



CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

No matter who writes the Chrystie Street column, it usually opens with a comment on the weather. I have been lucky in my New York summers. I always get away to speak in New England just as a heat wave starts, and so it was this summer, with a variation. This time I had Monica with me, and the trip was a honeymoon, Catholic Worker style. We had to pay for lodgings only one night. We borrowed a car from the Knopps of Westport and went first to Boston where we spent two days. Then we went to Willard Uphaus' Camp World Fellowship in New Hampshire. Willard and Ola Uphaus were as hospitable as ever. I gave the Sunday Vesper talk on the CW. The audience was almost entirely composed of atheists, agnostics, socialists and freethinkers who are not accustomed to thinking in terms of Christian motivation for the works of mercy and basic social change. But they were very open and appreciative, and anxious to talk about the changes in the face of the Church which we have been experiencing since the agglornamento. Then we went to Mount Washington, which is so spectacularly beautiful it seems like another world, and it is another world from Chrystie Street.

Our next stop was the annual week-long study-seminar called Avon Institute, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee. The AFSC had invited Monica and me to attend. It was a great pleasure to see so many old friends there, people active

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'Way Down North

By FRANK SALOMON

The girl was at home. Writin to her father. He was in Jail cause he was fightin. Her Mother came in to see how she was doin. "you writin to Someone?"

Girl said, "to my Father."

Mother said "OK. Goodbye."

She went to see the Man— She kissed him. She went home. He never got out of Jail. The Mother and the children went up the street.

* * *

I am a puppet. I like little girls and boys. I am very funny. I am made of cloth. I can dance, I like to tell funny jokes. My name is Ragged Ann. I love to sing. The name of one of the songs I sing is Row-Row-Row your Boat, And I will sing it to you.

Both of these stories, written by children in the hovels of the Hollis Warner duck ranch in Riverhead, New York, are accurate pictures of life in Long Island's enclave of southern-style misery. The matter-of-fact acceptance of wretchedness so plain in the first one is natural enough; it is the only way its 11-year old author can tolerate a home where the privy stinks, the roof leaks, water has to be toted from a pump, parents are seldom sober, and visits from the police are as ordinary as sun and rain. And the private fantasy of the second story is the only way a child can ever escape it.

The shacks of the defunct duck ranch are falling fast as the Suffolk County Park Department's

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Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

1131 S. 1st W. This is the address of the new Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's Refuge. It is five blocks south and one block west of the one I had for 2½ years on Post Office Place. Friends gave me money, so I was able to pay \$900 down on this \$9,000 brick house. The Rio Grande and Union Pacific tracks are across the street. It is two blocks northwest from the ball park and a green light burns all night on the front porch. It is much easier for transients to find us here. The two front rooms have wall-to-wall carpeting. My Greek Orthodox priest friend gave me a good overstuffed chair, which I can use to rest in after I return each morning from my 30 long Mormon blocks, going after the groceries downtown. He will also get us a vacuum cleaner. The Episcopalian dean has also helped me. We have six rooms, a small cellar, gas furnace, white kitchen with a pear tree. I will have the men who smoke at night sleep in another room, where there is a linoleum floor. I do not want holes burnt in our carpet. There is one ¾ bed in my room next to the bathroom, where a visitor can sleep or a young couple on a motor-cycle who get stranded, as often happens. I will have to sleep by the door for late-comers; whoever is my helper can take turns. This place will not hold as many as my old place, but I am lucky to find a house at all. I am in Sacred Heart parish, where Father Pellegrino is pastor. He is an old friend of mine, and sent over some chairs and an old sewing machine. Just tonight I met Father Mertz from St. Patrick's on the

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A FARM WITH A VIEW

By DEANE MARY MOWRE

Early this morning, on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, as we walked down the rocky little lane that leads from St. Joseph's to our chapel, with its hilltop entrance set at the edge of the woodland and its vistas of the Hudson River glimmering now and then through the trees, a cool breeze touched me in passing, whispering — This cool bright morning is September, September's gift to Our Lady. Yet as I walked up the rustic terraced steps, which George Burke, Joe Dumenski, and Larry Evers built for us, I kept thinking, not of coolness, but of the sun-scorched, drought-baked, dusty days of August and wondering what coolness could ever cool the hot deeds of summer, rioting in our city streets, in New York City, in Rochester, in Philadelphia, murder in Mississippi, in Georgia, in Harlem. As I knelt at Mass, I prayed — O Lady of the Seven Sorrows, whose joyous birthday it is, Mother of Him Who took upon Himself the sorrows of the world, pray for us that we may find in our hearts that peace He promised to those who do His will.

Father John J. Hugo, who believes that the great feasts of the Church are true occasions for celebration, celebrated this birthday Mass of Our Lady with great reverence and a touching homily. Although we missed the voices of our retreatants who had made the Masses during the retreat, particularly the Mass of St. Joseph

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

We have just finished making a retreat at our Catholic Worker farm at Tivoli, and as usual we come out of the retreat with what the world would call an upside down way of looking at things.

When I wrote last month about personal responsibility, the work of the layman and the work of the clergy, the controversies on the West Coast, the article brought a number of letters, some with bitter comment and some indicating that they had obtained better perspective on the situation and a more loving attitude. During our retreat we read Jorgensen's *Life of St. Francis*, and here are some less known words of the universally beloved St. Francis.

"Then the Lord gave me and still gives me so great a confidence in priests, that if they even persecuted me, I would for the sake of their consecration say nothing about it. And if I had the wisdom of Solomon and travelled in the parishes of poor priests, yet I would not preach without their permission. And them and all other priests I will fear, love, and honor as my superiors, and I will not look at their faults, for I see God's Son in them, and they are my superiors. And I do this because here on earth, I see nothing of the Son of the highest God, except His most holy body and blood, which the priests receive and which only they give to others. And these solemn secrets I will honor and venerate above everything and keep them in the most sacred places."

In August on the feast of the Transfiguration, Peter, James and John went up on the mountain with Jesus, and saw him transfigured, shining in glory. This vision given to them to sustain them during the suffering of Jesus, faded and the words of the Gospel read, "They saw only Jesus." Each year when I read this short phrase I have thought of it as a word to hold close to my heart to help me to regard properly all those most degraded ones we come into contact with, whom we see lying abandoned in gutters, and all those whom the world call the unworthy poor. And I thought this year how it applies to all, also to those in high places, to those who are in honor as well as to those in dishonor. "They saw only Jesus."

I am not judging them who have cried out in criticism. Doubtless we need a Savonarola as well as a St. Francis. God gives us our temperaments.

I am not minimizing the evils of the sins of omission on part of clergy and laity in California, Louisiana, Philadelphia, Rochester, or almost any other city you want to name. I am not minimizing the sufferings of the Negro, in whom

Christ is crucified over and over again. But I am trying to call attention to the attitude of Jesus, who should be our model. He said of the oppressors, whether foreign or local, whether priest or intellectual, or worker, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He said, "Put up your sword," and that sword can be of tongue or pen.

Bernanos said, "Hell is not to love any more." Righteous wrath and indignation is usually not loving. Jesus said to love our enemies.

But to speak of the whole problem on the natural plane, it seems to me an enormous waste of energy to direct our attacks against the hierarchy instead of attacking the problem of the poverty of the Negro, his joblessness, his homelessness, the insult and injury which is inflicted on him. It is a temptation of the devil, a diversion of our energies. Direct action would be to rent and sell to Negroes in our own neighborhoods, or take in a Negro family as an immediate work of mercy, to find work, to start an industry, a pilot project—in other words to use one's energies an imagination. Some actions would be fruitful and some would raise persecution and as much of a hullabaloo as the letter writing on the West Coast. Direct action, rather than the indirect action of asking why the hierarchy behaves as it does, would be more to the point.

The Unpopular Front

The Catholic Worker is controversial also in its attitude to the war on poverty. To attack poverty by preaching voluntary poverty seems like madness. But again, it is direct action.

"The coat that hangs in your closet belongs to the poor." And to go further, "If anyone takes your coat, give him your cloak too." To be profligate in our love and generosity, spontaneous, to cut all the red tape of bureaucracy! "Open your mouth and I will fill it," says the Lord in the Psalms. The more you give away, the more the Lord will give you to give. It is a growth in faith. It is the attitude of the man whose life of common sense and faith is integrated.

To live with generosity in times of crisis is only common sense. In the time of earthquake, flood, fire, people give recklessly; even governments do this.

The trouble is most people do not see the poverty. Right now, in the Hudson Valley, the fruit is being picked by crews of Negroes from the South who have been moving up along the coast, and they are invisible to the eye, living back in the woods, on dirt roads, working deep in the orchards. With every migration some are left behind to work in the storage plants, in the packing sheds, and they have the worst houses, crowded to-

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A British Economist on Chinese Communes

By JOAN ROBINSON

Joan Robinson, F.B.A., noted economist, is Reader in Economics at the University of Cambridge. She is the author of many books, including "Economics of Imperfect Competition," "Introduction to the Theory of Employment," and "The Accumulation of Capital." She visited China last year and made a study of the Commune system there.

There is a curious line of argument, which seems to be shared by Mr. Khrushchev and the London Times correspondent in Hongkong, according to which the formation of the agricultural communes in China was a wicked and stupid policy, aiming at destroying family life and reducing the helpless peasantry to a state of virtual serfdom, which has now proved a failure and cracked up. One would suppose that if the policy was wrong, retreat from it must be regarded as an improvement. But the critics want to have it both ways. The pretended break-up of the communes is only evidence that the Chinese authorities have failed to fulfil the promises that they made to the people.

It is certainly true that, in the exalted mood of the Great Leap in 1958, there was much Utopian talk and some schemes were started which proved impracticable. The commune system was thoroughly well put through the wringer during the three "bitter years" of flood and drought that followed 1958 (when the critics were shedding crocodile tears over the "famine") and has emerged in a sensible, flexible and realistic form.

When I had the good fortune to visit China for two months in the summer of 1963 I decided to concentrate mainly on studying the commune system.

Organization

I had a very useful preliminary briefing in Peking. Although the achievements of the Great Leap in 1958 are a matter of pride and satisfaction to the Party and the people, it is admitted that serious mistakes were made and that overinvestment occurred which put the economy into an unbalanced position. In the normal way this would have been corrected over the course of a year or two without any great disturbance. But as bad luck would have it, the three "bitter years" of natural disasters followed, and the unbalanced state of the economy made them all the harder to meet.

In the course of struggling through the years of bad harvests an important change in basic policy was made. The Soviet dogma of the permanent priority of heavy industry was abandoned. It was realized that the limit to the development of industry is the agricultural surplus, and that to achieve a surplus it is necessary to offer to the peasants some goods that they want to buy. The new line is expressed in the slogan: Agriculture the foundation, industry the leading factor. Concretely, it is embodied in a redirection of the economic plan to promote a faster rise of agricultural output, both by more direct investment (especially in fertilizers) and by increased production of goods to sell in the rural areas (bicycles, radio sets and sewing machines are the favorites at present).

During the bitter years the com-

mune system was hammered into shape. The wild Utopian talk of jumping straight to communism was repudiated by the Party already before the end of 1958, but some impractical notions were tried out. The most important was the system of so-called free food. Rations were calculated in terms of so much for a worker, so much for a school child, etc. and supplied to the families irrespective of their earnings. This proved both to be wasteful and to weaken the incentive to earn; it was generally abandoned in 1960. Village canteens went out of fashion at the same time. On the philosophical point, it is proclaimed that the communes are a socialist form of organization (to each according to his work), not a communist one.

The three-tier system of teams, brigades and communes has been grafted on to the ancient roots of rural life. On the one hand the staff of the commune has taken over the functions of the lowest rung in the old ladder of the administration—the hsiang. It is the channel through which the villagers deal with higher authorities for planning production, sales, purchases, taxation and so forth. On the other hand, the individual household is fostered and encouraged as the basic unit of economic life. (The propagandist stories about the destruction of family life are very wide of the mark). A team consists of the workers of twenty or thirty neighbour families. The land allotted to them is, in the main, the land that their forefathers worked, with some modifications for convenience in cultivation. Eight or ten teams are grouped in a brigade. In the plains, where villages are large, the brigade usually comprises a single village. There is emulation between brigades which enlists old village rivalries in a constructive cause. The commune comprises two or three dozen brigades and covers an area of anything from a thousand to fifty thousand acres, depending upon the nature of the terrain.

The change from the unitary co-operatives (generally set up in 1956) to the triple organization of the communes corresponds to economic common sense. The co-operative, usually identical with the present day brigade, was found generally to be too large a unit for the management of labour, and too small a unit for the management of land.

The problems of day to day direction of some thousand workers, in the co-operatives, of accounting for the labour time of each, and of reckoning the distribution of the product, proved to be a strain on the managerial capacity available. Moreover sharing in the product of such a large group weakened incentive. For these reasons it was found more practical to make the team the accounting unit. Each team has at its disposal a particular area of land, with implements and animals. It undertakes a particular part of the annual plan, of production and of sales to the state procurement agency. From the year's gross proceeds in cash and kind are deducted costs, land tax, and contributions to the welfare fund and the accumulations fund of the team. The remainder (usually about 60% of the gross proceeds) is distributed to the members of the team in proportion to the labour points that each has earned. Thus what the workers bring to their household income depends on the work they each put in and upon the value of a work point in their own team. There is a wide variation in the value of a work point between one team and another. It is the business of the commune staff to find out the causes of low earnings and to help the weaker teams to improve.

The problems of day to day operations are found to be more manageable at the level of the

team than they were in the co-operatives of 1956. On the other hand, the co-operatives were inconveniently small from the point of view of investment in land. The commune movement originated in a number of co-operatives getting together to organize water control. This has remained a major function of the commune organization. It proved its worth also as a method of organizing relief during the bad years. The brigade is responsible for the allocation of land to teams, and for the annual crop programme. At each level subsidiary activities are carried on. In the typical case, the household carries out handicraft work and rears pigs and chickens. The team breeds pigs. The brigade breeds draft animals, runs a brick kiln and grinds corn for the households and for sale in the village shop. The commune runs a tool factory and repair shop and is responsible for the transmission of electric power. In some cases the commune owns a park of tractors. (In other cases contract ploughing is undertaken by the county authorities or a neighborhood state farm.)

Marketing

The marketing system, also, has been developed in such a way as to fit the scale of organization to the conditions of supply. Cash crops, such as cotton and ground-nuts are all sold to the state procurement agency (apart from a small amount that teams are allowed to keep for their members' own use). The proportion of grain to be sold is agreed in advance when the annual plan is fixed. It is worked out in such a way as to leave enough for home consumption if the plan is fulfilled. Thus a shortfall squeezes consumption, unless it can be shown to be due to 'natural disasters,' in which case the deliveries are waived, and if necessary relief supplies provided by the authorities. There is no private trade in the staple crops.

A net-work of Supply and Marketing Co-operatives covers the whole country (these came into existence immediately after the land reform, before agricultural co-operatives had been established). They provide a channel through which both teams and households can sell meat, eggs, vegetables, sauces, wine and so forth, for retailing within the village or supply to neighboring towns. These sales take place at fixed prices.

Finally, there are local fairs where free-market prices prevail according to conditions of supply and demand. Here a team may send in a cartload of vegetables; households may dispose of small packets of produce—tobacco leaf, eggs and so forth. (It is reckoned that sales from households do not provide more than 10% of total supplies in the nation as a whole). The Supply and Marketing Co-operative runs a restaurant on market day.

The regular supply of vegetables to cities is organized through contracts with particular communes which specialize in market-gardening. Vegetable production involves hard work all the year round and is rewarded with correspondingly higher earnings. The contracts therefore are a much valued privilege. Each town is surrounded by a ring of market gardens. An overall contract for the year is negotiated between the city wholesale agency and a commune. The commune distributes it to its member teams, who enter into detailed agreements with the retail agents in the town. Then the team delivers every day to the shops and street corner stands. Procurement prices are settled in advance, but selling prices to the public vary with supplies. In the summer flush fruit and vegetables are almost given away. Thus the city makes a loss in the summer, but this is recouped by profits in the early spring. The farmer has the benefit of a secure outlet, the pub-

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Requiescant in Pace

This issue of the
CATHOLIC WORKER
Is Dedicated to the Memory of
JAMES CHANEY,
ANDREW GOODMAN and
MICHAEL SCHWERNER,
Martyrs for Justice and
Brotherhood, Brutally Murdered
in Rural Mississippi.

The Ferment and the Fury

By I. F. STONE

... I went next day to another of New York's Negro ghettos, one not yet in the news. On McKinley Square in the East Bronx. I talked with Herbert Callendar, chairman of Bronx CORE. I last saw this section of the Bronx more than 30 years ago when it was a Jewish neighborhood; today it is a rundown Negro slum, almost as grimy as Harlem. I found Callendar in a huge warehouse-like second floor lined with banners bearing the names of Medgar Evers and other martyrs in the civil rights struggle. He turned out to be a big slim brown young man of 30, who gives the impression of quiet patience and great strength, and of complete devotion without fanaticism or hate. He is New York born, went to high school in Manhattan, and was in the Army two years, part of them in Japan. He went to work on his return in the Ford works at Mahwah, N.J. His ability soon made him an organizer for the UAW. "I had a Lincoln and a house in the upper Bronx," Callendar said of those days. But then he went on a Freedom Ride through the South in 1961 and came back a changed man. "I came back with my eyes open," he said, "and dedicated to civil rights. I was arrested down there for the first time but I realized that it was not so different for the Negro up here. I saw that only the lowest and hardest and poorest paid jobs were open to the Negroes in the Ford shops and I began to use the grievance machinery to advance the Negro. I became a thorn in the side of management and I got fired." He found that in his own local there were racists and even Birchites, mostly from rural New York and New Jersey, typical of the kind of union members swept up by compulsory union shop contracts instead of by persuasion and the hard lessons of experience. He lost his fight for reinstatement and went into CORE instead. I asked him how many of Bronx CORE were white and he said about 30%, some Italians, a few Irish and Puerto Ricans but mostly Jewish. He was setting up car pools and block captains to get out the vote this year; he told me only about 40% of the Negroes in his area were registered. "But we're going to register them as independents," he said. "We can't afford to be in anybody's hip pocket." He had teaching teams out helping people to pass their literacy tests. He objected strongly to any moratorium on demonstrations.

"The NAACP's had a moratorium on demonstrations for 15 years," Callendar said. "Negroes are losing faith in civil rights organizations. We need demonstrations on specific issues if we are to keep unrest channelled in a responsible non-violent peaceful way. We've scheduled demonstrations against Jim Crow in the building trades, and against slum landlords—some parts of the East Bronx are as rat-ridden as Harlem—and against police brutality. We have one case where police spread-eagled a Puerto Rican in his cell as if he were being crucified. This community can blow up as easily as Harlem if we can't show them accomplishments. The most important task of all here is to save our youth. We need job opportunities for them and above all we need to save them from narcotics. The rate of addiction in the East Bronx is tremendous, and it will be worse in the next generation unless we take steps to stop it now. We need a hospital for rehabilitation, a training center where addicts can go after they've been cured and learn a trade. Otherwise they'll soon be back on the drug out of hopelessness. A big portion of all the crime in our Negro sections is linked to dope

addiction. Wiping it out would be the biggest single step forward."

An Extraordinary Teen-Ager

Of all the people with whom I talked in New York the most extraordinary was Callendar's youth coordinator, Judy Howell, a young girl of 17, who has worked six years for CORE. Her beautiful brown African face, her sharp intelligent eyes, her trim person, radiated energy, purposefulness and capacity. While I interviewed her, we were constantly being interrupted by youngsters in white sweat shirts with CORE in blue letters on them and she handled these subordinates with an almost Napoleonic speed and decisiveness. "Let the kids fix the place up themselves," she told one subordinate worried about a new branch headquarters. "Then they'll consider it their own and keep it in good shape." She told me how she was organizing the youth of the East Bronx, gang fashion, for constructive purposes. The teams, with their block and field leaders, are to be set up in the same hierarchical semi-military fashion as juvenile gangs, with ages from 11 to 21, the older boys and girls in the leadership positions.

"These teams will be used to distribute leaflets, to help get out a community paper, to organize block parties for civil rights, to join in getting out the vote, to run clean-up campaigns in each block, and to arrange trips," she said. "There will be competition between the various blocks. Boston Road might get an award for getting out the biggest voter registration. Freedman street might be first in the clean block contests. Each block will try to win in some activity. Here at headquarters we're setting up a field staff, a secretarial staff, a newspaper staff—we hope to publish a weekly—and an education staff, which will take care of complaints from parents and various school problems."

It Takes a Riot to Get Attention

Judy is in her last year at high school and hopes afterward to enter Hunter College and then make a career in stage management and production. When I asked her how the youth drive originated she said it was her idea and that she sold it to the adults in CORE. "They didn't realize," she said, "that young people had to be handled differently and needed special organization." As she spoke, the phone rang, Callendar answered and then shouted across the room that Bedford-Stuyvesant had just gotten a special grant for its youth work. "Maybe we'd better have a riot here, too," Judy said laughingly. "Those people downtown didn't have a dime for young people till the riots broke out in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Now the churches have come up with \$100,000 and the city with \$200,000. We here in the Bronx have managed on less than \$60 so far this summer."

Judy herself was one of the leaders of the youth demonstration which led to the Harlem riot and gave me her own account of how it happened. The purpose was to protest the slaying of 15-year old James Powell by Police Lieutenant Gilligan, to urge the latter's suspension and to ask Police Commissioner Murphy to come to Harlem and speak with the people. She said that when the demonstrators marched to Police Precinct 28 on 123rd Street, Inspector Pendergast would not let any of the youth leaders speak but instead received Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, a Negro Baptist minister, who tried to take over the leadership of the demonstration. "They didn't know who Rev. Dukes was and were suspicious of the report he made when he came out of the police station," Judy related. "Inspector Pendergast wouldn't listen

Facts About Harlem

Harlem is a place of heaven and hell. A heaven for downtown slumlords. A hell for mothers, police and schoolteachers. Most mothers are on welfare. Most fathers are out of jobs. Because they quit school they have no skills and no education; the jobs are scarce. The city has opened night and day centers to keep the kids off the streets and out of trouble. This doesn't work. The machinery of city government doesn't take into account that the kids are human, be they black or white, male or female. Putting them in Youth Houses and jails isn't reforming people or keeping them out of trouble. People living in the conditions that these people are in naturally want to better themselves. There are no jobs, so they turn to stealing, etc. The problem lies in the living conditions of Harlem. There is only one high school nearby: Benjamin Franklin. With the thousands of high-school-aged kids in Harlem, this is hardly adequate. The police take the attitude that all the kids are potential killers and treat them as such. The teen-agers in Harlem have no future there, yet have no means of getting out. The only solution to the problem now is to dissolve Harlem altogether. Tear down the old buildings and build new ones. New hospitals and new and more schools. Maybe with education the American Negro can rise to the present standard of living that is enjoyed by many of the white people in America today.

—Bruce Sears (a sixteen-year-old resident of Harlem)



The Catholic Failure

Father Thomas Carroll* of Boston is concerned with the identification of the Church with today's poor: "The question of poverty and its meaning has had to be rethought many times in the Church's life. Now, in a changing society, it needs to be rethought again. Whatever its meaning, one thing at least is essential—the Church's identification with the poor. This we had in the days when our people were rising from poverty. This we have been losing as the Church in the United States has become 'middle-class.'"

What, specifically, should the "Church's identification with the poor" mean? Father Carroll puts it this way: "If it means anything at all, it means total identification with the cause of the American Negro."

He explains that "we can boast of public statements, of the intellectual involvement of many, of the welfare activities of some, the missionary activities of others. We have no cause to apologize for our theology or social philosophy, which back the rights of Negroes."

"But where is our identification? Where our total Christian commitment? If the spirit of poverty involves identification with the poor, in this case we have failed, failed wretchedly, failed appallingly."

Ave Maria, June 6

*For an account of Father Carroll's rehabilitation center for the blind, see May 1964 Catholic Worker.

Slumlord Fight Continues

By PAT FARREN

"Attention tenants, join the picket line. The Law: Under the law the City of New York can take over buildings and make repairs when your landlord refuses to remove violations. So demand: That New York City take over your building and make repairs now!!! Before winter comes."

The mimeographed sheet, distributed in Harlem tenements and pasted on the store-front window of the Community Council on Housing, dramatized the continuing fight against the miserable housing conditions and the landlords who permit them.

Two of the groups working to combat the appalling conditions by calling them to the attention of the city administration and the public are Jesse Gray's Community Council, on Housing and the Metro North Citizens' Committee of the Rev. Norman Eddy in East Harlem.

Eddy, a minister of the East Harlem Protestant parish, Church of the Resurrection, formed Metro North last December to implement his belief that "the church has to relate to the development problems of the total community." The group's main weapons are receivership, relocation, and the formation of Tenants' Associations. Under the receivership law, the city, in effect, becomes a landlord, assuming control of a building and making repairs and improvements with the rents it collects. Relocation is assistance to those desiring to move to other neighborhoods or to buildings under receivership. If a landlord abandons a building, a Tenants' Association may be organized, with rent money pooled under an elected captain, a resident appointed as a paid superintendent to handle small repairs, with larger ones taken care of through the common fund.

With a secretary from Metro North, we looked at two buildings on East 101st St. One was under receivership and the other was not. The second building has been christened one of the "Disgusting Four" by Metro North, which is instituting receivership proceedings. Kids played among the mountains of rotting refuse and rotted buildings. The alleys were littered with mounds of trash and glass from broken windows and whiskey bottles. Garbage and trash lay in the hall and in the many open and deserted apartments, which serve as playgrounds for kids, hiding places for junkies and winos, breeding grounds for rats, and fire hazards for the neighborhood. In one apartment we visited, the woman and her children lacked electricity; what there was came from an extension hookup with the apartment next door. She said that there was occasional hot water, mostly around rent-collecting time. Her downstairs neighbors are a bunch of dogs that have moved into the vacated apartment. Her rent is \$27.50 a month. We stopped in that fire-gutted, trash-littered apartment on the way downstairs and could hear rats scampering behind the walls. In the building under receivership, we observed cleaner halls and recently replaced glass in many windows.

Eddy, who made the decision to begin work on the project while visiting at the Regina Laudis retreat center in Bethlehem, Connecticut, organizes buildings under a volunteer resident captain, who lists residents and building code violations. "Our first intent is to contact the landlords and to help the tenants work with them, then resort to receivership, or relocation. We consider the rent strike as a last-ditch effort, which so far we haven't had to use. We favor any other means, because the rent strikes deprive many marginal landlords of the money they need to fix up the buildings. We contact the various city commissioners in regard to emergency situations."

As an example Eddy cited two elderly tenants of a building abandoned by the landlord who lived without lights for a two-

month period because they had no superintendent. It turned out that the only thing wrong was a burned-out fuse.

In the small, converted-apartment office of Metro North, Norm Eddy commented: "Jesse Gray and I share the thinking that the situation is chaotic and unjust. But I am not convinced that the rent strike is the way to improve things. Our means is a policy of neighborhood mass cooperation which can apply pressure when necessary. This is a pragmatic, not a philosophical difference. The rent strike is more dramatic, but I believe that this is a better way to insure that the majority of buildings worked on will be in better condition six months later."

Jesse Gray, who attended Xavier University in New Orleans, employs the rent strike as his major weapon. The office of the Community Council on Housing is also a store-front building, between a Four-Star Baptist church and a dirty soda fountain. Kids jump rope and play a sort of marble-shooting game with whiskey-bottle caps on the street in front of the office. When I shook his hand, he said, "Lightly, please. I hurt it during the riots."

"We say that no one should have the right to freeze tenants; we say that no one should have the right to violate the building and health codes of New York and go unpunished; we say that no one should have the right to maim, injure and ruin the lives of children with rats, falling ceilings, unsanitary and unsafe buildings, and we say that no one should pay for what he is not receiving. The menace of the slumlord must go. November 1, 1964, will begin the biggest rent strike New York has ever seen."

On the theory behind rent striking: "The rent strike is not new. There were rent strikes in England, and in New York in 1885. Organization is the key quality that's needed. We try to work through other means, and regard the rent strike as a last-stand maneuver, but this is the last stand, all possibilities have been exhausted, the local city government is just not concerned. Wagner's whole administration is an administration which supports the slumlords. The situation remains the same until this decisive weapon of the rent strike is brought to bear against the slumlords. If the landlords can't operate, let them get out of business. The tenants must not continue to freeze so slumlords can continue to profit."

On the Harlem riots: "The slumlords have created the unrest because all they want to do is collect rents and make no repairs, and when brought to court the city just taps their wrist with nominal fines. The riots grew as results of the rotten slumlords and the administration's refusal to deal with the problems. The cops shake down everybody, but they don't touch the slumlords. When the cops can't collect graft from somebody, they want to beat him on the head."

On further legislative action: "We favor passage of the emergency housing bill which came before the state legislature last year to give the city the power to move in within five days and take over to make necessary repairs if the landlord refuses to do so."

On nonviolence: "I was a seaman and waterfront worker before this. The working man never favors violence as a means until he is oppressed. It's provocation from an oppressor which drives a man or a people to action beyond peaceful means. Sometimes the doctrine of nonviolence must be defended."

On the civil-rights movement: "I will not be satisfied until we are made free, until society is made complete by recognizing us as free entities with equal opportunities for jobs, education and housing facilities. That's what the fight against slumlords is for."

(Continued on page 6)

FROM THE MAIL BAG

Personal Contact

3240 Laurel Canyon Road
Santa Barbara, California

Dear Dorothy:

Thanks so much for writing about Cardinal McIntyre and the laity in your July-August *Catholic Worker*. Your comments gave us a much needed reminder of our individual responsibility before God for our own actions. If we really believe that action justice, then we must conclude that we are the ones to do it.

We moved with our five children to Santa Barbara in July and were fortunate to find a group just forming to give witness in interracial work. Some of them seem to realize too that we have only ourselves to blame if we don't act now. Of course the widespread lay apathy and lack of information is due partly to the diocesan policy of suppression, which has intimidated the clergy. The diocesan paper also has passed up many chances to teach Christian doctrine. The paper rarely mentions the obligations of the people in racial matters. However, we have experienced when we lived in Michigan that even when the bishops command it, few priests are willing to stick their necks out preaching racial justice. Also we saw that the policy of the diocesan paper made scarcely a dent in the confirmed bigotry of some Catholics. The best way to reach the hearts of the prejudiced is direct personal contact.

While we participated gladly in public demonstrations for racial equality and contributed to the efforts of the Council of Federated Organizations, etc., our most satisfying results came from the personal contact activities. We are sure you understand what we are trying to say because you have lived it.

May we request that you send us a bundle of the July-August *Catholic Worker* so that we may pass it around to members of the new Catholic Human Relations Council of Santa Barbara. We are hoping that you may visit us one day and give us the privilege of meeting you.

Yours in Christ
Burt and Jo Miller

Producers' Co-op

Eskestunna, Sweden.

Dear Miss Day:

I arrived in Sweden on August 4th and began work on the 11th. A general construction company, owned by the men in building trades, gave me a job. We build beautiful three-story brick apartment houses. These people are true craftsmen; wood, brick and concrete are worked with skill. We eat lunch, take coffee breaks and play cards in a shanty, the likes of which one seldom sees in New York: there is electric heat, a special electric box to heat our lunch, and hot air to dry our clothing with. The nine-hour day is thus made pleasant, and there is no hour-and-a-half transportation problem.

We are paid a flat rate per hour plus production. This is a *Workman's producer co-op*. Surplus goes back to the men and to increase the capacity of our co-op to take on more jobs. We work in nine-man teams; each team elects its own leader. I am with a group of cheerful young brickmasons who have agreed to take me in and patiently teach me new skills, such as plastering with tools I have never seen before. This will allow us to work inside in winter. The men work hard, but since there is no foreman, a man can decide more or less what pace he wants to work at and seek eight others who will agree. A top man can earn five thousand dollars a year. He has to be quite capable, though.

There are over fourteen co-op

union-owned builder societies in Sweden, with a central office in Stockholm. The dues from union members made the capital accumulation to allow the enterprise. The masons, carpenters, concrete men, and laborers joined in a compact.

The buildings are sold to the municipal government or to tenant co-ops. This keeps shelter costs low for the family. These buildings remain in good condition for a hundred years. High quality craftsmanship stimulates respect for men who create, like masons.

This steel-making town (pop. 60,000) has no night clubs, but it does have a large "people's park," with a zoo, children's park, and two large dance palaces with bands.

William Horvath.

A Man Sent from God

21 Shierlaw Avenue
Canterbury E.7., Vic.
Australia.

Dear Friends: Cardinal Suenens, in his panegyric on Pope John, said this to the Council: "His life was a grace for all Christians. At his departure he left men closer to God, and the world a better place for men to live in." Surely all consider John "a great high priest who in his days pleased God."

I suggest readers write to their bishops asking them to move that the Council in its Third Session canonize Pope John by acclamation.

Why not await the ordinary processes of investigation, beatification, canonization? The reasons are connected with the Council's aims—deeper understanding of the Church and people of God, and the unity of Christians:—

- It would be a collegial decision of the bishops in Council rather than an independent exercise of the supreme magisterium.

- It would be a considered yet truly a spontaneous decision recognizing the working of the Holy Spirit in the voice of the people of God—following early Church precedents where the people canonized Saints.

- It would emphasize the primacy of love rather than juridical procedures.

- In this way the ordinary people of God would feel they were really witnessing to the faith in them that here was "a man sent from God whose name was John," whose dying wish, echoing our Lord's, "that they may all be one," was the people's also.

Yours faithfully,

John M. O'Connor.

P.S. It is suggested that readers could cut out this letter and send it with a covering note to their bishops. I would be interested to hear from readers supporting the petition.

A Suggestion

Visitation-Holy Ghost
Parish
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Brethren in Christ:

Your paper continues to show others how the love of Christ goes out to all our needy brethren. Pray that we get women observers at the next session of the Council. I wonder what your readers would think concerning canonizing a married couple.

God bless your work.

Father Hubert Voigt, O.S.B.

Japanese Visitor

Greetings:

I came to this country from Japan mainly to study slum problems, as well as social welfare and juvenile delinquency. I attended the national conference of the National Federation of Settlement and Neighborhood Centers in San Francisco, from May 20th to May 23rd. I visited Chicago after the conference, and since June 6th I have been doing volunteer work at the Catholic Worker.

I apologize to those who have

had to waste so much time with me because of my language difficulty. I have much to learn from this country and the people here. I see many good points in this country and in the American people. However, I also see the great number of problems that the United States faces. In addition to foreign relations there are the problems of poverty, race and the inadequate social-security system that exists despite the fact that the United States is wealthy. These problems stimulate my desire to study, because I have been dealing with such problems in Japan and see a similar situation over here. However, I would prefer not to comment on these problems now; I have not studied enough to do so.

What I can say right now, although I cannot say very vague, is that I hope all the people on earth will live better tomorrow than today. I am very happy to know that the people around the Catholic Worker are concerned about these problems and trying to do something about them. I hope that their concern and efforts will be meaningful and effective.

Hiroshi Uemura

Young Marx

46 Massachusetts Ave.
Buffalo, New York

Dear Dorothy:

Returned to the U.S. a few days ago and finally found a couple of quotes I've been wanting to pass on to you. They're from a translation by Edward Burke, S.J. of Karl Marx's "Reflections of a Young Man on the Choice of a Career," written when he was around seventeen. My notes tell me that you can find the whole article on pp. 191-201 of the *New Scholasticism* (only I don't have the date—probably between 1960 and 1963).

"History declares greatest those men who ennoble themselves by working for the common good; experience extols as happiest the man who has made the greatest number of men happy; and religion itself teaches us that the model we all strive to imitate offered himself up for mankind, and who would dare to nullify such verdicts?" (P. 201)

"Nature itself has determined the proper sphere of activity for the brute animal and the animal peacefully perfects itself within that sphere without any attempt to go beyond it, without even suspecting that any other exists. The divinity has also given man a universal goal, the ennobling of himself and of mankind, but it has left it up to man himself to seek out the means by which he can attain it, it has left it up to him to choose within society that position which is most adapted to him and from which he can benefit himself and society." (P. 197)

Vince Massaro

(Ed. note: If any of our readers have a copy of the issue of the *New Scholasticism* containing this translation of the young Marx's article, we would appreciate their sending it to us for study.)

"The charity of Christ which makes us solicitous of our families and for our American society must also make us solicitous for the welfare of the whole world . . . We are overcome by evil not only if we allow Communism to take over the world but if we allow the methods and standards of Communism to influence our own. If we adopt a policy of hatred, of liquidation of those who oppose us, of unrestrained use of total war, of a spirit of fear and panic, of exaggerated propaganda, of unconditional surrender, of pure nationalism, we have already been overcome by the evil."

(From Lenten Pastoral for 1962 by Albert Cardinal Meyer, Archbishop of Chicago.)

From Sarajevo To Nagasaki

On August 6th, the New York Council for a Sane Nuclear Policy marked the nineteenth anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing by sponsoring a World Peace Day program at the World's Fair. The speakers were Mr. Norman Thomas, respected socialist leader, and Archbishop Thomas D'Estes Roberts, S.J. Here is an excerpt from the Archbishop's address:

"Fifty years ago today, World War I had just begun. The nations, after the armistice of 1918, pledged themselves solemnly to disarm, to renounce war. In fact, the twenty-one-year interval up to 1939 was one of cold war—of expensive, prolonged, repeated conferences on the mechanics of disarmament. Little was done to educate the people, or to study the human roots of war in hatred, distrust and fear.

"This war led to World War II, ending in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, causing the torment of many survivors which continues even today. The same war began the moral torment of war, prevented most precariously by a balance of terror, by billions of money spent on 'deterrence' while most of our brothers go hungry."

A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 1)

the Worker on Labor Day, more melodically joyful, we rejoiced with the words of the liturgy and the glad reverence of prayer.

After Mass, we had breakfast together, and were glad that Dorothy Day, Father Hugo, and David Mason had time to sit and talk a little while before taking their departures, Dorothy to spend four months in Vermont caring for her grandchildren, Father Hugo to return to his parish duties and three thousand parishioners, Dave to his home and duties in Philadelphia.

As for the retreat, it had been, I think, a memorable one for all retreatants; but since Dorothy Day has written of it in her column, I shall not discuss it in detail. The liturgical aspects of the retreat seemed to me to constitute a little school of the liturgy, an excellent preparation for the new Mass we shall all enjoy after December first. Some of us, too, were glad to hear Father Hugo speak up staunchly—as he had done many years ago—on behalf of conscientious objectors, the right to oppose unjust laws, and the need to express one's Christian beliefs by putting them into practice in the struggle for civil rights and social justice. For Father Hugo and the retreat he gave us, *Deo gratias*.

The prolonged drought of summer, which insured fair weather for the retreat, has resulted also in a serious water shortage here on the new Catholic Worker farm at Tivoli, New York, a water shortage that is felt pretty generally throughout this area. For the past several weeks, John Filiger, who looks after the pumping apparatus which is supposed to fill our reservoir, has had to shut the water off at night and during most of the day except during the period when water is being drawn for cooking and dishwashing. We have, of course, a swimming pool and the great Hudson River before our door, but few, I think, would care to drink such water, and though our swimming pool has been serving as a kind of communal bathtub, I, for one, think there is nothing quite like an old-fashioned bathtub with plenty of good hot water gushing from the tap. To admit to such attachment after Father Hugo's retreat may seem blameworthy. But ah Detachment, Detachment, with how much equanimity I could view you after a hot bath.

Speaking seriously, this shortage of water has occasioned more tension and irritability among us than anything else we have experienced since coming to this, for the most part, pleasant and comfortable new home. Water is, of course, basic; and we are trying to make provision so that we shall not be caught so short again. Joe Dumenski and Larry Evers cleaned and painted the metal roof of the old mansion and then cleaned out the cistern system connected with that house so that if it ever reservoir of rain water to draw upon.

The fact that our house or hospitality has mushroomed into a

sizeable summer hotel means that we necessarily use more water. We have had a number of persons come to us for a stay in the country after a period of illness or after being released from the hospital. We have a mother with a newly born baby with us now. Moreover, almost all those from our large Crystie Street family who have wanted to come, have been able to do so. Jean Walsh, Peter Lumsden, and Bob Stewart have made many trips back and forth with the Travel-all so that this could be accomplished. Several families with small children have vacationed with us. During our retreats and conferences we have had every available bed occupied. But even when no such events are scheduled, we have a steady flow of visitors. This means that the work of the cooks—Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, and Larry Doyle—and of Alice Lawrence, who manages the rooms and innumerable other matters, is heavy indeed. Fortunately we have had some visitors who have come primarily to help with the work. A group of Josephite Brothers from Newburgh came for this purpose, as did also Maria Rampello and Ronnie Thistle. Whatever the reason for coming, visitors have continued to come in thousands probably approaching the number of visitors.

As a house of hospitality, we must be considered, I think, a success. But there is much work, and also much expense. There is not only the expense of running the place, but also of making necessary renovations. This particular worry and load, as well as that of making decisions, falls largely on Marty Corbin, who is in charge. Marty and the community are fortunate in that Marty's wife, Rita, is not only a good wife and mother but also does much to make community living more pleasant.

Looking back over the past months since our coming to this new Catholic Worker farm, the farm with the view, I think we can feel that we have at least made a beginning in the realization of that profounder view which is implicit in all our work. True, we have hardly achieved our program of cult, culture, and cultivation. But the quality of our retreats and conferences is a promise of greater accomplishment in the future.

Now on the night of the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, the air is soft and summery. The happy voices of young people float up through my open windows. The crickets sing cheerfully as though the frost the katydids have been promising were not just around the corner. But somewhere in our woodland, a leaf falls, a leaf striated, veined with color, with gold, with scarlet. We move toward frost, toward that great feast of autumn when all nature gives glory to God.

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 1)

in the Peace and the Civil Rights Movements. Bill Worthy, Gordon Christiansen, and Vincent Rock were among the faculty. One of the high points of the week was the visit of a dozen seminarians for a day. They had read about Avon in the CW and had arranged to spend a day with some of the faculty discussing the aims of the Institute and the social concerns that motivate those who attend. The faculty was truly heartened by the intelligence and the depth of concern of these men. Their vision of the Church and of Christ's work in the world came through quickly and clearly. Steve Cary, a Quaker leader, was obviously moved. He hoped that the spirit of these men would mean a real re-birth of the Spirit in the Church.

After short stops at the beach in New Jersey and in Westport, we were back at Chrystie Street, where our comrades were just recovering from the heat wave.

Summer Helpers

What made our summer so pleasant were the people who came to help for a month or two. Most of them are gone or preparing to return to their homes and schools now. There was Vince Maefsky a seminarian from Oklahoma City, Patsy Carr from St. Michael's College in Toronto, Bobby Gilliam from Minnesota, a student at St. Mary's in Winona. Pat Wilder has returned to her teaching job in Detroit. Delphine Thomas has returned to her family in Michigan. Marion Brass has just arrived from California to work with us for a while. Young people learn a great deal here at Chrystie Street and grow more than they do in years of schooling. We enjoyed their company, their friendship, and we appreciate their work. They will be back, I know. Kieran Dugan once said that if you sit in the CW office long enough you'll meet everybody you ever wanted to. It's almost true.

Ordinations

Our friends Fr. Karlo Forsberg and Fr. David Kirk were recently ordained in Jerusalem by the Patriarch Maximos in the Syrian Antiochian rite of the Roman Catholic Church. They celebrate in English. Many of us were able to participate in Fr. Kirk's Mass at St. Mary's Byzantine Church on Fifteenth Street and Second Avenue. Janet Burwash threw a little party for them and their CW friends before they left to start their work in Pittsburgh. We wish them many years of happiness in the Lord's work.

Friday Night Meetings

Fr. Schauer, a Dominican from the Newman Center at the University of New Mexico, was kind enough to come on a Thursday night for a special meeting at which he showed slides of the work done by the students at the Center in constructing and maintaining their chapel and other facilities. The liturgical life there is very rich. The students' appreciation of their own responsibility in the liturgical life of the center has inspired them to a remarkable degree of activity. In trips to secular campuses around the East I have been shocked at the lack of life in Newman Clubs at most colleges. But Fr. Schauer and his students have a real powerhouse going. They are near Los Alamos. We hope they will take advantage of the opportunity to picket sometime.

Tom Ritt, formerly executive director of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties, spoke one Friday on Catholic life in Los Angeles. It was horrifying. Mr. Ritt was close to Fr. DuBay and told us in detail of the background of that case. Our former editor Jim Forest told us of his trip to Prague. He and his wife Jean, John Heidbrink of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Tom Glering went to a Christian Peace Con-

ference in Prague. They were able to assess the vitality of the Church in Communist countries and the different ways in which peace minded people operate in Communist states.

Clark Kissinger of the Students for a Democratic Society spoke on his organization. Clark spoke of the pragmatic approach to peace and issues as Viet Nam. We are principled, religious pacifists, and in a way, it's easier for us to know what to do, because we have absolute standards and religious faith. For the agnostic there are all sorts of values to be weighed. In the end though, we turn out to have been right more often. Tiger, our most civilized cat, bit him. We hope Clark will come back.

When our speaker doesn't show up, or when we have not been able to engage one, we get two or three friends together and have a panel. Ivan Strenski, Ed Turner and I spoke on the upcoming elections. Many of us do not ordinarily vote in national elections because we don't think there is a significant difference between the platforms and candidates of the major parties. Voting for the lesser of two evils does not appeal to many of us any more than committing the lesser of two evils. We don't want to wait for election day to indicate what kind of world we want. We try to make that world every day, by our work. And yet, the possibility of Goldwater being President, and the rat-pack of right wing reactionaries of the Birch stripe coming into the



mainstream of American life is so frightening that many of us are going to reassess our stand on voting. We don't believe the Christian answer to Communism is World War III.

Atlantic City

The Catholic Worker joined with the Committee for Non-violent Action, the War Resisters League and several other groups to sponsor a demonstration at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. We had about two hundred and fifty people who stood in silent vigil from early evening until eleven o'clock. The newsmen and the television cameras showed great interest. We were protesting United States involvement in Viet Nam. Although the demonstration was large, dignified, impressive and concerned an issue of great interest to the reading public, our publicity was meager. Canadian television reported us, but not US television. It is hard not to believe in news black-outs. CORE's rally was in the same area. It was splendid. At one point above the noise of the huge crowds, I heard the words of O, Freedom ring out. Mahalia Jackson's voice filled the huge Convention Plaza, with no microphone.

Visitors

The summer brings an unending line of visitors daily. I'm sorry we cannot mention them all.

We are very glad to meet them, to talk of the work and to show them around the CW and the Bowery. We were particularly happy to welcome a group of ten Jesuit scholastics from Shrub Oak. We have many friends there but we hadn't met this group before. John McCue of Pearl River, New Jersey, came one day with forty Young Christian Students. Ed Forand and Chris Kearns spoke to them. A group of Maryknoll Sisters visited. Bill Callahan, who was on the staff for many years, visited with his family from Latrobe, Penna. It was a pleasure for me to hear of the old days on Mott Street.

Work

Fr. John Hugo of Pittsburgh gave the Labor Day week-end retreat at the Farm. The staff men from St. Joseph's House were at Tivoli for the retreat, and Chris was visiting his family. Clare Bee and I were left with the House. I was apprehensive. But everyone worked together so well that the four days passed almost quietly. John McMullen, Fred Lindsey, Charley Keefe, Bill Decker and Italian Paul were indispensable. Their regular work serving, cooking, keeping the House in a kind of order, is greatly appreciated. Bill Decker had a seizure, but we were glad to have him back in a short time.

Indian Pete

Our family has enjoyed relatively good health these past two months, with the exception of Peter Nenies. Pete was a Chippewa from Saginaw, Michigan. He was always pleasant, drunk or sober. His big bronze face, with its broken nose and missing tooth, was most often smiling. We all felt affection for him, and concern. He had a weak heart and had to go to Bellevue often for emergency treatment. He would go on long and severe binges which would debilitate him seriously. We warned him time and again that fire water would kill him, and it did. We won't soon forget his contributions to Friday night meetings. He would ask speakers who came to discuss fluoridation what they thought about the government's Indian policy. He was a good, kind person. We commend him to your prayers.

The Park

Our office looks out over Sara Delano Roosevelt Park, which a few months ago was a cesspool of sewage, shattered wine bottles, rats and children. We wrote in the CW of the terrible condition of the Park and of the children who were forced to play there for lack of anything better. One day we gathered at the windows to witness what seemed at the time an atrocity. Bulldozers were uprooting the beautiful English plane trees that line the debris. The one thing of beauty on Chrystie Street was being destroyed. But we found that the City had decided to re-build the Park. They have been working on it all summer. We still can't tell what some of the construction is, but we fervently hope that we will soon have a decent Park for the neighborhood children and the old people. Some things get better, even on the Bowery.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

Gurley Flynn was the Secretary of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. She had also been one of the most colorful and significant leaders of the Labor Movement in this country since the years before World War I. Joe Hill, after whom Ammon's House in Salt Lake City is named, wrote his song *The Rebel Girl* for her. It became her second name. Miss Flynn spoke for us many times at our Friday Night meetings. Her concern for political prisoners of every persuasion endeared her to many. We note her death in Moscow on September 5 with sadness. Her ashes are immured in the Kremlin Wall, not far from those of her old comrade, Big Bill Haywood. May she rest in peace.

Co-op Restaurants Needed

By DAVID MASON

Every day of their lives many aged Social Security recipients must face the problem of providing themselves with adequate meals on a low income. The persons in this plight are those with incomes so low that they cannot afford to patronize restaurants regularly. They live in furnished rooms without cooking or refrigerating facilities. Many of them, particularly the men, do not have the ability to cook, even if they could afford to buy good food. There are also many women who cannot cook, due to their advanced age.

A person trying to subsist on the average Social Security check cannot afford to spend two dollars a day on food. If he is lucky enough to have cooking facilities, he may prepare sumptuous feasts of chicken backs or frankfurters, but most men are not that lucky.

Years of experience in helping feed, clothe and shelter destitute men and women in the Catholic Worker Houses of Hospitality have left me with a keen concern for these problems. Last July 23rd after long consideration, I wrote to Mayor James H. J. Tate, of Philadelphia, proposing the following plan:

We should organize cooperative restaurants for Social Security recipients, to be operated at their own expense and under their own, democratic management, with whatever direction and assistance interested persons and organizations can give to get the project started. Initially, one pilot restaurant should be organized, which would serve as a model for others.

I received a letter, dated August 3rd, from Philadelphia's Commis-

a la carte, which are far more expensive, should be provided.

The restaurant could be tied in with vocational training programs for cooks and other restaurant workers.

Two meals a day might be sufficient service, with supplemental provision for take-out food.

The restaurants, by making a better diet possible, might eliminate some of the need for medical attention.

I will be happy to hear from anyone interested in this plan. My address is:

David F. A. Mason
2002 E. Madison St.
Philadelphia 34, Pa.

Our Visitors

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

"Who will ever come to Tivoli?" "It is too far off the beaten track." "You will get few visitors." "You will all die of loneliness up there." These were but a few of the negative remarks that we heard when the announcement was first made that our new farm was to be located in Tivoli, New York.

It is true that Tivoli is not the easiest place in the world to reach—especially if one hasn't got a car. The nearest train station is Rhinecliff, some twelve miles away, while the nearest bus stop is Kingston (fifteen miles away). It is possible to take a bus to Poughkeepsie and then transfer to a local bus going to Red Hook. You then have a short walk of some eight miles. Because of the difficulty of meeting visitors at stations, we ask that they get in touch with us at PLateau 9-2761 before embarking on a train or bus.

People have come in ever increasing numbers to visit the new Catholic Worker Farm. It may be the novelty of the place, because we have met people we haven't heard from over the past fifteen years. It goes to prove that even if people don't write or visit they are still interested in the work. The Catholic Worker is often the thread that keeps people together.

A casual glance at our combination visitors book and diary (which is kept up by Jean Walsh) shows that almost seven hundred visitors have signed the book. But since many visitors neglect to sign, I am sure that the number must be fast approaching the thousand mark.

The visitors have come from Japan, Italy, Sweden, England, Switzerland, France, Canada, Australia. I don't know how many of the States have been represented, but a check of license plates shows our visitors from sixteen states.

We have had two retreats at the farm. One was given by Father Marion Casey, of Belle Plaines, Minnesota, and the other by Father John Hugo, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The American Pax Association held the first of what we hope will be annual study meetings at the farm. His Excellency, Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., was the principal speaker. About one hundred persons attended.

We were also fortunate in having eight volunteers from the International Voluntary Service, who donated three work weeks to help us get the place ready for retreats and conferences.

Next year we hope to see more of our readers and to arrange with Catholic Action groups, Civil Rights groups and Peace groups to use our farm for their conferences. We especially welcome any priest who would like to come to our farm for a period of rest, quiet, and meditation.

Those interested in using the farm for their groups are advised to get in touch with: Martin Corbin, Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, New York.



Joe Hill House

(Continued from page 1)

west side, who is from Milwaukee and a friend of the CW.

Most of my stuff was stored with some young folks who were going to start a coffee house, but while I was away speaking they went bankrupt, so their landlord is holding my belongings for their debt. This may not be strictly legal, but as they say, possession is nine points of the law. Since I do not believe in going to law for my rights, I will leave my property where it is. Some old clothing and dishes were supposed to be picked up by Father Kaiser's man and stored, but my helpers in the last two days before I left on my speaking trip sold or gave them all away. I bought knives and forks and spoons for five cents each, and folks have given me enough to get started with. What I really need are blankets. I did buy a refrigerator, for \$42. The butcher will bring bones with meat on each Sunday, and I have already contacted the bread man, and all the other sources of my free food supply. Mormons have already brought me cornmeal, oatmeal, powdered milk, peanut butter and beans. I attend the 13th Ward Mormon Church around the corner and cordial men from there have visited me twice. They show correct psychology, for instead of talking about Joseph Smith, they ask about Joe Hill. Two blocks down the street a man called as I went by: "Mr. Hill." He said that he had slept at my place for a time. He is an American married to a Mexican woman. They have seven beautiful children. The Mexican father-in-law appeared on the scene also. He had lived at my place often. They had bought an old house and were fixing it up. They dug up weeds on the front lawn and planted grass and started to dig out a huge stump, but wisely covered it up with dirt and made a raised flower bed instead. I gave the kids some candy, which I got along with cocoa from the Hershey man. It may seem foolhardy to promise to pay \$80 a month on this place but friends over the country have helped me before and I am sure will continue to do so.

The Cajun

I am fortunate to have the company for the past six weeks of Murphy Douvois, a Cajun from Raceland, Louisiana, who organized for the Young Christian Students for several years. When in high school in that segregated town, where the Catholics are very conservative, he read Dorothy's *The Long Loneliness*. Although he registered for the draft he has since openly refused to carry a draft card or accept conscientious objector classification, taking the true CW absolutist stand. He has done odd labor in field and factory without having any income tax taken from his pay. He received notice to appear before his draft board on September 21st but told them he was ready to go to jail rather than cooperate with the rules of conscription. He plays Woody Guthrie and Joe Hill songs and even made one up about death-house inmate Poulsen, which he sang before a group of University young folks. He has quit day labor and is now my cook. He will play and sing songs on my first Friday night meeting, September 4th. He is 24 and has a fine life ahead of him as a radical. He does not seem to be the kind who will allow the clergy to stress the value of prudence and have him chicken out. He has been reading Tolstoy and other anarchist literature. For the past week, his friend Paul Mann of Philadelphia, a young man trying to be a Catholic CO, has been staying with us, helping to paint the odd places around the house that need it. Father Pellegrino sent a man with a broken arm who had lived his one night at the Salvation Army to me. And tonight Father

Kaiser sent over three men who came off the freight and are waiting a few days until the peach harvest opens at Grand Junction, Colorado. So I am really opening the house a few days earlier than I had planned.

Voting

I have had letters from CW readers asking me to explain why I do not vote. There are three ways to change this world: Get 51% of the bombs and kill off the "bad" men; get 51% of the votes and elect "good" men; or change yourself. Christian anarchists have given up shooting and voting, and they seek to vote every day by practicing the one-man-revolution. The theory of not voting comes from the realization that we live under a capitalist dictatorship, where money values predominate and a premium is put upon conforming to the materialistic way of life. Anarchists do not believe in majority rule, for the majority is always wrong on any important issue. If we voted for a minority candidate and lost we would be honor-bound to obey the winner. We do not enter the contest. We realize that no matter how humane and sincere and kind-hearted a candidate may be, basically he believes in the return of evil for evil, in courts, prisons and war. This is plainly a denial of the teachings of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount. We believe that in these perilous days anything less than the Sermon on the Mount is not important.

Liberals and pacifists may be tempted right now to vote for Johnson and Humphrey in order to defeat the conservative, warmongering Goldwater and Miller. The plain fact is that Johnson has been pushed by Goldwater into ordering increased forces to Vietnam, and that internationally he speaks for peace by the old-time method of war. His action in recognizing the reactionary government in Brazil and in continuing the Kennedy policy of starving the people of Cuba shows that pacifists should have no confidence in his words or deeds. Humphrey has been more liberal, but in civil-rights legislation has proven himself ready for tricky compromise. Goldwater is tempering his former conservative ideas in order to get votes. No one need be fooled by his antiquated economics and jingoistic patriotism.

"Good" Men and "Bad"

At the age of seven I lost a quarter betting for the "good" man Bryan. I voted only once in my life and that was for the Socialist candidate Allan Benson, who was against the war in 1916, but before I was out of Atlanta prison he began supporting the war. In fact, Wilson was elected that year by the Socialists in California, who voted for him on his promise "to keep us out of war." In every election campaign since Jefferson the "good" people have been confronted with a "bad" candidate whom they must defeat in order that they may have peace and progress. Jackson, who broke the treaties made with the Indians, was another of those second-rate politicians whom we have had as Presidents, interspersed with a sad Lincoln, a venal Grant, a jingoistic Teddy Roosevelt, an arrogant Wilson, and Harding, a good-natured "bad" man, who, however, pardoned Debs. A charming F.D.R., who, it seems, got us into a war to keep us out of a depression, with his words of "I tell you again and again that I will send no boys across." Then a likeable Kennedy, who, despite his ideals, got us into the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Millions of people in Italy honestly believed in Mussolini, as millions in Germany did in Hitler. Millions honestly believe in Goldwater and to them the "bad" man is one who does not hate Communists. Goldwater has popularized the word "extremist," and I guess that he is extreme, inasmuch as his educa-

tion was almost totally military, and his methods are those of the Birchers (who claim that they must outdo the Communists in what they consider tricky methods). I am an extremist also, but with values that are above-board. My way of putting it is that a good man is worse than a bad man, for he finds a good reason for doing a bad thing that a bad man couldn't figure out, so we always have good men leading us into misery—as history proves.

Speaking

My friend the city librarian had me speak to a group of liberals. Last night I spoke to some of the 105 who are being trained at the University in the government End Poverty program. My experience as a migrant worker for 11 years, and as a social worker for the same length of time, and here at the Joe Hill House, provoked many questions. Last Sunday we attended the polygamous church of the First Born of Fullness of Time. I had not been there since my trip across the country. The leader read from my leaflet and asked "Brother Ammon" to speak. These folks practice the old Mormon United Order in Mexico, where they live in community like the Hutterites. And tonight one of their number brought me food that I need right now.

Picketing

I lost 16 pounds in my 19 days of picketing on non-payment of taxes. It took a week to get my appetite back again. I met three country boys from the wilds of Montana who had spent a year in Vietnam, were home on a furlough, and were going back again for a year. They had never met a pacifist and were really interested in my leaflet. Gordon and Mary Christiansen were here visiting their Mormon relatives. They hail from New Haven, Connecticut, and the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action and they came and picketed with me on the last three days and helped me move the stuff that I had stored at Hood's into my new place.



Trusteeship

1. Trusteeship provides a means of transforming the present capitalist order of society into an egalitarian one. It gives no quarter to capitalism, but gives the present owning class a chance of reforming itself. It is based on the faith that human nature is never beyond redemption.
 2. It does not recognize any right of private ownership of property except so far as it may be permitted by society for its own welfare.
 3. It does not exclude legislative regulation of ownership and use of wealth.
 4. Thus, under State-regulated trusteeship, an individual will not be free to hold or use his wealth for selfish satisfaction or in disregard of the interests of society.
 5. Just as it is proposed to fix a decent minimum living wage, even so a limit should be fixed for the maximum income that would be allowed to any person in society. The difference between minimum and maximum incomes should be reasonable and equitable and variable from time to time, so much so that the tendency would be towards obliteration of the difference.
 6. Under the Gandhian economic order the character of production will be determined by social necessity, and not by personal whim or greed.
- ("Practical Trusteeship Formula" drawn up by three of Gandhi's associates in 1942, and approved by Gandhi.)

Co-operative or Condominium?

By WILLIAM HORVATH

Ed. note: Since there has been a good deal of discussion recently on the condominium as an alternative to cooperative housing, we asked our housing expert, Mr. William Horvath, shortly before his departure for Europe, to comment on the relative merits of each type of ownership. Here is his reply:

In a condominium the tenant can own the apartment outright, sublet it for a profit to another tenant, or sell it at a higher market price. An outsider who is not a tenant can buy such an apartment and rent it for what he can get. If there are a hundred apartments in a building, there can be a hundred separate owners or there can be one company formed to own them and rent them to a hundred tenants. The halls, the heating system, all the things that provide common service, are mutually owned and must be paid for collectively. Tenants vote according to the amount of shares they hold, instead of according to the co-op principle of one man, one vote. Thus if one person has an expensive apartment, or several apartments, he acquires more control. If the top floors are more expensive than the other two-thirds, their owners can run the governing board, set prices, and dictate policy. As tenants move out and new ones move in, the newcomers may pay more for their shares than the original tenants, so that there are different costs to tenants. Many, if not all, of the tenants will be subletting from the original owners, so there will be widespread absentee ownership. Capital gains (profit on sale of apartments) and profits on rent will be attractive possibilities. A new tenant will have to pay whatever the market demands. In a rising market, the large down payment demanded of new tenants will tend to eliminate all but the richest. If it originally took, let us say, \$1,000 to buy into such housing, later it may take three times as much. Even professional people find it difficult to raise large sums in cash. If they borrow in addition to ordinary mortgages, they are adding to their monthly cost. Each family will have to seek a separate mortgage loan, which means a hundred individual real-estate deals, with the consequent retail expenses, rather than one mortgage loan at wholesale prices. Instead of being united partners in a mutual association who can pay their debts and therefore get good terms from conservative bankers, the tenants must bargain alone. Real-estate agencies like condominiums, because instead of one deal with a hundred families, now there are a hundred separate deals, with a hundred commissions. In these ways, the price of housing is forced up, not only for the particular tenants involved, but for other tenants in the community. As for cooperation, each family in a condominium tends to try first of all to get all it can for itself and to raise the price upon leaving in order to make a profit on the new tenant. If a new co-op across the street has rooms costing 25% less, the condominium owner will naturally oppose it.

The concept of condominium apartments in multiple housing is a new one in New York. It began in California a few years ago. Puerto Rico and Israel have had them for some time. The laws governing their operation are just being formulated, and many of them will need years to clarify. The rich like the idea, for it allows them great tax advantages and something to sink their surplus capital into. It also allows them to restrict membership.

Not long ago, I went to a tenants' meeting in Harlem. An agent for a real-estate group was present, trying to persuade the poor to buy their own apartments. He extolled the advantages of property ownership. But Harlem is full of rotting, sixty-year-old buildings, in which the tenants

presently pay \$16 for 2½ rooms, or \$32 for 4 rooms. The city and the genuine cooperative builders, like United Housing Foundation and the Association for Middle Income Housing, could build low-cost co-op units, some for as little as \$17 a room per month and \$200 cash down.

It takes five years to get a new house ready, to prepare the legal and financial terms. Condominium housing fails to answer such important questions as: How much will the tenants actually be paying per room per month? Will poor tenants be able to get enough loans or credit to make improvements? Who will represent them honestly? Will they get improved housing for five years and then find the price so high they will be unable to live in it? Will they seek a profit on new tenants, try to hold the building for a profit, and oppose public or co-op housing later on?

The agents for condominiums believe that they can pick up the older houses cheaply from landlords who are being pressed by rent strikes. The more responsible real-estate businesses will not deal in condominium apartments for the poor in such old buildings.

Cooperatives are entirely different in their economic structure and philosophy of ownership. The main objects are to obtain the use of property at low cost and to share ownership in one company, controlled only by the resident tenants. Each family has one vote, and only one, in electing the governing committee. A tenant owns shares equal to the value of his apartment and is a voting member in a company he controls. He cannot move out and sell at a profit to a new tenant. Only the initial down payment is returnable, and you cannot walk away with part of the house or land. Tenants buy the house wholesale and are one another's security to get loans from banks on the best possible terms. They purchase supplies as a united company of consumers. Savings accrued as the result of wise management and the repayment of mortgages are returned to tenants proportionately at the end of each year. If a new house is erected on the original land, it will still be a co-op for the benefit of the original tenants or those in the same community.

Ferment

(Continued from page 3)

to any of us and the crowd wouldn't listen to him. Finally he yelled, "To hell with the niggers, get them out of here any way you can." Then the police arrested me and the other 15 youth leaders and began pushing the crowd back. That's when trouble began. We could have stopped it in a minute if they had just let us use the bull horn. Instead they rushed all of us youth leaders into the police station. The police aren't popular in the neighborhood anyway and cans and bottles began to fly. I was the only girl arrested and a policewoman took me away after I had been kicked and hit over the head. The others were given a beating and the crowd outside could hear their screams. We didn't know a riot had started until we got out of night court at 2 a.m. The man to be blamed is Inspector Pendergast who is supposed to be experienced and to have a reputation for fairness. If it wasn't for his stupid handling of the affair, there would have been no riot."

(Reprinted, by permission, from I. F. Stone's Weekly (5618 Nebraska Ave., N.W., Washington 15, D.C.; \$5.00 per year) for August 10th. The most interesting and perceptive political commentary to appear regularly in an American periodical is featured in Mr. Stone's fine Weekly. Warmly recommended to CW readers.)

Report on Chinese Communes

(Continued from page 2)

He has the benefit of untrammelled supplies, and the city breaks even.

Social Services

The commune provides its members with the "five guarantees"—food, clothing, shelter, medical care and funeral expenses. A family which has too little labor power to provide for itself, old people left without relatives, and so forth, are helped from the welfare fund of the team to which they are attached.

There are primary schools in every village; I was told that all children at the age of seven go to school and that the parents are so keen on education that they see to it that all stay the course. There are secondary schools in each district. At present about one in six of the children goes on to secondary school. At present very few go away for further education to the cities. As the pyramid is built up from the bottom the number will increase.

There is a hospital in most communes, and clinics at the brigade or team level. The provision for these services is partly from commune funds and partly from government. Sometimes only the school house is provided (in an old temple or ex-landlord's house), while teachers are paid by the county and parents have to supply books. Sometimes the whole is paid from the welfare fund of the teams or from profits of commune enterprises. Sometimes doctors are paid and drugs supplied from the welfare funds. Sometimes the salaries are paid by the county. Sometimes the commune cannot do any more than invite doctors in and let them charge the households for their services. It is characteristic of Chinese administration, from the earliest times, to avoid out and dried legal schemes of rights and obligations. Now the communes do what they can and the gaps are covered where necessary from outside.

Visiting Communes

I was able to fill in a good deal of detail in the above sketch on a series of visits to a dozen communes in seven different districts.

A foreign visitor, depending on an interpreter who is only a little less foreign in the back areas, making each visit for no more than five or six hours, naturally can get only some superficial impression. I offer them for whatever they may be worth.

In the sophisticated prosperous market gardens near Peking, showing visitors round is just a chore, but in the country they like to make an occasion of it. We sit round a table loaded with fruit and sip tea, or hot water as a symbol of tea, while a spokesman gives us an account of the structure and achievements of the commune. The headquarters of one commune is in an old temple; more often it is an ex-landlord's house or a new building. The spokesman is sometimes the party secretary, the Director of the commune or the leader of one of the brigades, often an ex-poor peasant whose ability and devotion has established a position of leadership, sometimes an ex-schoolmaster from the city, or a young fellow trained in the cadres' school. When the leader is a woman, no one makes any particular point of it. (In China, it seems, the rule that women are news no longer applies.)

The figures are given in a set form but our questions are answered readily. Only once was there a slogan-monger in charge of the meeting who replied with ready-made phrases about the Leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, the Three Red Banners and all that. We noticed that the atmosphere in that commune seemed a bit slack. There were even flies in the room!

Usually the spokesman is frank and articulate. Generally the sense of our questions is picked up even when our town-bred interpreter does not understand them himself. Sometimes there is confusion and

a lot of argument we cannot follow before an answer emerges, generally because our questions were not clearly put.

There has been a lot of building. It was a proud count of the number of "dormitories," i.e. dwelling rooms, built in 1958 that gave rise to the horror-comic story about families being broken up that the Russians are now repeating. Round Peking houses are built of brick and commune members who know the trade can earn from their neighbors as bricklayers but in the country districts building is a traditional style and any family can put up their own house as soon as they can afford to buy the timber and the tiles. The vegetable garden and the pigsty at the bottom of the yard provide the family with some produce over and above what they can get from their private plot. (The private plots are allotted by the team and must not occupy more than 7% of the team's land.)

The usual pattern of family life is for three generations to share a house. When we drop in, granny is at home with the babies while the young couple are both at work and the older children at school. The supply of grannies to do the cooking no doubt accounts for the fact that the canteens did not prove popular. Perhaps they will be revived in the future when the present generation of active public-spirited girls are the grandmothers.

There are remnants of "feudal thinking" still; one of the tasks of the leader of the woman's group is to settle family disputes where the mother-in-law wants to bully the young wife in the old-fashioned style and the husband, in the old style, sides with his mother instead of trying to teach her the new ways.

Brigades and Teams

The advantage of making the team the accounting unit for the distribution of income is that it increases individual incentive and eases the strain on management. Where one of the cooperatives, however, had sufficient experience, devotion and ability to continue to manage itself satisfactorily, there are obvious advantages in the brigade, which it now forms, carrying on as an accounting unit. In my small sample, I found three cases of this kind. In each case natural leaders had come up from the local people (one of them was a "hero of labor" who had twice been invited to Peking to be honored) and there was a general atmosphere of pride and enthusiasm.

At the other extreme, we happened upon a commune that is politically rather "backward," though it is fairly prosperous, because it grows cotton and has a cash income per head well above average. Here it appeared that the teams were based upon the old "lower form co-operatives" that existed before 1956 and the later developments had not really struck root. The teams ran the breeding station and the primary schools. The brigades appeared to be a mere formality, and the staff of the commune were all paid officials. The commune, however, had entered into a scheme with two of its neighbors for water control in the area, which had much improved their productivity.

Another in my sample conformed exactly to the standard pattern, with appropriate activities at each level—household, team, brigade and commune, topped by a machine shop with its own miniature blast furnace.

In a market-garden near Peking the brigades are the accounting units. I somehow had the impression that the atmosphere was more businesslike and less democratic than in the deep country, which paid off in the high level of prosperity of the households.

In the crumbling loess country round Yenan (where the cave-house in which Chairman Mao lived is an object of pilgrimage) whole valleys have been saved

from erosion and flooding by terracing the hillsides in the manner used since ancient times in the south. The hill tops, which still yield a miserable, back-breaking crop, are to be planted with orchards and coppices.

In a wet plain south of Taiyuan, the commune had cut a drainage canal 20 kilometres long. In the hills to the north a reservoir and pumping station will irrigate a formerly useless area. Everywhere dirt tracks have been turned into truckable roads.

Such works are organized by the communes. In the slack season there is labor-power running to waste. Plans are worked out by experts whose services are provided as part of their normal duties. Outside expenses may be levied from the accumulation fund of teams in proportion to the area of land that will be benefited, or paid from the commune's own fund, amassed from the profits of its enterprises. The labor force is mobilized, each team helping the others, with volunteers from town (who perhaps are doing their own souls more good than they contribute to the job) and the work of a few months makes a permanent addition to the wealth of each team by increasing the productivity of the land that each has to cultivate.

This, like the trading and the social security system in the communes, is an example to how economic common sense can take command when it is freed from the complications and contradictions of a market economy.

Democracy

Is economic efficiency paid for by political regimentation? In one



sense, of course, the Party is keeping a tight grip upon the system. But in another sense there is a kind of grass-roots democracy giving the peasants a say in their own affairs, which certainly did not exist before. For instance, the system of job-evaluation by which work points are allotted to various tasks has to be satisfactory to the public opinion of the workers. The Party and the commune staff want to avoid dissatisfaction which would impair efficiency, and so they must see to it that the opinion of the team members is taken into account. In this and many such details of organization the leadership depends upon the goodwill of the rank and file. Where things have gone wrong, the trouble is usually attributed to young know-alls among the cadres trying to boss the peasants.

The commune system provides a daily education in the scientific approach to technical problems, in economic calculation, and in political organization. Personal ability and ambition has scope to express itself in more constructive ways than the desperate acquisitiveness of the individual peasant.

There are no police on the communes, and the lads are learning rifle shooting in the militia. The Party evidently cannot push these people anywhere that it cannot persuade them to go.

(Ed. note: This article also appeared in *The Other Side*, a quarterly published by Mr. Taylor Adams (Box 1015, GCPO, New York 17, N.Y. \$1 a year). Dr. Robinson took part in the East-West Round Table Conference held in Florence this July, which was sponsored by Mayor Giorgio La Pira.)

'Way Down North

(Continued from page 1)

bulldozers advance, but the tenants are only drifting into Riverhead's other shantytowns, or "bot-toms," where they will "scuffle" for a living in a shrinking farm economy just as they have for thirty-odd years. Physical misery and danger are the norms of their lives there, but the most dangerous occupational disease of being poor is an atrophy of the mind. For the most part, these seasonal workers are incapable of logical thought, barren of ambition, devoid of imagination, and thoroughly escapist. Even the down-home traditions like blues or gospel music and fervent Christianity are dying out; "squeeze" (cheap wine) is the sole recreation, the only escape. It is against this tide of mental squalor, more than against physical conditions themselves, that Long Island CORE's Riverhead project, Operation Tinderbox, is aimed. Operation Tinderbox was named for the constant fire threat in the Negro ghettos. It is essentially a community-building venture, using all means from playschools to voter-registration work and pickets of slumlords in its drive to bring fighting spirit and energy into a demoralized anarchy. As the summer draws to a close, its twin red staff cars have become a familiar and welcome sight in Riverhead's black slums. If the civil-rights ideas which CORE symbolizes become as familiar, the Negro community will at last be able to fight back at the economic abuse which holds it captive.

It is an uphill fight. Negroes comprise almost one third of Riverhead's seventeen-thousand citizens, and with the exception of a tiny, self-enclosed black bourgeoisie, poverty holds them all in an iron grip. And they are not free to leave; they are seasonal workers, not migrants. Employed for the most part in duck and potato processing during the summer months, they are stuck at home, unemployed and family-tied, throughout the raw Atlantic winter. About a fifth of them are illiterate and many are alcoholics, particularly among the young and middle-aged men who would be leaders in a healthier community. The majority still expect violence and terror if they should speak for their rights, just as they expected it in their Southern homes. Their fear is sometimes well-grounded. The local farmers and county officials are violently hostile to CORE, and the town's press generous with distortions and abuse. One Negro woman, after writing a pro-CORE letter, was chased from her own

home by county police on grounds of "trespassing." The chairman of CORE was arrested and dragged away while taking a distinguished party of clerical and lay persons on a tour of the duck ranch. No county employee, in fact, has talked with any CORE member or sympathizer, nor has the local human-rights Commission acted usefully upon any problem of seasonal workers.

Nonetheless, Operation Tinderbox has a wide range of tactics available for its battle with apathy. The foot soldiers of this fight are the CORE area representatives who spend day after day arguing integration in backyards, wheeling people in cafes, socializing, and playing with ghetto children. Political strength will soon afford a stronger weapon. Although the Negro vote is still far below potential, voter registration work has boosted it so that it could soon sweep out the "close-your-eyes-and-it'll-go-away" attitude toward poverty. But since it will be some time before the county administration lets any federal money for retraining and public housing trickle into Riverhead, help from the federal "War on Poverty" will be the ultimate weapon. The recent visit of Hyman Bookbinder, executive director of the Task Force of the War on Poverty, was a giant step, and Riverhead has been promised high priority. Moreover, the concerned interest of the Catholic Diocese of Rockville Center, and the extensive coverage of Riverhead's problems in its diocesan newspaper, foretell resolute help from the Church.

The matter cannot be tabled. The future is closing in on Riverhead. The farm economy is already shrinking, yet no effort has been made to retrain the ghettos' prisoners; they are in immediate danger of becoming useless. In the words of one Riverhead Negro, "They just moon around and worry, and pretty soon they get just as rundown and crummy as the shacks here." If CORE leaves, nothing will stop the decay, and CORE is already in debt for the summer's work without any funds in sight for the winter's continuation of it. (Contribution should go to Long Island CORE, 80 South Franklin Street, Hempstead, N.Y.).

If the outside world does not care, there is nothing to make Riverhead care. It is time, after thirty years of forgetfulness, to face the question of whether black citizens must always live in deep Southern peonage, the worst America has to offer, in a town eighty miles from Times Square.

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BOOK REVIEWS

WHY WE CAN'T WAIT, by Martin Luther King, Jr., Signet, 60c.

Reviewed by TED MULCAHY

While limitations of space do not permit extended comment on Dr. King's graphic account of Birmingham 1963, and what preceded it, two features deserve attention. First, although the author might appear the very model of an urbane professional man, he did not hesitate to appear in work clothes when he presented his own body for arrest. ("The disciple is no greater than the Master"). Second, the use of children in the demonstrations gave them a personal stake in the success of the freedom movement, which will ultimately benefit them more than it will their parents.

As to Dr. King's superb "Letter from Birmingham Jail," one can only marvel at the sanctimonious presumption of the white clergymen, who issued a public statement deploring violence and addressed it to the non-resisting victims of aggression. Is it any wonder that he sometimes gazes at the churches of the whites and asks: "Who is their God?" He adds:

"I have heard numerous religious leaders of the South call upon their worshippers to comply with a desegregation decision because it is the law, but I have longed to hear white ministers say follow this decree because integration is morally right and the Negro is your brother. In the midst of blatant injustices inflicted upon the Negro, I have watched white churches stand on the sideline and merely mouth pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. In the midst of a mighty struggle to rid our nation of racial and economic injustice, I have heard so many ministers say, 'Those are social issues with which the Gospel has no real concern,' and I have watched so many churches commit themselves to a completely other-worldly religion which made a strange distinction between body and soul, the sacred and the secular."

"So here we are moving toward the exit of the twentieth century with a religious community largely adjusted to the status quo, standing as a tail light behind other community agencies rather than a headlight leading men to higher levels of justice."

In expounding his philosophy of nonviolent direct action, the author points out that those who employ moral force to combat physical force prove their own ultimate superiority by making their opponents ridiculous. Truly, they shall overcome, who turn the other cheek!

The story of Birmingham offers a glaring example of the moral failure of big business (as represented by United States Steel) to place people above profits, and give community leadership when it was sorely needed. The old phrase "soulless corporation" is remarkably apt.

Dr. King, with his thoughtful compassion for all minority groups, also reminds us of the attempted genocide of the American Indian by the white "master" race. The near decimation of the red man, due to the inadequacy of his bow and arrow in face of the white man's firearms, is a pragmatic argument for nonviolent resistance.

In demanding full equality without delay, the Negro wants no repetition of the "blood, sweat, and tears" which accompanied his bargaining for freedom from slavery. Nor does he want any part of the Anglo-Saxon tradition of political compromise, which, if applied to this issue, would imply that human rights are relative.

Preference must be given to the Negro, inasmuch as the white man had a long head start in the race for education and jobs. A Bill of Rights for all the disadvantaged, regardless of color, should be incorporated in any massive assault on poverty and deprivation. Some segments of labor appear to have forgotten the debt of gratitude

they owe the Negro, who stood shoulder to shoulder with white workers in the great organizing drives of the thirties. It should be remembered that their common enemies would like nothing better than a cleavage between the two races. Other natural allies (if they could be organized) are the physically handicapped, who continue to suffer from unemployment and social discrimination, despite much lip service to equality from the power structure. If Walter Reuther's call for "fair employment within the context of full employment" (enunciated during the March on Washington) were heeded, there would not have to be any competition for jobs among these groups.

Dr. King writes of the impressive dignity of August 28, 1963, and the reviewer retains the impression of the profound feeling of human brotherhood inspired by numerous instances of thoughtfulness and kindness exhibited by the Marchers, regardless of creed and color. The Spirit of Washington should be nurtured to counteract the contagious effects of hatred and violence directed against minority groups, which culminated in the assassination of President Kennedy. Negroes, in particular, are only too familiar with the methods of extra-legal "justice." The continued employment of such means testifies to a sick national mentality and is a grim refutation of those staunch defenders of the Establishment (such as former President Eisenhower) who are always extolling what they consider the best of all possible societies—for themselves.

If Negroes and non-voting poor whites in the South united to register and exercise the ballot, they could shake loose the reactionary grip on Congress. The American political scene would be vastly improved if the Negro leadership cast off its traditional non-partisan role and plunged into the mainstream of national issues. The country as a whole could sorely use the movement's humanity, honesty, and vision.

The present attitude of the Negro in regard to his new (and still limited) freedom may be compared to that of a long-term prisoner who has just been released and is facing all the readjustments of liberation. Despite all obstacles, he is willing to assume his rightful privileges and responsibilities.

The success of the civil-rights revolution in the United States by means of nonviolent action may have an important application in the search for a formula to avoid world destruction by nuclear warfare and to bring about a positive international peace. Dr. King's conclusion is that the necessary climate for its use will arrive only when the great mass of pragmatic practitioners of tactical nonviolence become converted to its philosophy as a rewarding way of life.

ANTI-SLAVERY AND REFORM PAPERS, by Henry David Thoreau, Harvest House, 1963; 155 pp.; \$2.50 paper, \$4.50 cloth. Reviewed by JONATHAN BISHOP

A Canadian publishing house has put together Thoreau's political and social essays and brought them out for the first time in a single volume. Apparently the publishers hope for a radical readership, though the format may also make these essays available once more for academic use. The editor is the well-known Thoreau scholar Walter Harding. He contributes an introduction briefly detailing the circumstances of delivery or first publication.

Both were obscure for all these pieces, Mr. Harding affirms in his introduction that these essays are "among the most widely read works of this now widely read author" but the claim is surely more wish than fact, except for "Civil Disobedience."

That essay was first written to

justify the famous night in jail for refusal to pay poll tax. A piece on the arrest of Anthony Burns and three addresses on John Brown were stimulated by these crises of the abolitionist cause. Two other letters are ephemera on the same topic, which occupied or distracted so many of the Transcendentalists during the decade before the Civil War. To complete this collection we have a lecture on Carlyle, an early review of a pamphlet on a Utopian proposal, and the more mature and general essay, "Life Without Principle."

The theme of all these pieces, as Mr. Harding observes, is the rights of the individual against corrupt or unnecessary institutions. The slavery question is prominent because it was for Thoreau the chief public instance, or extravagant example, of a threat all individuals could feel to their sense of being.

Thoreau's views of the latter are throughout entirely Transcendental, though for the sake of his audience the argument is usually Jeffersonian. He really does believe, for his root principle, in the "vitality and force of a single living man." His confidence in the "character inherent in the American people" is secondary to this. Thoreau had learned from Emerson that this vitality and force are continuous with the natural universe. Hence it is the same, at least potentially, in all men, and in every man can be distinguished from his merely social character. He had learned also that the conscience, or "moral sentiment," was a natural outgrowth or aspect of this primordial general Soul. Hence the justification for appealing to its dictates against the law of society.

Hence too Thoreau's extreme individualism. The Soul, either as vitality or moral action, could be manifested only in single persons. All corporate life was to him mere "machinery" at best, and at its more usual worst an "obstruction." His objections to "government," then, include a fundamental suspicion of all forms of social reality, not only the Federal or State apparatus. Reality can only be private; if a man does not experience the principle of being in himself, he becomes a mere machine of the machine. The anarchism of Thoreau is metaphysical, absolute, and individualistic. Strictly interpreted, it is incompatible with any social philosophy which grants substantial status to corporate bodies. Those who find their hearts echoing to his aphorisms should be aware of the principles from which they derive.

The practical attitude that follows from this typically Transcendentalist bias is one of cool disengagement rather than the commitment we find assumed by most reformers and radicals. The American state was in his day relatively easy to free oneself from. Thoreau dissolved his connection with the state in much the same way South Carolina was to use later. The language of allegiance is contractual and eighteenth century. Henry Thoreau, a sovereign state, refused to recognize the American government. He did not feel, as most now must in analogous predicaments, how many strands beside the legal or consciously moral bind us to society, and even to government. Our complicity is deep, complex, and involuntary. He stood aloof, and "declared war." The terms of the gesture invoke purity of conscience. What they reveal, it is possible to feel, is pride.

Pride shows in the tone of these essays, which as usual when Thoreau is conscious of a public, is unusually reserved and hostile. Cryptic, epigrammatic, without organization, the style shows a man in whom the normal desire to convert is in conflict with a deeper need to avoid contamination. For Thoreau a lecture was an act of war. The hostility extends

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from the middle class enemy to his own fellow abolitionists. He was alone, except for his heroes.

Of these the chief is of course John Brown. In this figure Thoreau is able to see the New England "just man," firm and high principled, facing a rabble of compromisers and enemies, alone and in arms. In Brown Thoreau could see justified his own suspicion of the educated world of his time, and more positively his own delight in imaginative use of colloquial language, and his secret pleasure in the Spartan virtues. His own pride was reinforced by this striking example of solitary violence.

Such an image of Brown is clearly not adequate to the whole of that puzzling man. We know it was not merely timidity that led other men of the time, including devoted abolitionists, to call Brown insane. It is certainly reasonable to doubt that he embodied "transcendent moral greatness" without human qualification. Thoreau was of course not alone in his interpretation of his meteoric figure. The spirit of ruthless righteous-

ness Brown represented inspired the active party in the North to support the War when it came, as Edmund Wilson has recently shown at length in *Patriotic Gore*. We have reason to be chary of invoking anything like it in support of our present response to problems of a like kind.

The "strong dose of myself," then, which Thoreau promised his reader is perhaps as much poison as medicine; if not for the patients, then for the dispenser. Thoreau liberates himself from himself in contact with nature and with nature alone. Society and its problems seem invariably to provoke his pride. "Really to see the sun rise or go down every day, so to relate ourselves to a universal fact, would preserve us sane for ever." This is the sane core of Thoreau's message. It was better for him, as he well knew, to read the *Eternities* than the *Times*. The record of that reading is in *Walden* and the *Week*. To these, then, we had better in the end return for a perspective in which to estimate justly the argument of these political essays.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

gether in rural slums. Sickness and destitution put some on the welfare rolls, and they are generally despised by the righteous tax payer. This is our attitude toward poverty when we do see it.

This morning, Tuesday, feast of the birthday of Mary, mother of Jesus, the lesson from *Morning Praise and Evensong*, (compiled by William Storey and published in paperback by Fides Press, Notre Dame, Ind.) was from the Sermon on the Mount:

"You have heard it said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' I, on the contrary, declare to you: do not meet evil with evil. No, if someone strikes you on your right cheek, turn to him the other as well. And if a man intends by process of law to rob you of your coat, let him have your cloak as well. And if someone forces you to go one mile with him, go two miles with him. Give to anyone who asks you, and if someone would borrow from you, do not turn away."

"You have heard it said: 'Love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' I, on the contrary, declare to you: love your enemies and pray for your persecutors, and thus prove yourselves children of your Father in heaven. He certainly lets his sun rise upon bad and good alike, and makes the rain fall on sinners as well as saints. Really, if you love those who love you what reward do you deserve? Do not tax collectors do as much? And if you have a friendly greeting for your brothers only, are you doing anything out of the common? Do not the heathen do as much? Be perfect then as your Heavenly Father is perfect."

This really was the subject of the retreat that Father John J. Hugo gave us here at the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli. It is the ideal, the goal, at which we aim.

We fall far short of everything we profess, but we certainly don't want to water down the doctrine of Christ to fit ourselves. We can keep on striving toward it. "Lo, the Bridgroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him." We have to go towards him. We have to do our share. For the rest, "His grace is sufficient for us, we can be confident."

We had a good liturgical retreat, centered around the Mass. We said Lauds and Vespers, we sang beautiful hymns, compiled by a researcher and musicologist who works with Father in his parish. Labor Day was the feast of St. Joseph the Worker, and the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin followed, and we have just now said goodbye to Father, who is driving back to Pittsburgh and his parish. Retreatants came from San Francisco, from Maine, and points in between, and a few are still here. Our usual population of about thirty go on about their daily tasks.

To Vermont

And I too am setting out this morning for Vermont, where I will continue to take care of the grandchildren for the next four months. I was there for the week before the retreat, because Tamar's course in practical nursing has already started in Brattleboro (and she loves it).

I have had a week already of cooking and washing up and sewing and the general enjoyment of eight of my own, (Sue was still working at a summer resort near Rutland and I must pick her up there tomorrow) with half a dozen other neighboring children, much playing of Beale records, not to speak of two melancholy ballads about a devil woman and a jack and a king. But after tomorrow they will all be in school and the quiet Fall will begin.