

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXXII No. 9

MAY, 1966

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Redwood City Fights Napalm

By MAXINE SHAW

Manufacture napalm in Redwood City, California? Many of its citizens say no, and as a result a graphic aspect of the Vietnam war may be put before the electorate for the first time.

On March 21st, the Board of Port Commissioners of that city turned a deaf ear to a hundred protesting citizens attending their meeting and gave unanimous approval to a leasing arrangement which would permit the production of up to a hundred million pounds of napalm over a 20-month period. Their concern, the commissioners contended after having a Stanford University professor removed from the speakers platform, was not with the morality of the use of napalm, but merely with the legality of the lease. The professor, Bruce Franklin, who worked with the inflammatory gelatine gas while in the service, was one of the organizers of the newly-formed Redwood City Committee Against Napalm, which is contesting the lease on moral grounds. Other committee organizers included James Colaianni, an attorney and managing editor of Ramparts Magazine, and William Houff, a Unitarian minister who holds a Ph.D. in chemistry.

The Committee has obtained more than the necessary 10 per cent of the registered voters, and hopes to put the question to the populace as a referendum on the June ballot. It claims the right to referendum under a provision of the city charter which states: "All leases made or approved by the Board of Port Commissioners shall be subject to the referendum provisions of this charter." City Attorney Richard E. Gardella has stated that since the leasing agreement in question is a sublease it does not fall under this provision. What the Port Commissioners have okayed is a subleasing by the United Technology Center (U.T.C.), a subsidiary of United Aircraft Corporation, of 2.1 acres leased by the port to the Standard Oil Company of California. Committee lawyers, however, feel they still have a valid case for the referendum, although the dispute over the technicality may eventually have to be resolved in court.

According to Catholic Worker correspondent Nicholas Rosa, a resident of Redwood City: "The issue has never been dead or quiet" since the March 21 Port Commissioners meeting. "The Redwood City Tribune and other area papers have carried some news about the protest every day, have published letters from protesters, and the Tribune has even run two editorials so far in favor of the petition for referendum being circulated."

The issue involved, the Committee makes clear, is the nature of napalm itself. Acknowledging that the physical hazards to the community involved in the manufacture of napalm are "no more dangerous than (those involved in) the refining of gasoline," Reverend Houff explains his reasons for contesting the lease:

"My basic concern is about the

(Continued on page 4)



A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The happy bubbling song of the little wren festoons the air with May. Dorothy and Maggie Corbin go a-Maying, along the roadside, through the fields and woods, plucking violets and many broad gold-disc dandelions, with now and then a delicate anemone or rarer flower. One May afternoon Dorothy brought in to Rita, her mother, the red-jewelled, honey-tipped, graceful flower of a wild columbine. But Sally, the youngest Corbin child, who will celebrate her fourth birthday this month, does her Maying among the flowers Peggy Conklin has carefully planted about our house, plucking with raffish triumph the loveliest daffodil. From nearby

trees and shrubs, and the little houses Mike Sullivan has thoughtfully put up, some newly-arrived bird asserts his territorial claim with a familiar aria. But the wren, the wren, the irrepressible wren, weaves garlands of song for the month of Our Lady, the month of May.

Appropriately, however, this flowering month of May begins with the feast of St. Joseph the Worker. For did not St. Joseph work for Our Lady and Our Lord? During the May Day Mass for St. Joseph, at St. Sylvia's in Tivoli, my thoughts turned (was this a distraction?) to another May Day some thirty-three years ago. On

(Continued on page 3)

Peter Maurin, Radical

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

Peter Maurin first met Dorothy Day in December, 1932. She had been covering the Unemployed Councils' Hunger March in Washington, D.C., for the *Commonweal* and at the same time reporting on a farmers' convention for America.

Only a short time before, the veterans who had encamped in the capital, asking bonus legislation, had been routed with tear gas. This had led to scare headlines in the newspapers. When the Hunger Marchers reached Washington, the police hemmed them in, ready to use the same methods again to offset any "red" uprising. As the three thousand delegates paraded with banners flying through the tree-shaded streets of Washington, Dorothy Day had felt a strong urge to do something for the unemployed. She was a convert to Catholicism. For years before that she had worked as a reporter on the *Socialist Call* and the *New Masses*. For a time she had been a Hollywood writer. In her socialist days she had worked around the clock for the cause, but as a Catholic she had been

able to find no equally absorbing interest.

On December 8, 1932, she had gone to the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at the Catholic University. It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and she had prayed there for inspiration in her future work.

On returning to New York, she found Peter Maurin waiting for her. He had read some of her articles and had been told by George Shuster, then editor of *Commonweal*, to look her up and exchange ideas with her.

Dorothy was then living with her six-year-old daughter, Tamar, in a four-room railroad flat in an old five-story tenement on Fifteenth Street.

Dorothy was immediately taken by his appearance. He was as ragged and rugged, she said, as any of the marchers she had just left in Washington. She liked people who looked their part. Workers should look like workers, peasants should look like peasants.

"I like to see the shape of a man's hands, the strength of his neck and shoulders," Peter satisfied her idea of a peasant.

She tried to describe him. "He

(Continued on page 4)

Letter from Hong Kong

By KARL MEYER

April 25th.

Today, it is five days since our pacifist team was expelled from Saigon, and I am in Hong Kong awaiting a reply to my application for a Cambodian visa. The movements of the other members of the team in Tokyo are still the subject of front-page reports in Hong Kong newspapers. In Saigon, groups of Catholics and students demonstrated yesterday for political order and a sustained war effort, and, according to Reuters and the Associated Press, banners were hoisted criticizing Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge for allowing us to go to Vietnam (it was in fact the South Vietnamese Government which allowed us to enter, and as far as we know, Ambassador Lodge knew nothing about it.) This calls to mind a question asked at our press conference in Saigon, on Thursday, April 21: "Have you been sent here by the American Government in order to serve as a pretext for the withdrawal of American military support?" a question which seems ridiculous to us, but is perhaps real to supporters of the feeble regime in South Vietnam.

It appears that the weekend demonstrations in Saigon may have been largely a reaction to our project. Why so vigorous a response? When we appeared before the world press in Saigon last Thursday, we displayed banners, posters and leaflets, calling earnestly for peace, in Vietnamese and English. That, on the sixth day after our arrival in Saigon, we could display these materials, translated and reproduced in Vietnamese, by Vietnamese, was eloquent testimony to the truth of our claim that we made contact with a submerged movement for peace in Vietnam and that they had received us eagerly

and cooperated with us fully in order that we might be a voice for the aspirations, which they dare not publicly express. It was because this voice was finally being heard, loud and clear, in Vietnam and throughout the world that pro-Government forces in Saigon arranged to pack our press conference and to break it up with loud harangues, egg throwing, threats against our safety, and other violent demonstrations against us. Even before the press conference, the newsmen, many of whom were living in the same hotel with us, had already got the peace story from us, after the police prohibited us from holding a morning press conference in the hotel. The 5 p.m. press conference at the Saigon City Hall was therefore arranged by the police in order to allow for a counter-demonstration of pro-war sentiment, in a context which the government could control.

As we were being hustled from the hall by the demonstrators, a sympathetic student came up beside me and quietly explained that the violent demonstration against us was staged with Government support. A Catholic student also came up to me. He apologized for the violence against us, but explained that he was a refugee from the North and that he believes that continuation of the war against the "Communists" was and is necessary, and he tried to persuade me with reason and sensitivity. The most significant and encouraging aspect of our visit to Vietnam, was our contacts with Buddhists, Catholics and secular intellectuals, who, in charity and cooperation among themselves, are trying to lead a genuine and sincere movement for conciliation and peace in Vietnam. It was my

(Continued on page 7)

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher
MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor
Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, RITA CORBIN (art), NICOLE J'ENTREMONT, EDGAR FORAND, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH, CHRISTOPHER S. KEARNS, WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, HELEN C. RILEY, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI.

New subscriptions and change of address:
175 Chrystie St., New York, N. Y. 10002
Telephone OR 4-9812

Editorial communications to: Box 33 Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



The Church of the Poor

During the Council there were several important lines of thought which, though they did not become the subject of Council documents, were nevertheless developed behind the scenes. One of these was poverty in Christ as an intrinsic sign of the Church (see the lecture by Cardinal Lercaro, *HERDER CORRESPONDENCE*, June, 1965, p.p. 189-92). An international group of Council Fathers met several times to study the question. Although they avoided all publicity it is known that the group included Archbishop Camara (Brazil), Bishop Anceel (France), and Bishop Himmer (Belgium). On December 7th they distributed among the Council Fathers the following memorandum, which came to be known as "Schema 14":

We, bishops gathered together in Vatican Council II, having become aware of the shortcomings of our life of poverty according to the Gospel, and encouraged by each other in taking a step in which we would all wish to avoid oddity and presumption; united with all our brothers in the episcopate, and relying above all on the strength and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, on the prayers of the faithful and priests of our respective dioceses; placing ourselves in thought and prayer before the Holy Trinity, before the Church of Christ, before the priests and faithful of our dioceses, in humility and awareness of our weakness but also with all the determination that God's grace will give us; we make the following promises:

1. We shall endeavour to live according to the ordinary standards of our people as regards housing, food, means of transport, etc.
2. We renounce forever both the appearance and reality of wealth, especially as regards dress (rich materials, striking colors) and insignia of precious metals. (These signs must be evangelical.)
3. We shall not possess buildings, furniture, bank accounts, etc., in our own names; if possession is necessary, we shall place everything in the name of the diocese, or of social and charitable works.
4. Whenever possible, we shall entrust all financial and material administration in our dioceses to a committee of competent laymen aware of their apostolic role, so that we may become pastors and apostles rather than administrators.
5. We refuse to be called or designated by names and titles signifying greatness and power (Eminence, Excellency, My Lord). We prefer to be called by the evangelical name of "Father."
6. We shall avoid, in our behaviour and in our social relationships, anything which might seem to give privileges, priorities, or even any kind of preference to the rich and powerful (e.g., banquets offered or accepted, distinctions in religious services, etc.).
7. Likewise we shall avoid en-

couraging or flattering anyone's vanity with a view to rewarding or soliciting gifts, or for any other reason. We shall invite the faithful to consider their gifts as a normal participation in worship, the apostolate, and social action.

8. We shall give as much as possible of our time, thought, heart, and means to the apostolic and pastoral service of working-class people and groups, to the underprivileged and underdeveloped, without prejudice to other persons and groups in the diocese. We shall support the layfolk, religious, deacons, and priests whom the Lord shall call to evangelize the poor and the workers by sharing the workers' life and work.

9. Being fully aware of the demands of justice and charity, and of their mutual relations, we shall endeavour to transform works of benevolence into social works based on charity and justice, which take account of all persons and all needs, humbly serving the competent public institutions.

10. We shall do all in our power to obtain that those responsible for our government and our social services adopt and apply those laws, structures, and social institutions necessary for justice, equality, and the full and total development of each and all, and the establishment of a different and new social order, worthy of sons of men and sons of God.

11. Since episcopal collegiality finds its most evangelical expression in common concern for those human masses whose state is one of physical, cultural, and moral distress—two-thirds of humanity—we promise to contribute, as far as our means allow, to the urgent investments of the episcopates of the poor nations; to collaborate with international organizations, in witness to the Gospel, following the example of Pope Paul VI at the United Nations, to establish economic and cultural structures which do not create proletarian nations in a developing world, but enable the masses to emerge from poverty.

12. In order that our ministry may become a real service, we promise to share our life with our brothers in Christ, priests, religious, and laity, in a spirit of pastoral charity:

- we shall endeavour to "revise our life" with them;
- we shall seek collaborators who will enable us to become animators according to the spirit rather than leaders according to the world;
- we shall endeavour to be more humanly aware and welcoming;
- we shall be available to all, whatever their religion.

13. In returning to our respective dioceses, we shall make known these resolutions to our diocesans, asking them to help us by their understanding, their assistance and their prayers.

May God help us to remain faithful.

(Herder Correspondence)

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Martin Corbin, managing editor of the *Catholic Worker*, has set the second Wednesday of the month as the day on which we go to press, which means that I must write this column today to be in time for press day, which is a week from tomorrow. Time was when we came out two weeks beforehand, before May Day so that on that great anniversary of the *Catholic Worker* (we begin our 34th year this May) we could, all over the country, get out on the streets with it in all the cities all over the country where we had houses of hospitality.

Now that May first is the feast of St. Joseph the Worker, it is more than ever necessary to think of the paper as a message, a reiteration of Peter Maurin's teachings, since he was the founder of the CW movement and taught us what he liked to call a philosophy of poverty and a philosophy of work.

Peter was a French peasant, educated by the Christian Brothers, himself a Christian brother-teacher, who left them to become a teacher to the poor and the worker. He came to this country in 1909 or

after a night's rest keeps steadily on.

Many years ago I would have been afraid to take a long trip with anything but the best car, and since I never had that, I trusted to buses. After seeing the *Grapes of Wrath* in the movies, and the valiant pilgrims to the West Coast from the dust bowl area driving in ramshackle old trucks, I can dare anything.

I have had clutch rods come out in my hands, gas pedals go down through the floor, batteries fall out into the roadside, windshield wipers fail in cloudbursts, lights go out, fan-belts break, etc., etc. (Some of these things happened after inspection!).

These failures always seem to happen in some safe place or just as I drove up the homestretch. Many a time when something unaccountably went wrong and I was just able to pull over to the side of the road, giving the car a rest seemed all that was necessary.

With a good book in the car one could only regard these halts as little unexpected gifts of time to oneself, time to relax and rest a while. Stanley Vishniewski's brother, who works in the Bethlehem Steel plant in Baltimore, operating a crane or some such giant machinery, was the one who told me that machinery and cars needed a rest too once in a while. And Peter Maurin always said that machinery should be the extension of the hand of man. I've known people who beat and yank and tear at machinery in anger when it does not respond to their touch and I soon learned on this car to shift gears gently, but very firmly, jiggling around a little when they seemed stuck. (Clutch is slipping, garage man said.)

Maybe, Pat says, the above paragraph will induce someone to buy a rebuilt, or even a new engine and clutch for us. Our brakes are all right and tires too. Though there was something wrong with the oil-feed-line yesterday and the green light showed for an hour, it is all right today, these last hundred miles. How all women need instruction when they use a car! But we all learn the hard way in this life.

April 4

This day found us back in Avon, Ohio, again at Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, which is no longer a farm, but another house of hospitality on the land. I cannot count nor tell of all the people Dorothy and Bill Gauchat have taken into this large red brick house—unmarried mothers, alcoholic old women, a priest in trouble, and so on. Bill was the founder of the Martin de Porres House of Hospitality in Cleveland, which was located in a slum residential area facing the gigantic factories on the other bank of the Cuyahoga River, which flows through Cleveland. Bill is a graduate of St. Michael's College in Toronto. Dorothy, who came as a high-school student to help the house in those days, and later was an apprentice of Ade Bethune in Newport, looks like the heroine in *The Sound of Music*. After their marriage they moved to the farm in Avon, which used to be across the street from their present location, and there they were raising their family (eventually six children). They had cows, chickens, fruit, vegetables, and they dispensed hospitality in the two or three little guest houses on the place, usually occupied by migrant Mexican families who later settled on their own bits of property and worked in the industrial plants in nearby Lorain.

The work they are engaged in now is still one of hospitality and is of tremendous significance for our day and age. It denotes a respect for life, and for man's wisdom, for science and the possibility of developing cures for the conditions they are trying to alleviate. At a time when the world seems careless of human life, and

the instruments of death are ever more horrible, the Gauchats are caring for little ones who would otherwise be left to deteriorate and suffer in state hospitals for incurables: spastics, cerebral palsy victims, the deaf, dumb and blind, the retarded, the encephalitic. And they have been doing this now for years. They are permitted by the state to harbor only seven of these little victims. One wishes that the standards set for the individual practice of the works of mercy would be enforced in the state hospitals for these poor afflicted ones.

Loaves and Fishes

I could not help but think as we visited the Gauchats on April 4th, and now again on our way home, May 4, that their work in this area will be like the few loaves and fishes blessed by our Lord and increased to feed five thousand. Dear God, let this alleviation of pain and suffering here help to alleviate the pain and suffering which we, in our inhumanity, are inflicting in Vietnam. Last night we saw the first part of *The Mills of the Gods*, a tv documentary on Vietnam. We saw the burned children and women in hospitals, evidence of the napalm (see the story in this issue of Redwood City, Calif. and the proposed manufacture of two hundred million tons of napalm in a factory they wish to build there.) We saw the torture by Vietnamese of Vietnamese, with our American soldiers and officers looking on. "That never would be permitted in France," that is, the showing of such a scene, or the filming of it, the French observer said, recalling the torture of prisoners of war in Algeria.

Faith

If I did not believe, if I did not make what is called an act of faith (and each act of faith increases our faith, and our capacity for faith), if I did not have faith that such work as the Gauchats' does lighten the sum total of suffering in the world, so that those are suffering on both sides in this ghastly struggle, somehow mysteriously find their pain lifted and perhaps some balm of consolation poured on their wounds if I did not believe these things, the problem of evil would indeed be overwhelming.

The next stop I made was in Chicago, where I stayed with Nina Polcyn; a story about her appeared in the *National Catholic Reporter* last month. She was associated with the Milwaukee House when it was running. The group there seemed to go off in all directions, so that you find former Milwaukee CW's like Nina, running the St. Benet's Bookshop in Chicago (300 S. Wabash); Ruth Anne Heaney teaching and living on one of the farms started by Catholic Workers in Rhineland, Missouri; Michael Strasser teaching at Duquesne in Pittsburgh; Ammon Hennacy in Salt Lake City, Alba Ryan in Maine, the Humphreys in St. Cloud, Minnesota, two priests, a Maryknoller in Japan and a Dominican in California, and so on and on. Anyway, Nina dispenses hospitality and news of the apostolate and is a center both at home and at the bookshop for all kinds and conditions of apostles. I went through Chicago going and coming and was present for a few hours of discussion at the home of the Heyermans (Helen Heyerman is Nina's sister) and there were representatives of almost every lay group in Chicago present. We had to leave early to have dinner at Monsignor Egan's.

Monsignor John J. Egan is now stationed in Presentation parish on the near West Side in what was once an Italian parish and is now predominantly Negro, I think. There were a number of priests there from a neighboring parish, and a Glenmary priest, Father Lester Schmidt, who had been "taking the plunge," they called it, spend-

(Continued on page 6)



OUR LADY OF MERCY

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 1)

that day the editors of a new paper—Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day—went out with their helpers to distribute that first issue of *The Catholic Worker*, with its message of spiritual dynamite, among those assembled in that once-famous meeting place of radicals and workers, Union Square.

I thought of how much had happened since that day, how much had been done, how much had failed, how much remained to do. Then I thought of Peter Maurin, who on another day in a later May—May 15th, 1949, it was—died at Maryfarm near Newburgh. I prayed for him, and played that he would pray for us and help us realize that wonderful synthesis of cult, culture, and cultivation which he envisioned and taught.

To return to May Day of this year, if Peter Maurin could have looked in on our library-conference room that Sunday afternoon he would, I think, have felt at home. He would have said: "Here is a round-table discussion." He would, I think, have appreciated the quality of thought and of analytical exploration of ideas which characterized the discussions of the panel leaders: Marty Corbin, Professor Tom Casey, of Marist College, and Guy Farrell, of Bard College.

The discussion subject itself—the Christian-Marxist dialogue—would most certainly have appealed to Peter. For anyone who has ever read Peter Maurin's *Easy Essays* knows that he was not only very familiar with the works of Marx and Engels, but was fully aware of the importance of the Marxist ideology, not only to the proletarian masses but also to the whole development of the modern world. Long before Pope John's great encyclical enjoined us to do so, Peter Maurin had looked for and found concordances.

From all that I have been told by those who knew him, if Peter had been present at the discussion that May Day afternoon, the meeting could only have ended with Peter himself taking the floor and making his famous points until finally exhaustion and the pressure of other responsibilities deprived him of an audience. Peter is no longer here to make those famous points, but the points that he made in his *Easy Essays* are still clarifying thought for us.

This Christian-Marxist dialogue was the third of such Sunday afternoon discussions organized by Tom Murray. The first, which dealt with civil rights, was led by Tom, Bill Jones of the Kingston CORE, and Maxine Shaw; the second presented the views of two African students who are attending Bard College, on the subject of African nationalism.

The fourth, which took place yesterday, the second Sunday in May, was led by Ron Young, who is youth secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Ron had just returned from the Dominican Republic, where he had worked with a group sent by F.O.R. in the hope of getting a truer picture of what is actually happening down there than it is possible to gather from the usually ambiguous reports of American news media. Ron's talk had the kind of interest which first-hand observation and experience ought to elicit. Listening to him, I thought of the ambivalent role the United States is playing in both the Dominican Republic and in Vietnam, on the one hand proclaiming devotion to freedom and democracy, on the other by the use of military might and force, making the attainment of freedom and democracy next to impossible for these people.

Of course, there is always the possibility that these countries do not want what we call democracy and freedom. But why should we hope to impose our kind of government on any other country. When will we ever learn?

If Peter Maurin had prolonged his hypothetical visit until the

morning after the May Day discussion, he would have found an old friend, John Filliger, doing much the same kind of work he had watched him do at the farms at Easton, Pennsylvania and Newburgh, New York. He would realize that even though the farming commune had hardly been achieved, this land would still produce an impressive quantity of food to be consumed by those who live here, those who visit here, and our larger family in the city, as long as John continued to cultivate and plant with the help of such good assistant farmers as Eric Marx and Joe Dumenski.

Then if Peter Maurin had come, as I think he would, to St. Joseph's Rural House of Hospitality to share a meal with us, he would have found other old friends: Hans Tunnesen, over seventy but still cooking good meals for thirty or forty persons (sometimes more) and keeping a clean, well-organized kitchen; Joe Cotter, back from the hospital after a severe bout with emphysema but still struggling to keep up and doing; Agnes Sydney at eighty-six able to walk about again with the aid of a cane after months of bedfast suffering; Slim still reading history. In the dining room, he would hear a tableful of people laughing uproariously at a joke told by Stanley Vishniewski and probably remember that he had heard another tableful of people laughing at the same joke told by the same person many years ago in Easton. He would see many new faces and soon realize that—as at other Catholic Worker farms—many persons came with many different kinds of problems, out of many different kinds of needs. He would soon learn that many of these gave more help than they received. That Alice Lawrence was largely responsible for the surprisingly clean, well-ordered house. That Fred Lindsey performed innumerable services in the kitchen-dining-room area. That Mike Sullivan, aided and abetted by Jim Canavan, saved the community large sums of money by doing most of the maintenance repair work himself. That the whole-wheat bread had been baked by Rita Corbin and Arthur Sullivan. That Arthur Lacey took care of the mail and the chapel. That Maxine Shaw was teaching Sally Corbin to speak Spanish.

In the office Peter would have found Marty Corbin half-buried under manuscripts for the paper, correspondence about the paper, about the farm, or about the summer program of retreats and conferences, as well as vacation plans for children from the slums of New York City. He would, I think, not be surprised to learn that Dorothy Day was away on a speaking trip; knowing her, he would expect to find her working, still on pilgrimage.

Farming communes. Agronomic universities. Scholars becoming workers. Workers becoming scholars. These are at present seemingly Utopian. Yet the potentialities are here; the seeds have been sown. Someday, I think, they will put forth roots, grow strong and flower, and come to fruition.

As for our house of hospitality on the land, our continuing influx of visitors surely bears witness to the vitality of our function. In an age when it becomes increasingly urgent for more people to escape from the noise, tensions, and polluted air of the cities, does it not seem that houses of hospitality on the land may spell the difference between sanity and madness for many? Young people wanting to do something to make life more tolerable for others should examine this idea of the house of hospitality on the land. It is not enough (though this must be done) to set up shelters and soup kitchens in the poverty-ridden slums of the cities. People need a chance to breathe fresh air, to feel the warmth of the sun, to behold the beauty of the sky,



MARY MEDIATRIX

the wooded hills, the fields where daisies bow before the wind, to renew their health, to renew their faith in God, in man, in nature.

I cannot help thinking how many city people would enjoy the kind of walk John McKeon, Ursula McGuire, and I took on a sunny afternoon, climbing the steep hill through our woods, crossing our field, with Maggie Corbin darting about, picking violets and dandelions. Ursula is learning to walk again, after months of paralysis. She is brave and persevering, and before many more months will surely walk with her old ease. As for me, I walk with the aid of the Hoover cane for the blind. Since this cane gives me considerable mobility, I really enjoy walking. John, who is the author of some of the most brilliant articles ever published in the *Catholic Worker* (his "The Shy Apostle" was republished in the March issue) made the walk more enjoyable with his descriptions and amusing comments. John is also giving Marty help in the office and with the chauffeuring; and we hope will soon be writing again for the paper.

If we need further proof of our vitality, we can surely find it in the fact that young people are coming to help in the work. Tom and Jan Murray are now settled in their apartment in the old mansion, and Tom is dashing about making talks and stirring things up with something of the fervor of a young (could Ammon be anything but young?) Ammon Hennacy, David and Catherine Miller are planning to join us soon. On a recent visit Catherine plowed an acre of ground for John, then dug up a plot for my herb seeds down by the chapel. Catherine and David will help not only with the gardening but also with the children who come for vacations during the summer months. Another young man, Adam Murray, is trying to put our library in order again.

As for me, if I am to continue writing, particularly if I am to write all that I should like to do, I do need a more adequate tape recorder. For the blind writer, a good tape recorder is an almost essential tool. I need one of a dependable make, that will handle seven-inch reels and operate at three speeds: one and one-eighth, three and three-fourths, and seven and a half. I need the two-track kind that will record and play back the spoken voice with adequate volume and fidelity. If anyone can help me procure such a tape recorder, I shall certainly be deeply grateful. May God bless all who help in any way.

Down by the old mansion the dwarf fruit trees Peter Lumsden planted last year are blossoming. Maxine saw a Baltimore oriole today. I have heard thrush music in our woods. It is May, the month of Our Lady.

CHRYSTIE STREET

By PHIL MALONEY

Spring has come and summer is now beginning. Despite the seasonal change, daily life at St. Joseph's House has changed little. The men of the Bowery are fed daily, the office work goes on, and we persist in our efforts to make the Christian ideals of Peter Maurin real in our lives and in the lives of those about us.

The fusion of workers and scholars presents many tensions in the daily life of the house, but the love on which the works of mercy are based seems to conquer the differences of opinion. It becomes very obvious that both groups have much to learn from each other, especially the need of both ideas and work in our lives. The acquisition of these values seems possible only in a communal life, based on personal encounter of all classes with each other. Hopefully, class differences will disappear within the community and each personal will recognize the contribution of the other to the common good.

The Friday evening meetings for the clarification of thought have been temporarily revamped in order to approach the ideal of a round-table discussion. The current topics are essential planks of the Catholic Worker platform: Personalism and Christian Anarchism, A Christian Basis for Pacifism, The Green Revolution, A Just Social Order, and a House of Hospitality.

Another attempt to clarify thought was a trip to Boston-area colleges in order to present Christian alternatives to war, especially to the war in Vietnam. The reception accorded to the group ranged from friendly to hostile. Housing was provided by the staff of the Boston House of Hospitality, founded recently by Cathy Sullivan and John McKenna.

Chuck, Tony, and Tom are still in the hospital. All three men are improving and will be able to come home soon.

One of the more fantastic experiences of the month occurred to Bill Harder, a CW veteran. Bill, formerly a TB patient, found himself unable to breathe one evening and went to a police station for aid. The police booked him and sent him to Riker's Island for a thirty-day stay. He says that he enjoyed the change of pace and considered it a real vacation. However, Bill is still unsure what charge he was booked on and is not too enthused about the prospect of another vacation in the near future—at least, not at the same location.

Bill Harder's experience was very extraordinary, but the remaining members of the house lead a routine life. Charley, John, Nick, and Irish Pat are responsible for the soup line each day. Ed Brown makes the coffee twice daily. The arduous task of mailing the paper

and appeal letters claims the time of Pete, Italian Mike, Mary, and many others. Darwin and Smokey Joe perform the office work under the direction of Walter Kerell. The cooking chores for the evening meal are being handled by Nicole D'Entremont, Brother Paul, Cathy Miller, and Cathy Nackowski.

The state has intruded once again on life at Chrystie Street by summoning Chris Kearne to alternative service. Chris, an associate editor of the CW, must report to a government-approved agency for two years of service in lieu of military service. It seems strange that President Johnson, who claims to have the support of the American people for his foreign invasions, must persist in the use of an involuntary draft.

Another period of events involving our House of Hospitality becomes history. History, however, can be a sterile academic discipline unless it is vitally concerned with the future. Perhaps the events of the past two months will inspire us to intensify our desires and efforts for a return to the works of mercy, for a recreated social order with justice and without war, and for our own progress as a community and as individuals.

Ammon Hennacy spoke to a packed house on April 1st. He recounted his many activities as a one-man revolution and kept the audience enthralled with his anecdotes.

Objectors

Metropolitan Board for
Conscientious Objectors
80 Pierrepont Street
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
May 2, 1966

Dear Miss Day:

I note in the April issue of *The Catholic Worker* the well detailed article by Paul Salstrom on prison witnessing and wish to commend him for his presentation of life in prison which should be helpful to all those men about to have the same experience.

In the article, on p. 7, 2nd column, there is the statement beginning "The key free counseling services for C.O.s are" . . . which mentions two well known agencies but omits the oldest agency, the Metropolitan Board for Conscientious Objectors, which is still functioning and active in its counseling services.

I call this to your attention with the hope that in your next issue there will be a note to the effect that men seeking a personal interview for advice and information may avail themselves of the Metropolitan Board's service.

In appreciation of your courtesy in this matter, I am

Sincerely,
Freida Langer

Summer Conferences, 1966

CATHOLIC WORKER FARM
Box 33
Tivoli, N.Y. 914 (PL 9-2761)

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| June 19-25 | Open Retreat |
| June 26-July 2 | Retreat for Priests |
| July 30-31 | Pax Weekend |
| August 1-7 | Catholic Worker School |
| August 9-11 | Intercultural Institute, Negro-Puerto Rican Communities |
| Aug. 20-Sept. 5 | Peacemakers Training Program |

Anyone interested in attending a conference should get in touch with Rita Corbin or Tom Murray at the farm, Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583.

DIRECTIONS: Farm is located on Hudson River just outside town of Tivoli, which is in the northwestern part of Dutchess County and accessible from Taconic State Parkway or New York Thruway. (Consult road map for details.) Train: Take New York Central to Rhinecliff. Bus: Take Adirondack Trailways bus to Kingston. (Since we have to drive about fifteen miles each way to pick up people at stations, please call us from New York City before taking train or bus.)

Peter Maurin, Radical

(Continued from page 1)

was intensely alive, on the alert, even when silent, engaged in reading or thought. When he talked, the tilt of his head, his animated expression, the warm glow in his eyes, the gestures of his hands, his shoulders, his whole body compelled your attention," she wrote in *The Long Loneliness*.

He spoke in terms of ideas and not personalities. While others discussed people, trying to explain their attitudes and ideas, Peter was always "impersonal, delicately scrupulous never to talk about others, never to make the derogatory remark."

Her brother, John Day, and his wife, Tessa, were staying with her. It was Tessa who had first greeted Peter when he came seeking Dorothy. She was an Argentinian girl of exquisite courtesy and understanding. She recognized in Peter what she thought was a Spanish anarchist. She suggested he come back after Dorothy's return from Washington. He did.

Over a period of more than four months, Peter came daily to "indoctrinate" Dorothy. He told her she needed a Catholic background, having been educated at a state university. His aim was to give her a Catholic outline of history. He brought with him some sheaves of essays which he had carefully written out. Some were his own thought but many were resumes of articles he liked.

Following the manner of St. Philip Neri's "Easy Conversations," Peter talked to Dorothy from three in the afternoon until ten or eleven at night. Dorothy enjoyed these talks, for outside of a few priests, she had found Catholics indifferent to the subjects in which she was interested. During the first part of the day she did research in the library, returning to the house later for discussions.

As she did her housework, Peter would follow her around, not only interpreting the day's events in the light of history, but also urging a program of action.

As she was a trained journalist, Peter felt Dorothy should start a newspaper to bring the best of Catholic thought to the man in the street in the language of the man in the street. The rest of his program was to consist of round-table discussions, houses of hospitality, and farming communes. The paper would carry his ideas on unemployment and its remedy. The clarification of thought through articles and discussions would prepare the way for the Personalist and Communitarian Revolution. The houses of hospitality were to be centers of parish life, hospices where the works of mercy could be practiced and craft schools opened. Farming communes would restore the communal aspects of Christianity. They would be similar to the Irish universities started by monks centuries before, to which people from all over Europe had come to study and live.

As a journalist, Dorothy thought it would not be too difficult to launch a newspaper. She had, after all, done this kind of work all her life. She had written for syndicates and the movies, and had covered, as a reporter, everything from the radical movement to sensational divorce trials. In her seven years as a Catholic, however, she had written little outside of occasional articles for Catholic magazines or publicity for garden clubs and Catholic Charities.

Since her conversion she had tried to live a fervent Catholic life, going each day to early Mass and Communion, saying grace at meals, attending evening services, and devoting considerable time to spiritual reading. Still she found life disjointed because her work was not integrated with her faith.

She found Peter's "correlation of the material and the spiritual"

a revelation. She would make sharp comments at times though, for she could not accept all his views uncritically. She liked his quotation from St. Gertrude that property is more holy the more common it becomes. She admitted she had been strongly steeped in the class-war point of view. However she now realized that no real human brotherhood could be achieved without faith in God.

She asked the obvious question. Where would the money come from to publish a newspaper? Peter answered, "In the Catholic Church, money is never necessary."

She had been reading the life of Rose Hawthorne, Nathaniel's daughter, who started a hospice on the East Side for the cancerous poor. Rose's simple methods of raising money by just telling everyone what she was trying to do appealed to Dorothy. She decided she too could begin in a small way.

"The thing to do is start," Peter kept saying grandly.

Thus the first issue of the *Catholic Worker* was edited in the kitchen there at 416 East Fifteenth Street. Dorothy had a typewriter, which had to be sold after the paper came out to pay part of the printing bill. The money from several of her articles helped. Of course she had her usual expenses—gas, light, food, and rent—at the same time.

Perhaps nothing that has ever appeared in the paper in twenty-five years has been as striking as the opening editorial. It set forth in flaming words the spirit and ideal of the new publication.

OUR FIRST EDITORIAL May, 1933

For those who are sitting on benches in the warm spring sunlight.

For those who are huddling in shelters trying to escape the rain.

For those who are walking the streets in the all but futile search for work.

For those who think that there is no hope for the future, no recognition of their plight, the *CATHOLIC WORKER* is being edited. It is printed to call their attention to the fact that the Catholic Church has a social program.

It's time there was a Catholic paper printed for the unemployed. The fundamental aim of most radical sheets is the conversion of its readers to radicalism and atheism.

Is it not possible to be radical without being atheistic? Is it not possible to protest, to expose, to complain, to point out abuses and demand reforms without desiring the overthrow of religion?

In an attempt to popularize and make known the encyclicals of the popes and the program offered by the Church for the constructing of a social order, this news sheet was started.

The first number of the *CATHOLIC WORKER* was planned, written, and edited in the kitchen of a tenement of Fifteenth Street, on subway platforms, on the "L", on ferry boats. There is at present no editorial office, no overhead in the way of telephone or electricity; no salaries paid.

The money for the printing of the first issue was raised by begging small contributions from friends. A priest in Newark sent us a dollar. Another generous friend sent in twenty-five dollars. The rest of the money needed the editors squeezed out of their own earnings, and at that they were using money necessary to pay milk bills, gas bill, rent and electric bills.

By accepting delay the utilities did not know that they were furthering the cause of social justice. They were, for the time being, unwitting co-operators. We are asking our friends and

sympathizers to help out towards the next issue by sending contributions and subscriptions and orders for bundles. The price of the paper is one cent a copy, in order to place it within the reach of all. And for the unemployed it is distributed free to those who wish to read it. Next month someone may donate us an office, who knows? It is cheering to remember that Jesus Christ wandered this earth with no place to lay His head. "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man has no place to lay His head." And when we consider our fly-by-night existence, our uncertainty, we remember (with pride at sharing the honor) that the disciples supped by the seashore and wandered through cornfields picking the stalks to make their frugal meals.

Dorothy Day

The first issue of the paper, 2,500 copies, was distributed free



during the May Day celebrations at Union Square in New York, by Dorothy, her friend Joe Bennett, and some students. In three months, the circulation had reached 25,000. Within a year 110,000 copies were being printed.

The sudden growth was truly phenomenal, for there was no attempt made to advertise the paper. Knowledge of its existence spread by word of mouth around the world in an amazing way. Letters came from everywhere describing strange ways readers had come upon the paper. One had found it in a subway where a student had left it, another in a bus barbershop, a dentist's office, on a train, or in some waiting room. A reader in Mexico told how he had tossed all night in an uncomfortable bed and had finally gotten up to turn over the mattress. Underneath was a copy of the *Catholic Worker*. Five miles under the Atlantic Ocean, a Nova Scotian miner found a copy in the mine where he was working. A seminarian in Rome sent out his shoes to be soled and they came back wrapped in the *Catholic Worker*.

Invitations poured in for the editors to speak in parishes, schools, colleges, and universities throughout the country.

The first issue had cost only fifty dollars, but an advertising agency with a fifty-thousand dollar budget for promotion could hardly have had the same remarkable success in spreading the good word.

Students came to the "office" in large numbers eager to sell the paper or even give it away on the streets.

It was an organic growth, not an organized one, as Peter Maurin explained it.

"We are an organism," he said. "Not an organization."

The first issue of the paper contained eight pages of the size usually seen in business house-organs. Each page had four columns. To the editors, though, it

was a "newspaper" with a very personal viewpoint. Peter Maurin's essays were the only signed articles besides the editorial, although here and there filler material more names like Father Gillis, Father Guthbert, or Pius XI.

The column called "The Listener" began with the very timely remark that everyone in the country was drinking beer while the farmers on their way to market were dumping milk into the gutters. In the oddly distorted world of 1933, with almost eleven million out of work in the country, wheat jamming the granaries, and food being destroyed for want of buyers, the *Catholic Worker* seemed to have the strong clear call of sanity about it.

Peter wrote: Writing about the Catholic Church a radical writer says:

"Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message."

To blow the dynamite of a message is the only way to make the message dynamic. If the Catholic Church is not today the dominant social and dynamic force, it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the Church.

Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the Church, have wrapped it in nice phraseology, placed it in an hermetic container, and sat on the lid.

It is about time to blow the lid off so the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social dynamic force.

The paper was concerned with the troubles of the unemployed. A series of unsigned letters appeared showing the personal difficulties some of them were having. Comments on a Commonweal article on the Negro question by Father John T. Gilhard, S.S.J., were included.

The Scottsboro Case, child labor, corporation profits, a review of a book, *The Irish Way*—all were to be found in its columns.

Stories of neighbors and their troubles were there too, written in an intimate and unsophisticated way. The reader felt himself admitted to family confidences, a fascinating quality of the writing. Nowhere was there that "objective" type of newspaper that tells of a plane crash with a minute description of the disintegration of the machine and the added afterthought that the pilot was killed. The *Catholic Worker* was a personalist paper and the writing had the warm appealing quality of a good novel.

There was a prophetic note about it. It did not yet go into detail about its program, but it showed clearly that its sympathy was with the unfortunate and suffering and that it would unfold some hopeful ideas.

In the dark dismal days of the depression, there was now promise that the warm sun of justice would burn away the gray haze of despair in which the unemployed stumbled.

The paper did not have a fanatical tone. There was even an element of humor, a saving grace. The editors suggested dining by candlelight for gracious living, and also to lessen the profits of the utilities.

Peter, confident that he had helped Dorothy Day launch her mission, left for Mt. Tremper, somewhat to her dismay. This again was part of his teaching technique to get started, then went onto the next person.

Only in this way could a movement get under way. Like Marc Sangnier, Peter knew he had to buttonhole many persons and indoctrinate them, for faith came by hearing. At its best, the newspaper could only confirm people in their beliefs. For hundreds of Catholics in different parts of the world it

had already been such a confirmation. The identifying mark was there. The poor were having the Gospel preached to them!

(A chapter from the book *Peter Maurin: Gay B. Hever* by Arthur Sheehan, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.)

Redwood City

(Continued from page 1)

morality of a weapon such as napalm. Napalm in its latest form, is a highly flammable, jellied mixture of gasoline, benzene and polystyrene. It is most commonly dispensed from airplanes in fused containers holding 1,000 pounds. The area of destruction is roughly the size of two football fields end to end. The targets are presumably military, but the nature of the conflict in Vietnam is such that by one Pentagon admission, the ratio of civilian to military casualties is ten to one. Based on projected figures for the utilization of polystyrene, approximately 50 million pounds of napalm per month are due to be produced over the next seven to nine months. This means about 50 thousand bombs per month—enough to make a charred wasteland out of all of Vietnam! My conscience compels me to classify such a weapon with poison gas and bacteriological warfare."

Those favoring the napalm-producing facility dodge the moral issue and base their claims mainly on the opinion that, if not made in Redwood City, the napalm will be produced elsewhere, although Port Commissioner Mitchell Webster went so far as to announce that not only would the facility produce revenue for the town and port, but it would "help put Redwood City on the map." Critics agree that it would spotlight the town, but in a negative manner. According to Reverend Houff, "Redwood City will become noted as that place where flaming death is manufactured by the millions of pounds." It may also be noted that according to U.T.C. statements the \$11,015,049 Air Force contract will do little to boost the community's economy, for company officials report that no new buildings will be constructed for the facility, and that only one or two new persons—napalm experts—will be hired for the job. The other eighty persons they estimate they will need will be transferred from jobs in two nearby U.T.C. plants.

Most of the napalm in use today is left over from supplies for the Korean War, although the substance is currently being produced by Dow Chemicals in Torrance, Calif. Reverend Houff acknowledges the probability that napalm will still be made elsewhere, if not in Redwood City, but insists, "I cannot, in my conscience, sanction a suspension of a moral concern simply because others take immoral actions."

Colaanni, however, sees nationwide repercussions of the Redwood City protest. He says: "If we are successful—and I know we will be—in kicking this napalm facility out of Redwood City it has to go someplace, and I know that the activists in the peace movement all over the country would then have the necessary impetus to take the same route we have taken."

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

THE CHALLENGE OF MARXISM: A DIALOGUE

INTRODUCTION

I met Julius Tomin in a commission meeting at the Christian Peace Conference held in Prague in 1964. About twenty English-speaking delegates were seated in a circle discussing the question of a theology of revolution. Tomin joined us and was introduced as a Czechoslovakian Marxist observer at the Conference. He is in his mid-twenties, slightly built with dark, unruly hair. His powerful glasses and thin lips give him an intense expression which when he speaks, seems directed at a specific, carefully defined objective in mid-air. As the discussion turned to the importance of an historical approach to man's problems, Tomin began to speak quickly and intensely about man's progressive discovery of himself in each moment of history, a dynamic movement toward the realization of his ethical relations to the world and society. The historically oriented ethic he depicted was acceptable, even exciting, to a Christian as a rational framework for the person's discovery in faith of Christ—which was not, of course, a part of Tomin's exposition.

Later over dinner, I learned from Tomin that he was married, worked for a publishing house in Prague as an editor, and was a writer whose central interest was Marxist ethics. He was also deeply interested in current developments in the Catholic Church and knowledgeable enough to have read the same ethics textbook which I studied two continents away as a senior at the University of Santa Clara. There was no suggestion, however, of the disillusioned Communist seeking faith. Tomin was an open but convinced Marxist. Far from signifying a lack of security, his openness reflected a steady confidence that his atheism was unshakable and would adapt itself to whatever strictly humanistic values he could find in religion. Yet the openness, too, was genuine. He admitted to being puzzled by the kind of contemporary religious vitality evident in the Vatican Council and the Prague Conference, neither of which he could explain adequately in traditional Marxist concepts. But while sensing the stir and growth of religious life, he felt that its significance was nothing more than another aspect of man's self-development, to be assumed finally into the deeper values of atheistic humanism.

Julius Tomin writes regularly for the Prague Literary Weekly on questions concerning Christianity and Marxism. One of these articles, "Pitfalls of Atheism," was translated by Tomin for the January 1965 Catholic Worker as the opening comment in a Christian-Marxist dialogue. The following article by Tomin, "Beginnings of Dialogue," also appeared in the Prague Literary Weekly (in the fall of 1964) and has been translated by its author.

JAMES DOUGLASS

BEGINNINGS OF DIALOGUE

What is dialogue?

It has been defined well by the Marxist philosopher, Milan Machovec: "Dialogue is a discussion on the essential nature of a problem, toward the solution of which men direct not only their knowledge or opinions but all their inner powers. If dialogue is to develop, and if I am deeply convinced of the profound truth of 'my cause,' then I not only can but must—even in the most passionate dispute and against the most vehement antagonist—see in my opponent a potential ally of 'my cause.'"

Dialogue is not confined to relations between individuals. Its greatest potential today is to serve as a peaceful form of struggle between world views, thus furthering an age of peaceful coexistence. Dialogue, while allowing for a

commitment to uncompromising struggle, at the same time presupposes complete openness, respect for one's partner in the dialogue, and a determined effort to understand him.

The preparatory stage to a Christian-Marxist dialogue has been characterized on the Christian side by a dialogue among believers themselves. Christians have been engaging in constructive criticism within their own ranks and have been seeking a deeper understanding of the present from a biblical perspective. They have made strenuous efforts to free themselves from historically conditioned clichés and from a concept of the church as a political institution. As Marxists we may have serious doubts as to the final success of these efforts but to the efforts themselves we must be deeply sympathetic.

I fear that a dialogue will be more difficult with Catholics than with Protestants. This is not because Catholics as such are unable to take part in a substantial dialogue. It is unquestionable that from the beginning of John XXIII's pontificate Catholicism has taken significant steps toward dialogue. Nevertheless those elements in the Catholic Church which are most conservative with regard to exchanges between Catholics and Marxists continue to hold positions of great power.

In spite of this fact, I believe that a fruitful dialogue between Marxists and Catholics is possible, pressing, and from an historical standpoint, inevitable. And I would stress that this dialogue has already begun, despite the pious anxieties of many influential figures in the Catholic hierarchy. I can cite as an example of this beginning a Catholic response to my article (published in the Prague Literary Weekly) on the Christian Peace Conference held in Prague last July.

I concluded my article by saying that the Christian Peace Conference made it clear that "the character of our age pushes back irresistibly the medieval, and to some extent, the typically bourgeois forms of religiosity. . . . Many crises which individuals, groups, and whole nations have undergone have put new forms of religion—born from the pressure of history and existing on behalf of older religious forms—in a position to gain greater life. It will be necessary to make more intensive Marxist analyses of these facts in their contradictory and dynamic whole."

After having been sent this article, an American Catholic participant in the Conference, James Douglass, wrote in reply: "I appreciate the open-minded way in which you evaluated the Conference. I think that Marxist approaches like yours have much the same significance for us Christians as the Conference had for you. Thus your final sentence could be reworded for us: 'It will be necessary to make more intensive Christian analyses of these Marxist interests in their contradictory and dynamic whole.' I hope that in this way, by discovering greater depth and integrity in each other's convictions, Christians and Marxists can begin to draw together as men."

Not to respond to present currents in religion is impossible. But it is of the greatest importance to respond to them in a mature and thoughtful manner. In view of the great need today for the further development of personal and cultural contacts, the problem of dialogue ceases to be the exclusive concern of theorists and becomes instead the work of more and more people everywhere.

It would be a mistake if we thought that Christians in the West who with great personal courage struggle against violent anti-communism and injustices of every kind, or Christians in our own society who commit them-

selves to socialist ideals, do all this simply to gain an easy adjustment with Marxism. On the contrary, they do it in order to maintain the integrity and strength of their own positions in a revolutionary society and to further increase that strength. In fact, it is with Christians who are closest to us in their thinking that the struggle is most challenging, most difficult, and in the best sense of the word, most acute.

J. L. Hromadka, the most distinguished theologian in Czechoslovakia, has written in his latest work, *On the Verge of Dialogue*:

"We long to help man as man and to support mankind today in its struggles against death, destruction, disease, ignorance, lack of freedom, and exploitation. We are bound to think about ways to coordinate and unite all the noble longings of man today for peace and brotherhood, cooperation and



permanent reconciliation. On our side there is a great need for clear insight into the present moment, deep faith, and an ardent love for near and nearest, remote and most remote. We are seeking ways to create a basis on which people of the most diverse tendencies can meet and seek together a common direction for their efforts, making perhaps only small but nevertheless firm steps forward. We stand in the midst of changes and upheavals, upon the ruins of old social, political and international orders. . . . Above all, let us bear in mind that history does not stand still and that the situation, after definite progress and the assurance of a new society, will be quite different than it is now—in a time of nuclear danger and of the expressed or unexpressed hopes of certain circles that our socialist society is only a transient experiment and will endure neither economically nor politically, neither in its power nor in its ideology. The present Marxist-Leninist ideology is a powerful weapon and will maintain its force for a long time. In a time of struggle and battle for the bare existence of a new society, it is impossible to dilute this ideology and deprive it of its strength. But after the new society has been established, in a time of normal goals and relations, of almost automatic progress in science and technology, in a time of corrections, failures, and mistakes, there may come moments of psychic fatigue and spiritual exhaustion. Old formulae and doctrines will not be maintained. They will decline and will suffice neither for public nor for private life. Perhaps I can refer here to an element inherent in dialectical and historical materialism, the conviction that finished and static doctrines have no importance. What alone matters is the development of an ever-vital and creative response to social problems and the historical situation. But even this progress of dialectical and historical thinking on the material world will one day meet the reality of the Gospel,

the reality which cannot be missed or ignored and which must be met in a positive way."

I have no doubt that Professor Hromadka is deeply devoted to the cause of socialism. There are few who have done more for the cause of socialism on an international scale. But does that mean that we should not struggle against his theological convictions? I think that he himself would want nothing of the kind from us. He knows too well that a conviction grows stronger in never-ceasing struggle, the more open, the more exacting, the better. And he feels himself secure in the strength of his belief.

But how to wage such a struggle? Let us begin by rejecting every "method" of administrative interference and intimidation.

Relatively successful, but mostly oversimplified scientific arguments are inadequate today when taken by themselves. Not even the development of a socialist society—which remains undoubtedly the most decisive factor—leads automatically to the death of religion. Indeed, as we often see today, it may bring about in the life of the believer not the loss of religious faith but instead a significant shift in his world view within religious faith. An essential part of society's struggle for a maximum of human freedom is the struggle for a mature and fully developed atheism.

Marxism cannot be content with a struggle which only touches religion but is unable to refute it, or which refutes only the utterly reactionary and backward forms of religion. It is important to refute religion even in its most developed forms. Certainly not all the possibilities of Marxism in this direction are known to us now but I shall try to point out some significant aspects.

The Marxist who is confirmed and free in his atheism knows that he need not struggle with religion spasmodically, in every religious person he meets. He may struggle honestly for atheism only with a man whom he feels, on good evidence, he can help to find a deeper, more fruitful, and more valuable life by freeing him from religion. For to the Marxist, it is only man that matters. But for the believer, after all, there does matter something otherworldly: God. That is why he appeals, or should appeal with his religious belief, to all men and in every situation opportune for an acceptance of faith, thus exploiting every difficult situation in the life of man.

In this respect a religious man seems to have a great advantage "in the ardour of his apostolic mission." And yet: the Marxist atheist, when he proves himself highly tactful, considerate, and careful in his struggle for a man, when he approaches a believer and the whole heritage of religion with understanding and the effort to evaluate and know in it everything valuable, then he becomes the highest, really insurmountable threat to the believer. By such an attitude he strikes the believer in the central supporting pillars of religious belief. His very being steps into the inner world of the believer. May the believer call such an atheist a demonic power? Can he honestly suppose that the Gospel has made no impact there? Such an atheist attacks the religiosity of a believer with every part of his existence, with all his heart and mind.

There is a widespread and grossly erroneous assumption in atheist propaganda that the most effective way to combat religion consists in pointing out how it impoverishes and deforms the life of a man, how it deprives him of every pleasure, how it fills his life with morbid fears—of God's judgment, of purgatory, of hell.

But the life of more mature believers refutes such arguments according to the criterion of praxis. Such arguments lead believers not

to atheism but to the struggle for a more deeply understood religious faith. I am convinced that the strength of atheism is to be found in just the opposite direction. An atheist with a real knowledge of facts can recognize, before everything else, the positive aspects of religion and be honest enough to point them out to others. For the most significant fact is that it is often far more difficult to be an atheist and not yield to despair in oppressive circumstances, to retain somehow a creative life in oppression.

But as soon as the other side of this fact is realized in its full import, that religion for a believer, in spite of its drawbacks, is above all a support and recourse that helps him in situations with which he would otherwise be unable to cope, that the believer needs his faith in order to live on a high moral level—at that moment the atheist becomes truly free toward religion. This realization means that he has freed himself from the last traces of religious faith concealed in his subconscious. For the man of faith, on the other hand, such a realization means a decisive step in the direction of atheism.

JULIUS TOMIN

A CATHOLIC RESPONSE

Julius Tomin has written in *Beginnings of Dialogue* that "a conviction grows stronger in never-ceasing struggle, the more open, the more exacting, the better." A Christian can agree strongly with this statement and can respect the integrity of a Marxist who while seeking the bases for a Marxist-Christian dialogue, professes openly his conviction that, for the sake of man's freedom, he must continue to "strike religion [through argumentation] even in its most developed forms."

This conviction is admirable in two respects: first, in its recognition that religion does in fact have more developed forms than the static, reactionary churches often painted by Marxist theorists; and second, in its confidence that the writer's beliefs can prove their strength by overcoming an opposition given its just due in an open forum. What I understand Tomin to be saying is that if Marxists are to gain a genuine victory over religion, they must first face it in complete freedom, acknowledging those values in religion, and in Christianity in particular, which Marxists would hold to for non-religious reasons. This is an honest and even generous beginning to dialogue, and even if the ensuing discussion between atheist and Christian should sometimes descend to polemic, it would stand in strong contrast to methods of propaganda and oppression.

But if Marxists are beginning to acknowledge the values of "developed forms of religion," Christians must achieve a greater respect for those elements in Marxism which express in a different idiom deep desires of the human spirit. In his first encyclical, *Ecclesiam Suam*, Pope Paul recognized these elements when he spoke of the modern atheist's "great-hearted dreams of justice and progress," "spurred on by noble sentiments and by impatience with the mediocrity and self-seeking of so many contemporary social settings." The Christian must acknowledge the prophetic value of Karl Marx's battle for justice and dignity, which began in a world of oppression deserted by the Church.

Paul writes in *Ecclesiam Suam* that the Christian must never begin by excluding the Communist from dialogue because "for the lover of truth discussion is always possible." But even our apparently generous offers of dialogue often suggest beneath the surface the disturbing question: How deeply

(Continued on page 8)

Looking Around

By THOMAS P. MURRAY

Jan and I are drinking deeply of the joys of our new community and our newer apartment. With all the getting settled in, entertaining visitors, and getting out for speaking dates and meetings, it is hard to find the time to sit down quietly to writing. Even when the time presents itself, it has taken me four days to find the various books, periodicals, letters and clippings that have accumulated in the past month.

30 Years Ago This Month

Moving into our new apartment has a certain festive flavor to it that lends itself to an anniversary issue of the paper. As I looked at the May 1936 issue, I felt a real kinship to the five "pioneers" who had just moved to our new farm at Easton, Pennsylvania. The heritage to which we have come was further underlined by the "Restatement of the CW Aims and Ideals" which appeared in that third anniversary issue.

An article headed "Selling Notes" was bylined Stanley Vishnewski, Newsboy. The newsboy is still with the CW and is now our companion at meals when we eat with the community. A few weeks ago I went over to Kingston to sell papers during the food-store clerks' strike. There are still CW selling notes, just different newsboys.

The food-store clerks' strike, which has since been settled, brings me back to two strikes which concerned the CW in May of 1936: the Vermont Marble Co. and Borden's Milk Co. strikes. Both strikes were covered in our pages for the second time. The seamen's strike began that month, too.

Peter Maurin's easy essays on "Communism of Communitarianism" and "Feeding the Poor" appeared, along with an article on the pacifist position of the CW.

Peter himself was off for round-table discussions in various cities, to which an article invited all those interested. The itinerary wasn't too different from that of the trip Dorothy Day has just completed, including St. Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

May 1936 was the 45th anniversary of Rerum Novarum, a fact which came in for some attention. The words of Leo XIII, Pius XI and Benedict XV all found a place in that same issue.

H. Hergenham wrote on the philosophy of labor, Frank Downey wrote on working conditions in textile mills when he was a child and closed with a denunciation of child labor. Another article discussed the encyclicals and the Negro. There were articles on "Workers and Scholars" and "Why I Like the Communist." The latter is worth renewed attention from anyone interested in Christian-Marxist dialogue. There were reports on the CW in Boston and England and an interview by D. D. with a Southern sharecropper. Thirty years ago we had just moved to a new house on Mott Street and now we are getting ready to move to a new house on Market Street. The times move on and the changes continue.

A Car, Anyone?

The Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli is in need of an automobile in fairly decent condition. With the comings and goings of visitors and the resultant trips to the station, the shopping trips to town and the meetings and things around our area, we really need another car to get around.

A New Role

The Red Hook Town Board recently referred the locations of a number of possible fallout shelters to the County Civil Defense authorities. Among the proposed locations was: "The Catholic Worker Building at Tivoli."

Magazines

It's a kind of a late note, but the January Sign Magazine (Monastery Pl., Union City, N. J., 07087) had an

article on a good friend, Father Geno Baroni, a priest who is working among the poor in Washington, D. C. In the same issue there was an article on Ade Bethune, many of whose illustrations have appeared over the years in the CW. More recently, in the March Jubilee (168 E. 91st St., New York, N. Y., 10028), there is a picture essay on Thomas Merton and a discussion of the Vietnam crisis, with Jim Forest as one of the participants.

Help!

Father Paul Smith, of Holy Ghost Church, Marksville, Louisiana, wants someone who can come to live in Marksville, teach school and work in the parish. He notes that it would be a labor of charity and that he is only able to provide room, board and a hundred dollars a month. Drop him a line if you are interested.

Father Joseph Ciparick, S.J. (Box 229, Zaria, N. Nigeria) is doing Newman Club work. A letter from "our man in Zaria" recounts his many adventures motorcycling among the four campuses he is working on. He tells us that one of his biggest needs is books . . . lots of them. His students are hungry for reading matter. If you have anything you think he could use, send it on to him.

The Social Action Secretariat of the National Federation of Catholic College Students (Manhattanville College, Purchase, N. Y.) is distributing a pamphlet of summer service opportunities for college students.

Trials

Stephen "Shorty" Spiro, an officer of the Student Peace Union and a friend of the CW, has been sentenced by a federal court in Newark, New Jersey, to two years in prison for refusing induction. Steve made application for C.O. status several years ago, using a just-war argument for his claim, and the application was refused. Steve's lawyers are appealing the case. The judge told how he himself hadn't waited for them to "come and grab him by the neck," because he would have been ashamed to wait to be drafted. But, he continued, this didn't enter into his considerations of Steve's sentence, he wanted to be impartial—so Steve, member of what the Judge referred to as the Roman Catholic "sect," was sentenced to two years. The same day, the same court sentenced two others who had refused induction: a Black Muslim and a Jehovah's Witness. The Muslim was sentenced after the judge asked the defense attorney "What is the Islamic religion anyway? I haven't been able to figure it out." Vowing not to discriminate in the case of the Black Muslim, the judge meted out an equal sentence of two years. The Nation of Islam does not cooperate with the judicial process to the point of appealing such cases, so the Muslim went to prison. The Jehovah's Witness was offered alternative service by the court, refused this, and was also sentenced to two years.

Newburgh Revisited

Some readers may recall a letter I wrote to the CW in March 1965 when I was working at the Lander Street Community Center in Newburgh, New York. A few weeks ago, I visited Newburgh to follow up a story I had heard: that there was a rent strike starting there. The story turned out to be true; eight families, in some of the worst housing in the Newburgh ghetto, are on rent strike. There are hopes that the strike will spread to the public housing projects, in protest against the delays in constructing new public housing which was proposed in 1959. White residents of Newburgh have systematically blocked the housing proposal and are pressing three court suits against the project. Rev. Frank Jones, of the AME Zion Church in Newburgh, one of the four clergymen involved

in the rent strike, cited discrimination as the reason for the delaying actions. Reverend Jones further said that "real estate interests and the banks have conspired to keep the black man in the ghetto." Father William O'Brien, curate at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Father Thomas Honore, S.S.J. and Father Richard Wagner, S.S.J., both stationed at Epiphany Apostolic College, the Josephite Minor Seminary in Newburgh are the other clergymen working with the strikers. Father Wagner, in charge of the brothers' training program at the college, described the strike effort as a spontaneous one which began when three families just decided not to pay their rent.

While we were in Newburgh, we stopped by the Lander Street Community Center. They have moved from the storefront where I worked to a three-story house down the block. There is a VISTA volunteer working with them to construct and write a proposal for poverty funds. Meanwhile, they are continuing their children's pro-



gram. The brothers and seminarians from Epiphany come down every week to help. Though the center is still operating, the rent strike movement, small as it is, would seem to have a much greater potential, for creating some meaningful change in Welfare League in Newburgh.

The Stryker's Bay Community Council is organizing welfare recipients on Manhattan's West Side. A team of two young women, one Negro and one Puerto Rican, have organized more than fifty welfare recipients in an attempt to insure that welfare benefits are received in full. The movement is growing, and there has already been a city-wide meeting to discuss this kind of community organization. Several priests in Brooklyn are beginning to explore this area and are working to start a similar movement there.

Speaking of Brooklyn, I should make mention of some projects which are underway there. Father John Payton and Father Robert Eder are working with a group called C.U.S.A. (Christians United For Social Action) which is conducting a community-organization program in the Brownsville area. Fathers David O'Brien (who recently spent several days with us at the farm) and John Hyland are working with T.A.P. (The Addict Program), a rehabilitation project. Fathers Thomas McCabe and Gerald Gannon are organizing in their parish around the education issue. They recently held a parade and street rally which brought out several hundred people, despite a driving rain. There are several other projects planned or underway in various parts of the diocese, and much hope for more significant action from the Church in Brooklyn.

Books

Again this month, there are quite a number of books to be included in the book notes, so I'll just list the books. Beginning next month, I'll try to give a brief description

(Continued on page 8)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 2)

ing the preceding week on West Madison Street (the skid row of Chicago) many times without sleep because most of the hotels were filled up or would not have him. This idea of The Plunge was started by an Anglican priest a year ago and was a student venture designed to enable men and women to experience some of the desperate misery of destitution and homelessness. Father Schmidt, who was in shirt and slacks in that warm rectory, looked desperately tired with his head in his hands most of the evening, perhaps to shade his eyes from the blinding glare of electric lights, that I thought he was some friend of Monsignor Egan's who was having a breakdown. I could not help but think of a young man released from a mental hospital who attended our Christmas party at Chrystie Street a few years ago and sat through all the jubilation with his face in his two cupped hands and his head bowed.

Saul Alinsky

Monsignor Egan's guest that evening was Saul Alinsky, who to me represents the man of vision, one of the truly great of our day, in a class with Danilo Dolci and Vinoba Bhave. Thank God we have some heroes today in the social field whose vision illuminates the hard work they propose. Most of our aims are too small. I often think of Teresa of Avila, who said that we compliment God by asking great things of him, and I do ask Him to make this vision of Saul Alinsky grow in the minds of men who hear him.

I know that several articles about Saul Alinsky have been published in Harpers within the last year and that another of his books is coming out soon. The book I remember of his is *Reveille for Radicals*, published twenty or more years ago and which tells most vividly of the Back of the Yards movement in Chicago, where churches, settlement houses, unions, corporations, institutions, were drawn together in a common aim. Since my own radical interests were sparked by Upton Sinclair's book *The Jungle*, Alinsky's book interested me, and because he thought in terms of building from the ground up, rather than from the top down, on the principle of subsidiarity, he followed what I considered the philosophical anarchist position, rather than the Marxist socialist one.

Right now he is in the news for his attack on the poverty program, and because he has been called in by such cities as Rochester and Kansas City, Oakland and Detroit and other areas for consultation as to how to handle the gathering tensions between white and black.

What interests me about him is the largeness of his vision. At a time when there is much talk about air pollution and water pollution, he proposes that vast sums be set aside to tackle the national scandal of water pollution, for instance. He envisages something like the Tennessee Valley Authority with the use of the billions to build villages, schools, hospitals, roads, and all else needed (and this I suppose would mean decentralization, and a work which would be so vital that even the least worker would be caught up in the importance of the task on which he was called to work. It would do away with the sense of futility which is present in so many, the war on poverty projects, and the constant suspicion of political chicanery and corruption. It would truly be the rebuilding of the social order and the supplying of work at a time when automation and cybernation is the nightmare of the day.

Alinsky's attacks on Sergeant Shriver makes news, of course; his condemnation of the niggardliness of the funds allocated to the war on poverty and the consequent focussing of attention on the vast sums spent for destruction are a

good thing. And when it comes to personal attacks in his public speeches, I heard him speak on the way home when we were passing through Detroit and I found humor but not malice in his presentation. He is not a demagogue.

The Little Way

Of course—and I am as firmly convinced of this as I am of the necessity for our own work—it will take the example of such people as Danilo Dolci besides to point the way. Until each individual stops dumping broken down washing machines, refrigerators, cars, empty cans and assorted non-organic, unassimilable material down the banks of our brooks, ponds, streams, lakes and rivers, (not to speak of the outhouses still built over streams in the slums of our villages) we will not have such projects and reforms as Alinsky proposes. A Danilo Dolci would be sparking a strike against unemployment and destitution by getting a group of men together as he did in Sicily, to work on roads and fields. This resulted in world publicity when the men were all arrested for this unheard-of remedy for lack of work. Even working an idle field is confiscating property not their own. The sacredness of private property is not yet challenged by any but the Marxist.

Mulford Q. Sibley

My trip began, as most of my travelling does, with an invitation from Father Donald Conroy, chaplain of the Newman Club of the University of Minnesota, to take part there in a three day conference on non-violence. I was to speak with Father Bernhard Haering and Dr. Mulford Q. Sibley; there were three meetings a day. Unfortunately, the famous theologian was able to be present for only one day and had no opportunity to hear Dr. Sibley, whose plane was delayed. Dr. Haering spoke beautifully on non-violence and was a most inspiring and attractive speaker until he began to make distinctions between force and violence which could have led his listeners to suppose that our own troops are using force in Vietnam, only sufficient to oppose the violence of the opponent.

Dr. Sibley's contribution to the discussion can be studied by anyone who has \$1.45 to spend on a Doubleday Anchor paperback, *The Quiet Battle*, which is made up of writing on the theory and practice of non-violent resistance, which he edited. Dr. Sibley is professor of Political Science at the University of Minnesota, and has been visiting professor at Stanford and Cornell Universities. He is co-author of *Conscription of Conscience*, a study of American conscientious objectors of World War II.

I cannot say how deeply impressed I was with the man himself, and with the peace and quiet force of his presentation of non-violence. It is meetings like these that make such trips as this a rewarding experience.

Other Readings

Father P. R. Regamey, whose book on non-violence will be published in the fall by Herder and Herder is known to our readers already for his book on *Poverty*. Gordon Zahn and James Douglass are two other Catholic writers on non-violence, both men of scholarly integrity, men of truth. Richard Gregg, another member of the Society of Friends, is famous for his formulation of the theory of non-violent resistance, and his book on the subject has recently been reissued. There is also A. J. Muste's *Non-Violence in an Aggressive World* published by Harper in 1940 and all his recent writings in *Liberation*.

I cannot end without writing of the work of the present foremost example of non-violent resistance to oppression, Cesar Chavez. Here is an example of non-violence in the cold class war, and race war,

(Continued on page 8)

Letter from Hong Kong

(Continued from page 1)

privilege to talk particularly with two key Catholic laymen and one priest, for whom the Gospel of Love and Brotherhood with all men is the mainspring of belief.

In the first conversation with the laymen, the day after our arrival, they proposed guidelines for our leaflet, on the basis of which I made a first draft. They subsequently translated the leaflet and offered to reproduce it and circulate it privately among student circles. They were, however, more cautious than the Buddhists and secular intellectuals who mimeographed thousands of copies of our leaflet, lettered our posters, and delivered many of our press releases.

These Catholic laymen are leaders of progressive thinking, springing from the achievements and spirit of Vatican II. They have championed equality between rich and poor in the liturgy and rites of the Church. For instance, at present a solemn requiem mass costs about a thousand piastres, while the ordinary worker earns only about 1200 piastres a month. The progressives want to abolish payments for liturgical services. They also favor close ecumenical relations with other groups, and they personally have such relations with leading Buddhists. One of them laughed and said that he is the only Catholic who is trusted by Thich Tri Quang (whom many Catholics regard as pro-Communist). Both the laymen and the priest felt that there is no basic obstacle to friendship among Catholics and Buddhists, particularly if the war can be ended. There is no deeply rooted historical conflict. Formerly, Catholics were persecuted by Confucian mandarins, but not by Buddhists. Since Diem, there have been some misunderstandings between Catholics and Buddhists; but Catholic groups which have recently demonstrated against the purposes and tactics of Buddhist demonstrations represent only one segment of Vietnamese Catholicism, the most visible segment because other points of view can not be freely and effectively expressed.

One of the laymen has been a member of Young Christian Workers in Vietnam. He said that they are not politically active, but that many hold to peaceful principles and moral attitudes. He himself, despite his belief in peaceful settlement, had recently completed a tour of compulsory military duty, during which he had been on a trip through the countryside and had visited with Catholic families in the villages. For them the great issue is how to keep alive and to raise a family decently. After twenty years of war, they are exhausted. They often live in despair. There is a shortage of milk and groceries. When there is fighting they leave the villages. When they return, their possessions have been destroyed. They have trenches for their own protection against bombs, but when the American soldiers see the trenches they think that this is a Vietcong village and they throw grenades in the trenches.

I asked about the attitude of bishops in North Vietnam. He said they keep out of politics. The attitude of the Government is very severe, because Catholics are suspected of opposing the regime. When South Vietnamese are infiltrated into the North, they try to use the Catholic areas as a base.

These laymen to whom I spoke have also fostered fraternal relations among professors and students in the universities, where there is often little rapport or communication between faculty and students. The priest, whose parish I visited in Saigon, is one of the eleven signers of a call for peace (which appear elsewhere on this page). It is a call for an end to hatred and fratricide, in the name of the Gospel of Love.

The statement was first submitted to the priests' bishop for his information. He maintained silence in regard to it, both before and after publication. It was then sent to all major Vietnamese papers, but was published in only three dailies, and in one Buddhist weekly and one lay Catholic paper. Some sentences were deleted by censorship. About ten thousand copies were distributed as leaflets in Saigon, Dalat, Hue and Danang, mostly to students. The only government reaction was a phone call to the bishop asking about the intentions of the eleven priests, to which he replied that they were interested in peace for Vietnam, but did not intend to engage in political action.

Most of the public felt that the priests had gone beyond their proper spiritual duties, but Father ——— feels and believes that their opinion was based on



rumors and the editorial comment of papers which did not print the full text. He believes that a majority of those who read the full statement support its ideas. A minority of what the translator called "fanatics" considered that the priests are handmaids of the Communists and that they want the war to be lost.

Father ———'s own parish numbers about nine thousand. Of these eighty percent are refugees from the North; but he estimates that only ten percent of his parish opposed the statement and that most of his parishioners consider that he has expressed the right aspiration. Even those who are against the statement want peace, but believe that the priests are too idealistic in their proposals.

Between 20 and 30 of his parishioners were killed in action in 1965. No civilians were killed, because the parish is in Saigon. He does not know how many of his parish have been killed since the beginning of the war, because he has not kept count.

Asked about the National Liberation Front, he said that it is often tolerant of Catholics in areas not fully under its control, but where its control is secure it often imposes limitations on the freedom of Catholics. However, some Catholics follow the N.L.F., because they share its aspirations, or in order to get along in a situation which it dominates, or in order to join in resisting foreign domination. Some laymen who formerly cooperated with the N.L.F. have come over to Government-controlled areas, though they are now dissatisfied with both sides and do not support the Government with any enthusiasm.

I told the priest how moved I was by the beauty of their statement and I told him that, like the Gospels, it must be repeated to us over and over again, and still it does not sink into our hearts. I said that if it were up to me, I

would reprint the statement every month, but that editors do not work that way, so I begged him to send us more statements and articles. The ideas will be the same, but the words will be different. I asked his blessing for us, and having received it we left.

On the way back, our guide and interpreter said that if we could stay in Saigon, he could take us to see a "fanatic" priest, who wants the Communists to be wiped out and organized demonstrations against them.

With the blessing of Buddhists and Catholics, priest and laymen, we spoke to the Vietnamese people, Americans in Vietnam, and to the world, through its press, on Wednesday, April 20th.

We prepared our suite at the Caravelle Hotel by hanging a long cloth banner in Vietnamese and English, reading, in the words of a Vietnamese poem, "Men are not our enemies. If we kill men, with whom shall we live?" The press conference was to start at 10 a.m. and our walk to demonstrate at the U.S. Embassy, at 11:30 a.m. But before we could begin the Saigon police began barring reporters from entering our room, saying that a press conference without a permit was illegal. However they did not prevent us from leaving the room, and while I remained to guard the leaflets and posters, the rest of the team went out to give interviews at the offices of TV men and reporters (Independent British Television; ABC-TV, NBC-TV, and so on) and to negotiate with Saigon officials.

Once they were gone, the guards at our door relaxed and some newsmen managed to slip in to talk to me. A man from one network guarded the room in order to enable me to go downstairs to be interviewed by his network. Meanwhile the rest of the team had gathered downstairs to negotiate with officials. A police officer and an American "safety advisor" started to walk into our suite, but when I identified myself and asked for a warrant, they stopped and tried to persuade me that my team mates wanted me downstairs. I said, "Have them call me and I will go down." The officials left, and soon I received a call from the desk saying that my team mates wanted me, but when I asked to speak with them, I was told that they were busy and could not get to the phone. Naturally, my team mates agreed that someone should stay in the room, and later, A. J. Muste called to tell me that they were going to see the Mayor, and asked me to hold the fort until they returned. I had stacked leaflets by the open windows so that I could throw them out to the people below, if the police should attempt to enter and confiscate them.

The team soon returned with a charming, English-speaking Major Nguyen Van Truong of the Vietnamese paratroopers, and an American, who very studiously made clear that he was there to understand our wishes and intentions, in order to interpret them to the Vietnamese who were confused, because of the language difficulties. That Truong was quite fluent in English cast doubt on this claim. Truong wanted to protect us from the possible anger of the Vietnamese people and to legalize our status in the country. When he was a student in America, he always respected the laws of the host country.

He procured for us a permit for a press conference at 5 p.m. at the City Hall. His grand strategy in arranging this was soon to be revealed. He had not been gone a minute before an immigration official arrived to serve each of us with an official notice, as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that your transit visa expires on April 20, 1966 and you must leave Vietnam as soon as possible. Yours sincerely, Director of Immigration, Tran Van De."

At 5 p.m. we went to the conference, accompanied by a troop of

(Continued on page 8)

Vietnamese Priests Speak

In the face of the present situation in our country and in response to the increasingly urgent appeals of His Holiness Pope Paul VI, we, eleven Catholic priests, free of all partisan attachments, whether political or religious, wish to witness the deep anguish of those men who are refusing to betray one another, of the Vietnamese who share in the suffering of their fellow countrymen, and also of the servants of Jesus Christ, Who died in order to bring all men love and salvation.

Human blood has already flowed too much on Vietnamese soil. This fratricidal war is at the height of its cruelty.

In their pursuit of military victory, both North and South are progressively obliterating the autonomy of the country and creating a situation in which the solution no longer depends on the wishes of the Vietnamese people.

The state of disorder created by the war, and by the presence of foreign soldiers, places the mass of people in economic, social and moral conditions unworthy of man.

Together with all men of good will, we wish to consider the sacred destiny of many, his dignity, his right to liberty, and the fellowship of each and all of our men, our brothers, who today in the North and in the South are victims of devastating bombardments, of oppression from ideologies, of misery, of untold sufferings, of the degrading lure of money; our people are divided and torn within by prejudices, self-interests and politics.

In the name of our brothers, who are at the very height of suffering and who have almost no voice with which to utter it, we wish to proclaim our common aspirations: we want peace based on the liberty of the human person and on the justice of society, for the good of all.

We cannot accept this absurd drama of brothers of the same country who, sharing in the same sincere love for their land and for their people, the same determination to dedicate themselves to a great cause, nevertheless confront and kill one another in hatred.

We cannot accept the idea that the will to unite the country or to build a better future can be posed as a pretext for continuing this fratricidal war.

This is why we implore the authorities of the North and the South to take every appropriate measure to put an end to the war now.

Let us not wait for some guarantee, as we did previously, before we sincerely decide to respect the life and liberty of the Vietnamese people of the North and the South and the fraternity that binds us together.

Let us renounce the pretention that we will find negotiations and an end to hostilities through military victory; and let us renounce the ambition of implanting or of suppressing an ideology by subversions and bombardments, for these things can only lead to genocide and to a prolonging of the under-development and division of our country.

Let the authorities of both parts of the country start a dialogue in the spirit of justice and loyalty, in order to achieve peace. This is the only way of creating the material and moral conditions which will guarantee all the Vietnamese people a free and democratic choice with regard to their future.

Let the great powers respect the right of peoples to autonomy and to "auto-determination," and let them not contribute further to making the war in Vietnam more and more murderous, and thereby risking a global conflict.

Since under the present conditions of the war, the North and the South, as well as the great powers which sustain them, have in fact shown that they cannot put

an end to the war by themselves or by any illusory anticipation of victory by one side and capitulation by the other, it emerges that almost the only way which might lead to the cessation of hostilities, to negotiations and to peace (which would at the very least prevent further bloodshed), is the recognition and the consideration and arbitration of the United Nations. We must sincerely appeal to and collaborate with this organization.

With all our heart we invite the men of good will of both the North and the South to surmount all forms of oppression in order to express courageously and freely the desire of the Vietnamese people for peace so that the responsible authorities can no longer ignore this desire or can no longer have an easy conscience when they fail to start negotiations for peace and when they fail to take every step and seize every occasion of realizing it.

But peace can only come and maintain itself if the mass of the Vietnamese people fully grasp the peril which menaces mankind and their country, and if they put the good of the community and the survival of the people above the interests of individuals or of special groups.

The survival of the country, the interests of the people, and peace itself are not endangered by our diversity of ideologies and of beliefs, but, on the contrary, are only endangered by those who, in the name of one group or another, no longer wish to respect the free choice of their fellow citizens. We must fear those who, in reality, have no other ideology or religion than themselves, their money, their pleasures and their own interests.

The moment has come to mobilize everything which nourishes faith and the spiritual energies in man and in the people, not to stir up hatred, but to extinguish the many discords and jealousies, and to bind together again the things which unite us, before it is too late. In every heart and in all families and all different groups throughout the structure of society, we must build truth, justice, liberty and love as solid bases for an authentic human existence of peace and good will. In such an existence men will eventually no longer need to fight one another for his right to live and to think, but all will combine their efforts to develop the natural resources, sharing equally in the conditions and the means of material and spiritual progress necessary for any individual and social accomplishment.

Up to this point we have echoed, in the name of mankind, the voice of those who are on the point of no longer being heard. In concluding, we are still speaking in the name of mankind when we refer to those who have chosen not to let themselves be crushed by misfortune, for those who do not accept defeatism, for those who crave victory, but not the victory of arms, of human exploitation and of hatred, not the victory in which man continues to oppress his fellow man and one man continues to remain inferior to another. We crave the victory of truth, of justice, of liberty and love, the only victory which can bring about peace and reflect the true honor of man.

Signed: Father Do Zuan Que, Ho Dinh, Nguyen Ngoc Lan, Nguyen Thang Cao, Tran Viet Tho, Truong Ba Can, Truong Dinh Hoa, Hoang Kim, Vu Van Thien, Dinh Khac Tien, Nguyen The My. (Translated from the French by Herbert Mason)

Ed. Note: The original declaration appeared in *Temoinage*, Paris, February 1, 1966. The translation is of the complete declaration, which was issued in Saigon on January 1st.

Letter from Hong Kong

(Continued from page 7)

newsmen, and I passed out a few leaflets along the way. A.J. opened with a statement of our philosophy; then each of us spoke briefly; and Bill Davidson announced that we would walk from the Caravelle to the U.S. Embassy, about half a mile, for our demonstration, starting at 8 a.m. the following morning. When Brad Lytle called for questions, reporters first wanted to know who had made our posters and leaflets. After we told them, without naming names, pandemonium broke out. We were asked over and over again in Vietnamese and English, whether we were for the Communists or for the Vietnamese. After each question there was applause from the packed room. We were told that there is only one position in Vietnam, but our posters gave mute testimony of another opinion. However we answered, they kept shouting and clapping. A light bulb smashed against the wall behind us. Eggs began to fly. The mob pressed around the table, saying that they could not guarantee our lives, pulling the chairs from under us, ripping our posters and finally pulling back the tables to make a path for us through the anti-Red sea. Calmly we listened, quietly we replied, egg running down some of our faces and dripping on our shirts. Then a man, who said he was "Captain of the Council," began to blow on a whistle. The crowd grew calm and we were ushered to the door and out to a waiting car, still talking earnestly with those who accompanied us.

Three of us were staying at the Caravelle; two women were at the Federal, a block from the United States Embassy; and I was at the Tan-hoc, some distance away. In preparation for morning I took several hundred leaflets and a sign, folded and wrapped in a small bundle. The three men left the Caravelle at 6 a.m. at the urgent request of the manager, who claimed that the students might come at 7, and wreck his hotel if the pacifists were still there. I left the Tan-hoc around 7 a.m. and went directly to the Embassy to await the rest of the team. When they failed to show up, I went looking for them. Outside the Federal Hotel I saw a mass of policemen, so I departed by a different way and returned to the Embassy. At 8:10, with neither team nor press in sight, I went looking again. The police were gone from the Federal, but as I walked down the street, one came around the corner, spotted me and stopped me. I tried to get out of it by showing American and Vietnamese press accreditation cards, but he was too smart. We fell back on the Federal Hotel, where I was soon surrounded by half a dozen cops. I called ABC and CBS at the Caravelle and then tried to stall until they could arrive. The cops, however, would not be put off. I went limp and was dragged to a waiting jeep, which drove off with four men holding me in. We raced to the airport. On the way a jeep full of newsmen caught up and they started photographing us, but we

soon came to a checkpoint and they were stopped.

Triumphant smiles were exchanged as the police turned me over to an Army captain, who greeted me warmly, took my passport and escorted me to a small room where the other five were already in detention. They had walked from the Caravelle to the Federal, leafleting along the way, until their path was blocked and they were finally arrested, and carried into a van for shipment to the airport. Along the way they shoved out the rest of their leaflets through the steel grates in the back of the van, leaving a trail of propaganda through the streets of Saigon to guide newsmen to their destination. At the airport the press was stopped. One policeman discouraged them from trying to get to us. At 1 p.m. a policeman invited us to get into the van, lying to get us into it, by saying that we were going to the Embassy. He was obviously embarrassed by the lie, but had been ordered to tell us it. We did not really believe him but acted upon his word. Naturally, we were driven directly to the ramp of a waiting plane.

We broke out my sign and leaflets for the personnel who were gathered around the ramp. One American took a leaflet and stuffed it in his pocket, but a cop reached right into his pocket and took it out, at which Brad began to cry shame on such democracy and scattered the remaining leaflets to the four winds. We refused to board the plane, and were carried up, still displaying our signs to such as were there. And so we bade farewell to Vietnam, but we will not forget our friends there, nor their hopes, nor their words of encouragement, nor their cause, and perhaps we will again find a way to return. If not, we will continue to speak and labor in America, for peace in Vietnam.

Looking Around

(Continued from page 6)

of the book as well. Some of the books I list may be reviewed at a later date.

The Proud Tower, by Barbara W. Tuchman (Macmillan, \$7.95); **Outsiders**, by Howard S. Becker (The Free Press, \$2.45, paperback); **Suicide**, by Emile Durkheim (The Free Press, \$2.95); **No Greater Love: The James Reeb Story**, by Duncan Howlett (Harper & Row, \$4.95); **Neo-Colonialism, The Last Stage of Imperialism**, by Kwame Nkrumah (International Publishers, \$7.50); **Social Revolution in The New Latin America, A Catholic Appraisal**, edited by John J. Conidine, M.M. (Fides, \$2.95); **Nationalism in Contemporary Latin America**, by Arthur P. Whitaker and David C. Jordan (The Free Press, \$6.95); **Political Parties, A Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy**, by Robert Michels (The Free Press, \$2.45); **Marriage, Human Reality and Saving Mystery**, by E. Schillebeeckx, O.P. (Sheed and Ward, \$7.50); **Freud and America**, by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek (Macmillan, \$4.95).

"Evil is an omnipresent substance of human life: around us and within us as well as without us. In a way, it is all of a piece, just as love and truth are all of a piece. When we struggle against it we must always regard that struggle as in part an overcoming of self. We cannot for this reason identify ourselves self-righteously with all that is good and clothe whatever opposes us in the colors of unmitigated evil. But this we tend to do when we try to make out of an impermanent semantic symbol, such as 'anti-communism,' the expression of a personal and political philosophy."

GEORGE F. KENNAN

Conference On Intentional Communities

at Heathcote Farm
Freeland, MarylandSaturday, June 18 through
Sunday, June 26.

Please bring bedding.

For further information, get in touch with: Ben Zablocki, Intentional Community Newsletter, Box 281, Baltimore, Maryland 21203. Or Abigail Grafton, 170 East Second St., New York (CA 8-8873).

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

which has been going on in our country for many years.

The struggle of course is still going on. The strike which began last September in Delano, California among Filipino and Mexican grape pickers scored a great success when its boycott of Schenley products, wines and whiskeys brought about a recognition of the Farm Workers Union and a willingness to negotiate on the part of the company. But there are still a score or more of other planters to deal with. The Christian Brothers and the Jesuits who own vineyards also recognize the union. The famous Lenten pilgrimage from Delano to Sacramento with the Guadalupe Virgin banner leading it, ended on Easter Sunday. Five hundred miles of walking to petition the governor, who did not leave his Easter vacation in Palm Springs to hear the strikers, called attention of the United States to the migrant workers' situation. We will try in each issue of the *Catholic Worker* to keep up with the story of this struggle.

In Chicago, Pat and I met with Dr. Jorge Prieto, who had left his practice and his family to participate. Thousands joined the hundreds on the last day of the March.

"There I saw poverty and suffering," he said, with tears in his eyes. "There I saw evil." And he described the sufferings of the strikers and marchers. He himself is a Mexican from California and knows the condition of the people there.

Lisa Bowman

Only yesterday I received a letter from a friend of Lisa, who told of her death of cancer in San Joaquin general hospital in Stockton, California on Easter Sunday, not many days after she had left her hospital bed to join the march of the Delano strikers for a few hours to show her solidarity with them.

Lisa was born in New York in 1938 of parents who separated before her birth, according to the facts sent me in this letter. She was raised by her mother and a stepfather. We met her in New York at the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island some years ago. She spent all the time since working with the migrants in California and when I met her again on one of my trips west I told in my column of how she and her little daughter both picked olives and how proud her daughter was that she was able to earn enough to buy herself a pair of sneakers. This same little girl's father left her mother before her birth, and Lisa worked in the Stockton State Hospital as psychiatric aide up to the time of her birth. Lisa later supported herself and her child with a combination of cannery and field work, temporary postoffice work, family help and welfare. She was well acquainted with the life of precarity. She followed the crops from the Long valley below Stockton to Yakima, Washington.

She was cared for in her last illness, after several operations, by James and Norma Nelson of Stockton, who still have her children I believe. She was buried with a requiem Mass from St. Linus' Church in Stockton. I am certainly grateful to Sonya Cavazos, who wrote me from Fresno giving me these details.

Challenge of Marxism

(Continued from page 5)

do we as Christians love truth? Are we really willing to seek its presence in the driving dreams and challenges of the atheist humanist? For it is no denial of Christ's truth to seek His suffering face in the mind and heart of the atheist, and to acknowledge a hidden but truer following there of God's will than in our own lives. In short, do we want "dialogue" with the Communist as merely a sign of our modernity and liberalism, in fact a more subtle form of proselitizing? Or have we the courage to meet his convictions openly, both confessing our faith and admitting the scandalous but real possibility of seeing conscience honored better in one who has formally rejected God?

Jacques Maritain among others has pointed out that the practical atheism of many believers, whose faith is dead to their fellowmen, is much more to be feared than the formal atheism of those whose rejection of "God" rests on a wrong conception of Him. It can surely be questioned, in a civilization where Christ has become the justification of everything from perfume-dispensing madonnas to thermonuclear weapons, whether the title of "Christian" has today any more claim to respect, on the face of it, than that of "atheist" or "Communist." We have become so accustomed to dealing in images and packaged beliefs that we are in danger of losing sight entirely of the world of conscience and judgment, where God embraces the seeking unbeliever and casts the religious hypocrite into darkness.

It will be said of course, that the Communist is no simple atheist and that his open fight against religion is hardly an invitation to dialogue. Again, however, we can pose the question: Who is the deepest threat to the Church, the atheist who opposes it in open struggle or the believer who uses Christ as a spiritual soft-sell for a national way of life? The Communist often takes Christianity more seriously than does the Christian.

Julius Tomin is more open to dialogue than most Marxists but he is not alone. He belongs to the same generation as the celebrated Russian poet, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, whose *Precocious Autobiography* reflects a conscience devoted to justice and beauty without acknowledging the existence of God. Yevtushenko gives a peculiarly Marxist reason why the Christian must remain sensitive to promising developments in Marxism: "No ideology which is in its final shape can be Marxist, because genuine Marxism is forever molding itself." And in his case as in Tomin's, the always implied criticism of the "Christian world" is: What difference does faith make? It is the Christian's task to live the difference, a deep part of which is his love for the Communist. Love does not make a Christian indifferent to injustice—which he must resist everywhere—but it does leave him open to change, in both himself and his professed enemy.

If genuine Marxism is "forever molding itself," its classic theorists are nevertheless the bases for all further developments. Critics who regard a Christian-Marxist dialogue as futile from the beginning therefore place great stress on the deep antagonism of Marx and Lenin toward religion. But beyond the distinction Pope John made in response to this objection—the distinction between false philosophical teachings, and historical movements drawn from them and subject to profound changes—one can question further the extent to which even Marx himself was closed to dialogue with Christians, had they offered it. Christians can

turn to a little-known Marxist text for a different view of a man they have often caricatured through ignorant hatred. It was written not by Karl Marx but by his daughter, Eleanor, whose *Few Stray Notes* on a father she adored include the following: "And how I remember his telling me the story—I do not think it could ever have been so told before or since—of the carpenter whom the rich men killed, and many and many a time saying, 'After all we can forgive Christianity much, because it taught us the worship of the child.'"

Marxists such as Tomin and Milan Machovec base their approach to dialogue on a teleological humanism confident of an ultimate victory in history and the achievement of man's total freedom, as understood by Marx. The Christian, strong in his faith that it is Christ and not Marx bringing history to fulfillment, can base his approach to dialogue on a Christocentric understanding of freedom, with its present demand that he love and respect his Marxist brother.

For it is faith which gives a special character to the Christian's readiness for dialogue and to his respect for all men's convictions in conscience, including those of the most militant Marxist. The Christian's faith is not the acceptance of a set of these, nor even a view of the world or of history, although it involves both of these. The Christian faith is the acceptance of a person, Christ, and through that divine person the acceptance in love and brotherhood of all those other persons who make up the human family under God. Prominent in this family today is the Marxist, who in his "great-hearted dreams of justice and progress" gives the promise of dialogue and cooperation in the task of building the earth. That same Christian faith which unites the mystery of the human person and the infinite mystery of God's person, unites Christian and Marxist in the earthly community of God's children. Faith demands an abiding reverence for the convictions of the atheist, whose commitment in conscience to man and the world may be beyond all reason.

Faith then is the Christian's liberating power and source of his openness to dialogue with the Marxist, whom he loves as his brother. But faith is a source, too, of the Christian's confident challenge to the Marxist to grow with him in a free exchange of ideas and to "put aside the 'methods' of administrative interference and intimidation," as Julius Tomin says. We are all guilty of crimes, Christians and Marxists alike, and the present task of each is to acknowledge his crimes and purify the methods of a struggle whose common object is a realization of man's dignity. We must all learn to see, so as never to forget, that human freedom and dignity can never be served by intimidation.

The dialogue beginning between Marxists and Christians is a century too late for the combined religious-social revolution it might once have produced, instead of Marx's social rebellion against a religiously masked capitalism. There is still time, however, to introduce a new generation of Marxists to a Christian faith ready to meet the world, and to acquaint Christians in turn with the men and challenge they must first know in order to appreciate. Christians and Marxists must become rivals in giving freedom, each seeking to surpass the other in his openness to the other's deepest convictions in conscience. This is not to say that the struggle between them would thereby end. But were it to continue in such a way, in freedom and openness, the victory might somehow be won for both.

JAMES W. DOUGLASS

CORRECTION

In our January, 1966, issue we gave the address of the War Resisters International, where readers might obtain the complete text of Don Lorenzo Milani's *Self Defence*. However, we have recently been informed by the WRI that the address we gave was incomplete. Those wishing to order copies of Don Lorenzo's magnificent statement should write to the War Resisters International, Lansbury House, 88 Park Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex, England. Price: twenty-five cents a copy; twelve dollars for a hundred copies.