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120

On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

The gigantic nature of the struggle in which we are each one of us engaged, a struggle between the forces of good and evil was clearly shown to us this last month by the assassination of our President. This story of horror is still unfolding in the daily press. It is not for us to reiterate what all are reading in their daily papers and listening to on their radios. And all who read-and listen are relating what occurred to all that went before, the recent past with its murder of little children in Birmingham, bombings and shootings in the South, the assassinations of the president of Viet Nam and his brother-in-law. Violence in the rest of the world more or less accepted as "a fact of life" inevitable in the struggle for a better world, but resulting in shocked grief and bitter tears by our own people when it happens to us.

I was in Chicago when I heard the news. I had just gotten off the bus from South Bend, where I had been speaking to Notre Dame students, seminarians, Brothers, and parishioners at the liturgical fair held in St. Therese's parish. I had gone to Nina Polcyn's whose guest I always am in Chicago, and she had left St. Benet's book shop on South Wabash to go to Mass with me at the Paulist church and then to lunch. The news came to us then over the radio and we could only sit and weep at the senseless violence that had erupted again, this time striking down a young and vital leader of a State, a husband, son and father.

Two days later, as we came from the liturgy in Fr. Chrysostom's Eastern rite church on West Fullerton, we heard the news of the second blow struck, another assassination, even more horrible than the first in that it took place in a police station, where men are supposed to be mindful of "law and order," the protection of the weak and the innocent, and where all men are presumed innocent, so it is said, until they are proven guilty. To this we had come. To these low depths we had fallen.

Christmas.

Yet here we are at this happy season, the time of the birth of Jesus Christ into the world as an infant in a manger, and "the government of this world is on His shoulders," and we know that God can bring good out of evil, that all things can work together for good to those who love God, that the time of rejoicing comes almost simultaneously with the time of sorrow, of repentance, that there is no "time" with God, that we are living in eternity this moment, and that "all the way to heaven is heaven, because He said, I am the Way."

In this column I do not wish to write about those things which everyone can read in his daily papers, or diocesan papers, except to call to our readers' attention some of the things which are going on, especially in the Church today.

My job, my vocation, is to write, not only to write for The Catholic Worker, but also for other papers, and also to write another book. I wish to write one more book before I die and that will be about a spiritual adventure, our retreats which began in the early forties which influenced my life and gave me the courage to persevere, and so filled my heart with joy that "this joy no man can take from me." In my recent book, published last month, *LOAVES AND FISHES*, I tell a bit of it in the chapter on Father Roy, but the story begins even before that, and continues long after—that story of a spiritual adventure. When I saw Father Putz recently at Notre Dame and he told me he had just reviewed my book for the *Davenport Messenger*, he asked me why I had not written about Fr. Hugo. "It is because I wish to devote an entire book to the movement of which he was a vital part," I told him. And that very night I met two young graduate students, of Notre Dame, who had just come from their home in Pittsburgh where they had made the retreat with Fr. Hugo which he is giving them now in St. Germaine's parish, to the families of the parish. Fr. Hugo is mentioned too in the leading article in December's *Harpers*, "Muzzling the Reformers Inside American Catholicism."

I could not do justice to Fr. Hugo in a chapter, indeed not even in a book, but as a journalist, as an essayist, I can at least call attention to his teachings, and what it has meant to a large segment of our fellow Catholics not only throughout the country but throughout the world. In a way the suppression of his thought in America has been an illustration of that new Testament teaching, "unless the seed fall into the ground and die, it remains alone, but when it dies it bears much fruit." There have been years when it would seem that those who gave the retreat which Fr. Hugo also gave were also dead but the tree is budding forth and will bear more fruit. There will be ebb and flow, there will be winter and spring, and periods of growing and the harvest. Where sin abounds, grace did more abound, as St. Paul said, and what stirrings there are in the Church today.

The entire world has acclaimed Pope John, and he increased the sum total of love in the world and renewed the health of the Mystical Body of which we are all members, or potential members.

There are the *curillos* now, courses in Christianity, a tremendous movement among the people, beginning with the Spanish speaking ones, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans in our own country.

There is the Better World movement of Fr. Lombardi, S.J.

All of these are movements to deepen the spiritual life of men of good will, men of desires. And

(Continued on page 6)

Resistance and Redemption

By JAMES W. DOUGLASS

Leslie Dewart's just-published *Christianity and Revolution: The Lesson of Cuba* (Herder and Herder, \$5.50) gives further evidence of the deep transformation which the Church is undergoing. While not specifically related to the Vatican Council nor to any of the reforms currently being discussed there, Dewart's analysis of the Church and the Cuban Revolution is one of the best expressions to date of the prophetic spirit that is beginning to reanimate the Church, driving her toward a deeper, more urgent commitment to redeeming the times. It is this renewed spirit of prophecy, of sensing and responding to the evils which threaten to spin the world into permanent agony, that has given us Pope John's life and work, above all *Pacem in Terris*, and that is so evident in the writings of men like Alfred Delp, Thomas Merton, and Archbishop Roberts. If the spiritual crisis which these men point to is global, making it vital that the Church become more catholic, the crisis also has its particular expressions, and one of the most serious of these has been

passed readily into episcopal warnings and condemnations.

The suspicions of Americans and Cuban Catholics drew them together under the standard of anti-communism and set them firmly against the Revolution, each encouraged and aided by the other's denunciations of Castro's politics. Castro became the target for two complementary arguments: from the American side, an insistence upon the absolute antithesis of capitalist democracy and Communism, so that every Cuban move suggesting involvement with the latter automatically signified alienation from the former; and from the Church, an insistence upon the absolute antithesis of Christianity and Communism, drawing the same kind of conclusion—an inescapable choice between total rejection or total acceptance of an enemy which in some cases became identified with social reforms. Castro, of course, continued to pursue the reforms of the Revolution disdainful of all consequences, and convinced finally that the antinomies placed before him were real ones, confirmed everyone's suspicions by declaring himself and the Revolution Communist.

Despite this indictment of the American and Catholic policies, Dewart makes no effort to absolve Castro of guilt. His choice of Communism was deliberate and full of foreseeable consequences, as was his eventual repression of the Church. But the choice was made from a narrowed range of alternatives and not without irony: "In the strict sense of this word, then, it is possible to conclude that American diplomacy brainwashed Castro into Communism" (p. 84). As for the Church, "neutrality, the bishops thought—and later said—is incompatible with the Christian faith" (p. 149). The Cold War had assumed a theological dimension: disfavor from Washington signified a fall from grace.

The fundamental question thus raised by the Church's failure in Cuba has a global significance, so much so that the existential answer to be given by her will largely determine her influence over the most critical decades since the coming of Christ. That question is: how should Christianity confront Communism in a world in revolution?

The Cuban hierarchy's reply was one with which Americans are familiar. It is that the Catholic should regard Communism with "fear, suspicion, and the uncompromising disposition to extirpate it" (p. 294). The hierarchy's suspicion and rejection of every effort which Communists supported brought the Church into quick conflict with a struggling revolutionary government dedicated to basic reforms. But for anyone convinced, as the bishops were, that Communism is absolute evil, a policy of uncompromising opposition to every suggestion of it followed as a matter of course. When the enemy is Satan himself, the Christian can only shun every contact, close every door.

A second way of confronting Communism is the Johannine approach, as stated in *Pacem in Terris*. It is this approach which Dewart's study validates, although *Christianity and Revolution* was written prior to the encyclical's appearance. The classic text in *Pacem in Terris* is the following: "in every human being, there is a need that is congenial to his nature, and never becomes extinguished, compelling him to break through the web of error and open his mind to the knowledge of truth. And God will never fail to act on his interior being, with the result that a person, who at a given moment of his life lacks the clarity of faith or even adheres to erroneous doctrines, can at a future date be enlightened and believe the truth . . ."

"It must be borne in mind, furthermore, that neither can false

philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin and destiny of the universe and of man, be identified with historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or political ends, not even when these movements have originated from those teachings and have drawn and still draw inspiration therefrom. Because the teachings, once they are drawn up and defined, remain always the same, while the movements, working on historical situations in constant evolution, cannot but be influenced by these latter and cannot avoid, therefore, being subject to changes, even of a profound nature. Besides, who can deny that those movements, in so far as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?"

For Pope John an historical movement must be confronted properly through history itself, not by regarding it solely in terms of the doctrines which gave it its impulse. And history teaches us that men and movements change. The Johannine approach derives its power and its realism from a proper faith in the essence of the human person and in the Creator's love for each person; from every man's inextinguishable need for truth and God's unceasing action on his inner being. Men remain open to truth, despite themselves. They change and cannot help but change, and we must confront them all, saint and persecutor alike, through the history which witnesses to those changes and provides the continuing possibility of a response to grace. Communism is no exception to this law of historical being. It, too, by reason of the men who compose it, is "subject to changes, even of a profound nature." Pope John concludes: "It can happen, then, that a drawing nearer together or a meeting for the attainment of some practical end, which was formerly deemed inopportune or unproductive, might now or in the future be considered opportune and useful."

The Cuban Catholic approach, while presenting itself as an all-out drive against Communism, in effect split the Church from a still uncommitted Revolution and encouraged her own eventual repression. The drive for total victory through total conflict ended in the Church's retreat.

The Johannine approach, despite its tolerant aspect, can be said to look to total victory no less than the first but does so on a more subtle level of conflict. As Dewart puts it, "total victory over Communism must be, indeed, the only policy the Christian conscience should entertain. But we must understand it as total spiritual victory. A merely political, not to speak of a merely physical, victory over communism would be, at an unlikely best, only partial and bitter, and hardly enough to satisfy the unbounded ambition of Christian charity. If Communism is wrong, then precisely because it is such, what we should do to it is not destroy it, but do what it cannot do for itself, namely, make it find its proper perfection and its proper truth" (p. 217).

Total victory over Communism should be sought not in its extinction, but in its redemption, in "making it find its proper perfection and its proper truth." In short, the proper end of every Communist good, as of all goods, is Christ. Unlike Satan, Communism undergoes a daily moral change with the changing men that give the movement its historical being. And like all historical beings, it draws toward the permanent point of truth, the eschaton, where every stray flash and hint of truth will be absorbed into the radiant vision of the Creator. In Him we live and have our being,

(Continued on page 6)



Dominique Pire, O.P.

(An Interview with the recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize of 1958)

By TOM CORNELL

Fr. Pire is the only priest and the youngest man ever to win the Nobel Peace Prize. He says that therefore he is the most "responsible" of the Nobel Peace Laureates, in the sense that he has a greater responsibility to use his remaining years to justify his honor. His present work is even more ambitious than his work with displaced persons, which won him the prize.

During the Second World War Fr. Pire was a chaplain in the Resistance Movement, and an agent for the Intelligence Service. In 1945 he received the Military Cross with Palms and three other military honors. A U.S. Army Colonel, E. F. Squadrille, then of U.N.R.R.A., interested him in the Refugee Problem. It was Mr. Squadrille who is managing Fr. Pire's trip in the U.S. who put me in touch with Fr. Pire.

I found that Fr. Pire had been trying to contact us too. It was Robert Kothan, a founder of the Jocists (Young Christian Workers), author of "La Revolution Verte" The Green Revolution, who introduced Fr. Pire to the thought of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. His English is very labored, but Fr. Pire and I spoke immediately as if we were old friends.

Gandhi's work in India, especially the "Constructive Program," had made a deep impression on Fr. Pire. He has an appreciation of non-violence, though he does not believe it is the best way, with men as they are, to achieve peace. Still, he has said:

"I prayed for peace in Hiroshima's Cathedral. And there I thought long and profoundly on the notion of peace; in what does peace consist? And once more I saw clearly the great error of so many men, of pacifists who mistake the absence of war for the presence of peace. Far be it from me to despise any effort for disarmament, nuclear or general. Every effort animated by good-will is worthy of respect, and prudence demands that we take away from a child anything with which he might injure himself or others. But is the disarmed child necessarily a better child? Continue your anti-atomic demonstrations until you achieve success; you have struggled against war, but everything still remains to be done for peace. Remember that peace is a positive thing, and that the struggle against war is merely its negative aspect. Peace is not just the simple presence, the coexistence of two disarmed beings. It is nothing other than a constant endeavor toward understanding and mutual love. We cannot content ourselves with disarmament nor a mere peaceful coexistence (which is synonymous with a cold war.) No, we must reach the man himself and not just the arms he carries in his hands."

Fr. Pire goes on to say that efforts for disarmament that do not take this into account can even be harmful. The basis of Fr. Pire's approach to peace, and the principle from which his major works proceed, is what he calls, "Fraternal Dialogue." He recalled a visit to Albert Schweitzer, who said, "The best work for peace is to fight against preconceived mistrust." This is accomplished by Fraternal Dialogue. By dialogue Father Pire does not mean the presentation of one man's views, and then his confrontation with someone else's views, but rather a temporary suspension of one's own views, as he tries to appreciate the feelings and the bases of another's position. In this way mistrust melts away and the basis for constructive mutual efforts toward problem solving can develop. The two projects that Fr. Pire has evolved toward these ends are the University of Peace in Belgium, and the Island of Peace in Pakistan.

Before a building had even been

constructed, young people of seventeen countries and all the major religions had gathered at Tihange lez Huy, Belgium, to come together to study the problems involved in achieving a peaceful world. They learned the technique of Fraternal Dialogue by using it. During the summer of 1961 sessions were held in the still uncompleted building. The program went forward this past summer, and in the near future, the University of Peace will be used the year round. Applicants must pay their passage, but expenses while there are assumed by the University. French, German and English are the languages of the sessions. The mailing address is 15, rue des Soeurs Grises, Huy, Belgium.

The Island of Peace

Fr. Pire first visited East Pakistan after a disastrous cyclone had killed 18,000 people. The overwhelming poverty that was normal to the area moved him to devote study to what might be done for these people. Fr. Pire's work with World War II refugees had convinced him that people did not want mere relief, nor could they benefit from relief for long. What they need is work. The Island of Peace is a five year pilot project, started last February. Already it has doubled the rice crop in the region and established ten consumption-production cooperatives, in an area of 25,000 inhabitants. Homes are constructed, on stilts against flood waters, and they are not given to the people, but they must be bought. The price is minimal and can be obtained through the cooperatives to which the villagers feed what profits they are able to make with the increased production of rice. In this way the villagers are not given something for nothing, but the best possible situation is structured in which they can make their own way up. Intensive farming techniques are used, and the group intends to avoid excessive equipment and "prestige" expendi-



tures. The agricultural program emphasizes water control through dikes and irrigation, fertilization, seed selection, cattle breeding, improvement of tools, fish breeding, and the cooperatives. The project is located in Gohira, East Pakistan. Fr. Pire noted that the mortality rate for infants there is 60 percent before age three.

An Optimist

As he spoke of these things, Fr. Pire became more and more animated, and his English more strained. We found that we had another language in common, and he proceeded in fluent Italian, calling me "carissimo." Sometimes people speaking in a language they find difficult are more effective, because they have to be simple. In English he spoke of his desire to come to know the American Negro. The horror he registered at our racial situation reminded me of the reaction of other foreign intellectuals to the "American Dilemma." We white-Americans, no matter how well intentioned we may be, have lived with this all our lives. Even those of us who become involved in the Civil Rights movement are to some extent inured. His profound shock and revulsion at the fact of our making skin-tone a criterion of human acceptability was clearly registered in Fr. Pire's face and in his voice.

But Fr. Pire is an optimist. Work, work together, fostering the Fraternal Dialogue, will make our hearts ready. To a European it is not so inconceivable as it is to many Americans, to see this therapy of work for mutual better-

(Continued on page 6)

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

A few shy snow flakes have fallen, vanishing as they fell, but even in falling, whispering—Now is December; now is Advent. Charles read to me some of the Proper of the Mass for Advent. How strong and beautiful they are. Like trumpets of hope. Drop down dew ye Heavens from above. Let clouds rain the just. Make ready the way of the Lord. Stir up, O Lord... and come.

It is Advent. We move toward Christmas, the birthday of Our Lord, the fulfillment of God's promise to Abraham, the Angelic promise of peace to men of good will. It is December. But who among us can forget November's muffled drums, the sound of a nation mourning?

Like most other Americans, we at the Farm heard the dreadful news of the assassination of the President with incredulity, shock, horror. During the ensuing days we spent much time trying to piece together a coherent story from the excited accounts of newspapers and radio. The televised, hoodlum-style murder of the accused assassin—a man who had not been permitted to have counsel—under the very eyes of the supposed guardians of Texas law, added to our anxiety, our feeling that there were dark forces at work in the background which we might now not ever be able to identify. We spent much time in prayer, praying not only for the late President but also for the new President who had taken office in such a critical time, for Oswald, for all those bereaved, and for our country that we might have no fresh outbreaks of violence. A number of us attended the requiem Mass for President Kennedy in our parish Church. And on Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, Fr. Russell came to say a requiem Mass in our chapel for John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the first Catholic President of the United States.

Like many others, we too have done much soul searching. Violent death and violent deeds are becoming far too familiar to us in

this country so vociferously devoted to law and order, and the peaceful processes of democracy. It is almost as though we were undergoing a climactic change in which cyclonic tornadolike winds build up out of the tensions, fears, hatreds, and lawless intolerant bigotry of our lives, cyclonic winds rage through our hearts and our land. Who among us can forget the murder of Medgar Evers and the slaughter of the innocents at Birmingham? What day can pass in any of our urban centers, free, unstained by any act of violence? We have much to think about, much to answer for, much to pray about. May God help us so to live and act that we may create a new climate in which the prevailing wind is that of brotherhood which brings the sweet life-nourishing rain of love.

After such tragic events, the thought of Thanksgiving was not so joyful as it customarily is. Yet we had much to thank God for. Some of us attended nine o'clock Mass at St. Thomas. Dorothy Day returned with us to spend the day. Arthur Lacy had come out with two seminarians who stayed for breakfast with us. There was good talk and good rolls which Chuck Bassinetti had baked for the occasion. Dinner was the usual feast which Hans Tunnesen knows so well how to prepare; for dessert there was delicious squash pie baked by Joe Dumenski and Chuck. We were delighted that Michael Kovalak, Beth Rogers, Frances Bittner, and Mary Roberts were able to be with us. A little after dinner, but not too late to eat, Larry Evers, Doty Sunshine, and Janet Burwash arrived bringing several friends. For all our many friends, O Lord, we thank Thee.

This past Sunday was enjoyable, too, made particularly so for me by the visits of Jim and Jean Forest and Anne Marie Stokes. Other recent visitors include: Bobby Alsop, Mary Hronek of the Caritas group in New Orleans who is doing graduate work in Fordham, Sr. Mary Vera who is also doing graduate work at Fordham, John Stanley, Joe Galleo, Mike Dilmansky, Darwin Pritchett, Michael O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, Rose Horn, and Jimmie Jones who baked some delicious cookies during his visit. We have also had some departures. Ed McLaughlin, who did much to help out during his visit, left for Providence, Rhode Island. Jean Walsh went to Florida to spend a while with her mother. There is another visit which I am not likely to forget. Late one evening Marie Rampello arrived bringing a tape recorder for me. She and Ronnie Theistle had bought it for me. It is beautiful indeed and seems to be exactly what I need. May God bless Maria and Ronnie for their generous gift.

There is, as always, work to be done. Several of the men are again working at cleaning out a cess pool. Hans Tunnesen and John Filliger had quite a job rebuilding the stairway to the men's dormitory in the barn. Joe Dumenski has been washing out sheets by hand since our washing machine is broken again. Larry, Joe Cotter, Slim, Jim, Andy, George, keep things going smoothly. Agnes and Marietta keep after the cleaning. Barbara has developed quite a talent for cake baking, as Slim can testify since she baked one for his birthday. Chuck Bassinetti is one of the best all round bakers we have had. Peggy Conklin's morning coffee is famous and much missed when she leaves us for a visit in Manhattan. On the rare occasions when Stanley Vishnewski bicycles over from the beach house to see how we are surviving his absence, the sound of the printing press in his room indicates that still another kind of work is being done at Peter Maurin Farm. Norman Foret not

(Continued on page 6)

The Red Squad And The Green Revolution

By KARL MEYER

Recently I went to a dinner held to initiate Gil Green's return to the public platform after thirteen years of silence. He was one of ten Communist Party leaders convicted under the Smith Act and sent to prison some years back. He did his time at the Leavenworth Penitentiary in Kansas, and recently got his final release after a period of parole.

Of course I never knew Gil Green. When his case began, I was a small boy reading the New York Times in a Vermont village. My presence at the dinner was in appreciation of his family. On two occasions in the past several years, members of his family were my hosts for meetings where I was invited to speak on the subject of nonviolence. I have a strong sense of family myself, and from these encounters I began to have an intuition that the Greens were one of the finest and most gracious families that I had met.

Shortly after the second meeting I was speaking about pacifism at a small Catholic college and trying to explain quite simply that the greater part of pacifism is just loving our enemies, some real, but for the most part imagined. I recalled what Dorothy Day wrote about some of her oldtime Communist associates: "Some people are on the side of hate because of love." But I wasn't inclined to say that about the Greens, and some others of their circle: I would rather say, "Some people are on

the side of justice because of love."

When I heard about the dinner for Gil Green, I wanted to go. When he spoke he renewed the picture I had of his family. His words were reasonable and well conceived. His analysis of the problems and needs of American society was sensible and basic. He rejected the idea of attaining his goals in American society by violence.

Of course I do not know what his underlying beliefs are about ends and means, or about the role of violence, and I don't know the truth about what he has believed or done in the past. I don't necessarily believe him or those who prosecuted him. I can't solve that question.

I can only give you an impression of a Communist and his family, as people of high spiritual quality, intelligent, reasonable, open-minded toward pacifism and nonviolence, idealistic on many issues.

I would like to say a word about patriotism, the devotion to one's own nation, as a standard to judge by. Certainly the current news of relations between China and the Soviet Union and Cuba should discredit the theory, on which the harsh McCarran Act provisions against organizations are based, that national Communists are inherently unpatriotic agents of a foreign power, bent on betraying their own country to foreign domi-

nation. Our American Communists may have a sense of the "Nation" and a loyalty to it as fully developed as most of their fellow Americans, if that is a virtue. I was the only person I saw at the dinner who didn't rise to sing the Star-Spangled Banner. I don't mean to imply by this that all the rest were Communists, but I am sure there were a good many there.

There was something peculiar about the fund appeal during the after dinner speeches. The appeal was made by a minister whom I respect greatly and whose integrity I would not question, but, on examination, the figures he quoted do not appear to make sense. He said the charge for the meal came to about \$1000, and promotion and tickets cost about \$200, for a total of \$1200 in expenses. Then he said they were about \$700 short of this amount. And he asked the people to contribute generously because he was sure they did not want the poor Greens to have to pay for a big deficit on the dinner which had been given for them.

Now, it was a full, but simple, chicken dinner, served buffet style, and the banquet hall was filled, and more than filled, because they had to ask a few who finished first to yield their places at table to latecomers who had not yet been served. If the hall was filled, they must have had as many guests as they planned to have, and surely they did not plan it to lose money.

(Continued on page 7)

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

72 Postoffice Place
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

"Have some more corn cakes," said Helen Riley, as we ate breakfast at her home in Barstow, Cal. We had started in with buttermilk hot cakes, and I told her that my mother in Cleveland made the best corn cakes, but you never could get them in restaurants. In two minutes she had them ready for us. A friend kindly drove me to Bryce Canyon and Zion Park which rivals the Grand Canyon in grandeur. We slept in sleeping bags there and the next night in warmer Death Valley, and now we were at Helen's. I had met her at Chrystie Street and then in Memphis when I was visiting Bob Steed. Now I saw her "Butch" grown up and a good basketball player, and her two younger sons. Her husband Jesse has picketed as a union man, but not in the radical way in which we of the CW do, so I described my adventures to him.

The next night I spoke to the Campy Club in a Church near the campus of the state college at Riverside. We stayed with Prof. Miller, a non-Catholic reader of the CW with whom I had corresponded, who had planned my meeting. The Birchers are strong in southern California and would have cancelled my meeting if the priest had not been of the fighting Irish kind who would not be intimidated. My meeting in Bakersfield was cancelled, though. I was surprised and happy to meet Jack and Mary Thornton. Jack teaches there and they rent their farm in Pennsylvania.

I had not met Cornelia and Irving Sussman for several years. She had written the review of my book ten years ago in the CW. She is an author who writes novels mainly about Jews becoming converted to our Church. Palm Springs is out of the way generally, but we were glad to visit them, ending up that night at my daughter Sharon's in Altadena. My daughter Carmen had a vegetarian meal prepared for us at her home in Long Beach. I was happy to hear her play her piano, and Sharon played on the harp for us. The next day I had a good workout pulling weeds in Sharon's garden, and we left up the coast road.

Through a driving rain we went up the dirt road to the Camaldolese Monastery, 29 miles south of Big Sur. This Order was founded 900 years ago by St. Romuald. When the present Pope visited them a few years ago in Italy he said that they provided by their life of prayer the foundation for much other work done by the Church. One monk is Negro and one is of Oriental aspect, among the 24 who live there, and each occupies a small octagonal cell surrounded by his garden. They meet together at Vespers where we worshipped with them. The two brothers who founded this group at the former Lucia ranch, and whom I had met back in New York City, are now back in Italy.

We drove up the beautiful rocky coast with rocks tumbling here and there down the mountain around us. We spent the night at Debbie Brennan's at Moss Beach. But first we had breakfast with Father Markley at Capitola. Francis and Carol Gorgen had just moved nearby and we renewed old time radical memories. Mary Lathrop has rented a large room which has a part of it fixed into a place for men to sleep in an upper room. She has the same difficulty as we had in starting Joe Hill House, in getting the utilities turned on and the place in order. Some young folks are helping her. Some would like Bob Steed to come and help her but she will have to wait as he will be with me for 5 more months. But she will eventually find some one to run it for her. We all went to the Peter Maurin House in Oakland where I had a fine meeting, staying that night at Bob Callagy's.

Vic Hauser rode with us as far as Auburn. We missed a big snow storm at Donner's Pass, going first for a few minutes to say hello to the Brewers at Stockton.

Back in Salt Lake City I found that Bob had run the place in good form. I spoke on that Friday on "The Folly of Assassination," saying we did not believe in killing little men or big men, or in the wholesale murder called war that all rulers were part of. Half a dozen Birchers phoned saying I was the kind of Communist who killed Presidents, but of course would not give their names or come down and get acquainted.

I spoke to two classes in sociology at the University on anarchism. Only one Catholic was in these two classes: a girl from out of the state who was not frightened by the prevailing Catholic conservatism here. This afternoon I spoke to a board meeting of social workers interested in the migrant problem, at the Salvation Army, a captain from the police department being in attendance. I gave the regular pacifist-anarchist program by which our Joe Hill House is run.

This was the second meeting held this year among the different religions, and it was at the Jewish Temple. Representatives of Jewish, Greek Orthodox, Catholic, Lutheran, Humanist, and the Mormons spoke. The subject was "What is Man." Fr. Sweeney spoke in a less theological way than usual, and in contrast to most of the others gave in plain illustrations the Catholic view, not forgetting the subjects of Negro and labor. The Jewish and Mormon spokesmen presented a more optimistic view than the God of vengeance of the others. I think that Prof. Bennion for the Mormons gave the best talk.

There is nothing new on the Poulsen case. His lawyer is presenting a plea to the Parole Board, and as both the judge and the DA in his case are opposed to capital punishment it may be that he will not be resented but a commutation to a mental institution may replace the death penalty. However if this is not the case Bob Steed can fast and picket in my place, for I will go on that 99 day bus trip for \$99 after the first part of Feb. selling my books and speaking over the country.

The lady who gave us food phoned today and will bring us hams this Christmas. Bob and I take turns sleeping on the floor by the door. I don't see how I did it by myself these two years before he came. A Shoshone Indian lives things up by saying when drunk, "I am Shoshone; I am a good Catholic from Pocatello." This is, as Arthur J. Lacey would say, our present "problem."

Late News

I received a written notice to close this place up December 19 if I insist on having more than ten people sleeping here. I told the Mormon paper about it and they took a photostat of the letter and gave me three minutes on the radio telling of my intention to defy the order. I'll tell you more when it happens.

Early Morning Fog

The world fallen in a trance
And like a medium, shrouded in mist,
Awaits the message
From some gray spirit
Wisply drifting over the fire hydrant.
Those few faithful in attendance
Lock hands and go querulously forward
Afraid with a mortal fear of crossing over
Unknowingly, to the Other Side.
Then, from streets hung heavy with mystery,
The voices of many birds,
Invisible singers,—
And the seance begins.

Elizabeth Sheehan

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LETTER

35 Arkwright Road
Hampstead
London N.W. 3
England

October 23, 1963

Dear Tom:

As I write, Dorothy and Eileen Egan are on their way to Oxford to see Bob and Molly Walsh, one time editors of the English Catholic Worker. Please let me tell you about a great conference I organized. For the first time in the history of English Catholicism, a Buddhist monk, a Dominican priest, nuns, an Anglican canon and the head of Jewish Central Education participated in an interdenominational conference. It was called to discuss the basis of Pope John's *Pacem in Terris*. Over 150 people responded to the call. Canon Edward Carpenter of Westminster Abbey said that the reign of the late pope had ushered in a changed atmosphere and "man is once again on the march." Mr. Hugh Kay of the Catholic Herald spoke of the need to revive the worker-priest movement, and the need of cooperation between Catholics and other denominations. Fr. Simon Black, O.P. spoke of the wind of change, and Mr. Mayer Domnitz spoke of those phrases in the liturgy which tended to cast a bad reflection upon the Jews. Mr. John Mountjoy was chairman.

Before the conference dispersed the chairman read a letter sent from Rome, from the new Archbishop of Westminster, Archbishop Hennan, in which he sent his "affectionate blessing." We passed a resolution for the setting up of a committee for the furthering of cooperation, so that dialogue among various religious groups could be continued.

November 25, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

I first learned of the tragic news of President Kennedy's assassination on Friday evening. I cried at hearing this terrible news. We here in England send you our deep regret at the loss of a great democrat. Even the Communists here are expressing their grief at your great loss. It can benefit only the racist fanatics of your country. "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him..." May I send this on behalf of the Catholic Committee for Nuclear Disarmament, and for John O'Connor, Adrain Cunningham and the members of Pax in England.

God bless you,
Eddie Sean Linden

CHRYSTIE STREET

By CHRISTOPHER KEARNS

The happenings around St. Joseph's House since the last CW went to press have been about the same as usual. Normal, that is, for around here. We have a member of our family, Julius Walz, in critical condition at Bellevue with t.b., a common malady among the underprivileged and the forgotten. The usual broken window in the front door, which will probably again be broken in a month or two. And in accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought through open discussion, our usual Friday night assemblages, with fine speakers, the most outstanding in my mind being Judith Malina and Julian Beck, of the now deceased Living Theatre, telling of their trials with the Internal Revenue Service, and Hamish Sinclair, a fine Scotsman, who is now dedicating his full time and effort to the cause of bringing to light the ordeals of the coal miners of Southeastern Kentucky as they are exploited by the monopolistic corporations which control the mines. Ed Hill, principal of the American Friends Service Committee came to tell us of the history and principles guiding their work, and Rose Wood, active in the Peace Movement, told us of her views of where the movement should direct its energies after the test ban. Ed Gottlieb, principal of a New York elementary school and chairman of the War Resisters League told us of a personal project of his which is gaining support. Ed used our premises one week-end to receive people who wished to discuss his plan. He fasts every week-end in order to spotlight his desire to have the parents of one hundred white children volunteer to have their boys and girls transferred to all Negro schools in Harlem. If the children of Danville and Birmingham can stand up to tear gas and police dogs, and if a handful of Negro children in Little Rock can face life in hostile all-white schools for token integration, should not the parents at least one hundred New York white children allow them to have the courage to face the unknown, the unfamiliar, in what amount to segregated schools in this city? It would be a unique and invaluable educational experience for those who would take it.

The Death of a Friend

The tempo of the month changed suddenly on November 22, a Friday, when John F. Kennedy, the President of the United States, was assassinated. We all gathered around the television set on the second floor and stared in disbelief as the grim events of the day were shown. The feeling of hatred and emotional release through violence which the mass news media live on had manifested themselves upon the political leader of the country, and the nation was shocked. The entire broadcasting complex of radio and television throughout the nation sold not one commercial for a three day period, all because of the death of one man.

Marie, Miss Day's room-mate, offered perhaps the most meaningful comment on that Friday, while she was working over the potatoes. I had just come down to the first floor, and looked over toward Marie and Paul in the kitchen where the two of them were discussing the assassination. And Marie, in a sort of cheery way said, "Don't worry, Paul, nobody would shoot a Bowery bum. We don't mean nothin'."

That remark gnawed at me for quite a while, and it still does. The "Other America" living on the Bowery, or in Harlem, or Texas, is forgotten. And because of its lack of exposure in the American picture, it is nonexistent to most of our citizens. These people die every day, 10,000 die each day of starvation throughout the world, and some of them in the good old U.S.A. But how many people will do anything about it, or even care?

That Friday night while walking down the Bowery I came upon the aftermath of a common event on that street, the running down of a man by auto. They were just taking him away in an ambulance. There were red lights flashing all over. The feeling of stillness and horror were all about, on the ashen face of the driver of the car, and in the nervous laughter of the onlookers. I did not know who the victim was, nor probably did most of the spectators. But we were all shocked and felt concern for this nameless person, a soul of the same importance as any other.

Upon the death of the President and the murder of his accused assassin, we were greatly saddened. John Kennedy had been in my living room many times on t.v., and it seemed as though I knew him, as many must have felt. We saw his family, and the endless line of mourners. Miss Day, in her new book, *Loaves and Fishes*, mentions the visit of Jack Kennedy and his older brother Joseph, who was killed in the War, and said that they talked of war and peace, of man and the state. We would like to think that some of his impressions remained with him. And with the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald, his accused assassin, there was a feeling of numbness, and we wondered at the lawlessness in our society. Do we live in a nation of internal tranquility? Do the armed police or the machine guns of the Secret Service agents maintain order? Or does order come from within the individual?

Hate?

The New York Daily News, with more than twice the circulation of any other newspaper in the United States said we must, in a rebuttal to those individuals calling for a society of love and understanding. The editorial, which fortunately was read by many fewer than the sports page, featured photographs of Castro, Khrushchev and Lee Oswald and hated these persons pictured was a "pinko."

BISHOPS OF BRAZIL

"In recent years the situation in Brazil has become worse: irresponsibility, eagerness for gain, the moral laxity of those who seek to weaken the character of the person and the sacred stability of the family are now widespread and almost systematic... Atheistic communism actively exploits the situation while liberal capitalism, no less atheistic, profits from communist agitation. Never in this country has there been greater or more criminal domination of economic forces diverted from their noble end of providing for the needs of the common good through the just and equitable distribution of wealth. The oppressive machine of certain insatiable groups has caused deterioration of the country's political, economic and social situation through the dynamics of exorbitant profits, corruption in politics and especially uncontrollable and unlimited appetite for gain. Obviously we do not refer to small and medium enterprises or the ever more victimized and isolated middle class. We refer to those who on the pretext of combating Communism for paradoxically nourish the propaganda of subversive ideas and exhaust the patience of the poor... In this land so rich and generous there must be an end once and for all to the depressing spectacle of people lined up to procure some vital necessities, when we all know there is no lack of beans, or sugar, or rice, but rather a lack of public spirit and no limit to unrestrained thirst for dishonest gains."

(From Joint Message issued
by the Bishops of Brazil,
July 14, 1962)

BOOK REVIEWS

Leaves and Fishes, by Dorothy Day. Published by Harper Row, N.Y.C. \$4.95. Reviewed by F. A. LEA, reprinted from **PEACE NEWS**, England.

We hear a lot about "outsiders" these days. There seem to be so many about, they can hardly ever feel lonely. Let them only enjoy drinking and sleeping around, and they will always find plenty of others, exactly resembling themselves in everything from apparel to opinion. From such inside-outsiders, it is refreshing to turn to a real one, the "hero" of **Leaves and Fishes**.

Peter Maurin's beginnings were unexceptional. One of twenty-three children of a French peasant family, he emigrated to Canada before World War I, entered the States illegally and for many years lived the life of a casual laborer. It was a hard life in those days, with no unemployment benefit, no provision for sickness, and it is not surprising that he found little to admire in the "American way of life."

What was surprising was his independence—his entire lack of resentment. So little did he desire for himself that the hardships of others moved him more than his own; so little did he "belong" to contemporary society that he did not let it prescribe his values, even by way of reaction. If he condemned it root and branch, as he did, it was in the name of principles embraced for their own sake: and because these challenged the assumptions of oppressed no less than oppressors, he truly deserves the name "radical."

There is nothing so radical after all, as a clearly defined, intellectually ratified ideal, whether Christian or not. It is precisely for lack of such a thing that contemporary society is what it is, and that the majority of self-styled radicals are what they are, part and parcel of this society—for ever in search of the latest, because they do not know what is best, pronouncing the latest "mature," because they cannot say what is "good," even making a pitiful cult of "contemporaneity" itself. To Maurin, there appeared little virtue in being either "left" or "right" of a road that led nowhere in particular, none at all in being more "advanced" on one that led to perdition.

From the gospels, supplemented by the works of Catholic apologists, he had derived a social ideal; from his own reflections, prompted by hard experience, he drew up a programme of action. It included the foundation of a paper for "the clarification of thought," "houses of hospitality" for the victims of capitalism, and communal farms where people might learn where fulfillment lay—not in higher wages, shorter hours and so on, but in work undertaken for love.

This was not a programme to commend itself to the twelve million unemployed of the 'thirties—nor was Maurin the man to commend it. He could never speak American properly; his practical talents were nil; and personally, he was unprepossessing. Even Dorothy Day, Catholic convert though she was, social worker and radical journalist, found his ideas hard to grasp at first and was seldom quite sure to the last whether she "really liked Peter." He was twenty years older than she, "he had a one-track mind, he did not like music, he did not read Dickens or Dostoevsky, and he did not bathe."

It may be doubted, indeed, whether Maurin would ever have achieved anything but for Miss Day herself. It was she who divined the saint behind the crank, who had the humility to respond to his vision, and who, thanks to a rare combination of altruism and practical ability, gave it tangible form. Yet few can read her book—this warm, lively, personal record of the ventures he moved her to—without being moved in their

turn. That is tribute enough to his effectiveness.

To be sure, no social revolution has resulted. Such changes as America has seen owe little to Maurin's "programme," least of all to the communal farms, which, one gathers, have mostly gone the customary way, ending up as the personal property of whoever supplied the funds. The "houses of hospitality," heroic as their contribution has been, can never have availed more than a tiny fraction of the destitute. The **Catholic Worker** itself, with a monthly circulation of 70,000, has checked neither race hatred nor war. If the devoted volunteers responsible for these ventures feel discouraged, they have good cause.

And discouraged they often do feel: Miss Day makes no bones about that. Harried by government officials, imprisoned (in vile conditions), imposed on by raff of every description, from the old man who for ten years repaid hospitality with obstruction and abuse, to opinionated young "beats" ironically fancying themselves "disillusioned," she must have learned more about human ingratitude, weakness and downright evil than most of us care to surmise. The candor of her portrayals is exceeded only by their unflinching compassion.

Not merely, however, has she continued to practice the absolute ethics of the gospels, so far as they can be practiced in a modern industrial society, but, by so doing, she has provided a touchstone for thousands who might otherwise have forgotten what these are. Thanks to their association with her work, many in key positions today, no matter how far they compromise are clear as to what they compromise: and that is an inestimable gain. In a world where the worst to be feared is not the choice of "the lesser evil"—this one can never escape—but the loss of any criterion by which to judge between "lesser" and "greater," it may well be the gain that decides between life and death.

F. A. Lea is a former editor of **Peace News** and author of a biography of John Middleton Murry.

OUT OF STEP by Frank Chodorov, Devin-Adair Co., New York, 1962, 261 pp., \$4.50. Reviewed by JAMES MILORD.

Elaborating on Thomas Jefferson, the sage of Concord, Henry David Thoreau said: "That government is best which governs not at all, and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have." With a like set of Yankee genes in his blood, and a similar display of brilliance and candour, Frank Chodorov, Individualist, has battered the walls of the Phillistines again, in what he calls his autobiography of ideas.

A lifetime gentle non-conformist without benefit of beard, sweater or organization to help him play a role, Chodorov's broadsides in this tidy, fast-paced, readable excursion, are the last cries of a voice which has cried in the American wilderness for many a decade. He bears out T. S. Eliot's dictum that man cannot stand too much reality, with this commentary on our culture of Tax, irrational economy, Non-Think and irresponsibility. Chodorov is an American who unqualifiedly lives, despite the insurmountable difficulty of living in the U.S.

An old-timer of the soapboxing era, he waxed strongly against greedy liberals, socialists and other enigmata of Group Think, in favor of the Henry George theory of economics. Later he became a lecturer at the Henry George School until it proved a going concern, and his openmindedness brought him to carpet. He edited his own paper **ANALYSIS**, ran a clothing factory with 750 employees, wrote mail order copy, created song hits for vaudeville, and for years edited with Albert Nock the stalwart old **FREEMAN**.

He is also founder (by accident) and guiding light (without power thrust) of the burgeoning Inter-collegiate Society of Individualists, in whom Chodorov places his final hopes for bringing about the death of the Sacred Calf, State.

Leaping from one crag of his thought to another is an exhilaration, though you are apt to be exhausted from the sheer trudge of his boots on your lethargic mind. The occasional slippage of rocks from underfoot is only a testimony to his humanness. He is consistent, but not omniscient. No man has a self-integrating mechanism, and Chodorov is no exception. In his spectrum of the evils of taxation, Freudian psychology, socialism, the morality and mentality of politicians, idiotic war production, it would be a genius stroke of fortune to hold it all together. Many questions leave you hanging, and objectivity dissolves into thin air sometimes as he warms up his argument.

Individualists of kindred spirits will welcome the cogency of his logic on why he has not cast a ballot since he made the mistake of voting for Teddy Roosevelt in 1912. He saw early in his life that governmental idealism was foolish

No Accommodations

Listen, Mr. B.C. of Birmingham, there is a Christ Child begging to be born inside you, but the doors of your heart are closed as the doors of that cursed Inn. But through all your nights, Mr. B.C., you will hear patient Mary's sigh outside the door and from a distance calling, a tiny, holy cry. "No Room—" indeed, bolt tight lest Heaven burst within, for this Christ, your Saviour and Redeemer and your Peace, is black.

Jeanne S. Bagby

youthful romanticism. Politics, he learned quite early, was a business in power, and would assume any moral or philosophic banner to help in the balancing of the various pressure groups—farmers, labor, Wall Streeters, middle men, parasites,—one against the other, in a masterful juggling act. He saw in history that kings held their throne by a similar juggling of one noble against another. In the 19th century the business men, a growing powerful minority came to the support of the withering kings in their quarrels with the remaining nobility and received for the obeisance the 'rights' to push their monopoly or get a protective tariff, to exploit, to cartel.

The vote, Chodorov maintains, carries with it the expectation of economic welfare, and that expectation—a belly interest—is still the salient motive behind the big "X" the voters, calmly or hysterically, put down for their Kennedy, Goldwater, Rockefeller or Romney.

The candidate weighs the relative voting strengths of the various voting groups, and finding it impossible to please all, throws in with those holding the biggest hand with the largest promises.

Voting for the lesser of two evils, he feels is a real sell-out, more than a compromise. Who is the lesser evil? If his man wins, he reasons, the opposition are left with the lesser evil; if their man wins, he is stuck with the fraud. Why bother to throw in your lot with such phony truckling?

Even in this world of shadowy values, reason tells us that a candidate cannot possibly get us the economic advantages promised without taking something from our fellow man, and handing it over to you—by coercion of course. Usually this coercion is in the form of a new law—the only function government seems to dubiously have—or in taxation, or both. Government is no producer, and only an instrument of juggling, of keeping tranquil opposing elements. How can we regard a man who promises higher prices to farmers, and

(Continued on page 8)

Report from Mary Lathrop

MARY'S HOUSE

Mary's House of Hospitality
491 Tehama Street
San Francisco, Calif.
Dec. 1, 1963

Dear Dorothy,

By the time I got ready to write you in England Carol Gorgen said you were already on the way home. The last time I talked on the phone with Ammon, he said you had called him the night before, and that you sounded fine and were speaking at Notre Dame and somewhere else. I am glad you are in good health. I like the idea of my friends tiring themselves out for God, but do not ever like to think of them as being tired or sick, and so the only thing to do is to pray that God will renew their strength when they need it, as He always loves to do. I am sure that God always rewards people who try to do the impossible for His sake, and so since I would like to see you covered with rewards I hope that you will go on trying to do the impossible. Nothing is impossible, anyway—and you know that.

Ammon says he wrote you and told you, among other things, of our house here in San Francisco. Our rent commenced to be due on October 15th, which was the fourth anniversary of my baptism, although I had not planned it that way. I had rented it earlier, putting two dollars down, and then had gone out to see in Sacramento, Kara Brewer's sister and talked to Mother Seraphine, a Carmelite, on the phone and then when I got back to San Francisco, the landlord said our rent was to start on St. Teresa's feast—the 15th. So I suppose it must have been Reverend Mother's prayers that did it. I had told her about the house and how we were starting out with nothing, and so on. She said she had known a young man who had a house of hospitality in Sacramento. We are on Tehama Street in San Francisco which is just south of Howard and just off Sixth Street which is now the bad street in town. Third Street is no longer as bad as it was. Of course from our point of view it is a good street, not a bad one. Our space was being used as a storage space by the Anglo Hotel, which is above us and around us and there was no sign out saying it was for rent, but I had gone all along Howard street looking for a place and they all looked not so good and this one looked fine, so I went and asked the manager of the hotel about it. He called up the owner, who owns thirty eight such hotels in the city. They talked for a while, and then the manager asked me what the place would be worth to me, and what would be the highest price I would be willing to pay. My involuntary reaction was to say what I really thought. They were quick to take advantage of this involuntary reaction, saying that they could not possibly take less, since the bar owner around the corner or the grocery man or someone else had offered as much and would probably pay more, so we are paying \$70 a month for the rent and \$5 for electricity, and we shudder to think what installing the gas and hot water will cost. But we are happy to be here and the money does not seem to be important, since I work and my salary covers it very nicely. But I will have to stop telephoning Ammon in Salt Lake. My three months' telephone bill came in the other day, and it was \$79!

Mr. Zimmerman, who owns the hotel wanted to know what we would use this space for, and when we told him about it he said, "I, too, am very religious. I worship money." But a little later he said, "God bless you, and I hope you succeed and more power to you." We recruited his brother the other day to help us install a very heavy cement sink which has two sections, and we gave him the "Two Agitators," a brochure about the house in Salt Lake and a copy of the CW. He said he would be back. In our little community is

Ben Mann, who is 27 and a seagol man as well as a carpenter. He has been building shelves, hauling beds, stoves and so on. He wants to ship out, however, preferably to South America, so I suppose he won't be with us for very long.

Our cook, Sue, is a very good cook and she keeps the house clean during the day. She says she does not mind if I write about her, so I can say that she was in jail at Santa Rita for five months, and the day after she got out she met up with the Catholic Worker in Oakland and she wanted to help. She is trying to get away from her crime connections in Nevada. She says that she so hated the life she was leading before she went to jail that she did a lot of drinking and finally headed out to the railroad tracks and was about to throw herself in front of a train when a tramp who had seen her and understood what she was doing tackled her and kept her from ending her life. She wants to be a good Christian. She was baptized a Catholic when she was a child. Before she came to help us here she was helping Joan Sparks run her Good Samaritan Home in Oakland which is for women and children. She is a great help around here, too.

Jerry Emerick, who is a sheet metal worker and also knows printing is staying with us, and has been printing up our calling cards at Peter Maurin House in Oakland where they have a press. Our house is about 22 feet wide by 32 feet deep. The ceiling is very high and has a skylight which ought to let in a good deal of light when it is cleaned up. We are poor in space. Our second floor is only half as deep as this, but it is good enough space for bedding down the men when they come. We are not open yet, but hope to be for Christmas. We have three huge chairs which used to adorn the lobby of the Palace Hotel twenty five years ago. When Ammon was here last week we spent half an hour trying to whack the dust out of them.

We visited Francis and Carol Gorgen at their new home in Montana. Carol says that after her trip through Ireland she understands why, as she says, some homesick Irishman named that little bit of the California coast after a spot in Ireland. She says they are very similar in some ways. Their house is well situated. You can see the mountains, which remind me of the Green Mountains in Vermont, out of one window and out the other you can see the great expanse of the beach. When Ammon and I went for a walk out there it was a bleak day. It was the day Kennedy died. I cried just the way so many other people cried. I felt a personal loss. I think that Kennedy was an extremely good man. I do not think that it is possible to say that a man may not be good and still be in politics. If we say that, we leave out entirely the very intricate and personal question of vocations. I must say I am convinced that only God knows all of the truth about all this, and for us to say too much is a mistake. I do believe that in the world as it is God would be foolish not to give some Christians a vocation to government, since after all whether we like it or not governments exist, and that they should at least be influenced by the Christian ideal is better than that they should not. Kennedy said he wanted to do what he could to maintain peace on the earth, and I believe that he was sincere. But never mind. He is at peace himself now.

The reason this letter is such a rambling affair is that it is late and I do not really know what I am saying. You might like to know what happened to my college education. I enrolled with the intention of heading on for a degree, and began by taking the things

(Continued on page 7)

Resistance And Redemption

(Continued from page 2)

as does every aspiration for truth in his world, not excluding that need for light that rises like a groan from the principles of dialectical materialism.

While Pope John does not refer specifically to a victory by redemption over Communism, such a concept of gradual spiritual conversion stands behind the passage following his grave warnings on the arms race:

"There is reason to hope, however, that by meeting and negotiating, men may come to discover better the bonds that unite them together, deriving from the human nature which they have in common; and that they may also come to discover that one of the most profound requirements of their common nature is this: that between them and their respective peoples it is not fear which should reign but love, a love which tends to express itself in a collaboration that is loyal, manifold in form and productive of many benefits."

The hope of ever attaining a reign of love between East and West is an incredible one in the context of the Cold War. Pope John speaks in a different context, that of divine realities whose power we have scarcely touched, much less explored. We should note also that his expressed hope of conversion extends in two directions, toward both East and West. "Christian" and "anticommunist" are not convertible terms. The Christian is defined by his acceptance of Christ, not by his opposition to an historical movement. Moreover, he seeks love and reconciliation in every camp beginning with his own. A spiritual victory over Communism would presume a prior victory of God's grace in ourselves.

Both the Cuban Catholic and the Johannine approaches to the Communist challenge recognize the need for resistance: A Christian cannot consent to the collective injustices of Communism. Resistance is imperative. But the nature and extent of the resistance called for vary widely from the one to the other. To understand those differences and to appreciate the significance of the avenues opened up by Dewart's analysis in *Christianity and Revolution*, it is of value to consider the central problem of our moral-political world: "the nuclear dilemma." Dewart discusses this larger question of "the Christian un-conscience and the problem of war" with considerable insight toward the end of his work but does so mainly with the aid of principles introduced specially for that purpose rather than with those drawn from his Cuban analysis. It is possible, however, to extend the central lines of his Cuban argument into a treatment of the nuclear question.

The significance of the Johannine approach to Communism, whose value Dewart's study underlines, is that it seeks to overcome Communism precisely by redeeming it. The Communist movement—and even more so, those individuals who compose it—can be redeemed. To affirm this much is merely to apply a theological truth whose universality few Catholics would deny in the abstract. But we are dealing here not with the general principle but with the specific case of international Communism, a movement with a power and purpose which offer little encouragement for the prospects of redemption. It is this menacing reality of the enemy as an experienced fact that has contributed most to our confusion and to the perplexing formulation of our moral problem as "the nuclear dilemma."

The nature of this dilemma is by now familiar. As William J. Nagle states in his introduction to *Morality and Modern Warfare*, it is "the dilemma of how to stop

the advance of totalitarianism without losing our own moral identity in the process" (p. 12); the problem, in other words, of making a Christian resistance to Communism in the age of thermonuclear weapons. The editors of *The Commonweal* have stated the dilemma in terms of peace and justice: "we believe there can be no genuine peace without justice yet hold that a total nuclear holocaust would guarantee neither peace nor justice" (May 18, 1962). The two horns of the dilemma are totalitarianism and the injustice of mass killing. The complexity of the dilemma and the elusiveness of a way out, which concerned Catholics have been prominent in emphasizing, has been the ideal existential base for a Niebuhrian or Lutheran ethical position, emphasizing the sinfulness and guilt inherent in every possible choice and thus throwing us back on the doctrine of justification by faith alone to secure our salvation regardless of our continuing preparations for genocide. Such theologizing has brought much comfort to defense analysts.

In studying the nature of the dilemma, the first point to be noted is that if we raise it to the plane of pure principles, the dilemma becomes a paradox. The first principle involved, that which establishes our moral duty with respect to Communism, is that we must resist the advance of a profoundly evil power system and thereby work for the preservation of our existent great rights and freedoms. The second principle involved in the dilemma is that the resistance morally demanded by the first to the collective injustices of Communism must itself be just.

Now if we can succeed in backing far enough away from our current discussions to see these principles as principles, it is remarkable that their concrete applications have suggested so sharp a conflict between them—so that it appears that in order to fulfill the demands of the one, we shall almost certainly have to transgress the other. The principles themselves present no such dilemma: our resistance to a grave form of injustice, and the need to keep that resistance just, are clearly consistent duties. In fact, a failure on our part to do either of them renders the other meaningless. If we decline the duty to resist totalitarianism, we have, of course, made irrelevant the question of the means of resistance. And if, on the other hand, we resist Communism in a gravely unjust way, we will have negated our first duty and purpose, which was to preserve justice in the face of its threatened violation. Justice is not preserved by injustice. The two principles are complementary; each gives the other meaning. It is not surprising therefore to recognize them as the end-means components of the classic just war theory: the first being the just cause and end for which a defensive war is waged, in this case to resist the advance of totalitarianism and to preserve certain great rights; and the second principle being identifiable as the right use of means in a just war, involving, above all, an observance of the innocent non-combatants. The theory of the just war has always assumed that this end-means relationship of the two principles is a consistent one. Nothing therefore in our examination of these principles as principles suggests a conflict or dilemma between them. Yet the fact remains that the applications we give them pose what many frustrated observers have come to regard as a virtually irresolvable dilemma.

The paradox that there even is a dilemma arising from these principles is evident if we ask:

Why should resistance to the most powerful atheistic movement in the world threaten "the loss of our own moral identity in the process?" What could be more just than to resist the injustice of totalitarianism? The paradox deepens according to the gravity of the evils we wish to attribute to Communism, although it has already been recognized that its historical being rules out an absolute, irredeemable evil. If Communism is profoundly evil, what is the source of our very genuine fear that we may lose our own moral identity in resisting it? We might, of course, lose our lives in resisting so great a power, but our moral identity as Christians transcends such a loss, and our Christian life would in fact be perfected and consummated through our resistance to the point of death for the sake of truth and justice. The point here is that resistance as such to a massive injustice and the attaining of our own redemption should not be in conflict. On the contrary, one would expect them to be in perfect harmony. Resistance should lead to redemption. But resistance threatens to ex-



tinguish our own moral identity when resistance to injustice becomes identified with waging a thermonuclear war. It is at this point that the dilemma appears. Its appearance can be attributed to two basic sources. The first is a technological environment in which every significant level of military power has become involved, either directly or indirectly, with thermonuclear weapons. The second, and from a moral standpoint more important, source of the dilemma is our common assumption that a resistance to injustice is meaningless unless military. A better assumption, and one more in keeping with the principle of the just war, would be that resistance to injustice is meaningless unless just, leaving until the conclusion of an investigation of fact the decision as to what precise form that resistance should take. Resistance to a massive injustice is indeed a duty but it is a moral, not a military duty. It may in fact ask of us a particular duty that we resist an unjust military "duty."

The fundamental harmony of the principles behind the dilemma, of the end and means requirements of a just war, resides in justice. But it is not so restrictive or nationalistic a notion of justice that it can elasticize the principle of means for the sake of a just end. The theory of the just war seeks to protect justice in two

(Continued on page 7)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

of course these need to go hand in hand with all the work in the world today.

As I write letters, answering the cartons of mail which await me when I return from a month's trip, I feel as though I were talking to our readers and they to me, and I think of all the things I would like to say to them personally which are hard to get down on paper, but which come so readily when one is face to face with others.

When Bea Brickley wrote to me from California and told me of some of the work being done for the migrant workers, she sent me also a wonderful booklet called *Children Count* (copies are available from Emma Gunterman, Rte. One, Box 746, Gridley, Calif.), which tells of the volunteer educational program for farm labor children for which 60 volunteers contributed from two hours to six weeks of their time, conducting a summer school, nursery school and library program during the peak of one harvest season. How to get started on such a program, and the case histories of some of the migrant families are given, and it is good to get the actual figures as to amount of work available, pay earned, how many of the children worked, and so on. It is a good study and I wished that others could read it who tried to work in other parts of the country, slum or city, along these lines.

Rev. J. H. Steele

From Chicago Fr. Steele writes of his Inter-American Cooperative Institute (1300 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.) and his literature tells of a six month training course for work in the socio-economic fields in Latin America. This work is all according to the teachings on subsidiarity of Pope John in his encyclical *Mater et Magistra*. There are so many opportunities to work, to get the training needed, that it seems strange that more are not taking advantage of it. What we need are not only men of desires with a strong sense of the need to help their fellows, but also a strong reform in the field of education. Mostly our education is materialistic, our newspapers and magazines increase our desires for the things of this world—young people are taught to "get on in the world," be educated in order to get a good job, earn a good living, and pay in turn for their children to get to good schools where they will get the same kind of training.

Basic Need

The basic need is for a change in the hearts and souls, and when we write of destitution and voluntary poverty as one of the means to combat it, it is to emphasize the primacy of the spiritual.

Thank God we also have such a movement as that of the Little Brothers and Sisters of Charles de Foucauld who by their poverty and manual labor are pointing the way. They too have long periods of spiritual formation and training so that the richness of their interior life is in some way a compensation for the barrenness of their existence. There is a story about their beginnings in this country, in a slum in Detroit in the November number of *Jubilee* where there is also a story about Louis Murphy and the House of Hospitality in Detroit.

Do write for booklets about the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld from Jesus Caritas, 700 Irving St., N.E., Washington, D.C.

And speaking about destitution—The Catholic Worker in Detroit needs a new furnace for Martha House, 1212 Leverette St. We have been hoping to send them some money towards one, but have not been able as yet.

The Lesson of Cuba
On Pilgrimage—December 3

It makes me happy to have this excellent review of Les Dewart's book *Christianity and Revolution: the Lesson of Cuba*, for this issue of the paper. Dr. Dewart teaches

at St. Michael's College in Toronto. The review is by James Douglass, who has a degree in theology from Notre Dame, and who is at present studying in Rome, theology in relation to war and peace. It was his wife Sally who travelled with me in Italy last spring, on my week's trip to Assisi, Milan, Florence and Siena. The latest news of the family is that Sally gave birth to a little girl who was baptized by Bishop Wright in St. Peter's (there were a thousand seminarians present at the time) and the infant was presented by Bishop Wright to the Blessed Mother of Michael Angelo's Pieta, the very one I suppose which will be loaned to the World's Fair next year. What a child that should be—another Therese or Catherine—a valiant woman to work for God. She is their third child, and she has two little brothers.

Loaves and Fishes

I reprint the review of my own book which appeared in *PEACE NEWS* which is published in England at 5 Caledonian Road, London, N. 1. I reprint it because there is a recognition of the all important part Peter Maurin played in the work of the CW and still plays. There is some praise of me which I would like to cut but that would be stupid because I know that as a journalist and as a housekeeper and as a "slow learner" I played a most important part, thanks to God's providence in getting the work started and keeping it going. Youth demands the heroic, as Paul Claudel says, and youth is still responding to Peter Maurin's ideas. All ages, in fact. I reprint the review because F. A. Lea recognized Peter for what he was. It made me feel good about the book.

I'd like to say too, in relation to that sentence which is quoted, about whether I "really liked Peter." I was calling attention to the fact that regardless of the great dissimilarity of our tastes, in music, literature, and so on, it was not attractiveness of person, or personality that won people to him, but simply what he was. A French priest whose name escapes me and who died in a concentration camp during the Second World War pointed out how we should be careful not to exert personal influence to win people to ideas—that their freedom is so sacred a gift that they must not be constrained, or forced in any way. It is the truth which should attract. Or rather Jesus, who is the way, the truth and the life, who attracts. More often than not, we ourselves get in the way.

Fr. Pire

(Continued from page 3)

ment applying to Communists. Fr. Pire draws no lines of Pale beyond which there is no salvation. If we are to build a world together, we are going to have to do it with Communists as well as Muslims, Hindus and non-believers. Like Teilhard de Chardin, whom he likes to quote, he takes a long-range view of history and our part in it. If we are to have peace, with whom shall we have it? Still, he is a hard thinking man. We can work with others, suspend our judgments temporarily in order to understand and enter into the lives of our "opponents," but never do we abandon our own most precious convictions of conscience. Our fidelity to our own consciences should, however, make us all the more respectful of other people's consciences. Quoting Pope John, Fr. Pire says, "While suffering at the sight of differences, we always prefer to underline the things which unite men and travel with them all the road that can be covered without infringing upon the requirements of justice, nor on the rights of truth."

Fr. Pire: "There are only two necessities. Bread and Peace."

Resistance And Redemption

(Continued from page 6)

camp, in the defender's through a resistance to unjust aggression, and in the aggressor's through the defender's respect for the rights of the innocent. In this sense then, it is perfectly correct to say that the just war's basic concern and purpose is an international justice, embracing defender and aggressor alike, conceived not simply in a retroactive sense as a final goal validating each prior step of the war but as a requirement in justice essential to each of those steps taken in themselves and extending to the final goal. The basic concern of the just war theory is not that we should make war but that we should make justice, justice conceived in an international sense. Always implicit is the assumption that the waging of war can sometimes be consistent with the attainment of such justice. Nevertheless as a moral directive the theory's purpose is the preservation of international justice through recourse to a certain kind of war, not as some seem to think, the preservation of war through recourse to a contradictory notion of justice. War is simply the physical factor in a moral theory. If, as the result of weapons developments which St. Augustine could hardly have foreseen, war and justice should be seen to have reached an absolute conflict, war as the physical factor must give way to justice as the ruling moral principle.

It has become clear that the dynamics of the just war theory brought into contact with the realities of the thermonuclear age demand that the theory undergo just such a self-transformation, with the ruling principle of justice providing the force of conversion. The resultant concept could be properly rechristened as a "theory of just resistance," war having been expunged from the theory as a form of resistance no longer reconcilable with justice.

A theory of just resistance would extend the Johannine hope for a redemptive victory into a direct confrontation with nuclear military forces. For the first time both of the two great evils of "the nuclear dilemma," the advance of Communist injustice and the preparations for thermonuclear war, would be met equally by the full power of a Christian witness. Christians have made well known their opposition to the first of these evils, Communist injustice, but they have done so largely by means of threatening the second evil, thermonuclear devastation. Our resistance to a great evil has threatened paradoxically, through the means chosen, to extinguish our own moral identity. For that reason Christian opposition to Communism has become a spiritually futile exercise, seeking to counter totalitarianism by the threat of genocide.

But if, as St. Paul says, the Christian is to overcome evil with good (Rom. 12, 21), we might add that only great good will have the power to overcome great evil. Not only should resistance to a grave injustice be consistent with and lead to our own redemption; it should reach out to seek as well the redemption of the oppressor. A great evil must be fought by a great good, not by another enormous evil. In our present circumstances, such a good would be an uncompromising rejection by Christians of the enormous crime of thermonuclear war, thus freeing our energy and resources for the works of peace and mercy, coupled with an equally strong commitment to resist totalitarianism by Christian means. Our means of resistance would be derived

from a Christocentric ethic of non-violence. To a mind permeated by Cold War categories this might seem equivalent to surrender. To a spirit trained in the disciplines of the New Testament it would more likely suggest the beginnings of combat.

The nuclear dilemma is the confused rationale of a Christianity which has discovered neither its strength nor its political vocation in the nuclear age. A resistance to injustice and the seeking of our own redemption are not—and can never be—in conflict. The appearance of a conflict arises not from objective reality but from our own fears and spiritual confusion; above all, from a failure to realize that the Creator of the cosmos is the source of our strength and that He gives it willingly.

It is true that "there can be no genuine peace without justice," but justice demands our recognition of the innocents' right to life and of man's right to continue through history. Justice backed by love is the compelling reality. It compels the Christian to resist mass injustice wherever he finds it, in the enemy's police tactics or in his own missiles.

We have forgotten that the Lord of history attached justice to suffering and blessed them together as the way to peace: "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." A suffering for justice, whether it be the justice of a well-ordered state or the justice of letting the innocent live, is the means to peace, the peace of both the heavenly and the earthly cities. Neither justice nor its end, peace, can be achieved without our suffering for them. The world has fallen and can only be raised by a Cross.

If we are to raise up a theology of peace in the nuclear age, it must be lifted by the power of the Cross. It is clear that the overkill systems and the just war have nothing in common. On the other hand, one cannot reject in conscience the nuclear deterrent without being prepared to suffer the consequences of that rejection, which range all the way from imprisonment for conscientious objection, on the individual level, to the possibility of Communist persecution, on the national level. Resistance to a grave injustice, both the Communist kind and the nuclear kind, will involve suffering. This prospect is in keeping with our Lord's words: "He is not worthy of me, that does not take up his cross and follow me" (Matt. 10, 38). The Cross is our vocation of love. Suffering for justice is a growing in the mystery of Christ, a deepening in the peace of Christ that is the foundation of all peace.

Christianity and Revolution reveals the self-defeating nature of the Cuban Church's total-conflict approach to Communism, an approach which when extended into the larger East-West struggle is characterized by the Christian's involvement in nuclear war preparations. In Cuba the total-conflict approach drew the Church into opposition to the Communist-supported reform measures of an uncertain new regime and contributed to the pressures on Castro to choose Communism. In the global struggle the total-conflict approach counters Communism with the threat of thermonuclear war, and by so doing, compromises a Christian resistance to one great evil by an involvement in another. In both cases, the overriding principle of anticommunism is the reason for condoning injustice where a resistance to it might bring material aid to Communism. The social injustices which the Revolution sought to correct and the overwhelming injustices which thermonuclear war would bring are in each instance accepted as

the price of a strong anti-communism.

We are becoming more aware that the nuclear age is one in which apocalyptic forms of evil threaten to emerge from beneath the surface of events. Evils are present which must be resisted and overcome by an enormous Christian effort — the evils of nuclear war, totalitarianism, racial persecution, widespread destitution, and the fears, hatreds, and lives of indifference which have given birth to these evils. Within this perspective of a world in crisis, the Church has committed herself to a renewal of divine life through self-examination and purification. That she has begun this renewal in all seriousness under Pope John is for us not so much a reason for joy as a grace for a deeper commitment of love to a world in imminent danger of experiencing total pain. For our commitment of love to deepen to the point of an effective witness—to become a medium of Christ's transformation of history — it is necessary that Christian resistance to the injustices of our age become a universal commitment rather than the partial and conflicting witness we now bear. Resistance to totalitarianism is an essential part of the Christian cross today but equally a part is a resistance to the preparations for mass murder. God's justice is not contradictory. A firm witness of indiscriminate love is the way to realize in ourselves the perfect harmony between resistance and redemption in the plan which Christ gave us.

Mary's House

(Continued from page 5)

you have to take. American history up to the Civil War and An Introduction to Logic. Each of these met twice a week, so I was going to school four nights a week. I did not object to that at all, and in the beginning, the first week or so, I thought it was all very interesting. But by the time the third week rolled around I began to realize that I would never be able to put up with the tedium and that I was never meant to be anything but self educated and that the Catholic Worker really was a much more interesting kind of a university, and so at the end of the three weeks I graduated. But if I had never gone at all I never would have found out what I had to find out, namely that I am just not fit to go to college. It is sad but true. So I just hope and pray that I may learn everything I need to learn in order to live a good life, and may God have mercy on my soul. My director says I did the right thing in going to college and the right thing in leaving.

When Madame Nhu was in San Francisco she stayed at the Palace. I did not feel like picketing, but I decided that if she left a tip I would not accept mine. She did not leave a tip. She left an unpaid bill of \$600. Msgr. Vincent McCarthy visited her in her suite, and told her that he thought she had a great deal of courage and that he would sing a Mass for her the next day. The next evening Joan Abrams came over with her Volkswagen bus and some friends and drove around the hotel. On the outside of the Volkswagen bus she had a big sign which said, "Msgr. Vincent McCarthy speaks only for himself," and on the other side a sign endorsing religious freedom in Viet-Nam and everywhere. Incidentally, when I mentioned our house to Msgr. McCarthy he did not think it was a good idea and he tried to discourage me.

The name of our house was hard to find. The people here wanted to call it Mary Lathrop's house which I found unbearably embarrassing. I had a number of ideas, but could not settle on any of them. We thought of naming it for Thoreau and we thought of the saints, but we finally agreed that Mary's house would be all right. I suppose now that the cards are about printed up that is what it will be.

The Red Squad

(Continued from page 3)

The tickets cost \$3.50 per person, and there must have been 400 or 500 people there, and if all those people had tickets, they could not have been short \$700, unless the guests who were bidden would not come and the master of the feast was compelled to say, "Go out into the streets and alleys and give free tickets to the halt, the lame and the poor, that so my house may be full." But if so, they must have all put on the proper garments, because they certainly didn't look like they came from that class of Americans who would be kept away by the price of the tickets. (Although my own companion said, "I think I'll join this group; they sure feed good." Better I guess than the local Catholic Worker house, where he once stayed for several months). Evidently, however, neither the speaker who made the appeal, nor his audience, thought to question the figures which were given to them, or the incredible implication that the distinguished sponsors of the event would allow the long-suffering Green family to get stuck with the deficit, for they dug into their pockets generously, and later it was announced that over \$800 had been taken up and any balance would be given to organizations working to defend civil liberties.

There was a sweet little old lady at our table who, when she learned that I had not been deeply impressed with the level of public information and freedom of expression in the Soviet Union during my brief visit there in 1961, came and sat beside me to convince me of the glories of the Soviet system. After awhile the conversation turned to the two familiar detectives from Chicago's "Red Squad," who were standing outside watching and taking notes as we entered the hotel. I had gotten to know them several years back when I was active in the leadership of numerous peace demonstrations and meetings. At first I supposed that they were assigned to attend controversial meetings and events to keep an eye out for any violence that might develop, but later I absorbed the understanding prevalent in the "movement" that their primary concern was to keep an eye on left wing and radical activities, and so they were known as the "Red Squad." Wherever you went to a gathering they were there, always the first to come and the last to leave. At the wake for the wife of a Communist leader, you met them in the funeral parlor. It is said that they tried to get a list of visitors who signed the register at one funeral.

The little lady was an enthusiastically friendly and outgoing person. One time she went early to a meeting, and seeing a familiar face, she rushed up to say hello. She had almost reached the man when she realized to whom the familiar face belonged. She recoiled in horror at the thought of what she had almost done. To the left wing, police spies, along with their cousins the turncoat informers, belong to the most contemptible class of all humanity, with whom one should have no converse or dealings.

But I told her she ought to have greeted him; I always do, and planned to say hello as I went out that evening. My companion at the dinner had recently been falsely and viciously smeared in a Chicago American news story on alleged infiltration in CORE meetings and demonstrations, and we assumed the source of information was the "Red Squad," because there was so much information on who was at what meetings in Chicago. So he was in no mood to be friendly to the "Red Squad," but I went up and paid my respects.

Mr. "Red Squad" said, "I am surprised and shocked to see you here. These are not your people."

I might have replied that I was surprised to see him there, but I generously forbore to mention it.

I indicated that they were more my people than he might suppose. I mentioned that in my travels from penitentiary to penitentiary I had laid over a weekend at Leavenworth at the time Gil Green was there, and probably shared several Government sponsored dinners with him and hundreds of men and the files in the huge dining hall there, and that is a kind of kinship.

He replied, "Oh yes, I know that; I know all about you; but you still don't belong here."

And I said, "On the other hand, these people would say that I shouldn't even talk to a man like you."

"Oh yes, I know that," he replied, "I'm a bum."

Just before dinner, Mrs. Green had passed our table with her husband, and she had stopped and introduced me to him, and he had said that he had heard of me and read about me and was pleased to see me there. It was gratifying to my vanity to have achieved such friendly recognition from both the Greens and the "Red Squad," from these opposing poles of American political life, and it set me to meditating about the hostile relations between these two groups.

Certainly I agree with the left wing that the intimidating profession of police spies is malicious and worthless. And I would not help them to investigate the time of day, but the men are not as bad as the job, and I see much good in treating them with friendliness and courtesy as fellow men.

If the left wing could cease to be afraid of police spies, afraid for the jobs and security at stake, and could meet them without resentment, then they might recognize the worthlessness and futility of their own job. They would be laughed out of court and committee room, if their victims could come forth boldly and say, "Oh yes, I was at that meeting; I saw the witness there, and I stopped to pass the time of day with him and asked him how he was getting along in his line of work."

When we leave our banquets of freedom, if every one of us could go out with courage, like Jesus when he went out from the last supper to receive the kiss of the traitor and to say to his friends, "Put away your swords; all those who take up the sword will perish by the sword," and to say to his enemies, "Why have you come out to take me with swords and clubs as though I were a thief, when daily I taught among you in the temple, and no one laid hands on me,"

if each one could have this courage, to renounce violence, and then even the fear of violence, finally the faraway walls of Leavenworth might crumble and the high ceiling and the flies fall into an empty dining hall, and then men might sit down together in freedom and have a meal in peace.

AMERICAN PAX ASSOCIATION Annual Meeting

Speakers:

Philip Scharper on Apathy and Alternatives to War, Eileen Egan on the Spode House Conference in England.

This is the Annual General Meeting of the membership of the American Pax Association. The public is invited. After the speakers there will be a short intermission and a business meeting of the general membership.

Sunday, December 29 at the Hotel Shelburne, 37th Street and Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C., 2 to 6 p.m.

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 5)

lower prices to the consumer? Is he sane? Is he honest? Is it all a huge carnival?

Since 1912, presidents have come and gone for Chodorov and his more vote-minded compatriots, but not a single one has dropped taxation from the books. Two cruel wars have passed, and a deceitful "police action," and preparation for a third underway with vigor, resolution and passion and the chicanery has never stopped. Witness Wilson's: "Making the world safe for democracy" cant, and his reversal after the shooting stopped: "Why, my fellow citizens, is there any man here, or any woman—let me say, is there any child here—who does not know that the seed of war in the modern world is industrial and commercial rivalry?" And his completely damning cable from Walter H. Page, U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, which he sent March 5, 1917: "Perhaps our going to war is the only way in which our present preeminent trade position can be maintained and a panic averted."

In our own time, "No American boys shall see foreign soil," or "We have nothing to fear but fear, itself," are good examples of what the U.S. Navy Department declared in the Congressional Record, April 15, 1947: "Realistically, all wars have been for economic reasons. To make them more palatable, ideological (emphasis mine) issues have always been involved." Attorney General's Assistant, Thurman Arnold, added to this, clear indictment by saying, "We just don't know what would happen if war should end. Our production system has gotten ahead of our ability to distribute goods. The only way we can keep up with production is to wage war—a method of distributing goods when there's no other market." (Boston, Globe, 3/5/51) Avery Dulles of the Central Intelligence Agency warned the U.S. Chamber of Commerce that the real danger comes from Russian competition, economic competition for foreign markets. The New Morality wave which has now hit U.S. business men favoring more and more trade with the Russia they excoriated for "patriotic" or "ideological" reasons for the past few years, is the result of American dwindling markets, and jealousy over Canada's 500 million dollar wheat deal with the Soviets. The "prosperity" which this war preparation and war itself has brought, also brought a bureaucracy to end all bureaucracies. The 100,000 laws which spew forth from legislative bodies are not self regulating—they require massive enforcement and administration agencies, thus we have the rise of the Initialed Politicos, and the hirelings: F.B.I., T-Men, Agricultural Agents, Highway, Sewer, Sidewalk, and Handout inspectors proliferating in the greatest spending binge in history. Chodorov maintains it would not have been any different if he had voted.

Governments seize power for economic purposes, beginning with the American Revolution (the holy revolution—all others are self-seeking, eleemosynary) up to the present regimes. If a bad president does get into power, hope springs eternally with the electorate for a new Messiah. The president may be in error, but the State can never do wrong.

Power is power no matter who calls the slogans or waves the flags, and war is the apotheosis of power, calling for dictatorial powers to reside in the presidency, the very kind of powers the patriots are pledged to destroy.

"There is no doubt," he observes, "that men of character will give of talents for what they conceive to be the common good, without regard to their personal welfare . . . so long as the political means of acquiring economic goods is available, just so long will the spirit of conquest assert

itself; for men always seek to satisfy their desires with the least effort . . . Why should any self-respecting citizen endorse an institution grounded on thievery? . . . you cannot clean up a brothel and yet leave the business intact. We've been voting for one "good government" after another, and what have we got?"

Unlike the bull-session economist from collegiate Basic Principles 101, this author comes from a background of impressive experience in the higgling-haggling arena of business. Nevertheless, he says that taxation, especially the income tax is at the heart of the country's sell-out. The very principle, "No taxation without Representation" which got a lot of people all riled up at the time of the Revolution, is now a dead issue. Millions of Americans have surrendered to a greater household god called Federal Withholding. This tax allows whoever gets there 'fustest with the most' to force Americans to pay for more nuclear weapons and foreign aid to the tune of billions of wasted money. A far cry from the Boston Tea Party!

Conscription meets his heavy attack. Ostensibly this instrument of dictatorship, is used to fob off the concept of "fighting communism" on the public, but it has become part of American mores, a built-in accepted tradition now, though it is the opposite of freedom. The bureaucrats can't abandon foreign aid because of their commitments to the industrialists and farm groups who helped them to get the loot ball rolling.

The nineteenth century, with its selfish dogma of "inalienable rights," laissez-faire devotees all, insisted on the right to exploit others, using the "rights" philosophy as their club. But they could not exercise this right without the help of the very State they were pledged to hold in leash. The youth of the arriving generation was quick to detect the evils of this type of piracy, and strengthened the political by calling for privileges. Thus a revolution was born in a revolution, and we have the fellow now who will fight socialized medicine at the drop of a hat, yet fight tooth and nail to keep his public (socialized) school burning bright.

In the U.S. there are over 175,000 tax levying bodies, and they cannot get money fast enough! Historically whenever any nation taxed its people more than 25% of their income, that country was headed for the rocks, and eventually decayed. The U.S. now has taxes devouring one third of every dollar. The Federal debt alone is over 300 million. Welfare costs hit a high of 20 billion. America's dwindling gold reserves—15.7 billion—does not even belong to the country, but has European claims of 23 billion against it.

Thirty-two states have set up state income taxes to help them run the handout mills, much of it in 93 depressed areas, largely due to automation. Thus the industrialists, because of their greed, are now forced to carry a heavy load of the people they have displaced. These entrepreneurs will turn to Mother Government in a very short time because their taxes will rise to feed this army, and demand that the government do something!

Warren W. Butler of the Lake-wood (California) Herald-American wrote on May 23, 1963: "Today control of world finance is on the continent of Europe. The Yankee dollar is under an ominous cloud. European central banks in such countries as France, West Germany, Switzerland and Italy are now calling the financial shots in the Free world . . ."

News analyst Andrew Tully reported last May that "American business has already started to fight for its life against European competition . . . The individual worker will have to forsake a wage

boost here, the manufacturer an extra profit there . . . There is no alternative except a massive depression . . ." Mr. Tully did not tell us which group was to move first, and how to overcome the profit habit. The fact is, that private, corporate and public debt is over a trillion dollars, \$23,000.00 per family of four. According to a N.Y. World Telegram report: "Bankers are beginning to be concerned at the size of private investment in the U.S. It now exceeds 50 billions . . ." Will the bankers' "concern" stop them from promoting bigger and easier personal loans?

Obviously a change is in the offing, involving untold suffering to tens of millions. Thoreau maintained that making money (the goal of life for most Americans) costs you your freedom. The money baggers, whose fathers scorned government intervention, are now saddled with government for their very existence. Many businesses, especially those making "obsolescent" war materials are working full time for the State, in the strangest form of statolatry ever known.

The present political arena contenders all suffer from a malaise,



because each one of them has the "truth." Now, in having possession of the truth, these men are liable to an even graver sickness—namely, a burning ardour for the power to eradicate error, to cause his "truth" to triumph by force. Saul of Tarsus had a generous case of this—before he met Jesus Christ.

In the end, as Ludwig Von Mises points out, "The supporters of the new religion of statolatry are even more fanatical and intolerant than were the Mohammedan conquerors of Africa . . . The dogma that the State or government is the embodiment of all that is good and beneficial . . . is almost unchallenged. It is taboo to question it in the slightest way. All those raising objections are branded as biased and narrow-minded." (Planned Chaos).

Chodorov hopes for the day when the teenager will prefer the jailhouse to the barracks, when people will look at a government contract as something leprous. Though he doesn't preach, underlying his championship of liberty, is the primacy of the individual before God. Christianity has always given emphasis to the individual before his God. But, and Chodorov completely overlooks this, it also holds as the highest ideal, the communal state of life, the Common Good ideal as furthered by St. Thomas, and recently urged by John XXIII, and, of course practised by the early Christians. The common good is of far greater importance than the individual. Americans have never learned nor understood this, anymore than have understood stewardship, and the frailty and transitory nature of property. Perhaps the cataclysms that are certain to come will change this. Or will the last straw-graspers, like those in Jim Shaw's poem, be "a sorry lot, arguing about what is, and what is not, drowning in showers of sub-atomic spray?"

LETTERS

November 3, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

Thanks for your note of August 5. We are always glad to hear from you.

Our small taste of community out here in Cape Breton has whetted our appetite for more. We have learned from the Murrys of a community in the States, the Society of Brothers, who have three communities which seem to be well established. Their only drawback is that they are Protestants, and do not accept Catholics in their community. So the Murrys and ourselves hope to develop a community along similar lines.

We are now in the process of trying to sell this farm. If we do so before winter sets in we will join the Murrys this fall in Ohio. If not, then we will have to wait until Spring. Say a prayer that God may bless our Community if it be His holy will.

You asked if we were near Antigonish. Yes we are near yet so far away. The actual distance is about 57 miles. However we seldom have an opportunity to go there. Usually it is to have a baby, since that is the nearest hospital to us. We receive the diocesan newspaper and we are kept informed on the major activities of the St. Francis Xavier University Extension Dept. and Coady International Institute, but we do not have any personal contact with either of these movements.

I shouldn't say none at all, for I have been quite active in the credit unions in our own area so that I have come in contact with quite a few of the leaders of the credit union movement who live in Antigonish and are connected with the Extension Dept. Credit unions are certainly the poor man's financial salvation, if only more poor people were educated to use them and raise themselves up by their own bootstraps financially.

It is only a part of the communitarian movement. It is people pooling their financial resources not in order to compete but for mutual aid. It has been done in credit unions and if people only realized it or were educated to it. It can be done in any line of human endeavor materially either from the farm to the factory and spiritually from the cradle to the grave. A very important book on this matter is *All Things Common* by Claire Bishop. She gives many examples of communities both rural and industrial that have succeeded in Europe. The book was published in 1950. If you know of anyone who has any books or literature on community that they would care to loan to me or at least give me the title and author, I would greatly appreciate hearing from them.

Enclosed is a donation for the poor of New York.

Yours in Jesus and Mary,
Dick and Louise LeBlanc

November, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

I hope you will enjoy the report of the Gridley Farm Labor Camp—at least some people are doing very positive things for the migrant children.

The sad news is the extension of Public Law 78, permitting continued importation of Mexican labor. Can't you encourage people to write letters to their congressmen? Agriculture has become big business. And it is the only industry bringing in foreign labor to lower the salaries of our citizens. I wonder what the cotton mill workers would do if thousands of laborers came up from Mexico, every year at the peak of the work season and threw them all out of work. All people should feel a personal responsibility to their neighbor who needs a helping hand.

I was at the Convention this week and the resolution taken was definitely for social justice. But without any concrete action this resolution will never help. Just talk. We must act, which at this time means letters and more letters.

Don McCarthy is back with us

again. I hope and pray that someday we will have an opportunity for a real house of hospitality, so badly needed here, where people could be fed and sheltered.

With all my love,
In Cristo Rey,
Bea Brickley

The Wage System

"Perhaps the most revolutionary pronouncement of the nineteenth century was this quiet dictate of the Rerum Novarum that statesmen should increase the ownership system as far as possible; and therefore decrease the wage system as far as possible. Needless to say, this fundamental dictate of the Rerum Novarum is even now laying great responsibilities upon us Catholics. If we accept the teaching of the Rerum Novarum, no projects tending to stabilize or increase the Wage System can be considered a form of legitimate Catholic action.

"Moreover, within what should be the ever lessening Wage System we Catholics have a further and grave responsibility. As the normal worker is a husband and father responsible for the upkeep of a family in its own home, the wage given in the Wage System shall not be primarily measured by the work, nor even by the worker, but by the worker's family. The first charge upon industry in a Wage System shall be the wage of the worker; and, by the teaching of the Rerum Novarum, this wage shall not be just a Living Wage enabling the individual worker to live, but a Family Wage, enabling the individual worker to offer his fellowmen the first and best social service, the bringing up of a family.

"At this point an objection can, and I think should, be made. It is said that no urban industrial Wage System can grant a Family Wage; nor always a Living Wage. Now this objection, if valid at all, is valid only against those who use it. If a Wage System confessedly cannot give a Family Wage, this is a condemnation not of the Family Wage, but of the Wage System. Moreover, it is a corroboration of the teaching of the Rerum Novarum that the Wage System should decrease as much as possible in order that the Ownership System should increase as far as possible."

FATHER
VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

only reads to me, but also has taken over the major part of the errand running so that Charles Butterworth has more time for the onerous and inescapable burden of desk work.

Albert Check is again in the hospital. He has undergone considerable pain, and I'm sure would appreciate the prayers of our readers. As for the rest of us, we have our ups and downs, but keep going.

Drop down dew. May this Advent, which is the beginning of the liturgical year, bring us all, like the shepherds of old, to the Christ-Child, that we may learn wonder and awe and love and that good will which God asks of those to whom He promises peace. Gloria in excelsis Deo.

CHICAGO MEETING

Feast of St. Stephen, Thursday, December 26, 8 p.m. Gil Green and Karl Meyer will speak on Saint Stephen and the First Amendment.
1339 N. Mohawk, Chicago.