

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Clerical Witness In Colombia

On February 15, 1966, Father Camilo Torres, a young Colombian priest, was killed in the Andean foothills of that country while serving with the National Liberation Army, the grandiose title for what is, as yet, a loosely organized grouping of guerrillero bands operating in the more remote mountain areas and provinces of the country. By itself, the case of Father Torres could easily be dismissed by the Colombian hierarchy as an isolated instance of a priest illuminatus, unfitted for the discipline of clerical life, quite possibly emotionally disturbed, and with a demonstrable predilection for organizing political protests rather than attending to the welfare of souls in his parish via the administering of sacraments.

What makes Father Torres a continuing embarrassment to the Catholic hierarchy throughout South America is not only the continuing interest shown by foreign newsmen (notably those from Communist countries) in stories about priests who run into difficulties with their bishops when they attempt social reforms in rural parishes—like cooperative farming ventures; credit unions; organized protests against exorbitant land rents; and starvation wages for farm labor—but that the revolutionary front itself, by adroit and continued propaganda, has elevated him to the position of patron of revolutionary farm workers and guerrilleros in South America.

The career of Father Torres in the revolutionary movement in Colombia was brief but meteoric, spanning the period from the time when the United States intervened in the Dominican Republic (when he organized a student's protest rally at the National University, where he headed the Department of Philosophy) to his death a year later. In the interim

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## OPTING OUT NORTH

Increasing numbers of young Americans of draft age, faced with the moral dilemma of forced servitude in a war against the Vietnamese people that they neither believe in nor approve of, are taking the alternative choice of immigration north to Canada.

Since Canada has no Selective Service Act, offers no language barrier, and provides both job and education opportunities to the man willing to immigrate, the wonder is only that more young Americans do not avail themselves of the opportunity. Canada's position on the trend north to avoid the Selective Service Act was made plain by Tom Kent, Canadian Deputy Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, in a press statement last September when he said, "There is not any prohibition in the Immigration Act or Regulations against the admission of persons who may be seeking to avoid induction into the armed services and, therefore, provided they meet immigration requirements we have no basis in law for barring their entry."

As to the possibility of the United States instigating legal pro-

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## OF HOLY DISOBEDIENCE

It is of crucial importance that we should understand that for the individual to pit himself in Holy Disobedience against the war-making and conscripting State, wherever it or he be located, is not an act of despair or defeatism. Rather, I think we may say that precisely this individual refusal to "go along" is now the beginning and the core of any realistic and practical movement against war and for



a more peaceful and brotherly world. For it becomes daily clearer that political and military leaders pay virtually no attention to protests against current foreign policy and pleas for peace since they know quite well that, when it comes to a showdown, all but a handful of the millions of protesters will "go along" with the war to which the policy leads. All but a handful will submit to conscription. Few of the protesters will so much as risk their jobs in the cause of "peace." The failure of the policymakers to change their course does not, save perhaps in very rare instances, mean that they are evil men who want war. They feel, as indeed they so often declare in crucial moments, that the issues are so complicated, the forces arrayed against them so strong, that they "have no choice" but to add another score of billions to the military budget, and so on and on. Why should they think there is any reality, hope or salvation in "peace advocates" who, when the moment of decision comes, also act on the assumption that they "have no choice" but to conform?

Precisely on that day when the individual appears to be utterly hopeless, to "have no choice," when the aim of the "system" is to

convince him that he is helpless as an individual and that the only way to meet regimentation is by regimentation, there is absolutely no hope save in going back to the beginning. The human being, the child of God, must assert his humanity and his sonship again. He must exercise the choice which is no longer accorded him by his society, which, "naked, weaponless, armourless, without shield or spear, but only with naked hands and open eyes," he must create again. He must understand that this naked human being is the only real thing in the face of the machines and the mechanized institutions of our age. He, by the grace of God, is the seed of all the human life there will be on earth, though he may have to die to make that harvest possible. As Life stated, in its unexpectedly profound and stirring editorial of August 20, 1945, its first issue after the atom bombing of Hiroshima: "Our sole safeguard against the very real danger of a reversion to



barbarism is the kind of morality which compels the individual conscience, be the group right or wrong. The individual conscience against the atomic bomb? Yes. There is no other way."

(Of Holy Disobedience, 1952)

(This is an excerpt from one of the pieces included in "The Essays of A. J. Muste," edited by Nat Hentoff and just published by Bobbs-Merrill).

to stay in jail voluntarily for weeks or months or even years, as many conscientious objectors do, is proof that one takes seriously Christ's words about suffering persecution for justice' sake. It seems to me that if we are committing civil disobedience in order to protest the war, we are defeating our purpose if we pay fines or bail and thereby pay the State for the privilege of demonstrating when it is this "frozen monster" (as Berdyaev called the State) that initiates, perpetuates and thrives on war.

Stokely Carmichael said recently that Jesus Christ was the greatest revolutionary of all, because he had to choose whether he would inflict suffering or accept suffering, and he made his choice. I think that the wrong kind of pain comes from refusing to make this choice. There can be joy in suffering. Being imprisoned is a small way to suffer for the sins

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## A.J. Muste

By TOM CORNELL

Abraham Johannes Muste, A.J., is dead at 82.

A minister, a labor leader, a revolutionary, a pacifist died peacefully of heart failure at St. Luke's Hospital in New York early Saturday evening, February 11. He worked at his home until five hours before his death, and remained lucid till the last. He was very much a father to many of us.

A. J. was born in the Netherlands and grew up in the Midwest. He was graduated from Hope College in Michigan in 1905, valedictorian, captain of the basketball team and state oratorical champion. He studied for the ministry and served a Dutch Reformed church, a Presbyterian church, a Congregational church and a Friends meeting. He studied at Union Theological Seminary, New York University and Columbia.

Milton Mayer, in his essay "The Christier," quotes James P. Cannon's History of American Trotskyism:

"Trotsky was greatly interested in the personality of Muste, asked me questions about him and entertained some hopes that he would develop into a real Bolshevik later . . . Muste's handicap was his background. He had started out life as a preacher. But despite the handicap of this background, he gave promise because of his exceptional personal qualities, and because of the great influence he had over the people associated with him; his prestige and his reputation. He was, you might say, the last chance and the best chance; even he, the best prospect of all, could not come through in the end because of that terrible background of the church . . ."

"Terrible Background"

A. J. left the Church, and pacifism (he thought that Christianity was inconceivable without pacifism) in 1921, after seeing children spitting blood in the textile mills of North Carolina. He found his way with the poor, the workers, and took up their fight as his own. He found in the doctrine of the class war a way of hope. But after organizing and directing Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, New York during the 1920's and coming by the early Thirties to believe violent revolution necessary, after successfully leading strikes in the textile industry, the trucking and automotive industries in too many cities and too many plants to mention, after founding an independent labor union and a political party with the Trotskyites, A. J. went to Norway, with his wife, on their first vacation, to confer with Leon Trotsky himself. It was 1935, and the beginnings of World War II were clear to him. He arrived back from Norway reconverted, a passionately convinced Christian and a pacifist. He could not overcome "that terrible background."

A. J. did not then cease to view history with the clear insight that Marxism, his own vision and experience had given him. He was a brilliant political analyst, perhaps unsurpassed in America, and certainly unsurpassed in the State Department. Years later, at the death of Stalin, A. J. circulated a memo forecasting in detail the growth of polycentrism in the Communist world, showing why the Soviet Un-

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## Nonviolent Protest

By PAT RUSK

The charges read off to us as we stood before Judge Grey in Criminal Court on January 3rd were: disorderly conduct, resisting arrest (for some), public nuisance, and inciting to riot. The first two charges had been pressed against us when we were arrested, on December 15th, for refusing to clear the sidewalk in front of the Army Induction Center at Whitehall Street, in New York City. The third and fourth came as a shock, for we had been expecting merely to plead on the original charges. Inciting to riot is punishable by up to three years in prison.

The protest had taken place on December 15th, when a large group of us took to the streets to protest the latest escalation in the Vietnam war. After a brief meeting at the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade headquarters on Beekman Street, we all crossed City Hall Park and walked down Broadway to the Induction Center. At the head of the line were a number of clergymen, including eighty-two-year-old A. J. Muste, Fathers David Kirk and Richard Mann, of Emmaus House, and Father Thomas Hayes, of the Episcopal Peace Fellowship. Many college students walked behind them, and some parents were accompanied by their teen-aged children.

At Whitehall Street, barricades had been carefully placed in the gutter to contain us. The weather was bitterly cold and we walked round and round to keep from freezing. The other side of the street was jammed with spectators, also behind barricades, who simply stared at us in silence. The attempt to block the doorway was of course symbolic of our objective: to halt the drafting process. In the face of such overwhelming realities as fragmentation bombing and napalming, our protest must seem pathetic and futile. Isn't it a waste of time and effort

to risk days, months or even years behind bars? Why do we do it? The answer was given in the Prison Meditations of Father Alfred Delp, the German Jesuit who was executed by the Nazis: "For how shall we hear if there are none to cry out, none whose voice can rise above the tumult of violence and destruction, the false clamor that deafens us to reality."

Somehow we managed to get up the steps and there were so many of us that we spilled over onto the sidewalk, where we continued to huddle together against the biting wind. We sang Christmas carols until we were interrupted by the amplified voice of the police captain, who ordered us to move on or face arrest. We hoped that our voices would carry across the roar of battle fire and reach the small children in the ricefields of Vietnam. Sixty-three of us were placed under arrest.

It took only a few minutes to put us in the paddy wagons and whisk us off to the First Precinct station house, where we were quickly processed; there was no fingerprinting or taking of photographs. To expedite matters, we cooperated with the clerical work and reached Day Court in time to be arraigned. While waiting to appear we spent a few hours in cells. In my cell, Beverly Sterner, who is A. J. Muste's secretary, described a demonstration she once took part in at New London, Connecticut. She and a fellow-pacifist were paddling a canoe and holding up a sign that said Stop the War when a naval launch bore down on them. I was relieved to learn that Beverly is an excellent swimmer. With her soft, smooth skin it is easier to imagine her behind a perfume counter than paddling for dear life to escape a naval launch.

To spend an hour or two in a clean, well-lighted cell is little more than an inconvenience. But



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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The Rev. A. J. Muste, known to all of us in the peace movement as A.J., is dead. The name Abraham means Father of a multitude, and he was that. If the peace movement in the United States had one outstanding figure it was A.J., and God gave him length of days to work. He was eighty-two years old when he died and many of us had seen him that last week of his life, Tuesday, the day of the blizzard, A.J. and sixty-one others were due to appear in court at Centre Street, to answer to a number of charges, beginning with "breach of the peace" and "conspiring to commit breach of the peace." In addition, there was a warrant out for A.J.'s arrest for failing to show up for one of the previous hearings on this charge. He had been in Hanoi at the time talking to Ho Chi Minh, together with an Anglican Archbishop Reeves, Martin Niemöller and Rabbi Feinberg. The offense had been committed on December 15th and it was now February 7th and he had been around the world in that time, traveling to the ends of the earth, one might say, in search of peace.

The morning of the storm we awoke to find the city blanketed. No cars were running as we looked out of our windows at Kenmare Street, no trucks, and there was a most delightful silence and a most beautiful whiteness over the usually blackened city. Tom Cornell, of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, called up to tell us he would be over in his little Volkswagen to get us through, somehow, to the court, which is only about a mile away. And when he had delivered us, he went to Robert Gilmore's apartment on Eleventh Street, where A.J. was staying, to pick him up. It had been a bitter cold day on December 15th, when the group of sixty-two, led by A.J., stood on the steps of the recruiting station at Whitehall Street down at the foot of the canyon which was Broadway not far from the bitter gales of the harbor, sang Christmas carols, and called for peace. I was reminded of one of the anti-phons in the breviary "Through all the earth their voice resounds, and to the ends of the world their message."

The courtroom scene ended that day with suspended sentences for some and a continuation of the case for others, and Tom Cornell drove A.J. back home. Saturday morning saw him stricken with a heart attack. He was taken to St. Luke's hospital where he died in the early evening. Sunday he was to have met with Archbishop Helder Camara of Recife, Brazil.

On Monday, February 13th, he was to have spoken at Community Church with David Dellinger, and Barbara Hanel about their recent visits to Hanoi and the meeting turned into a memorial meeting instead.

A.J. was founder and director of Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York. (The Reuther Brothers were alumni.) He had not only opposed war since 1918 but also had served the cause of labor, becoming involved in textile strikes in New England and in New Jersey and was arrested for picketing both in Lawrence, Massachusetts and Paterson, New Jersey.

Peter Maurin and I first met him when he took over the directorship of the old Presbyterian Labor Temple where he served from 1937 to 1940. As I remember it, the Labor Temple on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, functioned then as Community Church does now, and Peter Maurin felt that here was a beginning of what he called a new synthesis, an attempt to apply the teachings of the Gospel to the world today, the world around us. Above all, A.J. felt that war could not be reconciled with the spirit of Christ. "War does not bring peace, it merely breeds more wars," he said.

The thing that marked him especially was his relationship to the young. He listened to them and they listened to him, well "over thirty" though he was. He never judged the young, nor criticized them. He criticized the social order and by his writing as well as by his actions, tried to bring about a change in that social order. He walked on picket lines, he was passed on missile bases, he was to be found in courtrooms and in jails as well as in the lecture hall and behind the editorial desk. He truly worked to make that kind of a world where it is easier to be good.

### Mass Protest

Who are they, these 23 young people who went into the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, while a score or so others picketed outside, at the ten o'clock Sunday Mass late in January, all with signs folded up underneath their coat? At the offertory, right after the sermon, they got up from their aisle seats where they had been following the ritual of the Mass, and displaying their signs, started to walk down the center aisle. The signs read, THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

At the same time twice twenty-three detectives tore the signs from their hands and hurried the protestors out of the Cathedral. The story made the front pages of the New York Times and also was repeated again and again on radio (we do not have a television so I do not know whether there was such covering then or later.) Aside from the tearing up of the signs there was no disorder, but all was accomplished with such dispatch that those who took part did not think that any of the congregation saw either signs or those who carried them. Announcement had just been made from the altar or pulpit however, that the



JESUS is sentenced to death. If they have persecuted ME, they will also persecute you. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake, theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

congregation should remain calm, and later the charge was made that the parishioners experienced "emotional upset."

"We would have torn them apart," one old Italian woman in our neighborhood said, "if that had happened at old St. Patrick's," which I for one doubt. There is a strong anarchistic streak in all Italians. This neighborhood is their village, not to be confounded with Greenwich or East Village, and they have their own government of streets and neighborhood associations. In a way they are used to us, we have lived in Little Italy so long (fifteen years on Mott Street) and right now, the ten apartments the Catholic Workers family live in are just off Mott or Mulberry Streets. Once eight years ago when I had been arrested for protesting compulsory air raid drills and was about to be sentenced together with a dozen others, the pastor at old St. Patrick's asked me to speak at a Mother's Day communion breakfast, and when I told him I might be in jail at the time, he told me the invitation stood, and I was able to give the talk.

There would have been no occasion for such a demonstration at Mott Street's old St. Patrick's because it was the nationalist attitude of Cardinal Spellman which the young people were protesting. "My country, right or wrong," he had said, And "Nothing less than total victory . . . This is a war for civilization."

According to the Village Voice, one of the defendants, Richard Lourie, said that each of the detainees had a typewritten slip of paper with offenses listed: unlawful assembly, disturbing a religious meeting, creating a public nuisance, conspiracy and disorderly conduct. "But after we were there several hours a more serious charge was added, unlawful entry. The police were very polite but we didn't have anything to eat until seven o'clock when they fed us bread with marmalade and a cup of cocoa."

Could this be possible? In all the jail experiences around the Catholic Worker and a number of the editors have been jailed, we never had more than tea and two slices of bread with a slice of bologna between that tasted like rubber bands. Could it have

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HE takes HIS cross. MY Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from ME. Nevertheless, not MY will, but Thy Will be done. MY yoke is easy.

## Goldbricker's Paradise

By JAMES MILORD

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."—Thomas Dekker

One of the ideas you hear battered around by blue-collar workers is that they would work at just about anything so long as the pay was good. I don't believe that, and I had a good experience to back up my reasons for coming to exactly the opposite conclusion.

During one doldrum summer, a friend of mine who was pulling wires at a massive two-year construction job near Chicago, painted a uranium-strike picture of the building laborer's life. The wages made my own earning at the time look like a relief dole by comparison. With the high rent we had to shell out every month, my wife and I speculated that it would probably give us a better diet than peanut-butter sandwiches. So I became a laborer.

### A what?

The first day, on the second deck of a four-block-long building, one of many foremen, handed me a broom.

"Sweep up the decks," he ordered, and walked blithely away.

I searched the "decks" for some-thing to sweep, but they were spanking clean. Two other deck sweepers were already hard at it. For two weeks I did little more than push a few slivers of wood, the odd nail or two, and what flotsam of sawdust I could work out of the cracks and corners, from one side of the "deck" to another.

Within a few days, I saw the general picture. A lot of people seemed to be drifting along at about my speed on the whole project. I met them everywhere. Pipe fitters, carpenters, laborers, spent a portion of the day swapping stories, avoiding work, and scrapping about politics.

When my sweeping joke came to an end, I was transferred to the form gang. This was a bit more subtle, in the higher realms of goldbricking. If I carried, as I often did, two or three pieces of 2 x 6, the walls came tumbling down. One old-timer accosted me: "Hey, man—don't you want to make the job last?"

After eight hours of walking around the building with a plank on my shoulders, with orders from my foreman to tell any super who might happen along that I was looking for another plank just like it, I began to think that this "job" was the worst charade I had ever put on in my life. When things coasted from very slow to a dead stop, even the straw boss was pressed for ways to pass the time.

I had been around construction jobs all my life, with a general contractor for a father, and a lot of experience wheelbarrowing for my brother's company. This job just didn't stack up right with the usual hit-the-ball jobs I had worked on, where if the speed changed at all, it went from fast to flying. So what was wrong with this job?

### Men at Play

It was a government deal, where the taxpayers got the short end of the stick, and paid the tab for the hundreds of loafers like me. A "cost-plus" endeavour is sheer gravy for the Big Time Operators, who often live a thousand miles away from the job. In fact, I only saw the superintendent (one of the lesser satellites in the total picture) emerge a few times from his field office.

Here were the old clingers again: high wages, little work, no heavy surveillance — the very things the boys seemed to have as a utopian ideal. But the profanities and obscenities, grumbling and petty friction continued as usual. What had happened to the dawdlers' idyll?

Trying to act as if you are working is infinitely harder than doing the work itself. No wonder the men raced for their alcohol at quit-

ting time! Combined with the standard frustrations of a government job, idleness can literally drive a man to drink.

### Men do want to work.

There may be a few abnormal sub-men around who do not, but I found that cloth didn't wear too well, either on myself or on the majority of the men on that massive play-acting job.

It was not only the nick of conscience that occasionally touched us and said: "Now wait a minute! You're getting something for nothing here, man." Or, "You know you don't deserve that paycheck." No, it went deeper than that.

If a man is forced into bogus labor, something has to give, something has to come out in the wash — usually his temper, his disgust with himself, his quarrelling. At the end of a skulking day, even the confirmed dawdler likes to say that he's done something. It does not take any brain power in such a sluggard's carnival to realize that you are acting in a farce that doesn't bring any laughs. The science of pottering can only be learned by someone who is immune to human feeling.

A bright young student at the University of Chicago, who shared my distress, finally broke under the goldbricking strain. He quit one Friday, saying in all truthfulness: "My God! I can't stand any more of this." It was the lack of work that festered in mind, adding further frustration to his mixed-up life. He confided that he was attending a psychiatrist. Probably if he could have sweated and pounded and hollered and shifted material around, he would have worked out what was eating him. Work isn't a magic anodyne, nor an escape, by any means, but it can, under certain circumstances, be a positive healer of wounds. Neal Brennan, in his masterful Making of a Meron, tells of how he worked with some monks in Australia to build a chapel. A young chap came from the city to join them—his nerves in pieces, under strict psychiatrist's orders. Hammering and sawing and whistling for eight hours in a day in the hot sun put the case of nerves to flight. Brennan's only regret was that the psychiatrist hadn't come to join them too.

With a family to feed, I rationalized for about six weeks, and was mercifully laid off (after the Negroes, of course, went first, following the typical industrial reflex) in what the pusher reported was a general purge, because of material shortages. I discovered later, after we left, that a whole new crew, compatriots of the pusher, were immediately hired. Well, they were welcome to the "job."

My greatest regret was that I had talked a pal of mine into joining our laggards' show, and thus compounded my guilt. But a ninety-dollar rent and a hand-to-mouth routine can do tricks with one's conscience. Maybe I hoped for better days. At any rate, my friend was quick to size up the situation and, being normal, didn't like it any more than I did. I was not relieved, though, to hear that he got the axe shortly after I departed that goldbricker's paradise, because he was almost as poor as I was.

The last thing I can remember him telling me one day on the job was that St. Thomas Aquinas said that we needed a certain amount of goods in order to save our souls. I had a few pieces of donated furniture, no stove, no car, no TV—in fact everything we owned could be comfortably stashed in a small room.

Maybe I wasn't so guilty after all.

"We make an idol of truth itself: for truth without charity is not God, but His image and idol, which we must neither love nor worship."

PASCAL



# A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the first Sunday of Lent I felt a penitential sting in the air as I walked to the car to go to Mass with Joe and Audrey Monroe, who had driven up from Harlem to spend the weekend at Tivoli with us. Snow crunched under our feet, but no sound came from the river, where the ice-breaker had not yet broken the Hudson's icy sheath. Birds still twittered ravenously about my windows. I thought that they too must be cold, and I was glad that Helene Iswolsky had brought me a seed bell to hang out for them, and that there were still some suet scraps from those Marge Hughes had given me. A spot of warmth on my face told me that the sun shone, but I knew that this was no day to tempt jonquils from their frosty coverlet, though Peggy Conklin had told me that a few of the more precocious had actually pushed through during the January thaw. Poor jonquils shrivelled now under the Lenten chill. Remember man, that thou art dust.

Thursday morning after Ash Wednesday, Father Guerin, the Marist priest who comes over once a week to say Mass in our chapel, spoke to us about the spiritual importance of the traditional Lenten practices of prayer, penance, and fasting. He reminded us that prayer, though it might seem easy, was really work — hard work. Thinking this over, I thought that prayer was not only work, but the very foundation of all other work. Without prayer, what would penance and fasting be? I prayed that I might learn to pray better, that I might at least accept the penances God Himself had imposed on me, that I might at least persevere in keeping the three-day fast for peace, which the Washington meeting of Clergy and Laymen Against the War in Viet Nam had asked all peace-loving persons to keep. Prayer. Penance. Fasting. Insignificant gestures, many will think, against the mighty, the monstrous, weapons of hatred and war. But with God, all things are possible.

Saturday night, after Ash Wednesday, Pat Rusk telephoned from New York City to tell us that A. J. Muste had died. Speaking about him that night, we all agreed, I think, that here was a man truly dedicated to peace. I remembered with a little pride that I too had taken part in some of the demonstrations against war led and organized by A. J. Muste. He was, I thought, the kind of man young people should emulate rather than the men of violence and ruthless exploitation so often glorified in our history books. I marvelled at the many kinds of work that he had undertaken for peace throughout his long life: lecturing, writing, organizing and leading demonstrations, taking part in demonstrations, going to jail, traveling about the world on missions of peace and good will. Then at 82, shortly before his death, he travelled to Hanoi, and brought back with him a message for President Johnson which he hoped would help bring about negotiations for peace. May his death strengthen us all in a more purposeful, more sacrificial, more prayerful dedication to peace.

Here at the farm our life during recent weeks has been quiet and peaceful; yet we have our share of sickness and suffering. Agnes Sidney, Mrs. Carmen Ham (Rita Corbin's mother) and Alice Lawrence have all been seriously ill throughout most of the winter. To make matters worse, it has been extremely difficult to get any doctor to come in to see them. Many doctors in this area, it seems, prefer not to cooperate with Medicaid. Dorothy Day finally persuaded a Maryknoll missionary doctor to stop in to see our sick. Meanwhile from day to day various members of our family—I think particularly

of Kay Lynch, Mike Sullivan, and Jim Canavan—are always ready to do what they can for anyone sick in bed. When Dorothy Day is with us, she too spends much time with the sick. As for the rest of us, winter has taken its usual toll in colds and viruses.

## Work as Prayer

Most of us, I think, would agree with the spiritual writers who teach that sickness and suffering are a kind of prayer. What we



HE falls.  
If you will serve ME, take up your cross and follow ME.  
Sin no more, your sins are forgiven.  
MY yoke is easy, MY burden light.

often forget — as Placid Decker likes to point out to us — is that work, plain ordinary manual work, is also prayer, or should be if approached in the true Benedictine spirit. Placid in a former Benedictine, and still tries to live as nearly as he can in accordance with the rule of St. Benedict. He is a conscientious and faithful worker, always ready to help wherever he can; and his voice at rosary and Compline is monastic and beautiful.

Whether work for work's sake or for prayer, there are many in our community who help keep things going by their work. John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Mike Sullivan, Placid, Bob Stewart, Luigi, Alice Lawrence when she is able, Marge Hughes, Kay Lynch, Marty and Rita Corbin, Stanley Vishnewski, Arthur J. Laacy, Jim Canavan, and sometimes our visitors make important work contributions. Our workers and scholars may not always agree, but the truth is we need them both.

For our hermits in the woods survival would seem to be sufficient challenge. Yet they have time for prayer, more time than those with more comforts.

As for me, suffering from winter doldrums — or "dulldrums," as I sometimes think one should call it—I am beginning to feel, like a jonquil, premature longings for spring. This winter, with its snow, ice, and mud has made walking outside almost impossible for me. Like others, house-bound, winter-prisoned, I miss the sun, the more zestful activity and experience of out-of-doors.

We do, of course, have diversions. Almost everyone reads. In addition to my talking books, I recently received a gift of taped dramas and other interesting material from a kind reader in California. One evening some of us gathered in the living room to listen to a tape or two, and discovered a taped interview with Ammon Hennacy which made us feel that Ammon was sitting there talking to us. On another night when Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cullen, who have recently started a house of hospitality in Milwaukee, were visiting we listened to a taping of the talk Dorothy Day gave at New York University a year ago last fall. Bob Ortiz of WBAI, who drove up for a visit this winter, gave us the tape. On another night we listened to some of the fine talks Marty Corbin delivered over WBAI a year ago last summer. Then when Joe and Audrey are with us, there is almost always laughter, singing, guitar playing. Sometimes after rosary, to give a lift to winter-

bound spirits, Kay Lynch makes candy.

Undoubtedly one of the best ways to escape winter monotony is to go some place, do something different. Stanley Vishnewski has recently returned from about a month's visit with various members of his family. John McKeon has been spending much time in the city. Marty Corbin attended the meeting in Washington of the Clergy and Laymen against the war in Vietnam, and returned to observe the three-day fast for peace by taking only tea and rice. Helene Iswolsky went in to New York City for the Third Hour meeting at Emmaus House—Helene is leader and founder of this group—and to visit a friend in Princeton, but as the result of a fall and the big blizzard in the city was unable to return until this past weekend. Dorothy Day is hardly ever able to stay in any one place more than a few days at a time. Kay Lynch attended the Third Hour meeting at Emmaus House, then spent the weekend in the city, attending a play and visiting Chrystie Street.

We have had visitors too; and are grateful for them all, especially for the priests who have said Mass for us. My favorite visitors, however, continue to be the birds who feed at my window. But then perhaps they are not visitors, but fellow workers, feathered communarians who perform a far more important role in trying to maintain that delicate balance of nature—which we ourselves have done so much to upset—than any mere human.

(Continued on page 7)

## Boston House

Twenty-three Dartmouth Street is the new address of Boston's House of Hospitality, and a new name accompanies its rebirth: Haley House—in gratitude for the life of Leo Haley. Leo's work as director of C.I.C. (Catholic Interracial Council) at St. Joseph's Parish in Roxbury and with Packard Manse was an expression of his attempts at change and reconciliation.

The underlying premise of the house is a deep belief in the inherent dignity of every person; a belief that people respond with love when treated with love, with kindness when treated kindly, with trust when trusted, and respectfully when respected. Our aim is not to set up a value system—determining what is right and wrong—or a way of life for persons, but to allow them to form their own. The atmosphere is deliberately unstructured, informal and personal. In this situation a man is not pressured or bribed into acting in a special way, and his eventual response is free, lasting, and more fully himself.

This past month has seen a busy scrubbing and painting effort, with many hands joining us. The building includes four apartments, three storefronts, two Puerto Rican family tenants, and six workers, part time. Plans are flexible at present, with the storefront for the men off to a slow start. A little soup, warmth, TV, cards, and friendship are what we offer. Dan Berrigan suggests, "For that look on his face, for your hands meeting his across a piece of bread, you might be willing to lose a lot—or die a little even." To live this death often meant accepting the frustration of little measurable "success." When a man is filled with confusion, even despair and hate, a deluge of patience and love is essential before he can begin to trust himself or those concerned about him.

Over the months spent at Upton Street and certainly here, a wonderful variety of people have participated in the house, building friendships which will diminish occupational, financial and educational barriers. The learning experience for everyone has been a realization of the humanness we all share and how much we can teach one another. Maybe it is this kind of inter-relationship which will begin to build a community rather than a society.

(Excerpted from the Bulletin issued at Haley House).

# Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

On Saturday afternoon, January 7th, thirty of us were poster-walking in downtown Salt Lake City to protest the imminent execution of Darrel Poulson when we received word that United States Supreme Court Justice Byron White had granted him a ninety-day reprieve. That morning the Utah Supreme Court had denied his appeal.

During the past two months in which I have been picketing the State Capitol, letters pro and con the execution have appeared in the morning paper. One American Buddhist picketed with me for a day, and Roger Carrier and other Unitarian students joined me at times. A few shouts of "Shoot Poulson and you too" came from decrepit old men and youngsters, and on the seventh, six people counter-picketed us with signs calling for capitol (sic) punishment. Some people praised my activity but asked what one man can do. I told them that in this state, where the preponderance of the religious teaching is based on vengeance, there was all the more reason why someone should stand up, and I quoted Tolstoy to the effect that "no good deed is ever lost."

At the Board of Pardons hearing on December 28th, the psychiatrist who had committed Poulson at the age of fifteen to a home for the feeble-minded testified in his behalf, and a letter was introduced from the judge who had first sentenced him, also asking for clemency. Attorney General Phil Hansen compared the State's action to that of a schoolchild who is given

a difficult problem on the blackboard and instead of trying to solve it, erases it.

After the hearings, the Chronicle, published daily at the University of Utah, printed an editorial entitled "Society Seeks Bloody Revenge" which said that "the only thing between Darrel Poulson and a firing squad was the lonesome figure of Ammon Hennacy marching in front of the State Capitol."

Governor Calvin Rampton is sponsoring a bill in the current legislature which would allow the death penalty only when the trial judge expressly asks for it. However, an ex-policemen has introduced another bill to make execution mandatory for first-degree murder and life-imprisonment mandatory for second-degree murder.

## Ecumenical Walk

On the Saturday before Christmas we held a poster walk against the war in downtown Salt Lake City. It was probably the first time in Utah history that three varieties of Mormons marched together: Mark, who has signed up as a conscientious objector, Jack, who is a polygamous Mormon, and four young men from the Reorganized Mormon Church of Independence, Missouri joined with the rest of us anarchists, socialists, Unitarians, etc.

Six men came off the road and spent Christmas at our Joe Hill House, and during the holidays about a dozen students coming to and from Students for Democratic Society meetings on the West Coast stopped in to rest. Two woodworking factories a block down the road let us pick up the scrap wood, so right after breakfast and before supper we take a cart and bring back loads of wood for the fireplace. Like the Hopi Indians, who pile each ear of corn carefully on top of the others, we place the wood in neat piles and will saw it as we need it. Del has come back from the hospital and fixed up a room in the garage, which makes Fred, the cook, happy since we get more customers. A young man who was with us briefly once is coming back this week to stay for a few months; he will be in charge while I go on a speaking trip to the Coast in the first part of April. With the rent and utilities, we barely make it, so donations are very welcome. Our address is: 3462 S. W. Salt Lake City, Utah. Address mail to: Box 655, Salt Lake City, Utah.



HE meets HIS mother.  
Take up your cross and follow ME.  
Blessed are they that mourn,  
for they shall be comforted.  
"Hail, Mary, the Lord is with Thee."

## Training For Social Change

The Upland Institute seeks to train men and women for leadership roles in social change. The one-year graduate level program is opened to men and women, without regard to race or creed, who are ready to devote a year to serious study and who feel a commitment to some field of social change and social conflict. The A.B. degree, or equivalent in experience or training, is required for admission.

The Institute's program is based upon three concepts: that social change is inevitable and that it can be constructive; that man has been given the intelligence and resources to develop constructive and creative patterns that can help to resolve the pressing problems of contemporary societies; and that the greatest possibility for creative social change lies in the development of democratic and nonviolent institutions and values.

The one year program begins in September and is completed the end of May in the following year. Successful completion of the required work leads to a Certificate of Accomplishment. The program utilizes seminars, lectures, and field training. The Seminar on Social Change surveys the development of contemporary technological society and undertakes critical evaluation of the great theories of social change. The Seminar on Skills and Procedures emphasizes the development of individual skills and the mastery of procedures essential to the resolution of social conflict. In addition, the student will spend two to three days a week in field training with some agency of social change in the Philadelphia area where he will have opportunity to experience some area of social conflict. Throughout the program year visiting lecturers from peace, civil rights, the church and other areas of social change will be given opportunity to share their views, ideas and experiences with the students.

The Institute welcomes inquiries for the class that will begin study in September of this year. Inquiries should be addressed to: John W. Thomas, The Upland Institute, Chester, Pa. 19013.



## Pathology Of Racism— South Africa

"... at the heart of our religion there lies a principle in absolute contradiction to the principles by which the world speaks and thinks and acts..."  
Bishop Trevor Huddleston, Sophiatown.

By NANCY VAN VUUREN

Father Philip Berrigan expresses poignantly in "The Pathology of Racism" (Catholic Worker, October-November, 1966) the basic human factors involved in racism. These human factors, attitudes, feelings, actions, produce human reactions, and hence crucially stand in the relations of all men with their brother of other races.

Let us then consider with Father Berrigan the pathology of racism, only now applied to South Africa. SOUTH AFRICA, the exotic name stirring pictures of wild animals and just as wild men, in tribal costume and dances, of colorful rock lobster tails, of masses of gleaming gold and diamonds, of luxurious furs. Perhaps for some persons the name SOUTH AFRICA strikes the political resoundings of United Nations resolutions, economic sanctions, bank withdrawals. SOUTH AFRICA — a nation of peoples claiming this as their land, their home. These peoples love their country, their land, their homes, as do the peoples of nations throughout the world. But in South Africa these peoples are divided against themselves — by Racism. Color determines every detail of life.

**Apartheid**, separateness. White cities. White buses. White restaurants. White hotels. White jobs. White parks. White benches. White doors. Black locations. Black buses. Black hospitals. Black jails. Black jobs. Black benches. Black toilets. Separateness. Yet the races must meet in order to produce the gold, the diamonds, the fur. The white man, then, has determined who shall meet whom, when, where, and under what conditions. Never in all this has the matter been brought to the level of one man and one man, or one man and one woman. South Africa has lost its persons.

The Laws of **Apartheid**, based on abstracts and generalities, have lost touch with the individual. No one of any race can exist in South Africa as a person. First, he must exist as member of a race. He must be labeled black, white, coloured, Asian, Indian. Once labeled, he is allowed to interact with that part of society labeled in the same manner, and nowhere else.

The remainder of the world, too, has lost all concept of South Africa as a nation of peoples. The world also generalizes. This situation of generalizing men into categories will never be ended so long as the core of the pathology, the lack of communication between persons, does not end. Not this country of the United States, not South Africa, will separately be torn apart by this pathology, but the

entire world. Until I call you Brother, I do not work and live with you, but only alongside you. And so long as I do not call you Brother, I can contemplate treating you as a useless object, suffering no pain, having no worth, no meaning. Racism prevents my calling you Brother, for in South Africa I cannot even freely speak to you.

What does this mean to me, that I cannot call you Brother? It means I cannot call anyone brother, or sister, or mother, or father. I cannot know the love of God, the call of Jesus. I exist alone, ultimately, infinitely, according to my race. My mother did not conceive a child, but a member of a race. **Apartheid**, racism, has thus destroyed every South African. And with the destruction of the people of South Africa has come a totalitarian state, in which identity with the Laws alone grants "freedom." Law in South Africa means Pass Books; police raids; jail sentences with beatings, slashings, murdering; statutory communists; bannings; endorsement; gangsterism; nationalism...

No society so divided, so fostering suffering and pain and evil can continue to exist. When the social structure breaks, what then? In South Africa, I cannot call you Brother. You cannot call me Brother. We are afraid. I fear you. I fear the police and the Law. Then I will destroy you, and myself in the process. We will fight with weapons. Gone will be South Africa. Bloody, the land. Mashed, the people. Gone, South Africa.

Why? Why? Such forecasts of gloom. But look! When I do not know my brother. I cannot speak with him, be with him. I cannot know him in South Africa.

My brother lives separately. If he is a "non-white," "Bantu," he lives in the location. I cannot venture there without a pass from the government. I have never seen his home. I have never sat at his table, played with his children. He has had little opportunity to attend school, for with the whites holding the skilled positions, receiving ten times as much pay, and with the whites paying the taxes and being the only people represented in Parliament they refuse to allow the "Native" to have equivalent schooling. Taxes, yes, my brother pays taxes, but to the whites, and even all that he pays is not returned for his benefit. The schools in the location must be staffed with "Bantu" teachers trained in a Bantu college. And now, with the extensions of the 1954 Bantu Education Act even the Bantu must be divided according to tribe in their education. The number and quality of schools and colleges for persons not white is hardly comparable. Until 1963 some few non-whites still attended the universities of Cape Town and Witwatersrand. A few individuals there could come to know each other. No longer. Separate education, separate languages. The less contact allowed, even spatial and geographic, the less possibility of my ever calling you, Brother. "... the jokes of Snyman's workers (farm laborers), or the smiling faces of prisoners watching tansa, made the system all the more terrible. They were happy as slaves in the Southern States were happy before their freedom, and afterwards bewildered and wretched. They knew no other life. Their minds had been cast into the mould of slavery." (Anthony Sampson, DRUM, p. 247)

And so South Africa stirs images of gold and diamonds and furs; images of "good" and "evil"; but no images of my Brother. The pathology of race, has destroyed man. What the world can do, to prevent the final destruction of South Af-

rica is to save man through the end of racism, and this will come only as we can know each other as human beings, as the beloved children of God. Each person you know, each act of love, helps to destroy the blight of racism which lies so heavily upon America, upon South Africa, and upon the world. Love allows no hate. Let us, Brother, work for political freedom, but let us never forget we are Brothers. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

## CHRISTIE STREET

By TOM HOEY

Winter is poor at Christie Street, (poorer than usual, all terms being relative) and it is dismal almost anywhere. Just this morning—today is the day after the blizzard—John McMullen brought us the news that a man was found lying dead outside of a local gin mill with nothing on but a tee-shirt and dungarees, in two feet of snow. Charlie Keefe, who used to spend his time cooking soup, reciting poetry, and singing Irish songs, has undergone two hernia operations, and is convalescing at the farm. Nick Laffin, one of the waiters on the soupline, died on Christmas. Frenchie, an able assistant at the job of mailing out the paper, ended up going to his mother's funeral just two weeks before his family had planned a reunion.

The work of the house goes on though. Tony comes in every day at six to cook the soup and lunch for one hundred and thirty people. Henry Neilson has taken Nick's place, and waits on tables along with John. Pat McGowan directs the traffic, and either Bob Gilliam or Jack Cook is at the front door. Later, either Bob or Jack gives out men's clothing, and after lunch, when the kitchen is somewhat quiet, there are usually two or three people working on the paper. About two weeks of the month, the second floor is crowded with people, mailbags, and papers. Mary Gallagher, Italian Mike, Jim Douglass, Hugh, Tom Likely and others manage every day to transform a dull workroom into a lively session. Up in the office, Phil Maloney is the caretaker of some sixty thousand stencils and addresses, which must be kept up to date and run off every month. Gordon McCarthy works at the seemingly endless task of zip coding. Walter handles the mail, and Smokey sees that new subscribers get the current issue. Everyone helps with the endless list of things which must be done.

Christmas was rather poor this year, but not for want of happiness. Vince Maevsky, a seminarian who has spent all his spare time here for the past three years, was Santa Claus to some eighty people or so, most of whom have no other family than the CW. This, to me, is the most important work of the Catholic Worker. Where other people have given thousands of meals a day, never knowing whom they were feeding, enabling men to survive one more day, giving them just enough strength to go out and hustle for one more pint of wine, we only feed about two hundred people a day. The number may not be so large, but money only goes so far; far more important though, the CW has given something in place of, or at least in addition to, alcohol to those people whose lives have been ruined by "Demon Rum."

There are four new faces around: Cathy Grant from Milwaukee and Janelle Hongess from North Dakota are welcome help as far as the cooking situation goes. Lately, Chris Kearns and Chuck have been sharing the job; Chris also takes the paper to the post office, picks up donations, and begs for vegetables twice a week at the market. Christine Bove, who goes to Columbia, is once again cooking on Saturdays now that her exams are over. Brother Paul fixes afternoon

(Continued on page 7)

## Aparthood and The Christian

By Rev. JOSEPH D. CIPARICK, S.J.

Perhaps we don't realize how much we are all guilty of **apartheid**... Recent events have forced many of us to pass severe judgment on men who have caused much suffering among some racial groups. There may also be those among us who approve what is being done. Why should we approve? And what right have we to pass judgment?

**Aparthood** has been a problem for centuries. Men have separated themselves from one another for many reasons: race, tribe, nationality, religion, fear, jealousy... The great effort of our lives must be to do away with such separation. And yet the Christian system seems to encourage it.

If we are all here to accomplish our own salvation, we automatically separate ourselves from others as far as the essential goal of our lives is concerned. The community plays some part, of course, but deep down it is my personal relationship with God that counts. It is this relationship that sets me apart.

If I look at true Christianity, however, this is not the case. True Christianity, summed up in the sacrifice of the Mass, is just the opposite of **aparthood**, or exclusive relationship with God. It is, we might say, the sacrifice of the masses, of the community...

But isn't the Mass the sacrifice of Christ — an individual? And isn't my union with him a personal thing renewed at the Mass, but strictly between Jesus and myself? Christ died for all men, yes—but I work out my salvation according to my own personal needs.

Perhaps this has been the attitude for many generations — an attitude that modern liturgical changes are trying to eliminate. The Mass is more and more a community affair (much to the disgust of many Christians). The meal aspect is emphasized, because the meal is a communal act, where we share food and presence together with others. Eating alone is regarded as an exception rather than the rule. We must gather with the community for this ceremonial meal in order to be strengthened.

But what happens to the sacrifice aspect of the Mass? Some people complain that the "party" Mass has eliminated the commemoration of the Cross... But really, it hasn't. It has eliminated a personal individualistic attitude toward the cross. But sacrifice—true sacrifice—still remains.

Sacrifice is basically not death and destruction, but transformation. It is a "making holy," and, at the risk of a pun, a **making whole**. But this is not just a pun. The sacrifice of Christ is a re-membering of the scattered members. We remember him, bring his memory into our midst, and bring his true presence back together again.

Christ is truly present in his body. But this body is not one person. It is the community. I am a member. The true presence is made more manifest when the individual members are re-membered, when **aparthood** is destroyed...

Why do we come together? Because Christ died? That is one reason. We might say that the Cross sums up all that he was: a real man. How else could we sum up this union with our nature? Birth is one other way (and Mary plays an important role for this reason). The only other absolutely necessary human act that marks a man is eating. This too is significantly part of the commemoration of him.

We come together to eat because we need nourishment and he needed nourishment and left us an example at this banquet at

his last supper. We come together because he died too—his life was summed up in his death. We come together because he rose—and indeed we couldn't commemorate his true presence unless he did rise (and the Mass is always the commemoration of life death and resurrection). We come together because he is real—he was real (flesh and blood—that could be eaten and drunk) and is real today in his members. His members are many. They must be gathered together to express his oneness here and now.

All of this is sacrifice, making holy, making whole, remembering... Make holy and you change something. Make it whole, you make it what it should be. Change the bread and wine (bread which was changed from seed to grain to flour to bread; wine from seed to fruit to alcohol to wine...) and make it Christ. The bread, the wine changes into me. I am changed. We all eat the same food, have the same experience, are in union about the same table, made holy and made whole by the sharing of the same food. We are re-membered (as often as we do these things) and then are scattered again (we are sent forth; the Lord is with us).

Our scattering is disintegrating in many respects. We try to make holy and whole by transforming the bread and wine of our daily life. But it is difficult. We need a new strength. We receive again—his word, his ideas, the sight and taste and touch and sound of his people and this re-membering encourages us, gives us new love (his life) and new strength...

**Aparthood**, we hope, is slowly broken down. There is more and more re-membering—despite race and nationality and tribe and religion...

Our awareness of re-membering will be proportional to our awareness of the community: of real people. These are not other Christs with Christ masks on them, but real people who talk and act in a way not our own—even if they are close to us. The grace of the Mass is the experience of these people—priest and people together—priest and people and bread and wine—all the words and sights and tastes and smells and feelings. We leave having received all these—a true presence because of true presences—a basic sense perception and instinctive response which grows into conviction and deep love which is God's life within us. Ed. note: Father Ciparick is a missionary stationed in Nigeria.

JACQUES MARITAIN

"The only remedy for religious fanaticism is the Gospel light and the progress of religious consciousness in faith itself and in that fraternal love which is the fruit of the human soul's union with God. For then man realizes the sacred transcendence of truth and of God."



Veronica wipes HIS face. Take up your Cross and follow ME. Blessed are the merciful, they shall obtain mercy. MY yoke is easy, MY burden light.



Simon of Cyrene helps HIM. You shall be scattered and shall leave ME alone. Yet I am not alone because the Father is with ME. MY yoke is easy, MY burden light.



# THE YEAR OF THE GOAT

## Jungle Village

The sound that sings  
all over the jungle  
is the secret of our Sodang people.

In our village we make much music,  
the wooden drum, the brass gongs,  
the small bamboo organs,  
and the long bamboo pipes  
that give sounds when our young girls  
clap their hands.

And it is with music we frighten the wild boars and tigers  
away from our mountain rice fields.

It is the music of many bamboos.  
In the ravine,  
a little waterfall  
fills the bamboo cup with water.  
It fills and empties many times  
and each time pulls at a bamboo rope.  
The rope pulls hundreds of other little  
ropes, and they move the bamboo pipes.  
The bamboo pipes hit hundreds of other pipes  
and the sound fills the jungle.

The boars and tigers—what did they think?  
They must have thought that the bamboo trees  
had learned a language so that they could talk without stopping.  
Our people were proud that they could make the jungle speak.  
Who else could do that?

We can no more go to our rice fields.  
Even the leaves of the trees have been burned away.  
The men who have gone out to the jungle  
have not come back.

We sit in fear in the dark evenings  
when the eyes of the tigers shine  
like tiny moons around us.  
We look at each other without pride.  
We had thought that we could watch over  
our jungle bamboo pipes  
so that they would sing forever.

## Christian Villagers

From Tonkin we came.  
From the dykes and canals,  
the lacework of the Red River Delta,  
we came south a decade ago.  
We left the elders of our village.  
We abandoned the tombs of our ancestors,  
the hard strong people who helped to build  
and care for the dykes from generation  
to generation.

We thought we would never be happy again.  
But here in the rich South  
we made a new life.  
That was the name we gave our hamlet,  
New Life.

With our coups-coups we cut down the jungle.  
Our new thatched homes were cool.  
The green su-su grew up to the door of our house  
giving us food and sometimes bursting into white flowers  
like millions of stars.  
Before long we harvested our rice from paddies  
that shone like jewels  
and we caught the tilapia fish that swam among the rice shoots.

At dawn the wooden fish drum  
called us to prayers in our church  
and to the long work of the day.  
The sign of the fish reminds us of those first Christians,  
ancestors of all the Christians living in the world.  
Their families were tortured and killed, in old ways  
as ours are now by men and by bombs of fire.  
They were the offscourings of all in their lands  
as we are now, filthy and covered with sores,  
in this refugee shed on the bare, scalding sands.

## Mountain Village

We bring strangers  
into our village  
with the sounds of our gongs.  
The beating of the big and little gongs  
ring back and forth  
in the hills.

Then we lead the stranger to the jars.  
He sips the rice wine with us  
through the same straw.  
We sometimes have eight jars in a row.

The elders of our village  
welcome any stranger.  
We would even starve ourselves  
from rice to fill the wine jars.

But now the strangers do not come to meet us.  
They kill us by night.  
They fly in our skies and drop down death.

What are the elders of their villages thinking  
that they let them do these things to us?



HE falls again.  
Take up your Cross and follow ME.  
They know not what they do.  
Father, forgive them.  
MY yoke is easy, MY burden light.



HE comforts the women.  
Take up your Cross and follow ME.  
Weep for yourselves and for your  
children.  
Weep not for ME.  
MY yoke is easy, MY burden light.



HE falls again.  
Take up your Cross and follow ME.  
Why are you fearful, o, ye of little  
Faith?  
Fear not, for I have conquered  
death.  
MY yoke is easy, MY burden light.



HIS clothes are taken from HIM.  
If you will serve ME, deny your-  
self.  
Blessed are the Poor in spirit,  
theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.  
MY yoke is easy, MY burden light.

## Lowland Village

We were used to the smell of dung.  
It meant sweet potato and corn harvests  
and strength for our children.

Rotted fish dung was the sign  
that we were eating every day  
even though the killing was going on  
and the soldiers came and went—  
the French, the Japanese, the Indians,  
the British, the Americans.  
We laughed when strong men nearly fainted  
before our piled dung sacks.

We tried to stay away from the killing.  
They called us the trum chan,  
the people who hid under a blanket.  
A man can climb alive from under the blanket  
with his wife and children untouched.  
That is what we thought.

We killed no one.  
But the killing came to us.  
We cannot get used to the smell of death,  
the bodies mouldering  
in the rice paddies.  
We search for days and weeks to find them.  
Already the heat has found them and made them worse than dung.

This is the smell of our village now,  
our people's rotting flesh.

We have seen also the quick death  
that happens before our eyes.  
The white phosphorus has fallen on many villagers.  
It fell on my smallest daughter Phuoc.  
It went on gnawing at her flesh  
like rat's teeth, gnawing to the bone.

It is better that she died.  
I can no longer hide my family  
under a blanket of peace.

## Buddhist Village

The gongs of our pagoda  
were the sound of prayer.  
An, An, An, I would say in time  
with the striking of the gong  
by the bonze.  
Peace, Peace, Peace.

Now they strike the warning sound  
that calls us to run from  
death that creeps by night  
and bursts around us by day.

The warnings come close together.  
Always we are burying the people of  
our hamlet,  
Sometimes we bury torn pieces of flesh  
from many people. My first son died  
in such a way.

My other children know our gongs  
only as the gongs of war.

## Leper Village

They put us out of our villages  
when our fingers  
became blunt and hard like sticks  
and the black lumps  
grew like terrible plants  
on our bodies.

We are with our own kind  
and we watch whose fingers or toes fall off  
and whose nose begins to rot away.

Only our dogs came with us.  
But we raise our rice, even if  
we sometimes fall on our faces.  
And we play our gongs.

We are far from the road and the river.  
Why do they drop fire here  
where we are already burnt  
in our bodies?

## Refugee Shelter

"We do not belong here,"  
said a man in a steaming refugee hut.  
"We are like unwanted weeds  
on the land."  
We asked him to tell us  
about his village in the hills.  
"The air in our hamlet,"  
he said,  
"is like your mother holding you."  
And he would not say any more.

Some time ago, at a meeting of some poets and artists in the village,  
it was suggested that I write some pieces from within the Vietnamese  
situation. Since I was there, the gongs of prayer and peace have  
become the gongs of war. I am sending you what I wrote. The Viet-  
namese New Year begins on February 9th. This will be the Year of the  
Goat, symbol of stubbornness and perseverance.

EILEEN EGAN



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

been that the chancery office provided this little treat, marmalade and cocoa,—perhaps suffering from misgivings at their harshness?

I had not been at all shocked myself at the action of this group, all of whom knew each other, and who were part of larger groups protesting against the war in Vietnam. Catholics themselves, in stories of the lives of the saints, have been guilty of much more violent behavior. His own monks tried to poison St. Benedict and there was scandalous behaviour within the monastery itself, as a protest then against the so-called rigor of the saint. There must have been an awful fuss made too when St. Francis insisted on offering up the holy Sacrifice at Christmas in a stable.

One might say the chancery office behaved too harshly, and the judge later in the day did nothing to increase the respect of the protestors for law and order, with his innuendos. At least ten of those arrested taught at New York University, New York and Brooklyn Community colleges, New School, and Fairleigh Dickinson, and it was a first arrest for all but two, and they had been arrested in previous demonstrations.

I have always been struck by the unconscious esteem in which the Church is held, and the shock people feel when churchmen and Christians in general do not live up to their professions of faith. I can remember thinking, over forty years ago, before I was a Catholic, "What is this Church that people can say of those who profess membership in it, 'And he is a Catholic!' in tones of condemnation because they were not living up to their professions of belief?" It was so, I felt, that Cardinal Spellman was being judged. It was one thing for him to be visiting the soldiers, so far from home and family at Christmas time, but for him to not love his enemy, the so-called enemy,—not to follow the peace-directives of the Holy Father, Pope Paul V...

It is heartbreaking to think how often we all dishonor God the Father of us all, by not acting as though we believed that God was Father of all, that all men are brothers. As St. Paul wrote, "Because of you, the name of God is dishonored among the Gentiles."

I would not have participated in this demonstration—could it not be that these young people felt a sense of God's presence there, a sense of worship, of awe too, as I have always felt in church, a place set apart for worship? No, I would not myself have chosen such a place for a demonstration, but I have permitted my name to be used by the group in their effort to raise funds to defend themselves.

## Houses of Hospitality

During the month we had a visit from Michael Cullen and his wife and a student from Marquette University, Maryjo Rozycki, who is majoring in Latin American history and has spent the last three summers in Mexico. It was one of the most stimulating visits we have had for some time, not only because of their vivid personalities, but because they epitomized for us some of the problems of the day and of the CW movement. To begin with Maryjo: here was a student who was really studying, and devoting her young zeal and health to cultivating that attraction she felt for seeking solutions to the particular problems relating to hunger and health and education in this hemisphere and preparing herself to give service and dedication to this work in the world. I did not ask her whether she was working on grants or scholarships, although I should have. These might seem like personal questions, but the problems of poverty beset students everywhere, and to have no money for education, for

subsistence during these years of study is a heartbreaking problem with many students. No use talking about state loans or scholarships; students may have great talents which are not brought out by our competitive system. Anyone who has children or grandchildren will know what I mean. And in how many fields knowledgeable laymen are needed! Even in the field of teaching itself, how few good teachers there are, who love their work and love their students. Where there is a good teacher it would be worthwhile to travel to the ends of the earth to find him, to sit at his feet and to open up one's mind to know, to learn. I can remember one such teacher, Dr. Matheson, at Robert Walter High school in Chicago, who taught us Latin and history in our third and fourth years and who so encouraged us that we accepted his offer to study Greek after school for four afternoons a week. I remember one frivolous creature who looked and often acted as though boys were the only subject she was interested in, taking this course with the deepest interest.

## Casa Maria, Milwaukee

The Casa Maria is the name of the new house in Milwaukee where Michael Cullen and his wife live. In January there were five families there, staying until they could find a place to live, and ten single men. "Believe it or not," Michael writes in the editorial of the Casa Maria Cry, a bulletin the house puts out, "we have enough food for all. But of course there is always a shortage of milk with fourteen children and two expectant mothers in the house."

One of the biggest jobs at the Casa Maria is to try to find homes for families; as in all other cities, housing is the greatest problem. The housing situation is worse now than when we in New York started the work in 1934. The four-room apartments we used to live in, have been chopped up into two-room apartments and the rents have increased enormously.

Casa Maria publishes a mimeographed bulletin which our readers in the midwest should send for. In fact all who are interested in houses of hospitality should send for it. Address, 1112 South Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53204.

## Chicago

Michael was making a little tour of houses through the country, and he had already visited Karl Meyer's St. Stephen House in Chicago, but he had missed the Peter Maurin House, which had faithfully provided thousands of nights' lodging for men over the years, and who daily feeds the men on West Madison Street from a truck-canteen every night. Bob Bosshart has kept his leadership in this place for many years, and though there is no "ideology" expressed verbally, the most fundamental of the works of mercy are being performed, feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless.

## Detroit

Michael visited Louis Murphy and the two houses of hospitality in Detroit, putting up at Martha House at 1818 Leverette Street. There had been two other houses, run by young people but they are not operating now. Dan Shay ran one house for a few years but is now married and living at the farm at South Lyons, Michigan—a farm given The Catholic Worker by Maryknoller Fr. Hessler years ago, and now is divided between four or five families. Lou's farmhouse is a house of hospitality on the land, and countless are the activities carried on there over the years.

Houses have begun and ended in other cities in Michigan and in other parts of the country too and the cause may be urban renewal, new highways, or the presence of some discouraging soul who casts a blight on all around so that the



HE is nailed on the cross.

I have chosen you out of the world; therefore the world hates you, but I have chosen you that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.

project is given up. It takes a certain temperament to keep a house of hospitality going.

## Boston

Our visitors had also been to Boston, Massachusetts where they visited Cathie and John McKenna. Catherine Sullivan had been one of the leaders in the Young Christian Students before her work in the peace movement put her in the vanguard of the apostolate, one might say, and removed her from organized "Catholic Action" where clerical influence is too often nationalistic.

John McKenna is a teacher, but involuntary servitude (conscription) will be catching up with him soon. I have heard that he will accept alternative service, as David Miller's brother did, but we have had no direct word from them. The house there has grown from an apartment where they took in men, to a house at 23 Dartmouth Street.

## Family Leadership

It is interesting to see young families in charge of houses of hospitality.

David and Catherine Miller are looking around for a house in Washington, D.C. The Cullens, the McKennas and the Millers are the youngest in the field. But the Murphy family in Detroit, the Gauchat family in Avon, Ohio have been operating for more than twenty years and Karl Meyer's house in Chicago has been going five years. At Tivoli the Corbin family are in charge. It is a harder and more realistic approach, this family leadership, and there is less room for pride and dissipation of energy. But it is a most particular vocation, and certainly none should undertake it without a vocation.

## Sir Victor Gollancz

This morning, as is usual on Saturday, there was a Requiem Mass. The epistle read: I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord henceforth. Yes, says the Spirit, let them rest from their labors, for their works follow them."

It rejoiced my heart to hear that because yesterday I read in the New York Times the obituary of Victor Gollancz, with whom Eileen Egan and I dined in London a few years ago. Head of a large publishing house, he brought out the English edition of my *Loaves and Fishes*. He visited us when he was in the United States and had lunch with us at our old House of Hospitality on Chrystie Street. He wrote books himself, *Our Threatened Values*, *A Year of Grace*, *Letters to Timothy*. The first quotation in *A Year of Grace*, which is a collection of passages "arranged to express a mood about God and Man," is from St. Thomas: *God loves all existing things*.

Sir Victor advocated "an absolute living of the Christian ethic." "By socialism," he wrote, "I mean living with a community of goods, the kind of socialism that used to be true, and perhaps still is true of life in the kibbutzim of Israel. Equal incomes? No,—people by heastly jobs—scavengers and lavatory attendants and the

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# OPTING OUT NORTH

(Continued from page 1)

ceedings or petitioning the government of Canada to extradite young Americans who immigrated to avoid the draft, External Affairs Minister Paul Martin said in a press statement, also in September 1966, "We don't feel under any obligation to enforce the laws in that regard of any country."

Thomas S. Hathaway, a young American student in Canada who refused his induction notice in order to return to the United States, summed up the feelings of many when he stated, in a letter printed in *Liberation* magazine:

The reason I will not go into the army is that I will not kill another person. Nor will I take part in the activities and support of an institution whose purpose is to provide men who will kill when someone decides it is necessary... Except for its unique, gruesome function of killing people, the army is only one of many institutions in the United States which contribute to making people afraid, lonely, angry, hurt, stupid and ugly. And of all institutions, the army is only the most overt, because it alone says that you can take out your anger and fear and hurt openly by killing somebody. What finally keeps me from returning to the United States and protesting the evils of Selective Service by going to jail for refusing induction is the realization that America's problems are only unique in the way they manifest themselves, but that they are actually human problems. I can work on them anywhere. For me the way to alter things is to create alternatives. Becoming a Canadian citizen is one such alternative and I have availed myself of the opportunity (to become one).

For those who opt north to avoid the Selective Service Act it should be borne in mind that returning without the cover and protection of Canadian citizenship might well lead to prosecution and imprisonment. There are three relevant statutes that a non-Canadian may have for extended stay in Canada: Landed Immigrant, Student, or Visitor, but only Landed Immigrant status leads to eventual Canadian citizenship after five years. (A "landed immigrant" is someone who has been lawfully admitted to Canada for permanent residence and differs from a citizen in that he may not vote and cannot obtain a Canadian passport.)

By far the best and most comprehensive report on the subject is published by the Committee to Aid American War Objectors. It is entitled "Immigration to Canada and Its Relation to the Draft," and free copies can be obtained by writing to the Committee at P.O. Box 4231, Vancouver 9, British Columbia, Canada.

For the American youth opting to go north in order to avoid participation in the sordid, squalid, disgusting prostitution of brave men that is the Vietnamese war, there need be no feeling of regret or shame at leaving the country. There should, rather, be a sense of pride in carrying on the tradition that brought tens of thousands of immigrants to the United States in the first place: the avoidance of compulsory military service. If that is not enough, it should be remembered that the President of the United States himself felt constrained to say of our participation in the war that it offered us a choice "between a greater and lesser evil." A difference in degree is not a difference in kind. What we are struggling for is a world that provides a choice between good and evil; even between right and wrong. Any non-violent course that slows down, impedes, obstructs or halts our participation in the fighting in Vietnam is at least right. In the light of that, opting out north to Canada is a valid value judgment. And if a prayer for the journey

is necessary, one is handy, straight from the life of the Cure of Ars: "St. John Vianney, Patron of Draft Dodgers, pray for me."

# A.J. Muste

(Continued from page 1)

ion could not much longer maintain her satellite system. He was a Marxist, but he was not a materialist. He was a Christian, but he knew that the Christ of the comfortable was a fake. He was a pacifist, but he was a revolutionary.

That was his genius. That was why he was called by some the American Gandhi. He became more of a revolutionary the more he became a pacifist. Christianity made no sense to him without the revolutionary imperative. He became the chief architect of a movement for nonviolent revolution in the United States. He came to the conviction that the real revolution is nonviolent and that the conventional politics of deceit and treachery is doomed to fail, that only the politics of integrity, truth and love armed by self-sacrifice can prevail against the terrible array. And that made him an anarchist, I suppose. But A. J. would not use these labels. He could not cut himself off from other men, and to use the label "Christian" in such a way was inconceivable to him.

A politician par excellence, he was a saint. Yes he was, and there is no political sense in denying it. He was the kind of saint that many more of us will have to become if we are to talk seriously of ending the war in Vietnam, to say nothing of the half dozen wars that promise to follow Vietnam, to say less of the cataclysm so near for so long that we tend to forget its impending horror. The revolution, like the Kingdom of God, is within. So it was with Muste and so it must be with each one of us if we will surrender to it. Which is just the beginning. The Kingdom of God is without, too, or we must make it so. "To drive the normative principle of morality into the hard soil of political reality," I can hear him quoting Martin Buber to newcomers. A. J. did just this with political brilliance, with spiritual insight and moral vision. And he never feared to pay the price, not on the picket line, not in Saigon jail a few months ago, not in bombarded Hanoi just weeks ago, where he consulted with Ho Chi Minh and Pham Van Dong.

Everyone will tell you how he listened. At committee meetings and in his office, to the freshest neophyte, because he really was interested in this individual and what he had to say. They will tell you of his lack of bitterness, his love of poetry and baseball and a good meal. It is presumptuous of me to say much when there are so many great and near-great men and women who were influenced and formed by A. J. and knew him so much longer and more intimately.

Among his achievements of the past ten years has been the formation of the Committee for Nonviolent Action, to experiment with and expand the philosophy and the art and science of nonviolent resistance with which to replace violence in the solution of human conflict. His last major project is the Spring Mobilization Committee, bringing together in a broad coalition over a hundred groups of almost every political, social and religious coloration to end the war in Vietnam. This Mobilization will mount massive demonstrations in New York and San Francisco, simultaneously, on April 15, to begin work in earnest to bring this war to a halt.

A. J.'s life was a triumph, and his death was a triumph. For the rest of us it remains to take up the work and bring it to fruition. It is God's work.



# EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

## Tradition or Catholic Action

The central act of devotional life in the Catholic Church is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Sacrifice of the Mass is the unbloody repetition of the Sacrifice of the Cross. On the Cross of Calvary Christ gave His life to redeem the world. The life of Christ was a life of sacrifice. The life of a Christian must be a life of sacrifice. We cannot imitate the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary by trying to get all we can. We can only imitate the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary by trying to give all we can.

## Clerical Witness In Colombia

(Continued from page 1)

he had organized a new political party in Colombia, the United Front, that mushroomed in the urban centers among Catholic intellectuals and students.

In the spirit of Frantz Fanon, author of the handbook for modern revolutionary techniques in backward countries, *The Wretched of the Earth*, Father Torres became convinced that the overthrow of the establishment was not possible by organizing protests in urban centers, and since armed insurrection in urban centers was ruled out for a variety of reasons—chief among them the fact that even a third-rate army by Latin American standards could counter-mobilize far more effectively—the remote mountain areas and the disenfranchised peasantry offered the most logical base for a revolutionary movement in being. As a consequence, and without hesitation, Father Torres abandoned the United Front that he had organized and went to join the armed insurrectionists.

Little is known in the United States of the conditions of existence that drove unknown numbers of humble farm workers and peasants to choose the path of violence rather than non-violent resistance to the existing order. Save for a few fugitive glimpses, even less is known of their day to day existence as guerrillas. One such glimpse is provided by a Father Reinaldo Ayerbe, a missionary who traveled through the guerrillero-dominated regions of Colombia as far back as 1958:

"The people here fall into three groups—the ordinary peasants, the leaders, and the rank-and-file guerrillas. I found no signs of cruelty, stealth or bitterness among any of these people; indeed, I should like to make special mention of their remarkable straightforwardness, sincerity and kindness. Poor though the people were here at Riochiquito, they did their best to make us comfortable. There were only two adobe huts, but one of them they placed at our disposal. It was a one-room affair three metres square. They also gave us two wooden beds. In the course of the four days I spent in the district, speaking to individuals and groups I came to know them very well. They were neither depressed nor embittered. Many of the peasants and guerrillas came to see me privately, not at all afraid of being seen talking to a churchman.

"We baptized 56 children . . . It may be said that I am forgetting the past of these people, and especially the past record of the leaders and the rank-and-file guerrillas. My talks with them left me in no doubt that they sincerely believed they had been waging a liberation war. It is not for me to ascertain who it is that had instilled this mystique in them, or what organization or organizations had waged this and elected the leaders. As all wars, this too had been marked by cruelty and looting. But to return

to what I have said above: if we were to balance the crimes committed by the guerrillas against those committed by the government forces, the scales would probably tip not in favor of the latter. One must remember also the rapacity, the greed, and the callousness demonstrated toward these campesinos by generations of landowners . . .

"Poverty is rife in the area. The farmer who has to begin by clearing the mountain slopes will naturally have a hard time before he brings in his first harvest. The huts people live in in Riochiquito are made of tree branches covered with palm leaves, which have to be replaced as soon as they dry up. There are no stoves in these huts, only a tiny fireplace bordered by four stones. The walls offer no resistance to the wind. The people's diet consists of beans, maize, manioc, celery and bananas.

"And yet a continual stream of new recruits to these tiny enclaves of resistance to the government continues to arrive despite all the hardships, and dangers of armed repressions. Without doubt it is chiefly the hunger for land that attracts them, even if land is a virgin wilderness that only unremitting toil can wrest a meagre subsistence from. Of course, there is also freedom from usurers, the age old bane of the poor peasant's existence . . .

In the decade since the above was written by Father Ayerbe few of the conditions that gave rise to the creation of the "Independent Republics" in the mountain fastnesses of Colombia have been corrected. Committed to a policy of maintaining the present governments in South America in power at any cost, the United States, after several billions in monetary aid and countless military "missions" spaced over a period of twenty years to "contain communism," now finds the entire southern hemisphere in danger of becoming one gigantic Cuba.

### Evangelical Revolt

But the life and death of Father Camilo Torres continues to bear fruit in the heroic efforts of many young South American priests to snatch the banner of militant resistance to social injustice from the communists. For the most part without sympathy or understanding from the hierarchy for their efforts and against the entrenched and stubborn resistance of the establishment, they seek to make the words of Father Torres a living reality:

"I prefer to follow the voice of my own conscience and not to submit to pressures from the oligarchy. I prefer to live according to the standards of the apostles of the Church and not the standards of the apostles of our ruling class. When the people take power into their hands, thanks to the cooperation of all revolutionaries, the nation will consider the question of its religious orientation. The example of Poland shows that it is possible to build socialism without destroying that which is basic in

Christianity. As one Polish priest said: "We Christians are duty bound to help build the socialist state when we are permitted to worship God as we wish."

One such young Colombian priest, whose acts echoed the words of Father Torres, recently came to the attention of the foreign press. Assigned two years ago to a small rural parish 7000 feet in the Andes, Father Abelardo Arias soon found himself at odds with the local 'establishment' and his bishop for attempting to carry out some of the social reforms called for by Pope John XXIII and Vatican II.

Chief among the 'sins' of Fr. Abelardo Arias that earned him the wrath of the hierarchy were: 1. The organization of a credit union among the peasants and townspeople that charged only 1% interest on loans, as against the 10% of the usurers. 2. The organization of a farm cooperative that broke the milk sale monopoly enjoyed by a local trucking concern. 3. Refusing to permit the turning away of girls from poor families from the local convent school because their families could not afford the price of school uniforms. "In a church school, built by the sweat of campesinos, I cannot as a parish priest permit that a girl be turned away for being poor."

As a result of these and other "sins," laughable by U.S. standards, the Capuchin Sisters, who had operated the school under the patronage of wealthy parishioners packed up and left in protest. The diocesan vicar general, making a special trip to the parish to denounce the innovations of Father Arias, was booed and hooted into silence by the poorer parishioners. A special replacement for Father Arias, a Father Santiago Echeverri, arrived to assume his pastoral duties wearing a gun belt. Finally, Father Arias was recalled by the chancery office and sent on an extended vacation.

One can hope that the "vacation" does not embrace the journey's end of Father Camilo Torres: dead by government bullets at the age of thirty-seven in the mountains of Colombia.

## Protest

(Continued from page 1)

our government is committing daily in Vietnam.

On February 7, the demonstrators appeared in court for sentencing. The majority received a sixty-day suspended sentence. Their lawyer managed to obtain an agreement whereby the defendants who pleaded guilty to the charge of wilfully breaching the peace and with intent to breach the peace would have the other charges dropped. Jack Cook of the CW pleaded guilty without a lawyer. A. J. Muste pleaded not guilty. Those of us who chose to plead without the aid of a lawyer must appear in court again on March 6th, to be tried. However, we were able to enter our plea at this time to the charges of "breaching the peace, unlawful assembly, public nuisance, and refusing to clear the sidewalk." To these charges the writer and eight others pleaded not guilty.



—dies  
Drink ye all of this.  
This is MY Blood, of the new and eternal Testament, which shall be shed for you and many for the remission of sins.

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

life—should be paid a great deal more than anyone else."

Before World War II, according to the *Times*, he campaigned to "halt Hitler without war and for rescue of the victims of Nazi terror; but after the war he supported a Save Europe Now movement which aimed at relief of starvation in Germany. "As a Jew," he said, "I felt that these Germans, active Jew baiters included, were also my brothers." During the Arab-Israeli war he organized relief for Arab refugees. When Adolph Eichmann went on trial in Israel he published a booklet setting out his reasons why the former Nazi elite Guard officer should not be hanged.

Like Ammon Hennacy, his favorite cause was the abolition of capital punishment. He was a member of the Music in Prisons Society. He founded the Association for World Peace, a charitable organization later called War on Want.

He could say, late in life, as we all can, "I am an exceedingly weak human being with a great liking for the good things of life. I would say a hundred times that I have compromised too much with Mammon. If I were summoned before the Heavenly Tribunal and asked to defend myself against this charge, I'd prefer to be silent."

Victor Gollancz was 73 when he died and we express our deep sympathy to his wife, the former Ruth Lowy, architect and painter, whom he married in 1919. May God grant him a place of refreshment, light and peace.

### Vietnam

One of the visitors to Hanoi in January was Msgr. Georg Hussler, secretary general of a West German Catholic Welfare organization which is part of Caritas International and has for some time been making a financial contribution to the North Vietnam Red Cross and to the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front's Red Cross Organization and to the Red Cross in South Vietnam. Msgr. Hussler is the first Catholic high-ranking functionary, according to Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times*, to visit North Vietnam since the establishment of the Communist regime, the first contact between Rome and Hanoi since 1954 when the Communists took over.

Here are the statistics about Catholics in North Vietnam, according to Msgr. Hussler. There are about 700,000 Catholics in the north. The generally accepted figure for the south is a million.

In Hanoi itself, which is not as heavily Catholic as the countryside, there are twelve churches with ten priests and about 20,000 worshippers. There are from 300 to 400 priests serving in North Vietnam but no Catholic schools. Children are taught at church and especially during two regular vacation periods each year. There are still a number of nuns and "many convents operating," the churchmen said, but conceded that many nuns had gone south. They said the official position was non-interference in religious matters.

The Vatican itself expressed gratitude to the *New York Times* for the Hanoi dispatches of Harrison Salisbury who was the first American newsman to report from North Vietnam, though many European newsmen had been sending similar reports.

Our dear friend A. J. Muste visited both Saigon and Hanoi these last months and met with hostility only in Saigon. A group of women, including the valiant Barbara Deming, also visited Hanoi and spoke for the women in the peace movement. Three times I have been invited to go to Vietnam and three times I have refused, not seeing any possible good served by my leaving my work at home. But for once, I regret my age, and wish that I were younger, and then indeed I would want to go

as nurse or in some such service capacity, and so work for peace. I have been in too many demonstrations, have spent my short sentences in jail, and once again I long to witness as the Little Brothers and Little Sisters of Brother Charles de Foucauld are witnessing today, in North and South Vietnam. Little St. Therese Martin was almost sent to Hanoi Carmel but could not on account of her failing health. There are two Carmels in Vietnam, one in Saigon and one in Hanoi, and they are praying, we know, not for victory but for peace. Not just for peace in Vietnam, but for peace in the world. But we can only "hope against hope." If peace were declared in Vietnam tomorrow, there would still be world suffering, famine, injustice on a giant scale and the war between the rich and the destitute would go on. It was good to read this profession of faith of Habacuc in the Old Testament in the Lenten Lauds for Friday:

Though the fig tree blossom not  
nor fruit be on the vines,  
Though the yield of the olive fail  
and the terraces produce no  
nourishment.

Though the flocks disappear from  
the fold  
and there be no herd in the  
stalls,

Yet, will I rejoice in the Lord  
and exult in my saving God.  
God, my Lord, is my strength.



HIS body is taken from the cross.  
Unless a grain of wheat fall into  
the ground and die, it remains  
alone; but if it dies, it brings  
forth much fruit.

He that hates his life in this world  
keeps it unto life eternal.

## A Farm With A View

(Continued from Page 3)

man being can ever understand. Their work, I am sure, is prayer, a giving glory to God, their Creator.

There is a Lenten chill in the air. But the voices of children at play are warm and happy. A chickadee calls cheerfully, as though he thought this could and Lenten February Monday were but a prelude to Easter morning. Dying, we live.

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 4)

tea, and keeps the pantry clean. Jack Wells from California, and Dan Kelley from Queens have also come.

Jim Wilson has been transferred to the Federal Penitentiary in Allenwood, Pennsylvania. While talking to Raona, his pregnant wife, she told me that at first Jim thought that since his was a crime of conscience, there might be some kind of barrier between himself and the other prisoners—but not so; once inside, all prisoners are equal. It seems both tragic and mad that prison and death, instead of freedom and life itself, should be the great equalizers.



# BOOK REVIEWS

**THE PACIFIST CONSCIENCE**, edited by Peter Mayer, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.95.

**NON-VIOLENCE AND THE CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE**, by P. Regamey, O.P., Herder and Herder, \$5.95.

**THE RESPECTABLE MURDERERS**, by Msgr. Paul Hanley Furfey, Herder and Herder, \$4.50.

**WAR: STUDIES FROM PSYCHOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, ANTHROPOLOGY**, by Leon Bramson and George W. Goethals, Basic Books, 1964, \$7.50.

Reviewed by GORDON C. ZAHN

War and peace have now become "marketable" subjects, and one may be sure that future publication lists will contain many more items of this nature. The problem, then, will not be one of finding books to develop one's own "peace library" but, rather, to select those that will be of greatest value. The four books to be discussed here clearly deserve to be included.

The Mayer and Bramson-Goethals volumes are collections—in the first case of selected "classic writings on alternatives to violent conflict from ancient times to the present" and in the second, as the title would indicate, of the contributions made by the social-science disciplines listed. There are a couple of items appearing in both (William James' "The Moral Equivalent of War," Sigmund Freud's "Why War?" his response to a letter from Albert Einstein. The Einstein, incidentally, is included in the Mayer book but not the other).

It is, of course, impossible to list all the items included in collections of this nature or to comment on each of them. However, mention should be made of some which this reviewer considers especially interesting or valuable. In the Mayer book, these would seem deserving of such special note: Ralph Waldo Emerson on War; William Lloyd Garrison, Adin Bal-lou, and Henry David Thoreau—all writing on civil disobedience; Gandhi's statement to the officers of the court and Martin Buber's rejoinder to a later statement of Gandhi's; and, of course, Dorothy Day's contribution on the pope and peace. Simone Weil's magnificent essay on the *Iliad*, Diderich Lund's account of pacifism under the Nazi occupation, and the record of the beginnings of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) would seem to have special relevance to our immediate situation today. Camus' "Neither Victims nor Executioners" provides a fitting conclusion to the volume.

Pere Regamey's book is late in coming to the American audience. I first heard of it during my 1956-57 research into German Catholic support for Hitler's war effort; several of my informants and contacts mentioned that this work was in progress (it was originally published in 1958) and assured me that it would be a very important work when it appeared. The promise has been more than fulfilled; and now that it has finally reached us, it carries the extra benefits of a moving preface by Thomas Merton and a foreword by Stanley Windass. In substance, this is a theological discussion of the challenge to the Christian represented by non-violence "as it was taught and practised by Gandhi." Some readers may find the religious (or, better, "inspirational") tone and style a drawback, not to mention the multitude of "discussion-type" footnotes, which are extremely valuable but nonetheless serve to interrupt the reading. Still, anyone who is interested enough in the subject (and what reader of the *Catholic Worker* is not?) will find it well worth the effort, especially if he resists the temptation to approach it as a kind of "spiritual reading." It is this, of course, but its major value is to be found in its systematic analysis of how and where the theory and practice of non-violence converges with the

teachings and traditions of the Christian Church. Although I must confess to no little disappointment in Regamey's readiness to regard conscientious objection as "a kind of extraordinary heroism" which, presumably, one may not ask of the vast majority of Christians, this is not enough to negate or even seriously impair the essential value of this most important study.

For many reasons I must confess to being strongly biased when it comes to the writings of Monsignor Paul Hanley Furfey. (The inspiration he has given me to say nothing of more tangible assistance) has played a great part in the development of my career. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it would have been best for me to avoid commenting on his latest book. But I simply cannot let the opportunity go by. In this volume (and this, too, has been far too long in coming—the American Catholic world needs many more books like this!), Furfey addresses himself to the full range of social evils with which readers of this paper are certainly familiar: racism, economic inequities and injustices, and, of course, war. He takes Hannah Arendt's "banality of evil" theme and develops it to show that this tells only a part of the story. Of far greater importance, he feels, is the respectability of evil, the excuses all of us find to accept and benefit from (even where we do not directly contribute to) the various kinds of "murder" being perpetrated in and by our contemporary societies. No punches are pulled when he discusses the "infinitely tragic fact that the greatest crimes of history are committed with the co-operation or at least with the passive consent of the solid citizens who constitute the stable backbone of the community."

Long years ago, Furfey wrote a book called *Fire on The Earth* which served to ignite the social and moral conscience of many Catholics, priests and laymen, who then went on to organize efforts to correct the abuses described in its pages. Let us sincerely hope that this latest work will force our present generation to examine that mantle of respectability by which it has managed to "escape" its responsibility for the crimes committed at Auschwitz, at Hiroshima, at Watts, or at any of the "inner-city" concentration camps we have established for what Furfey calls the "sub-proletariat," that little-known segment of our "affluent" society which is inextricably locked in misery far below what we euphemistically describe as "the poverty line."

The final volume is, as one might suspect, the most scholarly and "detached" of the four. Though one gets an occasional hint of, if not a "commitment" at least a leaning toward a pacifist rejection of war, this is rarely, if ever, permitted to come to the surface. The major contributions to the subject seem to have come from psychology—thus we have a three-fold division into Instinct Theories and Comparative Psychology (including essays by William James, William McDougall, and D. O. Hebb and W. R. Thompson); Psychoanalytic Perspectives (Freud, Harry Stack Sullivan and Daniel J. Levinson, among others); and Social Learning and Inter-group Relations (Mark A. May, Edward C. Tolman, and Gordon W. Allport). The sociological fraternity is represented by William Graham Sumner, Robert E. Park, Herbert Spencer from an earlier generation and the more contemporary writings of Morris Janowitz ("Military Elites and the Study of War") and Raymond Aron ("War and Industrial Society"), with Harold D. Lasswell's familiar essay on "The Garrison State" coming under the disci-

\*Reviewed in the *Catholic Worker*, December, 1966.

## Friday Night Meetings

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

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

plinary barrier. Malinowski, Margaret Mead, and Joseph Schneider carry the load for the anthropologists.

Some of the essays in the Bramson-Goethals book may seem too rigidly scholarly to some readers of the *Worker*, just as the Regamey book might strike others as being too theological in tone. Nevertheless, all four of these can be recommended to most. It is well and good, of course, to argue and operate solely on the basis of one's personal convictions when it comes to the issues of war and peace; but one's arguments can always be improved and one's convictions deepened by a serious study of works of the type discussed here. For when all is said and done each of us is left with the challenge put down by C. Wright Mills in his famous "pagan sermon" (also included, incidentally, in the Mayer volume), that "in the end . . . the decisive test of Christianity lies in your witness of the refusal by individuals and by groups to engage in war."

As of now Christianity—as it is reflected in the institutional church or in the actions of its individual adherents—does not show much promise of passing that test.



—and is laid in the tomb.  
Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up.  
I am the Resurrection and the Life.  
He that believes in ME—though he were dead—he lives.  
In the world, you shall have distress but have confidence, I have overcome the world.  
MY grace is enough.

## Dangerous Thoughts

61 Columbia Drive  
Amherst, Massachusetts

To the Editor:

Today we received an intriguing postscript to Christmas.

In December we addressed identical Christmas greetings to 35 conscientious objectors held in various prisons and army stockades in the United States. Evidently most were delivered. However, the Confinement Officer at Fort Knox, Kentucky, returned the card we sent to a prisoner there with a form explaining non-delivery: the correspondence was "inflammatory or inciting."

The UNICEF card, with Oriental madonna and child, carries the following hand-written message:

We are all One.

If I kill anyone,

I kill a part of myself.

If I give anyone cause for joy,

My own heart is made glad.

We can't decide which it is, inflammatory or inciting.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. and Mrs. David Wyman

"God does not ordain that we do the impossible; but in giving His commandments He enjoins us to do what we can and to demand that which we cannot." (The Council of Trent)

# LETTERS

## L.I. Catholics For Peace

2368 Fowler St.  
North Bellmore, New York 11710

Dear Friends:

The Long Island chapter of the Catholic Peace Fellowship was formed in October, 1966, and we adopted as our patron that man of peace, St. Francis of Assisi. Besides discussions for self-education on topics such as "The Role of Conscience" and "The Implications of Non-Violence in Our Daily Lives," we have many projects started, and plans for many more.

Each member considers himself an instrument of Christ's peace to all about him through his words and actions. Some of us have made an apostolate of leaving peace literature in strategic spots—in stores, telephone booths, bus and train seats, doctors' offices, etc. Plans are afoot for a weekly silent vigil for peace at some public site. A speakers' bureau, to be available to any audience, is being formed. One of our qualified members has offered to counsel young men on their right to conscientious objection, and what procedure to follow to obtain that status. Many of us sent Christmas cards to the "prisoners of conscience," and some are planning to "adopt" individual prisoners, where permitted by prison authorities, to help ease their confinement and encourage them in their difficult witness. In line with the Fellowship of Reconciliation's new project, "They Are Our Brothers Whom We Help," we are working on plans for a Meal of Reconciliation, with other interested community groups and individuals invited.

Each member has a list of Long Island pastors to whom we write, acquainting them with the C.P.F. and offering to supply them with free Catholic literature on peace for their pamphlet racks if they desire it. We have plans to introduce discussions on peace and non-violence into the Confraternity classes of those parishes which are willing. A program has already been held at the Newman Club meeting of a local college, and more of the same will be scheduled. We expect to write to the various Long Island high schools, both public and Catholic, with regard to the yearly programs they hold for senior boys, at which a member of each of the armed forces speaks on his particular branch of the service. We feel that a speaker on the right of conscientious objection should be included on the platform, so that the boys may realize that there is another alternative.

Members are encouraged to pray, fast and perform penance to counteract the hate in the world, as well as to work positively for peace through the practice of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Meanwhile, of course, we are trying through our association with one another, through discussion, reading and prayer, to develop a loving, non-violent attitude in our own hearts, which will perforce overflow to those around us.

We believe that the Catholic Church, possessing the fullness of Christ's doctrine, as well as the continuing guidance of the Holy Spirit, has the mission to be a prophet, that is, "outspeaker," to the world on issues vital to mankind. Too many of us, especially those educated in another generation, have seen the role of the layman as merely obedient and passive, confining ourselves to saying "The Church should do this," or "Why doesn't the Church do that?" However, since the recent re-awakening of the true spirit of the Church, the glorious realization has come to us that we are the Church, and that it

is up to us to do what should be done.

Since we are very new, our Chapter has much to learn,—through trial and error, of course,—but also through example of other groups. Therefore, we would appreciate the opportunity of hearing, through the *Catholic Worker*, of the experiences of other chapters.

Pax Christi!

Marion F. Storjohann

## Pledges Needed

1625 Riverside Drive  
Knoxville, Tennessee 37915

Dear Friend:

In 1961, Highlander Research and Education Center was organized to succeed the Highlander Folk School. The Folk School had been closed by the State of Tennessee on trumped-up charges supported by flimsy evidence.

Highlander Center has been the target of reactionary forces and the Ku Klux Klan in the Knoxville area. In June 1963, Highlander's mountain camp was burned. Last summer the Klan paraded in front of the school. Vandalism against the Center includes rocks through windows, sugar in gas tanks, slashed tires, red paint on entrance pillars and files and equipment stolen from the office. Recently considerable damage resulted when two fire-bombs were thrown into the main building.

Within ten days after the bombing, all insurance was cancelled. We have approached five agents, who in turn have been refused coverage for Highlander by more than a dozen companies. Now, three months later, we still have no insurance and no prospect of getting any.

In lieu of insurance, we are looking for persons who will assume as many \$25 shares as they can toward guaranteeing a maximum of \$50,000 in case of loss. Pledges will be called on only in the event of loss and only for the amount needed to cover the damage. If, for instance, we were to secure 2,000 twenty-five dollar shares, and the loss were only \$25,000, each share would be assessed one half, or \$12.50.

We are asking you to commit an amount to guarantee the continuity of Highlander programs. Pledges will be effective, unless cancelled by you, until 1/30/69. An acknowledgment of your pledge will be mailed to you.

Sincerely yours,  
Lewis S. Sinclair for the Executive Committee

## Indian Mission

St. Bede's High School  
Mylapore, Madras 4  
India

Dear Sir:

I beg to state that I am a Catholic missionary working in this country since 1936. Recently a good American friend of mine in the United States asked me to celebrate a Mass for the late Joseph Cotter, a faithful worker of yours. I wish to assure you that the Mass will be celebrated as early as possible.

My main concern here is to secure funds for the maintenance of the poor boys whom God has entrusted to our care. I am also raising funds for the building of a major seminary for the training of native priests. This latter work is urgent, since very few foreign priests are given an entry visa into the country.

I mention all this in case you should be able to spare us a little something—just the tiny little crumbs that fall from your table.

Wishing you success in your work and recommending this mission to your prayers.

Your sincere friend and co-worker in God's vineyard.  
Father A. Seeber, S.D.B.