

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXXI No. 3

OCTOBER, 1964

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

FRIENDS OF GANDHI TO FAST OCT. 31

By ROBERT LARSON

A day of prayer and fasting for the American civil-rights movement will be observed on October 31st by the Friends of Gandhi, an international organization headed by Professor Olivier Lacombe, of the Sorbonne. Some three hundred members of the group—Catholics, Protestants, Orthodox, Quakers, Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Shintoists—will abstain from all foods and liquids, even water, from sunrise to sunset on that day, asking God's help to attain full human rights and equal social status for the colored citizens of the United States. They will observe the fast privately, without display or public demonstration, each according to his religious belief. Many non-members, including American Negroes, are expected to join with them in the observance. The date of October 31st has been chosen because it is the Vigil of All Saints, a traditional Christian day of prayer and recollection. It falls three days before the Presidential election, when the question of Negro rights will undoubtedly be an issue for many voters. The fast recalls the statement made by Gandhi in 1936 to Dr. Howard Thurman, American Negro minister: "It may be through the Negroes that the unadulterated message of Non-Violence will be delivered to the world."

Gandhi's techniques for non-violent resistance to racial injustice have undoubtedly inspired

Negro civil-rights leaders and have been used effectively in the form of public demonstrations, civil disobedience, picketing, and sit-ins. The Friends of Gandhi emphasize, however, that prayer and fasting were his "secret weapons" and most frequent form of action. Every day, without fail, he and his disciples held regular prayer sessions, at 4 a.m. and at 7 p.m. He is known to have fasted for a total of at least two hundred and fifty days, and to have called off public demonstrations in favor of this form of spiritual action. More often than not, his fasts were undertaken because of the moral lapse of his followers, who, through human weakness, sometimes resorted to violence and rioting in their struggle for national freedom. In 1932, for example, while in prison, he fasted for the abolition of the category of Untouchables. This almost unbelievable manifestation of social injustice had clung to India like a curse for three thousand years. His fast succeeded in removing most of the barriers against these outcasts—an achievement in many respects greater than the national independence of India and one closer to the goals of the American civil-rights movement. He also fasted, on the very eve of India's independence, for an end to religious strife between Hindus and Muslims, a frightful civil conflict that was to end in

(Continued on page 6)

Project

LOAVES AND FISHES

By DAVID MASON

In last month's issue of *The Catholic Worker* I called attention to the need for non-profit restaurants for many Social Security pensioners who must live in rented rooms without cooking facilities and cannot afford to eat in commercial restaurants. Agreement with the idea, as expressed in letters and phone calls, has been gratifying. Philadelphia city officials are still working on plans for meetings with persons interested in organizing a pilot project. A meeting, which should result in definite action, is to be held on Friday, October 16th.

Correspondents have asked for more definite information on the plan. Miss Caroline A. Bublic, of Pittsburgh, wrote to Mayor Joseph M. Barr, calling his attention to the article. She wrote, in part:

"In doing just a tiny bit of parish apostolic work I have felt the tremendous need for just exactly that as described in the attached. I personally know three fine men that could use what is recommended by Mr. Mason. I frankly don't understand at all the operations of the attached, only recognize the need, and thought perhaps Mr. Mason could fill you in with details."

For the information of all who are interested, I will try to summarize the plan as clearly and briefly as possible.

Summary

One restaurant should be started in each city as a pilot project by a community organization. The Domestic Peace Corps might be an ideal organization for this job. Government aid is available, under the War on

Poverty program, for initial costs, such as purchase of equipment.

Location And Size

The restaurant should be located in a neighborhood where there are sufficient numbers of pensioners living within walking distance. The building should not be in a high-rent location. Commercial restaurants must pay high rentals for locations where there is heavy traffic, but the pensioners can avoid that expense. The number of persons to be served will have to be determined by need and experience. I think that three hundred to five hundred might be a good number initially. With five hundred members a building renting for five hundred dollars a month would cost each member only one dollar.

Finances

All expenses of the restaurant would be paid by the members. They would purchase weekly or monthly meal tickets (preferably monthly, since they receive monthly checks and would be assured of having their meals paid for a month in advance). This would simplify bookkeeping and no money would be handled in the restaurant. The meal ticket would be priced to cover all costs of operation. It would be a punch card bearing the Social Security number of the holder and could be used only by him.

Surplus Food Available

Social Security pensioners with low incomes are entitled to receive government surplus food. Under present conditions many do not accept such food because they are unable to cook it. The non-profit

(Continued on page 7)



CATHOLIC WORKER

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

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher
MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:
CLARE BEE, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, THOMAS CORNELL,
EDGAR FORAND, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH,
WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, HELEN C.
RILEY, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ROBERT STEED, ANNE TAILLEFER,
EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI.

New subscriptions and change of address:
175 Chrystie St., New York 2, N. Y.

Telephone GR 3-5850

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

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

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



175 Chrystie Street
New York 2, N. Y.
October, 1964

Beloved, Joy be with you always!

"Joy is the most infallible sign of the presence of God," wrote Leon Bloy. And we have had our share of joy in these last months. The expansion of our work with the new Farm in Tivoli and temporary relief from the pressing burden of debts which followed the sale of our Peter Maurin Farm have given us a sense of exhilaration, of re-birth and great hope for the future. We did not mail out our semi-annual appeal last spring because we were not in pressing need. But now, as we face the winter, our joy is still with us, and we live more closely with "Lady Poverty," as St. Francis called her. Our bank account is low and the normal state of affairs at the Catholic Worker again prevails: living one day to the next, trusting in God's Providence evidenced so long for us by the love and almsgiving of our readers and friends.

Our family has grown. We have now about forty residents at the Farm and about sixty people at Chrystie Street, and the daily soup line grows longer, now that winter is coming. Rents for the Center and for the ten apartments on Kenmare and Spring Streets cost us over one thousand dollars a month, altogether. We are laying in a supply of winter overcoats to be distributed as soon as the weather turns. And by the time you read this message, we shall literally depend upon your charity for our day to day existence. "Love is an exchange of gifts," St. Ignatius said, and we certainly feel a sense of love and gratitude to you when you answer our appeals. St. Teresa said she was so grateful a person that she could be bought with a sardine. All small gifts add up and we surely need them.

To help the poor! This is a great and fearful work. It is through the poor that we achieve our salvation; Jesus Christ Himself has said it in His picture of the Last Judgment. It is through the poor that we can exercise faith and learn to love Him. It is a great relief to read the lives of such saints as St. Vincent de Paul when doing this kind of work. An article some years ago said that he had contact with refugees, convicts, thieves, assassins and bandits, as well as with professional beggars, swindlers, prostitutes. "He saw quite clearly, and sometimes said, that many of these poor people were filthy, physically repulsive and suffering from loathsome diseases, that sometimes they were dishonest, drunken, hypocritical and ungrateful; but to use his own phrase, that is only one side of the medal. Turn it, and with the eyes of faith you see that each is stamped with the image of God and is a brother of Jesus Christ." . . . "The poor are your masters," he said, and thank God you are allowed to serve them." We too see in ourselves the measure of sin and decay of mind and body, but the more we can look at the good side of the coin, the better off we are ourselves, finding Christ. Our faith will grow through such an exercise of love.

It is a joyful experience, to serve the poor, and to be poor ourselves. As our family sits down at the second floor of St. Joseph's House here on Chrystie Street, folding, labeling and mailing the paper, or as they scrape vegetables on the first floor for our evening meal, each is giving something, sharing with his fellows, no matter how humble his gift. There is therapy in work, and joy in sharing, a sense of belonging for those who are the outcasts of our society. There is also the gay exuberance of our young volunteers, students taking time off from their studies to work with us, to learn the problems of poverty and the social order. At the close of our day, when we gather to sing Compline, the night prayer of the Church, we are reminded each evening to remember our benefactors, and so we do, begging God's joy for all of you.

With love and gratitude,

Dorothy Day

AN AD HOC INDIVIDUAL FOR THE GREEN REVOLUTION

By KARL MEYER

During the Great Depression, Peter Maurin remarked: They say that there is no work—there is plenty of work, but there are no wages.

Today, in the Great Boom, the members of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution say that, in the coming day, there can be plenty of wages but not a corresponding need to work.

I say that men need wages and goods, but they need work, even more.

Charles Peguy says: When a man lies dying, he does not die of disease alone; he dies of his whole life.

If you give men wages and do not give them work, they die. In the economy of abundance there will be no need to work for wages, but we must give each man some work until he can get tools, and a philosophy of work by which he will find his own work.

The greatest problem is not to eliminate poverty, through the



equitable distribution of abundance. (That would be relatively easy, if there were a public will to do it.) It is to avert the moral disintegration of man, once he is cut off from the discipline of tradition. Our generation is either too untrained or too specialized for constructive life in a culture that has outgrown the wage-labor nexus.

I am trying to speak from my own experience among the unemployed. If they seem to have no interest in doing anything on their own, it is largely because they have no skills, or knowledge, or sense of competence, beyond pitching pennies and opening wine bottles. They are trapped by their own inadequacies in an environment as restrictive and demoralizing as a prison. The demoralization is manifested in alcoholism, drug addiction and a pervasive aimlessness. Given such circumstances, an adequate cash income is not the means to a restoration of dignity, but only the key to reputable lounging places.

The wage-labor tradition is breaking down first among the poorest classes of people, who are least prepared to cope with the new cultural transformation. But even the best educated and most specialized classes are still firmly rooted in the wage-labor relationship. They know how to work for

wages, but they do not know how to fire the bosses and work for themselves. Wage is the only incentive they know, and without wages and bosses they too would be paralyzed and lost.

To unemploy the moral problem of mass unemployment (as well as the most pressing questions of distribution) we need (1) a short-range program for the generation which is completing or has completed its public schooling, and (2) a long-range educational program for the coming generations.

For the short range we need a program for full employment, based on public recognition of the right to work. It has long been recognized that businesses, corporations and property owners have a financial obligation to the public, one which is met through various forms of taxation. At the beginning of this century the law finally recognized that people who receive income from the economic process also have a financial obligation to the public, to be met through graduated income taxes. (Of course, there are those, including myself, who refuse to pay such taxes when they are devoted primarily to public destruction rather than the public good, as in the case of Federal taxes for military purposes.) It is time now to recognize a new kind of obligation on the part of public agencies and of private businesses and corporations to provide social employment for all who do not have the personal background, education or means to provide for themselves.

The public authorities must maintain a listing of all people who want employment and are unable to find it, and each public agency and private business, above a certain minimum size, must be assigned the obligation of providing regular employment for its share of these unemployed workers, the quota to be determined by several factors, including the number of people regularly employed in the business or agency, a system of labor priorities based on public needs, and the level of profits. The public could provide a subsidy for each supplemental worker, based on the present expenditures for relief payments and unemployment compensation; and the employing agency or business would pay the difference between this allotment and its regular wage scales. Each agency or business could use the supplemental workers either to increase production or to share the burden of labor by eliminating overtime, introducing paid vacations, or extending training and education programs. Hopefully, one consequence would be more democratic participation in the policy and management of industry, looking toward the eventual control of each industry by all who work in it.

In this way every person could have a decent income and share in the overall productive labor of social institutions. There would no longer be a pool of unemployed, dependent on public relief and bearing the stigma of a parasitic existence.

It will certainly be said that this is a formula for featherbedding as public policy, and to a certain extent it is, although all of the profit-making businesses that I ever worked for would have employed more men to share the burden of work if they had not been obsessed with the problem of holding labor costs to a minimum; and every protest against featherbedding in employment that I have ever heard was a protest in favor of more featherbedding for the owners and stockholders. Higher profits are the featherbedding of the owners, as higher payrolls are the featherbedding of the workers; and the fireman who may have devoted thirty tedious years of the only life he has dozing in the steel corner of a locomotive cab deserves his featherbedding

more than the absentee owner who devoted his capital for thirty years to the undemanding yet very rewarding task of owning the locomotive.

However there could be provisions in this scheme to allow for payroll reductions in a business, in order to encourage reasonable levels of capitalization, automation and cybernation, just as there are provisions in the corporate tax structure to encourage reasonable levels of capital growth.

With such adjustments in keeping with public policy, this program of assigning the unemployed as supplemental workers in public and private concerns could provide work at a decent wage for every man who wants it, while we strive to develop a new philosophy of work to replace, or at least to complement, the philosophy of wage incentive.

A Long-range Program

For the growing generations, we need a greatly broadened curriculum of general education in the schools. We need for all students, male and female, a comprehensive curriculum in labor and the use of tools, in practical skills, including gardening and agriculture, woodworking and carpentry, electric wiring and basic electronics, plumbing, sewing, cooking, and printing, so that these fundamental skills will not be lost to the public in general, and every person in the society will have some competence to do things for himself, just as he has the competence to read, write, do arithmetic, and, presumably, think for himself. So equipped for good and useful work, each man will have the self-confidence to be free.

In the early days of the American republic, the Jeffersonians believed that the independent farmers and tradesmen were the foundation of the free society. In the family farms, the small towns and on the frontier, the young people got their book learning in the schools; but at home they learned many of the simple practical skills which had more value in those times than book learning; and they learned the discipline of regular work.

The urban society today is based on a proliferation of book knowledge and the corresponding technical skills. The average college graduate understands complexities of technics and organization which were unheard of in the 18th Century, but unless he was raised on the farm, he undoubtedly can do less with tools and materials than an 18th Century farm boy. He is more verbally sophisticated, but his knowledge of tools and labor may be so primitive that the only manual skill he possesses is in placing a phonograph needle on recordings of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart. He can talk glibly about Impressionism and Cubism, but he can't hang a picture. No wonder he is still a slave of the cash economy.

It is often suggested that the technological revolution will provide more freedom and opportunity for training, education and self-development. It is also argued that every young person must have more advanced and specialized training and education if he is to succeed and get ahead in the world of the future. We can infer that the technological revolution will provide freedom primarily for the kind of education required to operate the technological society. The more the social machine does, the more we will be free to learn advanced skills for servicing it.

But I am saying that if we are not to be enslaved to the socioeconomic machine, each man's education in the knowledge and skills of society must be greatly broadened at the base, before it is extended into the branches of

(Continued on page 6)

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

"Goodbye Joe Hill,
We've had some good times here.
I wish you could be with us
For just another year.
But the battle line keeps moving
And I know that you can't stay—
I guess sometimes it just works
out that way."

This is the first of five verses in a ballad that my friend Utah Phillips, song writer here in Salt Lake City, wrote when the Joe Hill House was closed last February. It is being printed in a book of Western ballads, and has been sung all over the West in my absence. Utah comes down, and he and the Cajun write more songs and play old ones. The Cajun had two visits from the F.B.I.; the agent wanted to be sure to get a minute description of him, as he had no government numbers of him, and, as the agent said, he might be a "phantom." Cajun replied that he didn't know the agent, either, from J. Edgar Hoover. Cajun expalined his reasons for not accepting any draft status, and the agent nervously asked him to repeat them, as he wished to write them down. "Jail is the consequence of civil disobedience; civil disobedience has to be coupled with responsibility; and you know responsibility implies acceptance of consequences." Cajun wrote this up in a song. His draft board in New Orleans notified him that they had sent his file to state headquarters, in Baton Rouge, and added that he would soon get his alternative assignment. He has written back several times, telling them that he will accept none of their directives. It is likely that it will take the law some months to wake up to the fact that they have an absolutist on their hands. Meanwhile he is my cook.

Capital Punishment

Darrell Poulsen will have a hearing before the state Supreme Court by October 10th. The decision will probably come about two weeks later, and then in another week the trial judge in Provo will set the execution date, not less than 30 or more than 60 days from that time. I will picket during that time, but will fast only for the last week or ten days, for I need energy to walk for food for the house. One white man killed two Mexicans here recently and got off with from 10 years to life. A white boy killed a white girl out in the desert and got the same sentence. But let a Mexican or a Negro kill anyone and he is sure to get the death penalty.

At a public meeting I asked the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Rampton, if he believed in capital punishment. He said that he did, for he had been a D.A. I intimated that this was a poor excuse and asked if he didn't have a heart. He said that he wouldn't stay awake the night before an execution. I told him that I would, and that if he is elected I will be picketing him. A lady from the League of Women Voters asked him to be lenient on the death penalty and he replied that this was one question on which his mind was made up, but that he would listen to our argument. I stopped at the headquarters of Mr. Melich, the Republican candidate, but he was not in. Those in charge knew me, and I asked for their candidate's opinion of the death penalty. They did not know but promised to give him the CW I left for him and to ask him about it. Their main argument for capital punishment was that it costs less to shoot a man than to feed him for life.

Mormons

The Mormon Conference will be held at the Tabernacle during the first three days of October. Many Mormons hope that President McKay will come forth with a revelation on the Negro and civil rights.

I spoke one Sunday night to a

group of returned Mormon missionaries. This was what is called in their Ward a Fireside Chat. By the time young Mormons have heard me several times they begin to understand what I am talking about, but the first time it is a strange language to them. And yet in their teachings they have the United Order, which is pure communism, and their Word of Wisdom teaches clean living. With its Mormon heritage Utah has less rejects for the armed forces than any state. There is also less cigarette smoking here than in any other state. But the "Babylonian Ethics," in the words of the polygamous, has been the practice of the Mormon Church since the 1890's. The same can be said of all other churches.

Today I went over the final draft of my book with my printer. Captions and names are under the photographs, and there are new illustrated chapter headings. Printing will begin right away and an unbound copy will be sent to Steve Allen so that he can write the introduction. This will then be inserted, the books bound, and I will begin mailing them to the eight hundred and fifty people who have ordered "The Book of Ammon."

Working Conditions

Cajun worked for a man who deducted half an hour from his pay because that amount of time was spent in hauling steel pipe to the place where it was unloaded. The Cajun quit the job at once, but the others were willing to continue being exploited. Once before, he worked for a notoriously low-paying landscape gardener, who would not pay for the hour or two at the end of the day when the rubbish was taken to the dump.

Men come from picking peaches at Grand Junction, or from the flop-houses in Denver or Los Angeles, and I ask them how they found our place. Their reply is that everyone knows where the green light shines across from the tile yard at Joe Hill House by the tracks.

Two men who had formerly been drunk at the old place came and stayed here for five weeks, working every day and sleeping on the floor at night. In this way they kept away from their booze companions downtown. Yesterday they moved into a furnished room. They may go on a spree again, but at least they have had a sober respite. Some blankets have come in; and I wish to thank CW readers who have helped me in this way, as well as towards the monthly payments on the House.

Gurley Flynn

I held a memorial meeting for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn on the Friday after her death. Joe Curtis, who had conferred with her when writing about the life of Joe Hill, sang "The Rebel Girl," which Joe Hill wrote about her 49 years ago. Cajun accompanied him on the guitar. I told of how I had taken Gurley, after her release from Alderson federal prison, to see Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* and Barrie Stavis' *The Man Who Never Died*, a play about Joe Hill. In 1920 I had bought I.W.W. amnesty buttons from her and sold them all over New York City. A few years ago, on the "Nightbeat" television program, I was asked what I had done that day. I said that I had gone to Mass, then to the Post Office, sold CW's on Wall Street, and bought a red rose to give to my Communist friend Gurley Flynn. At that point the interviewer became nervous and cut me off before I could get into more subversive actions. I had hoped to have Gurley speak here next year, on the fiftieth anniversary of the execution of Joe Hill. Now I will try to have Warren K. Billings come from San Mateo. Naturally I never agreed with Gurley's Communist ideas, but I respected her for her life

OUR
LADY
OF
CHICKENS



The Police And Harlem

By JOHN LEO

Several months ago a white friend of mine had occasion to visit a police station on the edge of a Negro area in Manhattan. In the middle of the station, a Negro was being interrogated by two policemen, who were tapping their palms, as meaningfully as they could, with heavy rubber truncheons.

Finally the two officers lost patience and ordered my friend out of the station. On the way down the stairs, he heard the first screams of pain.

My friend was so shaken by the experience that he returned the next night, naively perhaps, with a hidden camera. But to no avail—no Negroes were being beaten that night.

This is by way of saying that for the Negro in New York, police brutality is not a Saturday afternoon discussion topic for liberals to pursue and conservatives to explain away. It is simply a fact of life.

You can get law enforcement officers to say, privately, that Negroes have to be treated differently from whites, that the Negro expects to be beaten, that it is a simple condition of getting him to cooperate.

James Baldwin, the victim of a senseless and brutal attack by two white policemen when he was just a small boy, has a simple explanation: Harlem's Negroes have a deep and dark hatred for the police; the police know it and it makes them brutal. The mutual hate and fear are so intense that they can erupt spontaneously on both sides; a Negro throwing a brick out a window at a passing cop, or three or four cops beating the daylight out of a stone-throwing boy, 11 years old.

The behavior of both Negroes and police in the recent Harlem riots was equally shocking, though, as usual, the police came out better in the New York press. Here

(Continued on page 6)

of radical integrity. (The Birchers have a former Communist Negro woman who was a spy for the F.B.I. speaking here this week, giving the Uncle Tom and anti-Communist message.) When she came back from prison, I was proud to speak at several meetings sponsored by Communists greeting her. She gave me the framed cut of "Christ Wanted as a Vag" that Art Young drew for the old Masses. I have it hanging in our front room, and will have it reproduced in my book.

Call Me Ahab

Friends in Washington, D.C. sent me clippings from the *Catholic Standard* about a new play *Bum's Rush*, by Leo Brady, patterned after the CW, which is being presented at the Olney Theater. There is a character named Ahab, who is supposed to be based on me. The *Washington Post* refers to Ahab as a "road-runner, as much of a bum as anyone." This is precious.

CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

Ed Forand's job here at St. Joseph's House is the most taxing, physically and psychologically, of all the responsibilities here. He takes care of the money, making him the prey of everyone, and makes the major decisions in the running of the House. Ed took a month off to have a hernia operation. He is recovering very quickly, but he still has to restrain himself from resuming his tasks. We are particularly busy, since the mailing of the September issue was immediately followed by the mailing of the Appeal, and the mailing of the Appeal will be followed immediately by the mailing of the October issue, directed by Chris Kearns. We fervently hope for a generous response to the Appeal to meet our growing expenses. Winter is very hard on the Bowery.

Circulation

Along with the response to the Appeal, we hope that our readers will help boost our circulation. At one time *The Catholic Worker* had a printing of 150,000. That was before the Franco War. We are now printing 79,000, an increase of over twenty-seven percent in the past two years. We want to do much better. It is hard to understand, in a nation of 190 million, in an age of mass "literacy," how thoughtful periodicals have such small readerships. The radical right has pushed nearly seven million copies of the book *None Dare Call It Treason*, an hysterical diatribe appealing to the socially uneducated through prejudice and fear. On the other hand, the "Enlightened" keep talking to each other. If you think the issues raised in this paper are worthy of discussion, then you should take personal responsibility for their dissemination through gathering new subscriptions for the CW.

Friday Night Meetings

Our regular Friday Night meetings have been excellent. Rev. Mr. Joseph Ceparik, who is taking his M.S. in Chemistry at Fordham, an old friend of the CW, spoke on Teilhard de Chardin and "Incarnational Theology." Bob Berk spoke on the non-violent direct action project at the missile base at La Macaza near Montreal. It was a highly successful demonstration with good response from the citizenry and the press. Fr. Eric Snyder of the Episcopal Mission Society spoke of the problems involved in work with the underprivileged. In any enlightened large scale project there is bound to be tension between the needs of inevitable bureaucracy and the need for an individual, personal approach to each separate problem. Fr. Snyder is the kind of man to keep things human, as we have come to know. Fr. Dan Berrigan, S.J., the poet and theologian, came back to us after a year in which he studied in Paris, toured Africa, and attended a Christian Peace Conference in Prague. He also toured the Soviet Union and spoke to peace-minded Christians there. His talk was brilliantly conceived and masterfully executed, one of the best in memory. Conrad Lynn, a Negro lawyer of exceptional talent who is involved in the defense of some members of the Progressive Labor Movement, spoke of some of the cases he has been working on, and of the issues underlying the civil rights struggle. I feel our audience was not tough enough on him, allowing him to get away with some generalizations that seemed to me unsupported. We have always prided ourselves on the quality of discussion at our meetings, no one being afraid to press his point of view or to challenge anyone else, all in a fraternal spirit, but tough-mindedly.

Memorial Service for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Chairman of the Communist Party of the U.S.A., died in Moscow, October 5th. There was a memorial service for her at the Community Church in New York this month. Dorothy Day was invited to speak, but she was in Vermont and could not attend, so she sent a message which I delivered for her. I said a very few words of my own, being highly honored to participate at this service in her memory. Gurley Flynn had a long and colorful life in the radical movement in this country, starting before World War I. She organized some of the most significant textile strikes in New England, the famous Lawrence strike among them. She was a leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, the Wobblies. Of course we had deep philosophical differences which could not be resolved, but we are reminded by Jesus Himself that at the Last Judgment we shall be judged on the basis of our love and service to Him in the poor. Dorothy pointed out in her message that Gurley Flynn would be judged by the love that was in her heart.

Visitors

Last year we were delighted by the frequent visits of Brother Manuel, Little Brothers of Jesus. Last week Brother Roger made an unexpected appearance with a new member of his community, Brother Egid. These men live under the rule of a community inspired by Fr. Charles de Foucauld. They wear lay dress with a small, cross pinned to their lapel or shirt. They work in factories and live in small apartments, two or three together. They gather for common worship daily, and live quiet lives among the working people as workers themselves, which they are. They have a gay, happy spirit, but are firmly committed to bring the Christian spirit into the factories and the market place, not in an attempt at proselytization, but simply for its own sake. If Christians were to live like Christians we wouldn't have to "sell" our product. Its worth would be seen in our everyday actions, as it is in the lives of the Little Brothers. Peter Maurin taught this.

To Vote?

We have been exercised here at the CW over the question of whether or not to vote, and if to vote, whether to vote LBJ or to write in the name of a protest candidate. I am not going to vote because I feel that the issues presented in the campaign have no real relationship to the issues upon which the future depends. There is no indication from the Democratic Party that they understand the Triple Revolution of Cybernetics, Armaments and Human Rights that join to make the problems that we will meet and solve for a huge advancement in human society, or fail to meet and suffer the universal disaster that our failure will have forced upon us.

The defeat of Goldwater by the largest possible margin is greatly to be desired. But the eradication of Goldwaterism is far more important. Rather than merely vote with a ballot, the radical who sees the implications of the Triple Revolution and who is sensitive to the deep moral decay springing from the frustrations of our times, should address himself to the problems as he sees them, and not join in what amounts to a conspiracy to make false issues appear real ones.

The Work

Special thanks go to the Russian Mike for all the carpentry and electrical repair he has done for us. He has been at it steadily, every day this month. Missouri Marie, our faithful sweeper, makes her daily appearance with newspapers for all of us. Faithful Smokey Joe still amazes our visitors with stories of the Bowery, of the Old Days, when the Bowery was really the Bowery. Chuck Baz-

(Continued on page 6)

THOUGHTS FOR ELECTION DAY

"SARVODAYA does not mean good government or majority rule, it means freedom from government, it means decentralization of power. We want to do away with government and politicians and replace it by a government of the people, based on love, compassion and equality. Decisions should be taken, not by a majority, but by unanimous consent; and they should be carried out by the united strength of the ordinary people of the village . . . There is a false notion abroad in the world that governments are our saviours and that without them we should be lost. People imagine that they cannot do without government. Now I can understand that people cannot do without agriculture, or industries; that they cannot do without love and religion. I can also understand that they cannot do without institutions like marriage and the family. But governments do not come into this category. The fact is that people do not really need a government at all. Governments grow up as a result of certain particular conditions in society. Men have not succeeded in creating a feeling of unity and avoiding divisions; we have not learned fully the art of working together without conflict, so we try to get things done by the power of the state instead; we try to do by punishment what can only be done by educating the community."

VINOBA BHAVE

"Those who choose the lesser evil forget quickly that they choose evil."

HANNAH ARENDT

Ed Note: On June 12th of this year, the government of South Africa, which prides itself on its Nazi-like policy towards racial minorities, sentenced eight members of the African National Congress to life imprisonment for acts of sabotage and offenses against the Suppression of Communism Act. Although Pope Paul VI has appealed for clemency, his plea, published in many countries, has gone unreported in the United States. Perhaps silence is the more discreet policy, considering the huge American and British investments in South Africa. Specific information about the companies involved and the extent of their economic stake in South Africa can be obtained from *Liberation* (5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y.) or *Africa Today* (211 E. 43rd St., New York, N.Y.).

Not long ago, a fearless minister of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa, Mr. Naude, visited New York on a tour sponsored by the State Department. He told an audience composed of church representatives why he was forced to oppose the policies of his own church (which is the only major denomination to side with the government on the issue of apartheid), what he would have to face on his return, and why the Christian in such a situation must be ready to face martyrdom rather than collaborate. He made an eloquent plea to American Christians to use their immense spiritual pressure on the churches of his own country. But how can this pressure be applied, as long as American church members fail to oppose their government's alliance with the Union of South Africa and refuse to support an economic boycott of its goods, the only sanction that could change the situation, without recourse to violence?

Apartheid has recently been a subject of discussion within the Catholic community. Archbishop William P. Whelan, of Bloemfontein, expressed the opinion that it is compatible with Catholic doctrine. The subsequent repudiation of his views by the assembly of Catholic bishops in South Africa vindicated such prelates as Archbishop Owen McCann and Dennis Hurley, courageous opponents of all forms of racial separation.

We are printing a condensed version of a statement made by Mary Benson, on March 11th, before the U.N.'s Special Committee on the Policies of Apartheid of the Republic of South Africa. Miss Benson, an Anglican, is co-founder, with Rev. Michael Scott, of the Africa Bureau in London, and author of the recently published *African Nationalists* (Encyclopedia Britannica). A white South African, who originally shared the racist views of her compatriots, she has ended, by sacrificing country, family, health, and privileges to devote herself to the struggle against apartheid. Because of the parallel with the racial conflict in the Southern United States (and many

parts of the North), Miss Benson is especially hopeful of arousing Americans to recognize the urgent need for dynamic and determined action in behalf of interracial justice and reconciliation.

* * *

In South Africa, as you know, for more than 50 years Africans and their allies, friends of all races, strove to bring sanity to that country by peaceful methods. Even way back in 1913 and in 1919, and most spectacularly in 1952, hundreds and sometimes thousands went voluntarily to jail as petition and protest gave way to passive resistance and strikes. Meanwhile, year upon year the State—all too often supported, even encouraged by powerful industrialists and mining companies—always with the acquiescence of most of the all-white electorate—tightened the screws of humiliation and oppression.

Despite this it was not until 1961, a year after the Sharpeville massacre, when yet one more stay-at-home strike was massively crushed by all the forces the State could command, that African leaders decided a long chapter was closed, and as one of them said to me: "Desperate people will eventually be provoked to acts of retaliation."

But even in the subsequent sabotage, it is clear that everything possible is done to avoid harming human beings, though tragically, a handful, including a child, have been killed. Indeed in the sabotage trials taking place all over South Africa, witnesses (including a policeman) have testified that it is the policy of the Spear of the Nation not to injure people.

An eminent lawyer from Britain, John Arnold, Queen's Counsel, recently visited South Africa on behalf of the International Commission of Jurists to observe the trial of Nelson Mandela and others—the Rivonia Trial, about

which your committee has made a detailed report. Mr. Arnold told how these men are regarded as heroes in South Africa and he asked, what is the good of a fair trial, if under the "bestial and brutal" Act of Parliament which provides the framework of the trial, there is no practical possibility but conviction?

Do you remember 1960? In most of Africa it was a year of celebration—Africa Year—when one after another new States were founded and took their place in the United Nations. But in South Africa it was the year of Sharpeville. It was the year when the A.N.C. (African National Congress) and P.A.C. (Pan Africanist Congress) were outlawed; when day after day the police and army swooped, rounding up more than 20,000 people of all races who were arbitrarily imprisoned. It seemed then that the movement for liberation must surely be numbered; but it was at this historic time that Nelson Mandela emerged from prison—to call for a national strike and to lead the underground movement.

For fifteen months he eluded the State forces. In February 1962 he illegally left South Africa to attend the Addis Ababa Conference and to visit many heads of State in Africa, and the leaders of the Opposition in London, and then, soon after returning to the Republic, as happens all too often in a police state, he was betrayed by an informer, captured, tried and sentenced to five years in prison. When only a few months of that sentence had run, he was again charged, in the Rivonia trial along with others, with being a member of the national high command of a revolutionary movement to overthrow the Afrikaner Nationalist Government.

And so Nelson Mandela is on trial for his life. Yet he—a member of the royal family of the Tembu people—might easily have been one of those chiefs who are puppets of the Government, with a steady income, a shiny motorcar, and sycophantic followers. Or he might simply have remained a lawyer content to function within the framework of apartheid, living in a comfortable middle-class home, and finding an outlet for humiliation in sport or jazz or religion. The London Observer has described Mandela as a lawyer "who in any free country would surely have won the utmost distinction," and compared him to "a true leader of the Resistance (to the Nazis) in Occupied France"; in other words, a hero.

Portrait of Mandela

In recent meetings, some of which were in secret when he was underground, Mandela told me something of his life. He spoke of his childhood in the early 1920's as son of a Tembu chief, in a kraal by the banks of the green Bashee River in the Transkei, of how later when his cousin the Paramount Chief became his guardian, he found the strict traditional life in the royal kraal dull,

TRAVELERS

If geography's the tip of someone's scholastic needle, we'll ripen and rot there. But life? even Mona Lisa tries her luck in treacherous waters. The innocuous stare

warms. Her body cleaves the waters like time's ripe swan. And the Pleiads, too long in stale unanswering air; whose sorrow like mine?—Lady, we've not lived as long

in churches, but we know loss too; In Queens meadow raise your eyes from classic grief. The dead bury the dead, and deep. Come walk our street. Like Paul

the living sun almost destroyed, that white moth. He sweated under the cross, the raving combustible crowd, a hanging or crowning mood. In dreams, the living eat his flesh, his blood runs nightlong, a staved cask in those alleys.

My dream beats on. I see the dead in naked majesty, consumed with longing for what we in the common street have by heart; the leaf's errant fall, a child's cry. Delicate, brutal, impure, pure—the world, the world tears them apart.

Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

MEN AGAINST

of how he was captivated by tales of Xhosa heroes of the past in the battles to preserve their land against the European invaders, and how he enjoyed listening to cases being tried in the tribal courts. In his teens he went to Fort Hare college, with his friend Oliver Tambo took part in a students' strike, and left, determined "never to rule as chief over an oppressed people." But he was still politically naive, and it is comic now to think that his first real act of rebellion came when, in 1940 at the age of 23 he fled from a tribal marriage—to Johannesburg, where of all things he became a mine policeman, sitting at the compound gate, clutching his badges of office—a whistle and a knobkerrie.

Then came the transformation, as a new friend, Walter Sisulu, encouraged him in his childhood ambition to study law at the University of the Witwatersrand. And for the first time, in the city and the teeming African townships he learnt the bitter facts of life for an African: overcrowding, poverty, constant harassing under the pass laws. He, Sisulu and Tambo were among the intensely nationalist young men who founded the African Youth League, and galvanized the African National Congress into militant action.

Mandela became National Volunteer-in-chief of the great Defiance Campaign of 1952, when



8,500 volunteers—including Indians and a few white and Colored people, went cheerfully to jail. He also devised the M Plan, a scheme of mass organizing through small units. He and other leaders were arrested under the Suppression of Communism Act. It is worth remarking that "the Judge said the charge had 'nothing to do with communism as it is commonly known,' but under the law he was bound to give them a suspended sentence of 9 months. Furthermore he told them: 'I accept the evidence that you have consistently advised your followers to follow a peaceful course of action and to avoid violence in any shape or form.' Eight years later in 1961 this same Judge—Judge Rumpff—was to be the senior Judge in the Treason Trials when again Mandela and Sisulu were among the accused. Pronouncing sentence, he said: 'You are found not guilty and discharged. You may go.' This, you may remember, was after a trial lasting four and a half years, during which the accused were subject to prolonged strain and great hardship for them and their families.

'I Will Still Be Moved'

Meanwhile the exclusive nationalism of Mandela and certain other Youth Leaguers, was transformed through their experience of working with Indians, whites and Colored people, proving that though white racialism is rampant in South Africa many Africans refuse to be driven into an equally rabid racialism and have striven for justice and freedom for all human beings, regardless of race. Mandela also gradually lost his violent anti-communism, as he came to work alongside the

communists in the struggle, whom he found level-headed and courageous.

I would say that Mandela's outstanding characteristic is how he has grown and continues to grow over the years. He responds—almost gaily—to challenge. So many men, in face of prolonged persecution and frequent setbacks, shrink into bitter negation or find some excuse to retreat from political action, but Mandela is one of those undeterred, indeed positively stimulated by such obstacles. His natural authority has been greatly enhanced by twenty years of political action. When in 1962 he was sentenced to five years imprisonment he declared: "I am prepared to pay the penalty even though I know how bitter and desperate is the situation of an African in the prisons of this country . . . For to men, freedom in their own land is the pinnacle of their ambitions from which nothing can turn men of conviction aside. More powerful than my fear of the dreadful conditions to which I might be subjected is my hatred for the dreadful conditions to which my people are subjected outside prison throughout this country."

"I hate the practice of race discrimination, and in my hatred, I am sustained by the fact that the overwhelming majority of mankind hates it equally." Before he was led away to jail he concluded: "... when my sentence has been completed, I will still be moved, as men are always moved, by their consciences; I will still be moved by my dislike of the race discrimination against my people when I come out from serving my sentence, to take up again, as best I can, the struggle for the removal of those injustices until they are finally abolished once and for all."

Life at Hard Labor

Walter Sisulu, the man who helped Mandela to study law, who was like a brother to him and now sits beside him in the dock, knows probably better than any other leader in South Africa just what it means to be "a native." Although tens of thousands of Africans have gone through very similar experiences to his in their lives, like tens of thousands of perfectly good oysters, they have not had in them the grain that would produce a pearl. It may seem incongruous to compare Sisulu to a pearl; he would roar with laughter at the idea, but dogged, determined, from the first he had that grain of rebelliousness, of refusing to lie down and accept injustice, which made him an indomitable fighter. While only a boy of 16, brought up traditionally in the Transkei, he had to leave school to take on family responsibilities. He had a variety of the lowly jobs which by law are the only ones most Africans can hold. He was a miner, then a kitchen boy when in spare moments in his white employer's kitchen, he tried to supplement his meagre education by studying an English grammar. His first political lesson came in Johannesburg where, having picked up a smattering of trade union ideas and working in a bakery at \$6 a week, he led a strike, to be quickly outwitted by the boss, and sacked. He was first imprisoned as a result of protesting when a white ticket-collector on a train bullied an African child; the ticket collector assaulted Sisulu, who fought back, and was arrested. He had never been in prison and he told me it was the ' nastiest experience' of his life. Today he can look back on innumerable ugly experiences, as for years he has been the object of odious persecution by the police. He found out early in life that most of the whites Africans encounter are the policemen raiding locations for passes or tax receipts, or officials dealing

T APARTHEID

with queues of so-called "boys" like cattle, or gaolers who beat up prisoners, and all these things aroused in him not fear, but contempt. For all that he is no racist, though as with Mandela, it was his experience of working with Indians in organizing the Defiance Campaign in 1952—when he was Secretary-General of the A.N.C.—that enabled him to outgrow exclusiveness.

Sisulu has seemed to some who have met him to be frustrated and bitter while others who know him say he is trustworthy and generous. Others again just give him up as an enigma, perhaps influenced by the fact that in 1953 he not only briefly visited Israel and London, but spent five months in communist countries. China affected him most for the peasants and their lives and needs reminded him of African peasants, and when he saw the rapid metamorphosis of slums, he thought of the shanties and poverty around Johannesburg.

He returned to South Africa with the knowledge that the greater part of the world was on the side of his people. At the age of 41, for the first time in his life he had been consistently treated as a dignified human being instead of as a native. Those whites who had experienced his suspiciousness noted a change: he had come to realize that an African nationalist's tendency to assert himself to prove he was not inferior to the white man was in itself an inferiority complex. (Incidentally, one of the friends who had arranged Sisulu's tour told me they would have liked to send Nelson Mandela to the United States, but unfortunately there were no invitations forthcoming as there had been from the communist countries.)

There is so much to tell you about Sisulu, but no time, more about his wife, Albertina, a nurse, the backbone of their stable family life, yet active in women's politics, a woman who generates kindness and hospitality in their home, a bleak little block house which is typical of the kind to which tens of thousands of African families, are reduced by the laws of South Africa.

White and Indian Allies

As you know, two Europeans and an Indian are also accused in the Rivonia trial. Lionel Bernstein is one of South Africa's best-known architects, an inventor of mathematical instruments, an intellectual, reserved with a quiet sense of humor. Despite being brought up among all the normal conventions and prejudices of white South Africa, and going to an exclusive school, he showed an early awareness of the sickness in that society, but the Labor Party, which he joined, was concerned only about white workers, and Bernstein turned to the Communist Party, at that time, in the 1940's, the only party that was not racist. Then, at the age of 21, he married an Englishwoman, Hilda Watts, also a member of the Party who during the war years, was elected to the Johannesburg City Council. After war service in Italy, Bernstein returned to his architecture and found himself ever more deeply committed in the opposition to the country's racial policies. He is typical of the small group of Europeans who because of their beliefs have suffered prejudice to their careers, increasing social isolation, and—above all—regular restriction and imprisonment along with their non-white allies. The character of this man, whom close friends describe as essentially gentle, and thoughtful, was never more apparent than during the 88 days in which he, like all the others in the Rivonia trial, was held in solitary confinement. This experience left him—like so many others—the prey to nightmares, unable to concentrate and shaky so that six weeks later he felt proud to find he could write

two short letters without having to rest. But even at the worst times of this incarceration, when the police offered him an exit permit to Britain if he would incriminate others, he was resolute, and contemptuous of the offer.

The very considerable role of the Indians in the struggle in South Africa—some drawing their inspiration from Mahatma Gandhi, others from socialism—can be represented in this short survey only by pointing out that Ahmed Kathrada, another of the Rivonia accused, has been persistently active, imprisoned, restricted, persecuted, but has carried on with a total dedication, ever since as a school-boy he went to prison in the great Indian passive resistance against the ghetto laws that General Smuts introduced in 1946.

And a man who has a vision of what the Transkei and the long-neglected and over-crowded rural areas of South Africa should become, is Govan Mbeki, yet another of the Rivonia accused, who, in this testimony, must represent the many thousands of Xhosa in the Eastern Cape who have provided militant and united resistance and whose leaders have distinctive qualities, a deep sense of being part of the people, and often a passionate religious faith.

In his prison diary, Mbeki wrote: "Every afternoon, we heard beatings from prisoners returning from work. Sometimes they would bellow. We heard the splattering of



leather belts as they fell on a body. It is intolerable to listen and one shudders to think what effect this type of treatment must have on those who administer it as well as on the recipients. In the long run it is difficult to see how both can escape being turned into beasts."

And if anyone in the outside world doubts whether boycotts have any effect, they should read what it meant to the prisoners—40 of them cooped up in the cell—when they heard that dockers in Trinidad had refused to handle South African goods.

That was four years ago, in 1960: forty in a cell, sometimes with rusty tins for plates and bitter pap for food, but that would be psychological and spiritual comfort to the point of luxury now for the hundreds of South Africans who have in the past year endured the torture of prolonged solitary confinement.

All of these men in the Rivonia trial were thus imprisoned for nearly three months, and, as your Report says, nearly all of the witnesses produced by the State have been thus imprisoned. For instance, one woman, a domestic servant arrested in July in order to give evidence in December, and held in solitary confinement for interrogation from October to December told the police she would like to go and see her children, but they would not let her. "It was not nice," she told the Judge. It was the first time she had been locked up and she was "grieved" by the fact that there was nobody to look after her children. Then, the wife of one of the accused, Mrs. Matsoaled, while attending the trial and taking food for her husband each day, was suddenly arrested: imagine the desperate anxiety for her and her husband, on top of all that they are already suffering, particularly

when they have seven children. "What about my babies," she asked, "they'll be all alone?" She was led away to be imprisoned in solitary confinement. Imagine the children when that evening their mother just did not come home. Only when her sister-in-law read of the arrest in the press did they know what had become of her. The sister-in-law, who has five children of her own, has taken in the seven Matsoaleds. She said, "I don't know how I'll manage." Twelve children on the abnormally low income of an African family. But her last words to the reporter who saw her were: "These children are my own blood. I'll look after them to the last."

Torture By Mind-Breaking

Mr. Chairman, your Report of the 27 February is a long catalogue of horror: of mass trials, almost daily arrests, of torture both physical and mental. And yet there is more that could be added. The case of Alfred Nzo, for instance, detained in Johannesburg, in solitary confinement for 238 days.

The Geneva Convention on the treatment of prisoners of war states that none should be held in solitary confinement for more than 30 days. Mr. Nzo was never charged and when released, he was a mental wreck. He suffers from nightmares and hallucinations, imagines that the police are knocking at his door, and hides in corners in his home. His wife, who is a trained nurse, is reported as saying that, having formerly been a calm person, he now walks in his sleep, is unable to complete a sentence, and is in a state of nervous collapse.

Lettie Stboko, a 30-year-old woman, was arrested eight months ago. The authorities were trying to find her husband, Archie, active both in the former ANC and as a trade unionist. One might say that Lettie was held as a hostage. She was a few weeks pregnant when she was arrested but she was held in solitary confinement for the first five months of her detention. I am told that South African psychiatric specialists stated that this treatment could have the most serious consequences, not only for the mother, but also for the baby. In fact, as the situation is without precedent, they are unable to say exactly what damage might have been done. Mrs. Stboko was finally released from prison one week before the baby was due to be born. She had been charged with belonging to an illegal organization (the ANC) and had been held as an awaiting trial person for the last three months of her detention, but bail had been refused four times. She is now on bail.

I ought to mention the Bantu Laws Amendment Bill now before Parliament in Cape Town, which if passed, as seems probable, will turn the 7 million Africans in so-called "white" urban and rural areas, into a nomadic, rightless proletariat. And the Bill threatened to prevent listed Communists from practicing as lawyers. The pass laws and the poverty and malnutrition continue to cause human misery to tens of thousands of African families. All this against a fantastic wave of prosperity for white South Africa with increasing investment especially from Britain

DEATH OF A BIRDMAN

The educational director at Lewisburg (Pennsylvania) Federal Prison has confiscated all copies of the July-August issue of *The Catholic Worker* and banned future issues from the prison. The ban also applies to copies of the *Peacemaker*, the radical pacifist tri-weekly published in Cincinnati. This action was undoubtedly taken because of the appearance, in both publications, of a letter from Mr. Paul Salstrom, a young conscientious objector who recently completed his prison sentence*. Mr. Salstrom's letter detailed five specific instances of maltreatment of prisoners that had taken place during the period in which he was incarcerated at the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri. One paragraph called attention to the circumstances surrounding the death there last November of Robert Stroud, the celebrated "Birdman of Alcatraz." Since prison authorities seem interested in suppressing this testimony, we are reproducing Mr. Salstrom's charges in this more conspicuous fashion.

M. J. C.

"It is not yet known on the outside (since my letter containing this information failed to pass censorship) that Robert Stroud tried to get medical attention for himself on the night of his fatal heart attack, Nov. 20-21, 1963. When the midnight shift change was made, the incoming officers in that medical building (B-Building), Messrs. Crabbe and Hall, were informed by the outgoing officers that the doctor-on-duty was to be reached to attend to Mr. Stroud. But the matter was apparently ignored then and ignored again at 1 A.M. when Mr. Stroud was up again asking the officers to call the doctor. On his way back to his cell, the Birdman roused a friend whom he informed that he thought himself dying, and requested him to keep trying to reach the doctor. It was after Mr. Stroud was found dead (due apparently to heart failure) the next morning that the doctor-on-duty first learned of the matter, according to statements made by this doctor, Dr. Salas, as he visited the ward that morning of Nov. 21st. His testimony to that effect and also his demand to know why he had not been called during the night, were overheard by a number of inmates. With medical attention, Mr. Stroud would perhaps not have died that night, since heart failure can often be prevented through heart stimulation."

*As we go to press, we learn that Mr. Salstrom was rearrested early in October on grounds that are unclear.

and America. According to the South African Foundation, the average dividend in South Africa is 12.6%, compared with 6.6% in Western Europe; while American companies are averaging profits of about 27% on capital invested in South Africa. But to tell the truth, my heart is so sick at the endless churning out of the horrible facts, which we all know all too well, and have known for years, when all the time the iniquities we tell each other about ceaselessly and so unnecessarily are hurting human beings—and this is their only life.

Therefore I beg that we stop cataloguing facts and plan action and then act: economic sanctions are surely the obvious civilized form of action when diplomatic pressures long ago failed to make any impact on the South African Government.

* * *

Statement by the Chairman of the U.N. Committee, made on May 12th:

The Chairman said that the trial of Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki, Ahmed Kathrada and other prominent leaders by a South African court was now drawing to a close. In London the Committee's delegation had heard a moving and courageous statement by the son of Mr. Govan Mbeki. The statement made at the trial by Nelson Mandela was an historic document which would live for generations to come. It showed that Mr. Mandela and his colleagues were engaged in a desperate struggle for sanity in South Africa. In the final paragraph of his statement Mr. Mandela had

said that he had fought against both white and black domination and had declared himself ready to die for the ideal of a democratic and free society in South Africa. It was hardly necessary to say that the United Nations and humanity could not afford to see such a courageous fighter die at the hands of neo-Nazi racists who had persistently flouted the fundamental principles of the Charter.

The Chairman announced that on 30 April 1964 the Secretary of State of His Holiness Pope Paul VI had replied to the appeal of the Special Committee to prominent personalities and organizations to use their influence to save the lives of the South African leaders. The reply, addressed to the officers of the Committee, read:

"I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the letter which Your Excellencies addressed to His Holiness Paul VI on 23 March 1964 asking him to intervene in favor of victims of racial conflict in South Africa and to encourage the protection and recognition of human rights in that country.

The Sovereign Pontiff, who has examined your letter, does not fail to use his good offices, as in similar cases in the past, within the limits of his possibilities and of methods in keeping with his spiritual mission, in order that the lives of persons threatened with execution might be spared and the rights of the human person respected.

'Relations between political communities' says the Encyclical *Pacem in Terris* of Pope John XXIII 'must be harmonized in truth and freedom... A common origin, an equal Redemption, a similar fate unites all men and calls upon them to form together a single Christian family.'

These principles of justice, of freedom and of peace, based on the natural law and on the message of the Gospel, which constitute a basic element of the magisterium of the Church, are also deeply instilled in the United Nations Charter and the Declaration of Human Rights.

Accept, Sirs, the assurances of my highest consideration.

(Signed)

A. G. Card. Cicognani"

The Chairman suggested that the Committee should convey its respectful appreciation and gratitude to the Pope for his noble gesture.

It was so agreed.

HOLY COMMUNION

(for Mike)

He took his ration
while the lidless spider at ceiling
gathered no moss, alert in stale gloom—
hunger, cold, the ugly staved room.

O if the threads broke, the spider
leapt like a hunchback cretin free
and the net swam down murderous—
would the grail cup then
make miracles for Christ's crew

that is childish in the world, that escapes
day upon day, hell's ambush by a hair?

I stand there steady,
broken bread in hands.
Was it spider thread
or light, light, on dead eyes
crossed my eyes? Lazarus
a moment, did not know, and knew.

Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

The Police and Harlem

(Continued from page 3)

is one bit of police action during the crisis, related by a white CORE worker, for whose integrity I can vouch:

"One Negro woman, a maiden aunt, perhaps 45 years old, well-dressed and respectable, was walking along 125th street early Saturday night. The streets were quiet, but the police were trying to ward off trouble by keeping people away from Lenox avenue.

"They stopped the woman and told her to turn around and go back the other way. She protested that she had legitimate business in the area. The police picked her up bodily and threw her in a squad car. On the way to the station they beat her with nightsticks on the arms and legs. She asked them to stop, since she had recently undergone a serious operation, but they kept it up.

"At the station they handcuffed her hands behind her back and shoved her around. She asked for a doctor, but the police ignored her. When they finally let her go, she couldn't lift her arms for a couple of days and she had a blood clot in one leg. Now I know that this woman is a completely harmless and respectable person. But there'll be no complaint. She's afraid of what the police would do to her if she filed one."

Bayard Rustin, the organizer of the March on Washington, himself a victim of free-swinging police clubs during the riots, says of the police: "I think they acted atrociously. But how else can you act when you are that afraid?"

Michael J. Murphy, police commissioner of New York, has a different perspective. He has been alarmed enough at public reaction that he has taken to the rubber chicken and communion breakfast circuit to defend his men.

These talks, recently published at city expense, show him as an advocate who is much concerned with the morale of his men. He does not deny that brutality exists, which he can't, but he denies "any pattern" of police brutality. He is strongly inclined to look upon any discussion of the subject as a smear on all New York police. And, like Cardinal Spellman and Bishop Sheen, he wonders why "the wave of sympathy automatically engulfs the criminal rather than the policemen."

One reason may be that the police can take care of themselves whereas "the criminal," particularly if he is poor and ignorant, is often at their mercy. Harlem Negroes are bitter about the way complaints are dismissed and brutal cops are quickly cleared. That is why they want a civilian review board in New York, not because the system works terribly well in other cities, but because they have a total mistrust of the New York police department, which is currently both judge and jury of complaints against itself.

One reason why police brutality will always be a muddy and emotional issue, at least here in New York, is that it is so hard to track down. Murphy is right in complaining that "police brutality" is an automatic cry even when the police conduct themselves with meticulous fairness—as at the World's Fair demonstrations in April.

At the other extreme, you have the police issuing statements that make charges of police brutality appear to be startling smears against an innocent police force. Murphy's speeches read as if the charges themselves are a phenomenon that the city should explore.

Accused officers are usually cleared with head - swimming swiftness. Lieutenant Thomas Gilligan, whose shooting of a Negro boy, under very cloudy circumstances, touched off the Harlem riots, was cleared by the department in less than an hour. The Manhattan district attorney's office, however, not so directly concerned with morale, is taking a somewhat

longer view and has had a grand jury investigating the shooting for more than a month.

But the most important fact about police brutality in Harlem is still Harlem itself. It is a tense and stinking slum that brings out the worst in many cops, as it does in many Negroes. Most attempts to cure police brutality without curing Harlem necessarily look a bit futile.

(Ed. note: Mr. Leo is Associate Editor of *Commonweal*. His article is reprinted from the August 28th issue of the *Catholic Reporter* (300 E. 36th St., Kansas City, Mo.; \$4.00 per year), which, under the editorship of Mr. Robert Hoyt, has become the liveliest and most liberal of the diocesan weeklies.)

Rich Man, Read!

"Tell me, whence are you rich? from whom have you received? from your grandfather, you say; from your father? are you able to show, ascending in the order of generation, that that possession is just throughout the whole series of preceding generations? Its beginnings and root grew necessarily out of injustice. Why? because God did not make this man rich and that man poor from the beginning. Nor, when He created the world, did He allot much treasure to one man, and forbid another to seek any. He gave the same earth to be cultivated by all. Since, therefore, his bounty is common, how come it that you have so many fields, and your neighbor not even a clod of earth? . . . But I shall not go into this matter too deeply. Riches may be just and free from all robbery; nor are you at fault if your father was a robber. You possess, indeed, the results of plunder, but you have not plundered. Granted even that your father despoiled no one, but extracted his gold from the earth, what then? are riches therefore good? by no means. "But they are not evil," you say. If they were not acquired through avarice or violence they are not evil, provided that they are shared with the needy; if they are not thus shared, they are evil and dangerous . . . Is it not wrong to hold in exclusive possession the Lord's goods, and to enjoy alone that which is common? are not the earth and the fullness thereof the Lord's? If, therefore, our possessions are the common gift of the Lord, they belong also to our fellows; for all the things of the Lord are common . . . Behold, the economy of God. He made certain things common, to teach the human race modesty. Such are the air, sun, water, earth, heaven, sea, light, stars. He distributed all these things equally as among brothers . . . How can he who has riches be just? he certainly is not. He is good only if he distributes them to others; if he is without riches he is good; if he distributes them to others he is good; but as long as he retains them, he is not good."

—ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

Freedom of Conscience

"We know that God wills the salvation of all men and we know that if He wills the end, He wills the means. And this means is man's conscience.

"Certainly we know that no one can be saved but through Christ. But only a few, through these millions of years, could know Him. God left the human race for thousands of years with only this—his conscience. People should know that we respect freedom of conscience deeply and that we are even willing to die for it. Our respect must be the same that God has for the human conscience."

ARCHBISHOP THOMAS D. ROBERTS, S.J.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

zlnetti is back with us, his leg still game. Gypsy, a young man we had known, is helping regularly, with pickups and the mailings. Bayonne Pete, who along with Chris has directed the mailings, has left us temporarily for Beekman Downtown Hospital. He was hit by a car and his hip cracked. He is recovering satisfactorily, and we await his return. Our regulars, Charley, Tom, Fred, John, Ed, Mike, have all helped during Ed's absence in keeping the House going smoothly.

We have three new ladies to help Clare Bee, Marian Brass, Nicole d'Entremont and Mary Hayes. Marian is from Kansas, an excellent cook who has taken charge of the kitchen, freeing Clare for her correspondence and Chris for his pickups and mailings. Nicole has studied at Rosary Hill College in Buffalo. Her family lives in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. She is a lively new influence whose presence we all appreciate, especially Chris, as she works on the files on the third floor. Mary has joined us after a few years in a convent. She will help out until Christmas. And my wife, Monica, has added new adventure to our lives, the expectation of a third generation Catholic Worker.

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

Green Revolution

(Continued from page 2)

specialization at the top. Each man must be rooted in the ability to think and the use of tools, if the society is to bear the tremendous weight of its specialization. Each man, in every branch of human life, must have direct contact with the roots of society; otherwise he will be out on a limb, completely dependent and incompetent to stand free on his own feet.

But as always:
The liberals are up in a tree,
while the radicals are trying to
get down to the roots,
so they won't be out on a limb.
The roots of freedom
are work and education,
not cash income and consumption.
When the liberals come down out
of the tree,
and get down to the roots,
the liberation promised by the
triple revolution
will lead to the green revolution.
Instead of the necessity
of living and growing on one
branch,
with only the freedom to be
pruned,
or to fall onto the ground
and rot,
every man
will have the freedom
to grow from his own roots,
not self-sufficient,
but at least,
a sufficient individual.

Ed. note: Reprinted from the August issue of *Liberation* (5 Beekman St., New York 38; \$4.00 per year). The best way to study "The Triple Revolution" is in the pages of *Liberation*, which has published the full text as well as acute commentaries by Dave Dellinger, Paul Goodman, Robert Theobald, and others.

Fast For Civil Rights

(Continued from page 1)

his own martyrdom at the hand of a Hindu fanatic as he was about to open the evening prayer session at New Delhi on January 30, 1948. In this spirit, the fast of October 31st will be offered up by the Friends of Ghandi, not only for the success of the American civil-rights movement, but also in atonement for the numerous acts of violence committed by both whites and Negroes in the course of the struggle. It will mark the sixth international day of prayer and fasting held by the organization since Ghandi's death; all have been devoted to the cause of human rights and freedom for victims of racial oppression.

The group had its origin in 1931. Ghandi had gone to London in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the independence of India by means of peaceful negotiation with the British. On his return, he and his four assistants passed through Paris, where they stayed overnight at the little Montmartre flat of Mme. Louise Guileysse, who was so impressed by their meeting that, despite her poverty, she began to publish a bulletin called *News of India*. Eventually, she received financial assistance and support from a group that included Romain Rolland, the pacifist writer and Louis Massignon, who succeeded Mme. Guileysse as president at her death in 1954. Massignon, a distinguished Orientalist and ardent Catholic, was Prof. of Mohammedan studies at the College de France, as well as a close friend of J. K. Huysmans, Paul Claudel, the Maritains, and Charles de Foucauld. The Friends of Ghandi, as the group came to be known, recognized the fundamentally Christian character of Ghandi's concepts of social action: turning the other cheek, loving your enemies, and overcoming evil with good. They believed that his ideas, which had been—or ought to have been—preached and practised in Christian countries, were applicable in India and wherever racial discrimination continued to exist. Although the organization aims to eliminate extreme poverty and champion the rights of enslaved colored peoples to political freedom, it envisions more than material change. Like Ghandi himself, it holds that men do not live by bread alone, and that the greatest need of subject peoples is for intellectual and spiritual food and even for the privilege of being able, in spite of their poverty, to practice the religious disciplines of asceticism and self-sacrifice, once the consuming evils of sheer starvation and slavery have been removed. One of Ghandi's ideas was that acts of atonement and self-sacrifice should, if possible, be made by the victims as well as by the perpetrators of social injustice, and that such actions, like the Widow's Mite, inspire the compassion of both God and man. He used to explain to poverty-stricken Indian women, who had never had a square meal for themselves or their families in their lives, the importance of voluntary fasting, and to point out, with consummate tenderness, how fasting would help them eke out their substance while at the same time enriching their spiritual life. The Friends of Ghandi hope that their day of fast will be shared in this spirit by many American Negroes, and suggest that participation in this activity might constitute a new and effective kind of civil-rights action, one that would not violate the moratorium on pre-election public demonstrations requested by their leaders.

The day chosen is a Saturday, which will make it easier for many workers to keep the fast. It is also the anniversary of the death of Professor Massignon, who, after a lifetime devoted to the cause of interracial and inter-religious charity, died at the age of 80 in 1962.

For further information about the Friends of Ghandi and their

activities, write to: Mme. Camille Drevet, 6 rue Albert Sorel, Paris 14, France, or: Robert Larson, 2031 N. Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles 27, Calif.

OAKLAND NOTES

Our building was recently up for sale in Probate Court. Though the savings and loan association described it as in a state of "advanced, rampant decay, unrentable," members of the Peter Maurin House have purchased the structure on 7th Street. We have a few ideas for minor remodeling, and could use help or suggestions.

Hugh Madden needs a good used restaurant-type range (Wolfe, Garland, or similar make). Our two old ranges are about gone; a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Texan stomped on one, and the other has rusted through. Please call 444-4874.

Speakers: Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., of England, due here on July 10th, cancelled all California stops after Cardinal McIntyre banned him from the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. Jack Wagner told us of the headway made in organizing the unemployed in the Bay Area, and invited us to join the picket line at the Department of Employment, which we did. Later that month, we picketed President Johnson at his hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner in San Francisco and distributed fact sheets with Citizens for Farm Labor. Coming: Tom Watts, on his work in a Mississippi Freedom School.

Typical Day (From Hugh Madden's diary during summer): Breakfast: oatmeal, bread, coffee; Lunch: stew, apricots. Sixteen ate. Rustled spuds and soup bones. Lady brought bread. Supper: slaw and beans. Forty-two ate. Rosary. Shelter: thirty-three.

The heroic efforts of Adelaide Vawter enabled 70 neighborhood children to go to Cal Camp and spend two weeks in the redwoods. Nancy Armbruster has kept Neighborhood House, at 1470 7th St. open all summer. Her success in recruiting volunteers and in planning exciting happenings for fifty kids at a whack has left us gasping. Call 659-6056 if you would like to volunteer for fall. We thank Mr. Al Parente, our landlord, for free rent during summer.

Why rent strikes? Willie J. receives \$130 a month from Welfare for food for herself and six children, aged from 1 to 13. Shopping on the block (where else can she go with three pre-schoolers and a dollar a month for transportation?), she has to pay at least \$44 a week for a monotonous diet, heavy on beans, rice, meal, and macaroni. She has meat (hamburger or salt pork) three times a week. The store charges the high prices typical of west Oakland: can of milk, 18c; mayonnaise, \$1.00 a quart; low-grade margarine, 39c a pound; rice, 25c a pound; oranges or apples, 25c a pound; no specials, no economy size, tired meat and produce. Willie receives \$48 a month for rent, and pays \$70 for a rundown upstairs flat with two broken steps, no yard, and poor heat (the oven in the kitchen), two blocks from the railroad yards. Peter Maurin House hopes to cooperate with CORE on a west Oakland rent strike.

Peter Maurin House
1487 7th St.
Oakland 10, Calif.

(Ed. note: For more news of Oakland, see Letters in this month's issue.)

Project Loaves and Fishes

(Continued from page 1)

restaurant could make good use of this surplus, thereby effecting a substantial saving. When food stamps replace the surplus-food program, they too could be used.

Two meals a day might be sufficient service, to hold down operating costs, with provision for take-out food, such as sandwiches, pastry and milk. The menu should be table d'hôte, rather than a la carte, which is far more expensive to maintain.

Management And Control

Restaurant management and administration should be in the hands of men experienced in this work. Such men could be found in the ranks of the pensioners. The restaurant would need not the high-pressure, high salaried executive type, but efficient men with good practical experience. Restaurant earnings would be sufficient to allow for payment of necessary salaries. Over-all democratic control should be exercised by the pensioners, acting through an elected committee. Men with trade-union experience would be especially useful in this phase of the project. Co-operation could be arranged with vocational-training programs for the assistance of trainees in restaurant work.

Social Aspect

An important feature of the co-operative restaurant would be its social aspect. It would be a meeting place for men and women who might otherwise have to remain in drab, lonely rooms.

Regarding the number of men and women who would benefit by this plan, I have no figures, but here is a very rough calculation of possible numbers. The Social Security office in Philadelphia has approximately two hundred and twenty-three thousand beneficiaries on its rolls. If only one in fifty needs the co-operative restaurant, the number would be close to five thousand, who would require ten restaurants, each serving five hundred persons. I think that five thousand is a low estimate. This aid is needed not only by aged single persons living in rented rooms, but also by old couples who are too feeble or ill to prepare adequate meals.

Aid To Better Health

The relationship between nutrition and health has been thoroughly established. I believe that if aged persons could have the adequate diet which the co-operative restaurant could provide they would have less need of medical attention.

Anyone interested in this plan should bring it to the attention of agencies and organizations which might be interested in doing something about it. It will require a great deal of work and dedication, but I believe that it will be worth all the effort it will cost.

What Peter Started

When Peter Maurin began to talk about Houses of Hospitality for the poor and the homeless, away back in the dark days of the depression, no one knew exactly what he was proposing, but soon some caught on and groups of Peter's disciples began to open Houses of Hospitality all over the country. It was a new experience for the men and women who undertook the work, and many did very well at it. Now there is a new need, or perhaps I should say the old need in a new guise. The men and women who need our help today have money to subsist on, in the form of Social Security pensions. Industry no longer has need of them. They could live comfortably (if not luxuriously) if the operation of the free-enterprise system made provision for persons in the low-income bracket. Unfortunately, it does not. It is up to those of us who are concerned with their problems to make it possible for the pensioners to enjoy the ease they have earned and still retain their self-respect.

I wish it were possible to present an exposition of this plan in a

beautiful four-color brochure, with charts and diagrams, financial analyses and commendations by prominent persons, but it is not. I myself am a Social Security pensioner, and this comes from Madison Street, Philadelphia — not Madison Avenue, New York.

I will be happy to receive all suggestions and criticisms relative to this plan. My address is:

David F. A. Mason,
2002 East Madison St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19134.

Father Hopkins On Communism

"... I must tell you I am always thinking of the Communist future... I am afraid some great revolution is not far off. Horrible to say, in a manner I am a Communist. Their ideal bating some things is nobler than that proffered by any secular statesman I know of (I must own I live in bat-light and shoot at a venture). Besides it is just—I do not mean the means of getting to it are. But it is a dreadful thing for the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation to live a hard life without dignity, knowledge, comforts, delight or hopes in the midst of plenty — which plenty they make. They profess that they do not care what they wreck and burn, the old civilization and order must be destroyed. This is a dreadful look out but what has the old civilization done for them? As it at present stands in England it is itself in great measure founded on wrecking. But they got none of the spoils, they came in for nothing but harm from it then and thereafter. England has grown hugely wealthy but this wealth has not reached the working classes: I expect it has made their condition worse. Besides this iniquitous order the older civilization embodies another order mostly old and what is new in direct entail from the old, the old religion, learning law, etc., etc. and all the history that is preserved in standing monuments. But as the working classes have not been educated they know next to nothing of all this and cannot be expected to care if they destroy it. The more I look the more black and deservedly black the future looks, so I will write no more..."

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS,
S.J.
(Letter to Robert Bridges,
August 2, 1870).

S.O.S.

We are short of all children's clothes, underwear for men and women, night attire for women, cardigans, sweaters and winter coats. Many requests come in for sheets and bedspreads; miscellaneous household articles are always welcome. The public showers are free to those who take their own towels and soap.

This appeal gives us a special opportunity to thank all friends who so generously take the trouble to collect and send the things to keep the Clothing Room going. In one week we supplied clothes to about sixty mothers, some with ten young children to dress and most with more than three in the family. No day passes without many men seeking shoes, shirts, trousers and, on cold days, coats. Some come wearing no shoes because the ones they had were stolen while they slept. Clothes get very dirty when you sleep out in doorways or on the sidewalks, and jobs are not for those with dirty clothes.

Please may we ask that the clothing we look forward so gratefully to receiving be clean and in fairly good condition, since we have no facilities for washing here and no time for mending.

CLARE BEE

STRANGERS AT HOME

By HELEN CALDWELL RILEY

One of the hardest things a Catholic member of a minority group must learn to do is to build up a "normal"—that is to say: a good and fruitful life for himself both within the Church and within his own group for himself and his family. On the surface, that sounds easy, especially when you consider that means being a good citizen, a useful member of society, and a good neighbor. However, in practice, it is not at all as easy as it sounds. Sometimes, it is almost as if the Catholic Negro lived in two worlds, both very real and very demanding and each having very limited communication with the other. For the Negro Our Lord's reminder has a special, immediate and very poignant meaning. You are in the world, but you are not of the world.

The Catholic Negro is a minority within a minority. Social pressures from outside, arising from racial prejudice and discrimination against him by other groups, have built up and cemented such strong bonds of racial solidarity and kinship among most Negroes that it is almost impossible for us not to identify very strongly with one another. An act of violence, an insult, a grave injustice against a Negro in Mississippi or Georgia is felt keenly, almost a personal hurt, by Negroes in New York and Washington State and California. Moreover, today, more than ever as more and more Negroes have become conscious of their own worth and dignity as human beings, they have also been filled with a greater sense of personal responsibility as far as racial issues are concerned and express this greater pride of race in a greater sense of duty and obligation to the race. There is a greater feeling of "we've got to stick together." Without this new feeling of awareness of personal responsibility, such movements as the Montgomery bus boycotts, the "Sit-Ins," the "Stand-Ins," "The Freedom Riders," etc., would never have had a chance; they would have been unthinkable and impossible, as would have been most of the continued efforts toward racial integration in the South.

It is true that in many, many cases the Catholic Church has been in the vanguard and has led the fight for racial justice, but this is a fact that many Negroes do not know. To them, the Catholic Church is a stranger, a "white man's Church."

And this is where the difficulty comes in for the Catholic Negro. Most of his Catholic friends will not be Negro and most of his Negro friends will not be Catholic. If he wants to be active in the Church, as his own conscience (as well as his pastor and his assistants) will certainly bid him, he will have little or no time to give to the works of the Negro community around him, and still have time for his own work and home and family. So other members of the Negro community will often consider him an "outsider," disloyal and unconcerned about Negro problems and progress, especially in a community where there are very few Catholic Negroes, yet many Negro problems. They may even consider him cowardly, mercenary and selfish because he belongs to a "white Church." And where the problems are great and his own visible contribution to their solution little, he may often feel very guilty himself, no matter how much work he does in the Church—even if some is directed for the benefit of the Negro people.

On the other hand, if he is very active in Negro organizations, he will have little time to give to works of the Church, so Father is sure to make him feel guilty because he is not more active in the Holy Name, the Knights of Columbus, the Sodality, the Legion of Mary or some other Catholic group.

This is hard enough, but it is not

the only problem. In fact, even where this problem does not exist, there are problems. Take the school: Catholic Negroes, like most Catholics, want to send their children to Catholic school, if possible. Sometimes this means that this child will be the only Negro in his class, perhaps in the whole school. For a long time, there were in our community only three Catholic Negro families, and only one Negro girl in the Catholic school. Now, thanks to the efforts of lay teachers in the Legion of Mary, there are four or five more Catholic Negro families, and now four Negroes in the Catholic school, one of them my son. I remember how concerned we were last year, knowing the other girl would graduate and thinking that, in kindergarten, he would be the only Negro in the school. Yet the people in our parish are friendly! What must be the feeling and concern of those Negro parents who know that in sending their children to parochial school they are sending them where they will be regarded by the majority as unwelcome intruders and perhaps be greeted by the taunt of "Nigger"?

But we were concerned for our child because we have found that, even in the most friendly parish, many of those who try very, very hard to be just and tolerant of Negro people cannot somehow seem to keep from considering the Negro as being "different." And these will work zealously with you in the most cordial and friendly of relationships within the various organizations of the Church, but it will never occur to them to invite you to their homes socially or to include you in any gathering outside this church relationship. Yet, working with these groups, often you have little time for social contact among your own race, so it takes an unduly long time for the Catholic Negro in a new community to build up friendships. This can be hard enough for an adult; but no parent wants a child to have to face this during his first years of school. So even though our son had some white friends, we were greatly relieved to learn that there would be two other Negro children in his class, just in case his white friends' "friendship" could not stand up under the pressures of other white associations. Perhaps this was just a bugaboo from the beginning—and one of our own creation, to scare ourselves—yet any Negro who attends a predominantly white church or

who lives, as we do, in a predominantly white neighborhood, will be all too familiar with this bugaboo—and with good reason! How often have we seen what we thought was friendship fade, leaving not a trace behind, in the face of social pressures, prejudice—or just another white person on the scene! And it takes a lot of faith and love and tolerance on our own part—as well as courage and vision—when such things occur, to start all over and try again. This is hard not only for the Negro, but for any group, or any person. One wonders if next time he will have the faith or courage, love or vision—but you live from day to day and keep praying and hoping for those things.

But even when none of these problems exist, there are other things, simple, ordinary things that pose problems for Catholic Negroes in their normal living, in places where there are no larger Catholic Negro populations. Negro youth groups like Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Brownies, and others will usually be sponsored and meetings held in Protestant churches because they are the strongest Negro organizations in most communities. Often they offer the only places large enough for meeting. Leadership and sponsorship will be by zealous Protestants, many of whom consider a Catholic as not quite Christian. This poses obvious problems for the Catholic Negro parent whose child wants to join his friends in participation in such highly rated organizations.

Then there is the question we like to avoid, but sometimes must face: the question of marriage. In a community of few Catholic Negro families, what do you tell your son or daughter about dating? What are his chances for a good Catholic marriage? With a teenage son, this is going to be our next problem. We haven't found the answer yet, but we know that there can be no real answer until men of all races truly regard each other as brothers and stop being frightened by the accidental differences which exist among us. Only when we truly see each other as "other Christs" can we tear down forever those walls between us.

From *The Interracial Review*.

"If there is one thing which Christ and his saints have said with a sort of savage monotony, it is that the rich are in peculiar danger of moral ruin."

G. K. CHESTERTON

HELP THE HARLEM EDUCATION PROGRAM

H E P In one square block in Central Harlem:

- ★ 150 volunteers tutor 200 school children in their homes.
- ★ Science and art workshop operates in neighborhood basements.
- ★ Future Nurses Club meets in a local church.
- ★ A dozen teen-agers are training at a university computer lab.
- ★ A Community Council enlists the aid of parents and children to convert an empty lot into a playground and park.

This is HEP—HARLEM EDUCATION PROGRAM, Inc.—an interracial student organization acting as a catalyst to mobilize the talents and energies of a poor neighborhood to help itself. More than 150 student volunteers and four full-time staff members carry out the program, aided by volunteer professional educators.

HEP's neighborhood is one square block in Central Harlem where 2500 people are housed—one segment of the vast Negro ghetto where many elementary school children are three to five years below citywide grade level in reading, where only 35% of the children graduate from high school and a tiny 1% enter college. Educational frustration kills the eagerness to learn and breeds apathy and anger. To spark the desire for learning, to develop positive feelings toward oneself and one's community—these are HEP's aims.

Since 1962, HEP and members of the community have worked together, supported by private donations and foundation help. We now face a financial crisis and must turn to you for help. We want to continue our work. Please help us!

Partial list of Board of Directors: Mrs. Jane Robinson, Dr. James Allen, Mr. Malcolm Andersen, Mr. Robert Parrish. Partial list of Council of Advisors: Mr. Frank Jennings, Dr. Maxine Greene, Rev. Donald Harrington. Executive Director: Mr. John Cole.

HARLEM EDUCATION PROGRAM, INC.
206 West 134 St., New York, N. Y. 10030

I enclose \$..... to help HEP.

I wish to help HEP in its work ☐.

I wish to know more about its work ☐.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....

Contributions are tax-deductible.

LETTERS

Have Faith In God

Holy Mother of God Monastery
Route 5
Oxford, North Carolina

Dear Dorothy:

For so long I have wanted to thank you for having published the announcement of the small foundation (see July-August *Catholic Worker*), which is now a reality, although still in its infancy. Your publication has already attracted the attention of many young men who are seeking God in religious life and have asked me for information about applying, if it is God's will.

I am alone here with a volunteer worker, Stephen Kaune, who is not a candidate for monastic life, although he is deeply religious. He is very interested in your work, which is of course more active than the contemplative life of this monastery. He wants to dedicate his life to a great ideal, and is capable of doing so.

It was only two weeks ago that, after long delays, we arrived at this locality. We spent the intervening period in our pastor's rectory. The foundation is on the site of an old tobacco plantation and, fortunately, the former slaves' quarters are still standing, although they are in bad shape. The quarters consist of a wooden three-room shack around a central fireplace. In recent years, they were used as a tobacco barn and as junk rooms. We found them full of waste corn, parts of antique plows, broken jars, and so forth. Two of the rooms were hopelessly unusable, with broken and rotted floors and ceilings. The third was better preserved, and I lived in it during our first two days here. An old table found among the junk, a folding metal chair borrowed from the parish, and an army cot with a blanket constituted the furniture. We removed the improvised tin shutters from the windows, which were devoid of frames or glass.

The first two days were days of blessed poverty, in communion with the former inhabitants of this cabin, the Negro slaves of the old plantation—as well as with the Negroes of the entire South, past and present. There was no water (we had to fill jars at the rectory and bring them over), no electricity, no facilities of any kind; we took some bricks and made a fire outside and ate mostly cold meals out of cans. Because we had had so much to do during the day, I said Vespers that first evening by the light of a vigil lamp at the entrance to the cabin. (The door had lost its hinges long ago.)

The next morning I offered the sacrifice of the mass for the first time on the grounds of the future monastery. The altar stone was placed on the old table, which had been repaired with string. It was a votive mass of the Holy Mother of God, to whom this foundation is consecrated and was a fitting inauguration of her monastery, which I hope will always remain poor, simple, and genuinely monastic. This mass was offered for all our benefactors, for the deceased Negroes and whites who once lived on this plantation, for all those of the South, and of the whole United States, past and present, that love may reign where there is no love, that the social sins of the past may be forgiven and not burden the future.

My closest neighbor is a poor Negro farmer, a Baptist, with whom I am on friendly terms. I offered to work on his farm sometimes if it would help him. (He has ten children.) I hope he will accept my offer.

When I arrived I found the old house of the former plantation empty. It had been neglected for twenty years. On one wall I noticed a poster, of the kind the Protestant missionaries like to distribute. It bore these simple words: "HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

Now we are in a trailer, which

the Bishop is letting us use until we can afford to build a permanent monastery, of concrete blocks.

Pray for us, Dorothy. We do not forget you. You and the *Catholic Worker* are in my mass and in my prayer.

Yours in the charity of Christ,
Father Peter Minard, O.S.B.

Farm Workers

710 13th St.,
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Friends:

The West Oakland Farm Workers Association, originally a Catholic Worker community development project, formed to provide transportation at low cost to West Oakland residents who have been forced into farm work during the past few years, is now an independent non-profit corporation and transportation cooperative, directing its immediate attention to such grass-roots issues as living expenses and earning capacity of our members, who are all resident farm workers. It is hoped that identification with a dynamic group will relieve our members of some of the strain of being unemployed every day at the end of the workday and will give them an occupational relationship to the community. As tangible evidence of his place in the city, each member has an Association ID card. Already the Association has taken legal action to compel payment of wages on the part of the owner of a prune orchard who tried to cheat 25 workers out of a full day's pay. We have a long way to go, but this is a beginning.

The Association was started in early May with a loan of \$1,600. To date, \$380 has been repaid. Other expenses have been \$313 for gasoline, \$132 for maintenance, \$367 for drivers' pay, \$96 miscellaneous. Our property consists of a bus and two station wagons. We receive no subsidy from any source, other than donated labor and occasional transfusions of cash from the directors' own funds. Our books are available for inspection. Honorary membership cards will be issued to contributors. Please make checks payable to the West Oakland Farm Workers Association. We will make a personal report to you on how your money is used.

J. Bennett Mann
Director

P.S. On September 5th, Harold B. Kehoe, director of welfare for Alameda County, stated, in the *San Francisco Examiner*, that unskilled fruit pickers make an average of \$2.00 per hour. He added that welfare recipients are too lazy to take these jobs.

Here is a breakdown of wages earned this season by our own crews: Pears: maximum wage, \$1.25 per hour; Prunes: Best unskilled worker, \$5.00 for a full day's work; Apricots: \$1.60 per hour for the best wage earned by an average picker; Blueberries: \$1.00 per hour maximum.

Welfare "green carders" who have been forced to join our crews have in some instances put in a full day's work and ended up with as little as \$3.00. (A full day, as our members well know, starts as early as 3:30 a.m. and usually runs until 7:00 p.m.)

People in responsible positions have no right to make irresponsible public statements.

Swedish Co-op

Eskilstuna, Sweden.

Dear Miss Day:

I have now worked for seven days on my new job with a contractor of apartment houses in this town of sixty thousand, three hours from Stockholm. It is a steel center and factory town, but not like our factory cities; there are parks, and everything is neat and clean, as is usual in Sweden. Pri-

vate enterprise is private enterprise, but it seems to be supervised quite carefully by the municipality here.

We start work at 7:00, and at 9:00 breakfast for half an hour. At 11:00 we have a 15-minute coffee break at our special hut, which has running water and electric heat. At 1:30 we have lunch for half an hour, and at 4:40 start cleaning our tools preparatory to quitting at 5:00. It is thus a 9-hour day, with frequent breaks, five days a week. The work is done at a rapid pace, and we receive a flat hourly rate of about a dollar an hour, plus piece work. A few of the very good workers can earn \$5,000 or more a year. The only drawback for me is that I am some distance from Stockholm, where I could meet people and learn about cooperatives, but I shall worry about that later.

Besides intricate brick laying, the mason here must be able to do various kinds of plastering and set tile. By varying these jobs we can keep busy inside during the



cold weather. (Today I went to work with five shirts on, even though it is still August.) Had I known that I would have to work with unfamiliar tools, many of them shaped differently from the ones used in America, I would probably have been afraid to come. As it is, the Swedes, with great patience, are teaching me an important set of skills.

We build well-made, beautiful houses for the city. They have 3- and 4-room apartments made of brick, with an insulated concrete shell. The concrete with captured air bubbles is a Swedish invention. There is a high degree of coordination between the engineers and the working men, who work in teams of nine. There is an elected team leader, but no equivalent to the foreman back home. There is no noise on the job; if anyone shouted, everyone would wonder what was the matter. One does not give orders here so much as make requests. Every mason can read plans and lay out the job. The company is owned by the men in the building trades unions.

It is not easy to say what the wages are worth, for there is no problem of medical expenses here, and so little speculation in housing that these vital necessities, housing and medicine, are much cheaper for the worker than they are elsewhere. My room, with cooking rights, costs me \$30 a month, and food comes to \$4 a day. Meat is about twice as expensive here as it is in the United States.

William Horvath

Illiberal Regime

Seminario Metropolitano
Belem-Para
Brazil

Dear Mr. Corbin:

I received the copies of the June issue of the *Catholic Worker* containing the interview with Paulo de Tarso. The CW is greatly appreciated here in the seminary and in the University of Para. I use the articles also for English classes.

The situation here in Brazil is worsening, in my estimation. Day by day, hour by hour, arrests continue. Intellectual freedom is nil. Pray for us that a true revolution soon gets its feet firmly planted.

Again let me say that I appreciate your gift of the CW and will appreciate receiving any articles on Latin America or on the Christian Revolution you may be able to send. Reading material is scarce here—especially material worth reading.

James Hasker

Northeast Kingdom

East Haven
Vermont

Dear Dorothy:

Vermont has always had a magic for me which I think figured into our looking for and finding a place here. Our 165 acres are mostly woods . . . tall and splendid green woods with our big clearing here where the house is and several others up the creek. The house is one small room, with another larger room going to be added on before winter. In the places where trees have been cut or old logging roads were, there are abundances of raspberry bushes, and they are just now coming to the end of their season. They were so sweet and delicious while they lasted. Here we don't share your water problem, but have more than enough rain; hardly a day goes by without at least a shower.

My mother, Rose, Daniel, and Raymond came up for a couple of days with their tent and sleeping bags. They brought Doretta, a Fresh Air Fund girl from the city, who is Rosie's age. My father and the rest of the kids will be coming up in a week or so. We have the most clear, cold delicious spring water imaginable, which first we used to fetch but which now Al has piped in.

We've met some of the local people, but no CW-minded people yet. Through George Gulick we have met Red Blum and his family in nearby Stannard. Red is a professor and is developing, in his home, a fine museum of early American tools. They go to a lot of auctions, and he has quite a beautiful and large collection. He has been most helpful with advice and useful things.

I'm so glad we were able to get down for Tom and Monica's wedding, but it made us sad that our own plans for our wedding—the singing (with tambourine) and responding and offertory procession—met with defeat after much talking and running back and forth. We wanted it similar to the great Pentecost Mass that the people at the Phoenix (in Worcester) had had, but, thanks to the pastor in Upton, no go. Up here we're going to St. James Church in Island Pond and like (I guess) the other Vermont churches, the mass is dialogue, a bit weak yet but thank heavens they are doing it.

Leif is an outdoor boy, getting browner and blonder and bigger. He laughs more, "talks" more, sits up more, and is so interested in everything. It's really so grand to be a part of their growing.

This place we're living in has rather an interesting history. The area is called Lost Nation and once there were 35 families and a school up here where now there is nobody except us. The whole

section of Vermont we're in—East Haven and all around this northeast corner—is called Northeast Kingdom, and it's supposed to be the lonelier and wilder part.

Al's been logging in the woods and it's a good sort of job, being out of doors and near to home, though it pays low. With all this land maybe some day someone will be moved to join us here; that we would like. It's beautiful mountainous God's country.

Elia Learnard

Prisoner's Base

Montreal, P.Q.
Canada

Dear Friends:

A group of people have been meeting here for some months with the aim of helping prisoners. The two prisons we have concentrated on have been St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary and LeClerc Institute. This group is the English-speaking branch of one that has been working since September 1962. We have been using the name *Benevolents Anonymous*. (Some of us feel that the name has "Lady Bountiful" connotations, but nothing better has been suggested.)

The aims of the group are: "a) to educate the public about the problems of the inmate, his family and the penal institution; b) to work to prevent the breaking up of the prisoner's family and to alleviate the social and material problems of himself and his wife and children; c) to give people who wish to help their neighbor the opportunity to do so."

Each husband-and-wife team "adopts" a prisoner (in the sense that it concerns itself with only one prisoner at a time). The wife of the team supplies free transportation to and from prison for the wife of the prisoner, and may provide baby-sitting services, budget planning, and general housework when required. In short, any service is given that will release the prisoner's wife from the home during visiting hours. Members also try to enlist the aid of various agencies in supplying the families of the prisoners with food, clothing, furniture, fuel, etc. A third service, visits and correspondence, is restricted to male members of the teams.

Help is also given the prisoner in his immediate release problems. We attempt to find rooms, provide meals until the first paycheck, help to determine Unemployment Office status, etc.

Prospective volunteers please call: Mrs. T. Stone at 481-0872 or M. J. Macdonald at 861-5249.

The most urgent need at the moment is for drivers.

Brendan Griffin

Mania For Purity

"The delirium of absolute purity, a mania for perfection and extravagant idealism are common symptoms of psychosis and simple neurosis. They are not the hall marks of an elite, but of a degeneration of the psyche. They transport the personality not towards total perfection, as such sufferers maintain, but towards total perdition. They are to be found in persons whose most marked characteristic is a flight from reality. These are the persons who refuse to set to work on what they could actually achieve, which would necessarily be humble, imperfect and finite, and pivoting on this negation, pass from refusal to condemnation, which justifies that evasion in their own eyes . . . Spiritual directors like St. Francis of Sales, for example, long before Marx and the Freudians, denounced such attitudes as alienation and the manoeuvres of a guilty conscience."

EMMANUEL MOUNIER