

CATHOLIC WORKER

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ON Pilgrimage

By Dorothy Day

Somewhere along the road, I will stop long enough to write more detailed stories of some aspects of this trip I am making, stories about the Sioux Indian Mission school I visited in South Dakota, about the work in the Franciscan Parish of St. Boniface in San Francisco, about Father McCullough's mission to the braceros, and the organizing of the agricultural workers going on in Stockton, Tracy and Modesto and other cities in California.

In this account, I can only synopsize my trip, to indicate the ground covered and to give a report to our readers. The purpose of the trip is of course to communicate ideas, to talk about the aims and purposes of the Catholic Worker movement in schools, colleges and parishes, wherever one is invited. It is also to learn, and I have learned many things on this trip, and have seen much that is happening in the Church which is encouraging: eleven students from Gonzaga pledging a year to the Indian missions of Alaska, 15,000 high school students in the San Francisco area pledging themselves to more work among the agricultural workers, and showing a film the students made of their living conditions, a growing social consciousness among the young and a desire to give themselves to the lay apostolate—these are some of the good things I have encountered. I have met with many families, many groups of families, and groups of students. (One way a school disclaims any responsibility for inviting one is by having a student organization sponsor the talk. It avoids controversy.)

The theme of many of my talks was, "Christ came to make the rich poor and the poor holy," and "The works of mercy and their opposite in war." Pacifism was practically unknown to the students, who are expected, of course, to be pacifist in class war and race war.

I ended my last article with the promise of an interview with Arch-

RESURREXIT



bishop Roberts and an account of my visits with the Sioux, but there is no time to do justice to these interviews now. So I shall just copy this article from my diary.

There are some demonstrations and meetings going on among college youth, picketing of Woolworth's, giving out of leaflets to acquaint students with what is happening to their Negro brothers in the south, activity about ROTC and whether it should be compulsory in the colleges.

Philip Hagren.

Here is a wonderful quotation from Good Work, which is the new name of The Catholic Art Quarterly.

"When are laws, customs, institutions right? Only when they tally with the natural and revealed law that God has given us. Our laws are human decrees for applying God's law to our social life, just as the clock is the human device for making the sun's course known and accessible at night and in a cloudy world. If a clock goes fast or slow, its error will accumulate until it will tell us that it is

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Two Monuments: Store Front and Prison

By DEANE MOWRER

The first time I saw the East Harlem Protestant Parish building was last summer when Dorothy Day and I were returning from the special narcotics hearings of the New York State Senate Health Committee at Union Settlement where Dorothy had spoken on behalf of the unfortunate addicts in the Women's House of Detention. The Reverend Norman Eddy had been one of the principal speakers at the hearings, and, I believe, one of those active in persuading the Senate Health Committee to interest itself in the complex problem of narcotics addiction. Although we had heard and read much of the work of the Reverend Eddy and the East Harlem Protestant Parish group, I think we had been most impressed by the tributes paid to this dedicated minister by our fellow prisoners during our several incarcerations as a result of pacifist demonstrations during the militaristic air raid drills. So it was, on that hot July afternoon, when we saw the little store-front building with its large block-lettered sign, we stopped for a moment and looked, as one might look at a historic monument where some signal effort had been made in man's long struggle toward enlightenment, freedom, and that brotherly love without which we can hardly hope to attain true peace.

It was therefore with heightened interest that on a recent raw and lenten evening in March I went with Bronnie Warsaskas of our CW group to attend one of the open meetings held by the narcotics group of the East Harlem Protestant Parish center. The room in which the meeting was held was the front room of the store-front building; it was not a large room but had been tastefully painted and furnished with that functional simplicity which the poor can hardly avoid and which seems to engender a more relaxed and informal atmosphere. The meeting, which was opened with prayer as our own CW meetings are, was also quite informal. Chairs were grouped in a kind of semi-circular arrangement about the small desk on which the Reverend Eddy sat and asked and answered questions

or made informative comments for the benefit of newcomers. Most of those attending were young people; some — we learned in the course of the evening — were former addicts, some addicts who were trying to break their habit by participating in the withdrawal program sponsored by the EHPP center, and at least one young man had come because he hoped to be admitted to the withdrawal program. We learned that there was no hope that the present session of the New York State Legislature would pass the bills which could make possible a sounder and more adequate narcotics program. We learned that there was an active group of jazz musicians which was open to those who were no longer taking narcotics and which had just played for a successful fundraising dance for the EHPP center. We heard a visiting psychiatrist from a City probation board emphasize the importance of firmness in dealing with addicts, as with delinquents in general, and the importance of work in their rehabilitation. We heard a young man who had broken his habit after some years of addiction tell of that moment when his will was reborn, as it were, when the Reverend Norman Eddy in one of his talks to the addicts of Riker's Island retold the story of the Nativity of Our Lord so movingly that for at least one young man a bleak December day in a bleak prison became suddenly bright with hope. We heard one young man criticize the EHPP withdrawal program and insist that only more hospital facilities could provide effective treatment. We learned that a small number — about 50, I believe — of beds for men addicts had been opened up in two New York City hospitals but that not one bed for women addicts had been opened up in any hospital.

It was this last dismaying fact though it is typical of the discriminatory treatment of women in the city's penal system — which recalled to my mind another building before which I sometimes stand and look, as toward a grimmer kind of monument, that huge building on Greenwich Avenue which rises gauntly from its fort-

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Reactions To The Chessman Case

By ROBERT STEED

Both on the picket line and in the mail about seventy-five per cent of those who have responded to our protest of Caryl Chessman's coming execution have been in favor of his being put to death and outraged that we should want his life spared. This is to me a very curious phenomenon in that it seemed that those who have been reading The Catholic Worker and who it was presumed were more or less in sympathy with its views should react this way. I have not often come across a radical or even a liberal who favored capital punishment but Caryl Chessman seems to evoke an unusually strong feeling of outrage. I'd like to quote some of the letters I have received from those who wrote letters of this kind and see if some general conclusions can be gathered.

Here is one from a female professor of social sciences in a Catholic college in California: "Before you make a martyr of Caryl Chessman comparable only to Saint Peter, perhaps you should give a thought to his victims."

Here's one from a lady in New York State: "I am amazed at your letter to the California State Legislature. . . . You believe that Caryl Chessman should not be sentenced to death and you ask in the prayer that he be restored to liberty. Have you studied his record of crime? Do you want a sex pervert set free so he can rape more girls and women? Have you no sympathy for Mary Alice Shaw who has been in an insane asylum for twelve years as a result of the cruel torture he inflicted on her when he raped her? His crimes are not hearsay or unproven. His record has been thoroughly investigated. Next month you could insert a prayer for Mary Shaw and her mother who has endured the mental torture of seeing her daughter in an insane asylum."

Here is one from a man in Chicago: "Just returned from Church and had a good dinner. Chessman may have gone to church today if he wished to and likely he had a substantial dinner. Don't you think you and others who are trying to make a martyr out of him should also remember his victims? Why not pray for those to whom he has brought grief, to those he has raped, and then if the past is any criterion more may be added to his long list of devil's glee and celebrations by the imps of hell. I have not noted anything in the Catholic Worker expressing sorrow for his victims, no mention of fasting for them, no picket lines formed for them. It would be less spectacular. His victims are forgotten. Their mental anguish is supplanted in the Catholic Worker by sympathy for Chessman's 'twelve years of torture,' part of which has been spent writing books. His rights under the law have been amply employed. And, I am wondering if the only God of heaven and earth would that we should turn criminals loose. If you will pardon me, it seems as though pacifists, anarchists and such as represented by the Catholic Worker do their work mostly where it will be seen and draw attention of men. They have their reward."

A priest writes from Connecticut (Continued on page 2)

The Southern Cross: Portuguese Africa

By ANNE TAILLEFER

An open, festering sore is painful and disgusting to the naked eye but how much more terrible it is to know obscurely that healthy looking pink tissues disguise cancer. The very doubtful compliment that can be aimed at the Union of South-Africa and its policy of apartheid is that when one attempts to describe the horrible situation reigning in Portugal's colonies a part of Guinea, Angola and Mocambique, one will, at loss for comparison, say that is worse than in South-Africa.

Not to the naked eye, nor to the naive or prejudiced, observer however. To the official visitor or traveller peace seems to reign herein, no race tensions are apparent or expressed through the press and no outward sign of segregation mars the picture as it does in its more turbulent neighbor. But that is where, in South-Africa, the healthy signs appear; because an educated elite has been able to state its desperate need, political parties have been organized and the mass of the people are ripening towards non-violent revolt supported by liberal white; segregation is obvious since Europeans can sometimes meet on

a level with non-Europeans.

Portugal, a small nation reigns over one of the world's largest colonial empires, 800,000 square miles in surface and 12 million people. These overseas territories are called "provinces" and supposed to be juridically equivalent to the metropolitan country. One of the defensive arguments of the Portuguese, when arraigned, for the injustice of their system is to answer that it is no better at home. Portugal, it is true enjoys still a near fascist government and the unhappy many serve the happy few. But still they are citizens. Whilst the Africans of the colonies, called *indigenas*, subject to the strict control of a ruling called *indigenato* can only under certain circumstances become an *assimilado*, or assimilated. That is to say be literate enough and cognizant of Portuguese language and common-law to be considered a desirable citizen. Some other values are considered desirable too. During the coffee boom some illiterates made a great deal of money, no literacy was asked of them to become *assimilados*, whilst some quite literate Africans are for rea-

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Civil Disobedience To Civil Defense

New York State's annual compulsory civil defense air raid drill comes this year on May 3rd. As in the past members of the Catholic Worker Movement and others from various groups will in Ammon Hennacy's charming phrase "offer civil-disobedience" to it. For some this will be the sixth time. We had thought that by now we might have worn the authorities out and that they might give the whole thing up but that was perhaps a bit of vanity. But let's not fall into facetiousness. The thing is after all grimly serious.

We were very profoundly disturbed recently to hear on the radio that Great Britain has suggested to NATO that in the future all military strategy be regeared from the concept of a five year war to a thirty day war. Most intelligent people have not thought for a very long time that any nuclear conflict would go on for five years but now one of the great powers openly admits that both sides have enough destructive power stored up to make any all-out war a thing of very short shrift. Such unbelievable ability of annihilation makes the civil defense measures glaringly ridiculous.

Robert Meyner, the governor of New Jersey, was quoted in The New York Times last month as saying that the building of underground shelters for civil defense was unrealistic when "the basic purpose of modern warfare is to kill an entire city." And he went on "a vast system of underground shelters holds no answer to defense from an attack of megaton bombs (equivalent to a million tons of TNT) that would be used in a third world war. If a city like San Francisco or Newark or Los Angeles or Trenton were to be hit by a few megaton bombs, everything in the civil defense handbook would go out the window."

"Now let us suppose," he said, "that people could come up out of the shelters. What kind of world would they come up to? What would they use for air? What would they use for food? What would they use for hospitals? What would they use for streets? What would they use for people? That is why I say we are fostering a cruel deception on the American people if we try to persuade them they can have civil defense through underground shelters in the next war. There is one and only one defense against a nuclear war—and that is peace."

These are the words, not of a pacifist or anarchist or any such but of the governor of a state. Mr. Rockefeller seems to feel differently so on May 3rd, some of us will go to jail because we refuse to docilely accept such arrant nonsense and worse than that, criminal deception by the State. We would, we think, be guilty too if we did not openly refuse to take part in the drill. It's not enough just to write editorials and make speeches (though these are necessary too if one is not to be misunderstood) but the main thing, the "unum necessarium" is to break the law; to acquiesce is to become a part of the bloody business.

We break the law because we are Christians and Roman Catholics. Our faith impels us to it. The memories of our predecessors in the faith, those early Christians, who must always be our norm in the Christian life, cannot be blotted out. Would it have been so terrible for them to throw the pinch of incense, holding a mental reservation? Sometimes we can't quite see why they didn't. But they didn't. That's the point. They thought it was a denial of Christ.

If it is true that we will be judged on our actions toward our neighbor, who is Christ, for us, then to back a government with a war policy, or if you want to call it a "defense" policy, like ours or Russia's is unthinkable. In a recent article Bishop Sheen said: "Large scale nuclear warfare which denies all distinction between soldiers and civilians, and which makes nurses, doctors, lepers, infants, aged and the dying the objects of direct attack, is certainly immoral." In answer then to the question: Is wholesale nuclear war justifiable? the answer is No for those reasons: Because the violence which it generates is beyond all human control. Such a massacre would no longer be a legitimate defense against injustice, but rather an annihilation pure and simple of human life. Such wholesale annihilation of human life, such as fifty million the first day, as has been estimated, is a far greater evil than any injustice which might provoke a war. It is a basic moral principle, that if the damage caused by a war is greater or disproportionate to that of the injustice suffered, then it becomes a matter of obligation to suffer the injustice." What more is there to say?

Another important matter comes to mind now. We have received a number of letters from readers telling us that they have sent a copy of Archbishop Roberts' letter to the Preparatory Commission for the Second Vatican Council to be held in 1962 in which he urged the Council to take up the matter of modern war. Probably many others of our readers have sent one also. If you haven't we urge you, especially the Catholics, to do it soon. If enough people write then the question WILL be taken up. The bishops will certainly respond to a plea of this kind if they are made aware of its importance to the laity. And we won't be able to blame them for our silence on the subject. It would be an ironic tragedy if a hundred years from now a handful of survivors of a nuclear war were to hear a pronouncement by a handful of surviving bishops declaring: "If anyone says that it is lawful to defend oneself with nuclear or biological weapons of an indiscriminate nature, let him be anathema." But it could happen.

Robert Steed

Reactions To The Chessman Case

(Continued from page 1)

cut: "It is not clear to me how Chessman can be called a servant of God in your prayers for him. I pray for him that he may die at peace with God. That seems to me to call for a conversation that is yet to occur."

Another priest writes from Kentucky: "Any publication, purporting to be Catholic, which purposefully equates a convicted criminal pervert with the Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ is not welcomed by me. I will not condone such sacrilegious behavior."

A gentleman in Mass., writes: "As a long-time reader of The Catholic Worker and who has sent his donations when he could, I read your letter on the first page of the March issue with some misgivings. There remains much doubt in my mind that the twelve years have been 'torture' to Chessman, or even suffering. Do you have his word about this, or are you equating prison life with torture and suffering? I would go so far as to imagine that a non-partisan investigation would show that for some of those years he didn't mind it much at all. In fact, it gave him the opportunity to write a couple of books about it, which is a fine thing after all. . . . It is rather strange that you have ignored the girls who suffered at Chessman's hands. I think at least that you might have added that our prayers are needed for his victims and their families as well as for him. I am afraid that this letter of yours is rather sentimental. I don't want capital punishment either but the opinion that Chessman may have been living under mental torture has nothing to do with it."

Here's part of an anonymous letter from Kansas: "Your paper will never again be found in my home. How would you feel if you were that girl's father who has been tortured like that? There is no suffering he could experience compared to the suffering she has had. Why don't you fast to suffer with the girl instead. More people could understand. There has been a lot of comment here in Kansas City by people who have read your letter. Most people think you are crazy to publish an article such as that. To think that anyone could sympathize with a man that commits such a horrible crime."

It is pretty hard to have much regard for the intelligence of people who reason in such a fashion as those who wrote the letters just quoted and I'm sure most of our readers are a little more sophisticated than they are and more Christian but these people represent the views of a frightening segment of our nation's inhabitants and many of the police and members of the judicial system and public prosecutors undoubtedly

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South and West

By AMMON HENNACY

"The largest police force in the world is not that of New York or Chicago, but the Military Police," said an M. P. to me in a bus while we read through Texas, and, he added, "it is just as crooked as the rest." He had been in Korea and in Seoul the police owned the houses of prostitution. He was not a radical but had had courses in Communism, but this did not make him approve of a rascal like Sygman Rhee.

Blood Money

"What can I do with these War Bonds my folks gave for my children?" said a woman Protestant reader of the CW. "I can throw away the guns and turn off the gangster shows on television, but I can't throw the money away." I replied that it was difficult to give advice to others, and while "sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" was one answer there ought to be a better one for her. Then I remembered a friend of mine who at Christmas time had a date with a Southern divorcee. Just before coming to her home he had received a telegram from his friend Joe that he was sick and had lost his job. He mentioned this to the woman and she said:

"Mr. Pat, your friend Joe will have a miserable Christmas. This will never do. Here, send this to him." And she went to the large family Bible and gingerly took out a \$50 bill and gave it to my friend. "I keep this money in the Bible to perhaps purify it, for it has the picture of that Yankee Grant on each bill."

My answer to the Protestant woman was to cash the War Bonds, thus not being guilty of receiving any more bloody interest, and place the money in not too large or too small bills in the Bible, and as occasion offered for any especial personal need of others to give it out, but not to organizations. If my friend when the children grew up it would be for them and if it was all gone then it had already served a good purpose.

I would have liked to have visited the prison in Parchman, Miss. and to have made the acquaintance of the editor of the Petal Paper near Hattiesburg, but I could not locate him by phone. Then I was invited to speak to the teachers and seminarians in the only integrated place in Mississippi, The Divine Word Seminary. Here Father Perry, a Negro, was in charge. Some of the professors were German and some of the students were from Germany, but most of the students were Negroes. This order also has a seminary at Techy, Ill. One theologian felt that the God who smote the enemies of the Israelites was not diminished by Christ and the Sermon on the Mount, and thought I was in danger of heresy with my pacifism and anarchism. The only manner in which this order suffered because of their integration policy was to be refused surplus commodities which other educational institutions in the area received. But this was a small price to pay, they felt.

Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday)

This day before the beginning of Lent where the last fling of merriment occurs, was started in Mobile, but is made the most of in New Orleans. For a week before there are parades. I witnessed one in Gretna, across the river from New Orleans in Jefferson Parish, on Saturday for several hours. Huge floats of monsters of the deep, gods of mystery, etc., with masked men throwing trinkets to those standing by, passed, as also did bands playing with majorettes swinging batons as in our St. Patrick's Day parade in N. Y. City. Small boys with guns marched also. I ought to have felt at home for there is more gambling in this Parish than in all Louisiana, and the Sheriff and the deputies are notoriously a part of the gambling, as many of the police in N. Y. City who live by pay-offs. Sunday I saw part of the New Orleans parade, and on Tuesday I saw the real official Mardi Gras in Lafayette.

Dr. J. A. Ward, who teaches at Southwestern Louisiana Institute in Lafayette, had planned my meetings in Louisiana. First I spoke to a short but interesting meeting of the Newman Club at Tulane. Later I received a letter from one of those present deploring in all good nature too much of Hennacy and too little of theory in my talk. Students are geared to theory and to the so-called scientific method of "proof" of ideas. In like manner many Protestants want "reasons" why I became a Catholic. The best of what I have to offer comes not by reasoning but by the Grace of God and by the leading Spirit. If I can show students by events in my life given in the way of parable as Jesus and Tolstoy did I think they will remember what I have to say while they would forget straight argument. Besides we CW's are Personalists, which means that if I as a person can fight tyranny, complacency, greed, and the subverting of Christ's teaching into moneymaking, then my listeners, as persons also, can do something along that line. People believe what they want to, so if there are those to whom "render unto Caesar" is the sum of Christ's teaching they are ready to listen to those of the clergy who justify atomic war, and they would not find it difficult to crucify Christ again in His name if He came back in lowly garb upsetting bingo tables, and crying "wee" on Wall Street and at the Pentagon. This young man wrote to me in sincerity and if some of the above does not apply to his thinking it is not for him, but for others.

I spent the night with Irish born Dean Stephen Ryan of Xavier University and his charming wife whose good cooking was appreciated midst some of the sloppy mess that goes by the name of Southern cooking that you get in restaurants. Father Romogosa, who planned publicity in the local paper and my meetings in New Orleans, came over, as did Father Joseph Fichter, who is very close to us. I visited with students, some of whom had bought CW's from me in New York City, and with professors who were cordial, and a class of Miss Hronick's at Xavier. Then that night to a meeting at the United Church of Rev. Grunwald, who with Rev. Everling of the same denomination in Gretna, had been readers of the CW for years. That night I visited with friends on Bourbon Street in the French Quarter, and in the morning after Mass at a Negro Church Miss Hronick drove me to meet with their Caritas group north of the city. That afternoon while speaking at Notre Dame Seminary a phone call came from a convert, formerly a Christian Scientist, with whom I had corresponded, and she came over for the meeting. A fallen away Mormon had read in the paper about my anti-war activities and came to the meeting also. He had a small car and a big dog, and he drove me at 6 p.m. to the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament where I was welcomed by the sisters who knew Dorothy. My Mormon friend insisted on driving me the next day to Lafayette, for he wanted "more of the same."

Cajun Country

My wife and I had hiked in this vicinity thirty-six years ago and had slept with the Cajuns who roasted green coffee in a skillet, ground it, and made black strong coffee. In New Orleans they have more chicory in it. Many of these folks of whom we read of in Longfellow's Evangeline were illiterate then. I was pleased to speak to a hundred Cajun youth who were destined to become priests, at their Immaculata Seminary. I had one of the most cheering welcomes

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STEPPING UP THE AGITATION

Dear Bob or Dorothy or whoever is holding things down there while we are all out making angry and urgent faces at the giants of the impersonalist order.

I was very encouraged to receive the March issue and to read your letter to the California legislature, even as I was preparing to step up the agitation in support Rose Robinson and tax refusal.

On March 10 I began to hand out a new leaflet outside the Federal Building which has been the focus of our protest. After outlining developments in the case, I wrote, "There are some of us who believe, as she does, that it is wrong to pay taxes for war. We have refused as she refused, to cooperate with the Internal Revenue Service in the collection of taxes. And, beyond this, we encourage everyone to do the same. If she deserves to be in prison we deserve to be there too. Therefore I ask from the judge, the United States Attorney's office, the Internal Revenue Service and all taxpayers and supporters of military preparations, a share in the judgment against her. We have said very simply that your preparations for nuclear war, and therefore your war taxation, are criminal beyond any measure of crime that man has known before. And you have said that our dissent from the idea and action of military preparedness is criminal. The question of which is right is urgent for the future of all men. We have shown a readiness to ratify the truth of our conviction at the risk of imprisonment and hardship. The integrity of justice asks either that Rose Robinson be released, or that all who share her stand be imprisoned with her. That is why I ask the officials and the people for a decision in my case consistent with their decision in hers. How can one person be imprisoned for taking a stand, while others who take the same stand and, what is more, advocate and promote it in the marketplace are left free? I ask the officials and the people involved to release Rose Robinson, but if they will not do that, I ask them to prosecute me for refusing to cooperate with Internal Revenue Service and for advocating that all people do the same."

The third person who came out and took this leaflet was Judge Robson. I had already mailed him a copy with a covering letter in which I said, "... By presenting this nuclear issue as an issue of imprisonment and freedom, we approach by an analogy the core of what it really is: that is, an issue of life and death for all of us ... I hope therefore that you will not regard this leaflet distribution and this request for a share in the judgment against Rose Robinson as something impertinent, but as an attempt to enunciate forcefully the terms of a public discussion of a crucial issue, as well as to bear witness to a very strong conviction that it is wrong to participate in modern war in any way."

We encouraged Rose by our vigil, visits and letters. In court she thanked us for that. I feel responsible to every one man insurrection to make it a two-man insurrection, so that it may become a three-man insurrection and finally a revolution of enough men.

It is at the critical moment when we recognize our responsibility to one another that we realize our responsibility to mankind and to God. That is what Jesus told us. We see war coming on, bearing down on us, a visible monument to an immensity of sin. Our voices have not reflected the horror we have seen. Our voices have not challenged the supremacy of crime in the actions of men. We

were glad enough if a government preparing for World War III, was yet benevolent in this decade until war comes, glad enough if our protest could be free from suffering. We are still accomplices because we have whispered at the moment when we should have shouted. We ought to throw up the challenge of Tolstol and Thoreau, to keep all just men in jail or give up war and slavery.

Here we are making faces at the giants of the impersonalist order, but what we do not forget is that a face turned in urgent desperation to them is a face turned in hope to God. Our work is primarily a prayer.

Early last week two men were standing on the step of the Federal Building watching me as I passed my leaflets and commenting to each other. I recognized one of them. It was deputy U.S. Marshal Wheeler, the man who put the chains on me last summer at Mead, Nebraska. I stepped up to him and said, "Hello, Mr. Wheeler. Will you take a leaflet?" "Yes, Karl," he said, "I'll take that. I see that you are still here passing them out." And so I was, and I realized that the children of this world are too wise to be consistent. Last summer he put me in chains for standing on a grass covered knoll near a missile base. Last month they gave Rose Robinson twelve long months and a long day. Who can say what they will do tomorrow when I walk up the steps and into the building and have a try at handing the leaflet to taxpayers lined up outside the Federal Internal Revenue office.

In Christ,
Karl Meyer
Chicago Catholic Worker

Comments On Chessman

Dear Mr. Steed,
Was happy to see your "Open Letter to the Calif. State Legislature." You have expressed the feelings of many thousands of people who are horrified by the whole spectacle.

Here is another example of Law and Justice being at odds with each other and the former being allowed to predominate over the latter when exactly the opposite should be the case when the two are in conflict. Perhaps it is an indication of what our civilization is coming to. A recent article in *The Nation* exposes the thinking of many of our political leaders who deep down in their hollow souls feel that political expediency is more important than the life of a human being. Even many of the California proponents of the abolition of capital punishment now speak of Caryl Chessman as a necessary human sacrifice towards the accomplishment of their end, the passing of a law abolishing capital punishment in the state of California. This kind of thinking is exactly what we most condemn in the Russian Communist philosophy. I see that barbaric past you refer to looming on the horizon.

Best wishes and may our prayers for Chessman be answered.

Jack Lindeman
Philadelphia, Pa.

Can It Be Done Happily?

Dear Friends:
Enclosed is \$4—an example of hard-to-come-by hard currency. Hope it helps.

How about an article in your paper exploring the possibilities of living in the States with such a low income as not to pay income tax. What has to be done—subsistence farming, cooperative communities, barter of goods, etc? Can it be done happily with a family?

Cordially yours,
Edwin (& Maribel) Todd
Richard P.O.
Jamaica, West Indies



He is the true Lamb,
who by dying
has destroyed our death,
& by rising again
has bestowed new life on us.

CLEMENCY FOR HENRY WINSTON

The following appeal, with which we of the Catholic Worker associate ourselves, was published as a Letter to the Editor, in the New York Times for February 23rd.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

I have just learned what, surprisingly, I didn't see in *The New York Times*—namely, that the Federal Parole Board has once more refused a medical parole to Henry Winston.

Mr. Winston is one of three Communists, convicted under the Smith Act, still in the status of prisoner. He was never charged with any concrete act of any sort. He is today in Montefiore Hospital, New York City, under prison guard, recovering slowly from a delicate brain operation. By refusing him medical parole, the Parole Board will send him back to prison, where he has already served four years.

This is an extraordinary act of inhumanity which has no explanation except a built-in refusal in Washington to give to Communists the humanitarian consideration extended to all other prisoners, including gangsters. In a recent issue you published an admirable letter, arguing that clemency was in order for Messrs. Harry Gold and Morton Sobell. Communists convicted, unlike Winston, of specific acts. A distinguished group of signers, Nathan Glazer, Sidney Hook, Irving Kristol, and Dwight Macdonald, argued convincingly in behalf of men who have already served a full decade.

Clemency Required

To my mind the case of Winston even more imperatively deserves clemency. I repeat that he wasn't convicted of a specific act except jumping bail, that he finally gave himself up, that he has already served more than the additional sentence for bail jumping and that he is a man completely broken in health. He will go back to prison unless he escapes through death in the hospital, having completely lost the sight of one eye and partial sight in the other. Others of his powers are seriously impaired. It is absurd to believe that his release from prison will be a danger to a mighty nation. Only an implacable sort of vengeance explains this failure to grant medical parole.

The State Department—properly, I think—intervened with Governor Brown once more to save Caryl Chessman from execution because of the unfortunate effect his execution might have upon President Eisenhower's reception in Latin America. The Winston case might have an equally unfortunate effect should it be known. It isn't, however, on that ground but on a higher principle of humanity that I appeal to the President to override the bureaucrats who have acted so harshly in this case.

Norman Thomas
New York, Feb. 19, 1960.

Requests for Winston's release through parole or amnesty should be sent to: Parole Board Chairman George Reed, H. O. L. C. Building, 101 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. C.

South and West

(Continued from page 2)

of my trip here. I spoke to classes at the state university and was warmly welcomed by Father Sigur, head of the Newman Club, and editor of the Diocesan paper, which gave me a front page greeting. I felt much at home here and could have spent a week with Dr. Ward and other cordial professors, and with the students. Susan Lies and Angela Coyle are students here: they are friends of the CW from old time.

Toward New Mexico

In San Antonio, Dr. Shelton, editor of the *Hygienic Review* which chooses right living and fasting rather than medicine to promote health, cancelled a meeting of his own and came with two of his staff to hear me at the home of Allan Stehling, a student friend of John Stanley's. In Oklahoma City at a meeting at the Secular Institute with Margaret Livitsky, a Presbyterian professor from Norman brought six students, and the Benedictine nuns with Sister Celise who had read my book, welcomed me, as did several priests and assorted Unitarians, and Quakers. I stayed at Byerly's who were Quakers. Mrs. Byerly coming from near where I was born in Ohio. I spoke on the phone to the widows of Oscar and Siegfried Ameringer, Socialists whom I had known in Milwaukee three years ago.

A Carmelite brother attended the meeting and sent me an article by Father Leslie Rumble in the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* of October 1959 entitled, "Catholic Pacifism Repudiated" which he wanted me to answer. To such theologians who go by the letter of the law and deny that Christ ever implied any more than good personal conduct which has no relation to war there is of course no answer. If communion was denied to those who went to court and if those who became Christians while soldiers killed anyone and if they were denied communion for ten years all this is out of context and means nothing, says the theologian. Bede Griffiths, Fr. Strammann, Canon Drinkwater, Christopher Hollis, E. I. Watkin, Sir Compton Mackenzie, and Archbishop Roberts already answered him in the booklet *Morals and Missiles*. To approve atomic war because Joan of Arc drew a sword, and to deny Catholics the right to be conscientious objectors because England's most authoritative theologian says, "If asked, the confessor must declare conscientious objection to be wrong and sinful," is to commit the same mistake in 1960 that happened at the time of Joan when those in the employ of the English exploiters and rulers, and who spoke for the Church, burned her. For Father Rumble to declare Catholic pacifism "abnormal" and the declarations in favor of war normal is to forget Benedict XV in his Peace of God, 1920. "The Gospel command of love applies between States just as it does between individual men." To follow Fr. Rumble is to place the Church where Communists today say it is: on the side of oppression, exploitation and war.

In Tulsa charming Rosemary Laws who had sent us a painting of the Navajo country, greeted me at the rectory of her pastor, who although not in sympathy with CW ideas, was cordial to me and provided a room at a Motel where I met readers of the CW, among them an old time radical coal miner by the name of Sweeney; and the Elsons who are non Catholic pacifists and liberals of the CW.

Getting up at 4:30 a. m. at Las Vegas, N. M. Tom Clarke met me and we attended Mass at 5:30 in the beautiful setting of Montezuma Seminary where hundreds of Mexicans are training for service in Mexico. The priest in charge was unable to attend my meeting that night but we visited in the morning before I left. He knew of us while in seminary years ago. I spoke to three classes at Highland University, a state institution, and that night at the home of Bill Bunker whose book about Indians I had read. He had worked for the Indian Service and appreciated my Hopi emphasis. He is a former Unitarian but mixes well with the non Catholic pacifists and liberals whom I met at his home. His wife is especially charming, and a friend of Deane Maurer of our staff.

Carmen and Santa Fe

Here I spent five days visiting my daughter Carmen who teaches music at the I AM School. She and her husband have started payment on a small home and I will be glad to visit them in future years in this 8000 feet high historic town with its Catholic heritage. Sister Michael of the Catholic Maternity Institute is a dear friend of the CW for years. Carmen picked me up there where I had a visit with Fr. McCarthy of the Credit Union movement, and she drove me to Espanola where we visited Fr. Walter Cassidy, an old CW friend. I have told before of his refusing communion to a usurer and starting a credit union. Just now he is interested in working out his own idea of the AA which develops total abstinence, building on whatever character a man has. Father does no more social drinking in order to help these men by example. We also drove through Los Alamos, City of the Dead, as it is out bounds now. I noticed new churches being built and I suppose nothing is ever said in the pul-

(Continued on page 8)

Store Front and Prison

(Continued from page 1)

like base like a dark sarcophagus confining the misery and suffering we inflict on one another and would like to forget. I recalled in particular the addicts I had known in that same prison—their hopelessness, their aimlessness, their never knowing where to turn for help, their tragic need to learn how to love and to be loved which is at base the quest for God. Partly because it was a raw and lenten evening, I thought how all seasons are lenten in prison where there is no choice but to do penance, day after day, year after year; where for most prisoners—who have little or no spiritual training to help them understand the mysteries of suffering—the Lenten season may never progress toward the climax of Christ's Passion in Holy Week and His glorious Resurrection on Easter morning.

The shadow that falls at 10

Greenwich Avenue is long and dark, but the light that comes from the unassuming store-front building at 306 East 103 Street is enough for hope. We need more such store-front centers; it would be wonderful if some of them could be Catholic. We need more "ministers to the addict," to borrow a term from the Reverend Eddy; in particular we need a few to minister to the forgotten addicts at the Women's House of Detention. Again it would be wonderful if some of our own Catholic priests would participate in this special kind of ministry which is often, so much needed by many who are, nominally at least, Catholic.

The problem of narcotics addiction is a grave and complex one, requiring much more research before we can truly understand it, and needing for treatment a long-

(Continued on page 7)

TO SAINT AGNES

Saint Agnes, guard our daughters falling in the rain of depot lights with broken creeds for flowers in their eyes. Saint Agnes, in your death keep back the gangs of madmen from our doors who murder our clean bells with language loud as war. Saint Agnes, in your canticles sing words for us who live in gutters and have lost our words, and rise from us and lift our broken bodies from the dust and pray for us who burn upon the hills of Purgatory's iron song.

—Richard Kelly.

THE MANSION, by William Faulkner. Random House, \$3.75. Reviewed by Anne Taillefer

When bold Sir Launcelot, imprisoned in the vale of No Return where perjured lovers were doomed to stay, dares to test the walls that close upon him, he finds out they are made of air. If summing-up were not a pretentious word as applied to William Faulkner's architectural trilogy, whose last volume: *THE MANSION*, concerns us here, the legend would prove true and the summing-up would—to Gavin Stevens' despairing comment that, get rid of a Snopes there will always be another Snopes—be V. K. Radcliff's rejoinder: "That's just it, it's nothing but another Snopes!"

The Snopes are the symbol of power through avarice, of a civilization built upon money wrested from more aristocratic leaders too weak to guard it; too corrupt also. The Snopes have become usurers, banners that is to say, after the gentlemen, who had become usurers too, have fallen prey to them through blackmail. Their archetype is Flem Snopes, the perfect Snopes who reaches his peak when he can steal the bank and the Mansion from Manfred De Spain, his last victim, who has fled out of despair and remorse. The ascension so complete, the ruthlessness so impregnable, the political machine so well organized by Flem's confederate and father-in-law, Will Varner that there seems to be no hope; everything and everybody has passed into the Snopes and all their kin's hands and one might as well accept it in good grace and submit.

But there is a flaw and Flem, like Carthage will be destroyed in so irrevocable and so Faulknerian a manner, that of Greek doom, that Flem will expect it himself and meet his death by his enemy without a word or an effort to be saved.

Flem the parvenu has an implacable enemy and it is a Snopes, a forgotten, downtrodden, oppressed Snopes and a mean one at that; a cousin called Mink fanatically industrious and in his own way proud. He shoots a rich farmer Jack Houston, not for the eighteen dollars unjustly though legally extorted from him at the sweat of his brow for a wandering cow of his by the former, but for that extra dollar, the pound fee of an inexorable law. And there Faulkner wrestles once more with one of his bugbears, law unadorned: "When justice and hope will have gone, there will still be the law." Mink, after his arrest, had all along been borne on hope: his rich cousin Flem would save him. But this is not Flem's way, far from it. On the contrary he will later bribe a lesser Snopes, Montgomery Ward, to arrange an escape for Mink from the penitentiary, an escape in woman's disguise so absurd as to be immediately obvious insuring through capture twenty more years of jail for the one and of peace for the other. For Flem knows Mink will not forget. And thus when unlured fate brings Mink a pardon, two years earlier than his term and the whole town attempts to guard Snopes and chance even to rob Mink, he, relentlessly will come step by step to Snopes Man-

son and shoot him under his daughter's unflinching gaze.

For Snopes, at least in name, has a daughter just as he has had a wife. And these are the second and powerful flaw in his design: Beauty! Like Helen of Troy, defeating men's purpose and unwittingly forcing them into her sole service, the beautiful Eula, through her power over men upsets and explodes the whole plan. Daughter to Will Varner, the rich political boss she is a pawn. So many men have fought over her when she is sixteen that murder has nearly been done and she is pregnant; so that only a Flem Snopes would accept to marry her with a large compensation. Snopes can be husband to no woman and ultimately and fatefully, after her daughter Linda's birth, Eula will drift into a great passion with Manfred de Spain the last aristocrat in Jefferson. Flem knows this and keeps the secret for himself till it is powerful enough and then he threatens his wife with exposure. She commits suicide and Manfred leaves that very night leaving the Bank Presidency and the Mansion in Snopes' hands. Mink is in prison. All is well.

Only Gavin Stevens, the conscience and the awareness of the South and its tradition, a lawyer who is a poet too, has loved Eula hopelessly and devotedly and he decides to save Linda. Thus she insists upon having an education, a true one. A young Jacob she trades with Snopes against her share of old man Varner's money for the right to go north to a university. She will marry a Jewish Communist sculptor, follow him to Spain during the Civil War where he is killed and come back stone-deaf from a shell explosion. Deaf for ever to the evil spells and prejudices, with wide-open dark blue eyes. The war against Hitler will break and she will work as a mechanic in a plant, returning with a long streak of white hair like a plume, the plume of long forgotten knights and captains, not erect and triumphant, lying low as suffering does. Linda is less blatantly beautiful than her mother but she still inspires men to serve her only she wants to serve them too; beauty has been taught renunciation.

She gives up Gavin Steven who loves her, yet loving her dead mother more, and who knows the only man she will really love is her dead husband; she gets Mink's pardon and then she comes into the room as he shoots the unquestioning Flem and helps the avenger escape. Did she expect this all along or not remains to be answered. Two days later she will leave Jefferson in a swift car for New York having restored the Mansion to some distant poor de Spain relatives.

The story is divided into three parts: Mink, Linda and Flem. It is told by outsiders, chiefly by V. K. Ratliff and Charlie Madison, the one standing for the very best in American immigration, the other for unbroken but watchful tradition.

Mr. Faulkner is without doubt a great poet in prose but he is also a great historian. His trilogy, establishes in all its characters the different phases of immigration and adaptation to America. In V.K. (Vladimir Kyrilich) Ratliff he shows his respect for the Russian sense of freedom, love of beauty and innate elegance of soul and taste. The scene in New York, at the time of Linda's marriage, where she is reunited with her real father, a Texan, staging V. K. the sewing-machine salesman, who works his own machine and makes his own tieless shirts, buying two inordinately expensive ties from a Russian lady, just because they are beautiful and for once he wants to do what he wants, and the Russian woman's recognition of it is complete. His appreciation of the abstract sculptor's work that cultured people hesitate to dare like, his unerring propheticizing of events makes up the conscience of the people at its best.

Paul Claudel, in a little play called *L'Echange* establishes the values of immigration fighting in one soul. Faulkner establishes

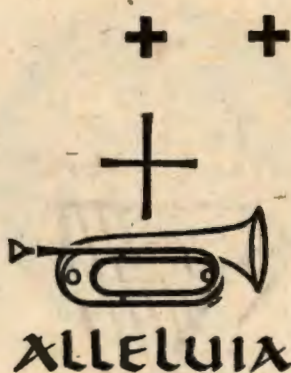
them fighting in one country. As for Mink, this is Faulkner's constant concern. It is possible to foresee that racial equality will win some day and for good. Linda tries to help further education for Negro children but her infinitely sincere paternalism is repulsed in these words: "Let them (the black Americans) try and try again, let the white people need them—this day will come." So that one day an unmistakable elite will impose itself of necessity. But the poor will always be discriminated against whatever their colour and will be oppressed. And Mink is the poor white. Only Linda's loving concern can set him free. And only Flem's death. And the book ends with a passage of indescribable beauty as Mink at least free after 36 years lies on the ground and death creeps up; man becoming earth again, tree and flower through the little burrowing worms in the good earth all men equal. . . . Whilst his spirit will soar where dwell "Helen and the Bishops . . . the unhomed angels and the graceful seraphim."

In her "Age of the American Novel," a young French critic, Claude Edmonde Magny says: "Faulkner and Dostoevsky discipline that rather frivolous being, the novel-reader to a harsh and difficult task." This is without dispute. One cannot read Faulkner in a spirit of levity or of pointless criticism. It is a serious study and much time and personal thought has to be spent, the reader collaborates. The first reading is strange experience leading into a maze, though, by osmosis, enchantment has permeated the reader. The second and third reading are more fruitful. And then comes the reward. The enormous sprawling phrase reveals itself to be frightful economy, the sensuous image discloses abstract structure. In the Hamlet, the Town and the Mansion not a hair that is not counted, not a bird out of its nest. Miss Magny with other critics has compared Faulkner to Balzac, creator of a whole society and its mores, with people of his own that come to life and tell us their story and that of their time. But Faulkner is much more. He slips into the inner soul, the awareness that animates a country perhaps a civilization. To Nicholas Beryaev's observation that this, and especially in America, was the last civilization but was it livable for the human being, Faulkner answers: Yes. If the revolt of the young, poetic justice, eternal woman with beauty as guide and the trusting, enduring memory of the faithful will clean out the Mansion and through picture murder evict the Snopeses.

COUNSELLING THE CATHOLIC. By George Hagmaier, C.S.P., and Robert W. Gleason, S. J. Sheed & Ward. \$4.50. Reviewed by Rev. Robert W. Hovda.

Every vital aspect of the church's life today is characterized by, a new recognition of an old dimension. It is the dimension of the person, of the finite, of this world, and our recognition of it is new only in its quality. Impressively evident in the Gospels, it has been revived in our time at the insistence of many factors, among them what Karl Stern has called "The Third Revolution."

So there has been generated a profound and sweet dissatisfaction. The Church is no longer content with a liturgical act that is objectively perfect. Now we realize that this act must also be common



prayer. We see the person. Catholics, as Cardinal Lercaro points out in the January issue of *The Catholic Mind*, are now suspicious of the validity of a notion of religious toleration which holds it to be a political expedient. And, without diminishing the eternity or objectivity of truth, we amend our ways by taking into account the free act by which the individual discovers and accepts truth.

That a similar development is occurring in the sphere of moral theology and priestly counsel is the happy message of this important book. Fathers Hagmaier and Gleason have discovered no new moral principles. But they have discovered—and they communicate their discoveries lucidly, directly, expertly—that the human being's attempt to apply moral principles to his life can and must be understood, thanks to dynamic psychology, in a vastly superior way.

Their introduction seconds Father Noel Mailloux's plea that we improve the art of spiritual direction by seeking to give it "the necessary empirical basis it is still awaiting." Intended chiefly for priests and seminarians, the book will be of considerable interest to other counsellors and, indeed, to the millions who have grappled with one or more of the problems discussed.

Father Hagmaier, writing on counselling theory and technique, is complemented, in the second part of the book, by Father Gleason's treatment of strictly moral aspects. "We priests who deal daily with the most intimate and complex human concerns must become far more sensitive than we have been to the influence of those forces which are largely or wholly psychological in nature." So the initial chapter is a strong statement of the influence of human emotions on thinking and volition, including incidentally an attack on the use of such emotionally-charged words as "self-abuse," "rendering the debt," "pollution," "impure thoughts," "indecent parts."

Freedom, liberty, responsibility, cannot be equated with clear consciousness in any automatic way. To prove this, the author goes through the commandments pointing out ways in which the superego, and psychological attitudes, may be related to particular sins—explaining by example how complex human motivation can be. Separate chapters on masturbation, homosexuality, alcoholism, and scrupulosity (with corresponding chapters on the first three in the moral section) treat the compassionate and listening priest's duty to the penitent, the danger of judging rashly regarding the gravity of the sin, common psychological problems associated with each, and the fact that they may be primarily psychiatric and only secondarily moral problems.

Among the characteristics of the modern world tending toward an unhealthy sense of insecurity, they list with typical forthrightness the uncertainties of military service and the threat of contemporary weapons. Throughout the book they combat calmly and surely certain clerical faults: the "hunch" that mental illness can be cured by a spiritual jacking up; the still not uncommon suspicion of psychiatry and dynamic psychology (which maintains that the self-knowledge these sciences allow actually produces greater responsibility in the person); the failure to make a distinction between conceptual cognition and "evaluative" cognition in assessing gravity of sin.

The importance of referral to proper agencies (Appendix II lists facilities available for almost every type of disorder), the primacy of love and acceptance in the priest's relation to the sufferer, the priest's advantages (independence, secrecy, no fees) and obstacles (authority, prestige) in this essential work—discussions of such

topics make one hope that this or similar future works will be utilized as at least a companion to every Moral Theology course in the country.

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THE BOOK OF MARY by Henri Daniel-Rops (Hawthorn Books, \$4.95). Reviewed by Walter Wills.

The Book of Mary is a brief but quite comprehensive history of the role of Mary in the Church. It traces to their origin the great traditions underlying devotions and doctrine concerning the Mother of Christ, and is an important addition to the popular series, *This is the Mass, What is the Bible?*, etc. by this same author of over seventy religious books. Scholarly in approach, yet simply written, the book is unique and especially valuable for the inclusion of extracts from the Apocrypha.

The author draws from a broad knowledge of Biblical scholarship to make an interesting commentary on the few references to Mary in the Scriptures. The devoted reader may find his analysis a little tedious at times, e.g., Our Valiant Lady's virtues become her "chief psychological characteristics" from which "dogmatic data" are derived, but this is not an important criticism.

While historical research gives us little more information specifically concerning Mary than is in the Bible, we are told that much can be learned indirectly from studies of how the poor lived in the Jewish community of that period. How different from our modern world! Their religiously oriented pattern of living, though formalistic, is in striking contrast to that of our materialistic culture. The whole life of the Jews of every station was bound up in Sacred Scriptures and reference to its text was commonplace in their daily living. In the streets and squares, it was ordinary to see a Doctor of the Law explaining some passage of the Holy Writ to a group of attentive listeners. Daily routine was interrupted three times a day for prayer. Then it was common for people to pray in the streets, it seems. (Nowadays, they're called pedestrians!) However, otherwise the life of the poor then was pretty much the same as now and any place else.

About one third of the book, together with several chapters of explanation, concern the Apocrypha. The term Apocrypha (from the Greek, apocryphos, meaning "hidden" or "secret") applies to some 27 to 45 books written by the early Christians. Most of these books were too sacred and secret to be used by any but the initiate, the inner circle of believers, and so the name. A great deal of medieval art and some liturgy draws its imagery and meaning not from the Bible but from these texts. The legends that Christ was born in a grotto and that it was at a fountain that an Angel appeared to Mary both can be traced to the Apocrypha writings. In *The Arabian Book of the Passing of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary*, the Blessed Virgin gives an ever doubting Thomas her sash as proof of her Assumption, and it is told how she was triumphantly borne aloft in a chariot like Elijah. While these writings are not sources of dogma, they include epistles which are today among the works of the "Apostolic Fathers." *The Gospel According to the Hebrews* seems to have been used in the earliest days of the Church and then abandoned.

Since the Council of Trent, these writings have fallen into obscurity. "Does this indicate a lessening of that yearning for knowledge of the least detail of the Holy Writ which was so marked a feature of Christian thought in times when faith, if stronger, was

REVIEWS

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perhaps more naïve than our own?" the author asks. (In a footnote on another page he comments concerning this modern lack of faith: "It may be suggested, that compensation for this is to be seen in the deeper and more cultivated knowledge of the modern believer.") At any rate, while these works are not wholly true, elements and scraps of truth are seen in them, and it would seem they should not be totally rejected because an incident reported in them is far-fetched or can be proven false. Certainly every Catholic who has read the entire Canonical Scriptures will find the Apocrypha interesting and a part of the fullness of the heritage left by the early Christians.

The author remarks at outset (in not very grammatical form) "how enormously disproportionate, in the light of the textual foundation upon which it rests, must seem the majestic forms of that universal devotion to Mary which we today behold." While the great recent increase in devotion to the Blessed Virgin probably has encouraged pronouncements of dogma elevating her to her present position in the Church, we are told these doctrines have long traditions and can be seen in "embryonic" development even in the earliest times. The background of various beliefs and devotions regarding the Holy Virgin are very well explained and in the end, all seems well ordered.

To some, this book will seem incomplete. Only a few pages are devoted to Mary in our times. Her influence as a patroness, the modern revelations and how the multitudes have been drawn to the great Mediatrix of Fatima, Lourdes and LaSalette. To many, this is already familiar; to others, cloyed with miracle worship, proxied prayer and religious sentimentalism, it is not a deficiency. The author does not attempt to relate her image to the modern world. To us, the Magnificat ("... He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent away empty...") is a song for a new world, of community and for all God's children. The woman "clothed in the sun and crowned with twelve stars" is mentioned, but for an age in which religion is divorced from society and other worldly in the worst sense, when much of the Apocalypse seems imminent reality, her image must be made real.

In general, *The Book of Mary* is a straight-forward presentation of the highlights of a very broad subject, in which many digressions are possible. It has a bibliography of suggested reading, and is a good starting place for a beginner. With its color plates and jacket which reproduce some well-chosen paintings, it is a very beautiful book.

THE SECULAR JOURNAL OF THOMAS MERTON, Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, 1959. Reviewed by Robert Steed.

Here is the latest installment in one of the most fascinating autobiographies of modern times. It is a diary which fills in some of the gaps of the author's early maturity period just before the Second World War which has already been described in the most widely read of his books "The Seven Storey Mountain."

This is of course a little more authentic of the period than the description in the later book, being written when the events were taking place and since the author was going through a time of important and difficult decisions it is more intense and less humorous though not as well written. It followed closely his conversion to Catholicism and ended just before he entered the Trappist monastery of Gethsemani in Kentucky. Only

one who has gone through a similar experience can imagine exactly what it was like but he succeeds in giving a good hint of the groanings of the spirit.

Merton was living at the time when the journal begins in Greenwich Village in New York City, on Perry Street to be exact, in the winter of 1939-40. In the first chapter the reader comes upon various comments on subjects ranging from a colony of beavers, who are flooding roads in Connecticut with a dam to the great consternation of the authorities, to comments on Dante's Paradiso, the poetry of William Blake, the philosophy of St. Augustine and Graham Greene's novel, Brighton Rock which he likes a lot. The section on the beavers attempts to be funny and isn't but the literary comments are for the most part intelligent and interesting but not very profound, which can be said for most of the literary pronouncements in the book.

In the spring of 1940 he took his famous trip to Cuba where the warmth and gaiety of the population and the profusion of Catholic public life all fused into an emotionally satisfying experience for him and makes for charming and infectious reading. He stayed there for about a month and a half during which he was in a state of spiritual euphoria. The dark night comes later.

The rest of the book was written for the most part while he was teaching at St. Bonaventure's University in western New York State which is run by the Franciscans. During this period he visited for short periods two Trappist monasteries, one in Kentucky and the other in Canada. It was during this time that he first met the Baroness Catherine de Hueck, the founder of Friendship House, the interracial center in Harlem, and to whom he gave the manuscript of the journal. The Baroness now operates a training center for the lay apostolate in Canada where the corporal works of mercy are practiced among the poor of the area. It is to her center at Combermere that the proceeds of the book go.

Much of this part of the book contains very intelligent observations on the war and the moral and economic and political roots of it and with his own soul-searching about the draft. Unfortunately Father Merton has lessened the impact of this section by a footnote and introduction written when he was preparing the manuscript for publication. These two things are all I find unsatisfactory about the book. They were perhaps dictated by the wish of his superiors, who it seems are not at all enthusiastic about the publication of the book, not wishing to get involved in political discussions which might seem to portray the Allies in a bad light. Merton seems to have been much more honest and critical and astute politically in his youth than he is now and in the introduction he makes a comment on Communism which is an insult to his own intelligence and to that of any literate person; it is worthy of the Hearst press. But these are unimportant flaws which have nothing to do with the main point of the book which is his own spiritual development and his sincere search for God.

During this last period that the book covers he is torn between his own intense desire for the priesthood and the religious life and his disappointments in his first ventures into that realm. Teaching at St. Bonaventure's seems to be the will of God at the moment and then the Baroness wants him to come to Harlem and as he says that too seems to be a "good and reasonable way to follow Christ" and yet he doesn't like the idea of "working with a lot of girls." In the end, of course, as we know, the problems resolve themselves and the Church in America is blessed with one of its most beautiful vocations and through his writing how many



Nigra Sum sed Formosa— Et Fortis

By JOHN STANLEY

Let the
wind bound
snow storm
flail amok
and coil
around the
long black
road; it
will not break,
but ride on
writing furrows
on the earth,
and keep on
drinking wisdom
from the
fierce tattoo
of prancing
hoofs and boots
that scream their
scarlet songs at
whip height
day and night,
but spear on
through the
drifts of time,
long lean
swimmer's muscles
breathing lazy
scented smiles of
power known and
savoured for a
future flight
that will lift up
with elegance and
calm on some
convenient day
that's warm enough
and bright enough
with gulls and
cranes and
salmon leaping
over rocks like,
Whack! and then
the golden flight
above the dazzled
puddle-scape of
flat blue eyes!
And daisies will
be gathered up
in arms-full,
then, and every
then, and every
body will be
playing

Love me?
Love me not?
Love me?

lives have been affected profoundly, how many people drawn to the Church. This is not a great book but for any one interested in Thomas Merton's extraordinary journey into the mysterious and intriguing world of religious experience it is an important one. In fact, this book and the other two autobiographical volumes, the exciting "Seven Storey Mountain" and the mystical and utterly lovely "Sign of Jonas" are a treat not to be passed up.

One more comment. This is a beautiful job of printing and layout. The use of lines of print of irregular length make novel and easier reading; this technique was advocated I've been told by Eric Gill and is worthy of him. Also the photographs of Merton in his youth reveal a quite intense, often aloof and rather frightened face. They are perhaps more revealing than the text.

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

THE AGE OF REASON

1. In the seventeenth century a Frenchman by the name of Descartes discarded Thomistic philosophy and formulated a philosophy of his own.
2. St. Thomas' philosophy started with Aristotle and helped the reason to accept revelation.
3. For St. Thomas Aquinas reason was the handmaid of faith; not so for Descartes.
4. The eighteenth century became known as the age of enlightenment or the age of reason.
5. An American by the name of Thomas Paine wrote a book entitled: "The Age of Reason."

THE AGE OF TREASON

1. The use of reason was discarded by the intellectuals of the nineteenth century.
2. Romanticism, positivism, pragmatism, one after another, became the fashion in the nineteenth century.
3. In a book entitled "The Treason of the Intellectuals" Julian Benda, a French Jew says the intellectuals gave up the search for truth and consented to become the paid propagandists of nationalists as well as capitalists.
4. So the age of reason of the eighteenth century was followed by the age of treason of the nineteenth century.

THE AGE OF CHAOS

1. And we are now in the age of chaos.
2. In an age of chaos people look for a new order.
3. What makes for chaos is lack of order.
4. Because people are becoming aware of this lack of order they would like to be able to create order out of chaos.
5. The time to create order out of chaos is now.
6. The germ of the present was in the past and the germ of the future is in the present.
7. The thing to do is to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks.

THE AGE OF ORDER

1. If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos the effect of those decisions will be a better order.
2. The new order brought about by right decisions will be functional, not acquisitive; personalist, not socialist; communitarian, not collectivist; organic, not mechanistic.
3. The thing to do right now is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

Ted Le Berthon

Requiescat in Pace

On February 3rd our friend Ted Le Berthon was buried from St. Joseph's Cathedral. A journalist for over forty years, Mr. Le Berthon had worked for newspapers from coast-to-coast. When he became ill recently he was a feature writer for the Central California Register, a diocesan paper. In the recent past he had distinguished himself in a courageous defense of the Mexican migrant workers, "braceros," who have been for years exploited in this country by unscrupulous employers, some of whom have unfortunately been well known Catholic laymen. His stories in behalf of those poorest of workers in this country appeared in St. Joseph's Magazine, The Commonweal and The Catholic Worker. The eulogy was preached by Father Brendan Mitchell, director of the Third Order of St. Francis to which Mr. Le Berthon had long belonged. May he rest in peace.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

bedtime at dawn. We need to set our clocks by the sun, that is what Greenwich is for. So with our laws and customs. They need to be tested and set again by the sun of justice. As Carlyle said, 'If you will have your laws obeyed without mutiny, see well that they be pieces of God Almighty's law.' To say that we must fall in with a state of things that is manifestly at variance with God's law is to say that we must rule our lives by the clock even when it tells us that night is day."

Superior, Wis.

Monsignor Shannon, president of St. Thomas college in St. Paul loaned us a car and Mary Hiebain of Maryhouse and I set out for Duluth and Superior. We made it to Superior but snow interfered with our visiting Duluth. I spoke to the Franciscan Sisters one evening. They are teaching at the grade and high school, in a co-educational school, and they are housed in the old chancery office, in such crowded conditions that whoever is responsible might be convicted of being a slum landlord if he were in our stricter district of New York. They are truly Franciscan in their poverty and work very hard indeed.

Sister Bernice gave me a wonderful book to read, Maria Montessori, her life and work, by E. M. Standing, a convert to the Church who worked with her for many years. It is published by the Academy Guild Press Box 549 Fresno, California, a new publishing house on the west coast—the only Catholic publishing house that I know of in California.

Fr. Paul Judge remembered

According to some seminarians, our dear friend Fr. Judge, who is buried at Wilmar, Minnesota, used to feed about 20 or 30 transients a day. They came in on the railroad and knew where to go. There was a Clothes Room in the basement of Fr. Judge's rectory and always food for them. He knew them. He knew them all by name, he told the school children. They were all Christ.

St. Mary's, Winona.

Mass at six thirty in a beautiful chapel, masculine, strong and simple in design. Yellow and russet flowers on either side of the altar. A black iron crucifix. Stained glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor. Many at Mass. Brother Basil is president. Brother Luke, librarian, asked us to pray for a new library. He is scattered over three floors. He knew Bob Steed when Bob worked in Memphis with Helen Caldwell Day at the House of Hospitality there. Brother Luke loaned me *The Devil's Advocate* by Morris West which I enjoyed reading on the way.

Exceptional Children.

In St. Paul I also visited a school for "exceptional" children which was started by Sister Annette Marie, a sister of St. Joseph who carries on her work in a motorized wheel chair. After a bad accident which permanently crippled her, she started to work with children who had speech difficulties and this work led to the building of a school. Students from St. Thomas drive the children to and from school. There are 105 in this school for children who have various mental and physical disabilities. It is a beautiful place and should be a model for many such schools in the country.

Josephine Drabek

I was happy to meet Josephine Drabek who after starting one educational establishment in Central Africa is now commissioned to start another. Josephine has spent the last ten years or more in Uganda where whites are forbidden to hold land. It is an agrarian economy. There were four European and three African teachers, and no English spoken. She has learned the language which is a very complicated one. The new school is in the country south of them and she has to start from scratch, and with no funds either. In the other school

the women helped support themselves by planting ten acres of bananas and building up a good garden. I had met Josephine at the Grail some fifteen years ago when she was in charge of agriculture there. These schools are training schools for young African women. Anyone wanting to contribute to the African work can send money to Josephine, Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Wayside Inn

This is a house started by Sally, a woman of seventy and by the brothers of The House of Charity for women in need. Sally had retired a few years before from Honeywell where they make precision instruments, and is starting this new apostolate.

Within an area of a few cities, St. Cloud, St. Joseph, Collegeville, there are a number of families I always visit when I come west, the J. F. Powers, the Joe O'Connells, the Eisers, the Cottons, the Doyleys, the McKibbens, the Palmquists and the Petters, the Thersens. Emerson Hynes and his family are now in Washington, where he is aide to Senator Eugene McCarthy and where one of his sons is page boy, going to the page boys' school. Emerson is on a committee travelling around the country investigating unemployment. This last year he was named His Brother's Keeper for 1958, by the district of Minnesota League of Credit Unions, on the 112th anniversary of the credit union movement. He has served on the board of directors of the National Catholic Rural Life conference helping to spread credit unions and educate the public in regard to them. He and his family (there are ten children) have been engaged in rural life work, and 4H work, and all are members of credit unions themselves from the month of their birth.

I stayed with Mary Humphrey and certainly Don is sadly missed. The last time I saw her was when I sat with her at his dying bedside at the hospital in Minneapolis a year and a half ago. Now there are Michael, Susie, Paul, Tom, Mary Ellen and Martha at home and Rachel and John away. Michael being the oldest is beginning to make chalices as his father did, and also wedding rings at \$65 the pair. They are beautifully engraved with the vine and the branches, or with the Chi Rho, or with the two words, Christ and Ecclesia, the former standing for the husband and the latter for the wife. There is another beautiful ring with the words, Where love is, God is, carved in the gold. While I was there, he was learning to polish stones found throughout Minnesota, agates, obsidian and jade. Mary Humphrey weaves, sews and makes baptismal robes for St. John's Abbey where they can be obtained with candle and booklet.

Doyleys and Cottons

The Cottons have eight children, all boys I think, and the Doyleys have seven and one who died in infancy. It is hard to realize that there is also delinquency, as they call it, among high school students in such a rural area, but Leonard told me of how the students stoned his car and beat his young son on the school bus, just because they are "different," on the intellectual side. The boys showed great courage and made no complaints.

It is hard too to think of any destitution in this area, but Mary took me to see a family living in a box car, ten boys, two girls and another baby coming. The mother looked very young and cheerful in spite of the congestion in her small quarters.

Ted Le Berthon

When we visited Jim Powers, who is known for two books of short stories, most of which have appeared in the New Yorker, we talked a good deal of Ted Le Berthon whom I had counted on seeing when I reached Fresno. We



did not know as we sat there talking that Ted was to die within the week. Jim admired him greatly and told us of the days they had lived together in the past and tried to write. Ted was always going to write the great American novel, a dream shared by most newspaper men, and used to leave his desk and typewriter and go out to spend an hour in Church. They had both made "the retreat."

But Ted now has "gone to his reward" which he earned with his fearless reporting of the agricultural situation in California and his life long work for the Negro in the South. And now I learn that the Academy Guild Press is planning to bring out a book of his writings.

Wisconsin and North Dakota

I spoke at the Newman clubs at both Madison and Fargo, and it was good to see the work done by both. In Fargo Fr. William Durkin is not allowed to wear his clerical garb when he teaches religion at the State College so he has a mighty fine variety of colored shirts to wear! A cyclone hit his old Newman club house and that meant a new center, which has a beautiful chapel, and fine meeting halls and dining room and living quarters. The Newman clubs are active everywhere and well used by the students. There are great numbers of married students and Father had a number of baptisms the Sunday I was there. In Madison Fr. Brown met me with a Chinese student eighteen years old and homesick. We visited the Martin de Porres center with John McGrath of the Progressive staff, then to Ed and Kathy Bardulis for dinner. Bernard Arcenz called, who had been with us at Maryfarm at the time that Peter Maurin died. He is terribly crippled and is married to a crippled girl and they have two children and another coming. Mrs. Bardulis heard me speak at Grand Rapids when she was in high school. That night I stayed with Helen C. White who has written so many famous historical novels, besides heading the English department at the University. In her sisterly fashion she gave me a dress and three blouses to supplement my wardrobe on my trip.

South Dakota

After an all night trip I arrived at Rapid City, South Dakota and

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The Southern Cross: Portuguese Africa

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sons too long to explain considered as undesirable.

Since 1917, the date of the first assimilation law, just 5,000 people, less than one per cent of the African population of Mocambique have been granted this status. Only one African—in Mocambique—has graduated from the University. This carefully engineered illiteracy is the means of perfecting ignorance not only in the intellectual field but also the social in regard to the outside world, even in Africa. The rudimentary schools are run by personnel of Portuguese Catholic Missions, the Catholic Church having received a mandate by the Estatuto Missionario of 1941. These are rural schools in which the most elementary teaching is dispensed, without any adaptation to African needs or prevention of tropical diseases. Many hours are devoted to working in the fields, the children helping to raise crops to be sold for the benefit of clergy or church. Most of the teaching is carried on by African teachers who can be described as rudimentary too, this being considered as desirable by the administration. The latter encourages that legend coloring events of Portuguese history should be heightened so as to excite fervor and admiration.

Only a Catholic can aspire to be an *assimilado*, no Protestant is considered desirable. The growing number of converts to Protestantism may be due to the dissociation between Church and State made in the people's minds and the difficulties with which the Protestant clergy have to cope with.

There are also people whose freedom of spirit and attachment to their tradition refuses the status of *assimilado*, in spite of the necessary requirements, this is interpreted by the administration as contentment with their state or inertia.

The rudimentary school period is of three years; very few Africans can afford to send their children to primary school (on the third year level). This carefully nurtured illiteracy that keeps 90% of the population in fear and ignorance permits the elaboration of a system of peonage or forced labor.

After the abolition of slavery in 1878 and a relatively liberal era, came a crisis through the discovery of gold in Transvaal. This gave the Portuguese a natural ocean gateway and the occasion to build new harbors, warehouses, roads and railways. But at the same time Portugal was on the verge of bankruptcy and in grave danger from the English and the Germans who were plotting a secret agreement to partition all African territories belonging to Portugal. Manpower became a desperate need. This need was fulfilled thanks to a new code of labor issued in 1899 making work obligatory for the natives (not *assimilados*) and from then on to hunt down and march to the farms in chain-gangs, all African men and women. These forced laborers were called *shibalos*, from the Bantu. Declared illegal in 1906 and abolished officially in 1909, chiefly on account of the horrified comments of English travellers and missionaries, this code is supposed to be extinct; in effect it is still vigorously alive. But the administrative conscience is saved by the device of proclaiming that compulsory work is voluntary. Under the new system any malingering, so accused without proof in court of law is faced with the alternative of being conscripted for public works or of "voluntarily" signing a contract with private employers. When national or private requirements make it necessary the *shibalo* hunt will take place at the discretion of the administration. It is useless to add that the conditions in which these human beings live are totally inadequate for their needs.

This will explain why many men sign themselves up for the gold mines in Transvaal, generally considered, in spite of recent improvements, as a human hell by South-

African miners, or emigrate either to South-Africa (who else among Africans would?) or the Belgian Congo. But anything is better than the *shibalo* hunt. The women are left to support themselves and their children in the meanwhile and thus the inadequacy of man power ruins Mocambique's agrarian potentialities, already curtailed by a governmental policy of forced cotton crops.

Corporal punishment is frequent in South-Africa but it is considered as a repressive measure for minor crimes. In Mocambique and Angola the dreaded *palmatorio*, a kind of thick wooden disk with a short handle perforated with holes that suck up painful welts on the victim's palms is applied about as indiscriminately as a parking ticket here. The threat of this punishment, the pass-system and the fear of banishment to the dreaded island of Sao Tome, a penal colony (for Mocambique), *Baia Does Tigres* and four others (for Angola) keeps the African population quiet and silent, any manifestation of an individual trend of thought or critical attitude being liable to make an "undesirable" of anybody and the penal colonies being thought the suitable home for undesirables.

Professor Mervyn Harris from the Anthropology Department of Columbia University visited Mocambique in 1956 and 1957 and made friends with many Africans who confided in him at the risk of their lives and liberty. All this he has blended with his own findings and observations in a remarkably lucid pamphlet put out by the "American Committee on Africa" and still available in small numbers. His major and most important observation is the following: The Portuguese have always been considered one of the most progressive nations as regards colonialism and Brazil is a shining example of this. But here their brand of apartheid is due to a total discrepancy between values and behaviour engendered by a social-economic situation. He makes some parallels between America's own brand of apartheid and values and stresses that there is no racist nation or non-racist one, economic oppression is the answer.

One of the greatest difficulties for the traveller in Portuguese Africa is to pin down Portuguese officials who recognize the errors of the system, for officially, they do not exist. And superficially the few thousand *assimilados* mixing freely with the whites and enjoying the same privileges can always be referred to. For the others segregation is very simply enforced by the fact that a bus ride costs the equivalent of one fourth of the daily earnings. Rents follow the same proportion as well as everything else insuring segregation. Great peace seems to reign and none of the violence that disfigures Johannesburg, for instance, can be traced because a curfew is enforced upon the indigenates after nine o'clock; a step into a neighbor's house is considered as breaking curfew. Open complaints can be heard by the police or its spies and punished by the *palmatorio* generally administered in presence of other Africans so as to be more humiliating or, worse still, by Sao Tome.

Yet the human spirit is difficult to quell and also the sense of justice in the soul of the whites, in spite of the temptation of surrendering to the luxury of the standard of living allotted to colons.

Two members of the American Committee on Africa, Frank Montelero and William Sheinman toured Angola a few weeks ago. They have brought back confirmation of the worst reports; they saw women and children in chain-gangs working on the roads and came back persuaded that rebellion is starting, guerilla warfare being already existent. Fifty-seven people of whom seven are white and one (in

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

spent the day at the Mother Butler center for Indian girls who are working in town. The house is run by a group of women whom I had heard called Nardines, and who are really Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. They are an order founded during the French revolution, of women in secular garb but in truth religious and it is only recently that the hidden congregation has been made known.

Father Edwards, S. J., called for me at dark and we drove the 115 miles to the Holy Rosary mission, passing the Black Hills which are really mountains. The highest of them is 8000 feet and the roads are impassible in winter. I slept the next two nights in a trailer while I visited the school and a trading post and Pine Ridge which is the nearest town. South Dakota is so big that all of New England could be tucked in with space left over. The east is farming land and the west grazing land and there are eleven reservations for the Sioux Indians. I will write about this further another time.

Rapid City

At Rapid City, prosperous because of all the military establishments, airfields, rocket bases, etc. round about, I stopped overnight at the St. John's McNamara Hospital, where Sister Edith and Monsignor Boyd are good friends of ours and where I met also Mother M. Romayne briefly.

Early the next morning I took the bus for Butte and Spokane, going right through and enjoying every minute of the trip. When you have been making many stops and visiting many people, a long ride through desert and mountain country on a bus, in the dead of winter, is a most delightful and restful trip. I arrived so late in Spokane that I could indulge in the luxury of a hotel, a block away from the Cathedral, and there I spent some hours in the quiet of Church to make up for the "hours" I had not been able to make on the trip. Guiltion's Genius of St. Therese, paperback, 90c, was good spiritual reading on the bus. (I am delighted to say that as far as I know, God willing, my book on Therese will be published in the Fall by the Fides Press of Notre Dame, Ind.)

It was here in Spokane that I met Archbishop Roberts and had a good evening at the Osborne's home with him, and the next afternoon at Gonzaga University also.

I visited the House of Charity, which is an old hotel down by the railroad yards, still in the process of being torn apart and rebuilt. But the chapel and dining room are finished and in use now. Brother Martin needs help badly in his works of mercy here, where he works in carpentry, cooking, baking bread and many other things. A good place for manual labor, and a chapel right there where the Bishop himself says Mass, and a Bishop too who serves the poor himself, dressed in a long white apron! Monday morning I took the bus north for British Columbia.

The Doukhobors

Ammon had instructed me to take a bus from Spokane which would bring me into Thrums British Columbia around four in the afternoon. We drove through the most magnificent scenery north, through the customs, and on into Trail, a city tucked down between the mountains, with a smelter which I understand employs 5000 men. Zinc and silver and I do not know what other metals are smelted there, but it is a huge vision of hell set down in the midst of the great scenery of the Canadian Rockies. The lover of the machine age and technological advances would rejoice of course, and see great beauties in the complicated machinery of the smelter but all I could see was the defacement of the landscape, and I was assailed as soon as I got off the bus by the fumes.

There was, quite a little wait in Thrums, but still not long enough

has not yet found a publisher. to take a walk. The bus to which I was transferred was a through bus coming from Vancouver and going on to Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and ending finally at New York. It seemed strange to be sitting in another Greyhound and turning east for a bit again. But Thrums was not more than an hour away. Up again, high up over the mountains, and out of that particular pit of a valley, and then down again, along precipitous flanks, until we reached the shores of the Kootenay river where the heavy bus rolled on a flat raft of a ferry and was guided by cables to the farther shore.

There were a few stout, old women in the bus, clad in full skirts and kerchiefs or babushkas, and they got off on the other side of the ferry. And we rolled on for some miles until I passed a store which I noticed was marked Thrums.

Fortunately I saw the store, and fortunately I was near enough to the driver to call out, "Is this my stop," and without slowing up he cried back, "Where do you want to get off. This is all Thrums for the next five miles." I had no idea where to stop, Ammon had not mentioned this, so I begged him to put me down at the next gas station which happened to be a British American station, I think, and there with my one small bag I stopped to ask directions. Fortunately I had checked my other suitcase at Trail through which I would return. The girl at the gas station was helpful. Yes, Pete Maloff lived right down the road and she would call him. I was fortunate to have gotten off at just the right stop. In a moment Pete Maloff was there, a tall handsome man of perhaps sixty, strong and vigorous, who welcomed me and walked me back some hundred yards along the road to the farmhouse where he lived. Probably he has not more than five acres, but on this five acres he has stock and fruit, and there is milk, butter, cream and cheese products from his work, and plenty of fruit to sell in the nearby markets of Trail and Nelson. His wife too was a beautiful woman and they were at ease and happy with visitors. Pete Maloff, as I found later, is a man of the world, in the sense that he has travelled and worked in San Francisco and has been writing these last years a detailed history of the Doukhobors. He gave me half a dozen chapters to take with me and read along the way, and I am making notes from them now before I send them back. He says in his introduction:

"I have never held any position among the Doukhobors and have never appeared as an official spokesman of any kind. Many have been indignant with me that I enjoyed the good will of the deceased leader of the Doukhobors, Peter Petrovich Verigin. This was true. Peter Petrovich appeared to like me for my straightforwardness, my simplicity and my alert responsive soul." And he goes on to talk of the different kinds of men, those whose egotism is fed by the social movements which they espouse and those who give themselves to an ideal. And he tells of his own struggles for the last twenty years, in which he "gave all, and spared no one, neither my wife, my children, nor myself."

He refused registration in 1943 and was arrested and jailed and it was at that time, after the most acute suffering which tempted him to leave the Doukhobor community and settle in South America, that he decided to remain among his own people and write of them. He has written one volume and there are two others in preparation. One has been printed in Russian and I found it later in the library of the Russian Center in San Francisco. One of his friends has translated the work in San Francisco, and Anna Brinton, famous Quaker leader, has helped him prepare the manuscript for publication. But he



MARY WHALEN

Perhaps some university press will bring it out.

It was not only Tolstoi who gave the royalties of his book, Resurrection to help the Doukhobors get to Canada from Russia to escape persecution, but also Almayr Maude, the translator, and the Quakers also, always interested in those who struggle for conscience' sake.

History of a People

Pete Maloff's autobiography is very much a part of his history of the Doukhobors since he confessed that he never intended to write a complete history but he performs his work with the hope that by recalling the past and trying to understand their experience they will again reach the spiritual heights and the unity they occasionally had in the past. He appeals to the youth of his community which is settled all through the fertile lands of western Canada, but also to "the youth of other spiritual wrestlers, the Molokans, Quakers, Mennonites, Tolstoyans, Gandhians."

It is certainly not possible here to recount the long and complicated history of this Russian sect but their saga certainly deserves a place in an account of Russian spirituality. Pete Maloff states that they appeared for a long time in Russia under different names, calling themselves spiritual Christians. They appeared as a separate movement in Russian history at the end of the seventeenth century. There are accounts of their exiles and wanderings to Siberia, to Finland, to the Canary Islands. The emphasis was on preaching, as they had no books, and many could not read. The scriptures and tradition were handed down by word of mouth, and "whoever heard their words would at once give up all his evil deeds."

According to Pete Maloff, the Molokans were part of them back in history, and the difference between the Doukhobors and the "milk-drinkers" was that the latter kept the written scriptures which the former rejected as distorted and rewritten.

The chapters Pete Maloff gave me to read have an account of his work as a young man in California. He was influenced by his grandmother who remained a practicing Doukhobor, though his family, as many others fell away from it. There are chapters on the life of Peter Vasiljevich Verigin, called "God's own Verigin," or "Peter the Lordly Verigin," a chapter on The Sons of Freedom, the most extreme members of the sect who live in a separate colony of their own on a plateau, and the Independent Farmers.

Another Visitor Who Remained

Tony was a visitor at the Maloff's and in the morning he took me after a good sleep under one of Lusha's wonderful comforters made of five or six pounds of wool, down

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

The Southern Cross: Portuguese Africa

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absentia), an American sailor, are on trial in Luanda, the capital, indicted of conspiring against the government. Copies of documents were delivered to Monteiro and Sheinman, one being a private report of the Commander of Fort Rocadas to his military superiors assessing the strength of the rebels.

A Catholic writer in a recent issue of one of the American diocesan papers seems to have travelled recently in these disturbed areas but with rose colored glasses. He speaks of the solidity of the Church and of "Portugal's healthy economy," which leaves one rather speechless. The Catholics met by Messers. Sheinman and Monteiro were not of the same order; they were deeply disturbed at seeing the Church identified with the system and many were making great efforts for change at considerable risk for themselves. An official of the hierarchy was calmly preparing for torture in the not-too-distant future. Confessions against him, extracted by torture, having already been extracted from two people, one wonders if the rather spectacular exit of the bishop of Porto last year, that has greatly concerned the international Catholic press, for his disagreement with the policies of the Salazar government—cannot, among other factors, be attributed to this situation.

As always it is difficult to cast the first stone at any nation keeping in mind those brave ones who are fighting in danger of life and freedom to redress wrongs built up for years. One must also assess one's own responsibilities. For two years, at the United Nations the liberal bloc has striven to persuade Portugal to submit a report on Non-Self-Governing Territories. Portugal maintains that Angola and Mocambique and Portuguese Guinea are provinces under domestic and not international jurisdiction. The motion to compel them to this report has been defeated by the western bloc which takes care of its own skeletons and woodpiles, thus bearing a large responsibility of the sufferings of these oppressed people. All the delegates of the western countries as well as the others have read a hideous document describing the tortures and indignities imposed by the Portuguese in Angola upon those they constantly refer to as their "children," worthy only of being treated like children! The document at one time says that "the cries and the moans of the poor Angolans remained thus far: Vox clamantis in deserto." The report starts thus:

TO THE DELEGATES
TO THE 14th SESSION OF THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY:
The Union of People of Angola was organized in 1954 to fight

against the abuses of Portuguese colonialism and to liberate Angola. Because few people know of the conditions inside our country, we have written this document on the situation occurring in Angola today.

This report

- shows the existence of concentration camps;
- documents forced labor in Angola;
- gives evidence of the murder and deportation of nationalists;
- shows the lack of schools, hospitals, etc.
- indicates the desire of the people for self-government.

We ask all delegations to the General Assembly to demand that Portugal should carry out her obligations deriving from the Charter of the United Nations and consequently, in accordance with the spirit and the letter of Chapter XI of that Charter, transmit to the Secretary-General of the United Nations information on conditions in Angola and other Portuguese Non-Self-Governing Territories in Africa. The information thus provided by the Government of Portugal can be subjected to the scrutiny of world opinion similarly as is the information transmitted by other Members of the United Nations administering Non-Self-Governing Territories.

Our goal is, of course, self-determination of the people of Angola.

UNIAO DAS POPULACOES
DE ANGOLA
(UNION OF PEOPLE
OF ANGOLA)

Violence has broken out in South-Africa, South-West Africa, Nyassaland. With the independence of the Belgian Congo adjoining Angola, on June 30th, war might break out within the latter and create as incendiary a situation as in Algeria. The whites are only a tiny fraction of the population. The U. S. and other nations have not urged Portugal to make plans for the independence of her colonies. As usual America is late in the race and there is every evidence that the Eastern bloc is very active in this issue. World attention ought to be brought to this trial in Angola. Funds ought to be raised so that the defendants in Luanda may have adequate legal help, as has already been done for the treason trial in South-Africa through the Africa Defense and Aid fund administered by the American Committee on Africa. Everywhere there is a need and in this country great and serious events are taking place but voices can be raised and heard. In Portuguese Africa the muted voice is waiting for you to speak for it.

Donations can be sent to: The American Committee on Africa, 800 2nd Ave., N.Y.C.

Store Front and Prison

(Continued from page 3)

terms program of multiple community resources—medical, psychiatric, sociological, economic, spiritual. The present punitive legislation, which places the onus on the addict and the small-time "pusher," (who usually sells drugs merely to support his habit) and lets the Mafia mobsters who build a billion-dollar business on the illicit traffic in drugs go free, is as barbaric, obsolete, and ineffective as our stone-age codes of capital punishment, which some indeed would have extended to addicts. Such legislation and the fact that our federal government has for so many years left the direction of its narcotics bureau to a man who has publicly stigmatized addicts as "moral lepers" ought to be enough to induce us all to more appreciation of Ammon Hennacy's skeptical evaluation of governments. Nevertheless—though I know that Ammon is right and that the only true government is self-government under conscience and God's law—I

cannot avoid the question: Why should not our government, which is now squandering the wealth of future generations on devising and stockpiling monstrous weapons which can—and may—annihilate all future generations, be willing to expand a generous portion of these public funds (now so wickedly squandered) on the study and treatment of this dreadful disease—narcotics addiction? If public funds were so expanded, there might be fewer tax refusers. Meanwhile it is the tax refuser—like Eroseeanna Robinson—who pricks our conscience for our public sin and does our penance in the long Lent of prison. There is a candle of hope though, in the small storefront center of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, a candle that reminds us that the true personalist action undertaken for others can start an Easter alleluia of Christ's love which will triumph even over prisons, the shackling laws of men and all their governments.

South and West

(Continued from page 3)

pits about the evil of atomic war, or when ministers officiate at the funerals of numerous cancer victims that any connection is noted between the work of death and death.

I met with CW friends at the home of Louise Holien. I had a pleasant visit with Oliver LaFarge, friend of the Indians. He is not a Catholic nor a radical, but we both agreed that the good Hopi will have a hard time of it now that the white man is after their oil and uranium. Carmen and her husband Roger have visited the Taos pueblo and are well acquainted with the surrounding Indian country. Going to the Chinese chop suey house in Santa Fe there was marked at the head of the menu "vegetarian, no onions," this in deference to the many of the I AM religion in town who may come there to eat. This religion believes in the bodily ascension of Mary, and when Carmen went to Guadeloupe in Old Mexico on her honeymoon she said she felt the presence of Mary there.

I phoned to John McKeon and other friends in Albuquerque and went on my way toward Flagstaff but the bus broke down for 3 hours and I missed the other bus toward Cameron, so the next morning started walking northward.

The Hopi

I got a ride into Cameron with an old time I.W.W., disabled because of silicosis developed in the mines at Butte, Montana, and now hunting for work. He was glad to hear of any radicalism now-days. I walked 30 miles and really those jail shoes must fit well for I never got a blister. I thought I might have to sleep in a culvert for there was not a house for 45 miles, but I got a ride into Hotevilla. The Hopi who picked me up knew of "that Bahana," meaning "white man", who had been to jail against war. Nelson, the pacifist son of David the weaver, picked me up then to Oraibi to my friend Thomas. They had about given me up. I had only eaten a banana and a bite from a sandwich and I was too tired to eat. I was welcomed by this happy Hopi family of five children. The next day I met Dan, the Hopi spiritual leader, and David and others and was asked to speak to them in the Kiva. Since the valiant fight which the Hopi C.O.'s made in 1942 the draft board allows any Hopi whose parents also ask for this deferment to be deferred without doing any alternative service. The next day I met Don, and John Lanzi. The latter presented me with a bolo tie clasped with a turquoise as big as a quarter, saying, "You are a hero." I value this praise from the good Hopi shepherd with that of Archbishop Roberts whose prayers were with me while I was in Sandstone prison.

The officious Indian Bureau men wanted to build a windmill at a certain place where cattle would naturally come and tramp down the crops to get at the water. They had never asked the Hopi. After many meetings they finally found that it would be less trouble to change the mark on a piece of paper at the office than to argue with the Hopi, so now the well will be drilled where it should have been in the first place. As we drove toward Tuba City the next morning David showed me where the paved road curved. Thomas was good enough to drive me to Cameron where I met his brother who works in the store there. After walking 4 miles (instead of a possible 40) a Mormon salesman picked me up and I was soon in Flagstaff at the home of Platt Cline and his good Mormon wife, who is one of the best cooks anywhere. Other Mormon and pacifist friends came in that night.

I ordered *Apologies to the Iroquois* by Edmund Wilson for the prison library at Sandstone. It is published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, N. Y. \$4.95. The Supreme Court has now decided that because they can steal this Indian land for two million rather than pay nearby white men twenty-seven million, that it is legal to break the treaty made at the time of George Washington. They spend ten times this amount every day for storage on crops bought to get the vote of the farmers. Surely the white man's world will be destroyed by fire, as the Hopi say, for we have it coming for our greed.

Phoenix, Tucson and Bisbee

Ginny Anderson (who was pinched with me Dec. 18, 1950 as we picketed the tax office on Truman's "war emergency" day) met me at the bus and that night I had a standing room only meeting before the Philosophical Club at the University at Tempe, with good write-ups in the college paper before and afterwards. There is a fight on the campus against the ROTC. The father of the hydrogen bomb had just been given "the diamond of distinction" by the University and an editorial suggested that this was not the answer for the future of the lives of the students.

Jack Williams is no longer Mayor of Phoenix, but he had me on his radio station KOY for five minutes explaining my anarchist ideas. When asked about modern jails I told him that they were not malicious, just officious, and I told him about the jails I had been in since I was on his program last time.

I met with my newspaper friends, and Joe Craigmyle drove me west of town to see my Molokon friends and James Hussey, the farmer for whom I worked for years ago. The city limits is now within a mile of the farm where I lived with the Old Pioneer for seven years. I always visit two non-church druggists on the south side who sell the CW, and Cliff Murphy who used to drive me for half an hour out to a park to rest when I picketed in the hot sun here. My tax and FBI friends were out so I did not see them this time. Good visits with Bill and Alice Mahoney, Joe Stocker's, Carl Muecke's, and Frank Brophy and Frank Jr. and Blake. Bea Trudelle planned a meeting for me at Pearl Dalley's dance studio where I met more CW friends. I also spoke to a small Catholic labor group at St. Francis Xavier Church. Mary Maffeo told me of her brother-in-law Bob Laybourn, in Cheyenne, who went without work last winter rather than build for the National Guard. It was his wife Margaret who picketed at the missile base with her five children a couple of years ago. I was glad to meet Carl Owen who now has a bookstore in Scottsdale. He had dug ditches with me for a few weeks years ago before going to jail for non-registration for the draft.

In Tucson Monica Burnham met me at the bus and that night I met James Burnham, her brother-in-law, of the National Review. Phil and I are old friends from Phoenix and San Francisco and that night he had me speak to some Catholics who were studying the Bible.

This week the papers tell of the Powers brothers who have been in prison here since 1918 for killing three of a posse who tried to get them at dawn for alleged draft dodging. Some of the deputies killed were Mormons and this has kept the Powers men from being released. They are up for parole now. I met with friends at the home of the Allen's, and students at the home of Elizabeth Baskette. Rev. Cantrell Bisbee had me meet some of his Episcopalian friends there, among them one who had witnessed the deportation of the IWW's in 1916. I phoned the head of the Mine Mill Union but was unable to meet him. I am now on the way to California and will leave from Spokane in time to get back to refuse, for the sixth time, to take part in the air raid drill May 3.

Chessman

(Continued from page 2)

edly think the same way, if not, then Chessman would not be going to the gas chamber on the 2nd of May. His latest appeal which tried to prove that he had been sentenced on facts other than those presented by the prosecution was turned down by the courts today, March 30.

I've come to the conclusion that it is the strong puritan streak in the American public both Catholic and Protestant which is at the bottom of the hysterical demand for his life. Emmanuel Mounier's comment "It is too naive to indict bourgeois respectability for having invented sexual pharisaism, of which it has however, developed some peculiarly odious forms both from fear and self interest. Morality would be better served by a little more honesty and a less sordid view of sex" certainly has some relevance here but I don't want to get too involved in the subject at this point. I remember reading in Dostoevsky's *HOUSE OF THE DEAD* the phrases used by the peasants of Russia when they referred to convicts. They called them the "poor men," the "unfortunates" and I remember how struck I was by the tolerant and Christian attitude which they expressed. And some of those prisoners were every bit as bad as Chessman is purported to be. And some of you may have read an account of the rape and murder of Saint Maria Goretti, the young Italian girl who died protecting her virginity and who was canonized in 1950. The laws in Italy are much more lenient in regard to such crimes "of passion" than ours. When the assailant was finally paroled from prison he was received back into the town where Maria's mother lived and she gave public evidence of her forgiveness. This was a small village and a backward section of the country. But a healthy and Christian acceptance of the tragic state of man and his irrational urges and his cruelty are understood there in spite of the fact that most of the people are illiterate and poor, and in this enlightened and rich nation people are so much more narrow and vindictive.

I hope that many of you who read this column will write to the California authorities asking clemency and that you will all pray for Caryl Chessman and for those who were harmed by him that if he is guilty (which he has all along denied) he will truly repent and that his victims who are still suffering from the effects of his actions may find relief and learn to forgive him. What other sentiments could a Christian have! The Catholic Worker remains totally opposed to capital punishment no matter what crimes have evoked it, and even if the criminal is totally unrepentant. Who can know that anyway?

To those who so kindly expressed concern for my health I want to let them know that I appreciate their interest and that I am quite well on the thirtieth day of the fast.

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(quarterly)

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On Pilgrimage

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through the fields, and down a steep hill to the little house he has built on the river. The bank is so steep that he has contrived an ingenious hoist to bring up water for his garden and house work. There are terraces where he has planted all he needs to eat, and the little house with its basement for the storage of food is beautifully constructed and comfortable. Tony spins, and after reading in the Catholic Worker about the Indian portable spinning wheel, he sent for one and has added that to his collection of hand tools. He has a flax and wool wheel, and he cards the wool on a board studded with nails which are as long as ice picks. The board is on a bench like that of a shoe cobbler, and the contraption which the Doukhobors learned how to make in the Mongolian wldts during one of their exiles, can card quite a quantity at a time.

Tony spins flax, and has woven himself enough strong material to make trousers which will last forever. He spins cotton and wool also, weaves scarves, and makes felt shoes. He came to visit the Russians from Vancouver, after a year of working in the shipyards there, floating down rivers until he reached the Kootenay, in a hand made Kyak like that of the Eskimo. He is a Jugo-Slav, raised in the Alps and well used to the mountains. He too is master of the ascetic life, an example of simple living and hard work, a true personalist. It is when the personalists learn to be communarians that they will play a great part in the world.

Helen Demoskoff

After my visit with the Maloff's their son and his beautiful young wife drove me down the road a few miles for my visit to Helen Demoskoff. We have corresponded with her for many years. Ammon and I, and I felt already as though we were old friends. To get to her place, we had to cross a field of deep snow where the path was marked only by a single file of footsteps, and then over a swaying wooden foot bridge, built by the Demoskoffs with cables and lumber and which made me dizzy indeed as we crossed over a turbulent river. On the other side there was a sign, "unsafe for crossing" and I was glad young Pete Maloff found another way back. We drove down a long lane, passed a number of wooden houses, sturdily built but small, and at the end of the lane, there was Helen Demoskoff, running down the icy path to meet us. Helen is a grandmother, in her forties, and she was younger and more beautiful than her pictures. She has such warmth and friendliness, and one felt too, such strength! She was baking bread and just bringing the first batch of half a dozen large loaves of whole wheat bread from the oven and putting a second batch in. And it made me homesick for our own farm kitchen on Staten Island.

The women of the Doukhobors wear full skirts, aprons, blouses which come out over the top of the skirt, and felt shoes. Their long hair is plain, drawn back behind and of course their faces are free of cosmetics. They sing a great deal and I imagine a great deal of their religious services are made up of song, and while I was there, not only the Maloff children and adults had sung for me, but also the Demoskoffs, singing not only their hymns but the songs they had composed in jail. They had been to prison for opposing the conscription, for demonstrations in Vancouver, and also for setting fire to the communal houses when they returned from jail to find that most of the Doukhobors had given up the communal life and had divided the common homes into apartments. They had burned some of these community houses, and then set fire to their own, or perhaps they burnt their own first; and when they were ar-

rested for arson, they removed their clothes as though to say—"you have forcibly taken our children away from us for public school education, your ways have perverted our religion, and you may now have our clothes also." Perhaps a St. Francis gesture, since he too had removed his clothes in the presence of the bishop and his court and had handed them over to his father, telling him that from now on he had none but a heavenly Father.

But there are other meanings to their cult of stripping themselves and my repulsion from this aspect of their rebellion they would interpret as the result of man's fall, when he became ashamed of his nakedness and hid himself until he could be clothed. When they stand naked and unashamed, they feel they are doing this as a religious gesture, returning to the innocence of paradise.

Peter Maloff deals with this more completely in his book. Another aspect of the cult is the practice on the part of some of their members of a community of wives. Like the Mormons, they feel that there is nothing contrary to the natural law in this Old Testament institution. How they reconcile it with the words of Christ it is hard to see. But they say that when they repeat the Lord's prayer, and say "Thy Kingdom Come," they are helping on God's kingdom by doing away with the institution of marriage, since there is, in the kingdom of heaven, no marriage nor giving in marriage.

They use these texts, but at the same time they do not believe in reading scripture since they feel that many translations and tamperings over the years have mutilated it and they prefer to convey by word of mouth the sayings of Jesus. Even now there are so many groups, so many rifts among the Doukhobors that it reminds one of the many sects in the Protestant church, and the many divisions in the Communist party.

Ammon loves the Doukhobors as lovers of freedom, as freedom fighters, as wrestlers with the spirit, and admires them because they have been to jail so often in defense of their beliefs. Helen Demoskoff herself has spent eleven years of her life in prison. And I love them, not so much for their militant aspects but because they are a simple, hard working, devout people, trying to walk in the way of the early Christians, following Christ, despising earthly goods, loving the family, and praising God in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles.

Departure

The next day I took my leave of them all, and Helen told me that from now on we were indeed sisters, and her husband and her brother who had sung so beautifully the night before, saw me off to the Maloffs. I said goodbye to them, being admonished by them that meat eating was not a part of the Christian life, since it involved the taking of life, no matter how humble. "One would not even eat a little piece of a Turk," Mrs. Maloff told me gravely (the Turks being the traditional enemies of these Russian people!)

The bus I took went right by the Maloff's door, and it brought me into Trail where I took the bus for Vancouver.

Next issue: down the west coast.

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