

CATHOLIC WORKER



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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

"He shall bring them down that dwell on high.
The high city he shall lay low.
He shall bring it down even to the ground.
He shall put it down even to the dust.
The foot shall tread it down,
The feet of the poor, the steps of the needy."

Isaiah 26

Non-violence, the feet of the poor, not the clenched fist. Anderson's Marching Men. That was the name of a book of Sherwood Anderson's that I reviewed many years ago when it first came out. The Freedom Walks, the Quebec to Guantanamo walk this past month have made me think of these things. They walk in poverty, this group; stripped of all comfort; imprisoned and tortured, fearful and yet determined, they have shared the suffering of their brothers in the South.

Tom Cornell has written of them in this issue of the paper.

Looking back on what has happened this month since we went to press January 8, Martin Corbin visited the farm for a few days... A still-born child was born to a girl on the farm... The local hospital which is so hospitable to our family of the poor sent us a woman recovering from pneumonia... One of the women I met at Spode House in England has come to join us, to help us... We had a tremendous bill from a plumber in mid-January when our

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CHRISTIE STREET

By WALTER WIATROWSKI

The time is 6:30 A.M. and the door at 175 Christie Street is opened. For many of us here at St. Joseph's House this is the beginning of our day. A half-dozen men go about their self-appointed chores; the lights are turned on, the stoves are lit, water is put on for cereal and coffee, the cups, bowls and silverware set on the tables, the trash taken out, and the sinks filled with hot water.

Someone finds a pot of yesterday's coffee. It is heated and we sit down for a moment of peace and relaxation. All of us have walked the streets all night at one time or another. Some of us did it last night.

The Lonely Ones

The men from the Bowery begin to gather outside our door and across the street. The poor, the real poor, are these. We, in comparison, are rich, for we have the companionship of each other. We can keep ourselves busy during the day, to ward off that terrible feeling of loneliness that these forgotten men of the Bowery must feel.

The men begin to file in to Siloe House, the room in the rear where they wait until the soup is ready. Here, at least for a time, they are off the streets.

They gather into small groups. Strangers begin talking to each other. For a few hours many of these men will forget their loneliness, their feeling of uselessness. They have found others as themselves. Perhaps for some it will be

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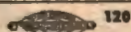
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ON PILGRIMAGE

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oil burning furnace stopped, pipes froze, and left thirteen men in cold rooms for two nights and a day... It was five above zero those days. We have other troubles, legal and financial which I will write about later... Al Larnard came to join the farm community... Jean Walsh is still away but is expected to return in a few weeks. Charles Butterworth is taking a sabbatical, as it were, for prayer and study.

I speak at Trinity forum in downtown Manhattan February 5, probably to Wall street workers on voluntary poverty! On February 8 at a public school in Greenwich Village on the Woman's House of Detention which for Deane and I, was home briefly once a year for five years. Other speakers that day will be Jane Jacobs, City planner, and Fr. Egan, of Graymoor who has done so much for released prisoners who have been addicts. This meeting is sponsored by the Village Independent Democrats.

Thursday and Friday, Feb. 13 and 14, I speak at Winthrop Hall, Harvard, or rather have discussions with students there. On Saturday I will speak at New England Mutual Hall, Copley Square in Boston, at a Catholic Book Fair, I believe, together with other authors; and in the evening at Ed Sweny's Holy Spirit Book Shop. Then on Monday, Feb. 17 in Oneonta, New York, at the University. On the 25th I speak at a Fellowship meeting at the Presbyterian church in Princeton, New Jersey.

The month will fly by, and although there are blizzards in March, there is also the first day of spring.

Dear Soul

Arthur J. Lacey, one of the most useful members of the Catholic Worker group, whom some of us call "dear soul" to tease him for the tender solicitude he shows those who come to him—"and what is your problem, dear soul?"—spent a week's vacation in Detroit last month as the guest of Dan Shay, former young Christian Worker who is aspiring to start a hostel in downtown Detroit to be called St. Thomas More house. He visited St. Francis House and was much impressed by how well it was kept and run. He visited the Murphys in St. Martha House and the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld, attended a Cursilla Mass on Saturday at Fr. Kern's parish, visited the families at the farm at South Lyons, the Meltons, the Johnsons, the Martuses, and the Catholic Worker farm where the Murphys stay in summer and which some of the men from St. Francis House keep going in winter.

Speaking of Poverty

On a number of occasions when I have been speaking at schools where the nuns have been troubled at the idea of living in luxury and deeply desired poverty, I talked of the readiness we ought to have to be despoiled of our goods, to be robbed, taken advantage of, by those we trusted. As Fr. Roy used

to say, "God takes us at our word." We had an experience last month which shocked us all profoundly. Indeed so much so, that Deane has been quite unable to write her usual column, she has been so saddened by the tragedy of the loss of a friend.

A man who has been staying with us for six months, who was gifted, amiable, generous, helpful, doing all kinds of menial chores, shopping, running errands, taking the fellow workers at Perry Maurin Farm to the hospital—Larry to the asthma clinic, Barbara to maternity, Shorty to that for Parkinson's disease; bringing Albert last week to St. Rose's Hospital in New York; bringing Peggy to the city with one of her cats (the latter stalked and pursued around the bare wisteria, forsythia and privet hedge and then packaged in a carton, tied up and carried), listening to the woes of young and old (he had worked for five years in a home for delinquent boys)—this man suddenly packed his things, all obtained from the CW clothes room, got into the one good car and took off. With him also went two hundred and eighty-five dollars of our money and four blank checks, already signed, which he could probably cash or rectory where the CW is known.

No one knew he was gone until Sunday morning when John, Jim, Hans, Andy, Larry, George, Slim, John B., Joe D., Joe C., Deane, Clare, Barbara, Alice, Paul, Shorty, etc. etc. were ready for shorty o'clock Mass. We make two trips back and forth, and not all listed above go, but I name them to indicate the numbers involved on a Sunday morning who depend on the car to get to confession and Mass, since confessions are heard before Mass in our little country chapel. Those who could walk, who were not too old or too crippled, walked that morning to a later Mass.

Charles Butterworth was on retreat at the Trappists in Winchester. I was in New York at the time, attending a Third Hour meeting at Claire Bishop's.

The consternation over our misfortune was immense. No one ever did such a thing before! But only a few nights before the car was missing one of the kids in the neighborhood was caught siphoning all the gasoline out of the tank and when detected fled, leaving his five-gallon can and tube. And what about a few weeks ago when fifteen pounds of pork roast, all the Sunday meat for our large community and Sunday company, disappeared out of a clear sky, and we were forced to eat scrambled powdered eggs instead. And what about the man from Sing Sing sent to us by a Prisoner's society who left with the best clothes in the dormitory and everyone's pockets carefully picked. And that young fellow, so handsome and so disheveled, sent to us by a priest, who

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Peace Walk to Cuba Stalled In Georgia

By TOM CORNELL

A Peace Walk started on May 26 last year from Quebec City to the Guantanamo Naval Base in Cuba. The sponsoring organization is the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA), the group that sent a peace walk from San Francisco to Moscow in 1960-'61. The purpose of the Walk is to ease tensions between our nation and Cuba by pointing to nonviolent means of settling problems that beset us. The plan is to reach Havana, with visas validated by Washington and Havana preferably, but without them if necessary, and to continue the Walk to the U.S. Naval Base at Guantanamo with a plea that U.S. military forces cease occupation of that section of Cuba.

The South

The Walk kept on schedule very well, until Georgia. As the Walkers proceeded south of New York, more and more concern was generated for the safety of the Walkers once they entered the South. In Washington, D.C., there was a painful period in which the Committee had to decide who would be allowed to participate in the Walk in the South, since obviously, in the more explosive atmosphere there, it would be foolish to have inexperienced or unstable people involved in a situation which calls for the constant application of disciplined nonviolence. The Walk is integrated. Through Virginia, North and South Carolina there were no serious problems. In fact, the reception in Charlotte was unusually warm and friendly. They entered Georgia on Oct. 23, 1963, and they are still there.



In last month's Catholic Worker we carried a short account of the atrocious treatment the Walkers received at the hands of the Griffin police and the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. For handing out leaflets in a park, the marchers were brutally tortured with electric prodders used on cattle, and men and women without exception were burnt about the face, legs and thighs and in the case of the men, the genitals.

When they were finally released, with permission to carry on their walk and leafletting, the Walkers continued on their way, and were jailed in Macon for violating an anti-leafletting law. Such laws have been repeatedly declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Charges were eventually dropped. On December 23, fifteen of the Walkers were arrested in Albany, and the Walk is still there.

Albany

There had been a very militant civil rights movement in Albany, known as The Albany Movement. In 1961, Martin Luther King came to Albany to help organize a massive effort for civil rights. But the problems that the Movement faced in Albany indicated that the time was not ripe. One of the major obstacles is the sophistication of the local Police Chief, Laurie Pritchett. The Walkers got to know Laurie Pritchett when he arrested them as they started to walk through the main business area of town. The police have never allowed Negro demonstrators to use this section of town, and they were not going to let anyone else do so. Pritchett's treatment of the Walkers con-

trasted sharply the primeval brutality of the police in Griffin. No outright violence. No cattle-prods, police dogs or high pressure hoses. Pritchett was able to absorb a tremendous number of demonstrators in jail by planning ahead in time to have space available in various jails around the state, so that when the civil rights demonstrators "filled the jails" in an effort to press their demands, they could be absorbed, even 1200 of them at the time. The Albany Movement was stymied. When the Cuba Walkers' civil liberties were denied them by the Albany police, they became determined to use their most drastic weapons in order to demonstrate to everyone in Albany how the peace and civil rights movements are essentially one movement, and how the determined and persistent use of non-violence can overcome the most formidable obstacles.

The police have been able to absorb demonstrators because they cooperated with their arrest and imprisonment. The CNVA Walkers determined not to cooperate, even to the point of refusing food. In a letter to me dated January 9, Bradford Lyttle writes: "... We are involved in a difficult non-violent struggle to secure our civil liberties to walk through the center of the city and to demonstrate at Turner Air Force Base. Thirteen of us, including three Negroes and five white ladies, have been in jail for eighteen days. Ten have fasted completely the entire period. Another has kept a continuous fast except for one interlude with five candy bars. Six more were arrested today for demonstrating outside of City Hall for our release: Dave Dellinger, Ross Anderson, Jonathan Stephens, Al Uhrie, Bob Barker and Candy Cricker. All of them are fasting. None of the fasters will pay fines or accept bail. Sustained fasting and imprisonment is about the only decisive means of generating moral influence in this situation, for Chief Pritchett has developed techniques for absorbing hundreds who go to jail and cooperate.

"This is a very important non-violent struggle not only for the integrity of the Walk, but as well for the Albany integration movement, which having suffered continuous setbacks in the courts and from Pritchett's astute tactics for quenching demonstrations, finds its morale at a very low ebb..."

"We would welcome Catholic Worker people who would like to join our witness... People are needed to go to jail or to help in our office. All who come to go to jail should be prepared to stay in and fast indefinitely. Our office is at 514 Mercer, Albany, Georgia, phone (912) 435-9567."

On January 8, nine of the Walkers came voluntarily to Records Court in Albany for trial. The others refused to go to court under their own power. Some were too weak from fasting. For the first time in its history, the courtroom was not segregated. Bradford Lyttle, gathering up his strength after seventeen days of fasting, deliv-

ered what was described as a magnificent, eloquent statement to the court. Attorney King, who was representing two of the Walkers, said he could offer nothing further, even as a lawyer. Judge Durden then pronounced sentence of \$102 in fines or 25 days, stating that the time already served would count against the sentences. He sentenced the five not in court to seven more days for contempt. Some of the prisoners had to be carried out of court on stretchers, still in good spirits, determined to continue their fast.

On January 16 and 17, twenty Walkers and supporters were released from jail. On January 14 three separate trials were held in Records Court before Judge Durden for twelve Walkers and supporters: the five who had previously refused to walk into court (they were carried this time); Dave Dellinger and five others who were arrested on the ninth (they had driven down from New York to support the Walkers); and Joe Tuchinsky, who had mounted a fast and vigil in front of the City Hall. All were found guilty and sentenced to 31 days, with 30 suspended. Joe viewed the already-prepared papers on the judge's bench and asked, "Were these prepared before court?" The judge's reply: "Well, yes, but of course, if you'd been found not-guilty they wouldn't have been served."

Another Round

The Walkers rested in Albany, recuperating from their fast. They resumed negotiations with Chief Pritchett and other city authorities to determine a mutually satisfactory route for the Walkers to take on their way out of Albany. The city officials remained adamant in their determination to keep the Walk out of the main business area. Three Walkers were given a route which they could not accept. They submitted seven alternative routes to the officials. None of them was found satisfactory by the officials. Then on January 27, the Walk proceeded. They took a route through the main business area. They could have been out of Albany in twenty minutes walking time. But the police felt they could not allow them to break their tight control of demonstrations in Albany, and arrested 17 Walkers once again. And so the fast was resumed. One of the Walkers, a Negro, 28 year old Ray Robinson, Jr., had fasted the entire 24 days the Walkers had been jailed previously. He and three others had to be hospitalized during that fast. Ray decided to refrain from water. In his condition a water fast could cause serious injury, permanent damage to his kidneys, heart and brain in a few days. Death could result. Last word from the Walk reports that Ray has been transferred to a psychiatric hospital for examination. Brad Lyttle reports his fear that this device might be used on others to discredit and cripple the Walk.

Why

I imagine that most personal pacifists who witness against war, by refusing to serve in the armed forces, or by supporting conscientious objectors, or by trying to educate their communities in the ideas and attitudes that make for peace, still know that there is more that they should be doing, that their commitment to nonviolence should be something that they can translate to the larger society in a practical way. Can we offer nonviolence to our society as a way of combating injustice and of defending the right? This is a question that gnaws at the pacifist. The answer must come from practice, from situations in which nonviolence has been applied and has been proven effective. There have been

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Tenants Refuse to Pay Rent for Bad Housing

By W. B. HORVATH

New York City has a rent strike. This is an economic boycott by tenants living in badly neglected apartment houses. The leader is Jesse Gray of the Community Council on Housing whose headquarters are at 6 East 117 Street, New York. 58 buildings have been organized to withhold rent, they aim for 1,000. Neighborhood groups are supporting it including such associations as The New Deal Democratic Club, and Rev. Richard A. Hildebrand, president of the N.Y. Chapter of the NAACP, said his group would help furnish legal assistance. There is community support to back the strike leaders and this makes a huge difference towards its success. This is an effort to have their buildings repaired by the landlords, or have the City take them over. The City Rent and Rehabilitation Administration has reduced many rents, some to \$1 a month, pending the removal of building violations.

Many of the buildings are in an area of Harlem that may become an industrial part. The landlords know that their property will be eventually taken over and therefore are less inclined to keep them in livable condition. However, it may be as long as ten years before this happens to all the housing in the area. Some interesting questions can be asked about a policy that allows this to happen, and which is so poorly prepared that so many tenants can be cruelly victimized.

The landlord gets capital loaned to him only because tenants in his building are able and willing to pay it back with rent. If tenants do this, why not have them organize the capital resource? It is their purchasing power that makes others rich. What they as tenants lack is the sufficient understanding of how this real-estate business is managed. They know all about budgets, the poor most of all. But who will teach them to comprehend this housing business so they can measure it out and serve their own lower housing cost? We see that the rent strike was made possible by good leadership the tenants are willing to heed. Are we to believe that there are not good leaders to help them become co-operative owners of their housing? They can have all this but they do not know how to ask for it. The conservative banker and the conservative government will deal only with established corporations. In the Rochdale system of consumer co-operation, we know how to set up such mutual companies to petition with.

The sad pity is that when the poor become brave and have at long last their own leaders, the great middle-income housing co-operatives have not come forth and offered them important help. Yet, this is a historic time. The most famous housing co-op in the world, the H. S. B. in Sweden, began by representing tenants in their existing houses against their landlords. (1923) The Tenants' National Union promoted for the National Association of Tenant's Savings and Building Societies.

The tenants in the buildings can join with the community in setting up a fund and incorporating as a co-operative association. They can handle many of the issues by themselves. The management team to carry out the works in what is lacking. Real-estate professionals simply do not know or, fail to properly represent the poor. It may take ten years to learn the lingo of their business so they can talk fast about it, but they lose patience with the democratic order of co-ops, which requires understanding intelligence of the customers to support them.

There is a chasm between the experts and the people. It is not too different than described in the story you carry in the January

Catholic Worker titled: "Welfare Without Warmth." The object of a co-op society is to work from the people in whatever condition they are and to bring forth their own leadership. To not petition for them, but to have them either support you in an appeal or to do it themselves. The rent strike leaders are exactly the kind of people who can do this. But they are woefully lacking the understanding of what is involved in a co-operative association. This is the terrible loss. That the people with willing support are not given now a more constructive housing program.

If tenants in an apartment house are not able to make up a deficit in the budget to carry their property, and it is using up their own earning to the extent of even 20%, they can seek as much aid as now given quite easily to the middle income rich in their new housing co-operatives. Longterm loans, grants to buy their property & let it be used at a lower cost by a co-operative. In return the poor will manage the houses. They can do this better than any one else can for them. What they want is a sincere ownership policy which they influence and which they participate in for real. Let them make their own rules on how to run the house. As for the rich helping the poor, they can do it by making loans or letting their experts be teachers.

The poor should enter the rich man's home and teach him how to practice mutual aid and save us all from a city that is divided in this harsh grading of utterly impossible housing and castles of luxury a block away. And we can do all this without always asking the government to take every step for us.

Three generations of wage-earners have paid for this land and housing but what is more, they have with their rent contributed to buy more housing elsewhere. Thus, when we look at an old apartment house we should envision standing next to it two or three more paid for from this income to landlords.

The factory owner must pay off each year the cost of his new machinery till there is in being a fund from which to replace it. This is the way a depreciation accounting is used among manufacturers. Instead of this the holder-owner of multiple housing keeps the depreciation fund for himself and can even re-sell it to a new owner at a higher price. When the capital goods, that is the building, is worn out there is no money left to repair it or replace it.

The landlord then wants new tenants to pay for a new building and even to make a profit on the sale of his land which has been paid for. He will seek either richer tenants, or cut-up the size of the apartments to smaller ones to multiply the tenants on the same ground area. The old customers as tenants are either made to pay more, or get rid of. It is as if industry would use a system that threw away most of its old customers.

If the owners of factories used the same kind of accounting that real-estate landlords do, they could not possibly sell their goods. It would be too high in price. Thus, the strike of tenants is not only against their present landlords bad housing management, but to bring about a change in the bookkeeping system they use. And the irony is that the government allows a 2½% depreciation to landlords which may or may not be used to make repair. It can also be manipulated to make higher profit.

If these same buildings and this precious land in our city were owned by a tenants' co-operative then they could make their own rules. The law allows tenants to pay for the property and then to reduce the cost to themselves. This is called a patronage dividend

to the users. There is no point of paying twice for what you need and which is yours. By mutually holding this housing tenants can elect the economies they wish. They own their landlord. Furthermore, in a good co-operative housing company the reduction of mortgages and the good management over them continues. It is not only for one tenant, but all tenants all the time who must use a house and seek to better their community by making common cause for a higher quality of shelter. The system of co-operation for consumer representation to do these things is known as the Rochdale method.



NO SALVATION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

"True there is only one Church of Christ. She alone is the Body of Christ and without her there is no salvation. Objectively and practically considered she is the ordinary way of salvation, the single and exclusive channel by which the truth and grace of Christ enter our world of space and time. But those also who know her not receive these gifts from her: yes, even those who misjudge and fight against her, provided they are in good faith, and are simply and loyally seeking the truth without self-righteous obstinacy. Though it be not the Catholic Church itself which hands them the bread of truth and grace, yet it is Catholic bread that they eat. And, while they eat of it, they are, without knowing it or willing it, incorporated in the supernatural substance of the Church. Though they be outwardly separated from the Church, they belong to its soul."

—KARL ADAM, *The Spirit of Catholicism* (Macmillan 1952).

The Clothing Room

With the cold weather upon us, we are in great need of clothing. The Bowery can be the coldest place in the world, especially when you sleep on its sidewalks at night. Men freeze to death on the Bowery streets. Your clothes are very important to us. We need all types of clothing, trousers, socks, underwear, shirts, and most of all, shoes and overcoats. These will be given to anyone reasonably sober who is in need. It is very difficult to tell people there is nothing left for them.

SHIBBOLETHS

By JAMES MILORD

To be thoroughly aired during election year, (with commentary).

"... Government interference in ruining the nation's businesses... (Especially the booming bomb-budget producers.)"

"... This country is a Republic—not a democracy—let's keep it that way." (As advocated by our Bill of Rights, Constitution and Declaration of Independence.)

"... Charity is better than welfare... when freely given..." (As the millions of unemployed know with joy.)

"... Our Two-Party System insures free elections—a model for liberty-loving peoples of this world..." (Particularly in those states where both parties conspire to keep other parties off the ballot.)

"... This democratic principle allows freedom of assembly to all people, regardless of creed..." (Excepting, of course, rabid foes of democracy, such as pacifists; racial demonstrators; nonflag-saluting religionists, anarchists.)

"... The American Worker has never had it so good..." (An entirely new world—Unemployment & Handouts—has opened to 40,000 de-jobbed each week of the past year in a beneficent spiral of automation.)

"... American workers have the highest living standard of the entire world..." (Including those 19 million families who live on less than \$5,000.00 per year.)

"... Negotiation with the Soviets is tantamount to compromise... treason..." (In all matters save wheat, chemicals, oil, flax, plastics, and so forth.)

"... Businesses in order to make right and sound decisions must, in fact, be authoritarian in character..." (With unlimited rights to fire, move plants, re-locate, close shop without workers' consent.)

"... We've got a lot of men on these assembly lines. Now men, by definition are difficult and tricky things..." (So let us get rid of them altogether by machine substitution.)

"... Military forces are vital organs of our body politic..." (With the strongest \$\$\$lobby in the capital city.)

"... As such they (military forces) should be nourished and encouraged, rather than attacked..." (That they might, in turn, be free to attack others.)

"... Anyone who is a genuine American and maintains that this isn't a free country..." (Should be thrown into jail.)

"... Welfare degrades people, and raises administrative and financial problems which stagger the imagination..." (And keep the flow of government expenditures from being tapped for industrial handouts.)

"... The greater the deterrent, the stronger our hope..." (And faith and charity as well.)

"... American children are the best educated, best fed, best dressed, best cultivated kids in the whole world..." (Such exemplary reasons help us to be willing to sacrifice ten million of them as burnt offerings for freedom.)

"... This sovereign state and its sovereign rights, and its sovereign peoples..." (And its sovereign fire-hoses.)

"... No sane person believes in Nuclear Wars..." (Therefore, let us stockpile enough weapons to kill us all.)

"... American justice fits the crime of the offense, in weighty fairness to the individual..." (Such as a light sentence of five years for drug addiction.)

"... Self-defense is a nation's first right..." (Especially does it include mass suicide, and self-detonation.)

"... Only a minimum of 20 million will perish, with newer, safer, and cleaner bombs..." (A splendid example of the application of the New Mathematics to problems of our times.)

"... Americans are a generous, co-operative people..." (Only 50%

of Cuba was owned by U.S. interests on a 50-50 deal.)

"... Without Christian faith our soldiers are weak in combat..." (Such as is provided for in the deep encouragement for drench bombing in the Sermon of the Mount.)

"... The men in the Pentagon are keeping watch over America..." (Ad astram per astra.)

"... This slump is but a coffee break between booms..." (The next brush fire will keep our engines tuned.)

"... The plebiscite is our greatest moral force..." (Emphatically so when children are allowed to vote for a war.)

"... We shall someday face our Maker..." now is the time for courage..." (Why not all together, on H-Day?)

"... Our post-nuclear-war recovery will proceed with that same, fine, indefinable American spirit which, in ages past..." (Undeterred by the loss of twenty cities.)

"... On emergence from shelters, our GNP (gross national product) will be but one fourth less than average, normal production..." (When the TV's go on again, all over the world.)

"... This is a Christian cause against satanic atheism and gross materialism..." (With the aid of our saintly stockholders.)

"... Better dead than Red..." (Thus endearing democracy for our deformed and free grandchildren.)

"... Americans are a heroic people, unafraid when the chips are down..." (Willing, albeit, to sacrifice two of their children for every three Reds.)

"... There will be 150 million survivors left to get our factories back humming after the blasts..." (The good that men do lives after them.)

"... This nation has a record of fair play, high purpose..." (Witness the heroic seizure of the hostile, untamed West, and the valiant dispatch of the buffalo.)

"... Our people are a peace-filled, peaceable people..." (Do not our arsenals and germ warfare industries prove it?)

"... We have never been the aggressor..." (Since U-2's have made spying a strong "moral" gesture.)

"... We have nothing to fear but fear itself..." (So drink the wine of hate.)

Nonviolence and Peacemaking

Catholic Worker readers interested in more detailed study of non-violence should find the bibliography recently published by the War Resisters' International and the Commonwealth Trust of invaluable use. It may be considered as superior to the smaller edition circulated by the Fellowship of Reconciliation several years ago.

Books are organized (and sub-organized) according to five basic divisions, with magazines in a sixth: included are *The Non-violent Social Order*, *Non-violent Resistance*, *Pioneers of Nonviolence*, *International Problems and Background Reading*, ranging from Eric Gill to Kropotkin and Tolstoy. Both Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy will be found. In all, nearly 300 authors and periodicals are indexed.

Copies may be obtained from the Commonwealth Trust, Librarian, Llwyn-y-Gwew, Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales, England. Fifty cents should be included.

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

72 Postoffice Pl.,
Salt Lake City,

Our landlord gave us a notice to move by Feb. 15. This was done he said upon the complaint of merchants in the block who did not like the scores of bottles which our "ambassadors" scatter around the doorways twenty-four hours a day. We are lucky to have been here this long. I have been looking across the tracks for a place, and had the Right of Way Authority find locations for me, but to date the situations I found were either being used for storage or they didn't want more transients around. If we get a house away from a tavern we would not be bothered by the "town bums" who seldom intend to work. Joe Hill was a transient worker and that is the main purpose of our place: a home for transients and Indians. Mail can be sent to me at our regular address and by the time you read this we may already be moved. However mail will be forwarded.

"They must be Communists in there," Bob heard one cop say to another on their midnight rounds, as they read our quotations from Debs. No one calls a person a Catholic or a Christian if they are for peace, justice, or freedom, for they have not earned the right as have the Communists who fought for the poor in the depression.

"While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a criminal class I am of it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

Eugene V. Debs

I leave Feb. 12 for Los Angeles and San Francisco where I have a three day conference with CNVA WEST at a ranch in Marin County, and a meeting at San Francisco University. Then I speak at 8 p.m. Feb. 20 at the University of Duquesne, and I will be at Cornell University from Feb. 22 to 29. Due to the new regulations by the bus companies my \$99 bus trip will have to end April 15. This is my route: Minneapolis, Fargo, Butte, Seattle, Portland, Eugene, Eugene, Cal., San Francisco, Los Gatos, Carmel, Los Angeles, Riverside, San Diego, Phoenix, Tucson, El Paso, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond, Washington DC, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York City, Rochester, Buffalo, Toronto (Catholic Information Center) and back to Minneapolis. Here a friend will drive me to Sandstone, Collegeville, Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago, South Bend, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Oberlin, Antioch, Cincinnati, Purdue, the Iowa colleges, St. Louis, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Denver, Boulder and back to Salt Lake City.

All my life I have been telling success stories of how by my acuteness I deflected blows, but the other night I took a jug away from a cocky little Irishman who was passing it around in our house, and he knocked me down on the floor. I slightly sprained my thumb, but bounced back up. He kicked in the door and broke a window and came back an hour later and broke two more windows. Of course no true pacifist or anarchist would call a cop, but someone across the street did, I suppose. I told the cop I didn't know who broke the window, as I never take names here, and I would not prefer charges against him if they caught him.

Nelson Begay and his fellow Navajo make fried bread often. One Friday night I spoke on the Hopi and Nelson wanted to sing a song later. He is of the Pentecostal faith, as much as any Indian believes in the white man's religion. He did say a prayer to God "to help us live better and get out of this mess, not today, but tomorrow." Then he sang some Christian hymn in Navajo.

Thomas Banycya of Oraibi, Ari-

zona, interpreter for the radical Hopi, a conscientious objector, and my especial friend for fifteen years, stopped here for a couple of hours with his white friend Harry Rogers, who married a Navajo down by the Four Corners, near Monticello, Utah. I had not seen Thomas since Mary and I were there in 1961. Liquor and the welfare state still crowd the Hopi. The whole world with its atom bomb and exploitation can be balanced on one scale against the good Hopi of one small village whose life and prayers call for a peaceful world. It is a race between the Hopi and the atom bomb.

P.S. Just found a new place. 670 Southwest Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Friday, Feb. 17.

Dear Dorothy:

Thanks very much for the five dollars and all the news. Ammon and I have just come back from picketing a Republican dinner (fund raising) with Governor Romney as guest speaker. It was sponsored by the NAACP. They are trying to shame the Republican administration here into doing something on civil rights. Romney got out of his car and shook hands with all 300 demonstrators which made Utah's Gov. Clyde pretty mad; he rushed in without speaking to anyone. Most of the pickets were college students and a few of their teachers; the rest were NAACP officials, a few middle-aged liberals and one Communist who knows Jim Forest's father.

Last night I was sleeping at the door and two cops on this beat stopped, flashed their light on the sign in our window with the quotation from Debs "while there is a lower class I am in it; a criminal class I am of it; a soul in prison I am not free," and one cop said to the other: this place is communistic.

Did you read the article on the Council in the latest "Nation?" It told of a speech by Fr. Voillaume before a closed meeting of the French bishops. He asked them to lobby for a condemnation of war and was given an enthusiastic reception.

A wild drunk came in two nights ago with a gallon of wine and began passing it around and when Ammon tried to take it away from him he knocked Ammon down and threw bottles in every direction and broke most of the windows. There is no use having them replaced since we have been evicted and have to be out by the 15th of Feb. We've had no luck yet in finding a new place and if we don't soon Ammon says he might as well shut down until he comes back from his trip. In that event I'll get a job and make enough money to get to San Francisco.

Love.

Bob Steed

ST. JEROME

"With other good works one can occasionally plead some hindrance, but with charity there is no excuse. Someone may perhaps tell me, 'It is impossible for me to fast,' but he could not say 'It is impossible for me to love.' Someone may say 'It is impossible for me to remain a virgin,' or 'I cannot sell all my goods and give money to the poor,' but he could not say 'I cannot love my enemies.' For in this the feet are never weary of running, nor the ears of hearing, nor the hands of working, so that we can never seek to claim exemption by means of an excuse. We are not told, 'Go to the East and look for charity there' or 'Sail to the West and you will find affection there.' It is to be found in the depths of our hearts, to which the prophet urges us to resort when he says, 'Return, ye transgressors, to the heart' (Is. xlii. 8). It is not in distant lands that we may find what is demanded of us."

+ + LETTERS + +

Peter Maurin House
Oakland, California
Epiphany, 1964

It's been a long time since we in Oakland have communicated directly with you people on Chrystie St. Peter Maurin House has become in that time virtually a landmark in West Oakland. Across the street we run a store called a Neighborhood House where the things pertaining to the women and children go on. Our community relations are very good. When we had to go before a city board to get a variance (which had been previously denied) Adelaide Vawter was able to present a petition of approval consisting of over six hundred names.

But those of us who begin to say that we are doing fine are always being upset by the other more restless and painful types, who never leave the inert alone. But our next moves are never arbitrary; they are always based on the things grating our complacency the most. One of these projects is our wish to support some of the more stable travelers in a cooperative apartment or apartments depending on our first success. Our thought is to underwrite the rent-

We have a copy of the tape; perhaps in a year we'll play it again and then the dreadful recognition will, probably come. We have to guard ourselves closely; until we grow up into true inhabitants of the City of God we must and will continue out of necessity to view our motivations pessimistically.

Remember, you people on Chrystie St., we are a bit of you on the West Coast, reflecting many of your attitudes toward the state, the poor, the temporal church, in all, that rather vast and accommodating complex which may be called the Catholic Worker Ideal. There are many of us who would not be in the Church if it hadn't been for the Catholic Worker, and there are many more who while remaining in the Church would have, except for you, remained in it nominally, inoperatively.

We hope our setup doesn't abuse the Spirit of the Catholic Worker. In any case, pray for us.

Yours in Christ,
Russel La Placa
for Peter Maurin House

Via San Vincenzo, 8
Milan, Italy
October 10, 1963

Dear Dorothy,

In the year 1950, having published a pamphlet of twenty-four pages in Milan, in Italian, *The Catholics and Military Conscription* (a reply to *Civiltà Cattolica*), which opened with a praise in the highest terms of the CW's deceased founder Aristide Pierre Maurin, and of his strong opposition to military service, I received from your then editor a request for permission to translate the pamphlet into English and publish it, a permission which I willingly granted, without any condition. I never got any information whether my permission was taken advantage of, or that my pamphlet had even been mentioned. As I after that date have published two volumes and several pamphlets on pacifism and conscientious objection and have carried on propaganda in Italy for legislation corresponding to this ideal (but in vain, though we have had during this time about one hundred C.O.'s in prison), I should be much obliged to you for a copy, if possible, of the number of your paper in which my pamphlet was made use of, if any. Many people, in fact, in these thirteen years have wondered what reaction your paper expressed. Even a typewritten copy of the printed mention made would be appreciated.

I am now near eighty-seven and reduced to the poverty of a former State Secondary Schools teacher in Italy (two and a half dollars per day), so I am bound to write post cards when possible.

With anticipated thanks from
Giovanni Pioli

Sperryville, Virginia
January 16, 1964

Many of your readers would doubtless be interested in articles on developing a subculture and intentional community based on co-operation and equity. These are the themes for the January and February issues of *A Way Out*, monthly journal of the School of Living in Brookville, Ohio. Articles on Property in Community, the Individual in Community, Economic Reconstruction in Community and a report on some fifty active and planned communities are included.

Individuals who form intentional communities take the initiative and have the courage to implement the changes in society that most of us merely talk about. Talking and writing about the many problems that face us in today's world is, of course, necessary, but unless our words are translated into action they will not amount to anything. The dissident individuals and groups of the intentional community are looking far beyond the consumer goodie values of the majority of people.

It may be profitable for us to

look into an alternative to the rat-race and hate-race that consumes most of the energy of our society.

Copies of *A Way Out* may be had for 40c each (32pp.) or 3 for \$1.00. Write to School of Living, Brookville, Ohio.

Sincerely yours,
Ferdinand Knoess

Cambridge, Mass.
January 27, 1964

Dear Dorothy:

This concerns the death of Medgar Evers, NAACP leader murdered in Mississippi. There are several needs that follow his tragic shooting: (1) his family needs help; (2) a large group of Americans need to express their position on this matter; (3) we need to say something effective to the Governor and the people of Mississippi.

An idea has been conceived by some of our friends that might accomplish these three purposes in one act. We propose to flood Governor Barnett's desk with envelopes containing checks for \$1.00 which will automatically make him trustee of money that he can only deliver to the Evers family. An attorney says that the checks should be made out exactly as follows: "Ross Barnett, Trustee of Memorial Fund of Family of Medgar Evers." They should be mailed to Governor Ross Barnett, State Capitol, Jackson, Mississippi.

A number of us are receiving and transmitting this proposal as a chain of human concern. I'm writing to nine other people whom I think are as concerned as yourself. If you will write to ten persons whom you think would be interested, and if the letter goes through five people in an unbroken chain, the Governor should receive 200,000 envelopes on his desk within ten days.

I hope this will interest you!

Sincerely,

Jean Rioux

Oxford, England
January, 1964

Dear Dorothy:

I am sorry to say that I didn't write to whomever it was you told me to write about that one pound I gave you at Spode House last October for a subscription for a dozen copies of the CW every month to sell at Oxford; perhaps you have forgotten about it by now. So if you want some more money (since after all, "wanting money" is at the moment a way, however small and conditional, in which we can pray that the good will triumph in the hearts of all men . . .) I will send some. But if you can send me a dozen CW's during the next few months, they will be very useful; also back numbers would come in handy, especially those of last year in which there were articles on the Cuban revolution and on the just war theory and modern pacifism, by Rory McCormick. On this subject there is an extraordinary chapter in the book on International Morality by De Soras, in which, after showing with considerable skill just how unjust all past wars have been—on all sides, though of course not necessarily in all individuals or any individual all the time—he then goes on blandly to discuss the ways in which nuclear weapons might be used "justly."

I shall not be at Oxford between July and September, so suspend bundles for that period. I expect to return in October for postgraduate work; that depends upon what happens in finals (my honor degree examination in June). I think I would like to do some academic work, if not at Oxford then somewhere else on Christian political philosophy. As the CW has often said, Christians seem far too often to think that what their civic duty is, is cut and dried, whereas for example, if one examines St. Augustine's thought, one can see

(Continued on page 7)



Our Lady of
Good Counsel

Muslim-Christian Witness

Homage to Louis Massignon

By HERBERT MASON

In spring of 1961 I wrote at Dorothy's request an article in The Catholic Worker entitled MUSLIM-CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE. The unusual pilgrimage, organized first with Muslim participation by Professor Louis Massignon of the College de France in 1953, but dating for the Bretons themselves, the hosts, from the Middle Ages, has taken place over the centuries in the small Chapel of the Seven Saints in Vieux Marche, Bretagne. Each year, to keep a continuity with the past, an epic song is sung, a Gwerz of folk origins, praising the original founding of the chapel, in particular, its very stones.

The Holy Spirit has raised a chapel!

Four rocks serve as its walls, and two others as its roof . . . When the world was created—the heavens, the sea and the earth—

It also was built!

The heightened homage to creative inspiration is expressed throughout the song as well as the sense of creativity hidden in the origin of all things. The song is a going back, just as the pilgrimage is a returning, to the original yet familiar springs of the world and of the imagination. This, in the highest sense, is the meaning of its folk art and of its spiritual journey; it begins with a response to an internal calling yet is echoed into music through a fraternal communion with others. It is its own desire for personal restoration, for renewal, for spring; and its sound is the unconscious sign of its hope in resurrection. It is, though it begins in small participation, the seeds of a larger witnessing.

It was Professor Massignon's personal intuition, leading him, as Professor Henry Corbin, in a sense his Orientalist heir, has said in homage, "into the very heart of the prophetic consciousness," that flowered in the extension of this fraternal communion to Muslims. For Professor Massignon was one of the first Western scholars to dedicate himself to a "spiritual link" between the prophetic consciousness, which is the heart of Islam, and a search for a concrete expression of experience, which is the heart of Western man. He did this by becoming what Professor Corbin in his study of the mystic poet Ibn 'Arabi has called "a voluntary disciple"; and his own solitary 'pilgrimage' has flowered into a generation of new scholars and new outlooks.

I want to share with Catholic Worker readers a sense of this unique pilgrimage's solidarity with the past and with the future as a kind of 'homage,' commemorating Professor Massignon's death last October 31st, 1962. Last year's pilgrimage, in late July, marked both the tenth anniversary of the flowering of this intuition and the first reunion without his presence. Last year the largest number of pilgrims attended, between two and three thousand, among them many scholars there to pay homage to a colleague. In addition, there were many, including government representatives, who recalled that the pilgrimage had gone on throughout the time of the Algerian war and were moved even then by its efforts at wisdom. For the immediate family it was an extremely touching witness to a lifetime's work. And one official representative of the Church added one of several significant notes: "If it was possible for Pope John XXIII to be understood when he called all men to reconciliation and unity in God, it was because, in fervent and humble chapels such as this, many men of different peoples unknown to one another have already united their prayer and their good will." The opening prayer in the domed crypt, an ancient place of worship beneath the chapel, underscores this theme: "O God, regather all the children of your love . . ."

The homages to a person, however, are ultimately less important and less touching than the continuation of the work and of the perception. In Goethe's 'wisdom poem' Selige Sehnsucht about our "longing for the light" there is a stanza that helps call us to what is essential in experience:

Und so lang du das nicht hast,
Dieses: Stirb und werde!
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunklen Erde.

And until you have possessed dying and rebirth,
you are but a sullen guest
on the gloomy earth.

The challenge and the difficulty of continuing an extreme insight, one that demands the fullest 'abandon,' is in the translation of a voice: the digestion of a given word. And this applies for any who have (perhaps desperately) sought out these qualities in the human soul and been graced to find them living in someone. The difficulty is to abandon imitation; and the challenge is to bury the word in oneself in order for it to bring oneself independently alive. I mention, in this respect, one of Professor Corbin's insights into the life of Muhammad because it represents a carrying on of an intuition that turns back centuries of prejudicial attitudes that once led to wars. "We (must) understand that the Prophet did not 'construct' Islamism by a conscious combination of Judeo-Christian elements, borrowed from all directions. In still other words: it is Muhammad's consciousness reliving, under the Angel's 'dictation,' the scriptural antecedents of his 'revelation' that 'explains' the presence of these elements and gives them an extraordinarily new sense . . ." This is the verification of the prophetic that is lost or misunderstood by so many who are not inquiring but are suspicious of motives. In simplest terms, a prophet perceives the truth of things in a tradition by an internal adherence to a call. The unity of personality that this call infuses is not a dogmatic monotonous construction of one's own but the "unity of a central intuition" that looks into and "subordinates to itself and orders all the data and experiences of life." This for the Muslim and for the Christian implies a communion from within the heart; and for Louis Massignon it implied fraternity as one's concrete expression of experience.

Henry Corbin indicates that the meeting of religious traditions is in a music or in the way each one's language assimilates and employs certain modes; it implies a hearing and is analogous to that sudden awareness we have when we open to the natural and original sound of another's language. And this he says, recalling Plotinus, is understood by those who possess "the soul of a lover, of a philosopher, and of a musician."

On the day of the pilgrimage this year, I read the Gwerz and reflected on its meaning in our search for the spontaneous and the hope of a revived will—our hope in the root rather than merely in the derivation of things. This meaning is further captured in a prayer of his last vigil by al-Hallaj (d. 922 A.D.), the Muslim mystic who was the subject of Louis Massignon's major study:

"We are here, we, Your witnesses. We come to seek refuge in the splendor of Your glory, so that You will make what You wanted to do and accomplish appear, O You Who are God in Heaven and God on earth."

And this was a theme reflected in the pilgrimage at Vieux Marche.

"In your prayer, shun grace notes and flowery excesses: one word was enough to reconcile the thief and the prodigal son with God."

St. John of The Ladder

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. in St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancy Streets.

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

St. JOHN Gualbert



forgiving his enemy

Rhythm Beads

R.I. Bernardville
New Jersey

Dear Dorothy,

The population problem must be faced. Poverty and misery can be eradicated, the Kingdom of Heaven built on earth, only if action is taken to curb the terrible fecundity of the disadvantaged.

New improved beads for teaching and practicing the Catholic-approved rhythm method of family limitation have been developed for use by couples not comfortable with calendars and counting. They are suitable for use in Rhythm Clinics, which need to be set up in every hospital and mission.

The twenty-eight vari-colored beads, strung on yarn, represent the twenty-eight days of a woman's cycle (the number of beads can be added to or subtracted from in order to fit the length of the individual woman's cycle), and indicate by their colors the probable fertile and infertile, or "safe," days of the cycle.

For full directions for the beads, clinics, doctors, and social agencies may write The Population Council, 230 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. For sample and brief directions anyone may write me; please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and 3c. For supplies for making and adjusting 20 strings of rhythm beads send \$1.

I am a Quaker but am interested in rhythm as a homespun but universally acceptable and thus practical means of family limitation.

Cordially yours,
Betty Kindleberger Stone

Lower Hampden Rr., RFD 1
Monson, Mass.
January 20, 1964

Dear Dorothy:

Forgive me for not writing sooner. About the Rhythm Beads, which I am returning to you, I do think they would be helpful to many people and am sure Mrs. Betty Kindleberger Stone's effort to help will be widely appreciated.

You are right about people being very sensitive, these days, to much

UTOPIAN ESSAYS AND PRACTICAL PROPOSALS; by Paul Goodman, Random House, N.Y., \$5.

1) Much of this book is written in very technical terms. I am only making notes on the parts which interest me, and which I can understand easily. Ammon Hennacy

2) "Partly I have a spiteful motive in writing such a book in the present climate of our society. It is to establish that if you do not do better, it is not because there are no alternatives, but because you do not choose to." xii

3) Why do people not choose better? What are they afraid of? They are afraid of losing their jobs; each one is afraid of being embarrassed by thinking and acting differently from his fellows; nobody really knows enough to risk a radical change. xii

4) "The idea of Jeffersonian democracy is to educate its people to govern by giving them initiative to run things, by multiplying sources of responsibility, by encouraging dissent. This has the beautiful moral advantage that a man can be excellent in his own way without feeling special, can rule without ambition and follow without inferiority." xvii

5) "So we drift into fascism. But people do not recognize it as such, because it is the fascism of the majority." xvii

6) "David Reisman urges the youth of Kansas to build a mountain so they can have manly work and enjoy skiing, one does not know whether to cry or laugh or cheer. Such an expedient is less morally outrageous than planned obsolescence. And it is certainly no more dismaying than our present Mass Leisure." 4

7) Future-thinking — "Margaret Mead's proposal to cut history out of the universities and substitute Chairs of the Future." 4

8) "No utopian planner would dare propose or would want to propose such vast, disruptive, and expensive changes as this colossal bad planning effectuated by Robert Moses and his associates. Again in less than 20 years the entire pattern of culture and entertainment in the U.S. has been transformed, centralized, intensified, stereotyped, and debased by TV and TV networks, invading more than 70% of the homes and hypnotizing more hours of attention per day than anything since the Tibetan prayer wheels. The most misguided religious reformer would not have fantasized a comparable ritual observance." 7

9) Decentralization — "It is cheaper to transport the parts than the workers." 31

10) "We complain of the deadening centralism and conformity, and we put up with them because they are 'efficient'. But they are inefficient." 32

11) Craze for antibiotic drugs— "Central system sedatives and tranquilizers are administered with disregard to malnutrition, bad living habits, and bad environment. Meantime the scientific 'untechnological' tradition of medicine, from Hippocrates on: diet, exercise, natural living, airs, and places, is neglected; and the crucial factor of resistance to disease, the profoundest secret in medicine (just as prevention is its glory), is not studied. Mass immunity to a host of particular symptoms seems to be the sought-for goal, rather than the optimum possible health of each particular organism." 34

12) Modesty — "To have as few machines, methods, products (and research projects) as possible." 35

13) "Utility, efficiency, comprehensibility, reparability, ease and flexibility of use, amenity, and modesty." 35

14) The campaign that put across bleached flour as tastier, since it spoils less in the grain elevators. 37

15) "Skilled mathematicians estimate that 50 million American corpses would not set back the 'economy' more than 10 years." 42

TWO FRIENDS, JOHN GRAY AND ANDRE RAFFALOVICH: Essays, Biographical and Critical; edited by F. Brocard Sewell, Carmelite of the Ancient Observance, St. Albert's Press, England, 1963. 63 shillings, 193 pages. Reviewed by DONALD A. REED.

This is a delightful collection of essays about two figures of the Oscar Wilde period who lived until the middle 1930's actively engaged in Catholic endeavor. Andre Raffalovich and Fr. John Gray, two friends with one common Catholic faith and one devotion to the same Divine Friend, gave to the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, its finest Catholic church, where Fr. Gray served for many years as pastor. This church, St. Peter's, is the standing symbol of their friendship, a friendship which united them both to the Friend of Friends, Jesus Christ Our Lord.

The young poet John Gray supposedly inspired Oscar Wilde to write the novel The Portrait of Dorian Gray. Gray's book of poems, Silverpoints, was a minor landmark in the decadent movement when it was published in 1893. John Gray's life long and dearest friend was the wealthy Jewish convert to Catholicism, Marc Andre Raffalovich, litterateur, psychologist and authority on sex. After his conversion Raffalovich became a third order Dominican, taking the name Brother Sebastian. He soon became one of the outstanding benefactors of the Order in Great Britain. With his wealth Raffalovich helped many struggling young writers and artists, but his main thought was for the Church. Due to his generosity St. Peter's was built in Edinburgh and St. Sebastian's Priory at Pendleton, Manchester.

The book contains many excellent full page drawings of Gray and Raffalovich by their mutual friend Eric Gilland. It is a fitting tribute to two Catholics who deserve to be remembered.

Mary Reed Newland

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

took a visitor's purse. Martie Corbin, one of our editors, lost his overcoat last week. One should not leave it on a bench in the hall, because that is where our charitable visitors leave clothes for the poor. He should have put it in his room.

I try to think of other cases in the past. There was the wayfarer for instance who stole the Thanksgiving turkey out of the refrigerator at Mott street years ago and was there a hullabaloo over that! I think it was then that I thought of St. John Cantius who ran after the thief who was making off with his wallet to tell him that there was still a gold piece tied up in his cloak, whereupon the thief fell on his knees in repentance and gave back what he had taken.

I did not have too much faith in this story however. I remembered how Peter Maurin had been robbed in Morningside Park one summer evening and returned home with a black eye and when we indignantly asked him how anyone had dared to strike him, he replied that he only had been trying to tell the thief that he had money in the other pocket! Just the same I told the story of St. John Cantius to the household and told Slim, who had been sort of night clerk at that time of our hospice on Mott street, that he should have run after the thief with the celery and cranberries too! My remedy was treated scornfully by the house, whose mouth had been watering for that turkey.

Just the same the story had a happy ending. Ten years later, when we had moved to Chrystie street, that same thief came in one day and gave whoever sat at the desk a ten dollar bill, saying it was in restitution for a turkey he had walked off with years before.

I remember too the story James Brazel told about how he first came to the Catholic Worker. He had run into a man on the Bowery, an old crony, who noticed that Jimmy had no coat.

"Go over to the Catholic Worker," he told him. "I got three coats there this winter," meaning no doubt that he had sold them when the weather warmed up and got another when the thermometer went down. So Jimmy came to get a coat.

"I got five coats here that winter," he boasted. It may or may not have been true. All I know was that Jimmy stayed with us for seven years and served the poor faithfully. He was an all around handy man and could take care of crises in the plumbing and electric works around the place, besides carpentry and other work. He is working now as a stationary engineer on a job he obtained during the war and at which he was so dependable that he has been kept on ever since.

Undoubtedly there are many more such little incidents I could tell, and all our houses around the country could tell similar stories. Sometimes the guilty ones were strangers, and sometimes they were very much part of the family folks we had grown to love and to consider as "beloveds," as St. Paul called them.

And how are we able to react, after the instinctive motions of righteous wrath are under control? Our only guide is first of all our common sense, which tells us to put a lock on our gas tank for instance, and to keep the check book locked away safely, and not to put occasions of sin in the path of the weak. And then we are to go by the light of faith and the Old as well as the New Testament is our guide.

In the book of Osee, the forgiveness of God is shown for a faithless people, in the action of the prophet who forgave his erring wife over and over, and even supported her and her lovers! In the New Testament in the words of Jesus who told us to forgive seventy times seven when our brother offended against us. And if any-

one took our coat we were to give our cloak also, and if any one forced us to walk a mile with him we were to walk two miles, and if he struck us we were to turn the other cheek. There is also the commentary on the story of the prodigal son Peguy tells again in "God Speaks."

Over and over again we are given the chance to re-examine our position—are we ready to relinquish what we have, not just to the poor to share with them what we have but to the poor who rise in revolution to take what they have been deprived of for so long? Are we ready too, to have the drunken poor, the insane poor and what more horrible deprivation than this, to have one's interior senses, the memory, the understanding and the will, impoverished to the extent that one is no longer rational—are we ready to be robbed in this way? Do we really welcome poverty as liberating?

"Let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee," St. Teresa said, "all things are passing. God alone never changes."

Every day we have evidence of His warm loving care for us. Since He has given us His Son—will He not give us also every good thing? All else that we need? We are rich indeed.

And even if we did not struggle to attain a supernatural point of view about these crises, peace and calm, and yes, even the sureness that all will work out to the good, comes with the fact that we are too busy to think, to remember. Work is there to be done, city and country, crowds press in upon us from every side.

Our only grief is the suffering we must feel for the absconding one, fleeing, hiding, friendless, tormented. We ask your prayers for him.

Theology and Economics

"It is humanity which has the care of the earth, the harnessing of its cosmic energies, in order to make the earth more beautiful and society more fraternal, to extract useful goods from the soil and the subsoil, to seize hold of forces which will increase its power over nature, to bring ever greater numbers of men together in these productive tasks, to guide production, in all its many forms, toward the most necessary and the most constructive goods, to distribute these goods wisely once they are produced, so that each man will have the maximum balance fully to realize his being. It can thus be readily seen that the whole of economics is in a sense included in theology; its very objective, the wise production and distribution of goods, is an essential part of God's design, in the order of natural justice as well as in that of super-natural charity."

"If any man, or group of men, any social class or people, seizes for its own exclusive use goods which are destined by God for other men, the agent in question deviates from God's plan, opposes the divine will, commits sin. If men cooperate and discipline themselves in order to produce enough goods for each man to be able to satisfy his legitimate needs with the maximum of freedom, even when deformity, ill health, or old age prevent him from working, then God's will for a fraternal humanity is being accomplished by humanity."

—Louis-Joseph Lebret, O.P.
in *Thought* (Winter 1955-1956)

LABORERS MEET IN THE VINEYARD

"The following appeared in Hedda Hopper's column in the Jan. 20, 1964, New York Daily News: Saw Mrs. Barry Goldwater at 21 after her husband made that rip-roaring speech about able-bodied men on relief at the Waldorf."



Peace Walk

(Continued from page 2)

examples in the past of effective nonviolence, in India when Gandhi helped to free his nation from imperial rule, in Norway when the teachers as a group effectively crippled the efforts of the Nazi government to carry out their plans for Norway's Jews, in Denmark in a similar way, in Ireland during "The Troubles," in our own South with the civil rights movement. Nonviolent action must proceed from a carefully thought out philosophy of nonviolence applying the technique because of a spiritual commitment to nonviolence as something superior to a mere method of operation. This is what must be done if we are able to point to nonviolence as a serious alternative to war.

The Committee has never had much money. It has fewer supporters than the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It is centered in a former dog hospital in lower Manhattan. Its projects since 1957 have been dramatic, though ludicrously inadequate in the political context of the war question when we consider the enormity of the tragedies of our age: a sit-in and fast at the Atomic Energy Commission, sending sailboats into the nuclear bomb test area, trespassing at the SAC base in Omaha, boarding Polaris submarines as they were launched in Groton-New London Connecticut, peace walks. One peace walk achieved heroic proportions, traveling from San Francisco to Moscow. The greater part of the peace movement itself has been embarrassed by CNVA's activities, by its aggressive experimentation with the science of nonviolence.

One of the most frequent arguments against nonviolence is that it will not work in a totalitarian police state. An assumption of the nonviolent actionist is that all people are capable of responding to human suffering, especially when it is accepted voluntarily, in a sacrificial manner for the attainment of a humanitarian goal. Negroes in Albany live in a police state. The power of the police is above the power of the courts in Albany. As far as the civil rights worker is concerned, Albany is a totalitarian police state. It is not the crude kind of open violence that prevails in Albany, as in many parts of Georgia, but a more sophisticated kind of control. Police chiefs and leaders from all over the South have come to Albany to study Pritchett's methods. He has learned something from nonviolence. He claims to have beaten Martin Luther King with it.

Nonviolence, however, is not merely a technique. It has as an essential component the willingness to absorb hatred and violence through the voluntary acceptance of suffering, for the benefit of the antagonist, aiming not for victory, but for a conversion, for reconciliation. There is something in every man that will respond, if we are strong enough. This is why the Walkers have gone beyond the superficial levels of nonviolence and are plunging into its most difficult depths.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

the realization that they are important, that they do count, that they can again become useful to themselves and to society, if they will only try.

There is not only sadness at Chrystie St. Gifts, such as clothing generously donated by those who have heard our appeal for clothing for our poor, come to us in the mail. Too, there are those who come to visit and bring with them more gifts of clothing. They are priests, sisters, brothers, seminarians, men, women, friends, and strangers—people with their hearts filled with the love of their fellow men. When Jesus said, "I give you another commandment: Love thy neighbor as thyself" these 'our benefactors' surely heard. With people such as these, this world cannot be so very evil.

Mailing the Paper

When we are busy with the mailing of the Catholic Worker, our day begins about 7:30 A.M. We start with the cutting and separating of the addresses on our mailing list. These are cut by hand, and usually take three days. The work is done by people of the House and usually each month a stranger or two will come in and help us. Next the copies of the paper come into the House from the printer and we are really busy for a week, affixing addresses to the papers, and filling the mail bags. During this time, this place is really running, with petty quarrels, but also with laughter, singing and story-telling.

Though this is a hectic time, it is also a joyful one, for now we are really closer to each other than at any other time. It is our common labor and the feeling of usefulness and getting a job done well that I think is our greatest satisfaction.

Now if only we had something to do the rest of the month to keep us from falling into that feeling of uselessness—what a happy home this would indeed be!

Supper

Now it is time for the evening meal and we go about asking each other who is cooking and what we'll be having for supper. This is a mystery since the staff and a few members of the house take turns each day. The food is usually very good. We generally have enough to feed between 60 and 80 people: the House and the few strangers who come.

By 6:30 supper is finished and some go to the second floor to watch television; others sing Compline on the third floor. There's usually a good program on, and we can watch it until 8 o'clock when St. Joseph's House closes for the night. The television is pretty banged up and I'm afraid some of the tubes are going, but with four or five of us manipulating the dials we manage to get a fair picture.

Our day at the Worker is finished and it is time for us to leave for our various places of rest. Some of us go to apartments we share with others from the Worker, some to flophouses along the Bowery, and some to walk the streets all night, not always because we cannot get a place to sleep, but rather because we have chosen it for ourselves. Life is joy and happiness and hope. It is also misery and loneliness and despair.

At times this month we have felt like a wholesale intermediary. The New York Times carried an article by Paul Montgomery on the Perez family who live down here on the East Side, and we have acted as a go-between for people contributing money, clothes, etc., to them. The response for this family was wonderful—it even included a job for Mr. Perez with the Board of Education. While it was good to see one family anyway being helped through the generosity of the Times' readers, it is at the same time disheartening to know that there are literally hundreds of thousands of other poor

who haven't been touched at all. There can be helped only through a long-range, concentrated effort on the part of many—the whole community—and on the part of the poor themselves.

Rent Strike

The response to our article last month on the Harlem Slumlords has been a mixed one. While many are supporting the tenants in their rent strike, former landlords are criticizing us for our lack of sympathy for their problems.

Be that as it may, investment in a rent-controlled house is a risk-free, profitable investment with a guaranteed six plus two per cent return on the total value of the house. It must be a good investment or it would not attract so many investors.

The overall rent-income ratio should be brought down, not raised for some. No tenant should be required to pay more than seventeen per cent of his income for rent, but 403,000 families pay more than thirty-five per cent of their incomes for rent. (Metropolitan Council on Housing.)

With all the money this city of New York spent on housing census and special tabulation, no one has taken a census of landlord profits. In a letter from Bill Horvath the fact is brought out that in an apartment house built in 1902, one apartment of five rooms that had an average of fifty dollars each month made a total of \$36,000 from rent. Twenty apartment earned a sum of \$720,000—almost a million dollars. If we knew the original cost of the land and house, we could begin to see how such housing has produced sufficient income to keep it in repair and to reduce the housing price to its tenants.

The State?

"All kingdoms—which 'belong to this world' are based in some measure upon falsehood: the power which holds them in being is, in the last resort, force. Their claim to be a real community of people is largely a legal fiction, a facade beneath which lie the elements of compulsion sustaining their unity. It is a fact that earthly kingdoms are also upheld by sentiments of kinship and good will among their members. This sense of solidarity may reach as far as the well-being of the nation, but that it does not extend further, that its limits are precisely what give rise to many kingdoms, existing side by side in mutual rivalry or self-interested alliance, is itself a proof that they do not rest on ultimate truth. What Christ came to bear witness to was quite otherwise — 'my kingdom does not take its origin here,' (John 18:36) His rulership was based on the real constitution of the universe in its relation to God: this was the Truth—to be realized progressively as mankind, listening to Christ's voice, joined with him in common brotherhood under the Father. 'There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither slave nor free man, there can be no male and female, for you all are one in Christ Jesus.' (Gal. 3:28)"

—Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B.
The Christ of Catholicism
(Image Books)

"Brothers, have no fear of men's sin. Love a man even in his sin, for that is the semblance of divine love, and is the highest love on earth. Love all God's creation, the whole and every grain of sand in it. Love every leaf and every ray of God's light. Love the animals, love the plants, love everything. If you love everything you will perceive the divine mystery in things. Once you perceive it, you will begin to comprehend it better every day. And you will come at last to love the whole world with an all-embracing love."

Father Zossima in
The Brothers Karamazov.

Such a River

By DENIS KNIGHT

"I find . . . London to be a Town so nobly Situated, and upon such a River, as Europe certainly shows not a more useful and agreeable."
—John Evelyn, 1659—

By Blackwall Tunnel are the Metropolitan Gas Works. There seemed no access to the River. I got into a timber yard and a Negro workman showed me a hole in the river-side fence wide enough to climb through. He pointed east and west, proprietorially, smiling: "London's that-a-way!" It was eight o'clock on Saturday morning, one of those fresh October mornings, mist rising but cloudless, with the sun rising up bright but powerless out of the sopping dews.

On this side of the fence, right by the water's edge ran a tow-path paved with bricks stamped with diamond markings, and I was to find that this tow-path, with interruptions, runs as far as the Surrey Docks, at Rotherhithe. On the far, north side of the Thames stretched the massed cranes of the East India and West India docks. I started walking west, towards the City.

Barges stacked with timber had nice names, Ringdove, Whitehorse, Maine, Romani. Hardly anyone was about, only two men craning up the long timbers from the barge to the stacking-point on the timber yard. The tide was out and the river so low that the black, grimy beach was visible, and an ebb-mark of forlorn sea-shells. Still, each dirty little shell looked in its right place. I wrote three lines of bad poetry about them.

At half past nine, I came upon the "Cutty Sark Tavern," a Free House not yet vanquished by the Brewery combinations, but selling draught Worthington, draught Guinness, draught Bass, and Burton bitter ale. Ten minutes further up the river stands the old Trinity Hospital, now an Old People's Home, as a foreign lady there told me. Above a well-proportioned doorway runs the inscription: 'Hospitale Sanctae et Individuae Trinitatis Greenwichi sit gloria. 1616.'

Does anyone want a boat built? At No. 19, Crane Street, S.E.10, are Corbett & Son, Boatbuilders. The 'Yacht Inn,' just beyond, sells Watney's draught Red Barrel ale, and has a garden and terrace overlooking the river. The 'Curlew Rowing Club' next door, founded 1866, looks as if it expired in the same year, broken-backed behind dust and shatters.

At ten o'clock, the sun a bit warmer, the Royal Naval College hove into view, overwhelming a couple of hundred yards of river-bank with its two huge domes, large gates with anchors and tridents wrought, and bare, formal lawns. Tugs made a fruity noise, warm and jovial by comparison, going up and down all the time, singly, or hauling barges. Here's one with five coal-barges.

Bright sun on Greenwich Pier and, startlingly, 'Cutty Sark' close at hand, with her smart white masts, trim black shrouds, and eager-bosomed matron at the prow. A lovely race of flying ships, adventurers, sea-sharers with porpoises and whales. No more.

Greenwich Tunnel, opened in 1902, displays an alarming list of By-laws. The river-bank must be the best place in London for boys making bon-fires. There are scatterings everywhere at ebb-tide of planks and river-wood. All being gotten ready for Guy Fawkes night.

Crossing Creekside by the Creek Bridge, had a hot bacon sandwich and large cup of strong tea at a dockers' cafe on McMillan Street (Deptford), near the old church of St. Nicholas with Christ. Taking a short cut behind the Surrey Commercial Docks I got into Rotherhithe through Southwark Park, where each bench is a beach for a storm-tossed Odysseus, retired, cap on head, newspaper neatly folded. And we talk about

the unity of mankind. Each like a sad Napoleon, sick with his own rectitude, or loneliness.

Trying to get back to the river, at the Port of London Authority gate, west of the Surrey Docks, a policeman hauled me out: "It's an enclosed area, you can't get through this way!" I went back past St. Olave's Hospital, which I believe used to be a seamen's hospital, and has a fig tree growing in the courtyard; past the 'Adam and Eve' in Brunel Street; and so to the hidden-away little 'Mayflower,' loveliest of London pubs, hanging over the water, with a veranda, and a curious mile-stone acting as cornerstone which reads: 'LONDON BRIDGE, TWO MILES,' as plain as Dick Whittington. Here by the blackish steps of blackish Thames I indeed set down and wept at the unpredicted beauty of birds on coal-barges, and the human smile of tender London docks. It was here I met, in a curiously entranced moment, Enrico Boggione, landscape-painter from Torino, with no word of English, but childlike eyes, and visionary fingers. 'Signore, arriverderla!'

At one o'clock arrived at the 'Angel,' famous on the water-front, and King's Stair Gardens. Carried out a glass of bitter to the veranda above the beach, and ate my hard-boiled egg and an apple. Much encouraged I made for the Bermondsey Wall, East, where a Right of Way begins. This 'wall' is a narrow road, mostly deserted, which runs as far as the creek by Shad Thames. The sun was warm and the air motionless, vibrant, very pure and sweet. Aromas alternately of flour, bran, pine-resin and turkish-delight drifting between tall, shadowy warehouses, under ancient doors with huge padlocks, through broken and barred windows.

At half past one I arrived at Mill Street, where the Bermondsey Wall, West, begins. Here walls were smothered in white flour, and cocoa-coloured bran. Carry-odours were intoxicating on Shad Thames Street, depository of teas, seeds, grain and feeding-stuffs. On to Boss Street. Why 'Boss Street'? That people should live on Boss Street! And never in More's Utopia, though he lived, and died, quite near. Shad Thames Street leads up stone steps on to Tower Bridge, stuck over with bits of Victoriana like Windsor Castle. Over the River at last, and down past the old cannons in front of the Tower. By the Monument, a very strong fishy smell. Now Pudding Lane, and Fish Street Hill beside it, with a couple of Jamaicans briskly sweeping up fish heads and tails. The Parish Church of St. Magnus the Martyr. Lower Thames Street, and Upper Thames Street (the Fishmongers' Company inhabit here) which houses the extraordinary, brand-new Corporation of London car-park in six tiers, by Duck's Foot Lane.

Sad, lovely stones remain tumbled on the site of All Hallows the Less destroyed in the Fire of 1666. Bitter irony, that the very limestone slab commemorating this catastrophe should itself be split in two by a bomb from the twentieth century.

Turned river-wards down All Hallows Lane, dark and inexplicably derelict between towering warehouse walls, past No. 2, the 'Trident' Press, and 'Dolphin' Press doorways, now abandoned to the birds and sky-longing weeds shooting from ledges. With no warning the lane ends in a sheer drop 30 feet to the slimy river-beach, right under Cannon Street Railway Bridge. So back to Cannon Street, and through Ludgate Circus, and then St. Paul's in the sunlight, the west front gleaming white under the stonemasons' hands. And on the east side, there is such a quiet little tree-espalliered courtyard, with bright green

sunken lawn, and three streams of water out of lions' mouths.

Along Fleet Street, still with the shining front of St. Paul's in view, and up the narrow alley of Hind Court, leading to Gough Square and Samuel Johnson's house in Bolt-court, where Miss Eliot, the new Curator, (the legendary Miss Rowell having at last this year retired) guards the Folio Edition of the great Dictionary, Tetty's tea-cups, and the friendly ghosts that still converse there in indignation, laughter, high sentences, much kindness and wit.



LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

how it was only after great travail of spirit and even then not with any great conviction, that he found a place in the whole duty of Christian man for some concern for the affairs of the City of the World, which cannot strictly be said to be an aspect of the Christian's loyalty to the City of God . . . There seems to be a general feeling nowadays that having outgrown the mistakes of the Middle Ages, which may in fact turn out to be merely the application without the saving virtue of prudence of essential truths, we have now achieved an entirely satisfactory relationship between Church and state and an eminently reasonable understanding of the way in which the claims of private conscience and public duty may be reconciled—or rather, placed firmly in two different compartments.

Sincerely,

Martin Small

Petition for Full Pardon For Morton Sobell

In the national effort to end the atmosphere of immorality and malice that concerns us all, we must come to grips with the festering case of Morton Sobell.

"I am innocent," Morton Sobell has cried out through more than 13 years of imprisonment. We believe him. Some of the most eminent persons in the United States and abroad have found the evidence barren, questioned the fairness of the trial, and voiced shock at the extreme cruelty of the 30-year sentence.

As responsible citizens, in whose name Morton Sobell's imprisonment continues, we cannot be associated with such a denial of justice to a man and his family, and to our nation's ideals. We wish to join in granting on behalf of the public conscience a CITIZENS' FULL PARDON to Morton Sobell.

We respectfully call upon the President of the United States to make this an official act of the United States Government.

School Boycott

By ANNE TAILLEFER

The park that circles City Hall is more associated in our minds as a picketing ground with May breezes and magnolias. However, on this cold bright February 3 morning it welcomed the demonstrators of the School Boycott with bursts of maniacal wind that tugged at clothes and changed bright hair and scarves into so many streamers.

It was a very young crowd, mostly Negro, armed with hundreds of posters and singing cheerfully and sometimes over-lustily: "We shall overcome," "Jim Crow—must go" (sometimes replaced by "Wagner—must go") and other slogans. The high spirits of the young people at one time gave rise to a fear of anarchy and tumult; but this was obviously unfounded; somewhere, somebody kept everything under control from the wings.

I fell in step with a kindly, sensible-looking, middle-aged Negro lady who belonged, as a leader, to the Parents' Association. Quoting some criticisms I had heard, I wondered why the good integrated schools had also to be picketed. She answered: "We must have Unity, solidarity. It is the good, integrated school—who could always do better—who will bring the pressure upon the bad ones. We must act as a whole unit. We must work together."

We marched and marched around City Hall for an hour or more and then suddenly small groups began detaching themselves, crying: "We're going to Brooklyn. All to Brooklyn!"

A few went by car or subway, but the majority began winding up the Bridge approach, changing its aerial structure, with that long crocodile, into a multi-colored, living thing. There the air was exhilarating and the admirable view of the city lay in a clear-cut map under our tread. Upon the Bridge, under the diamond-blue sky, all these marchers seemed as a symbol of another, better time to come, since Brooklyn Bridge, for the great poet Hart Crane, meant the Destiny of Man.

Perhaps I was too absorbed in this meditation to think of more material obstacles, but I tripped and fell, on some steps, twisting my ankle badly under me. A feeling of fear assailed me: In that crowd I was going to be trampled upon; nothing could stop this rush; but—and this is a witness to the non-violence of the whole proceedings, a circle of demonstrators formed immediately around me and helped me to my feet. Two young men lent me their shoulders; one had been born in Vienna, the other was a delicate, sensitive Negro; there was still half the Bridge to cross and my ankle was puffing out rapidly. I felt foolish and quite uncomfortable. Until my Negro prop, understanding that I was French, exclaimed: "You are French and yet you have come with us." Perhaps at that moment the great bridge extended over waters more tremendous than a mere river.

This rather exacting pilgrimage ended on a sunny beach at the limits of Brooklyn. My two saviors foisted me upon a reporter from a Long Island paper who owned a Volkswagen. Though I think I caused him a good deal of inconvenience, he accepted me most kindly and left me in the car while going to the Board of Education demonstration, where members of

many schools, amounting to about 3000, (he thought) were protesting.

The reporter then drove me back to the United Nations clinic for treatment. We spoke of many things: of Dorothy Day (he had read her profile in the New Yorker by Dwight Macdonald and never forgotten it). Of the American Committee on Africa and its work to try and bring brotherhood between races. He had heard of that most interesting fact-finding U.N. Sub-Committee that has already gone to Atlanta and will make reports on integration in the North as well; a great wedge in the United Nations procedure, since it concerned domestic matters that are not supposed to be interfered with.

So this brought us swiftly to the U.N. Though he asked for my name and address, I forgot to ask for his, and hope he will read this to know how grateful I am.

By that time my foot was badly swollen and the U.N. doctor feared a fracture, so from wheel-chair to wheel-chair I landed in Bellevue's emergency ward, a rather rough place. One moment one sympathizes with the poor in spite of the mistrust they provoke in attendants; the next minute one sees how hard the patience of the attendants is tried. It would have been an anxious wait if the kind and blooming face of Johanna Hughes had not popped up in the crowd. A hasty call to Deane Mowrer at the Farm had materialized, through their combined concern, in Johanna's warm human presence.

After three hours I learned that my ankle was not broken after all—and I am writing this luxuriating in convalescence, with Dorothy taking care of me—an unforeseen material and moral comfort.

As my mind rehearses yesterday's events, I keep in mind above all the long human ribbon animating the Bridge. One day, not too far removed maybe, we hope that all divided states of mind will meet on a bridge of human and loving understanding.

"With good reason the Church in her Lenten liturgy, and spiritual writers with one voice, praise the efficacy of fasting. 'We have recourse to fasting,' says St. Thomas, 'in order that the mind may rise more freely to the contemplation of heavenly things.' In this he is a sound psychologist as well as a good Christian. Quite apart from the exercise of penance, it has always been recognized that mental clarity, without which virtue in its true meaning cannot exist, is greatly assisted by this particular form of asceticism. It is perhaps an unpalatable truth, but the positive advocacy by a St. Bernard of a weak state of physical health as a favorable predisposition to contemplation shows a keener insight into the realities involved than is revealed in the humanistic sympathies of some among our more full-blooded contemporaries. Eight hours' sleep and three square meals a day are adequate safeguards of comfortable living, but it may be questioned whether the Kingdom of Heaven suffers any violence by such a regime. We have no reason for supposing that the perfect love of God which casteth out fear is to be bought so cheaply."

Dom Aelred Graham, THE LOVE OF GOD (Image Books).

Announcing— LOAVES AND FISHES

By Dorothy Day

Now available at bookstores.

This history of the Catholic Worker Movement by Miss Day is beautifully illustrated with photographs. Published by Harper and Row of New York, its price is \$4.95.

The Forgotten Prisoners

By MARTIN CORBIN

One of the most worthwhile movements that has come to our attention in the past several years is Amnesty International, an organization founded in England in 1961 and dedicated to a single, humane objective: "to mobilize public opinion in defense of those men and women who are imprisoned because their ideas are unacceptable to their governments." Peter Benenson, London secretary, introduced Dorothy Day to the movement on her recent visit to London.

Only two categories of prisoner are excepted: those who use or advocate the use of violence (not always easy to determine in specific cases) and those accused of espionage or crimes committed during the course of a war, international or civil (unless the charges are patently trumped up).

As Mr. Lionel Elvin, the London educationist who is presently chairman of Amnesty International, observes: "The appeal cuts right across normal divisions in politics and religion; and that is our strength. There are other organizations that are working within some more limited ideological framework for aid to those of their own particular persuasion. Our strength is that in such matters we take no sides at all. We base ourselves on a broad and basic human principle: that everyone, if he will concede the same to others, has the right to non-violent expression of his beliefs."

The movement is very decentralized in operation and accomplishes its work through what are called "Groups of Three." The "three" refers not to the number of members in the group (who are usually from six to twenty) but to the three prisoners of conscience whom the group "adopts." Recognizing the melancholy fact that the world is divided, and will be for some time to come, into three ideological blocs (East, West, and non-aligned), Amnesty International assigns a local group one prisoner from each bloc. This insures maximum effectiveness and makes it impossible for the organization to become the captive of any particular political, religious or philosophical faction. The methods used in effecting prisoners' release are imaginative and ingenious; the Handbook describing them is absorbing reading.

After two years of existence, Amnesty International has members in thirty-five countries and supporters in several others where open membership would be imprudent. Files are kept on more than seventy countries, and the second annual report refers to "re-

corded details of 2180 "Prisoners of Conscience." It is, of course, not always possible to determine to what extent Amnesty International's efforts have been the decisive factor in the liberation of a specific prisoner, but in every case they must have been a contributing factor. So skeptics should note that during the second year 140 out of a total of 770 "adopted" prisoners were released.

We are sure that many American pacifists and civil libertarians will want to form Amnesty International groups over here. Sponsors include the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, Professor Ritchie Calder, Sean MacBride, and Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J. The headquarters for the movement are at 1 Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, London, E.C.4, England. Amnesty International's representative in New York is Dr. I. I. Morris, of the Department of Chinese and Japanese, at Columbia University.

Unilateralism

The following letter appeared in The Tablet (London) of April 27, 1963: Dear Sir: You are certainly entitled to quote Pope John's plea to the nations for reducing armaments equally and simultaneously, and for the banning of nuclear weapons presumably in the same mutual fashion.

But unilateralists are equally entitled to quote the Pope's words that mutual trust must replace equality of arms as a foundation for peace, and that "it is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice." The last quotation can only mean that atomic warfare is not morally lawful.

The solution of the seeming discrepancy, I suggest, is that in the latter place the Pope is pointing out to everybody the inescapable moral imperative, and in the former he is making an appeal to rulers on their own level of practical politics, and of what they are likely to listen to.

This still leaves the unilateralists in the right on the main issue of morality. As to your forecast of what would happen if the West, including the U.S.A., adopted the unilateralist policy, it is open to the criticism that it leaves out of account the existence of God.

I am sure the latter view is the true one, and that Pope John's timing will, as usual, turn out to have been well-judged. . . .

(Canon) F. H. Drinkwater.

Archdiocese of Durban

Zulu Missions

Catholic Cathedral

Durban, South Africa

Dear Readers:

No doubt you have read in the daily press of events in South Africa, and know the racial policy of our Government.

In this Archdiocese, confided to my care by Our Holy Father the Pope, the task of the Church has become immense, for all financial aid to Catholic Mission Schools for African children has now been stopped. Indeed, your heart would be sorrowful, as is mine, to see the desperate struggle my Oblate Missionaries, many of them Americans from your own country, are now having to care for the 11,000 Zulu children attending their schools.

Our teachers, truly devoted Catholics from our Zulu laity, are receiving less than half their former salaries. Despite family obligations, they have stayed with us, and I thank God for the spiritual



FATHER DAMIAN

strength which enables them to continue. The children walk long distances to school each day and; although many are in a pitifully undernourished condition, they cannot be provided with school meals. The situation is truly a heartrending one.

For the sake of Our Blessed Lord, can you find it in your heart to send me a donation of two . . . or even five dollars? A gift can be sent by personal check or money order. I can assure you that it will reach me quite safely.

Your help will be most deeply acknowledged by me. The children pray daily for their benefactors and I will remember you and all members of your family, living or deceased, in my Holy Mass each day.

Devotedly yours in Christ and Mary Immaculate.

Denis E. Hurley
Archbishop of Durban

"As a nation we are now under the control of under-dimensioned minds with five-year perspectives, immune to public concerns; indifferent alike to the rich historic past they would nullify or the endless potentialities of the future they abort or sterilize. Such demoralized minds are capable in fantasy of wiping out sixty million of their fellow-countrymen, and congratulating themselves on contriving shelters that might save, also largely in fantasy, the bodies of some fraction of those that would remain. These Ghengis Khans of strategy have conditioned their countrymen to ignore the fact that this unseemly massacre may still be avoided by adroit changes in military and political which a more humane intelligence could bring about. But in a world like ours, empty of historic values or purpose, the crassly optimistic reassurances of scientific fortune tellers are treated as oracles, while the well-grounded warnings of its humane Einsteins and Schweitzers and Russells are disregarded."

Lewis Mumford

DO YOU KNOW that there are still 100,000 refugees of the Spanish Civil War living in France?

WILL YOU HELP a Spaniard, old and sick, living in misery and loneliness, forgotten by the free world? In October 1961, Spanish Refugee Aid (founded 10 years before) opened the

FOYER PABLO CASALS

in Montauban, France, named after its Honorary Chairman. This Center for old Spaniards has provided clothing and monthly food packages, cash for winter fuel and friendly, comfortable surroundings in which 194 refugees over the age of 60 can keep warm, meet their friends, read, listen to music and TV. The Foyer helps people like Pedro G., who is 69 and lives on \$12 a month, his French Government pension. \$100 will assist a couple for a year, \$25 will help one old man or woman through the hard winter months. Please give what you can to let the Spanish Republicans know that their struggle for freedom is on your conscience.

FOYER PABLO CASALS

Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc.

80 E. 11 St., NYC 3, NY

Here is my contribution of for the FOYER.

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The Underground City

"The exploitation of uranium to produce fissionable materials threatens, if continued, to poison the lithosphere, the atmosphere, the biosphere—to say nothing of the drinking water—in a fashion that will outdo the worst offenses of the early industrial town: for the pre-nuclear industrial processes could be halted, and the waste products be absorbed or covered over, without permanent blight.

"Once fission takes place, however, the radioactivity released will remain throughout the life of the products, sometimes a life measured in many centuries or even millennia; it cannot be altered or disposed of without contaminating, ultimately, the area where it is dumped, be it the stratosphere or the bottom of the ocean. Meanwhile, the manufacture of these lethal materials goes on, without abatement, in preparation for collective military assaults aimed at exterminating whole populations. To make such criminally insane policies tolerable, public authorities have sedulously conditioned their citizens to march meekly into cellars and subways for 'protection.' Only the staggering cost of creating a whole network of underground cities sufficient to house the entire population as yet prevents this perverse misuse of human energy.

"The Victorian industrialist, exposing his fellow citizens to soot and smog, to vile sanitation and environmentally promoted disease, still nourished the belief that his work was contributing, ultimately, to 'peace and plenty.' But his heirs in the underground city have no such illusions—they are the prey of compulsive fears and corrupt fantasies whose ultimate outcome may be universal annihilation and extermination; and the more they devote themselves to adapting their urban environment to this possibility, the more surely they will bring on the unrestricted collective genocide many of them have justified in their minds as the necessary price of preserving

'freedom' and 'civilization.' The masters of the underground citadel are committed to a 'war' they cannot bring to an end, with weapons whose ultimate effect they cannot control, for purposes that they cannot accomplish. The underground city threatens in consequence to become the ultimate burial crypt of our incinerated civilization. Modern man's only alternative is to emerge once more into the light and have the courage, not to escape to the moon, but to return to his own human center—and to master the bellicose compulsions and irrationalities he shares with his rulers and mentors. He must not only unlearn the art of war, but acquire and master, as never before, the arts of life."

—Lewis Mumford, *The City in History* (Harcourt, Brace & World)

Right Means of Livelihood

"Christian moralists made and still make the enormous mistake of not insisting upon right means of livelihood. The church allows people to believe that they can be good Christians and yet draw dividends from armament factories, can be good Christians and yet imperil the well-being of their fellows by speculating in stocks and shares, can be good Christians and yet be imperialists, yet participate in war. All that is required of the good Christian is chastity and a modicum of charity in immediate personal relations. An intelligent understanding and appraisal of the longrange consequences of acts is not insisted upon by Christian moralists. (In the Middle Ages the Church made a serious effort to moralize economic activity—the attempts, as Tawney has shown in "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," was abandoned after the Reformation.)

ALDOUS HUXLEY, *Ends and Means* (Harper & Brothers).

"We pay for a single fighter plane with half a billion bushels of wheat . . . Is there no other way this world can live?"

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

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Portfolio Two

1. The Adoration of the Shepherds
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