After 1500 those rules were evaded, criticized, abandoned.
 3. New concepts were needed to legalize the new potentialities of wealth.
 4. The liberal doctrine is the philosophical justification of the new practices."

IV. Liberals and Liberators

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

V. The Age of Treason

1. Pope Pius IX and Cardinal Newman considered Liberalism the greatest error of the 19th Century.
2. Modern Liberalism is the logical sequence of the so-called Age of Enlightenment, sometimes called the Age of Reason.
3. When Modern Liberals gave up the search for truth, they sponsored nationalism as well as capitalism.
4. The appeal to prejudice took the place of the appeal to reason.
5. And the Age of Reason was superseded by the Age of Treason, as is pointed out by Julian Benda

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By Peter Maurin

in a book entitled "The Treason of the Intellectuals."

VI. Fascism and Marxism

1. Now that economic liberalism is dying out, modern liberals find themselves on the spot.
2. They try to escape, from what they consider to be an untenable position.
3. In their attempt to escape the shifting sands of liberalism, they look for authority; not the authority of the teaching Church, but the authority of the political State whether it be the Marxist State or the Fascist State.
4. Fascism is a stop-gap between the dictatorship of Bourgeois Capitalism and the dictatorship of Marxian Socialism.

VIII. Capitalism, Fascism, Communism

- In an article published in the *Christian Front*, Charles P. Bruehl says:
1. "Those who fondly believe that Fascism will save the world from Communism, are laboring under a fatal delusion.
 2. The Ideologies of those two are closely allied.
 3. They have too much in common and their differences can be readily effaced.
 4. The three, Capitalism, Fascism, Communism are three in a chain.
 5. Imperceptibly one passes into the other.
 6. All three are fundamentally materialistic, secularistic, totalitarian."

Civil Disobedience In Omaha

Five Arrested So Far

On July 1st A. J. Muste, 73, internationally known pacifist, Ross Anderson, 59, of Koinonia community in southern Georgia and Karl Meyer, 22, of the Chicago Catholic Worker were arrested for unlawfully entering the Mead ICBM base outside of Omaha, Nebraska, in an effort to bring the public's attention to the indiscriminate destructive power of the missiles tested there. A hearing on their case was due on the 9th of this month.

Two days later Wilmer J. Young, 71, of Wallingford, Pa. and David Wyland, 23, of Toledo, Ohio, were taken into custody as they tried to enter the base. As far as we know all five are refusing fines and are pleading guilty. More members of the group called Omaha Action are expected to make an attempt to enter the missile base.

The group of eighteen spent the first week before the civil-disobedience in a continual prayer vigil and Mr. Muste, who is a minister, delivered a sermon to the army officers and enlisted men, radio and television representatives, American Legion members and others who were gathered for the demonstration. Muste called upon the United States Government to abandon its reliance on missiles, soldiers and alliances and to cease its desecration of farmland which is being used to test destructive weapons instead of being used to produce food for the millions of hungry and starving peoples of the world.

The headquarters of OMAHA ACTION is 105 S. 16th St., Room 35, Omaha 2, Nebraska. Free literature on the project can be obtained and donations sent there.

My First Sentence

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

Sentence was to be entered against me on June 10 for assisting a deserter, and many Catholic Worker friends were with me in court that day. But Judge Noonan postponed sentence for a week to let a Legal Aid lawyer check over my plea of guilty. The lawyer went over the case carefully and concluded that guilty was a proper legal plea.

The days before sentence were spent at Peter Maurin Farm. Miss Day prayed to St. Anthony on his feast day to help Don to find himself and on his own decision turn himself in. Once the inward understanding is given he could face this evil openly. Then maybe God will bring him back to us again.

I asked the Cure of Ars, my patron saint, to help Don too. He understands because he was a deserter from the army of Napoleon when 24 years old. The mayor of a town hid him with two other deserters. The government hunted him, posted his name in his home town, and fined his parents. He was freed only by a younger brother who entered the army as his substitute. The brother died, though not in battle. Surely St. John Vianney did not displease God, even as a deserter.

On sentence day we all went back to the same court room, Miss Day, Ammon, Beth and many others. There was a long wait. Then they called my name and I took my coat and hat and put them in a nearby chair. The notes for my statement were on one of Stanley's cards. I could hear my heart beating.

Judge Noonan had the report from the probation department and the prosecuting attorney had nothing to add to it. The legal aid lawyer said he didn't think my guilty plea was improvident. Sometimes it is not good to be your own lawyer but in this case it was the best thing to do and so I continued that way.

The Judge asked me what I had to say and I began. "I am a Catholic pacifist and a Catholic Worker. Many of the things I shall say, other pacifists believe too. I haven't raised any legal issues because after consideration I believe there are none. But I do want to raise a moral issue.

"I have learned about Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Our government now intends to use these weapons again. There is testing of these weapons and destructive fallout

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JOB HUNT and the JOB GIVERS

By ROCCO BALLOTO

A few years ago, in the September 1953 edition of the CW, I wrote an article called Job Hunt, in which I used facts and figures from job receipts in the hope that certain agencies would be either improved or put completely out of business. Well, they have improved, but not for the men who seek work through them. How have they improved?

For one thing, back in 1953 they put you in a limousine and drove you to your job, and charged you \$4 for your carfare. Today the same limousine ride costs you \$6 carfare. In 1953 the agencies got 10% of your first month's wages. Today they get 18% of the first month's wages. In 1953 your job paid you \$100 a month plus room and board if you were unskilled, \$125 plus room and board if you were experienced. Today it is exactly the same pay. There has not been one penny a month added to the pay of six years ago. The rooms are still cold and dirty. The food is nothing to brag about. You have no choice. There is nothing else to eat but what has been prepared and if you don't like that, you go

without eating. At some of these jobs the chefs are told to feed the men all they want, at meal times, so you get a plate of food and you better make it last because there are no seconds. The coffee is the cheapest on the market and tastes like it was made from last year's used grounds, and besides this the men are not allowed any coffee break at any time. They can only drink coffee at their meals. The men work 9 hours a day, 6 days a week, 4½ hours on Sundays. If a man puts up an argument over any of this he is fired instantly. The boss picks up the phone and another man arrives later in the day from the agency.

Since most of these men who apply for these jobs are alcoholics, and other Bowery refugees they are being robbed of a chance to get back on their feet and back into the society which rejected them. The very fact that these men frequent these agencies in search of jobs shows that they want to help themselves, but how can they when they are robbed of the money that they work so hard to

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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of meat he generally substitutes jelly.

4. However, rules of the Roman Catholic faith are "when in an institution there is no choice of menu the rule of fast is not enforced, and is regarded as not committing any breach of the rules or regulations of the Church."

Joseph T. Casey
Deputy Warden in Command
Court Detention Pens. Manhattan.

When Deane read this letter she suggested that they thought I had taken the nom de plume of Deane Mowrer!

We are not going to prolong this correspondence, but find it necessary to correct it. We hope they have changed our address on their files. We never lived at 22 Chrystie St. and 223 has been torn down. It was Deane who wrote the very good article which will probably be included in some sociology reader together with other of our CW articles.

But we insist we did have bologna sandwiches in the pen. (We are delighted that they use this term,—that they admit to herding us human beings into "pens" like animals.) As to who was guilty, it might have been the Woman's House of Detention, because before the girls go from the detention floors to trial, they are each given a sandwich nicely wrapped, and the Manhattan court detention officers hand out the tea. Or perhaps sometimes it is the one and sometimes the other. Anyway, Deane called attention to it, after we had eaten, but none of us minded; our conscience did not bother us. Bob Steed who is very rigid about such things, also Stanley Vishniewsky and Charles Butterworth probably would not have eaten the sandwich, and of course not Ammon, that staunch vegetarian. But it has been many many years now that I sit down to a table, measuring the amount of food there is and the number to be served, always wondering whether there is enough to go around and praying the Lord to stretch it. So I gratefully eat whatever there is without question.

Other Criticism

Deane's article only mentioned the meat in passing. This comment took up two sentences in a long article which filled five columns. I should like to add a few criticisms.

First of all,—to criticize the pens on wheels, the vans, which take the prisoner to the jails. Please, dear readers, when you see one pass you on the street, pray for the poor human beings shut up inside that foul pen. One kindly officer who kept lamenting several years ago that he loved us and yet he had to be the one to arrest us, told

me to sit away up close to the driver's seat and I would be less jolted. "Hang on to the spare tire stored there," he advised. Only once did I have the opportunity to do this. Usually women are confined to a tiny pen in the back of the van, the forward part of which is for men. You are locked in and on many occasions the men are handcuffed to one another. I remember peering out of the slits at the top of the compartment at the back, to see Dan O'Hagen trying with his handcuffed hands to wrap his coat about a poor shivering prisoner who was evidently having a chill brought on by withdrawal from drugs. To see these men treated like wild beasts touched me to the heart.

This ride in the van is to be dreaded more than anything else. Regardless of age or condition, and one year there was a pregnant woman with us, and every year I have suffered from arthritic pains, we are all herded into this steel pen, where with nothing to grab hold on, we are tossed from side to side, hitting the ceiling on some occasions as the police van speeds from lower Manhattan to the uptown court at the other end of the island. Sentenced from there, it is another long ride down town. The only thing I can compare it to is the punishment in the fairy tales,—the wicked stepmother and step sisters being put in a nail studded barrel and rolled down a mountain.

If I believed in bringing suits against the city, I would do it for the sake of all the other women who have to submit to this ride. It is cruel and inhuman punishment and more to be dreaded than the trial itself. At least for me it was sheer agony.

This year, thanks to the fact that three adolescents (young college men under twenty one) were arrested with us, we were tried in the adolescent court in lower Manhattan, and there were no these terrifying rides. And the day we were brought from jail to the court for trial (we spent five days because we would not pay bail) we went to court in a bus like any other bus with springs and regular seats. At the moment of arrest, when the all clear signal had sounded, we were even treated to the luxury of driving to the Elizabeth street station in one of the Civil Defense official cars; but that was because a young woman and her two children had been arrested with us. They were released, so our next ride was in a van.

Other Criticisms

We need to repeat, again and again and again, that overcrowding of the detained and the sentenced, and lack of work, for the 300

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SPRING STREET

By ROBERT STEED

"Don't mail the check to Papaladi; when I take it down to her she gives me a dollar," said Italian Mike when I was about to mail the check to our Italian bakery for the past two months bread. Mike walks down to the bakery every day and rolls the sack of 15 loaves back in a wire basket equipped with wheels. On the way he gets into conversation with lots of our neighbors and gives them the lowdown on the Catholic Worker and we hope ingratiate us with them to some degree.

It is because of their opposition that we gave up the soup line. We didn't feel too bad about it because the need during the summer is not as great; many men find work at the summer resorts in the Catskills and there are many places in the city to get free food if you are not too particular about what you eat though it is not usually hot. But during the winter months you need hot food and we will begin the soup line again somewhere, somehow.

At the present we are feeding



ST. LEO THE GREAT

three meals a day to our regular crowd of thirty people who came with us from Chrystie Street and then there are usually ten or fifteen others a day who come in for clothes or other help who eat if a meal is being served while they are here. Five or six women come over every day from the Women's Salvation Army to eat and get clothes and make conversation.

Our loft is something like Thoreau's dream of a perfect house in Walden, "a house whose inside is as open and manifest as a bird's nest, and you cannot go in at the front door and out at the back without seeing some of its inhabitants; where the weary traveler may wash, and eat, and converse and sleep without further journey" but we can't say with Thoreau that "only one or two of my guests were ever bold enough to stay and eat a hasty-pudding with me." I'm sure our meals are much better than his.

Two Weddings

We had two wedding receptions on the same day last month here in the loft. Don Dryer and Jeanette Schnall were married at 11 a.m. at Nativity Church not far from us on Second Ave. and Roland Gosselin married Eleanor Corrigan at 12:30 p.m. at the same church. The receptions followed one another and the largest group of our friends were gathered since our 25th anniversary two years ago. Eleanor Corrigan cooked for a while on Mott Street and was secretary of the otherwise all male group known as The Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors which operated during the 2nd World War and was made up of many from the Catholic Worker among others and she has been a close friend of the Catholic Worker group ever since then, hence the crowd.

An exotic touch was added to the affair by Anne Marie Stokes who supervised the production of

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In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"I was just going to ask you for a dime," said a well-heeled non-Catholic acquaintance of mine to a young man on the Bowery who had asked him for a dime for a cup of coffee. The young man looked dazed, stammered a bit, and reaching in his pocket took out a dime and a nickel and handed my friend a dime. This was too much for my friend whose conscience hurt him. He ran after him saying: "Here, I'll trade you the dime for a quarter," which he did.

The moral, as I told my friend, is not to be sentimental and weak-minded. My friend robbed the young man on the Bowery of whatever faith in human nature he might have had. To do one good deed that day would perhaps have built him up, but now he would think, "I have met another phony." As a general principle I do not believe in giving men on the Bowery any money "for a cup of coffee," for as far as I know if they are sober they are collecting enough to get drunk, and if they are drunk they don't need any more liquor. I have given something in weak moments to men who approached me saying with a smile, "I need 8c more to get my bottle." And I have weakened other times too.

I have met two cases, not on the Bowery, but in more respectable places, where a cripple and a blind man fake their condition, and owned houses and cars, preying on the weakness of others and perhaps the "bad conscience" of those who pass by. To give food, clothing and shelter to those who need it without asking any questions as to whether they are "worthy" or not is the work of the CW. (The poet W. H. Auden when asked on the radio what the CW did, said, "They help the undeserving poor.")

With the Quakers

Because another speaker did not show up I was invited by the American Friends Service Committee to be one of a faculty of four, with Robert Gilmore as Chairman,

to explore among the seventy-five students composed of a dozen older folks, half a dozen teenagers and the remainder of young married couples or single adults, new directions as to ideas. We each gave a talk for a few minutes about our background and ideas and then the students gathered in six groups with a leader whose duty it was to keep any one person from talking all the time, and to keep thought moving. Later a spokesman for each group reported to the assembly and we of the faculty gave our answers to questions raised. Then again and again these groups met and discussed their problems and we gave our views. This went on from Friday night to Sunday afternoon. One group called me in for an hour to ask how and why I became a Catholic.

Clarence Pickett had met a half a dozen conscientious objectors in Moscow, one of them now the Baptist leader there. They had been allowed to do non-combatant work or hospital work. How many others there were in Russia or how many had been "liquidated" no one knows. I had spoken to his class in Philadelphia some years ago and was glad to be on the panel with him here. Stephen Cary had been to the Doukhobor country and knew people there who are friends of mine. We disagreed on several things and I was glad to become better acquainted with him. His remark may be old to others but it was new to me: "The Quakers came over from England to do good, and they did well." Harry Lustig one of the faculty is an authority on atomic energy, teaching at N.Y.U. I had met him before when he drove me to the annual Socialist picnic on Long Island where we met Earl Browder and Norman Thomas. He approached life as a humanist and was a former World Government enthusiast. The young teacher who took a tape recording of the seminar asked me

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A REAR VIEW LOOK

By JIM MILORD

The rush hours had begun and I was "on the head" of a string of Checker and Yellow cabs; ready for my first fare of the day. Sixty Third & Halstead Streets was a bedlam of department store shoppers beating their way through the pre-Memorial day week-end, sagging under the greasy heat and loads of chips, weenies and Pepsi-Cola.

A crimped gent with a three-week old beard and mouse coloured suit slumped into my hack, head bent down, right to the floor. As he removed his glasses and snuggled down low on the deck, I tried to appear nonchalant.

"Cabby, I want you to follow a car for me. Okay?" he growled from somewhere.

It sounded innocent enough; so I pulled the meter flag down and held out my left arm as wide as the old frame stretch in the universal cabman's clearance signal. When the dimes started clicking merrily we wedged between the armour and joined the monoxide parade.

The Voice directed me to park under the "El" tracks a few streets away and to keep peeled for a two-toned Chrysler to make a bend into a parallel alley. We waited for a half hour. Finally the two-toned showed up and I rumbled out after it.

"I think that guy in that car is stealing my wife. I want to see if he's with her today, so I took the day off," he said.

"Now wait a minute—," I protested, "what are we getting into here?"

"No fights cabby, no fights. Just wanted to check. Keep after that car though, eh?"

Well, the wife didn't materialize and he gave me a three dollar tip for his dissatisfaction. I was glad

to see his baggy pants leave my machine, to say the least. His was full blown-jealousy, one of the many many moods and passions I watched through my little rear view glass that burning Summer in Chicago. Some of it I never bargained for and would never want again.

I had taken a cab driving job while awaiting a call from the Railroad which had been a long time coming. The want ad column read glowingly:

MEN: DRIVE A YELLOW CAB. MANY OF OUR MEN EARN \$100.00 A WEEK.

Five other applicants went through the hiring mill with me, all of them pretty fair looking chaps with a sense of humour. It would be interesting to discover how long they kept up their good cheer at the wheel of a Yellow, for my garage fellows were a mixture of cynics and saints. A cabby gets to be one or the other soon enough as his nerves and his stomach are put to the test through what he sees in the little rectangle of glass dangling up there before him. It becomes an X-Ray after the first hundred trips and you find yourself pigeon-holing the people back there.

You can get sour real easy. Haul around five flashy cowboys through the Chicago Loop giving a running commentary on the landmarks like a Cook Tours man. Hustle those heavy cowhide fort-nights out at the depot, to get paid only what is on the meter. We called it "stiffed"—no tip for you brother!

I watched one man with three different women at separate times in the same ride. He buttered me up with a \$4.00 tip to keep it quiet. That blond gal back there kissed

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FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

8:30 P.M.—39 Spring St., N.Y.C.

July 17 Lecture by a disciple of Gandhi
July 24 Natalie Darcy on "Psychology"
July 31 Stephen Bridges on "Christian Art"

+ + FROM THE MAIL BAG + +

OAK STREET—CHICAGO

On June 15th I saw Karl Meyer off for Omaha. Action and took his place directing the Catholic Worker Center at 164 W. Oak in Chicago. He left the key, no bills, and nine of the best people in town.

Ed Bodin and Bill Lamont are good hosts to all visitors. The unemployment situation sends many more men than our 10 beds can accommodate. Listening to the problems of two itinerants, Ed asked me, "When was it you were laid off?" The man said, "1927." Bill is in the front room usually—reading, meditating, and living as contemplative a life as he could expect to in a 5 room storefront.

Rogers Eubanks, who came to us last summer, has spent a good deal of time studying the Bible. His training is Evangelical. Almost daily he writes a text or exhortation of his own on a small blackboard in the kitchen. His logic is frequently disarming, as when he wrote: "All things are possible to them that believe—Do you believe God can raise your salary?" The advice doesn't apply to me because I'm still unemployed, but I may feel nasty some morning and send it on to Norman Vincent Peale.

Tom O'Connor, Paul Butler, and Bill Karlic are painting, and the most successful mendicant in the house, who chooses to go unnamed, brings in the materials. Since we already feed about fifteen people a day, we are planning in the near future to substitute cots for two of the four beds in our biggest room, get two large collapsible tables, and eat all at the same time there instead of in the kitchen, on shifts, as we do now.

About the best thing to happen all month was the coming of Albin Caesar who, in addition to having an electrical engineer's degree and several years experience as a seaman, cooks with a professional touch. In a week's time he brought order and economy to the kitchen, which was being run on a catch-as-catch-can basis.

Children from the apartments above us have caused a run on Kool-Aid since the hot weather started. Their light knocks on the door are the most welcome of all, whether they are for a drink, an

apple, or a dog that ran into the house. A 71 year-old man sleeps under the back porch steps; he has a very pleasant disposition and prefers the bedroom shed he has made to sleeping inside.

The discussion last Sunday on Lord Acton's *Essays on Freedom and Power* had eight participants. His view of the relationship of Church and State was most absorbing. There is also something in the essay "Nationality" which suggests the plight of the resistance against the new missile base in Omaha. Acton says that whenever a single definite object is made the supreme end of the State—"be it the advantage of a class, the safety or the power of the country, the greatest happiness of the greatest number"—then for the time the State inevitably becomes absolute. The civil disobedience planned for Omaha makes a very faint sound against the wall of absolutism. That is no reason for the brave handful to stop trying. Or to think, with Acton, that modern Nationalism spells the end of Revolution. A. J. Muste's address to soldiers and a few men climbing a fence point up the futility and the need of visionary dissent.

"The scheme of a philosopher can command the practical allegiance of fanatics only, not of nations; and though oppression may give rise to violent and repeated outbreaks, like the convulsions of a man in pain, it cannot mature a settled purpose and plan of regeneration, unless a new notion of happiness is joined to the sense of present evil ("Nationality")."

We hope to have Karl Meyer back from Omaha and at the Chicago Catholic Worker before long. If he's jailed for climbing a fence he deserves a little rest before the FBI settles with him for refusing an induction notice last May 19th.

Edward Morin

Sunday Afternoon Discussions

July 12 Recording of Fr. Hugo's "Applied Christianity"

July 26 Mounier's "Personalism," "A Personalist Manifesto," and "The Character of Man"

4 P.M. followed by supper — 164 W. Oak St.—Chicago, Ill.

MIGRANTS

May 15, 1959.

Dear Beth:

Read your article on migrant labor in the April-May issue with great interest—it's a problem in New Mexico also, and has been for years past. I don't like to carp, but I would like to point out a few things that are generally overlooked in any discussion of migrant labor and the bracero question.

1. The bald fact is that only in rare cases will unemployed workers in the U.S. accept farm employment, making it almost mandatory to import braceros.
2. Even the wage rates paid braceros in the U.S. are substantially above those paid urban workers in Mexico; bearing in mind that the average wage for trained white collar workers in Mexico City is \$18-25 American. This is breadwinner, or head of family wages, not to be confused with those paid youngsters just out of school. By rule of thumb the standard of living for Mexican workers is roughly one third that of U.S. workers.

Taken together the two facts illustrate the prime reasons why no substantial changes have been made either in the unionization of braceros or the prevailing wage scales for stoop labor over the years: First, not enough sophisticated workers with a trade union tradition and background to provide a leaven in the mass; and sec-

ond the fact that a farm laborer in Mexico averages a dollar a day against six dollars in the U.S. Granted that the six dollars is a long way from clear gain, the residue still permits the bracero to make more in four months in the U.S. than he would in twelve in Mexico.

The migratory farm worker problem in essence is: 1. Strengthen the collective bargaining power of the migratory worker. 2. Raise prevailing wage rates and better working and living conditions. How to accomplish it? The answer is ultimately political and lies, at least in its initiation, outside the U.S. First, the Agricultural Workers Union would have to sign an agreement, not with the growers, but with its Mexican counterpart. The basic part of the agreement would be dues reciprocity and political aid for the U.S. migratory farm worker problem on the Mexican scene. The Mexican Agricultural Workers Union would have to put pressure on their government for the following: all workers crossing the border from the Mexican side must have a Mexican Agricultural Workers' Union book, the dues, for the term of his American employment, to be deducted from his paycheck by the grower contracting for his labor; half the dues going to the American Agricultural Workers Union and half being remitted to their Mexican counterpart. Also, each grower contracting for Mexican bracero labor would be required to pay the premiums on both group life

and health insurance for his braceros for the duration of their stay in the states.

Only the Mexican Government, at this stage of the problem, has both the power and the interest to compel these conditions through collective bargaining with the American Government. After all, both Mexican national pride and pocketbook are involved, an acute combination. If in wartime the American Government abides by the Geneva Convention and treats prisoners of war the same as her own soldiers where medical treatment, housing, and food are concerned why shouldn't she do it in peace time and insist that Mexican workers be treated with the courtesy due citizens of a friendly power and on a level with American workers? Again, bracero money is the fourth largest source of income that Mexico has, ranking right after tourism. Raise the level of bracero income and all Mexico benefits. A threat by the Mexican Government to refuse to permit braceros to cross the border until the minimal conditions of health and welfare were met by American growers would have the following result: an enormously strengthened American Agricultural Workers Union and greatly bettering working and health conditions for braceros. It would be

St. JOHN Gualbert



forgiving his enemy

inevitable that the conditions of all migratory farm workers in the U.S. would be bettered by the arrangement in time.

Regrettably, the main reason why this has not yet been achieved is the negative thinking of a large portion of American labor movement where the bracero is concerned: Keep the bracero out because he is depressing wage levels of farm workers and raise the wage level of farm workers high enough to make the job interesting to American workers. The attitude is largely nonsense: the past twenty years has demonstrated that pious appeals to the conscience of American farmers is not sufficient to raise the wage levels of their help. The only way to raise wage levels is through collective bargaining and the only way to achieve that is through unionization. If you can't unionize the existing work force just how is the job supposed to be done? Bear in mind also that attempts at unionization among the whole vast bracero population are practically nil, because of the special, almost unique talents demanded of an organizer in that field of migratory farm labor.

Fraternally,
John McKeon
509 Second St.
Albuquerque, N. M.

IRENE NAUGHTON WRITES

Dear Dorothy,

I was thinking this morning, appalled, of what Fr. O'Rourke, Maryknoll Superior in Yucatan, has been telling us of the Mexican state of Chihuahua—four hundred thousand people and ten priests, one priest to every forty thousand people. If every one were to go to Confession once a month, one thousand confessions a day per priest. That is only one example out of many of the spiritual crisis in the world today. Do you recall that passage in the New Testament when St. Paul asked the Ephesians if they had received the Holy Spirit? How many people would have to answer today as they did: "Nobody even mentioned to us the existence of a Holy Spirit."

If I were to tell you that seven-year old Matilde of Bacalar needed a square meal tomorrow, American generosity is such that all of you would, if at all possible, reach down into your pockets and send me one, five, ten dollars promptly, or start a dollar-a-month club, or sponsor a dance, or bridge. This year in the parish, a man walked twenty miles for aid, carrying his critically ill two year old daughter. A young boy pulled his little crippled brother in a home made cart six miles along the highway to arrange with our nurse for help for him. Three of our lay missionaries bicycled out into the night bringing food and medicine to an old couple reported starving out in the "bush."

But, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, are not all these pictures of a far more serious need in the spiritual order? If the implications of our Christian faith were faced honestly, we would add to American compassion towards physical hardship, a genuine anguish for the real, if scarcely felt, hunger for the Living Bread. That same American generosity would reach down into its pockets to support a catechetical program. May the day come here when a man will bring his family twenty miles to hear Mass. Well over half the two-year olds in the world (souls critically ill) need to be brought to the fountain of living waters. Our little crippled brother, yours and mine (the millions of spiritually ignorant children in all countries) needs to be put into a home made cart (the material goods we have at hand) and pulled over a long road in the sun (our sacrifices) to arrange help for him from those who can and will give. Lay missionaries need to go bicycling out into the night of spiritual darkness for the second and more serious hunger.

I say lay missionaries because in the first place there never will be enough priests and nuns to teach the Word of God, and because secondly and independently of this, the teaching of the Word of God is also a lay responsibility.

If we might be excused (through ignorance) for thinking that the teaching of religion in the States was the responsibility of the Catholic schools, mainly the nuns, we certainly couldn't be in Mexico. All religious, priests and nuns, were put out of Mexico in the persecution of the late 1920's, during which Father Pro was executed. The few who had trickled back their religious habits outlawed, are facing the same one to forty thousand odds as those priests in Chihuahua. The law against teaching religion in the school day is enforced. The Chetumal nuns had their school closed for two years because an inspector came in, and a religious book was in evidence. No crucifixes, no holy pictures in the pitifully few Catholic classrooms.

In Bacalar there is one priest to three thousand people in eleven villages, one finger of the parish reaching out to the west seventy-five miles, one finger to the North fifty miles, frontier territory and therefore restless, law-

less, transient, immoral, almost amoral, half-illiterate, houses so lacking in conveniences that you can't imagine it, and withal, aspiring hearts hungering, with an almost visible hunger, for something better materially and spiritually. "I am poor but I have a noble heart," says Juan Trejo senior to us at the wedding of his son Juan, one of the mission hopes, the first of five married children to be married in the Church. And you can see that he has a noble heart, refusing to go down amidst the weight of hopelessness and dirt, physical and moral, that daily strives to pull him down into it like a sucking bog.

The day of the penny catechism as the basis of the doctrine lesson is passed, if indeed it ever sufficed. Catechetics is moving out into a queenly science, challenging and far-reaching. We see Christian Doctrine teaching as a universal vocation, inherent in the teaching office natural to the father and mother, for which they should be prepared before marriage, with classes the same size as a big family, ten or fifteen children, the whole animated from within by a minority of full-time specialists who provide the syllabus and sponsor the lesson-to-lesson training necessary to teach it. Catechetics must be challenging to the teacher as well as to the child, and we find out Liturgical-Biblical integrated doctrine and Gregorian chant in the vernacular syllabus to be just that, a two-edged sword, cutting out into all the walks of life that our catechists move in.

There is a development that can be called startling in our catechists after a year in the program, and what promise that gives for next year! We must finish the center that we have started for them. When I think of one of those lone priests in Chihuahua with his forty thousand parishioners, I am ashamed of the time I waste, the continual blocking of the Word of God working through me, how I have evaded my obligation to begin, not for myself primarily, but to help others to help themselves spiritually and materially. We could finish the center for one thousand dollars. The Agricultural and young men's programs here in Bacalar are being supported partially by dollar-a-month clubs, and the catechetical program could pursue its aim of three-weeks courses every three months for Pueblo catechists, as well as accept some year round students for full-time catechetical work if it were supported by a few dollar-a-month clubs, or a few dances sponsored for us.

What do we teach the catechists to make them mature persons? Sewing, hammock-making, knitting, geography, arithmetic, Bible and Liturgy classes, marriage preparation and moral formation, drama, dancing, rhythmic dance, puppet theatre, child care, housekeeping, swimming, ping pong. All things serve as veils but thinly hiding the face of Christ. "All things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

In Him,
Irene Naughton

DAN O'HAGAN WRITES

May 19, 1959.
R. D. 1
Narvon, Pa.

Dear Dorothy,

I often think of the "Green Revolution" and how the "Machine Age" pulls like an electro-magnet, men, women, and children off the land into the cities, into a morass of TV antennas, carbon-monoxide fumes, tire-squealings, metallic NOISES, surging traffic, blasting horns, and innumerable other discordant sounds . . . not to mention an ugly maze of overhead wiring (replacing trees with telephone poles) and lastly . . . the tortuous

(Continued on page 8)

Early Mass

By JOHN STANLEY

Look down, bright stars,
on all the miles of paving stones
pocked and smutted with the traffic of despair,
that goes on all day long,
and lamped with dabs of aging light,
timidity's defense against the tabloid panic
spawned and nurtured by the bored.
Listen gently and with patience
to all the angry words spewn forth
from windows smashed for fear of smothering.
Keep watch all siren echoing night
on all the wounded in all their startling poses.

Consider their condition:
yanked out with forceps,
orphaned, starved and lashed
then drenched in brine;
looking, looking, looking,
and never knowing the victory of just a little strength.

The moon is borne aloft in awkward postures
in declaration of a mystery;
it jumps the gun on reasoned credibility,
and floods with tasteless light the unfilled valley,
and smoothes the jagged mountain;
then falls into the sea of blood
which parts to let you through.

Then you eat.

And then you rest.

THE CAUSES OF WORLD WAR THREE, by C. Wright Mills, Simon and Schuster, 172 pp. \$3.50 (paper \$1.50). Reviewed by Ruel S. Amdur.

In this book we have one of America's first-rate intellects tackling the most important question in the world today—that of war and peace. Furthermore, he has tackled it without either patriotic prattle about "our" side or silly illusions about the other. My review, however, is not intended to unfold to you the picture he presents and the program he proposes. By all means read the book for these. What I hope to do here is to discuss a few interrelated notions in the book in order to suggest some modifications that would, I think, strengthen the argument as a whole.

At one point, Mills states, before war became total, obsolete, and absurd as a means of any political and economic policy, it might have been said that peace was "a special vested interest of predominant powers," that—as E. H. Carr has put it—it was a slogan and a value by which to proclaim "an identity of interest between the dominant group [of nations] and the world as a whole . . ."

This, he feels, is no longer the case. Today war is in no one's interest, and so he argues for co-existence—with competition between Russia and the United States being conducted "in economic and cultural and political ways, rather than by means of the idiot's race." Co-existence should come about in large part through negotiations, he says. "The negotiations must now be between those who hold this power and must concern global matters."

This part of Mills' argument raises some serious problems. Primarily, if negotiations are carried out on matters of global concern by the two big powers, will they not result in a peace that is indeed "a special vested interest of predominant powers"? Surely we could learn no less from the Yalta negotiations. And it is unworthy of those claiming to stand up in the name of integrity and humanity to support global gangsterism. Mills says that "Both Russia and America are 'imperialistic' in the service of their ideas and in their fears about military and political security." It is not merely imperialism in the cause of an ideal or an imperialism through fear. He should have gone further and said that their imperialism also includes a mania for direct and indirect control over square miles of territory and numbers of people.

Suppose Russia and the United States do get together and reach a settlement of their differences—that they slice up the old mud-ball anew. What then? The mutual

strengthening of the two colossi inherent in such a settlement would hold the rest of the world down for a while, maybe many years, but the new means of destruction, the airborne Auschwitzes, still hover over the future. The new Holy Alliance would not last forever. So the problem is just postponed, and the intellectuals, scientists, and men of religion whom Mills calls to get it postponed in this fashion would not even have the moral justification of supporting just and moral conditions for the people.

But Mills is not this bad. He merely does not examine this idea of "co-existence" closely enough. In fact, he does come out for depolarization, for Western nations contracting out of NATO and Eastern ones out of the Warsaw Pact. Actually, the weakening of the two colossi through such developments is the only genuine hope for peace in the long run as well as the short. Rather than calling for co-existence of two evils, we should favor their weakening. Rather than a deal to support the Oder-Neisse line at the expense of expelled Germans as Mills advocates, we should favor an open frontier. (The Poles are having trouble getting people to settle in the area anyway because of fear the Germans will some day come back.) Instead of calling for peace between Russia and the United States, we should support opposition to them—by nations such as Morocco ending the existence of American bases on her soil, by the Poles, Hungarians, and Yugoslavs who have resisted the tyranny of the Russian colossus, etc.

Mills' strong points programatically are in his demands for unilateral action—open opposition to militarism by intellectuals and others in this country, allocation by the U.S. of money now spent for annihilation to use for economic development of the have-not nations, taking of profit out of war and war preparations, withdrawal of U.S. troops from abroad, etc. To those who answer, "What about what the Russians will do?" Mills already has the response—

Western intellectuals should remember with humility, even with shame, that the first significant crack in the cold-war front was not made by those who enjoy the formal freedom of the Western democracies, but by men who run the risk of being shot, imprisoned, driven to become nervous caricatures of human beings. The first significant cracks in the intellectual cold war came in the Communist world, after the death of Stalin. They were made not only by politicians but by professors, not only by factory workers but by writers, not only by the established but by students. They were made in Poland and Hungary and

Yugoslavia, and they are still being made there.

In other words, those who are under the Russian heel are already bucking without waiting for leadership from the far more comfortably situated Western liberals and intellectuals. The least these can do is follow.

FINDING GOD IN ALL THINGS: Essays in Ignatian spirituality, selected from Christus. Translated by William J. Young, S.J. Library of Living Catholic Thought, Chicago, Henry Regnery Company, 1958—Reviewed by a Jesuit.

In a world dominated by absurd fixed ideals or very watery and elusive ones, the French Jesuits have in their traditional progressive attitude, attempted to reassess the spirituality of St. Ignatius. They are doing this in their quarterly, *Christus*, and they are going in a direction that may lead to some profound changes in our attitude toward the "Jesuit" spirituality (American style). This analysis of Ignatian spirituality is done not merely for the Jesuits themselves, but for all who are living the active life. As such, the anthology



of articles translated by Father Young, presents a rather deep but practical outline for laymen and priests alike.

There are certain problems that all of us come in contact with which are more pressing than others. The book tries to take these: the ideas of service, prayer and action, guidance of the spirit, obedience and mortification.

Unfortunately, the most characteristic Ignatian "virtue" is unquestioning obedience. Coupled with this will be formal exercises, "discipline," and a general pattern of rigidity. This may be appealing to some, but it seems to fit in too nicely with the conformist attitude of the modern citizen and Catholic—especially the American—who is afraid to submit to the guidance of the spirit, obey with the understanding or feel free and joyful in his prayer.

When you penetrate into the spirit of Ignatius you see, however, not the soldier or the efficient founder of the "militant" order (The Pope's Commandos—a most unfortunate term) but a mystic, guided by the spirit, a rebel who suffered for his new ideas, and above all, a man who wanted to be as adaptable as possible . . .

As with any organized movement, the spirit of the founder is soon lost, and the letter of his rule begins to dominate, ossify and remain unchanged for centuries. Only constant prayer and personal

thought will keep the founder alive—and the Jesuits have not been noted for this personal endeavor for the past hundred years or so. Now, however, we see a glimmer of light.

Even in the essays selected, there is a characteristic American fear that some might be too radical. Only some of the better ones have been chosen. These are good, however, and may wake up the lethargic American.

The thread running through the entire book is perhaps this: That we must find God in all things today, with our eyes, and that this discovery must be a habit, constant, because we are ever alert, and ready for the guidance of the Spirit, through personal prayer or through the superior.

In other words, we do not wait to be told, we do not limit our prayer, we do not do works in which God is not to be found. Our prayer is a prayer of action, our service is unceasing (even in the night) our willingness to take the initiative is ever present.

Is this really Ignatian? The formula "Finding God in all things" is from his rule, and when we get down to his own prayer life, it was not a life of rigid formal prayer. True, his recommendations in the exercises may lead us to believe that "meditation" for a set time is the form of prayer, but, through fear or what have you, we fail to go into the mystical depths of the Contemplation at the end of the Exercises and we miss a beautiful Ignatian characteristic. Again, Ignatius was a man of obedience, but a man who expected his followers to have a sense of responsibility, and a desire to act, not a desire to be told.

Again, Ignatius was a man who did allow (how could he prevent it?) the guidance of the Spirit! The individual could learn, and exercise his own "will" in the carrying out of a command of the Spirit. This must be analysed more deeply in the light of community effort and spiritual direction, but it is a characteristic of Ignatian spirituality.

Ignatius was an individualist in the real Christian sense of the word. He departed from the rigid community orders of his day in order to set up an order which would allow almost complete personal freedom. This freedom would come from a departure from the customs of community life, and above all from a personal contact with God that would bring about the necessary union. Freedom was not license. If all the members were finding God, if they all knew Christ and the needs of His Church (within certain limited fields, it is true) then they would all work together. Utopian? Of course, and that is why there is the written rule . . . just in case we need it. And unfortunately, it has become a nasty crutch.

If all Christians are finding the same God, the same Son of God, and if they are listening to Him, if they love Him and have a desire to serve Him, there is no need for rigid rule. Some coordination, yes, but not formal rules. Thus prayer is not one hour a day, but prayer is the action of every minute of the day. Obedience is not submission but initiative. Personal ideas are not to be run away from, but looked at in the light of present needs.

This then is the message (at least in part) of the book. There are more conventional ideas in many of the articles. But in general, they are refreshing—deep and paradoxical at times—but "new!"

It is to be hoped that more articles of this type will be made available for the Americans. Father Coreth already had a fine article on Prayer and Action in the *Theology Digest*, and the work of the Jesuits in Rome has been most exciting. An American, Father Van Roo did a fine job on the Guidance of the Spirit in St. Ignatius. We might, at the present moment,

say that we are gradually getting out of the rut of blind conformism which has marked the American Church. But the final release will take many more books even bolder than *Finding God in All Things* . . .

THE AMISH FOLK by Vincent R. Tortora, Photo Arts Press, P. O. Box 1274, Lancaster, Pa. 1959. \$1.00. Reviewed by Ammon Henenacy.

This delightful booklet with 120 photographs by my friend Vincent Tortora about the Amish around Lancaster, Pa., presents the story of a pacifist oasis in the midst of our mad atomic age. Ten pen and ink drawings by Valerie Seward, and Kiehl and Christian News-wanger, internationally known artists, add to the value of the presentation of the life of these quaint people who came to America in the early 1700's from the Anabaptist persecutions in Germany. They are really the strictest of the Mennonites. These pictures are of the "hook and eye" Amish, the most conservative ones. They are so named because they refuse to wear buttons on outer clothing because the military uniforms in Germany were so resplendent with buttons. The men also do not wear a moustache so as never to be mistaken for the followers of the military with their upturned Kaiser like mustaches. But as soon as a young man is married he grows a beard.

These "house Amish" are so-called because they do not hold religious meetings in churches, but by turn in their houses or barns. They have no electricity, gas, telephone, or any wired connection with the outside or "gay" world. The only exception is for a few days when a building has been burned down and the neighbors collect to build a new one, they will allow a wire to be attached to a drill to make holes for wooden pegs in the beams that hold the frame of the building together. They will use a steam engine and power from windmills or waterwheels. "They do not listen to music, go to movies or plays, drink strong beverages, smoke cigarettes or gamble." They have no curtains in their homes or rubber tires on buggies. They do raise tobacco for others to smoke though. If they have to go someplace in a hurry—and they are seldom in a hurry—they will do so in a bus, train or car as long as someone else does the driving. Of course they never carry insurance and do not have lightning rods on their buildings. Checkers and chess playing is allowed and at times "a small boy playing a mouth organ will often be tolerated." Their elders and bishops are chosen by lot and none of them receive any pay.

Although men play jokes on the

ABOUT OUR BIRD

I like the little bird, a gold
And black example to behold

Of the creation; just to see
He is creates a mystery

He is not, O, but look: he is
Clearer to me than Genesis,

And Genesis in spite of that.
He is what I am driving at.

But I describe or moralize;
He is a certitude. His size

Makes everything I have to say
Disproportionate a way

To convey reality
Of him. See him. And then see

His pinch of shadow in the sun
Is the map of Eden done;

The fact that he is in a cage
Is Eden fallen. In an age

Or more, he will sing to me
Better than natural history,

Better than I suppose I mean
Better than foreseen.

John Fandel

REVIEWS + + + + +

women such as hiding a small pig in a clothes closet and the women, even by putting across some bitter food when sweet is expected, they are very stern with their children as far as obedience around the home is concerned. Their schools are a happy relief for the children in this respect. Vincent introduced me to a one room school several years ago and I played Hopi Indian records and told them about the Indians. The children are fresh and happy and unspoiled with the sophistication that comes with town and city life.

The old folks go to bed early and the young man sneaks away from home to his girl friend's house and they court in the kitchen. Everyone knows what is going on but they let on that they know nothing about it. The weddings are a long feast and much horse-play ensues among the young folk afterwards. Vincent was allowed to sit in the kitchen and view from a distance one of these weddings. The bride and groom do not sing at their own wedding, this would be bad luck.

The Amish likely never heard of "organic farming" yet they have practiced it for centuries and as a result they have the best land in the country. They live almost self-sufficiently from what is produced on the farm and put back into the soil instead of mining it as most other farmers do. When I spoke in Lancaster I was told that if any robber was caught robbing any Amish he was given the highest penalty for "you shouldn't steal from these honest people." No Amish would go to court for his rights, and of course they do not go to war. They are not allowed to join outside organizations, so some of the more worldly Amish who have cars or who work in a factory make an agreement with the union not to join the union but to give the amount of union dues to a welfare fund of the union.

When the atom bomb shall have destroyed the big cities the Amish, along with the Hutterites in the Dakotas and Canada, the Hopi Indians, and some of the Mormons will be relatively undisturbed by the debacle of those who prefer Caesar to the pattern of the early Christians. They will know how to rebuild.

SYMBOLISM IN LITURGICAL

ART, by LeRoy H. Appleton and Stephen Bridges. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York 1959. Reviewed by: Natalie T. Darcy.

Symbolism plays an increasingly important role in our time. Psychiatrists emphasize the pertinence of symbols in the analysis of dream content. Modern artists, in their increasing use of abstraction, find in symbolism a mode of creative expression. The Church, too, though she has used symbols from her beginning as a forceful means of teaching truths, more recently has emphasized the need for revitalizing the thought behind the symbols depicting them. It is as a contribution toward the meeting of this latter need that "Symbolism in Liturgical Art" meets our interest.

The book has a wider appeal than its name would imply. Its lively yet scholarly description of the most frequently used liturgical symbols may prompt young artists to depict them with an individual and contemporary idiom. No high school course in religion should be considered complete without the inclusion of as much knowledge of liturgical symbolism as this book provides. Christian parents can spend many enjoyable hours sharing its contents with their children.

The liturgy and all private devotions can take on deeper significance when the symbol is understood, for as Maurice Lavanoux states in his introduction, "Symbols do not copy natural objects but express visually a truth for which

many words would be required." The many gospel allusions to the Lamb signifying Christ Crucified, Christ Risen, and Christ as Judge can bring greater meaning to the Agnus Dei when said, heard or sung during the Mass; the Chi Rho on an altar cloth can be looked at with gratitude; the titles of Our Lady in the Litany of Loreto take on a new beauty; and finally, the weekly or daily visit to a church can provide happier responses in the greater knowledge of the symbolic atmosphere.

Mr. Stephen Bridges, who wrote the text, has had the advantage of many years of experience in working with liturgical symbols in the design of stained glass. In addition, he has presented his material in a scholarly, lively, and lucid manner. The drawings by LeRoy H. Appleton fittingly complement the text.

SWAMI PARAMA ARUBI ANANDA, Nirmala Art Publications, Fort Station Rd., Tiruchirappalli, 2, South India.

Reviewed by Anne Taillefer

Two civilizations, Greece and India, have irradiated the world's spiritual history. Since their very beginnings they have been obsessed by the Quest for the Absolute. However, if in pagan times, they have blended and the great Alexander's conquests superimposed an Apollo's perfect nose upon a Buddha's enigmatic smile, their ways, since the advent of Christianity, have sharply diverged.

When Greece humbly bowed its head before the new teachings she was far from having to make a total surrender. Her Logos—wisdom—is still a precious part of our heritage and the two great teachers, unprejudiced Paul and inspired John bear her stamp as well as she bore theirs. The undivided monotheism of the Jews allied to the Revelation of the Trine God came to slake Plato's fiery thirst.

The infinite message, coming from God to man was the revelation of the Trinity, Creation, Incarnation and Mission (Holy Ghost) confronting him with the substantial Love of the Father and the Son in that very Holy Spirit and calling him to experience its reflection in himself and in the mystical Body of Christ. This was a message inscrutable to man alone.

We will have to resort to oversimplification but it can be said that Christian contemplation has two methods: the analogical one, starting from creatures and leading to God through ascension, a method illustrated above all by St. Francis and justified by St. Bonaventure. The other method generally always identified with St. John of the Cross, is that of apophatization—negation, God being comparable to nothing known and only rejection leading towards Him. But creatures retain nevertheless all their stature. Some mystics like Ruysbroeck have combined perfect harmony between total negation and the Vision of the Trinity. But both methods are positive in the end: "the passionate No that becomes the passionate Yes," says St. John of the Cross.

Among the numerous paths offered to Hindu search there is first that of moral good accomplished for duty's sake, this is the lesson taught by Krishna to Arjuna in that Indian Songs of Songs, the Bhagavadgita. Then there is a higher way, that of the Upanishads, of the Bramasutras. This way sees the Absolute in through and beyond any phenomenon. This way recognizes the good but transcends it till the freed being, though in his body still far beyond good and evil, fuses with the eternal One. A double negation is asserted, first freedom from fear and from all the necessary avatars but the positive aspect of the identity of the soul with God is in itself a negation. In Christian contem-

plation the soul and God are always separate.

Many a challenge to reconsideration and exploration may be found by the Christian mystic in Hindu mysticism and lack of space only makes this impossible here; western contemplation could be influenced and enriched with infinite variety and depth but yet a yawning chasm would prevail: the Trinity, the I and I and I, the eternal triple love as opposed to the One and also the opposition between the two forms of contemplation: in Christian contemplation humanity effaces itself, disappears before the bliss of knowing God but is re clothed after the mystical experience and never denied. On the contrary in the Hindu form the fusing in God is an ultimate rejection of humanity.

But to India a man that shook it as he shook the world, the probable saint of India and his vision took in more than Hindu mysticism, Mahatma Gandhi at times would turn his eyes towards the cross.

There also lived in the depths of South India, up to the time of his death, two years ago, a holy



hermit sharing a hut with a companion, sleeping on the ground and eating a meager vegetarian diet from plantain leaves: With every breath and gesture he lived the Hindu contemplative life in all its stark destitution. The place is called Shanti Vanam or Wood of Peace, at Kullitalai. Its formal appellation is Saccinanda Ashram meaning life dedicated from within and without to the adoration of God, One and Three, Sat-Cit-Ananda. The hermit was swami Param Arubi Anandam. This, in Tamil, expresses the Supreme Formless, the Bliss of the Holy One—the Paraclete. Yet when the doctors declared the swami's condition critical and he was flown back home, too late, for a cancer operation, it is in Paris that died Abbe Jules Monchanin, one of the most brilliant priests of the province of Lyons.

Among the friends bidding him farewell was Father de Lubac who has written: "... This return in extremis enables many of us to see the point up to which Spirit of God possessed him to what point he lived the truth—a thing so rare—that mystery of the Trinity which was the object of his infinite reflection... Right up to the end with a calm, humble, smiling simplicity, he followed the call, so harsh, so gentle, resounding within him."

Like his forerunners de Nobili

Day of St. Francis

Rome's stray dogs romped in freedom today, spared from the dog catcher... in honor of St. Francis of Assisi. The Society for the Protection of Animals... also arranged a festival meal of tripe for the city's horde of cats... to commemorate the festival day of the saint who loved animals and birds. Veterinary patrols went out to treat stray animals and prompt bones for dogs from butcher shops.

The New York Times, Oct. 8, 1958.

Say, what is that noise which so tickles my ear
Down in the street purring, purring?
Only the alley cats, my dear,
Today they'll be stirring.

Say, what makes the traffic stand so still
Though the light has turned to green, to green?
Only the cats which no one dares kill
With his steel machine.

Say, why have those bowls on the sidewalk been set
And filled with milk so quaint, so quaint?
Only a gesture towards everyone's pet
To honor a saint.

Say, what are they throwing from that truck
To make more work for the sweepers, the sweepers?
Only some bones to keep up the pluck
Of our dogs and their keepers.

Say, why have the birds all come down from their trees
And given up flying it seems, it seems?
Only to gather what crumbs they can seize,
Not trusting Man's schemes.

Say, where are you going? Don't leave me so soon,
I want you to tell me some more, some more.
No, I must be leaving, for it's nearly noon
And I'm Assisi's ambassador.

Now the dogs and the cats and the nightingales
Are eating together in peace, in peace,
And the people are watching while leaning on rails,
And their hearts are enjoying the feast.

Jack Lindeman

and John de Brito the prophetic spirit that runs in the Church made him understand that the western Church in its present forms had nothing to offer to the beauty of Hindu art and spiritual literature, to its aspect of worship. For three millenniums or more it had been seeking, this quest was not fruitless nor worthless. And thus like Father de Foucauld stripping what is dearest to French hearts all pretense to his nationality, Father Monchanin fostered his vocation. One of his Hindu friends has written of him that he was at the same time a "Man of desires" and as truly "a man without desires" according to the Bhagavad-Gita's "free form I and mine."

"Desire the desire of him who is without desires"
"In order to renounce desire, desire that desire"

(Tirukura 1, 35)

His was a true Greek mind lucid and all-embracing. Confessor, lecturer, theologian, he was also a philosopher, familiar with all modern existentialism and Hegelianism. A parish priest among the miners, an ally of Abbe Couturier, his friend, in ecumenism, he promoted Christian-Jewish relations and a translation from the Medieval Jewish Mystics by A. Chouraki was dedicated to him. He deeply loved and knew El Islam and was grateful to his friend Pr. Louis Massignon for having revealed to him Al-Halladj the mystic and martyrs of Islam. Another dear friend had initiated him to China and Chinese students who flocked to France found support in him.

Faced by his mission the Cardinal of Lyons, Cardinal Gerlier hesitated at the prospect of losing so universal a man.

But beyond all else India drew him. He felt that the Spirit led the world to the risen Christ and that the time marked had come for him to bring this message to India.

"The transcendence and the immanence of God are harmonized in the revealed doctrine of Creation—a realistic creation, and not a mere play (lila)—a truth undreamt of by the philosophies of both West and East. God has created the universe, inclusive of the Angels and the souls of men, neither out of pre-existing matter, nor out of His own essence, but ex nihilo "out of nothing." Therefore the Creator and the creature are essentially

different, the Infinite and finite cannot merge into single Being; even in the final glory of beautiful vision, God and the soul retain their distinct individuality.

This is the parting of the ways between Judeo-Christian mysticism and the most elaborate forms of mysticism outside Christianity (such as neo-platonism in Greece, taoism in China, and the most conspicuous aspects of Hindu and Buddhist religious philosophy, to say nothing of Spinoza and the modern post-Kantian idealism, including Hegelianism).

SAT (Being) CIT (Thought) ANANDA (Bliss), this was the message to bring to India the Trinity. Father Monchanin worked upon his preparations for 25 years, perfecting his Sanskrit, studying the scriptures of Hindustan and its systems of philosophy. When authorized he entered Father Lebbe's Auxiliaries to the Missions. Then he looked around for a bishop, and through an Indian Jesuit, Father Kalathil who had just written his thesis upon the idea of God in the Bhagavad-Gita, the Bishop of Tiruchirappalli, Rt. Rev. Dr. James Mendonca, was contacted, who accepted the proposal with joy.

And so he came to the beloved land of India, stammering a few words of English, learning Tamil painfully. Having asked for the humblest post he was plentifully granted and travelled from parish to parish, preaching painstakingly, painstakingly understood, he the famous preacher of French audiences. His tenderness and recognition of the most destitute earned him the name of apostle of the "Humiliated and the offended." During all the time after the first dazzlement at India and its beauty and spell had come the disillusion of the scandal of the Hindu world, the indifference of Catholic priests to Indian tradition so magnificent as opposed to the mediocrity of the westernized churches. But sometimes friends in Pondicherry would call upon him for a lecture and the great thinker, the brilliant orator would come to life again, but rarely indeed. And sometimes contributions were sent to various magazines specially to Father de Lubac's.

And then patience, that form of genius was rewarded. A French Benedictine monk wrote to Bishop Mendonca soliciting the privilege of living the Hindu contemplative (Continued on page 6)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

women detained for trial, the presence of adolescents in a prison filled with women who are repeat offenders, all these serious criticisms are ignored. The lack of any treatment for drug addicts, the treating of drug addicts as criminals instead of as patients (though of course drug addiction leads to crime) is another criticism, though the *New York Times* carries a story this month of the probable opening of wards in several hospitals in New York for addicts.

We can only regard the attention paid to a casual remark about a bologna sandwich as a perverse sense of humor on the part of the Department of Correction officials who took it up. Are they playing with us? Are they being sarcastic, sneering at the seriousness of our criticisms? Are these matters to be laughed at? There are slum conditions indeed, in the Women's House of Detention in the richest city in the world.

Up to the present time we have felt that Anna Cross, Commissioner of Correction, was making noble efforts to change conditions for the women. But this particular letter is an example of tithing mint and cummin.

Migrant Workers

There was a terrible story last month of sixteen Mexicans burned to death as the truck they were being driven to work in, rammed a tree. Thirty-two more were seriously injured. The driver, another Mexican, told the highway patrol that he had dozed at the wheel.

Some of the chapters in Ammon Hennacy's autobiography tells of his riding in just such trucks to the fields to harvest carrots or cauliflower or cotton. The corner where the trucks gather up their laborers is called the slave market. At dawn these ramshackle converted closed-in busses are heavily loaded. The passengers can never see where they are going. They are driven such long distances that in this case, a water barrel blocked the only exit. These workers were on their way to garlic fields and for many of them in was their last day's work before they returned to Mexico.

Migrant Family

We have an American family staying in one of our beach bungalows. They have worked in the packing sheds of the onion fields in Arizona, being paid so much a dozen for tying bunches of onions. They arrived by car one day in June, with a very sick child with a high temperature. There are five children and they have all been through a siege of measles and flu. We are happy indeed that we have a place on the beach for them to rest up after their cross country trip. They are an intelligent and literate family and we are enjoying their visit.

Fritz Eichenberg

An Italian dinner with Fritz Eichenberg one evening. They were having good stew at the house, but we went out in order to visit and talk. At St. Joseph's loft there are too many interruptions, especially after I have been in Staten Island for a few weeks. Every one in the very large Catholic Worker family wants to visit too. And everyone who comes into the office wants to meet Fritz. We just had a letter that very day from a man and his wife who wrote, "we cannot repay you for the wonderful friends met and articles enjoyed through *The Catholic Worker*. Eichenberg alone is beyond price."

I forgot to tell him about this so I do it now publicly.

He in turn told me about a wonderful artist from Japan, Shiko Munakata who at present has a gallery in his own name at 46th St., between Fifth and Sixth Avenues where his incomparable woodcuts are being shown this month. Fritz described him, his incredible speed in working, his amazing effects of script and pic-

ture, the color effects over the black and white. He has an interpreter and in addition to his work sessions at Pratt Institute, he stops to lecture and tell wonderful folk tales and legends, laughing with joy, so filled with happiness that every one must laugh with him. He sounds like someone completely alive, and filled with the joy of creation. Someone who is truly, in his capacity as creator, made in the image and likeness of God.

Indian Doctor

The next night going back to Staten Island, I sat on the ferry boat and read in *The New Yorker* an account of an Indian doctor who performed tens of thousands of operations all over India for cataracts and other troubles of the eye. His name is Dr. Muragapa Chenavirapa Modi and he is 41 years old. He makes no charge for his work. It is financed by philanthropic organizations and by the government. He was asked why he travelled over such a vast territory, an area of 300,000 square miles. He began, he said in a private hospital but when he found that his patients sold their homes or their cows, to pay the fare to get to him, "I saw that I would have to go to them to keep them from selling everything they had," he said. He carries about fifteen assistants with him and they set up camps for their patients. There are two million totally blind and six million partially blind in India.

Another remark he made astounded me. "I am not interested in religion; it is a walking stick and once you have learned to walk you have no need of a stick. Service to the suffering human body, which is the temple of God, is the best form of worshipping God. I take much pleasure in this service."

I could not help but think of St. James saying: "Pure religion and undefiled before God is to visit the widowless and fatherless in their afflictions and keep oneself unspotted from the world."

It seems to us his is pure religion, when he confesses that he is dealing with God's temples.

A heroine

Another happy encounter during the month was the paperback book, "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," by Alan Burgess, originally published by Dutton as "The Small Woman" in 1957 and reprinted by the Christian Herald, Concordia Book Club, Lutheran Book Club and Reader's Digest. And of course familiar to people who frequent the movies. The story of this heroine in China, travelling through far mountain regions to bring the story of Jesus to the ends of the earth, and gathering up many little orphans on the way—this is a great adventure indeed. It is a true story, and well told.

We count ourselves rich to have

GOD VS. MAMMON

"It is a high crime indeed, to withdraw allegiance from God in order to please men; an act of consummate wickedness to break the laws of Jesus Christ in order to yield obedience to earthly rulers." Pope Leo XIII

had these three encounters this month, with Shiko Munakata, Dr. Muragapa Chenavirapa Modi and Gladys Aylward, the missionary.

At this moment we are all breathing a sigh of relief: the crisis about Charles Butterworth has passed, and though he was sentenced to six months on both charges, of harboring a fugitive and helping him to escape, Judge Noonan suspended the sentences. When Ammon went to get the judge's signature for the release of the bail, he said he saw a statue of the Blessed Mother in his office. The Judge also said that his son read *The Catholic Worker* each month.

Trip Postponed

I had intended to go to the west coast to speak at some Quaker work camps the last days of June and the first of July, but the date of the retreat which I had been looking forward to was set for the same time, and my spiritual director said that the retreat came first. How good it is to have some one settle such a matter. I had felt quite torn between the two engagements. The retreat is for those interested in the spiritual family of Father Charles de Foucauld and is being given by Fr. Brennan who teaches Scripture at St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester, New York.

There will be more about this in a later issue. "Seeds of the Desert," by Fr. Rene Voillaume, published by Fides Press, is made up of conferences given to the Little Brothers of Jesus, and is the best spiritual reading for our time that I have come across. Fr. Charles (Jack English), Trappist at Conyers, Ga., translated some additional conferences for me from the French and we have been passing them around to our friends.

I am hoping to go to the west coast in October so that I may fill some of the engagements I missed this June.

Appeal For Spanish Refugee Aid

The one group of people who have been decimated by both Communists and Fascists are the refugees from Franco Spain. No one else is helping them. We of the *Catholic Worker* are proud to join with other radicals in asking aid for these victims of the Franco terror which imprisons not only Socialists and Anarchists, but Catholics who ask questions and who are only as far to the left as a New Deal Democrat in this country.

Send money or clothing to Spanish Refugee Aid, 80 E. 11 St., N.Y. City, N.Y.



Mary Whalen

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

life as a Catholic monk. This echoed Father Monchanin's wish "to manifest the perennially contemplative life in an integrated Indian form."

These two founded Accinanda Ashram and lived there for seven years, in the woods a life of dire poverty but none other than that lived by the Indian priests in their family before joining the westernized seminary. This was not asceticism but loving imitation. It would be an overstatement to say that in the world they made a success: Like all spiritual ventures that go deep it had to die before it rose again. No disciple came, though a few friends, hostile comments flowed from all sides. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that Father Monchanin from a practical point of view hardly lived upon this earth but this is perhaps what saved the ashram in all its purity.

In a few lines it is impossible to do justice to this thin but overflowing volume. The homage of all who knew Father Monchanin, Dom Bede Griffiths to mention one who is, himself, in saffron robes and hindu forms living the benedictine life in a monastery of India. Indian friends hindu or catholic evoke the gaunt, gothic priest blended with the sannyasi. "He founded and he was founded" writes one of them. "He gave me my own country" writes another. He was all French and all Indian. We read magnificent excerpts from hindu scriptures, profound thoughts from many writers. But above all we fall under the light of Father Monchanin himself. Whether it be a passage from "An Indian Benedictine Ashram" or the foreword to an Indian translation of Landberg's "Experience of Death," a lecture on the fullness of Christ or an homage to Mahatma Gandhi, pencils of light surround the reader:

"For us God is neither the impersonal nor the unipersonal. In his intimate life he is Three Persons. We reject equally the systems of Dvaita, Advaita and Vishva-Advaita. We believe that it is not despite his Trinity but in very consequence of it that God is One. He is Sat, he is Cit, he is Ananda, Being, Consciousness, Bliss—in such a manner that He constitutes three centers of personality, each one polarized by the other two.

... Has Gandhi a message for the world too? The world awaits it. The purity of the means must be equal to the purity of the end: such is, I think, the Mahatma's message.

We have seen the working of a doctrine based on an impure end: the dislocation of humanity into men and sub-men. Such a doctrine could only make use of impure means.

Another doctrine hoped and continues to hope for a classless and stateless society. If the end may be considered pure at least in its philosophical heights, the means employed are too often those of cunning lies, force and war."

His editor says:

"Father Monchanin was a firm believer in progress. Some have accused him of being a conservative—for having preserved in India a mode of life called to die out—but they did not know him. He professed himself half jokingly, half seriously to be an anarchist like his friends of the *CATHOLIC WORKER* in New York. Even his admirers were quite disconcerted at times at the boldness of his political and social opinions and the optimism with which he viewed the revolutionary movements of our time,—be they democratic or anti-colonialist—in spite of his lucidity about the risks involved at their falling into the hands of evil forces."

In spite of a heartwarming gathering at the Ashram upon the prophetic feast of Epiphany, fore-

shadowing understanding in some distant future, Father Monchanin died with the idea that his mission might have failed. Dom Bede Griffiths writes: "Externally he died like his Master with nothing accomplished and the months before his death may have been for him a veritable crucifixion." He died as destitute as Father de Foucauld whom he had sought to imitate. It is quite probable that his success is now being born. And though we mourn the disappearance of a great spirit, all through the pages of the book, we realize that all the intimate revelations it contains can only have been given by the humble anonymous companion who now goes his way alone.

Anne Taillefer

THE INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT AND THE TOPICAL ANALYSIS TO THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Aloysius H. Seubert. Universal Publications, P. O. Box 3, Lemon Grove, California. \$10.00. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

This is a reference work of very great value. The topical index is a comprehensive list of ideas treated in the New Testament: a topic taken at random reads: Christians to Comfort One Another; Conduct of Christians; Counsels Regarding Weak Christians; Christians Dead to Sin—each item with its book, chapter, and verse reference. The Topical Analysis is a breakdown, verse by verse in chronological order, of the subjects treated in the New Testament. Example: Acts 1, 1-3, Luke Tells Theophilus about His Gospel; Acts 1, 3, Proof of Christ's Resurrection; Acts 1, 4-8, Christ's Parting Words. And so forth. The two indexes further serve as a cross reference to one another; finding a reference to Easter in the Topical Analysis, one can then turn to the Index and find the other references to the subject of Easter.

The book should be useful not only to individuals in pursuing Scriptural studies but to study clubs and discussion groups. It bears the imprimatur of the bishop of Portland, Oregon.

Christ may have meant: If you love mankind absolutely you will as a result not care for any possessions whatever, and this seems a very likely proposition. But it is one thing to believe that a proposition is probably true; it is another thing to see it as a fact. If you loved mankind as Christ loved them, you would see his conclusion as a fact. It would be obvious. You would sell your goods, and they would be no loss to you. These truths, while literal to Christ, and to any mind that has Christ's love for mankind, become parables to lesser natures. There are in every generation people who, beginning innocently, with no predetermined intention of becoming saints, find themselves drawn into the vortex by their interest in helping mankind, and by the understanding that comes from actually doing it. The abandonment of their old mode of life is like dust in the balance. It is done gradually, incidentally, imperceptibly. Thus the whole question of the abandonment of luxury is no question at all, but a mere incident to another question, namely, the degree to which we abandon ourselves to the remorseless logic of our love for others.

—John Jay Chapman

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 8)

for an interview which he also recorded. The whole meeting was an opportunity for young folks to gain new ideas. Bob Gilmore said, "You don't all have to be Ammon Hennacy's."

St. Michael's

When I am fasting and picketing the tax man I generally do not sell CW's on Sunday's and I go to St. Michael's on Mulberry Street, rear of old St. Patrick's where Father Rogosh offers Mass. Russian rite. This is an Uniate Church that recognizes the Pope. You stand up, except for kneeling twice and receive Communion under both species, bread and wine. Before leaving we kiss the Cross and the hand of the priest.

I have never understood or liked opera, and despite the fact that about every one in my family and my wife's family were musicians, and my daughters teach music, I have little appreciation for it, and as my daughter Sharon says, "Daddy, you have no rhythm." But I do like the singing, without musical instruments, of the Russian Mass, led at times by Irishmen who have learned Russian. I expect there is more blessing of the State and the army in this service than I would get ordinarily elsewhere, but as they do in old Slavonic I do not understand it. The whole service elevates my spirit.

Joe Breig

Some years ago Joe Breig in his syndicated column in Catholic papers, had an article about Dorothy Day saying she was soft-headed & big hearted decrying her radicalism. I was in Phoenix then and not wanting to take the time she asked me to answer it. She always sent me hostile letters and articles to answer since I like a fight. I wrote to Joe and found out that he lived in Cleveland where my mother, five sisters and brother live, so next time I visited them I made Joe's acquaintance, and found him a cordial liberal. I visit him whenever I am west.

The conservative banker to whom I say that time belongs to God, not to the banker, even 1%, and that he is a thief understands what I mean, but the liberal who wants 5% legalized usury instead of the 6% or over that prevails, and always has "good wars" and "welfare states" to befuddle his mind is a different problem.

Someone sent me the June 13 issue of Ave Maria with his column devoted to Dorothy and me under the title, "Too Bad Lewis Carroll's No Longer With Us," the inference being, I expect, that we are folks who live in an unreal world of double talk. Of course we think the world mad that thinks it can build more and more bombs and hate their enemy and in the name of God get ready to kill us all. This is the essence of Double-Think and Double-Talk. Joe says that we are noble persons, Dorothy "solemnly and grimly . . . in her special way," and me "with a pixie grin and a twinkle . . . in his extraordinary special way." He says that we each consider each other, that is Joe and I, as right-hearted and wrong-headed.

The point of difference Joe has with us in this article is that he thinks that the civil defense authorities want to help the people of N. Y. City, Dorothy and me among them, to save ourselves when an atomic attack comes by practicing civil defense drills now. It could be that some of those in N. Y. City who make two million dollars a year blowing whistles really believe that it amounts to something—there are such people—but I venture that most of them consider it a job, and some likely see through the farce, for defense officials have resigned after saying just this. Maybe Joe believes in these drills too. The defense officials themselves say that three and a half million would be killed if the bomb hit Brooklyn, so there wouldn't be any cops left to pinch it. The thing to do, and especially

for a Christian, is to quit depending upon bombs, and depend upon God.

We know better so we have to do better. Joe speaks about my not paying income taxes and fasting and picketing the tax man. I'll be doing this again Aug. 6 to 20 here in New York City. So thanks Joe for your good words and in trying to understand us. We do not keep you or others from paying taxes or taking part in air raid drills, and we do not put you in jail, but we have to bear our witness as we see it and try to raise the ante of what a Christian is expected to do. I hope to see you next spring when I go west speaking.

The Hospital Strike

The hospital strike is settled. In response to my editorial in the last issue some readers sent money which I forwarded to Local 1199. Bob Steed and I planned to picket with the strikers but the handling of the letters coming in from our appeal, and Charlie Butterworth's case with the FBI, and the FBI interrogating Bob because of his refusal to carry a draft card, kept us too busy. We are glad that the Young Christian Workers in Brooklyn went ahead and picketed with the hospital strikers. The Commonweal in an editorial also favored the strikers, but it seems that in Manhattan the opinion of Harry Van Arsdale, President of the Central Labor Council, as reported in the N. Y. Times of June 2, is justified: "We have it rumored that the Catholic Church is playing a part—I happen to be a Catholic and am proud to be—but we have it rumored that the Catholic Church is playing a part in the opposition that is being lined up against these workers."

MY FIRST SENTENCE

(Continued from page 1)

not only in this country, but in others too. The government is building bases for intercontinental missiles. These weapons in their nature kill indiscriminately and so are essentially immoral. The military system is built around these weapons, shares their immorality, and is rightly rejected. If laws force me to cooperate with this system which I see as essentially immoral then I ought to disobey such laws. I am not rejecting the rule of law as such, but I am rejecting the military system by disobeying a law that supports it."

The Judge said that if everyone disobeyed laws because of some immorality we would have anarchy.

"No, we follow the method of Gandhi. The disobedience must be open. I have tried to be open by handing a statement of facts to the government, by coming to the Grand Jury indictment, and by printing the whole case in the Catholic Worker. Secondly, one who disobeys must be ready to go through all the legal process afterwards and accept the penalty the law gives. We don't pay fines, but we do accept jail."

"You won't be disappointed if I don't put you in jail will you?" The manner of Judge Noonan was putting me more at ease.

"No, we don't seek jail, we seek world peace by a new method that we knew may involve jail by the decision of a judge."

He asked about my college, my parents, and where my mother lived. "You are a convert?"

"Yes, Your Honor, Christ is the center of our lives. We trace non-violence back to Him. He taught us to love our enemies and do good to those who injure us. He refused to call down the legions of angels on His enemies, but accepted the cross and death as a pure witness to the truth that He is God. We believe the will of Christ today is world peace through non-violence, not through military force and atom bombs."

Spring Street

(Continued from page 8)

A rare fruit punch which was served out of hollowed out watermelons.

Summer Visitors

Karl Meyer and Ed Morin of the Chicago Catholic Worker were here, Karl in May for the Civil Defense drill and Ed in June for a week. Karl is in jail in Omaha (story on page 1) at the moment for engaging in civil disobedience to the ICBM base there. We had a letter from him two days before the arrest; it says in part: "Still no word from my draft board. I am out here now for the duration of the project. We walked out from Omaha Monday. Now we are holding a round the clock vigil here outside the missile site. A. J. Muste, Ross Anderson of Koinonia and I will begin civil disobedience Wednesday by going over the fence. We will go in to talk to the workers and to deny the government's right to appropriate the people's land for uses of death . . . We are going to catch on to this missile by the leg and hold on. We are going to go in two or three at a time over a period of a couple of weeks, and then if we receive suspended sentences we are going to go in again. Some of the people are strong for non-violent intervention so they will probably begin to sit in front of trucks later on in the project. I told them that I would not do any of that myself because there seems to be something of an element of force in it." If any of our readers want to send letters to Karl and the group I'm sure they will be appreciated. The address is: Omaha Action, 105 S. 16th Street, Room 35, Omaha, Neb.

John Stanton, a student at St. Francis Xavier High School is helping out at the farm for a few weeks. He was brought down to the Worker by our friend Joseph Ciparek, one of his teachers, who has been transferred to the school of theological studies in Woodstock, Md. John also helped out here in the men's clothes room on his free days.

We expect Bronnie Warsaskas back from Boston in a few days and since he can do all sorts of skilled work that no one else around here is able to we have a long list of chores saved for him. In August there are six Maryknoll seminarians coming from Glen Ellyn, Ill. whom he can use as apprentices.

Now that Dorothy and Beth Rogers and Charlie Butterworth are back from their retreat in Montreal Judith Gregory will be back from the farm and she and Deane Mewrer have agreed to cook one day a week to give Larry Doyle a day off. German George is back from a job that worked him 12 hours a day and it ruined his feet so he is resting up here for a while. Smokey Joe is on a job at a country club in Monticello, N.Y. These places are notorious for exploiting their workers while the nouveau riche enjoy their vulgar vacations, but Smokey Joe is not one to be exploited for too long.

Then Judge Noonan gave the sentence. Six months on each count to run concurrently, suspended, one day probation. He stated that he could certainly defend the suspension on the basis of this being a first offense. All the arguments fit this case. If there was to be jail, he would not be the one to begin it. He nodded that the case was over.

I said thank you as best I could. An officer of the court had to remind me to come back and get my hat and coat.

Indeed God most generously anointed me with the oil of gladness that day. I tasted in my own experience the great truth that non-violence blesses him who uses it and him whom it is used against. May all of us share more in non-violence and in the love of Christ and world peace that flows from it.

A Rear View Look

(Continued from page 2)

her boyfriend good-bye and told me to let her off "a block away where my husband can't see me." I picked up a well-dressed inebriate who gave me a chintzey address on the South Side. His vomiting in the cab wasn't too bad (although it sent me back to the barn for a cleaning) but to my woe he produced only half of the fare. I cannot forget the scene we had right in the middle of his suburban drive.

Sometimes the anatomy of bitterness and woe would fill the sad square too.

Like the lady who refused to take the first cab in our line one musty afternoon. When I directed to the "head" cab in the line-up as our rule required, she paid no heed whatever.

"I'll never ride with one of them," she spat the last word out as I looked up ahead to see that the first driver was a Negro. I should have dumped her there but something told me to shut up and listen to her venom for the next half hour. She became infuriated when, after a wretched jeremiad about the Negro "problem", I told her I didn't agree with a single thing she said. I could see her framing me into a "nigger lover" category.

Thank God it was not all like this. Most of the time I was caught between a state of depression and wonder, which I suppose is the way with most of the working population. Cab-driving is this way especially. There were days when you felt it was worth while, when you knew it was; others were enough to make you wonder whether the fellows down in the hobo jungles were not right after all. You could make something of hacking alright. Your independence was supreme in that regard. There was a Checker driver who served coffee to his riders, had the daily paper and magazines in his car. You could do things like this and get away with it in this crafty old city or you could head down to the Loop every night and cater to the more venal side of night life.

How can I forget the old woman with a badly smashed hip, living from an Old Age Pension who pressed a juicy tip into my hand? Talk about detachment! Or the little High School freshman who had just completed her Third Order Novitiate and was riding on top of the world besides in my off old Yellow. When most kids were panting over Pat Boone and lighting tapers before Elvis and his dead beat guitar, here was this girl all aglow about St. Francis of Assisi.

There was the Negro man who almost brought me to tears when he described his disillusion with Chicago after a period in an integrated community on the West Coast. All of it without bitterness, he related how happy life had been there before circumstances forced him back into the grimy belt.

"There was everything in our project," he said, "white folks, black, Mexican—everything." "How did it all work out?" I asked.

"Man—it was great. We used to help each other out. Mind the kids. You know—little things like that. It was . . ." he tried to find the word, "well, it was just love, I guess."

And could I neglect the little Jew on our long, long ride to the airport during an Archer Avenue detour? He knew more of Christ and His message, of St. Francis than many Catholics. He gave me some pamphlets about theosophy, karma and what not but his tip and his smile were rare.

What would I have done without old Ed, a Checker driver who frequented some of our Cab stands? He had studied for the priesthood and the training had taken. He had found his vocation in his lumbering cab. No one ever heard him use profanity and he took calls into the "Black Belt" at night when other drivers wouldn't go.

After a twelve hour ordeal which began the day before at three in the afternoon, I would sleepily settle for a cup of coffee with a cabbie named Chester. Chester was never idle in his hack. He kept a supply of Apologetics and devotional pamphlets in a cigar box and laboriously pondered over these between rides with his halting elementary education. Father Pio was his hero and it was his burning ambition to see that great priest. He kept a medal and a picture blessed by the Holy Father on his breast all the time and didn't know what the words human respect meant. One godless driver on whom Chester would turn his stumbling apologetics confided to me one night that Chester was going out of his mind "with religion". Well, if Chester was insane the rest of our barn must have been sub-vegetable by comparison.

I never heard how this saintly driver made out with his would-be proselyte but I do know he helped me in those small hours over our beanery doughnuts. He helped if in no other way than to get me out to face once more an exhausting day in the world of exhaust.

Israeli Collectives

Settlers in Palestine have developed three types of cooperative agricultural villages, differing in the extent of their communal living and the degree of their collective ownership. These types are:

1. The *moshav ovdim*, or workers' settlement, an agricultural village in which all land is owned by the Jewish National Fund, but in which each family works its own plot and retains the income for itself.
2. The *kibbutz*, the full-scale agricultural collective. All property is collectively owned, and work and living arrangements are collective.
3. The *moshav shitufi*, a more recent development. It is a compromise between the first two types, combining the collective work and ownership of the kibbutz with the private living of the *moshav*.

In 1954, according to Melford Spiro's study, *Venture in Utopia*, there were 227 kibbutzim with a total population of 76,000; these were divided into three federations and four minor groupings.

Current (1958) figures from the Israel Office of Information in New York give the population of the kibbutzim as 85,000, somewhat less than 5% of Israel's total population of 1,500,000.

Censorship

The Index performs a very important function: it makes Catholic readers aware of the kind of books they are reading. They may read them, but as they read, a persistent sense of alertness to sin defines the situation and to a degree protects them from a loss of values . . .

—Margaret Mead in *Sex and Censorship in Contemporary Society*

TO THOSE who view the old war as a struggle between atheistic Communism and Christian civilization, the comments of Father Gerald B. Phelan, professor of philosophy at St. Michael's College, Toronto, will be a shock. Father Phelan says:

"One has but to read the newspapers to perceive that no religious principles of any kind inspire the pronouncements, policies, or proposals of either the Communist nations or the Western Democracies." In the West, as in Russia, accepted methods of diplomacy and negotiation spring "not from any definite moral or religious outlook but from a veiled, or even avowed, acceptance of the Machiavellian principles of power politics, opportunism, and expediency."

Peter Maurin Farm

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

Our first serious accident has happened on the farm when John Filliger, our Master Farmer after 20 years of safe farming, tangled with the tractor and came out second best with a badly fractured ankle (broken in three places). John now sports a cast on his leg and manages to hobble around the farm on crutches. The enforced rest is a hardship to John who has been active all these years. It will be several months before John will be able to walk without the use of crutches.

For the past month I have been doing research work in the lives of the early Christians preparatory to expanding my booklet on Teen Age Martyrs. And one finds many parallels between those days and the period through which we are now living. The conflict in those days was between the powerful Roman State and the small group of Christians who refused to render to Caesar more than his due. The early Christians (and many of them were Teen Aged) were indeed an heroic bunch. It took guts in those days to be a Christian! It would have been so easy for them to have compromised their position. A small bribe in the right quarters (there was plenty of political corruption in those days) would easily have brought them their freedom. But this they refused to do. And it was proud Rome that crumbled and fell while it was Christianity that rose and triumphed. The victory of the early Christians (and it took 300 years) is a powerful tribute to the use of pure means. — Jacques Maritain phrased it succinctly when he said: "Victory or defeat with pure means is always a victory."

We have started a prayer card of the month club—well, not exactly a club, but on our handpress we are trying to print a new prayer or a picture card every month. So far we have printed the prayer of St. Ephraim, the Secret of Sanctity, the Prayer of the Angel at Fatima and we hope to do a series of quotations by Father Charles de Foucauld. We also have printed the prayer of Christ The Worker both in Spanish and in English (these have the imprimatur). Any of our readers who would be interested in receiving a small packet of these cards (they may be used as correspondence cards or book marks) may have a set free of charge by writing to me care of Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island 9, New York City.

But do write before August 1st, as by then I hope to be on my way to Mexico City. A group of my friends are motoring down and they are taking me along. All I have to do is to provide my own meals, but for this I am sure that I can rely on the hospitality of my friends along the way. Since love, they say, is an exchange of gifts I shall be happy to exchange printing for offers of assistance.

It is my dream to visit the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe and also the site where Father Miguel Pro was martyred for the Faith. After reading the account of the early Christian Martyrs I will deem it a great honor to be able to kiss the spot where Father Pro died for the Faith. I will also try to visit as many Catholic Action groups and leaders as possible and will try to report for The Catholic Worker an account of the Lay Apostolate in Mexico. Please pray for the success of our trip to Mexico.

Sunday Afternoon Meetings at Peter Maurin Farm

2:30 P.M.—469 Bloomingdale Rd.—Pleasant Plains, S. I., N. Y.

July 12 Helene Iswolsky on "Russian Cult and Culture"

July 19 Dr. John Thompson on "Thinking, Dreaming and Praying"

July 26 Anne-Marie Stokes on "French Cult and Culture"



LETTERS

(Continued from page 3)

ly lying advertising. They leave the Green Revolution for the "Golden Opportunity" . . . leaving the quiet woods (save for a note of "progress" in a chain-saw or jet). They leave the meadows and fields! "The Machine Age" . . . and where has it gotten us? The "Age of Progress" to where have we progressed? . . . from Dachau and Buchenwald to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and now to missile bases? . . . the atomic missile . . . an ingenious machine which intelligently operates itself, and will obediently exterminate "undesirables" across the sea . . . "saving much valuable time" and the labor of seeing wincing bodies and hearing shouts of pain.

And even the latest farm machinery, what good is it . . . ? What will it profit us, if in producing unparalleled crops, we also produce unparalleled stinginess and greed . . . what then?

I went to a neighbor's barn-raising last week, and after the heavy beams had gone up and were pinned together, we stopped for a bite to eat. Most of the men were Mennonites, and most came by horse-drawn vehicles.

What an eye-opener and lesson in co-operation, to see 20 men walk over to an enormous oak timber and, after placing stout sticks under it, how gently, how quietly and easily, the great beam rose off the ground and was carried and laid at its destination! . . . No shouting, no profanity, no rattling engines or gears grinding, not even an order to start heaving!

If only co-operation would be engrained in us as competition has been!

Nor did any man refuse to touch "thus or so" saying his union wouldn't let him!

I asked one of the "Plain People" a question that has puzzled me for a long time. "How is it," I asked "that with all our time-saving machines we seem to still be in such a rush and hurry; and that with the help of modern science we seem to be producing poorer quality and poorer workmanship?"

"Well," said the farmer, "isn't it like the tortoise and the hare . . . those who have machines, knowing their speed and power, are apt to fool around and wait till the last minute; then getting in a rush, find they've waited too long."

"One of our people," he continued, "down in Virginia was asked why he didn't get a tractor and this is what he said, 'Well, you see I've noticed that many of my neighbors with tractors work at night; and I'd rather put my team in the barn, have supper, and not have to do that.'"

Congratulations on your steadiness against the air-raid drills.

Gratefully,
Daniel O'Hagan

I now believe that my welfare, and that of other people, is only possible when each one labors not for himself, but for others, and not only ceases to withhold his work from others, but gives it to anyone who needs it.

Tolstoy

Job Givers

(Continued from page 1)

earn? Many of these men feel that they cannot be rehabilitated because these agencies are the only ones who would hire them, and then leave them with enough money to do nothing with. They further feel that these agencies are allowed to exist so that there will be "Bums" on the Bowery for the loads of sightseers taking Bowery tours on the sightseeing buses. It's disgusting, but there you have it. Now take a man like me. I have no trade. I have done many types of work throughout my 28 years. Occasionally I am out of work and cannot get any kind of a job, even through a respectable agency, because I do not have the funds to buy a job. So I go to one of these agencies because I don't want to be a vagrant. The procedure is the same. They take my name and social security number, put me in a limousine, and send me a hundred miles away into the mountains to wash dishes or be a grounds laborer for \$100 a month plus room and board. At the end of my first month's pay I get \$50 and a receipt for the other \$50 if I'm lucky. But still \$50 has gone between federal taxes, state taxes, old age benefits, social security, limousine fare, and 18% for the agency. Naturally I resent it and I feel I've been robbed. Therefore I decide to quit the job. So I have to pay bus or train fare after I walk to the next town which may be miles away. I get back to the city, I get some decent food, and a decent room in a hotel. Then next morning I find I do not have enough money to buy a job through a decent agency. My choice then is to be a voluntary vagrant or go back to these agencies and let them make a vagrant out of me. What would you do? This is what happened to me each and every time that I went to one of these job giving agencies. This is just about what happens to all these men who go to work through these agencies. When they realize that they have only \$10 or \$15 which they did not have before accepting a job, and they think of the hours of back breaking work they put in for it, they become discouraged and in their discouragement they drink up the few dollars they have and thus starts their never ending cycle once again. Now put yourself in the place of these men and ask yourself, "What would I do?" There's not much choice as to what can be done.

These are therefore the disadvantages and dangers of these agencies and this type seem to be spreading to other cities far and wide. They must be made to help and protect the men who come to them and to treat those men like men instead of a bunch of work animals. These agencies should be made to organize all their employees also, so that the men would receive better wages, better food, better beds, and less working hours. Are these things too much to ask or to expect for these men who have been down and out for so long? Did they lose their rights as human beings simply because society rejected them? And what about men like me? Do we have to become vagrants and "bums" because of every one else's ignorance and greed? I am ready to make the fight. How many of you will back me?

NOTE: Rocco should not expect the state and the agencies to do other than exploit him. He should see the I.W.W. 86 E. 10st., who are making a fight on these agencies just now. A. H.

Pacifism is a positive faith; it is the faith of those who believe that men are made for peace and that peace is not only natural to men but is that state of affairs in which alone men can fulfill themselves or (what is only another way of saying the same thing) properly serve their fellow-men and love and praise God.

From "It All Goes Together"
By Eric Gill

Revolutionary Marxism Vs. Bourgeois Communism

The general habit of considering Stalinism and present-day Communism as identical with, or at least as a continuation of revolutionary Marxism, has also led to an increasing misunderstanding of the personalities of the great revolutionary figures: Marx, Engels, Lenin and Trotsky. Just as their theories are seen as related to those of Stalin and Khrushchev, the picture of the "revolutionary fanatic" is applied to them as it is to the vengeful killer Stalin and to the opportunistic conservative Khrushchev. This distortion is a real loss for the present and the future. In whatever way one may disagree with Marx, Engels, Lenin, Trotsky, there can be no doubt that as persons they represent a flowering of Western humanity.

They were men with an uncompromising sense of truth, penetrating to the very essence of reality, and never taken in by the deceptive surface; of an unquenchable courage and integrity; of deep concern and devotion to man and his future; unselfish and with little vanity or lust for power. They were always stimulating, always alive, always themselves, and whatever they touched became alive. They represented the Western tradition in its best features; its faith in reason and in the progress of man. Their errors and mistakes are the very ones which also follow from Western thinking: rationalism and the Western over-estimation of the efficacy of force which underlies the great middle-class revolutions of the last few centuries.

Erich Fromm in DISSENT

THE FREEDOM OF AFRICA

During the All African Peoples Conference at Accra (Ghana) last summer, April 15th was chosen as Africa Freedom Day. The American Committee on Africa, established to support the African people in their struggle for freedom, decided to honor this date in New York by an importation celebration. Thus on that evening, Carnegie Hall filled to capacity harbored a responsive audience and interesting program. Langston Hughes cried out with the voice of the poet and Harry Belafonte with that of the orator. The profound, rolling tones of Michael Olatundji's drums woke up the blood of Africa and William Warfield sang of passion and despair. Ambassadors from African States, personalities such as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Daisy Bates from Little Rock, Marian Anderson, Jackie Robinson crowded the Hall. Governor Menen Williams of Michigan spoke of the failure of America's policy in Africa and especially in South Africa; A. Philip Randolph President of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters told of the long and bitter fight. On one side, that evening there were the white people quite happy, filled with good will and occasionally badly timed levity; on the other the gravity—in more ways than one—of the thinking Africans and American Negroes who weighed the agonies and sacrifices of the past against those still to come: The long, steep and sometimes reddened road has still its bends and pitfalls.

The ACOA had sponsored the trip of 9,000 miles of one of the most important young statesmen of Africa, Tom M'Boya, Labor Leader from Kenya, fresh from a much perturbed land. In beautiful and arresting costume, this serious and forceful young man who can be wry and whimsical—with a Catholic background—made no bones in telling the American public how short they were falling from their obligations towards Africa by supporting their western allies. He also denounced the patronizing attitude of the West that accuses Africa of not being able to

govern itself and at the end of his speech made this terrible indictment: "We African people seek the same peace, stability, security and well-being that all decent people seek the world over, and we are unwilling to be used willy-nilly as pawns in a great power struggle. For this reason we adamantly oppose the use of any African territory, even the most desolate wastes of the Sahara, as a testing ground by non Africans of their new and ever more devilish instruments of destruction."

Ann Taillefer

AUTHORITY

However indisposed to do so at present, we may be compelled, sooner or later, to recognize that true loyalty to genuine religious authority is not synonymous with a passive obedience that entails submission to all authority of whatever kind. What we must be on our guard against is an attitude of unthinking conservatism . . . that seems to have led only too many Christians, and clerics in particular, to look on every successful dictator as sent by Providence.

—Fr. Louis Bouyer,
Christian Humanism

In the conflict between dead and living capital, it is the role of the Church to protect the poor, the workers, who have accumulated the riches common to humanity.

Cardinal Manning

PAX BULLETIN

(Quarterly)

PAX is an association of Christians who seek to promote peace and to encourage the practical application of Christian principles to the question of war.

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From the Clergy Review

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